

Catholic Courier

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With the Approval of the
MOST REVEREND JAMES EDWARD KEARNEY, D.D.
Bishop of Rochester

The CATHOLIC COURIER has my most enthusiastic approval. A diocesan newspaper has become an essential part of the program of Catholic action in every diocese. The CATHOLIC COURIER should be found in every Catholic home in this diocese. I find it hard to understand how any Catholic can be so indifferent as to what is transpiring in his church throughout the world as to rely upon unreliable sources of information or even to seek no information whatever. Let us have a brief slogan "The CATHOLIC COURIER in every Catholic home."

JAMES E. KEARNEY, Bishop of Rochester.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Catholics should be eager to know the whole truth in the doctrine of the Church and its history. Discussion groups are today's ready help toward such knowledge. The Church has nothing to fear from a fair and complete statement of any event in her history; nor has she anything to fear from partial statements or colored views when her children are well-instructed and can supply what has been left out, false what has been falsely inserted.

An active life of over 1900 years touching every nation and every race, every kingdom and principality, every type of people under every style of government, necessarily involves the Church in historical events that vary in character. The Divine Element in the Church never fails, never can fail; the Human Element is sometimes found wanting. Judas was the first example of this, although Peter and the other Apostles were ready to abandon Christ at His death. With all that weak human nature could do to sully the glorious record of the Church down through the centuries, the main pages of that record shine brightly with the accomplishments of Apostles, Missionaries, Popes and Bishops; with the definite elevation of the minds and hearts of peoples and nations from barbarism and paganism to the heights of Christian civilization; with a host of saintly men and women, heroes of God, which only the Church of Jesus Christ could give to the world.

The Church has had her enemies before this day, she still has them. "Not all receive the word." Pagans and unbelievers, men separated from the unity of the Church, will see little difference between the truth of Christ and the errors of men who know not Christ. The Church must always stand as the custodian of the Deposit of Faith, the great body of doctrines which Christ gave first to His Apostles to teach to all nations. Mindful of His charge—"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not, shall be condemned"; mindful that such belief must include "all things whatsoever I have commanded you"; the Church has not hesitated to bless all who thus follow Christ, has not hesitated to exclude from her membership, to excommunicate, those who refuse so to follow Christ. Wilful refusal to believe what Christ has taught, marks one as a sinner, as an enemy of his own salvation. Wilful heresy is and must remain a most serious sin, because it is a rejection of Jesus Christ. "He that hears you, hears Me; He that despises you despises Me."

Know your Church, know Her teachings, know Her work!

INDULGENCES

"Whatever you shall loose on earth, shall be loosed also in Heaven." Remission of sin is granted by the Apostles and their successors, the Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church, by virtue of the power given them by Jesus Christ: remission of the temporal punishment due to sin is granted by the Church through the power granted by Christ. The remission of sin is through absolution in the Sacrament of Penance; the remission of temporal punishment is usually granted through Indulgences.

An indulgence is not a pardon of sin, is not a license to commit sin. In granting an indulgence, the Church requires some good work from the recipient, and adds to the merit of this good work some of the merits of the Saints from her spiritual treasury: this she applies to the soul of the recipient unto the remission in part or in its entirety of the temporal punishment due to sin already forgiven.

The teaching of the Church on Indulgences is clear, is open to any honest inquirer. The Church is accused of selling Indulgences. Honest inquiry into history easily shows the Church has forbidden under severe penalties any such abuse of a sacred thing. Honest commentators in the Church and out of the Church will be candid enough to refer to the teaching and discipline of the Church when speaking of any alleged abuse of Indulgences by individuals.

A UNION OF MEN OF PRAYER

Under the direction of the Holy Name Society prayers for Our President and for Our Country will go up from a veritable army of Catholic men on Sunday, March 8. It is the regular monthly Communion Sunday for the Holy Name Society. Under the guidance of Father Henry Graham, O.P., National Director of the Holy Name Societies, the men of our parishes will in worshipping God as the God of Nations, and individuals beg His special protection on our President and his National Leaders in this present crisis.

So much of the world today has turned away from God, that it is a joy to us that America by its traditions and in its policy has been and is a Christian nation. Dictators talk of pagan doctrines, pagan practices, pagan morality; we thank God our President is a Christian, a man who looks to God, who prays to God. It will be a comfort to him to know so many Catholic men are thinking of him in their Communion and prayers on this Sunday, are storming Heaven on his behalf, that he may have divine help and guidance and support in these days of national stress and danger.

LENTEN MISSIONS

No special part of the year has a monopoly on missions, retreats, novenas, and other spiritual exercises. But our Lenten Missions come with a special appeal to all who would pass worthily the season of penance, who would find in the means of bettering their spiritual

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STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M J MURRAY Copyright 1942, M. C. W. C. News Service



Along The Way

Sister Mary Loyola

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

The nearest thing to the Last Mile's Walk from Death Cell to Electric Chair that the non-criminal section of the populace will know is the passage from a hospital bedroom to the operating room. Though the doctors and the nurses may pretend that the journey is nothing, when their own dread morning comes they're peagreen with fright.

It's a long time ago that I was wheeled for that doleful journey. I felt, as I rolled down the peaceful corridors of St. John's Hospital in St. Louis a little like an aristocrat on a tumbrel. And groggy from the preliminary hypo, I was wide enough awake to be scared. I was a Jesuit of only five years' duration, and when the cart on which I lay was wheeled into the operating room, anyone could have dyed a bed sheet in the blues that filled my soul.

Then the tall, slim, laughing nun appeared. I hadn't the faintest idea who she might be. I just knew that out of the mist of white, shrouded figures, she swiftly appeared. And I saw that she was laughing. She caught my hand and held on to it in strong, cool fingers.

"It's all going to be fine," she said. "Hold tight, and I'll be right with you."

You bet, when they clamped the cond over my nose, I did cling to her hand until I had passed into unconsciousness.

That was my first sight of Sister Mary Loyola, Mercy nun of St. John's Hospital in St. Louis. My second was when, very woozy from the anesthetic I looked up in my darkened room to see her standing in the doorway and laughing again. She was still in white, her lovely, crisp white habit of an angel of Mercy. She stood and talked with me briefly, talked and laughed. And I sank back into sleep, confident that all was right with the world.

Later, an inquisitive youngster, I asked her on one of her swift joyous visits if she'd mind my visiting the operating room. I hastened to explain that, should I ever be a priest, I should certainly want to know whether or not I could stand the ordeal of an operation. "Fine!" she replied and laughed again. I found myself in the operating room, swathed in white like the rest of them, watching my first operation. She was working with the surgeon, as she had worked with a thousand surgeons and would work with another ten thousand during her twenty years in charge of the operating room. I watched her swift hands, her intuitive knowledge of what the surgeon would want, the implicit

trust the great abdominal specialist placed in her. Suddenly the room began to swim. I had that horrible sinking feeling that comes to the tyro at an operating table. It was her soft, reassuring voice that caught me up. "Here, drink this!" she commanded, and I saw she was pointing to a glass of water. I drank it in a gulp, grinned sheepishly at her, and was reassured with a smile and a wink. I stuck it out to the last stitch of the assisting interne.

With years, I grew to know more of Sister Mary Loyola. Everyone in St. John's said: "There's nothing a great surgeon can do that she couldn't duplicate if she had to." I learned the routine of her day in that hot operating department from the crack of dawn far into the night, up for emergencies, on call at all hours. She knew the operating table not as an objective watcher or a skilled nurse; she had herself been on that operating table until the surgeons wondered if there was a chance of her recovering. Yet she walked right back to resume where she had left off—always a thin shadow of a woman, her frail body driven by her indomitable soul.

In time the Sisters made her Superior of the hospital. But she longed for her old operating rooms. And far into the night you'd find her, after her executive duties, sitting with the sick, dropping in to laugh them back to hope, stopping to talk to the new probationer or the interne left with that terribly sick man on his nervous, inexperienced hands.

To the very end, her body growing frailer, the lines in her face—lines that were partly from laughter, partly from personal pain, partly from a lifetime of tireless labor—growing deeper, she kept on her feet, like the incarnate spirit of the hospital. There wasn't a doctor who didn't know her and trust her. Thousands of young women had come to her with trembling hands and left her, skilled, confident nurses.

The morning we buried Sister Mary Loyola, the little chapel at St. John's was filled with priests and sisters and great surgeons and famous doctors and staff friends. The Archbishop himself blessed her work-exhausted body. Her beloved Sisters carried her out through the lines of priests and the guard of honor of the caped nurses who wanted to break down and cry.

Sister Mary Loyola was never listed among the Ten Greatest Women of America. What did she care? What does she care now? "Whatever you did for the least of these my little ones," Christ

QUERIES and REPLIES

I Will Never Surrender My Reason. To Join Your Church Would Make Me A Mental Slave.

To listen to and believe one who is Divine is not the surrendering of reason rather it would be acting contrary to reason not to believe. To accept testimony that is absolutely trustworthy and unimpeachable is a most reasonable and common-sense act.

Far from enslaving reason, the Catholic Church expects you to use your reason in examining her credentials. God has made us reasonable creatures. He wants us to act on reasonable certainty in matters of religion just as we do in anything else. That certainty is more compelling for the credentials of the Church than for most things around us. These credentials do not compel belief but they do lead us to faith and make faith reasonable so that our own reason brings us right up to the portals of the temple of God. "If we accept the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater" (1 John 5: 9)

Call it "mental slavery" if you will but if you ever join the Catholic Church you will find yourself in the company of the brightest intellects and the most irreproachable characters this world has ever known.

In that glorious assembly you will meet philosophers like St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Pascal, and Descartes, scientists without number from Roger Bacon to Mendel and Pasteur, poets like Dante and Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer, statesmen like St. Thomas More and Chancellor Dollfus, great generals like Napoleon and Foch, and cultured men like Newman, Chesterton, Belloc and thousands upon thousands of others who might be mentioned. Would you classify men of this calibre as "mental slaves"? Men of reason would not. (From the pen of Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Defenders of the Faith, Conception, Missouri.)

Diocesan Recordings

ON THE ALERT

While giving full support to the nation's campaign for victory, our Catholic organizations, however, are alert to movements and activities harmful to principles and practices for which the Church stands. This attempt to put across bills in Congress against indecent reading matter which did not include the ban on contraceptive literature was unsuccessful because the National Catholic Welfare Conference was alert (See Page 3). The Catholic Central Verein of America is watching closely the development of things in Russia and is warning against too much credence in the report that the Soviet has abandoned religious persecution. The Knights of Columbus in New York State through their capable legislative committee are eyeing the proposed legislation that may be disguised but could result in subversive activities. It is reassuring to know that our Catholic groups are so well organized and on the job because there are and will be continued tries to put over something that will effect not only Catholics but all right-minded citizens.

Recommended For the Knights of Columbus councils in the diocese, the First Friday Luncheon Club movement advocated by the State Council. The idea of this is "to increase devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by making Catholic men First Friday conscious." The men receive Holy Communion on the First Friday and then at noon go to a central luncheon place to hear a good speaker on a Catholic Action subject. The movement is spreading throughout the East. Religious Discussion Clubs are in full swing and those not participating are unfortunately missing valuable information that could be had. Writing to the boys in the service. Especially should all write who have not a son in the armed forces but have a neighbor's boy or a friend's son who would be glad to hear from home.

said, "you did for me." And can't you hear her eternal laughter as Christ thanks her for the service of an heroic lifetime?