

MANCIPIA

March 2007

THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

ST. THOMAS, MODERNITY, AND MENTAL HEALTH



Br. André Marie, M.I.C.M., Prior

When the French revolutionaries sacrilegiously enthroned a prostitute as the goddess of reason on the high altar of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, they showed what they thought of Faith and reason, all in the same detestable act.

This lurid desecration comes to mind sometimes when I attempt to converse with those whose liberalism is only a slightly more modest version of such enlightened heathenism. A recent reminder came in the form of slanderous attacks against our apostolate, attacks leveled at us both locally and nationally. A tiny group of anti-Catholic neighbors got hold of the smear campaign launched against us by the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC). They took the ball and ran. Leaving aside the sordid details, I cite this only as an instance of people who hate the Faith and have little use for reason at the same time.

What makes it difficult to talk to our local belligerents is their ecstatic embrace of modernity, that fetid concoction of liberal poisons that bubbled out of the Protestant Revolt, the so-called Enlightenment, and other revolutions against Christian Order. More than that, our antagonists are, it seems, like most Americans, fed on a steady diet of newspapers, T.V., films, magazines, and *blogs* (!) whose content slavishly conforms to what anti-Christian thought-police like the SPLC and the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) want us to consume.

In other words, it wasn't too easy to communicate.

How refreshing it is to turn from these confrontations and speak to Catholics who have lost neither their faith nor their minds!

March 7 is the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose exceptional grasp of Faith and reason won for him the title, "the Common Doctor." One of the most important aspects of St. Thomas' teaching is the compatibility and interplay between the intellect and the Faith, a non-extant concept in modernity. St. Thomas militated against the Islamic ideas of his own day concerning reason, ideas we can call a radical "voluntarism," the philosophy which makes the intellect subject to the will.

While there were Catholic voluntarists, the radical Islamic brand made it such that Faith and reason could literally be in conflict. God, by His will, could command evil, even idolatry — *Islam's ultimate evil* — according to one Moslem philosopher. The pious Moslem would have to obey the evil command in order to submit perfectly to God. (Certain Protestant sects, because of their rejection of scholastic theology, tend to fall into this kind of voluntarism, too.)

This not only divorces Faith from reason, but also severs the intellect from the will in man. In short, it makes you lose your mind. It breeds fanaticism, skepticism, and anti-intellectualism, all at the same time.

On January 28, the Holy Father harkened again to his controversial lecture at Regensburg University. That lecture, which earned the pope the opprobrium of a large sector of the Moslem world, was mentioned in an Angelus address whose subject was St. Thomas. "Faith implies reason and perfects it," the Holy Father said. For his part, St. Thomas gave us a theology that was "a valid model for harmony between reason and faith, dimensions of the human spirit that are fully realized in the meeting and dialogue between them." The Roman Pontiff even said that "St. Thomas Aquinas managed to establish a *fruitful confrontation* with the Arab and Jewish thought of his time, such that he is still considered as a valid master of dialogue with other cultures and religions."

"St. Thomas Aquinas managed to establish a fruitful confrontation with the Arab and Jewish thought of his time, such that he is still considered as a valid master of dialogue with other cultures and religions."

The italicization is mine, to emphasize the non-politically-correct language Pope Benedict employed. "Confrontation" isn't something we are supposed to do nowadays, is it? True, the phrase "dialogue with other cultures and religions" can be interpreted in a squishy way, as the word *di-*

continued on page 7

FOUNDER'S COLUMN



Fr. Leonard Feeney, M.I.C.M.

[Editor's note] *The month of February is devoted to the Passion of our Lord. March is devoted to Saint Joseph. One of our favorite poems of Father Feeney's is "Nails." It was written to honor Saint Joseph in the light of his Son's Passion. How merciful of our Lord, to put His foster father to sleep, and send him off to the bosom of Abraham, so that he would not have to endure in his mortal state that*

which he might not have been able to endure without a fight — the tools of his trade affixing his Son to the wood of the cross.

NAILS

Whenever the bright blue nails would drop
Down on the floor of his carpenter shop,
Saint Joseph, prince of carpenter men,
Would stoop to gather them up again;
For he feared for two little sandals sweet,
And very easy to pierce they were
As they pattered over the lumber there
And rode on two little sacred feet.

But alas, on a hill between earth and heaven
One day — two nails in a cross were driven,
And fastened it firm to the sacred feet
Where once rode two little sandals sweet;
And Christ and His mother looked off in
death
Afar — to the valley of Nazareth,
Where the carpenter's shop was spread with
dust
And the little blue nails, all packed in rust,
Slept in a box on the window-sill;
And Joseph lay sleeping under the hill.

Referrals are a great way to be apostolic!

Please help us reach more people by sending us names of friends, relatives, clergy, or religious whom you think would be interested in reading our monthly Mancipia.

Thank You!

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QUIP TO EQUIP:

In St. Francis Xavier's original prayer for the conversion of unbelievers, after asserting that their souls are created by God in His image and likeness, the saint laments over their eternal loss with these wrenching words: "Behold, O Lord, how to Thy dishonor hell is being filled with these very souls." Therein follows his petition that Jesus Christ may be made known to them, and for God to have mercy and not permit this darkness to reign any longer over them. At some point during the mid-twentieth century this alarming verse about hell was deleted from the official prayer as it was found in the Novena of Grace. If the Jesuits no longer believed that there is no salvation outside the Church, then the prayer of their greatest missionary had to be changed to accommodate their new doctrine.

Another very popular prayer also had challenging verses deleted from its original version. That deletion occurred in the 1930s here in the United States. It is the Peace Prayer attributed to St. Francis of Assisi. In the original French version, there are two consecutive verses that read: "Where there is discord, let me sow union / Where there is error, let me sow truth." These verses came just before: "Where there is doubt, let me sow faith." Cardinal Spellman launched the abbreviated prayer during World War II, making it internationally known by publishing billions of copies of the prayer worldwide.

SAINT BENEDICT CENTER NEWS

THE IRISH BRIGADE

[Editor's note] *We are postponing our local news this month to bring you this special tribute to Catholic men who fought in a war that would bring them no real gain if they survived it, and, if they died in its fury (in the state of grace), a swift and filial introduction to the holy man who, legend has it, wrested from Christ the privilege of "judging" the sons and daughters of Eirinn. Lest they be forgotten, we bring you THE IRISH BRIGADE.*

Often as a result of the suffering of their families by way of merciless persecution and unbearable misfortune in their occupied homeland, unemployed Irishmen, who had emigrated to Europe or the Americas, would end up enlisting in foreign armies not only to get food, lodging, and pay, but also to acquire combat skills. Donegal native, Lieutenant James McKay Rorty, fighting as an artilleryman for the Union's Fighting 69th in our own War between the States (1861-65), wrote home in a letter to his father that his hope was that "the military knowledge I may acquire may be turned to account in the sacred cause of my native land." These recruits generally matured into fierce and loyal soldiers, and they quickly moved up the ranks, especially when fighting for Catholic militias that were engaging the English. Sometimes, however, as in our Civil War, Irishmen were found on both sides of the conflict, ready to die for opposing causes. And in this war they did die at times, to the wrenching of their souls, at the hands of their own kin.

There were approximately 100,000 Irishmen who fought for the North in the Civil War and some 20,000 who fought for the South. For the Confederacy, there was Charleston's *Irish Volunteers*, Savannah's *Jasper Greens*, and the 1st Virginia Regiment's *Montgomery Guards*. These valiant units were overshadowed in victory by the *Irish Brigade* of the Union Army, whose bravery and steadfast determination during the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg made for the stuff of legend.

Among the soldiers of fortune drawn to the Union Army were several veterans of the *Battalion of St. Patrick*, an Irish legion that defended the papal states in 1860 against the forces of the freemason atheist Gen-

eral Giuseppe Garibaldi. Cork-born John Joseph Coppinger was one of these seasoned soldiers. He would live to retire as a major general of the US army. Another was Carlow-born Captain Myles Keogh.

Of the many Catholic chaplains that served for either side in the Civil War, one of the more notable was Holy Cross Father William Corby of Notre Dame. Reverend Corby was assigned to the *Irish Brigade* under General Thomas Francis Meagher. His passionately written "Memoirs" open a window from which a tragic part of our nation's history can be viewed from a higher level, the light of eternity, wherein the merciful providence of God drew precious good out of an unconstitutional war that left one third of America's fighting men dead. Of his beloved general, Father Corby wrote: "[Meagher] was more than an ordinary gentleman. He possessed high-toned sentiments and manners, and the bearing of a prince. He had a superior intellect, a liberal education, was a fine classical writer, and a born orator. He was very witty, but more inclined to humor... He was a great lover of his native land, and passionately opposed to its enemies; strong in his faith, which he never concealed, but, on the contrary, published it above-board; and wherever he went he made himself known as a 'Catholic and an Irishman.'"

"I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heart-felt prayer."



Father Corby giving absolution under fire at the battle of Gettysburg on July 2, 1863.

continued on page 5



Mr. Brian Kelly, Editor

COMMENTARY AND OTHER RELEVANT MORSELS

SAINT PATRICK

The following fifteen lines are taken from a much lengthier hymn known as St. Patrick's "Breast-Plate." (It can be found in full in *The Catholic Encyclopedia's* article on the saint.) They were composed by the apostle in Gaelic, in preparation for his victory over the pagan druid magicians whom he confronted early on in his ministry at Tara (County Meath). It was the first song of praise to the true God ever written in that language.

Christ with me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ within me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right, Christ at my left,

Christ in the fort,
Christ in the chariot seat,
Christ at the helm,

Christ in the heart of everyone who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of everyone who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me.

"There was a demon at the butt of every grass-blade in Eirinn before thy advent; but at the butt of every grass-blade in Eirinn today there is an angel" (The Irish poet, Caoilte, contemporary and friend of St. Patrick).

Christ in the Chariot Seat

The year was 432 when Pope Celestine I consecrated to the episcopate a fairly young pilgrim named Succat, whom he had renamed "Patricius." The pilgrim was the grand nephew of the celebrated Saint Martin of Tours. The pope needed no convincing that Patricius had had a vision calling him to evangelize the people whose pirates had captured and enslaved him for seven years. Off he was sent that same year, with full authority from the Bishop of Rome to govern the fledgling church on the Isle of Eirinn and to win the whole island to Christ.

I love to imagine Bishop St. Patrick flying about Ireland in his chariot. Somehow it just highlights his sense of urgency as an apostle. If a missionary was going to win the respect of the chieftains in Ireland back in the fifth century, then he had to adapt himself to what the indigenous culture expected in one who claimed divine authority. A chariot, surmised our apostle, was appropriate.

While celebrating an Easter service near Tara on 26 March in 433, our apostle was apprehended by the soldiers of King Laoghaire (pronounced Leary), who was the Ard Righ, that is, the Supreme Monarch of Ireland. Decked in his priestly robes, crozier in hand, Patrick was dragged before the royal court for a trial. All the principal chieftains of Ireland had assembled that day, with the Brehon bards and the druid magicians, for a great pagan feast on the Hill of Tara, the seat of the high king of Eirinn. It was here that Saint Patrick delivered his first major blow to the pagan druids (and their demons) who had captivated the Irish people with their preternatural prodigies. When the magicians taunted the apostle and brought on darkness in the middle of the day and then, at his challenge, were unable to dispel it, the saint commanded in the Name of Christ that the sun return at once. When it did, the powerful druids were humiliated, and many of the chieftains sought to know more of the one true God who created heaven and earth. After this prodigy of the sun, another druid was lifted skyward by a demon and, at the prayer of the saint, came crashing down to the ground, dead. The high king's wife converted, and so did his chief poet and many nobles from his court. A stunned King Laoghaire, however, did not convert, although he granted Patrick free license to preach wherever he wished.

No doubt, the most powerful of Saint Patrick's converts was King Aengus of Munster. When the saint was about to baptize



Saint Patrick

continued on page 7

THE IRISH BRIGADE

from page 3

The following account of Father Corby's priestly zeal was written by Major General St. Clair Mulholland, a brave soldier, decorated by more scars than medals, and a Protestant:

"Before advancing upon the enemy, on the afternoon of July 2, a religious ceremony was performed that, in the sublime magnificence of its surroundings, was never equaled on this continent. As the men stood ready to move, their chaplain, Father William Corby, proposed to give them general absolution before going into the fight. Standing in front of the brigade, which was drawn up in a column of regiments, he made a fervent and passionate appeal to the men to remember in the hour of battle the great Captain of all, Jesus Christ, and to have contrition for their sins, that they might be prepared to die for the cause for which they fought.

"Every man fell upon his knees, the flags were dropped, and Father Corby, looking up to heaven, called down the blessing of the Almighty God upon the men. Stretching out his right hand (as the lips of the soldiers moved in silent prayer) he pronounced the words of absolution...."

(Mulholland provides the absolving words here in the Latin of the Church.)

"The scene was more than impressive; it was awe-inspiring. Nearby stood a brilliant throng of officers who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence, and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second Corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Hazlitt were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle. The act seemed to be in harmony with the surroundings. I do not think

"The *Sanctus!*
Sanctus! Sanctus!
rouses all to a
fixed attention and
is accompanied by
a sudden rattle of
dozens of kettle-
drums."

there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heart-felt prayer. For some, it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes. In less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2.... That heart would be incorrigible, indeed, that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

Nothing better could close this tribute than Reverend Corby's own description of a solemn high anniversary Mass, requested of him by General Meagher, to honor the third year of the birth of the *Irish Brigade*, which had grown to number nine thousand soldiers. It was celebrated in a makeshift cathedral made of canvas, a veritable tabernacle (tent) in the literal sense of that word.

"Precisely at ten o'clock, the hour fixed for service, the guests began to arrive. The generals were seated first, and, as each com-

pany, battalion, or regiment of invited troops arrived, place was allotted them, the members of the brigade 'doing the honors.'

"The Reverend Thomas Ouellet, S.J., Paul E. Gillen, C.S.C., and the writer, appeared before a simple altar, dressed in modest taste, at the very moment ten o'clock was sounded by the bugle.... General Meagher, being well versed in the ceremonies of the Mass, acted as Master of Ceremonies, in so far as the music and the military duties were concerned. As soon as the priests are ready, the *Asperges me* is announced, and, instead of a grand choir... the bugles, followed by the report of numerous guns, announced the beginning. Then, under the direction of General Meagher, at the *Introibo* various military bands discourse solemn music until after the

"As soon as the priests are ready, the *Asperges me* is announced, and, instead of a grand choir... the bugles, followed by the report of numerous guns, announced the beginning."

Credo, when, again, by a sign from the [MC] to the Officer of the Day, another discharge, a grand salute of guns, testify to the *Credo in unum Deum* — I believe in one God. The bugle follows with its well-known notes "tara-taran-tara," and again the bands play. Now their music is soft, low, and sweet, suitable to the devotion that immediately disposes the faithful for the more sacred portion of the Mass. The *Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!* rouses all to a fixed attention and is accompanied by a sudden rattle of dozens of kettle-drums. Shortly after this comes that moment of moments in the offering of the sublime mysteries. The preparatory is over, and now you see men bow down in deep devotion as the priest leans over the altar and takes up the Host. Here, at a sign from the [MC], the bugle notes, "tara-taran-tara," ring out over the tented fields, and the same grand evidence of respect and faith is given by the sound of cannon and the roll of musketry, as the sublime words, full of power and purpose — the supreme words of Consecration — are pronounced. Soft music is again in order at intervals, until the end, which is proclaimed in turn by guns, drums, and bugles that prolong a grand finale.

"Thus we see how God is served, even in camp. We behold the highest honors paid to Him by the solemn offering of the Holy Sacrifice, infinitely holier than that offered in the Temple of Solomon, amid the glittering gold and the flashing light of precious stones. No military equipage is too fine, no military honors too great, no music too sweet or too sublime, no respect too profound, in honor of the great God in the transcendent Mystery of His love and mercy — a Mystery offered on Mount Calvary, when Nature herself spoke in greatest reverence and covered her face in darkness to hide it from the too great majesty of the Divine being."

Some reading for Lent...

This Tremendous Lover

By Fr. Mary Eugene Boylan

For over fifty years, Catholics have been turning and returning to this remarkable book in which a Trappist monk speaks clearly and perceptively on the question of personal sanctity. Taking his queue from St. Paul, he relates his subject to the Apostolic doctrine of the Mystical Body. When the book came out, Ave Maria declared, "No modern writer has better understood the layman's need for solid, realistic, spiritual reading." Catholic Library World declared, "One of the most satisfying books of spiritual reading it has been our pleasure to encounter." This modern disciple of St. Bernard breathes the air of ancient mysticism and presents it anew with an Irish gift for language. A good part of a balanced diet of Catholic reading. Softcover, 373 pages.

\$12.95



Life of the Good Thief

By Msgr. Gaume

This is the story of that "first" thief, whose wonderful eleventh-hour conversion and defense of the holy Kingship of Christ on Calvary merited him the everlasting title, "The Good." It is the story of the Passion as seen through this most unlikely of characters. Meet Dismas, a dying man whose only request from his Lord was but a remembrance in His Kingdom.

Rejoice with angels for an anonymous man chosen from all eternity to be co-crucified with "Jesus of Nazareth." Rejoice for a man who was the first to be with Christ in Paradise. And be gone ye demons of despair! Softcover, 208 pages.

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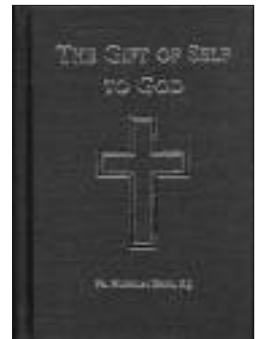


The Gift of Self to God

By Father Fr. Nicholas Grou, S.J.

This timely monograph, composed by Jesuit Father Nicholas Grou, contains precious gems of holy wisdom. They are the fruit of a pastor of souls well acquainted with the latter day stratagems of an experienced adversary determined to get the focus of persecuted and battle-weary Catholics off the straight and narrow course leading to personal sanctity. "Gift of Self to God," which is the heart of the composition, is an extremely provoking and healing meditation dealing with the necessity and salutary advantage of giving our all to God. It is a perfect compliment to the spirit of de Montfort's True Devotion to Mary. Not as well known as it should be, the work of this great doctor of the interior life is reprinted here, together with two of his other essays, all of which confirm the virtue of filial trust in God. Hardcover, 70 pages.

\$9.95



The Passion

Foreword by Mel Gibson

Mel Gibson's film, *The Passion of The Christ*, portrays the last twelve hours in the life of Christ — leading up to His crucifixion. In this companion book to the film, the movie's impact continues through the gripping still photographs taken on location during the actual filming. Accompanied by the biblical narrative from the Douay-Rheims Bible as well as Aramaic and Latin text, the drama unfolds rapidly and with searing realism. Beautiful 9" x 11 1/2" coffee-table book which features striking photos depicting our Lord, the Blessed Mother, St. John, St. Peter, St. Veronica, Simon of Cyrene, Judas, Pontius Pilate, the Jewish leaders, the Roman soldiers, etc. in the events of the first Good Friday. Hardcover (with color dust jacket), 143 pages.

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KELLY'S FORUM

from page 4

the king, he thrust his pastoral staff into the earth, or so he thought. When the ceremony had ended, he discovered that his crozier had pierced the foot of the king. Aengus uttered not a cry, thinking that the piercing was part of the ceremony of his baptism. Twelve sons of the king and twelve daughters consecrated their lives to God as monks and nuns under the inspiration of Saint Patrick.

[Note: Strangely enough, there is a legend that the same accidental piercing of the foot happened to Clovis, King of the Franks, at his baptism by St. Remigius of Rheims, in 496.]

From Munster the apostle went on to establish the Catholic religion in Leinster, Meath, Ulster, and everywhere else (north, west, and east) where it had not already been planted in Ireland. In the south, four other bishops, who were native Irish, had already had some success in converting the Hibernians not too long before Patrick's arrival.

Saint Patrick never mentioned in any of his writings the countless miracles performed by God through him. These included the raising of thirty-three people from the dead. All that we know of this saint's stupendous miracles was written by others who had witnessed them or heard about them from those who had.

His most famous work was his *Confessions*. It was written to vindicate himself from calumnious accusations made by someone who had been a trusted friend. The accusation alleged that he had coveted by ambition to convert the whole island after others had failed, and that he had taken payment for his ministrations. "[W]hen the Lord ordained clergy everywhere by my mediocrity," he wrote, "and I gave them ministrations gratis, did I ask from any of them so much as the price of a sandal? Tell it against me and I shall restore you more. . . .poverty and affliction become me better than riches and luxury."

ST. THOMAS, MODERNITY, AND MENTAL HEALTH

from page 1

alogue is often employed in ambiguous, low-level, magisterial texts for almost the last half-century. But, if we take out what is purposeless and amorphous in the modernist usage of the word, the concept is not only valid, but essential. St. Thomas did indeed "dialogue" with other religions, not in the word's secondary meaning of coming to a politic, "amicable resolution" to a problem, but in its primary sense of a conversation between two or more persons. For St. Thomas, the point of the conversation was conversion and salvation. After all, the motto of his Dominican Order is *Veritas*, Truth. Therein lies the difference between authentic dialogue and the futile politicking with which churchmen now generally waste their time.

While we hope and pray for the day that the Holy Father will reverse present policies by condemning the cancerous false ecumenism currently weakening the Church and scandalizing souls, we are heartened by these recent statements. For our part, let us not lose our own minds when we have to

He ended his *Confessions* with these humble words: "But I pray those who believe and fear God, whosoever will have deigned to look on this writing which Patrick, the sinner and unlearned no doubt, wrote in Ireland, that no one shall ever say it was my ignorance (did it), that I have done God's will; but think ye, and let it be most firmly believed, that it was the gift of God. And this my confession before I die."

Patrick died at Magh Inis in the north of Ireland in 493 at the age of one hundred six. The twelve days of his wake are known as the Days of Lamentation. During these days of mourning the sky was lit by angelic radiance, and there was no night in Magh Inis (Downpatrick) all this time.

The following tribute was written by the "Four Masters," immortalized friar bards who lived in the seventeenth century:

Patrick ...first Primate and chief Apostle of Ireland, whom Pope Celestine the First had sent to preach the gospel, and disseminate religion and piety among the Irish, was the person who separated them from the worship of idols and specters, who conquered and destroyed the idols which they had for worshipping, who expelled demons and evil spirits from among them, and brought them from the darkness of sin and vice to the light of Faith and good works, and who guided and conducted their souls from the gates of hell, to which they were going, to the gates of the kingdom of heaven.

In his sixty-year ministry, Saint Patrick baptized 120,000 Irishmen, erected three hundred churches, founded hundreds of convents and monasteries, and consecrated three hundred fifty bishops. These figures do not include the thousands of conversions that followed upon the evangelical efforts of his bishops and their priests.

deal with those who, despising the Faith, have also turned reason into a prostitute. Our duty is to imitate Jesus, who converted prostitutes.

The following prayer of St. Thomas may help us keep our Catholic wits about us:

"Grant me, I beseech Thee, O merciful God, ardently to desire, prudently to study, rightly to understand, and perfectly to fulfill that which is pleasing to thee, to the praise and glory of Thy Name. Amen."

Therein lies the difference between authentic dialogue and the futile politicking with which churchmen now generally waste their time.

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.)

CALENDAR NOTES:

- Novena of Grace, March 4 through 12. The novena prayers are available at: www.catholicism.org/novena-grace
- Saint Benedict Center Conference, August 17 through 19, 2007, Nashua, New Hampshire. For more details, see www.catholicism.org/conferences. Please mark your calendars and note the new location!

OUR CRUSADE:

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Of interest:

- Brother André Marie highlights the teaching of St. Thomas on the harmony of the two lights, Faith and reason, when the latter is at the service of the former. “Authentic” dialogue builds mental health. See page 1.
- God’s “charioteer,” Saint Patrick. See page 4.
- *The Irish Brigade*. In the darkness of war, good Catholic soldiers and chaplains help make the virtue of true religion a tangible reality, that when seen and heard evokes hope in all who seek the truth. See page 3 for the story.



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