

# Young Priest's First Mass

By Shirley Snow  
NAZARETH ACADEMY '45

The following article by a young student at Nazareth Academy was prepared by the vicar and first Mass which took place in this church this month.

Today he is celebrating his first Mass. Yesterday he was ordained with ten other men by the Bishop and now comes the act that he has been waiting at least ten years to perform. He is to perform the greatest mystery of life—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

At last all is ready, he has been ready, it seems, for hours just standing in the vestry waiting. The people are still coming—someone remarks that the church will be packed. Then the priest by the vestry door beckons and he goes over to watch his mother come down the aisle and slip into the front seat. She is alone, she wanted it that way for the only person she could have shared this day with was Dad—and Dad is not here any more. Tommy might have been with her but Tom is in the Philippines, so Mother is alone. As he stands watching her, the memories of many years go through his head and there is so much to think of that he hardly notices the music has begun.

The procession starts down the aisle—first the altar boys with candles; one seems to have rather a dreamy look in his eyes. Could he be dreaming of a day like this maybe fifteen years from now when he'll be saying his first Mass? Then come the priests, men who are thinking back now to this most important day in their lives.

Now he is coming—walking alone, his hands folded, his eyes straight ahead. As the procession stops for a moment, his eyes rest on his mother's hand grasping the pew, if only he could stop, take her hand, reassure her—but no, they are moving again.

Now he stands in front of the altar. Suddenly, almost miraculously, the nervousness that he felt before leaves him. "In Nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Amen," he has started. For only he has been dreaming of it here. It has been a long hard struggle. Many times it seemed to him that he couldn't be in the right place—surely if God wanted him here He would not have made it so hard. The Confessor—up the steps—the Introit—the Myrie. Suddenly his throat is dry as cotton, his heart is pounding even harder than before because now he must sing the first phrase of the Gloria. All the jokes and remarks that were ever made about his inability to carry a tune crowd into his

head. Now it's time—O God help me—he must do it—"Gloria in excelsis Deo." There it's over and his voice hardly shakes at all. In a flash he thought of his mother and reflected that, no doubt she had been just as scared as he was.

Now he goes over to sit down. The finest Priest he knows is going to preach the sermon but he hardly knows what is being said. Except for an occasional word or phrase he hears nothing but he knows he can depend on Father J.—He is thinking that the time of the Consecration is coming—oh, what did he ever do to deserve this singular privilege—suddenly he feels very small and insignificant. Strange that at just that moment Father J.—is singing his praises.

The sermon is over and the Credo and now he holds the chalice in his hands. "In excelsis deo—lavabo inter innocentes manus meas—Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus—Remember, O Lord, Mother and Tom and the other boys who are saying their first Mass today and all here present—The prayers roll off his tongue, even in the excitement he has not forgotten them. Then the bells ring, he bows low, now all is forgotten it is as if he were alone with Christ and, hardly breathing, he whispers, "Ite, est enim corpus meum." He takes the Body of Christ in his hands, genuflects, and then holds it high. "My Lord and My God."

Communion—his mother was first, she had been crying, he saw that at once, if only he could tell her how he loved her at that moment—and if only she could have told him what was in her heart. After his mother there were many others—friends, relatives, it was strange but none of them made any particular impression on him and the next thing he knew he was back at the altar.

Now Mass was over even the "Ita Missa Est" has gone as smoothly as could be expected. He was in the vestry again and Father J.—was looking at him with love and pride in his eyes that slightly embarrasses the young priest who is even more taken back when this great man who has been his spiritual director for many years and his father for the last few, genuflects before him, kissed his hands and asked his blessing. People would be outside

# THE KEY TO HIS HEART

Last night I dreamed I found a key With this note addressed to me: "With this key you can unlock My Heart."

Though I searched for locks and keys I failed to find the Heart that it unlocks.

In a dream the other night I saw so clearly in a light A figure that was mounted on a Cross.

It said, "Listen, I'm your Son, The Everlasting Goal of your heart."

With the One Who left that key, And the Heart that it unlocks to large to Me.

If you wish to share My Heart, Go and pry apart that key, Look within it and you'll see Two ways in which you may possess My Heart.

Devote them by day and night And some day soon you'll mount that Height.

So I opened up that key, Looked inside to see "The Ten Commandments of the Sacred Heart."

Allice Marie Foster, Central School, Clifton Springs.

# Liberated Nations Hail 'Free Easter'

This year, despite the seven months of moon and morning in many of the liberated countries, there is at least the return of freedom for which to give thanks this Easter.

For the first time since 1940, France and virtually all of Belgium and Holland are free of the Nazi heel. In Rome, Athens, Paris, Manila, humankind breathes more freely as they see the end of the slaughter in sight.

Now to see him and he must go out. They didn't understand that he couldn't come yet, not for a few minutes, that he must go in and thank God just once more. No, as we turn to leave the darkened church, we see him again, this time without all the gorgeous vestments, this time dressed only in his black cassock and kneeling at the side of the altar. "God bless you, young priest," we say, "and keep you always as you are today."

# Teen-Age Should Work Out Curfew with Parents

By MURIELA JOHN DAILY

OF ALL the problems that teen-agers face, the one that is most high school fellows and girls want to work up their shirts and jeans and beat James recordings and leave home, it's the issue of late hours. Parents who can be strictly wonderful when it comes to allowances, using the car, and smooth clothes sometimes seem quite strict, and old fashioned "your word, not theirs" about that dating deadline.

No girl can really enjoy the fall and of a good evening when she knows her mother is at home, peeking out from behind the bedroom curtains at every car that goes by. And no fellow can be the smooth man of the world when he knows that his dad is waiting up for



you're smart, too, you won't have to ask why. Most mothers and dads won't object so much to "late hours" as to the fact that they must constantly worry about where young Annie is tonight and because Jackson doesn't show up until 2 after promising to be home by 12. Parents worry about many strange things when they are lying awake after 12 o'clock at night.

Nobody's prying, no one is asking personal questions you won't be divulging any private secrets if you say, "I'm going to a movie with Jane about to home about a quarter after 12," or "This is the night the fellows are bowling—don't be worried if I don't get in until 'round 1."

Sure, you have some right to your parents' peace of mind to live theirs. Agree on a dating deadline and keep it. If something comes up (O) doing you, call home. It takes you two minutes to dispel hours of worry. But try to meet that deadline and if your mother doesn't get you Jimmie Hyman will.

A habitual ventral air, verbal-taleness or selfishness, dulls all the senses of the soul so that it cannot see the lights God sends it, or hear His inspirations or taste His sweetness. Fr. Conidine.

late it or leave it. The results won't be like this: Time to be home on special evenings, 10:30, when dating, 11, for special parties, 12, and from week ends, 11. Maybe you or your parents would want to set your watches by these results, but that's an accurate result in what way?

A girl can partially solve the problem by stating early in the evening exactly what time she is expected home. If her date is a good one she'll keep that deadline in mind and make the first break-away move for her. Usually enough, fellows who want to get home early rarely come as "brutish" as girls who make the same suggestion.

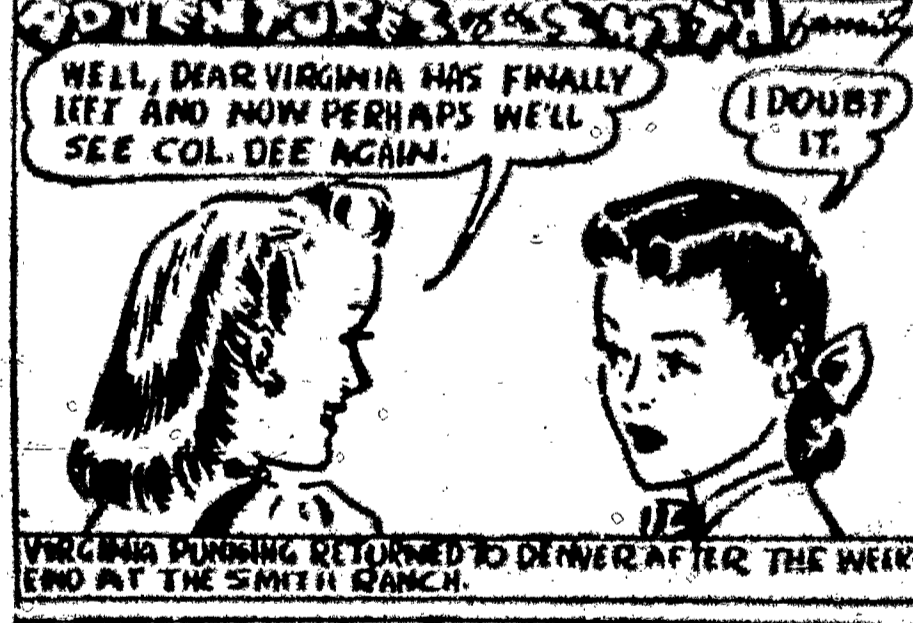
Another good reason for an earlier move home is the fact that the "healthiest" part of the evening is always from about 8 to 11. The main event, the dance or the movie, is usually over by that time, a sandwich and a milk won't take more than 15 minutes, and after that a smart fellow and girl will start for home, and because

you're smart, too, you won't have to ask why. Most mothers and dads won't object so much to "late hours" as to the fact that they must constantly worry about where young Annie is tonight and because Jackson doesn't show up until 2 after promising to be home by 12. Parents worry about many strange things when they are lying awake after 12 o'clock at night.

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VIRGINIA FINALLY RETURNED TO DENVER AFTER THE WEEK-END AT THE SMITH DANCING.

