

Signs Are Definite Special July Devotion A Future Without Worry Parents To Respond

By MONSIGNOR HART

Approach Of A Better Day

Signs are beginning to appear of the approach of a better day for the peoples subjugated by Russia. Tito has already broken loose. There are definite signs that Hungary and other satellite countries are turning away from Communist principles and Communist leaders. Surely no stretch of the imagination can lead one to believe that union with Russia has meant prosperity for these countries or their people. Therefore, there remains always latent dissatisfaction and the readiness to throw off an unwanted yoke when the opportunity offers itself.

Perhaps the approach of a better day is at hand. May we hope that the downtrodden peoples of these unfortunate countries may be able to sever the bonds with present day dictators without submitting to other pagan masters.

May they get back the faith of Christ and to the Christian practices that belonged to them before they were seized upon by the devils of communism. Surely a prayer should go up from every Christian heart to ask God to bring to an end the day of persecution and subjugation and the return of the world to belief and practice in the principle of the freedom and equality of all men.

Redeemed In His Blood

The Precious Blood of Christ is the price of our salvation. On the Mount of Calvary Christ went down to death shedding the last drop of His Precious Blood for the salvation of all men. During this month of July the Church shows special devotion to the mystery of the Most Precious Blood of Christ.

The realization that the shedding of Christ's Blood brings to us of His great love for man should awaken in our souls a corresponding love for Him which should help us appreciate the value of the human soul in His sight and should prompt us to labor faithfully to preserve as our own the heritage of salvation that has come to us through the shedding of Christ's Blood.

The March Of Vocations

These are days of promise for the future of our Sisterhood. The call of God has gone into the heart of many a young woman and has led her with her companions to the altar of God to take the vows that unite her to a Religious Community. This is the season in which we find many Sisters receiving their habit for the first time, taking the earliest step in the consecrated life of a Bride of Christ.

In every Diocese the various Sisterhoods have called to themselves new members. Just last week twenty-seven new Sisters of St. Joseph received their habits and took their first vows. What a happy day it was for each one of them as they stepped definitely on the way of life to which Christ had called them.

The world was left behind with all its trappings. The humble garb of the Sister of St. Joseph was assumed by each one. The future days were new no longer a series of worry or careful planning. Rather the die was cast, the decision given and the young Sister looked to her future years as a precious opportunity for serving God and helping to bring souls to salvation.

Come Unto Me

There is a vacation waiting for many a young woman just leaving High School or College. A place in our hospitals, in our schools, in our Homes for the Aged is waiting the chosen soul who is to care for that place. God does not neglect His work, does not hold back from sending out the blessed call of vocation.

Where souls are close to God and eager to repay Him for His love that He has shown to us, there is a ready answer to the call to the Religious life. Faithful parents eagerly correspond with the vocation God has given to their children. God's Blessing cannot be in the home where the call of vocation has been neglected by the candidate or interfered with by the worldly spirit of irreligious parents. Many a soul marked for the Religious life will find it very difficult thing to attain to salvation outside the protective influence of the convent to which God has called her.

Make this time a time of prayer for the increase of vocations and for a blessing on all our Religious Communities and the new Sisters whom they stand ready to welcome to their halls.

Continuity Of A Railroad

Just a few years ago the New York Central Railroad was a big business. It has been a shining example of the continuity of our American institutions and the organization of our industry and executives. It has been the backbone of our country in its time of social integration and economic expansion. Life has become broader, and the world has become a larger place because of the work that the New York Central has done.

The New York Central and all its subsidiaries gratefully acknowledge the one who has given to us by His great organization the means to the great blessings it has brought to our people. Continuity of our industry and our economy is the very basis of the future years in which we live.

Journal

July 10, 1953

It is a great thing to be a part of the future. It is a great thing to be a part of the past. It is a great thing to be a part of the present. It is a great thing to be a part of the world. It is a great thing to be a part of the Church. It is a great thing to be a part of the human race. It is a great thing to be a part of the Kingdom of God.

BREIG JOSEPH

Tale
Of A Ring

I interrupt my series on study clubs to tell you that on Father's Day I received quite a gift. Our eldest daughter came to me in the kitchen, where I sat reading. She was accompanied by a young man who, it seems to me, I have seen around our house on about a thousand other occasions. Mary extended her left hand and crooked the third finger, the way girls do when they want you to notice that something has been added.

I gave elaborate attention to the diamond, turning it this way and that to make the light flash blue in its depths. All I needed was one of those magnifying glasses that you screw into your eye, and anybody would have thought I was a jeweler or a pawnbroker, estimating value. Of course I wasn't. Everything that I know about precious stones could be put in anybody's eye without causing the slightest blink.

BUT THE examination of the ring gave me an excuse for not saying anything immediately; and not to say anything immediately was exactly what I needed at that moment. Mothers can handle these occasions better than fathers can; and I remember wishing that my wife were with me right then. What was the big idea of her staying in the living room, and leaving me all alone to cope with such a situation? There I was, deserted, bewildered.

Naturally, I said something idiotic. I looked up at my daughter's happy smile, and at the tentative grin on Terry Brock's face, and inquired: "Are you to be congratulated now?"

WHY THE DEVILS did I ask such a fool question? Believe it or not, there really was a reason. I don't know an engagement ring from any other kind of ring, and I couldn't be positive that there wasn't a remote possibility that this was some other kind. So it flashed through my mind that I'd better be certain.

Being assured that congratulations were in order, I came out with them somewhat inarticulately. I'm not very good at these spur-of-the-moment little speeches, so I didn't try to make one. I need time to adjust myself to sudden situations.

BEFORE I WENT to bed that night, I tapped at our daughter's door, opened it, stuck my head in, and asked, "Are you happy?" She said something like, "Oh, Daddy, yes; it's like a dream." Then she inquired, "Are YOU happy?" And I told her what I had told my wife a few times before—that I'd never met a boy I'd rather have marry our daughter.

But I am just coming to the important part. Terry and Mary asked whether I could arrange to have their engagement ring blessed by Father Patrick Peyton, who was in town directing a Family Rosary Crusade in our diocese.

NEXT MORNING, my wife and I and Terry's parents watched while Father Peyton, in Our Lady's chapel in the cathedral, blessed the young couple and their ring, and said a prayer asking the Virgin to watch over them very specially, and to keep God always in their hearts and their home.

It just happened to be Father Peyton, because he is our friend, and was in town. The really great part of it is not that it was Father Peyton, but that Terry and Mary wanted their engagement to be blessed by Christ through one of His priests. Father Peyton would be the first to agree with me on that.

WHAT'S MORE I say it was a wonderful Father's Day present. It's a great thing to be a part of the future. It is a great thing to be a part of the past. It is a great thing to be a part of the present. It is a great thing to be a part of the world. It is a great thing to be a part of the Church. It is a great thing to be a part of the human race. It is a great thing to be a part of the Kingdom of God.

You don't worry about that diamond ring. God has given it to you. It's a great thing to be a part of the future. It is a great thing to be a part of the past. It is a great thing to be a part of the present. It is a great thing to be a part of the world. It is a great thing to be a part of the Church. It is a great thing to be a part of the human race. It is a great thing to be a part of the Kingdom of God.

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'I Was Prisoner Of Korean Reds'

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Missioner Not Impressed
With Life In Russia

By REV. WILLIAM R. BOOTH, M.M.

In this, the fourth article of an NC exclusive series, Father Booth gives his impression of Soviet Russia. The Marylander is one of the few Americans to have seen Russia at first-hand.

People are always asking me the same question about Russia since I arrived home from my Korean imprisonment. "Do they have many cars in Russia?"

I don't know why my inquirers always select autos to ask about. Perhaps it's because we are so auto-conscious in



Father Booth, wearing secular garb, arrives from Moscow at Tempelhof airport in Berlin. Greeting him is Father Wilcox Kaiser, War Relief Services representative in Berlin. Rev. Kaiser is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Kaiser, 488 Eaton Road, Broadpoint.

America. Or perhaps Americans know that automobiles give a true indication of prosperity.

My answer is simple. "You can stand on any corner of Brooklyn," I reply, "and in five minutes you will see more cars than I saw in the whole of Russia and Siberia."

MY IMPRESSION of Russia is one of shoddiness. I traveled across the great waste that is Siberia. Only a small proportion of the land is under cultivation. On the farms I saw, the people were dressed poorly and used primitive farming methods. On the farm after farm, men and women were getting ready for spring planting.

But contrary to Russian propaganda pictures, they were not using tractors and other mechanized implements. They were turning over the earth by hand, using shovels and hoes. Only rarely did we even see animals to pull plows. In our whole journey we saw only three tractors.

Another thing that amazed me was to see the army of women that made up the railroad gangs. They were strapping, husky, red-faced women who performed the tasks men do in America. They were poorly dressed, often in tatters. And they were very dirty. Probably this latter fact was due to the cold weather and the type of work in which they were engaged.

Certainly they were far poorer than the men and women that crowded our streamlined train. These latter people were all returning home from China and Manchuria. They were well-dressed and well-fed.

THE FOOD ON the crack Russian train was good, but monotonous. There was little variety. Prices were average to fairly high. Luxuries such as a chocolate bar were very expensive. A chocolate bar that in the United States would cost ten to twenty cents sold for four dollars.

There seemed to be a prosperity in the cities through which we passed. In some cities such as Novosibirsk a tremendous building boom was in progress.

The present war is no drain on the Soviet economy because the satellite nations are feeding the Red. It is the little fellow pays for it.

We saw many military trains making their way towards the Manchurian frontier. Some carried "troops," but more carried anti-aircraft guns. Tanks and other aircraft were being moved up. We were reminded of trucks gathered after the famous truck parade held in World War II.

Let people stop propagating the idea that the Soviet Union is a land of plenty. It is a land of poverty. It is a land of suffering. It is a land of death. It is a land of darkness. It is a land of despair. It is a land of hopelessness. It is a land of despair. It is a land of hopelessness. It is a land of despair. It is a land of hopelessness.

You Can Win Converts

Margaret Wins A Minister
By

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.

Margaret T. Zywert would not claim to be either a theologian or a scientist and yet she was largely responsible for the winning of a convert who was both. Bishop Buddy refers to him as the "most scholarly convert received into the Church in recent years in southern California."

How she did it is a story full of revealing insights into the mysterious workings of God's grace. I was vesting for Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral in San Diego when a distinguished looking gentleman came into the sacristy and said, "Father, I shall be glad to serve your Mass."

"Fine," I said, "I'll be honored to have you." Whereupon he put on a cassock and surplice and accompanied me to the main altar. He recited the prayers at the foot of the altar with the expertise of a priest. That was the way I happened to meet Dr. Rudolph M. Lippert, an ornament to the Church and one of her noted converts.

I had come to San Diego to lend a little hand to Bishop Buddy in launching his epoch-making diocesan-wide crusade for souls. The first of its kind in America, it mobilized the men and women of the diocese in a house-to-house recruitment of prospects for Inquiry Classes conducted in every parish.

LARGELY THROUGH the recruiting zeal of the laity, the campaign brought 1,964 non-Catholics to systematic instruction and won back 4,784 fallen-away. Dr. Lippert was a leader in this campaign. By both work and example he did everything possible to share the precious treasure of his new-found faith with others.

"Tell me, Dr. Lippert," I said, "how you came into the Church." "I came from a family that sprouts ministers on every twig," Dr. Lippert replied. "Two of my uncles, two of my brothers, two close relatives, my father and I, bring the total of persons within our domestic circle to eight."

"A notorious anti-Catholic paper, The Menace, that flourished before and after World I, was weekly reading for me. It pictured the Catholics as plotting to rise up and take over the country and then hand it over to the Pope. I was taken in by its lying propaganda and had anti-Catholic lectures speak in my church."

"As I got to know Catholics better, I began to realize how unfounded were the charges commonly made against them. I discovered that I had been wrong in not against the doctrines of the Catholic Church but against caricatures of them. I noticed the differences in doctrine among ministers of my own denomination, which contrasted sharply with the marvelous unity of faith within the Catholic fold."

I DECIDED that a Church which permitted her own ministers to preach contradictory doctrines couldn't be the Church of Christ. I resigned from the ministry and took up the study of astronomy, seeking to find in it the inspiration which I no longer derived from religion. I became a member of the British Astronomical Association and a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain.

"But I found there is in man a 'God-ache'—a spiritual hunger which science can't satisfy." It was about this time I met Margaret Zywert and saw how much her religion meant to her. It kept her close to God and filled her mind and heart with peace and joy and love. I accompanied her to Mass and knelt at her side in prayer.

"God answered my cry for light to see the truth. Father Vincent McGarvey, O.S.A. of St. Patrick's Church instructed me and on November 17, 1947, Bishop Buddy received me into the Church. But it was Margaret who was chiefly responsible for showing me how the devout practice of the Catholic Faith fills one's heart with peace, joy and gladness and keeps one close to God."

"HER GOODNESS and holiness, blossoming like precious flowers from the devout practice of the Catholic religion, led me to find at the feet of Christ the comfort and inspiration which I had sought in vain in both the Protestant ministry and science. Her Holy life was for me a more convincing testimonial than any learned tongue. I'm trying humbly now through daily Mass and daily Holy Communion to live a life that will lead others to share my faith and my joy."

Freedom is wonderful! NEXT WEEK, Father Booth outlines what is left of his Church in North Korea.

The Apostles' Creed 'I Believe...!'

By Rev. Albert J. Shannon

(This is a series of articles on "The Apostles' Creed" written by Father Albert Shannon, professor at St. Andrew's Seminary and author of "Behind the Mass.")

... IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.—In the gospel there is no instance of women being hostile to Christ. On one occasion, when a group of women saw Him, with beard and hair clothed with blood, with face swollen and livid, staggering painfully to Calvary, they wept. "But Jesus turning to them, said: 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.'"

A glimpse of truth was His reward for their compassion. He was telling them, "Don't weep for me, I am only the Victim of sin. Rather weep for yourselves—the sinners. If sin does this to me, who am innocent, how dreadful will be its ravages on you, the sinners." "If in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?"

Modern man still has to learn that the sole cause of unhappiness in the world today is sin. He still does not know that where there is sin, there is hope. IN FACT, MODERN MAN denies sin. Of course that is logical, if one denies there is a God. For if there is no God, there is no purpose in the world. And sin is simply a man's acting cross-purposes with God—telling God to mind His own business. It implies a clash of wills. God says, "This is what I want." The sinner says, "So what? This is what I want."

That's where all the trouble starts. God wants our happiness. Being all-wise, He knows where that happiness is to be found. But man, pitting his puny intellect against God's, pretends to know better. Because God is good, He does not violate man's freedom. Instead, He lets man have his own way, hoping man might learn from the hard school of experience that "taught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

How happy King David was when he served God! Before his heinous crimes of adultery and murder, God had blessed his reign. Once he had sinned, how the picture changed! "I will raise up evil against thee, out of thy own house," said the Lord to David. Fratricide, rebellion, murders and impurities, in consequence, dogged his every step. Before his sins, David's psalms were rhapsodies of joy and peace; after, they were all shot through with the sad strains of the "Do Profundis" and the "Miserere" cries from the depths of misery, cries for mercy.

IT WAS SO FOR the whole human race. Sin had dynamited its peace. Man pleaded for peace, for redemption from the nightmare of sin, but there was no peace! Then one day, God did come to earth. His mother called Him Jesus, because He was going to save people from their sins. He was going to bring peace to man, who had the will to do good. Thus John the Baptist pointed Him out as "the Lamb of God Who takes away the sins of the world."

But this question, "whether Jesus could forgive sins or not"—precipitated His first conflict with the Pharisees. Jesus had said to a paralytic, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." Immediately, the thought raced through the minds of the Pharisees, "Why does this Man speak thus? There was utter contempt in their 'his.' 'Who can forgive sins, but God only?' they reasoned. And they reasoned rightly. As only a creature can cancel debts outstanding on only God can forgive sin. The only law in their reasoning was that they didn't reason that Christ was God.

As always, Christ accommodated Himself to their shortcomings. "That you may know," He said to His assembled enemies, "that the Son of Man has power on earth to forgive sins," (that "on earth" implies that He had existed elsewhere) "I say to thee, arise, take up thy pallet, and go to thy house." And immediately he arose. Well, you can't argue with a demonstration like that. If God only can forgive sins then Christ is God. For He forgave sins, not in the name of God, but in His own name. How He must have lingered on the "It" when He said, "I say to thee." And let any one should doubt that He had done what He had said. He cured the paralytic. By working this miracle that everyone could see, He proved He could work the miracle they couldn't see, that He could forgive sin!

BUT JESUS DIDN'T stop there. His need for forgiving as long as man is man on earth. So Christ did what even human pride could never have made the human mind conceive—He passed on His power to forgive sins to mere men. When He did this, He displayed unusual tactfulness. He waited until after His Passion—until His own Apostles needed forgiving. That they might never forget the inestimable blessings the power to forgive sins would be for men. He let them taste the bitterness of sin.

On the first Easter Sunday night, the Apostles were bruddled in fear in the Upper Room. They heard it that Christ had appeared to the women. That cut the hearts of the Apostles to the quick. Had Christ rejected them for their rejecting Him? As remorse gnawed their souls, Jesus stood in their midst and said to them, "Peace be to you!" And oh, the peace that galed into their souls! Then He breathed upon them. He, whose breath had raised up the first man from clay and had blown him a living soul, now breathed into the Eleven the grace that swept their souls clean from mire of sin.

It was all so wonderful. But, surprising wonder, He gave them the power to do for others what He had just done for them. "Receive the Holy Spirit," He said; "whosoever sins you shall forgive they are forgiven thee." There is the key to peace—the world peace and to peace of soul! War has riddled the earth because nations have first warred against God. Because there is no peace with God, man does not have peace of soul.

LIFE IS LIKE A keyboard. Living is finding the notes—the right ones. God wrote the music. If He calls for a minor (a blue minor, suffering), it can still be beautiful if we follow the notes. The trouble is some of us want to improvise on our own. We can't do that with God's music. Either we are in God's groove or we're out of it—no fooling! If we are out of it, well there just isn't any music. So why not get back into it—for there is on earth a power to forgive sins!

Sunday Sermon

By Magr. Hart

GOOD FRUIT AND BAD fruit. In caring for their material lives men are careful to increase and develop the good fruits of their trees and to eliminate bad fruit. No time can be given to the bad fruit. It is set for immediate destruction; its place must be made ready for another tree that will bear good fruit. So also in a spiritual way men must be looking out for what is good and avoiding what is bad. We are told to beware of false prophets. They come to us in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravenous wolves. We are surrounded today by those who would take us away from the truth of Christ and unite us to the belief in heretical doctrines. If we wish to come to Christ we must follow His doctrine. Therefore depart from what Christ has