

The Dove Is Red

No matter how anxious a young boy is to join the Armed Services, he soon finds himself even more anxious to be home again. That's the way it is with the young men of the world today. They are quickly satisfied and he lives awfully fast of "too much blood."

In the countries where the people have seen "too much blood" in their own streets and heard the scream of planes and bombs and the clatter of guns, the peacemakers are certainly blessed. Those who silence the frightful roar of death are the true heroes.

The people of Europe and Asia who have been so long the victims of war are now tasting the first time of peace in a generation. And who were the peacemakers?

Unfortunately, the Americans were not! We turned over this unique distinction of prestige to the Communists themselves. When Secretary Dulles was absent from the Geneva peace talks, the war-weary people heard the announcement of peace come from men like Russia's Molotov and Red China's Chou.

The settlement, it is true, sanctions enslavement for thousands. The terms are the seeds of yet further aggression, but the fact remains: we were not there to make the peace and peace was made without us. The Communist world has outwitted us again, and can trumpet its victory for peace to the oppressed of Europe and Asia and point to us as the warmongers and sword-rattlers. Perhaps we can classify ourselves as the Martyrs who are misunderstood, but it proves that our leaders need a divine guidance but our prayers have been too feeble to deserve it.

Louisiana's Disgrace

Mardi-Gras, Louisiana has chalked up two significant State laws to make it infamous for a generation. While it advertises itself as the State of hospitality and mid-winter frivolity, it has taken two major cracks at the working people and Negroes who have to call Louisiana "home sweet home."

Despite the fact that Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel condemned a proposed "Right to Work" statute, sixty-five Catholic laymen publicly flouted his authority and helped the State Legislature hammer through legislation that is immoral, deceitful, and undemocratic. The fiction of the "Right to Work" Law is now in operation in seventeen states, and the epidemic seems to be spreading. In reality, the legislation is anti-union.

As Catholics and as Americans, we agree with our Pope and with our Declaration of Independence that a man has a right to defend himself from tyranny—whether it be political, economic, or accepted custom. Our Church and our nation were born and thrived on the ideal that every man has a right to live as a free man, that we are equal as brothers because we are children of a common Father who is God.

The "Right to Work" Law is an attempt to restore the economic dictatorship which as Christians we despise as thoroughly as we reject Hitlerism or Communism.

Louisiana has also added to its litany of sins a flat refusal to accept the Federal Supreme Court's ruling about segregation in public schools. Again Archbishop Rummel said that the State legislation was the result of "hate, prejudice and controversy." But again too many Catholic laymen were wiser than their Shepherd in Christ and bolted the flock to join Jim Crow.

The situation in Louisiana is a fair warning for us of the states still free from ignorance and bigotry to keep ourselves informed of the Christian solution to daily problems, and to keep ourselves alert to the anti-Christian Christ's Church sets over us. There is an old Latin motto: *Nisi Episcopus, stultus*—by your Bishop! It is too bad that the laymen of Louisiana didn't know about it. It might have helped them to defend their faith rather than their wallets.

Family Fun Together

More and more, our summer round of activities seems to divide our families. One goes to camp, another vacations with the neighbors. Dad goes golfing. Mom takes a trip with her friends and the family isn't really together even to watch television, which is one advantage anyway. This dividing-up of the family can have its good results—to develop maturity, independence, self-reliance, and to provide a bit of a change from routine. It is a definite criterion of true value, however, will be determined by one fact—does this help me to be a better member within my family?

We should come back from camp or golf or trip with a real and anxious desire to live as a family—with one heart, one ideal—to be a Christian family together. There are many ways that we can actually develop this spirit. Perhaps, a family picnic or hike in the woods, a visit to the zoo or museum, or just a romp in the park—Mom and Dad and all the kids together.

The sophisticated will shrug this off as obsolete and so dull. And they are precisely the ones who don't much enjoy their family exactly for the reason that they have been too selfish ever to do anything to make it a happy family.

Sunday Sermon

Every Sunday, when you hear the priest say "Gospel for today," and there is a rumble as everyone struggles to stand for a few moments, there doesn't seem to be very much enthusiasm for the message. The word "Gospel" means "Good news," and the announcement of the Gospel should ring with a little spark of life. We could imagine what the Gospel meant to the first Christians. An Apostle would stand before the little group and tell them, "I have Good news for you today." And they would all spring to attention, anxious to hear. Next time we assist at Mass, we can stir up a bit of inside interest and stand eager to hear the word of God.

As you think back over the Sunday Gospel, the really are messages of good news—stories of God's love for us, of forgiveness, of spiritual nourishment and hope. Sunday after Sunday, despite our sin and weakness, we hear the Church proclaim that after our exile here, there is a home of happiness awaiting us in heaven.

This Sunday, however, is an exception. The Good news is a bit frightening. The Gospel speaks of serious sin and the tragic consequences of Hell. Unfortunately, there is such a place as Hell. In order to protect us from ever having to be doomed to that pit of torments, the Church must give us fair warning and caution us against the occasions which might ruin our Sal-

The Story Of A Statue

Christ's Demand For Humility Symbolized By Infant Of Prague

By REV. HENRY ATWELL

Nearly every parish church has a shrine to the Infant of Prague. Although many people see the statue there week after week, not very many know the story and significance of this devotion.

Over three hundred years ago, in 1620, a critical battle was about to be fought near the city of Prague in Czechoslovakia. The Austrian Emperor, Ferdinand II, asked his Carmelite Chaplain to conduct special services for victory and peace. The chaplain answered a procession and carried a famous painting of Mary Joseph, and the Shepherds adoring the newborn Savior. Quite some time before this, enemies of the faith had desecrated this picture by poking out the eyes of all the individuals in it, including the Infant Savior. Devout Czech Catholics venerated the picture all the more, considering it almost as if it were a martyr.

THE DEVOTION and the courage of the Emperor's troops won a striking victory and he built a new Carmelite monastery in Prague as a token of his thanks and dedicated it to Our Lady of Victory.

Meantime a Spanish princess who had married a Bohemian nobleman and heard of this new monastery, sent a wax statue of the Infant Jesus to the Carmelite friars.

WITHIN A FEW YEARS, Gustavus Adolphus, a Swedish king who considered himself divinely commissioned to destroy the Catholic faith, he too invaded the city of Prague, plundered the churches, made a shambles of the Carmelite monastery and threw the wax statue of the Infant on the rubble of the broken altar. As the little statue fell against the rocks, its hands were broken off, and Gustavus was glad he had destroyed what he called "this Popish superstition." For seven years, the monastery was deserted, a haunt for the blind and beggars of Prague.

AFTER THE INVADERS had returned to their homes, and peace and freedom were restored, the Carmelite friars Father Cyrilus and Mother Dei came back to Prague to begin the monastery all over again. As he was looking over the ruins, he thought he heard someone speak to him, though he knew he was quite



INFANT OF PRAGUE

alone in the long deserted building. As he approached the altar, he heard again a pleading voice asking for help, and it seemed as if it came from the damaged and disfigured statue.

Father Cyrilus could scarcely believe his ears, but the message was clear: "The more you honor Me, the more I will bless you."

The statue was repaired and the monastery immediately began to prosper. The chaplain carried the little statue to an elderly, ill, deaf and speechless woman to bless her, and she was wholly cured. In gratitude she gave a golden crown for the Infant.

In 1642, a Bohemian noblewoman erected an elegant shrine and contributed splendid garments to vest it. Favors were so numerous that all the people of Prague considered this statue as a special sign of our Lord's favor for them, and they even claimed Him as their own "the Infant of Prague."

THREE CENTURIES have

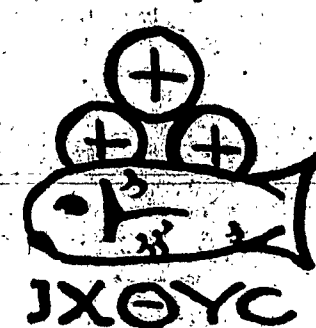
passed and the devotion and statue of the Infant are found throughout the Catholic world. It is a rebuke to our pride who have forgotten that if we hope to enter heaven, we must become as little children. God Himself became a Child to redeem us and to teach us the humility and simplicity which should characterize our faith—a total and wholehearted confidence in the loving Savior.

There are wiser men than ourselves who have also suggested that God has chosen to make this devotion popular in our day in order to silence those who have a contempt for children. Christ loved little children. He blessed them, and set them before us as an example for us to imitate. In kneeling before the statue of the Infant Jesus, we contemplate the Perfect Child and find the pattern which we as Christians must follow: obedient, reverent, docility, humility.

THE FIRST GREAT SAINT to honor the Infant Jesus was Mary herself, accompanied by St. Joseph, the Shepherds and the Wise Men. We have the privilege of doing as they did—not merely kneeling before a statue, but actually embracing the Infant Who contains Himself in the Eucharist to be the Guest of our souls.

A statue of the Infant in our homes or a picture of Him in our wallet or even a book, can be a constant inspiration to deepen our faith, to enkindle our devotion, to awaken us to a more sincere practice of our holy religion.

Church Symbols



One of the oldest symbols used in Christian churches is also one of the strangest—a fish with bread on top of him! What does it mean?

The Greek letters spell out the word for fish, but if you run them from top to bottom and add other letters after them, like a cross-word puzzle, you can get this:

Jesus—Which means Jesus Christ—Christ
Theou—Son of God
Vio—Coter—Savior.

So the Greek word "fish" is a code word for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior." "What about the bread?" you ask. That represents "Communion" as the fish represents Christ—so the symbol is a sign of the Holy Eucharist: Christ truly present under the appearances of bread.

A LITTLE BOY'S ESSAY ON ANATOMY

"Your head is kind of round and hard, and your brains are in it and your hair on it. Your face is the front of your head and your eyes are on it. Your nose is what keeps your head out of your collar. It's hard to keep clean. Your shoulders are sort of shelves where you hook your suspenders on them.

"Your stomach is something that if you do not eat often enough it hurts, and spinach don't help none. Your spine is a long bone in your back that keeps you up and makes you. Your back is always behind you no matter how quick you turn around. Your arms you got to have to pitch with and so you can reach the butter. Your fingers stick out at your hands so you can throw a curve and add up riddles. Your legs is what if you have not got too far, you cannot get to first base. Your feet are what you put on, your toes are what always get stubbed. And that's all there is of you, except what's inside, and I never saw it."

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You Can Win Converts

Brooklyn's No. 1 Citizen

By

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

(The University of Notre Dame)

Jack Dempsey, former champion of the world, is a Mormon.

His former wife Hannah Williams was a Presbyterian.

Both of their lovely daughters, Joan and Barbara, are devout Catholics.

What is the story behind this?

It's the interesting story of a bighearted Catholic layman, David F. Soder of St. John the Baptist parish in Brooklyn.

A successful business man who has held high office in the state administration, Dave has never forgotten that his greatest treasure is his holy Catholic faith.

He has always been willing and eager to share that treasure with others.

"Tell me, Dave," I said, "how you managed to share your precious treasure with Joan and Barbara Dempsey?"

"The story goes back a good many years," replied Dave. "I met Jack Dempsey shortly after he knocked out Jess Willard and won the championship of the world. Shortly afterwards, Jack gave a party in his apartment at 155th Street in New York for some of his friends."

"I happened to be seated next to Jack and he spoke to me of his future and his contemplation of a trip to Europe. With the pugilistic honors of the world resting upon him, he admitted there was a void in his life which fame hadn't filled. I told him that every life is empty without God and that only religion can give it balance and meaning. He said he believed in God but hadn't attended church for years. I gave him a prayer book and a medal of the Sacred Heart. He carries them to this day."

"We became warm friends and Jack appeared for me in many of the charity events I sponsor. He was always generous with his time and would put himself out to help us. Jack has a heart as big as his body and everyone, who really gets to know him, loves him."

"On many occasions I would drop into a church to pay a visit to our Eucharistic Lord and Jack would come in and kneel at my side. One Sunday night in November, 1934, when Jack was to appear at a benefit affair, we visited the Assumption Church on Middagh Street, Brooklyn. About twenty-five people had come for Rosary and Benediction."

"Jack remarked that they seemed poor and neglected. I told him that none of those persons would change places with him because they possessed the faith of Christ, the greatest treasure in the world. He asked if they had been to Mass that morning. I told him they undoubtedly had been. Going home that night, Jack had those people on his mind."

"A FEW WEEKS later Joan was born. At that time Jack was much disturbed with domestic troubles and he made up his mind that his daughter would be raised a Catholic. He realized that with Catholics, marriage is for keeps. Deep in his heart he felt this was right. He asked my wife Helen and myself to be godparents for Joan. We arranged for her baptism by Father John Leo Miller, C.M., at St. John the Baptist Church, promising that we would see to her Catholic education and rearing. When Barbara was born the next year, we were the godparents at her baptism also."

"When Joan was to be confirmed, she was running a temperature of 102, but with typical Dempsey spunk she insisted on getting out of bed and going to the church. Both Joan and Barbara received a good Catholic education and both are weekly communicants. In August 1953 Joan was married to Dennis O'Flaherty by his uncle, Monsignor Raymond J. O'Flaherty, in Our Lady of Loretta Church in Los Angeles. The following April the Monsignor married Barbara to John McMillen."

"Barbara and Joan are lovely girls. Helen and I are happy that Jack privileged us to be their godparents and to have had a little hand in their Catholic rearing. Jack too is in our prayers and we hope that some day he will join his girls at the Communion rail."

"THAT'S AN interesting story, Dave," I remarked. "But back of it is something you haven't told—that is, the story of your own example. You haven't missed daily Mass and Holy Communion for thirty-five years. No wonder Jack claims you are his closest friend and advisor. No wonder the people of Brooklyn love you for your charity to children of all faiths and especially to orphans. No wonder that Pope Pius XII made you a Knight of St. John Lateran and that Brooklyn College selected you as 'The Outstanding Catholic Layman of New York City.'"

QUIZ

On Catholic Faith

Address your Questions on Catholic Faith to Quiz c/o Courier-Journal, 35 So. 5th, Rochester, 4, N. Y.

How serious a sin is it for a Catholic to be married by a Justice of the Peace?—H. K. Rochester.

A mortal sin! Furthermore, the Catholic to be truly married must be married by a priest in the presence of two witnesses. If a Catholic attempts to be married by a non-Catholic minister then the sin is doubly worse and the person is also excommunicated. Any Catholic who tries to be married in any way other than by a priest thereby forfeits heaven. The only remedy in such cases is either to leave the sinful union or, if possible, contract a true marriage before a priest.

Is it a sin to attend a wedding in a non-Catholic church?—G. F. Auburn.

It depends on . . . (1) If both bride and groom are sincere non-Catholics, then their Catholic friends may attend their wedding out of courtesy, but may not take any active part in the non-Catholic ceremony. (2) If, however, either the bride or groom are—or should be—Catholic, then their "wedding ceremony" is actually a sacrilege, a serious sin. It would certainly be sinful to go to such a ceremony, whether it is performed by a minister or a civil official. To attend their wedding or reception is really a way of congratulating them for their sin. We cannot honestly say we love God if we praise and congratulate those who turn against Him.

This problem seems to arise sometime or other in our life and

we have to make a choice of either proving our friendship for God or cowardly going along with the pagan outlook that plagues our world today. We can never give our consent of approval to that which we know God detests and forbids.

May a Catholic who has been married outside the Church ever come back to the Church?—F. E. Geneva.

Yes, of course. And the sooner the better. To delay can mean eternal damnation. A Catholic who is not truly married should consult a priest at once and do whatever he directs. In this particular matter, we must remember that this is not just a "regulation" of the Church but is part of God's unchangeable law which must be observed if we hope to save our immortal soul. Our loving Savior is anxious to forgive anyone, no matter how great may be that person's sin, provided He sees a soul that sincerely repents of its sin.

Is there a Patron Saint for brides?—M. L. Hornell.

St. Nicholas of Myra (better known as Santa Claus) whose feast is December 6th. It is said that he provided the dowry for three young girls to enable them to enter a happy marriage.

Are there any good books which tell the Church's teaching on marriage?—D. M. Rochester.

Canis Forever by Rev. Charles H. Doyle; Life Together by Winfield Hope; The Art of Happy Marriage by Rev. James Magner; The Family for Families by Rev. Francis Flanagan; and several other excellent books. There is the clear but reverent 100 page booklet Modern Youth and Christianity by Rev. Gerald Kelly, and, of course, Pope Pius XI's encyclical: Casti Connubii.

BOOK REVIEWS

Worldmission

By MRS. MARGARET TERESA

(Professor of Literature, Nazareth College, Rochester, N. Y.)

WORLDMISSION, Summer, 1954. Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Editor. Yearly subscription, \$5.00. Address: Editor of 'Worldmission', 504 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Reading an issue of Bishop Sheen's Worldmission magazine straight through is like getting glasses when you haven't been seeing well. Or like removing from your panorama of the world a puff, discolored, burned and indeterminate outer skin to discover the real state of affairs, the health and sickness of the world.

Pages of the Summer '54 Worldmission there is but one direct reference to war; there are two or three, no more, to the march of events recorded on the front pages of newspapers every day.

Worldmission is in eternal, temporal, terms. It gives the vertical, the cosmic relations, and the depths; not the horizontal, the chaotic, the poisoned shallows except as these wars, Communist "inroads," futile appeasements, the governmental wrangling of murdered countries touch on its eternal.

In this magazine, therefore, there is no fear, no despair. It inspires no cynical rage, no exasperation. Why doesn't somebody do something?

THESE IS NO cheap optimism in it, either. Its optimism is very high priced, and the price definitely indicated. Here are the Christians making a small gain, in many places, obstacles increase, suddenly, enormously. (The write-ups of these things are fascinating, always have been, in all mission magazines.) Everywhere more vocations are needed, religious ones and lay; everywhere more money is needed. More help must be given; and it will be given.

But all is in perspective and what a perspective! The spread of the Gospel has never been easy. The cause of the Church has often seemed lost. The rule is, "Go on. Start over. Adapt. Repeat. Teach in all nations. Trust God, and keep putting one foot before the other." Worldmission writers are in Johannesburg, and Chile, and Bengal, and Japan, and in Communist custody in Shanghai. Like Bishop Walsh, who writes "Pattern for a Chinese Tomorrow."

THEY ARE in the thick of events, and they are thinking of the tomorrows of souls, timeless tomorrows. Worldmission is the most forward-looking of magazines; its terminology is ultra-modern. Listen: "There are two tendencies in this world of today: the nationalist, which drives people to live in particular communities more or less restricted; the comic, according to which we seek for a unity as vast as this planet itself. These two tendencies, perhaps require of us certain readaptations. It is certain that a regroupment is in progress."

The nationalist stage is not the last one. . . . Our work, having risen by a kind of explosion from the infinitely rich unity of a Creator without parallel, cannot be satisfied with a broken-up multiplicity. . . . The world is now more than ever in a period

THE COURTESY

CODE OF THE ROAD!

RESPECT TRAFFIC LAWS, SIGNS, SIGNALS AND ROAD MARKINGS and keep your car in safe-driving condition at all times.

DRY CLEANING

Little Billy didn't like soap and water. One day his mother was trying to reason with him: "Surely, you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?" "Yes," agreed Billy tearfully, "but why can't you just dust me the way you do the piano?"