

MANCIPIA

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The Purification of the Virgin by Guido Reni



Br. André Marie,
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PRIOR'S COLUMN

THE FOUR ENDS OF THE MASS AS ELEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN SOCIETY

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is first and most importantly an act of worship of the Divine Trinity. It is the highest act of the virtue of religion, which itself is expressed most excellently in the cult of sacrifice.

As Father Feeney beautifully stated it in his “The Eucharist in Four Simple Mysteries,” “The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a Divine Giver giving a Divine Gift to a Divine Recipient. It is God giving God to God!” We mortals, by virtue of our sacramental baptism, are lawfully deputed to co-offer that sacrifice with the priest-celebrant and thereby to participate in this godly sacrificial spectacle, so worthily called by our Eastern Christian brethren, “the *Divine* Liturgy.”

It is wrong to reduce the Mass to a mere act of human fellowship. It is also wrong to reduce it to a catechetical tool. While the Traditional Latin Mass, which more perfectly expresses Catholic doctrine, is superior to the *Novus Ordo* on that account, it would be wrong to exaggerate this secondary aspect of the Mass over and above what is primary. In fact, to emphasize this teaching aspect of the Mass over what is primary and most important, is to fall into one of the Protestant errors concerning the Mass that is so often part of the ambience of the *Novus Ordo*.

None of this is to diminish the importance of the ancient axiom *lex orandi lex credendi*, which says, in summary, that the words of the traditional worship of the Church are a reliable aqueduct of apostolic tradition, and are, therefore, useful for theological argumentation.

Though the Holy Mass and all the Church's other liturgical rites are not primarily and most importantly catechetical and didactic, they very much are catechetical and didactic. But they are so in a higher and more mystical way than classroom teaching ever could be.

The four ends of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass — adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition — provide us with a wonderful schema for deriving lessons from the liturgy. For it is certain that, in offering to God what is His due in these four ends, we may learn a great deal about God, about our obligations to Him and our neighbor, and about ourselves.

Adoration is “an act of religion offered to God in acknowledgment of His supreme perfection and dominion, and of the creature's dependence upon Him” (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). By it, we render glory to God. In the Mass, the Gloria (*adoramus te, benedicimus te, glorificamus te*) and Sanctus express this

beautifully, as do many of the Psalms — e.g. the shortest (116) and the last (150) of the Psalter — and such liturgical hymns as Saint Thomas' hymn to the Blessed Sacrament, *Adoro Te Devote*. Father Michael Jarecki, our dear departed chaplain, used to give people a simple but firm grasp of the concept of adoration in his inimitably ardent way: “You know what adoration is? It's BIG God and little me!”

Thanksgiving is the rendering of gratitude to God for all the benefits He has bestowed on us. Liturgically, it is richly expressed in the text of the Preface, which varies in part depending on the liturgical day, but always begins (after the versicles and responses) with the priest chanting these words: “It is truly meet and just, right, and availing unto salvation, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O holy Lord, Father almighty and everlasting God.” Many other prayers of the ordinary and propers of the Mass express thanksgiving. There is a votive Mass of Thanksgiving in the Roman Missal (which simply has a second collect, secret, and post-communion added to another set of propers). The frequent liturgical (and extra-liturgical) use of the words *Deo Gratias* throughout history are a wonderful witness to the tradition of rendering thanks to God.

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Reparation is “The act or fact of making amends. It implies an attempt to restore things to their normal or sound conditions, as they were before something wrong was done” (Father Hardon's *Catholic Dictionary*). The Council of Trent taught “That the Sacrifice of the Mass is propitiatory both for the living and the dead. ... Wherefore, not only for the sins, punishments, satisfactions, and other necessities of the faithful who are living, but also for those who are departed in Christ, and who are not as yet fully purified, is it rightly offered, agreeably to a tradition of the apostles.” All those prayers expressing contrition, sorrow, the need of forgiveness, etc. — abundant in the Mass — show this end of the Mass. The three beautiful “humility prayers” that follow immediately after the Agnus Dei are especially indicative of this end.

Petition is what most people probably mean when they use the word “pray.” It is to ask for something, to beseech or supplicate the Almighty for what we need, either in the order

of nature or in the order of grace. Jesus Himself gave us the example in that prayer which is uniquely called “the Lord’s Prayer,” because He taught it to us. It is common to speak of the “seven petitions” of the Our Father, each of which asks for a distinct blessing from God. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass makes numerous petitions for spiritual and material favors for ourselves and others. In the propers of the Mass, these are always notable in the collect, secret, and postcommunion prayers. Indeed, the Church, in her liturgy, not only prays on our behalf and encourages us to pray with her, but also teaches us how to formulate worthy petitions for which to ask. Special liturgical rites such as ember days and votive Masses often make very focused and specific intentions that are worthy of our attention.

For the rest of these lines it is our goal to consider how the four ends of the Mass can be formative of a Christian atmosphere which elevates our behavior, our manners, and therefore our culture. Such an atmosphere facilitates that profoundly Christian thing of pursuing the good of virtue together in society.

While adoration is due to God alone (to offer adoration — *latría* — to a creature is the essence of idolatry), there is a worship, or honor, that is due to Mary and the saints, and, due proportion being guarded, even to our fellow mortals yet living. “Honor to whom honor is due,” says Saint Paul (Rom. 13:7). In other words, the person who is truly disposed to honor God, also honors God’s image in man. This is to observe the economy of Saint John the Beloved, who asks, rhetorically, “For he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?” (1 John 4:20).

So the person well disposed to adore God is also well disposed to show respect and reverence to men who deserve it, either by virtue of their office or their moral excellence. True, we do not confuse the first with the fourth commandment, but the ideal of reverence is found in both.

Placing this culture of reverence and respect in the context of the

liturgy itself, we may observe the sacred courtesy that is shown to God’s ministers at the altar, especially the celebrant, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The bows, the reverent kisses of the hand, the gracious and dignified accommodation of the needs of the celebrant as he ministers at the altar, all carried out in an ordered, masculine, and hierarchical ceremonial that uplifts all and degrades none — all of this shows a social worship of genuine refinement and courtesy, a word that comes from that same Old French word whence comes “court.” Courtesy described how one behaved in the court of a king, and our Catholic sanctuary is the earthly court of the King of Kings.

Is it any coincidence that our modern egalitarianism is accompanied by course manners, disrespect, and a rude upturning of natural and supernatural social hierarchies? No, it is not. And this is paralleled in novel liturgy that is both anthropocentric and trite.

We ought to see teaching manners and respect to children and youth against this backdrop. Real manners are not arbitrary and baroque refinements meant to cramp social interaction. They are, rather, conventions that foster a well ordered and virtuous social intercourse. Manners are not virtues, but they are the custodians of virtue.



The Crucifixion with the Virgin and Saint John by Hendrick ter Brugghen

What is said of adoration can be applied *mutatis mutandis*, to thanksgiving. When we render thanks to God, it is an act of the virtue of religion, which is part of justice. According to Saint Thomas, there is a distinct special virtue, also part of justice, called gratitude, which is something we are obliged to show all our benefactors. In speaking about gratitude, the Angelic Doctor distinguishes it from the virtue of religion, but he also relates it to our gratitude to God. This suggests the similarity that exists between thanking God and thanking our fellow creatures.

It may seem like a small thing to teach a child to say “thank you” — something he will need to be taught both by instruction and (more) by example — but it is not a small thing. And parents should insist on this, for it is obligatory to thank a benefactor for a gift.

We can ask forgiveness of our fellow creatures just as we ask

forgiveness of God. But after we have apologized and been forgiven, we need to repair the evil done. If one breaks another person's window with his wayward baseball, an apology is in order, but so is payment of money to replace the broken window. This is a simple matter of justice. Being habituated by our life of prayer (and sacramental confession) to admitting our guilt and seeking to make right should have the additional good effect of making us contribute more to the common good of society by setting right the wrongs we have done. One of the most repulsive things to behold is a Catholic who is quick to spot the beam in the eye of his brother while ignoring his own massive ocular plank. Just as we ought to teach children to say "thank you," we should teach them to say, "I'm sorry," "please pardon me," etc., when such words are necessary.

Lastly, there are right ways and wrong ways of making petitions to our fellow creatures. "Please," which literally means, "if it pleases you," is a polite way of making a request. The modern welfare state and the progressivist multiplication of a variety of non-extant "rights" have both turned us into a society of brats who cannot even ask for something politely or graciously, assuming that we have a "right" to whatever we want. As with the aforementioned conventions regarding manners, not only must we say "please" ourselves, we must demand it of our children.

Another vantage point to this question gives us a further insight. So far, we have been looking at the question from the top down, emphasizing how rendering our homages to God can positively influence the societies we form. But we can also look at the question from the bottom up. Grace builds on nature. If we are incapable of showing respect, reverence, humility in making supplication, gratitude for favors received, and sorrow and restitution for wrongdoing, what is there for grace to build upon in our dealings with God and our neighbor?

Forming societies built upon the four ends of the Holy Mass and their moral and social ramifications is to rebuild Christian culture. This is the Catholic response to the diseased pornography that seeks to engulf us and rob our children of their innocence. We cannot meet them on their own tilted playing field, but must have recourse to a higher court, that of Heaven, whose courtesies we must bring down to earth as part of our mission to sanctify it.

Sursum corda! Lift up your hearts! ▪

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org

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FOUNDERS' COLUMN

EXCERPTS FROM MADONNA OF THE KITCHEN

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

ten years previously and had already married Zingamesh Psduhishwish. Katie lived with her sister for a few years, and then hired out as second laundry-girl to the Elkinses, a wellfavored family of these parts, who live in a mansion with sixteen servants and are very unhappy. Romances are always interesting, so I shall sketch Katie's briefly. She was very beautiful, and is so to this day. I have a theory that expressions and not features are beautiful, and that lovely thoughts make a lovely face; but if you hold an opposite opinion, I might mention that her eyes are Baltic blue (a blue with a difference), her hair is silky and honey-colored, and I feel sure a lady novelist expert at facial descriptions would produce a long paragraph in praise of her neck and nose; there would be a page on her profile and a chapter on her chin. The eldest Elkins daughter was a student of art, and often called Katie from the laundry, draped her in some outlandish fashion, and made her pose for a picture.

One summer afternoon she was put on display before a crowd of esthetic visitors who had motored out to a house party. She was ordered to appear in the garden and wait beside the fountain, wearing her striped skirt, her checkered waist, her red shawl, and her mother's gold loops in her ears. Poor Katie, utterly bewildered, twisted her fingers nervously during this ordeal and like a frightened bird tried many times to run away. The guests gathered about her and discussed her as they would a vase or a rug. It was all very clever and very cruel. The gentlemen of the party called her "interesting" (a delicately ill-mannered expression, indicating no sense of verbal discrimination, and applicable equally to an archangel or an alligator); while the ladies agreed she was a "type" — which is a word employed by ugly débutantes in order to designate and

Mrs. [Katie] Boggiano arrived in this country [from Latvia] at the age of twelve, the spring before the Great war. Her sister, Ralolla Zdrojefska, had emigrated

belittle the good-looking daughters of the poor. And then it happened. One afternoon in summer, when Katie and the first laundry-girl, who was also Polish, were hanging the last of a heavy washing on the dry-lines in the trellised enclosure south of the big mansion, a little pink-eyed rabbit darted under the hedge. Katie, forgetting her dignity as second laundry-girl, and remembering only that she had just turned sixteen, chased the rabbit. As it started to cross the road, there happened to be strolling home from work one Tommaso Boggiano, a railroad blacksmith, tired, sooty, and lonely. The dark eyes of Italy met the light blue eyes of Latvia. Tommaso caught the rabbit. And the Elkinses were out of a second laundrygirl.

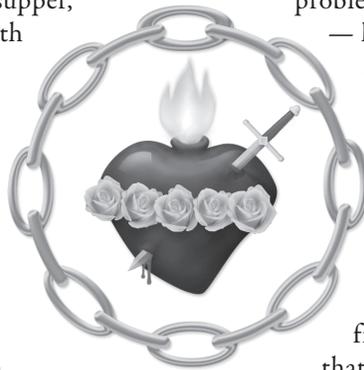
Mrs. Boggiano at the age of twenty-six has been married ten years and is the mother of six children. It is amazing how Providence sees to it that the simple of heart reproduce their kind in great abundance. Nature is constantly at work sloughing off its skeptics and sophisticates by sterility or self-destruction, and by replenishing the world with those who have a sense of reverence and a sense of humor. It is good that this is so. It is good that the meek possess the land... Katie Boggiano has never heard the reasons advanced for the restriction of families, and would probably not comprehend them if they were explained to her. She knows it is hard enough to be poor and have children. She would

think it unbearable to be poor and have none. Fidelity to nature's laws has left her will unhampered by hesitancies, inhibitions and phobias. Her body has become the instrument of a pure spirit able to melt every inch of it and make it maternal. Her fruitfulness has never been outraged by drug-store deviltries and so there are no cross-purposes in her nerves needing to be untangled by a psychiatrist. Hither and thither she moves at her nursery tasks, bothered but not bored, tired but never in a tantrum, her children's chiefest play thing, continually tugged at by the apron strings. It is her way of learning that life is very good and God is very wonderful—God, who breathed on the little make-believe daughter she used to fondle in far-off Latvia and turned it in this land of exile into a living doll: her namesake, now seven years old; now able after a



brief coaching to arrange the kitchen table for supper, beautified with her mother's eyes, shadowed with her light brown hair, vibrant with the identical shift of her shoulders, the turn of her head, as she utters a patient and imitative sigh when the cups run short, or the sugar bowl discovered hiding behind the bread tin.

It must be obvious that this unlettered Polish woman is a splendidly civilized person and a most valuable member of society. She is a minimum of annoyance to her neighbors and a minimum of expense to the state. No high-salaried social scientist is required to adjust her to the simple



problem of living. And if intelligence is — as it is — half a moral virtue, there need be no hesitancy in calling her highly intelligent. Her mind touches the realities of life by swift intuitions and certitudes. Unlike her psychic sisters of the intelligentsia, she does her thinking for herself. It is not done for her by nervous philosophers, diseased dramatists, sullen poets, and melancholy writers of fiction, whose purposes are anti-social and whose friendships are unwholesome. Her tradition is that of the Christian peasant, the soundest of all metaphysicians, and under the influence of Divine grace, the profoundest of all mystics... ■



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Mr. Brian Kelly

KELLY FORUM ANGELS OF A DIFFERENT BATTLEFIELD

The sixties were a rough time to go through Catholic schools, especially after Vatican II. Nuns were modifying their habits, which meant shortening not only their veil,

but even their skirts. The modified habit didn't last long before religious garb went out altogether. For almost a generation now, thanks be to God, young women, who feel the calling to religious life, are drawn to orders in which full habits are worn, prayers are said in common and by the hours, Holy Mass is the center of the day, and meals are taken communally. In other words, the espousal to Jesus Christ is now the reason for the resurgence of the consecrated life; and active social work, if the order isn't cloistered, flows from the religious' mystic life as a bride of Christ.

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, now eighty-eight years old, is a member of this same order, living today in the same convent in New Jersey, and wearing the same slightly modified habit that the sisters adopted around 1963 when I was in fourth grade. I visited her a couple of years ago, having had to pick her up for an uncle's funeral. The old sisters at the convent call her the "saint" because she is always joyful and willing to do the most menial of chores. They say this right in front of her, and she just smiles. It helps that she can hardly hear, never remembers to replace the batteries in her hearing aid, and has no clue what her dear sisters are saying about her.

While at the funeral, my aunt informed me that my kindergarten teacher, whom I can never forget, because she was the first "nun" I ever really "encountered" — having had the privilege of her intimate presence from 8:00 to noon five days a week, for all but three months of the year 1957 — was still living. The first day I went to school at five years of age, I remember leaving my mother's hand and staring at a goldfish aquarium sitting on a ledge as high as my eyes outside a huge playroom. There, standing right by my side, was this very tall sister with a very warm smile who was waiting to give me a seat on a rubber cushion. Her name was Sister Margaret Gregory.

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, 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. City guys my age may remember "punch ball," or "curb ball," when no bats were around, "No"?

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

"For almost a generation now, thanks be to God, young women, who feel the calling to religious life, are drawn to orders in which full habits are worn"

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 *Pluuuunnnge*," 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 *maahnin*, Sister.”) If indeed Bostonian, that means she was probably Irish. 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, this time 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 eight hours a day. I could tell you stories!



Sister Leonora was 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 inchoate rebels without a cause; some were respectful, some defiant; some were thoughtful of others, some spoiled rotten; some well-groomed, clean, and hygienic, others, well let’s just say, unhygienic.

Order required discipline, and discipline, when there were no more corners to stand in, could often be painful. 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 the spoiled brat; 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. Poor Johnnie. I hope he learned from his mistakes and became a man.

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 Karen 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, besides a heart of gold. Every day — I never could forget this — she would greet the class and then ask Karen how her older brother was

doing. She cared for each and every child in her class, but had some special interest in Karen. We all just figured that Karen’s brother was sick. Well, every day Sister would ask about him, and Karen would answer, “He’s OK, Sister.” When Sister asked on this particular day, I remember looking at Karen when she didn’t respond right away. The rule was when a sister addressed you, you stood up when you answered. Karen was standing and her knees were buckling. 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, Karen being home with the family, Sister Leonora spoke to us just as if we were adults. She asked us to pray for Karen, for her twin, whom we all knew, for their family, and for Karen’s brother. She told us that Karen’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. ■

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

PREFECT'S COLUMN

THE DEATH OF A CHILD

My first experience with death was as a boy in the Bronx, NY. I witnessed the murder of a woman who was walking across the street, under the L. A car hit her and sped off. I will never forget seeing her body fly up into the air, her bag and cane going in different

directions. The frailty of the human condition struck me as her body looked like a rag doll sliding along the cobblestones into the left rear tire of our parked car.

After that event, I attended the funerals of almost all of my relatives, my best friends, Walter Phelan and Conrad Dupont – both of whom I believe were holy – and I was at the bedside of my mother, holding her hand, praying the Rosary, singing hymns and consoling her to her last breath.

As a young man in the 1970s (I will never forget it), I attended the wake of a child, only weeks old, of a dear friend and co-worker. A tiny closed casket was placed on a pedestal. It was a stark image of what was a wrenching event in the lives of the parents who, I was told, later suffered nervous breakdowns and divorced.

My professions (investigator, adjuster, and attorney) caused me to investigate the deaths of children and adults, over several years. Each was an opportunity to pray for the souls of the deceased. One case investigation, which consumed me for months, involved the death of an eight year-old. The boy was on a bike trying to cross the street at a very busy and dangerous metropolitan intersection when the driver of a tractor-trailer, who could not see the boy, drove over him. His older brother, only feet away, could not prevent the accident. I interviewed the family, the driver and multiple witnesses. The driver died within the year of brain cancer.

Over the years, I have placed some children who died on my email prayer list. Some may recall four year-old Alivia, who died in 2009. At the time I wrote, "After a two and one-half year battle with leukemia Alivia ... died in the arms of her mom and dad." Many of you prayed for this child, at least one of you, while undergoing your own serious illness, offered up all your pain and suffering for this little one and then had traditional Masses said for her.

The death of a child is a heart-breaking event, but God can make good come from such a sorrowful matter. We will not know all the child saints until – God willing – we get to Heaven. We do know of the Holy Innocents massacred in 1 A.D., two year-old St. Simon of Trent, St. Dominic Savio, only

fourteen, St. Maria Goretti, eleven, St. Vitus, between seven and thirteen, St. Agnes of Rome, thirteen, and St. Tarcisius of the Holy Eucharist who died at twelve years-old.

The child I refer to in the title was from a large, poor Catholic family. Her death was particularly sad as the family lost another sibling ten months before. I have studied her life and find it compelling. The history of this case begins in the 20th century. The little one was only nine years-old when she died.

The family lived in a small rural area of Europe. The most important events in this short life began at the age of seven, but it is the death I wish to explore. Suffice to say that this child had mystical experiences and received graces to sustain her through her lengthy illness. Children can be such wonderful people. Recall Our Lord said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such" (Matt. 19 v. 14). So enamored with the thoughts of pleasing God, she gladly suffered for Christ. Her special devotion, even at this tender age, centered around pleasing God, praying to His mother and assisting, in her small way, in saving sinners through her penance and sacrifices. This is a child who gave up things that other children did not.

She became a victim of a disease that is still with us today, despite so-called vaccines. She prayed and suffered daily. Eventually, she developed a serious infection. Despite the pain, she would console her family. She was transported to a hospital for the best possible medical treatment, a distance away, so family or other visitors would be sparse. The child, by a special grace, knew she was dying, however, she did not put up any fuss and complied with all she was asked. It just gave her a greater opportunity to sacrifice herself.

For the next sixty days, more or less, she received rigorous treatments. Her attitude did not change. She was found to be happy, as always, to suffer for the love of God and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

She did not improve, no matter what the doctors did. She had an infection in her chest which was, according to one source listed below, "large, open and continually running." The doctors gave up hope and sent her home. A priest who saw her wrote, "She was all bones ... it was a shock to see how thin her arms were. She was running a fever all the time. Pneumonia, tuberculosis and pleurisy ate away at her strength. I remembered when I saw her, that Our Lady had promised Bernadette of Lourdes that she too would not be happy in this world but in the next. I wondered if Our Lady made the same promise to her. In fact this little girl had seen and spoken to Our Lady and Our Lord!

'I know of Catholics who do not get to Mass on Sunday or other holy days. This little one, during her stay at home, said, "I want to go (to Mass on a day that was not obligatory) in place of the sinners who don't go even on Sundays ... Our Lord is so sad and Our Lady told us that He must not be offended anymore. He is already offended very much and no one pays any attention to it. They keep committing the same sins."



Our Lady of the Miracles

This child told her best friend, "Last night, I was very thirsty, but I did not drink anything. I felt a lot of pain and I offered Our Lord the sacrifice of not turning in bed (which caused her considerable pain)." On another occasion, "(her) mother brought her a glass of milk (saying) 'you drink this down...; it is good for you.' The child responded, 'I don't want it, mother' pushing the glass away." When she related this to her friend, a child only slightly older, but also an ally in mortifications and other matters, the older girl said, "How does it happen that you disobey your mother! Aren't you going to offer that sacrifice to Our Lord?" The child's eyes filled with tears of sorrow. She called for her mother and asked to be forgiven. 'I'll take anything you want me to take, mother.' Her mother brought back the glass of milk and (she) took it without showing any sign of revulsion. Afterwards ... (she confessed to her confidante), 'If you only knew how hard it was for me to drink it!'" Thereafter, it was increasingly difficult for her to drink milk or broth, or to eat, but she did not try to avoid these things.

If we think of how many times we have not exercised even a modicum of self-abnegation, e.g., in abstaining from some food we wished, we see how this little one embarrasses us as we take little or no opportunity to act as the child Jesus wishes us to be, and consider the lack of love we have for Him, who died on the Cross for us. Once she said, "Oh, if only I could put in the heart of everyone in the world the fire that is burning in me and makes me love so much the Heart of Jesus and the Heart of Mary." If it were only possible.

Our Lady revealed to this child that She wished her to go to yet another hospital, and that after suffering a great deal,

she would die alone. "The thought crushed the little child." She was placed in "the care of one of the leading specialists on children's diseases. The diagnosis was purulent pleurisy of the large left cavity, fistulous osteitis of the seventh and eighth ribs of the same side."

The child stayed at an orphanage, Our Lady of the Miracles, for a time prior to the second hospitalization. The Mother Superior of the orphanage, Mother

Maria da Purificacao Godinho, kept an account of all she said. While there, "she was visited by Our Lady more than once." It came to pass that her mother visited on one occasion and the Mother Superior asked her if, "she would not like her two daughters, Florinda and Teresa, to become nuns. 'God help me!' the mother protested, her heart heavy with sorrow over the death of (her little son) and the impending death of the little girl." Later, the little one told the Mother Superior, 'Our Lady would have liked my sisters to become nuns very much. Mother does not want it and Our Lady will take them soon to heaven.' In fact, shortly after, the two girls died." And so the family suffered the death of three of their children by this time. But the little one once said, "Mortifications and sacrifices please Our Lord a great deal."

The day came when she was transported to the second hospital. "When the doctors first mentioned an operation, (she) warned them that it would be useless ... (she wrote her best friend) to tell her the day and hour of her death ... when she got to the operating room she was found too weak to take gas ... the local (anesthesia) ... by no means took away her pain. Yet she appears to have suffered more from the humiliation of having to expose her body and to place herself into the hands of strange doctors ... They removed two ribs (but the open wound in her chest was the size of a fist)." After the operation and painful treatments she "allowed only one moan to escape her lips, 'Oh, Our Lady! Oh! Our Lady! Patience. We must suffer to go to Heaven.'" Here is a central lesson in this article. No saint ever went to Heaven without suffering – even the smallest.

Four days prior to her death, she said, "I am not complaining anymore. Our Lady has appeared again and said that She

was coming for me soon. She took all my pains away.” A Doctor Lisboa wrote, “Her pains disappeared completely.”

On February 20, she was not feeling well and wanted to receive the Last Rites. A priest came, heard her confession, and promised to bring her Communion in the morning. “She asked him to bring it immediately ... (insisting) she was to die shortly. At ten-thirty (about four hours later), she died peacefully without having her wish fulfilled.” Our Lady permitted a young nurse whom she loved, Aurora Gomez, to be with her at the time of her death.

Think about this holy life. As Leon Bloy once wrote, “The only real sadness, the only real failure, the only great trage-

dy in life, is not to become a saint.” And so we see the death of a child can be a great grace for us, and for the whole world. If you have not already guessed, this child is none other than Jacinta de Jesus Marto (11 March 1910 – 20 February 1920), now Saint Jacinta, one of the Fatima seers. Now we know of a child in Heaven to whom we can pray that we, too, become childlike.

The quoted material above is from “*The True Story of Fatima; a complete account of the Fatima Apparitions*” by Fr. John de Marchi, I.M.C. ■

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Sister Catherine,
M.I.C.M.

FOUNDERS' COLUMN

ON THE DOGMA AND SUBMISSION TO THE ROMAN PONTIFF

(Taken from her book, Gate of Heaven)

The Office for May 4th tells the story of the Blessed Martyrs, John Cardinal Fisher, Thomas More, and their Companions, who died for the second doctrine for which St. Benedict Center

is fighting, namely, that there is no salvation without personal submission to our Holy Father, the Pope. St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More died, the Martyrology tells us, "strenuously fighting for the Catholic Faith and the Primacy of Peter."

While St. Thomas More was awaiting death in the tower of London, the prosecutor for King Henry VIII came to see him. He reminded St. Thomas More that he was being disobedient to every Catholic Bishop in England by his stubborn stand on the doctrine of the Primacy of the Pope.

"My lord," Thomas More answered him, "for one bishop of your opinion, I have a hundred saints of mine; for one parliament of yours, and God knows of what kind, I have all the General Councils of the Church for a thousand years."

Then there is James Duckett, the heroic English bookseller, who was beatified with other English Martyrs in 1929. Blessed James Duckett was martyred on the 19th of April, 1602, in London. The Catholic book center which today, in London, bears his name, has published the story of his life and death. Of his death, the story relates:

James Duckett showed great alacrity in his mind, and spoke boldly and cheerfully, to the astonishment of many beholders. He said of how he professed that he died a Catholic, and that so he had lived; ... telling the people in general that he was most willing to die for that cause, and that it was as impossible for any to be saved outside of the Catholic Church as for any to avoid the deluge that was outside of Noah's Ark. And so the cart was drawn from him.

St. Cyprian, the great Bishop of Carthage, who was born in the year 210 and suffered martyrdom in 258 A.D., wrote:

The bride of Christ cannot be falsified; she is chaste and incorrupt. She knows but one home; she with scrupulous chastity keeps inviolate her one bridechamber. She it is who preserves us for God; she finds places in the Kingdom for the children she has begotten. Whosoever separates himself from the Church is joined to an adulterer and has cut himself off from the promises made to the Church; no one who quits the Church of Christ will

attain to the rewards of Christ. He is a stranger, profane, an enemy. He cannot have God for his Father who has not the Church for his mother. If anyone who was outside the Ark of Noah was able to escape (and we know no one was), then whosoever is outside the Church escapes.

St. Jerome, the great saint and Doctor of the Church, who lived from 342 to 420, wrote to Pope Damasus:

I, following no leader save Christ, am associated in fellowship with your Blessedness, that is, with the See of Peter. On that rock I know the Church was built. Whosoever eats the Lamb outside that house is profane. If anyone shall be outside the Ark of Noah he shall perish when the flood prevails.

St. John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed Doctor of the Church, 347-407, speaking on the dignity of the priesthood, says:

For it is manifest folly to despise so great a ministry — without which we could obtain neither salvation nor the good things that have been promised. For as no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven, unless he be born again of water and the Holy Ghost; and except he eat the Flesh of the Lord, and drink His Blood, he shall be excluded from everlasting life; and as all these things are ministered only by the consecrated hands of priests, how could anyone without them either escape the fire of hell or obtain the crown that is prepared?

The great Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church, St. Augustine (354-430), said in a sermon to the people of Caesarea:

No man can find salvation save in the Catholic Church. Outside the Catholic Church he can find everything except salvation. He can have dignities, he can have the Sacraments, can sing "Alleluia," answer "Amen," accept the Gospels, have faith in the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and preach it, too, but never except in the Catholic Church can he find salvation.

St. Augustine's writings were filled with the doctrine of No Salvation Outside the Church. He said on another occasion:

Because we fight for the honor and unity of the Church, let us not concede to the heretics what we know to be false, but rather let us teach them by arguments that they cannot attain salvation through unity unless they come to that same unity. For the water of the Church is faithful and salutary and holy for those who use it well. But outside of the Church no one can use it well... . Therefore we are right in censuring, anathematizing, abhorring and abominating the perversity of heart shown by heretics; ...

St. Fulgentius, 468-533, Bishop of Ruspe, eminent among the Fathers of the Church and principal theologian of the 6th century (not counting Pope St. Gregory the Great) writes:

Hold most firmly, and do not doubt at all, that everyone baptized outside the Catholic Church cannot be made partaker of eternal life, if before the end of this earthly life he does not return to the Catholic Church and become incorporated with it...

Hold most firmly, and do not doubt at all, that not only all the pagans, but also all the Jews, and all the heretics and schismatics who end the present life outside the Catholic Church, will go into the eternal fire, "which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. 25;41)

Pope Pelagius II, 578-590, writing to some schismatical bishops, says:

Consider therefore that whoever is not in the peace and unity of the Church cannot have God.

Pope Innocent III, in 1208, in a "Profession of Faith" prescribed to the Waldensians, says:

With our hearts we believe and with our lips we confess but one Church, not that of the heretics, but the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, outside which we believe that no one is saved.

St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274) teaches throughout his writings that it is necessary to belong to the one true Church of Jesus Christ in order to be saved. In his treatise *Against the Errors of the Greeks*, St. Thomas wrote:

To be subject to the Roman Pontiff is necessary for salvation.

St. Bonaventure, a Doctor of the Church who lived in the same century with St. Thomas Aquinas, and who died in the same year (1274), says in his *Breviloquium*:

Because outside of the unity of faith and love which makes us sons and members of the Church, no one can be saved, hence if the Sacraments are received outside the



The Four Fathers of the Latin Church

Church, they are not effective for salvation, although they are true Sacraments. However, they can become useful if one returns to Holy Mother the Church, the only Spouse of Christ, whose sons alone Christ the Spouse deems worthy of eternal inheritance.

Two of the three sixteenth century saints who were made Doctors of the Church were Jesuits. They were St. Peter Canisius (1521-1597) and St. Robert Bellarmine (1542-1621). Both these Doctors professed again and again the doctrine of no salvation outside the one true Church, nor without personal submission to Christ's

Vicar, the Roman Pontiff. And, like every saint, both were devoted children of Christ's Mother. St. Peter Canisius wrote a *Catechism of Catholic doctrine*. In his *Catechism*, he says:

Outside of this communion (as outside of the Ark of Noah) there is absolutely no salvation for mortals: not to Jews or Pagans, who never received the faith of the Church; not to heretics who, having received it, forsook or corrupted it; not to schismatics who left the peace and unity of the Church; finally neither to excommunicates who for any other serious cause deserved to be put away and separated from the body of the Church, like pernicious members... For the rule of Cyprian and Augustine is certain: he will not have God for his Father who would not have the Church for his Mother.

How far away from their two Doctors the Society of Jesus has gone in our day is seen in the dismissal of Father Leonard Feeney by the Jesuits, for holding in exactly the way St. Peter Canisius held it, the Church's doctrine on salvation. Father Feeney has never ceased to be devoted to these two Jesuit Doctors of the Church and to the Jesuit Saints, most especially St. Ignatius, St. Aloysius, and St. Francis Xavier. It was the Society of Jesus as these men founded and lived it that Father thought he had joined, at seventeen years of age. When he found the modern Jesuits preaching a doctrine on salvation which was the opposite of the one preached by St. Peter Canisius and St. Robert Bellarmine, he sadly allowed himself to be dismissed. He knew in his heart that he was being loyal to St. Ignatius and the early saints of his Order by doing so. ■



Carlton V. Phillips, Jr.

GUEST COLUMN GETTING IT RIGHT

When I was asked to write my conversion story for the *Mancipia*, I demurred, not out of false modesty (I had given a recorded talk on the subject during my fundamentalist days which is

best forgotten) I simply didn't want to; but after thinking it over, I decided that if my telling it could be useful in some way, it should be told.

My Catholic upbringing was pre-Vatican II. It was my second year of college when the Mass was changed. While the Church was not perfect in the 1950's and 60's, (the history of Saint Benedict Center is a testament to that), the structure was at least present; we learned from the Baltimore Catechism, which was diligently taught by the Sisters in the Catholic schools, and gained a sense of reverence at Mass that is largely absent today. My six years as an altar boy also helped.

I consider this, along with the fact that my family considered it their solemn duty to hand the Faith down to the next generation, to be two of the most important factors in my being Catholic today. To a generation that grew up with that Catholic background, even if one falls into sin, one still, down deep, knows that one is sinning. This awareness seems to have been sapped in the last fifty years.

With the changes in the Church having taken effect, my family, along with almost all other Catholics of my generation, followed the authorities into the new spirit and we floundered. I continued to attend Mass during my college years and my early twenties, but eventually succumbed to the sinful, secular life sweeping through society in the aftermath of the sexual revolution. That was my fault, and my fault entirely. Subsequently, I was married (in the Church) and divorced, as is, unfortunately, so common in our society today.

Subsequently, I met my present wife, Lori (also divorced but, like me, with a pre-Vatican II upbringing). We were, in due time, married in a civil ceremony, and, although we attended Mass on occasion, it was difficult while in an irregular marriage, and eventually we drifted away from Church.

However, while I was not thinking much about Our Lord and Our Lady, they apparently had not forgotten me. In 1989, knowing of my wife's constant struggle with Lupus, a friend invited us to a Catholic conference in Anaheim, put on annually by the Charismatic Renewal (often God reaches us through unlikely sources). We were told that there would be a "healing Mass," and that this might have a positive influence on my wife's health.

By this time, I had been reduced to making flippant jokes about religion, but we were willing to try anything that might help with Lori's illness, and it seemed that attending the Mass certainly couldn't hurt, and might even help.

I don't remember much about the conference; we attended Mass, then left. A year later, we were invited again. We went mainly because it was something to do for a weekend, and in the hope again that prayer and the Mass would have a positive impact on Lori's health.

I don't remember much about that conference, either; I was just rocky ground. Then, for a third year in succession, the same person invited us to the conference, and I did notice something. While I was not that impressed by the charismatic claims of those present, something stirred within me; I decided I wanted to learn more about God. I felt the need to look further into this, and I went out of there on a spiritual quest, one which I had not even been seeking.

Where to start? I had no guidance at all. This was pre-internet. I had been away from the Church so long that I had no one to ask questions, so I just went home and picked up a Bible and started reading. However, wanting to learn more, I did the only thing I could think of: I started listening to the radio. I listened to nothing else in the car, and at my office I could have the radio on all day while I was working. I did this for over two years, and estimate that I listened to over 6,000 hours of radio sermons, virtually all Protestant, many overtly anti-Catholic. Within a year's time, between reading the Bible on my own, and being instructed by the radio preachers, I became totally immune to the fact that I was imbibing heresy on a daily basis, and began to consider myself an Evangelical Protestant. I became active in a Reformed congregation, and even had the temerity to give a thirty minute recorded speech at an Evangelical meeting in which I lambasted the Catholic Church as "the absolute antithesis of Biblical Christianity." Those were my words; my hubris makes me want to choke, even today, a quarter century later.

But Heaven was not through with me. For the fourth year in a row, Lori and I were invited to the same conference. I was not interested in hearing the speakers, as much as I was in reading the Catholic viewpoint. I discovered apologetic works (including *Catholicism and Fundamentalism* by Karl Keating) and sets of tapes by Scott Hahn, a Presbyterian pastor who converted to Catholicism. Thus began my first exposure to Catholic apologetics, and although I was at first surprised to see that there were actually tapes refuting Protestant claims, I determined to listen to them, and to give the Church a fair shake.

The more I did this, the more I realized I had to get it right. I realized that when Jesus said, in Matthew 28:20, "Teaching

them to believe ALL (emphasis added) I have commanded you..." He did not make any exceptions, no more than when He stated in Mark 16:16, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

I delved further into theology (both Protestant and Catholic); it became my passion. I read Calvin, Luther, B. B. Warfield, and *Fundamentals of Catholic Dogma* by Dr. Ludwig Ott. I took classes at Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena. I knew these were two different religions, and I knew that my eternity was riding on getting this right. The words of Saint Paul in Galatians 1:8-9 would not leave my mind: "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema..."

Catholics who succumb to heresy do so because they do not realize the necessity of "getting it right." Our Church, as it was in the U.S., had become infected with Americanism and Indifferentism. Somehow, through the grace of God, I did not take at face value what I was hearing on the radio, at least not down deep. God gave me the grace and the will to keep studying, keep praying, and not to rest until I came to know the Truth and to understand it. Finally, after agonizing over every issue separating the One, True Church from the counterfeit, I discovered the writings of Saint Francis De Sales, specifically, *The*



Luther and his 95 Thesis

Catholic Controversy. This great saint had rescued over 72,000 souls from the heresy of Calvinism, and in his writings he demolished, one by one, the Reformers' claims to authority.

For the first time, I came to understand that every objection to the Catholic Faith was answered five hundred years ago. The ones I was hearing were merely a repeat of

those put forth at the time of the so-called Reformation; all of them had been answered at that time by the great saints and doctors of the Church, and by the Council of Trent, which anathematized the reformers and those holding to their views.

Hurdles still remained, the most important being our marriage (through this entire process my wife had remained Catholic, one of the many undeserved blessings I received). When we went to our local parish church and broached the subject with the priest, we were treated with kindness and consideration; more importantly, and to my great joy, all was handled with enough care and diligence to satisfy the most demanding theologian or canonist. Eventually, we were married in the Church and now enjoy the full benefits of that "great sacrament." Since then, we have been firmly within the bosom of Holy Mother Church, and, after finding Saint Benedict Center, I have gained a much greater understanding of the Faith. How blessed I was that God gave me the grace to not stop until I got it right. ■

Ad Rem

Once every two weeks (about), Br. André Marie, M.I.C.M. sends out an email called *Ad Rem*. (This Latin phrase means, roughly, "to the point.") The main contents of those mailings are published on our site, catholicism.org, but some other messages and offers come in the email version that are not on the site.

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A PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA

O Mary, Mother of mercy and Refuge of sinners, we beseech thee, be pleased to look with pitiful eyes upon poor heretics and schismatics. Thou who art the Seat of Wisdom, enlighten the minds that are miserably enfolded in the darkness of ignorance and sin, that they may clearly know that the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church is the one true Church of Jesus Christ, outside of which neither holiness nor salvation can be found. Finish the work of their conversion by obtaining for them the grace to accept all the truths of our Holy Faith, and to submit themselves to the supreme Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth; that so, being united with us in the sweet chains of divine charity, there may soon be only one fold under the same one shepherd; and may we all, O glorious Virgin, sing forever with exultation: Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, thou only hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world. Amen.

Hail Mary, three times (Pius IX, *Raccolta* No. 579).

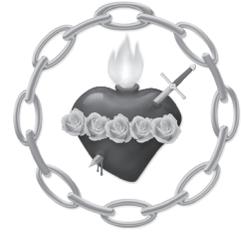
EXTRA ECCLESIAM NULLA SALUS

Ex Cathedra: “We declare, say, define, and pronounce that it is absolutely necessary for the salvation of every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff.” (Pope Boniface VIII, the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, 1302).

Notes:

- For more information, including videos and a free class, go to the Saint Augustine Institute: www.saintaugustineinstitute.org

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