

Sodality of Our Lady

Sodalists at Crib

By REV. ROY B. MURPHY
Diocesan Director for Sodalties

In one of his Christmas sermons, St. Augustine said that a terrible blow was given to the Garden of Paradise. "Original sin," he said, "had knocked men out of their state. Christ who bore that we might, through sanctifying grace, regain our right mind." St. Augustine was thinking of the Christmas Crib and he pointed out that visits to the Crib would awaken us from his slumbering punch.

The Christ Child in the lowly place of His birth will draw us out of the heart, even the coldest heart. That was the first act of the shepherds when they came in haste to the Crib. For did the Magi kneel to meet in reverence to the King of Kings. Homage implies a promise of loving service. At the Crib it should be easy to make sincere resolutions to Our Lord to do His Holy Will at home, at work, in the company of others, in our recreation, even when alone. One visit to the Crib can change a man. Let it change you.

Keeps Gratitude Alive

But there must arise a spirit of gratitude. Every heart at the Crib must be a thankful heart. Faith shows the sinner that it is his Saviour and God, who is wrapped in swaddling clothes, the God of Love and Mercy, Who always forgives. The possession of health, success, virtue, happiness, consolation and other gifts find their source in the manger. We well know that gratitude is fast leaving this world. A visit

to the Christmas Crib will keep gratitude in God above in the soul.

Don't let the poor and homeless surroundings of the manger disturb you. Though born in utter poverty this Infant King is rich in love. Ask for everything you wish. Pray for others, pray for the world, pray for peace in this weary, heartless world, pray for the restoration of all things in Christ. Our family, our friends, our work, should find no difference about a few modest things at the Crib. Touching by the humility of God being born in poverty, we should be humble, less self-centered, less downcast, more inclined to be generous towards others because of the generosity of Christ towards us.

Recommendation Offered

And here's a little recommendation that might make Christmas more significant. Live the day before Christmas in expectancy of your Christmas Mass and Holy Communion, when Christ will come to the Crib of your heart to be reborn spiritually. That last minute rush for gifts, the angry pushing of holiday shoppers, the worry of finding comparable gifts, destroys any true meaning of Christmas. To live Christmas Eve without thoughts of the coming of the Saviour spiritually is to live in a pagan manner. Be alive to this occasion. If the day before Christmas passes without expectancy, if it passes without thought of what the morrow means, then we must confess that St. Augustine was right: "Original sin has knocked men out of their senses."

Sodalists — may your path on this coming Christmas lead straight to the manger and the Child. And may Our Blessed Lady, whose sweet and loving hands arranged the straw on which the Divine Babe was laid, touch your hearts and hands and make this Christmas a pledge of Eternal Joy for you all.

Carmelite Nuns Bishop Remo (RNS) — The Rev. Gabriel Paulino Bueno Ortiz, Assistant General of the Carmelite Order, has been named Auxiliary Bishop of Jabotical, in the province of Sao Paulo, Brazil, by Pope Pius XII.

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MIDSHIPMEN

HEAR BP. ARNOLD

Annapolis, Md. — (NC) — It "takes military power to win a war, but it takes spiritual power to win a peace." Bishop William R. Arnold, Military Delegate and former chief of Army chaplains, reminded some 250 Midshipmen of the U. S. Naval Academy and a group of their distinguished guests here.

The occasion was a breakfast following the annual Mass and Communion for the Midshipmen in St. Mary's Church. The breakfast was served in the parish hall by a group of women of the parish. The guests included Maryland's Governor and U. S. Senator-elect Herbert R. O'Connor, who spoke of the inspiring relationship between the Church and State institutions in Maryland; Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, Academy superintendent, and his aide, Comdr. James Gray; the Very Rev. John J. Hickey, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Mary's Church, who preached the sermon at the Mass, and the Rev. Francis X. Murphy, C.S.S.R., Catholic Chaplain to the Midshipmen.

Francis at Christmastide

It was the gentle Francis who, when the Christmas Eve high, two great men, Francis and Clare, were born. Francis was a man of peace, a man of love, a man of faith. He was a man who lived for others, a man who lived for the poor, a man who lived for the world. He was a man who lived for the love of God, a man who lived for the love of his neighbor. He was a man who lived for the love of his country, a man who lived for the love of his people. He was a man who lived for the love of his world, a man who lived for the love of his God.

And now, on this Christmas Eve, let us remember Francis, let us remember his love, let us remember his faith, let us remember his hope, let us remember his charity. Let us remember his love for God, his love for his neighbor, his love for his country, his love for his people, his love for his world, his love for his God.

Diocesan Council of Catholic Women

'A Christmas Message'

By Rev. Albert J. Shannon, Diocesan Director

Every night of the year at midnight some people are happy. But on one night, Christmas night, most people will be awake. The power of darkness will be broken for light will appear everywhere: in homes, in hearts, in churches. In human eyes on that night, the hope of the world will be seen.

Everybody knows the Christmas story. It's a story that has been told for centuries. It's a story that has been told in every language, in every country, in every age. It's a story that has been told in every heart, in every mind, in every soul. It's a story that has been told in every church, in every school, in every home. It's a story that has been told in every place, in every time, in every way.

Such is the Christmas story. A story that never grows old; a story that is ever new; a story that is ever true. It is a story that has been told for centuries, and it will be told for centuries more. It is a story that has been told in every language, in every country, in every age. It is a story that has been told in every heart, in every mind, in every soul. It is a story that has been told in every church, in every school, in every home. It is a story that has been told in every place, in every time, in every way.

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4 slices topped bread 2 cups pineapple, chopped
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2 hot baked eggs, sliced salt and pepper, paprika

Place chopped pineapple, sliced eggs and chopped green pepper in a stew pan, cook in butter for five minutes. Add tuna, white sauce, salt and pepper, cook until thoroughly heated. Pour over buttered toast, garnished with parsley and pineapple strips.

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Christmas Crib

By CATHERINE JARROLD
Secretary, N.A.C.W. Committee on Shrine in the Home

The star shone in the East. Shepherds on the hillside heard strange, lovely music in the air. And far away, three Wise Men started on a journey, the destination unknown.

A Baby had been born that night in a stable in Bethlehem and forces had been put in motion that would stir men for all time.

There had been no room in the inn for these poor travelers, housed that night in a stable, and as the young mother wrapped her Babe in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, she little thought that down through the ages men would build replicas of that Crib and uncounted millions would kneel before them in silent recognition of the great act of love which had been wrought that night in Bethlehem.

Nor did there stir in the minds of those Wise Men, as they started on that trackless journey, even a faint vision of the broad highways of our modern times, down which would pass the motor cars of the twentieth century. They went on that long, slow journey to find the Babe who had been revealed to them, and stayed to pay Him homage as their God Who in His great love had come on earth. They knelt before the first outdoor Crib, and the humble shepherds coming, knelt beside them.

Shrine Dot Land

So it has been year after year since then. The wise and the lowly have come to the manger scene to show their reverence and express their love for the Little Child who first brought together the rich and the poor, the recognized and the unknown. In our day, and in our country, men have dotted the land with shrines in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Even those highways, undreamed of in the days of the Wise Men, have their Christmas shrines. An outdoor Crib has marked the intersection of State and Federal highways. In big cities and little towns, putting aside the commerce of the highway, men, women, and children use its space for communal celebrations of the Christmas feast, with the outdoor Crib as the focal point of their gathering.

Pageants, parades, community singing of Christmas carols form part of the celebration. In many places an outdoor Crib is placed on the church lawn and on Christmas Eve children from the parochial school sing the old Christmas songs. Their sweet young voices ascending over the frosty air of the far North-west and in the pleasant night of the Southland, as the celebrations extend far and wide over the country.

Even in Training Camps

At hospitals and other institutions outdoor Crib have been erected, and those within their doors — the old and the sick — have been encouraged by the thought of great God Who in His love became a little Child for them.

Then came the war, and the soldier training camp offered another place for the outdoor Christmas Crib. It meant a link with home for many a youngster who remembered the parish celebrations of other years when, as a choir boy, he sang the Christmas carols.

Parishes and Catholic organizations sponsored these many outdoor Crib. Much stimulus has been given to this work by the National Council of Catholic Women, which, through its National Committee System, has encouraged interest in the erection of outdoor and indoor Christmas Crib. Diocesan, denary and parish councils and State and national groups affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Women have been most active in promoting this work.

Our Holy Father has said that every woman is made to be a mother. Surely it is true that in each mother's heart burns a deep love for the Infant Jesus. Always there will be women to make a little shrine of a crib of straw in memory of a Divine Child who came among men so many centuries ago, and always the star will shine and heavenly music echo in the hearts of men who watch beside that Crib.

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