

Sermon Cards

One Point About Prayer

By Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.

Regular readers of *Sermon Cards* will bear witness that this column is seldom used as a pulpit from which to preach a sermon, or even as a focus for the discussion of any topic usually treated in church. Today's column will be an exception.

Since one may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, I shall also violate another precedent: I shall continue a subject that was started but left unfinished last week. I have indeed done that sort of thing before, but seldom and with apology. I dislike serials myself; if my eye lights upon the "To Be Continued" I leave that story or that article alone.

But there are exceptions, and the fact is that the topic which claimed our attention last week cannot be dismissed in 600 words. So perhaps the patient reader can endure another 600.

Last week I retailed for the readers of this paper a fine specimen of controversial writing done by Father Ronald Knox in the *London Tablet*. Aldous Huxley, the novelist, who has been gravitating at late more and more toward philosophy and theology had written in "Grey Eminence" a surprising chapter on mystical prayer. Of course he had not pretended to speak from personal experience. He is not St. John of the Cross, or St. Francis de Sales. He isn't even a Catholic and I doubt if he would call himself theologically a Christian. But he had read up on the subject of mystical contemplation. One of his authorities is an exhaustive masterpiece by the late Abbe Bremond, "Histoire Litteraire du Sentiment Religieux en France." Unfortunately, Mr. Huxley had gone through only five volumes, whereas his critic Father Knox had read all eleven. In the sixth volume, says Father Knox, Mr. Huxley would have found the correction of his error. How often that sort of thing happens! Strangers to Catholicism take a dip into a doctrine but they don't dip deep enough.

In Huxley's opinion, the mystic, while practicing a higher and purer kind of prayer than that of the usual intelligent and devout worshiper, are concerned only with the Godhead and not with the Second Person Incarnate. The thought of Jesus Crucified or even of Jesus Risen and in glory would

be to them a distraction. So Mr. Huxley thought, and with that in mind he ventured to say that the French School of Mysticism, Berulle, Contend, Olier and their followers "trained Catholic mysticism for two centuries by an attempt to Christianize it." That phrase is Father Knox's, but it is accurate and fair to Mr. Huxley, who indeed goes on to say—in his own words—that Cardinal Berulle "in thecentrism added Jesus-centrism and even Virgin-centrism, the contemplation of Christ and His Father in and for themselves . . . and by substituting Christ and the Virgin for the undifferentiated Godhead of the earlier mystics" prevented themselves and all who looked to them for instruction from attaining "to the higher states of union" with God.

This—as I said last week—in deep stuff, but Father Knox's answer is not only understandable but useful to the ordinary Christian. And that's where we came in. He says "theological insistences on the doctrine of the Incarnation is connected, not with any desire to substitute the Incarnate Word for the Godhead as the object of adoration; but rather . . . to substitute the Incarnate Word for ourselves as the subject of devotion. He alone is the true Adorer; fallen man, left to himself, is altogether inadequate to the worship of a God so infinitely great as our God. Hence we have to clothe ourselves with Christ, with the dispositions of Christ in the various states of his Incarnation, if we are to approach the busyness of worshipping God in the right way. We have to identify ourselves mentally, with (say) Christ in the manner, or Christ in Gethsemani; set in that framework, we can try to contemplate."

Father Knox says that this practice is not easy. It is however precisely what we do in almost all liturgical prayers, especially in those of the Mass which end with the familiar phrase "per Dominum nostrum Jesus Christum." We pray God "through Jesus Christ our Lord." We get inside our Lord (so to speak) and approach the Father "in Him and by Him and through Him" as we also say in the Mass. If we remain outside of Christ all that we have with which to approach the Godhead is our self, that is to say, nothing. If we place ourselves inside Christ all that we think and say has infinite value. Difficult? Not too difficult. You need not be a Saint or a mystic to do that. Any one can do it.

I have thought it advisable to write two articles on this subject because in these days of "global war" we are anxious to pray for all men all over the world and to do it in a universal way. The best way is to address our prayers to God not as our own but through Jesus Christ the Son of God Who in Himself comprises all man and is Himself God. (Copyright, 1942, N. C. W. Co.)

Library Signpost

'Father Gillis Pulls A Boner'

By Rev. Benedict Ehmann

In his column last week, Father Gillis took Mr. Aldous Huxley to task for turning theologian to his recent biography *Grey Eminence*. True, Mr. Huxley does run afoul several times on theological matters, some of them of essential importance, and what he expresses as his notion of God in a previous book, *Ends and Means*, though it does not appear in *Grey Eminence*, yet it renders suspect the author's interpretation, even though the direct meaning of his words in the latter book is orthodox on the matter of God's Nature and Being. Father Gillis might, however, have credited Huxley with being no fool, since he is one of England's best writers, and certainly one of its most thoughtful. All the big Catholic reviews have credited *Grey Eminence* as being one of the few important books of the year. Both *The Downside Review* and *Blackfriars* gave it article-length reviews one by Dom Christopher Butler the other by Father Gerald Vann, both of whom are critics of the first rank. The fact that these men took seriously the task of rectifying the aberrations of the book is a sign that they took Mr. Huxley far more seriously than does Father Gillis. Nowhere in their reviews do they suggest that they are dealing with a rank intruder. In fact, after they have taken issue with Huxley's errors and tangents, they conclude their case far more kindly and I think justly than Father Gillis.

Says Dom Christopher Butler:

"It is a matter for thankfulness that in the midst of the international storms at present raging, a writer of Mr. Huxley's special qualities and background should have pointed us back to the guiding star of contemplation. It is not too much to hope that, in the path of the mystic, he will acquire their love for the Church whose special ornament they are, and their conviction that the contemplative, as much as any other, is bound to obey her voice."

And Father Gerald Vann:

"As biography *Grey Eminence* is a fine and vivid piece of work as a study of a complex psychological tangle it is absorbing; more important, it is a brilliant and forcible statement of the only solution to the main problem which now confronts our world, a solution in default of which we can have nothing to look forward to but disintegration and death. To quarrel with elements, however important, in Mr. Huxley's argument without stressing one's adherence to its main contention would be an unpardonable falsification. There is no telling how great a good the book may do. Its moral is hard, but the worst tactic to pursue with hard facts is to refuse to look them in the face."

The serious reader, getting his first impression of *Grey Eminence* from Father Gillis' editorial, would be given a false prejudice against it: far from "stressing his adherence to its main contention," Father Gillis does not even mention what this main contention is. Is he not therefore liable in the charge of "unpardonable falsification"? Surely not deliberately, but I think on account of his apodictic turn of mind.

"What is this main contention of *Grey Eminence*?" I can imagine the curious reader asking at this point. Out of many passages throughout the book, I choose the following as stating it briefly: . . . where there is no vision, the people perish and if those who are the salt of the earth lose their savor there is nothing to keep that earth disinfected, nothing to prevent it from falling into complete decay. The mystics are channels

through which a little knowledge of reality filters down into our human universe of ignorance and illusion. A totally unmythical world would be a world totally blind and insane." (p. 102)

"It is a matter of experience and observation that actions undertaken by ordinary unregenerate people, sunk in their selfhood and without spiritual insight, seldom do much good." (p. 301)

"In all that concerns the saving of souls and the improving of the quality of people's thoughts and feelings and behaviour, a man of crimson (prayer) will accomplish more in one year than another man in all his life." (p. 302)

I said above that Father Gillis not only does not stress Mr. Huxley's main contention (which Father Vann says should in fairness be done), but he does not even mention it. Obliquely, however, he even minimizes its significance in the course of his remarks on mysticism. It was here that I saw red. The matter is too important to let him get away with it. I think it can be simply denied that mysticism is "a subject that not one theologian in a hundred would tackle." I agree with Father Gillis that "you never hear a sermon from a Catholic pulpit on mysticism and contemplative prayer," and that "you seldom hear one even in a monastery or a convent." But when he assigns the reasons, I take exception. "Too difficult," he says. I distinguish: That the subject is too difficult in itself, I deny; that it is too difficult for the preparation which our priests have been given for it, I agree. "Too dangerous," he says. Then the whole business of the guidance of souls is dangerous. For what else is the guidance of souls but a firm and gentle direction of them toward the perfection of charity, with the help of faith and hope? And what else is mysticism but the perfection of union with the Divine Charity itself?

For whatever my voice is worth, I protest against the tendency to regard mysticism as an exotic by-product of the spiritual life. The best theologians agree that ecstasies and visions and the like are not essential to mystical union with God, and that when they occur they are abnormal and secondary. Hundreds of mystics live a perfect contemplative life without them. To say that they are the essence of mysticism is a lie. The life of grace is not static. Either it retrogresses or progresses. If it progresses, there comes a time when God's providence leads a soul to higher degrees of faith, hope and charity, and the action of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit becomes more pervasive. It is then that the soul enters upon a keener purification and a more intimate union. Ascetical theology (which deals with its cleaving unto God) are but higher pinnacles of that science of the soul which begins in the valley of moral theology and is occupied only with the boundaries of sin and grace. Dangerous? Surely; all climbing is dangerous. But there is not one Christian who can say that God does not call him to "walk forty days and forty nights in the strength of that food even to the mount of God."

(Acknowledgments to Harper & Bros. for the Huxley quotations.)

FIVE and TEN Years Ago--

—in the files of the CATHOLIC COURIER

From August 26, 1932 Edition.
Use of Gregorian Chant, and the missions as an aid in the classroom were two new features incorporated into the program for the 28th Annual Conference of the Diocesan School Association planned at Aquinas Institute.

From August 26, 1937 Edition.
"We need a laity which, because it understands the place of Catholic education in Catholic life and in the life of this nation, will support Catholic education to the end," declared the Rev. John M. Duffy, Catholic Schools superintendent in announcing the opening of schools.

BE DIFFERENT

(The following is a most timely editorial appearing in the August 27, 1942 issue of "Don Bosco Bulletin," Catholic monthly publication edited and printed by and for the inmates of the Elmore Reformatory.)

Well, pain, the world is a mad scene, isn't it? No telling what's to come of it, either. War in the East, War in the West, Plague, Bread-crisis! Propaganda, Men killing each other like beasts! Boys like us starving!

We've tried to run the world without God. We thought we were on the side of the angels. But the crafty devil often appeared as an angel of light. He pointed out to us all the kingdoms of the world, offered them to us for a song. Like dumb idiots we took him at his word. Now most of us are too ashamed to admit our mistakes, too conceited to tell others we've abused the good things God has given us. We were greedy of pleasure and the comfortable things gold could buy. But the gold has made our hearts soft and yellow. We thought more about being good criminals, than about being good Catholics after Christ's own heart. If we didn't get the breaks, like some of our friends did, our eyes turned green with envy. We've looked for happiness in creatures, not in our Creator, they told us not to do that. Seek first the kingdom of heaven? Not us. Why right now we're more fussy about our bread and butter than about the job of saving our souls.

Take care of God and God will take care of you. Don't never realize this till almost too late. For us to do what was right was often a pretty tough job. So we left our task half-done. But if anything's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well. That's why I hope we shall keep trying to keep on the straight and narrow path. Our Lord wants us to be perfect, to love God with all our hearts, souls and minds. Love of God! That's what makes this world go around and around. Let us not close our eyes to that war across the waters. But let us not become involved here in this country in class hatred, race distinctions that they have boiled up in their mass of pottage. Just learn the simple lesson of love while we're still young. Then we're sure we'll be okay.

Oh, we know we've taken the wrong road. So we're trying to back-up and find again the royal road of the cross. But we'll need our humble prayers, our faith in God, if we ever expect to travel it again. No matter how rough the backward stretch becomes, don't get off the road. Let us not repeat the errors that we have made before.

We are sorry for some of you who couldn't resist the urge to follow others instead of the Master.

Take our word for it though, it's far better much earlier to follow God, provided you begin before it is too late.

Ignore the crack pots who preach peck religion as an old-fashioned relic. We can't afford any more Catholicism as we would an old pair of shoes, or even a better one we would a new suit for Sunday only. The mass of us have tossed our faith in the waste-bowls of heaven because simply because we have found its commitments too difficult.

Why don't we attempt the better deal which this world has so longed before us? Why not dare to be Different, as they were? As they lived as they were, he who is born a saint. He becomes one. Sometimes this "becoming" is a whole life's work, yet it's the only work absolutely worth our while.

We have our whole life ahead of us. Friends, "Dare to be Different." Let us beg God daily as our knees in our knees and supplications, to make us great saints. But we must be daring to make the grade. In this way only will the world be saved. For us, the poorer people of today, are going to be the poorer ones of tomorrow.

The grandest, hottest enterprise imaginable, is our overcoming this world in our conquest of heaven. No matter who we are, from what part of the country we come from, No matter whether we be a business man, a professional man, a student, or a worker, we must go to heaven, to the place of wonderful fulfillments, where every wish of life meets on the summit of Christian sainthood. As long as we travel this narrow road, we will be happy, free to sing the song of the saints in our hearts, free to look joyfully without fear to that day or night, the last in our lives when we reach the end of the road. Waiting for us there will be our glorified Saviour, Himself, with a smile on His lips. He'll say: "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

We've just got to be different—paid! And stop taking the mediocre stuff they've been dishing out for us.

The congresswoman's wife sat up in bed, a startled look on her face. "Jim," she whispered, "there's a robber in the house." "Impossible," said her husband's sleepy reply. "In the house, yes, but in the house, never."

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

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STEPHEN VIII (929-931)
FIRST POPE TO SHAVE OFF HIS BEARD
He ordered the Italian clergy to do likewise! (10th CENTURY GREEK DOCUMENTS)

THE HALF-BROODER
Drove a wheelbarrow full of hay to the stables of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in the name of CHARLOT
From a Pope's Temple
WAS FOR LONG USED AS AN EPISCOPAL CHAIR IN ST. MARK'S
Now in the Vatican Museum

WAS NEARLY 100 YEARS OF AGE WHEN HE WAS BEING BURNED AT THE STAKE
COLLECTION ALSO INCLUDES MANY OTHER INTERESTING FACTS