

Catholic Courier

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With the Approbation 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.

A NEW YEAR DAWNS

Time is always with us, yet never entirely with us. The present is here, but passing; the past has already gone; the future has not yet arrived. No man can grasp a moment of time and hold it; no man can really call time his own.

Yet we use time, we measure it, we work and pray and play in it. We treat it as our own possession. Often we use it as if it would have no end. Perhaps we would wax indignant should anyone dare to say we do not know what it is, we do not understand what time means. Just stop and try to tell yourself what time is; then start out to tell your friends. You will be surprised to learn your limitations.

Time marches on! So says the radio program. Here we are on the edge of 1942 ready to enter on 1943. 1942 has been an unusual year for our country; a year of war and preparation for war. It has brought its blessings to our arms: it has changed the picture from one of faltering hope to one of assured confidence. Free men of America have arisen to make up the greatest army we have ever had: free men of America have bought war stamps, war bonds, and are buying them, in a war, to assure the government of that intelligent cooperation that will build the foundation for victory; free men of America have accepted willingly the limitations imposed by a war economy, the rationing of tires and gas and food and clothing; free men of America have accepted as needed the heavy taxation called for by federal and state government. Free men of America have bent every effort to increase production to the point called for by war time needs.

Therefore our war machine has sprung into being as the product of free men expressing their appreciation for freedom, their detestation of its enemies. 1942 has seen much progress, may 1943 bring us further along the road to ultimate victory!

Time is ours! To use, to misuse. Through its proper use, we purchase eternity. Through its misuse we wreck our lives now and forever.

To all its readers, the COURIER extends its best wishes for a Happy New Year.

YOUR FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Banks and business houses, stores and factories, partnerships and corporations, are all at it now. The financial report for the old year is due. It must show how things are going, whether there is a profit to be gathered in, or a deficit to be met.

Your Pastor is busy right now with the parish annual statement. He is a man of God, trained to preach and say Mass and baptize and catechize. He was not trained to keep a set of books, to manage finances, to conduct a business. But he has had to do all this ever since the Bishop appointed him a Pastor. And you know that he does it well.

The Pastor prepares the financial statement: but he does not do it alone, he does it with the cooperation and teamwork of a devoted congregation. He does the adding and subtracting, secures the totals, presents the picture. But the congregation place in his hands the money of which he is now rendering an account. Coal and light and water, and labor and repairs and salaries, call for constant attention throughout the year. Sunday collections, special collections, school collections, debt collections, are some of the means through which parishioners give, parishes receive, the money to pay bills.

The Pastor's annual statement will tell the parish at large of its financial history for twelve months, of accomplishments in the meeting of all current bills, paying of interest and principal on the debt, helping every Catholic cause in the state, nation, world. It will tell the individual of the skilled care given by a devoted soul to the material side of the parish, in time taken from a schedule that cares for its spiritual side. It will tell the individual whether he has helped his Pastor, has done his full share; whether he has been lacking in cooperation, halting in generous response to parish needs.

The COURIER presents today its annual message on Parish Finance for your consideration. May the zeal of devoted Pastors united to the generous and practical cooperation of faithful parishioners, serve to keep all our parish churches well equipped, fully supported, thoroughly sponsored for the saving work that lies ahead of them. Help your Pastor every week in the year to prepare for your parish a worthy Financial Statement!

THE POPE SPEAKS AT CHRISTMAS

To his children in every country of the world and to those not of the fold, Pope Pius XII spoke on Christmas Eve a message of peace. He named the conditions under which alone peace can be hoped for; he spoke of the neutral position of the Church, which numbers its members among all the warring nations; he spoke of the spiritual foundation that much underlie any form of government that would succeed. He prayed for the cessation of hostilities, and the coming of a lasting peace.

His message, so important for the world at large, has received scant attention in the secular press. It is reproduced in full in to-

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QUERIES AND REPLIES

Church and State—Contradictory Ideas.

Church and State — coordinate and complementary ideas never in any necessary sense contradictory. This statement might be proved in many ways. Here is one of them: Tyre H. Hollander, chairman of the "Subversive Activities" committee of Post No. 1, American Legion, speaking before a general group of citizens in Seattle, said: "If you are a Catholic you may well be proud of it. The Communists have secured footholds in many groups and even among church groups. The one place where they have no foothold is among Catholics" (Northwest Progress, June 7, 1940, p. 4).

Long before the American public was aroused to the world-menace of Communism, the Catholic Church persistently and powerfully pointed out the evils and dangers inherent in atheistic Communism, informing not only her own children but all who would listen to her. As a happy result for America, you will not find a Communist among a million practical Catholics.

Neither will you find "Fifth Columnists" of any breed among Catholic Americans. As in any group, there may be added Catholics who have false and faulty ideas as to methods of preserving the nation, but all are devoted to American ideals and constitutional liberties. The Catholic's love of country is nourished and strengthened by his love of God and by the precepts he has learned in his parish church and parochial school. (From the pen of Father Richard Feist, O.S.B., Defenders of the Faith, Conception, Missouri).

Getting On In The World

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENT

Advent, like Lent, is a time of penance and preparation. There is a difference. Advent calls for penance out of humility, Lent calls for penance out of guilt. Magr Fulton Sheen in "The Eternal Galleon" says that "It is only by being little that we ever learn anything big. We cannot always be children, but we can always have the vision of children, which is another way of saying that we can be humble."

In one of his essays, Francis Thompson asks what does it mean to be a child? "To be a child," he answers, "is to be something far different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief."

Advent is a time of preparation for Christmas, for the coming of the Divine and Eternal Child. The busy, sophisticated and sick world of 1942 is far removed from His humility and simplicity, the child-like armor which defeated the kings and powers of old, and which is needed again today to defeat the pride and arrogance of modern humanity, at war with itself lost in its pseudo learning, and steeped with the drugs of indifference and incredulity.

Humility, the spirit of Advent, is a lesson that can ever be renewed in all walks of life, with profit and health.

Boys To-day of the U. S. A.

Our American boys have gone to the war. Left all their friends behind them, With simple faith and trust in God, In the army ranks you'll find them.

Charming lads it seems too bad But they want to do their part. Their parents smile but all the while, 'Tis the note of a broken heart.

"Good-bye my son, God's will be done," Are the words we hear today, May God Himself be with you boys, And never forget to pray.

S. M. T.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

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Along The Way

The Way To Discipline

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

The recent death of Father William Tierney, S. J., recalled to my mind the legend about his power over boys. As a disciplinarian he established something of a record at Creighton University years ago, and did this, despite the fact that he seemed to lack all the qualities expected to overawe obstreperous youths. He was physically a small man. He had a beautiful tenor singing voice which, however, made his speaking voice anything but the powerful roar supposed to quell the young. Yet he walked into a classroom and the boys were breathless. He entered a small riot on the campus, and no MP over exercised more magical power.

The chief reason seems to have been that he never did anything the boys expected. Once he arrived long before classes resumed, and for two or three days quietly mingled with the boys, unknown to them. In those days Jesuit scholastics did not wear a Roman collar so the boys thought this was just another student. By the time class began he had a line on everyone of the youngsters, and during the first few days of class, he referred casually to some of their escapades, they thought they were dealing with a mind reader.

But his unexpectedness always kept them slightly dazed. A bold youth one day decided to bring into young Tierney's classroom a stray alley cat. So he hid it under his coat and bravely entered the room. Just as he passed his teacher the cat loudly meowed. The boy took it for granted that he was caught and would be ignominiously ordered to remove the cat. Not at all. Mr. Tierney pretended he didn't hear the unmistakable meow.

So the boy struggled with the cat to his place, wondering why he had been allowed to bring it in. Class proceeded, the boy getting more and more nervous. Then once more the cat announced its presence, and this time Mr. Tierney looked up in well-feigned surprise.

"A cat in this classroom?" he said in a low, shocked voice.

In view of the fact that everyone in the room, himself included knew of the cat's presence, this affection of surprise and amazement left the boys completely non-plussed. He walked down to the animal trainer's desk.

"Let's see it," he demanded, still hardly above a whisper.

The boy took the cat out of his desk. Instead of angrily ordering boy and cat from the room, the young teacher shook his head dolefully.

"This is a very serious matter," he said. "An animal in my Latin classroom." He walked away mournfully. "This looks like something the principal would regard as matter for dismissal. You boys continue to study. I shall have to think this over quietly."

So he walked to the back of the room and for ten minutes, without a word, stood looking out of

the window, as if wrapped in deep thought. The class sat without a motion. Study was impossible. The boy with the cat on his hand was ready to burn up with embarrassment and fear. The young teacher stood, thinking, thinking, thinking.

At length he turned back. "Take that cat back to its alley," he said. "I shall do nothing for the present. But later on..." He did nothing later on either. But he had that class right in the hollow of his palm.

Discipline, you see isn't a matter of loud voice and heavy hand. It's a matter of keeping em guessing.

Pre-Pre

The little girl came back from her first day in first grade. Along the way she met a pleasant lady who engaged her in conversation. "So you're in first grade, are you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"How do you like school?" The little one looked positively bored. "It's beginning," she said. "To get a little tiresome. You see, last year I was in kindergarten, the year before in pre-school and the year before that in pre-pre-school. So really, it's getting to be quite old stuff."

Some Slight Misprint

Recently I was sent a postcard from England. It was a copy of a famous portrait of St. Ignatius. On the reverse was a description, "Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Jewish Order." Jewish had been blotted out and Jesuit written in over it; but the misprint remained clearly visible. Mustn't Ignatius have been surprised!

The Strong Tie

The love of Jesus is stronger than the whole world, which made feeble women condemn worldly vanities and, with more than manly courage, by after Christ crucified... It maketh the Cross sweet and Him that was crucified lovely, and whatsoever is hard tolerable for God's sake. Make Jesus, therefore, thy whole strength and confidence. Blessed Paul Magdalen Heath, O.F.M.

Slacks

We were talking about women in slacks, and the way we disliked the fashion. When one of the group, a young nun, smiled at us.

"I was in the car the other day," she said, "and the car was jammed. My companion and I clung to straps and swayed with the swaying car. Suddenly a young woman got up, bowed slightly and said, 'Sister, please take my seat.' I did, gratefully."

"Never again shall I speak against the fashions. The girl was wearing slacks."