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Palm Sunday 1945

The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem is commemorated this year amid conditions that promise an early triumphant entry of an eager world into the City of Peace. There are those who feel it were better to leave Christ out of all discussions leading to the peace. But the great majority of men look to Christ to have a part in these discussions, that they may be based on justice and on charity.

The Vicar of Christ has spoken. His message of last Sunday has gone forth into the hearts of men. It is a message for peace, it is a message for a true and charitable peace, it is a message for a Christian peace.

For those who have been led by pagan dictators into errors that have finally brought down upon them moral and military defeat, there remains the duty of giving up their docile servility and of repudiating definitely the idolatry of absolute nationalism, the pride of race and blood: and to turn to that spirit of sincere fraternity which is founded on the worship of the Divine Father of all men.

The Holy Father warns against the man who would yield to the temptation of profiting from present circumstances by turning the organization of peace against the dictates of justice and to his own advantage. May his words lead Poland's despoilers to give to this stricken nation and its people that justice and charitable consideration, to hear a special plea for the respect of their inalienable rights for which they have undergone such unspeakable sufferings.

Palm Sunday of 1945 may well be the eve of a triumphal entry into the City of Peace of Christ's new messengers, modern Crusaders for justice and peace among the nations.

A New Red Cross Victory

The mercy that came from the Cross of Christ, and the charity for all that is symbolized by His precious blood, had new expression last Monday night when the Victory of the current Red Cross Campaign was announced to the public. In a time when war passions run high, when mortal strife and the hatreds that go with it are the portion of mankind, it is comforting to find the charity and solicitude of the many for their suffering friends and enemies making a new record on time's honor roll.

The work of this agency for mercy will go on with renewed vigor under the encouragement of the many millions throughout the country who have so generously supported the current Campaign for the Red Cross.

Our Two New Bishops

The Province of New York of which the Diocese of Rochester is a unit rejoices at the appointment of two new Bishops, Bishop O'Hara to the See of Buffalo, and Bishop Donahue to the position of Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

Bishop O'Hara made a name for himself as an educator and a scholar in his career as teacher and President of the University of Notre Dame. He has given signal service to [illegible] during his years as Bishop-Ordinary of the [illegible]. Through his hands have passed all the [illegible] for the religious interests of our Catholic [illegible] and sailors, and particularly with the appointment of Catholic chaplains. For the third time in its history, the Diocese of Buffalo welcomes a Bishop who is a member of a religious order. Two earlier bishops were members of the Vincentian Fathers; Bishop O'Hara is a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

Bishop Donahue has been Vicar General of New York, and [illegible] years of experience in parish work in that [illegible] close to Archbishop Spellman, has helped [illegible] and carrying on the work [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the solemn ser[vices] [illegible] throughout the world. It is news [illegible] of what their brethren are doing [illegible] and death of Christ. The world too [illegible] Christ; [illegible]

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

PHILOSOPHY CAN BE FUN

Some time ago in this column I had something to say about Will Durant's vivacious and entertaining "Caesar or Christ." The key words, if you please, are "vivacious" and "entertaining." I did not say "profound" or "authoritative," or "reliable." I did not use the word "scholarly." Simply "entertaining" and "vivacious." The reader will perhaps remember that something was said also about Dr. Durant's prodigious plan of completing before he dies, a comprehensive report and critique of all that has been thought and all that has been done not only in the field of philosophy, but in the realm of general civilization. Wish the ambitious Doctor long life; he will need it.

But while at work on his opus magnum, the philosopher must eat. There was a mediaeval maxim "first live, then philosophize." The scholastics didn't intend it as the base thing it has come to mean, but Dr. Durant quotes it in its modern sense and even amends it to read "first drink, then philosophize." To be vivacious and entertaining he has to sprinkle his pages with little jokes. Don't start to read him if you do not like that sort of thing. The genial doctor seems to have a motto of his own, "first be readable, then (if you can) philosophize." Behind that maxim lies the idea, be sure not to starve while you philosophize. So, while his encyclopedic life-work is in progress he dashes off an occasional pot boiler.

The one I have especially in mind is "the Mansions of Philosophy" which appeared some 18 years ago and is still being reissued. It might be subtitled, "Philosophy for the Straphanger." It starts with this catchy paragraph:

"Why is philosophy no longer loved to-day? Why have her children, the sciences, divided her inheritance, and turned her out of doors, like another Lear, with ingratitude unkinder than the winter's wind. Once the strongest men were willing to die for her. Socrates chose to be her martyr rather than live in flight before her enemies; Plato risked himself twice to win a kingdom for her; Marcus Aurelius loved her more passionately than his throne; and Bruno burned at the stake for loyalty to her. Once thrones and papacies (query: how many papacies have there been) feared philosophy and imprisoned her votaries lest dynasties should fall. Athens exiled Protagoras, and Alexandria trembled before Hypatia; a great Pope courted timidly the friendship of Erasmus; regents and kings hounded Voltaire from their lands, and fretted in jealousy when at last all the civilized world bowed before the sceptre of his pen."

It goes on in that strain but that much will do. You get the hang of it. You will not only realize that the rhetorician in Dr. Durant has swallowed the philosopher but you will wonder what has happened to the humorist. He seems not to have seen his own joke. Those who loved philosophy, he says were compelled to drink poison or were burned at the stake, or driven into exile. Cities trembled before philosophers, Popes "timidly courted" them (that's a good one!) Kings hounded them. Yet the gentleman wants to know why there are not more who crave to be poisoned, burned, exiled, hounded for the sake of dear old philosophy. It reminds me of the Englishman who rose after an A.O.H. lecture in response to the question, "would any one like to ask a question." When he had been manhandled and cast out into the exterior darkness, the Chairman asked, "Now would any one else like to ask a question?" Socrates was executed, Protagoras exiled, Voltaire hounded. Now would any one else like to be a philosopher?

The ancients whom Dr. Durant admires while despising the mediaevals, considered it a kind of prostitution, or should we say slavery, to profit by philosophy. In fact their attitude towards monetary rewards for wisdom was like that of St. Francis towards any kind of possessions, or that of Crates who gathered his gold together, went out in a boat with it and dropped it into the sea. "I drown you for fear that you would drown me," he said. The anecdote is respectfully recommended to any one who wonders why more people don't cultivate philosophy. It is not given to every one to disguise philosophy with rhetoric and make a million dollars selling it in the market place.

In "The Mansions of Philosophy" there are other jokes which the author appears not to have seen. He says, "Nothing remains to her (i. e. philosophy) except the cold peaks of metaphysics, the childish puzzles of epistemology, and the academic disputes of an ethics that has lost all influence on mankind. Even these wastes will be taken from her." If that is the case why should any one pursue philosophy.

But the idea in Dr. Durant's mind seems to be that he is going to change all that. He will make philosophy not only pleasant but practical. In another place he expresses the hope that he can "forge chaos into unity," by philosophical thinking. If he can do that, he is good. I mean good! No one else has done it. All previous attempts have resulted in chaos more chaotic. Dr. Durant says that the Summas of the Scholastics, which attempted to do just that—replace chaos with unity, must be ruled out because they were theological, not purely philosophical. The statement is not accurate. Indeed in the form it takes under Dr. Durant it is offensive. He quotes the Scholastic adage "philosophy is the handmaid of theology, but translates ancilla "chambermaid." A malicious little joke and not in good taste. But let it pass.

COLOGNE SPIRES RISE TO HEAVEN

By MAX JORDAN
(War Correspondent, N.C.W.C. News Service)

COLOGNE, Germany — I was in Cologne today and I saw the Cathedral. It stands like a witness to eternity in the midst of a city that has died a gruesome death. It stands, with its two giant spires reaching high above the ghastly ruins all around it, in mute testimony that faith will live on although temples may crumble into dust.

Only one priest was left behind in the Cathedral. He is the Rev. Wilhelm Kleff, a man in his forties, a Rhinelander who speaks quietly as though there were no point in raising his voice against the rumble of nearby artillery that sends shells across the River Rhine incessantly, a rumble that echoes through every corner of the wide, empty, cold naves of the magnificent edifice.

Father Kleff is cold too. For months he has lived in a little emergency shelter next to the sacristy, and every time he emerged from it more buildings all around the Cathedral were gone. All the famous hostelries on the square, the nearby main railroad station, and, one by one, the churches in the vicinity collapsed and burned, until finally on March 2 came the worst of the air raids which gutted the meager remnants all over the city.

Cathedral Hit Six Times

"That night," Father Kleff said, "it was as if hell had broken loose. The few people who were with me had to join forces so the door of our shelter would not burst open under the tremendous air pressure. Then a direct hit struck the roof over the central nave leaving a huge hole where the rain can now pour through.

"It was the sixth time that the Cathedral had been hit. The first time was on June 29, 1943, when the north steeple was badly scarred and our great organ completely destroyed," Father Kleff related. "The second hit was scored in the evening of November 3, 1943, when the south wall of one of the towers was pierced by a shell. On November 27, 1944, the Cathedral was hit for the third, on January 14, 1945, for the fourth, and on January 28, 1945, for the fifth time, with bombs dropping between the steeples and also on the choir roof."

As a matter of fact, not one single day, with the exception of the day after the first bomb hit, were Masses discontinued. Eight Masses were celebrated every day, nine on Sundays during the Summer months, Father Kleff explained. Up to the time of the forced evacuation of the city by the Nazi authorities the average total Mass attendance on Sundays was 2,500, mostly men.

On one occasion, Father Kleff was caught off guard by an air raid [illegible]. He had always carried the Blessed Sacrament with him into the shelter, replacing it in a small Tabernacle in the wall of the stair case. This time he was unable to reach the sacristy chapel before the alert forced him into the shelter.

"It was providential," he said quietly, "because during that particular raid the emergency tabernacle in the shelter was hit and the Blessed Sacrament remained safe where I had left it."

"Now," he went on, "all this is over and we can think of rebuilding."

Art Treasures in Safekeeping

How much there will be to rebuild! In its main structure the Cathedral remains unshattered and the valuable paintings, statues, carvings, stained glass windows, precious vestments and jewelled sacred vessels had, of course, been removed for safekeeping long ago. Most of the remaining damaged statuary was of modern origin, so the loss is not too great.

But enough damage remains to keep masons busy for many years to come. It will take months to [illegible]

[illegible]

Hosanna to the Son of David

[illegible]