More Garages Than Houses

Last week's recommendation of the City Planning Commission presented a picture of progress for the city of Rochester. Its ten-year range is indicative of a practical foresight that is needed in contemporary municipal developments. Haphazard growth can blight a city and cripple any hope for extensive progress. That is one great factor which certainly justifies the ambitious 62-million-dollar program.

The obvious bulk of the improvements will benefit the average citizen. Better streets, sewers, parks, schools, and safety services mean a better deal for the ordinary working man and his family. Rochesterians can welcome this phase without qualification.

There is one item down the list, however, which indicates that we are still not alert to the need of the low-income citizen. We are willing to spend $2,000,000 to provide parking space for people to house their cars all day, but we dole out less than $900,000 for residential developments where needy people could house their kids. And kids are more important than cars!

Playgrounds and schools, libraries and civic centers, and all our other improvements will be a costly luxury if we buy them at the cost of depriving even a few of our city's children a decent home in a wholesome neighborhood.

Halloween's Coming

The Dime Stores and Supermarkets are decorated with pumpkins and black cats and the children are already talking about their costumes for the night of goblins and ghosts.

Parents who are interested in integrating Christian faith and daily life have a double opportunity for this great holiday.

First of all, all vandalism must be very clearly forbidden. Older children, especially, need to be reminded that "tricks or treats" can never be an excuse for destructiveness. Specific warnings about street-lights, street-signs, safety-signals, other people's property and possessions — all this must be given in a heart-to-heart talk by the parents.

Secondly, concerning the smaller children. Hallowe'en is really the day we get ready for the Feast of All the Saints. Instead of dressing as some impossible creature from Mars or as a skeleton that will terrify the pre-school neighbors, why not design an original costume and have your child dress as one of the saints?

Children love to pretend. Let them pretend to be an angel or saint, and it may help them to act less like a little "devil." Many neighborhoods have the custom of a combined party for the children. Have them select now the saint they want to be and spend the next couple weeks making the garb and learning the story.

Last year, one little boy wanted to be a St. Joseph. His even "bitter" sister wanted to be our Lady, but she wanted whatever he, just like her brother! You can be sure that the children will have great fun and at the same time grow in understanding of what Halloween is meant to be — an invitation not merely to look like a saint, but to be one.

SUNDAY SERMON ● Earthly Exile

Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost

Last Sunday, the Church told us we are like wedding guests. Today, we are compared to exiles for true home; next Sunday, we are likened to workers in Christ's army. These three Sundays are the Church's autumn meditations.

Twice in the course of the year, we are reminded that we have no lasting home here on earth. We heard that message in the spring, soon after Easter, and it is repeated again this Sunday, in mid-autumn.

The liturgy pictures for us the Jews during their time of captivity in Babylonia. There on the shores of the Euphrates, we see a throng of outcasts. Their captors coax them, "Sing us one of your native songs." To which the Jews replied, "How can we sing a song far away from our homeland?" They have hung their harps on the willows and are spending dreary hours weeping over their banishment.

Our life on earth in many ways resembles their Babylonian captivity:

1) Their exile originated in sin, in their infidelity to God. The Jews had drifted from God's Law. He threatened, finally He strikes in punishment. But God strikes not to harm but to heal and to help to purify and perfect those who were so foolish as to seek happiness apart from Him.

As we advance through this valley of tears which is our life, we find it very much like an exile. Happiness comes in drops, sorrow comes in bucket-fulls. At the bottom of all the trial and heartache is sin—either our own or the sins which others commit. Life's bitterness is the price of atonement and we can now understand the Sunday Introit which sets the theme for our thoughts this Sunday:

All these things that have been done to us, O Lord, thou hast done in true judgment, because we have sinned against Thee, and we have not obeyed Thy commandments.

In our own words, as we look at our sin-smeared souls, we can say the Introit this way:

Lord, it is good that I am poor, that I am sick, that this sorrow has come to me; I accept it as the spirit of penance; I am glad to suffer because I thereby purge myself of the sins which offend Thee.

2) It was bitter humiliation for the Jewish people to be exiled from their land, to be pushed around, despised, mistreated, and looked down upon as intruders and foreigners.

What about ourselves? To be an honest-to-goodness Christian will make us feel like stepchildren in the world. You will be laughed at for a big family, you will be teased for not eating after abstinence, you will be scorned as stupid for your honesty, you will be called a prude and a poor sport for your purity.

The pressure to give in is terrific, but St. Paul's Epistle rings out:

Brethren, see that you walk cautiously . . . the days are evil.

3) But this exile had its good effect on the Jews. They learned in their tears to be true to the God who loved them.

Our sentiments must be the same. We, too, must never forget our true home. Our hearts must always be homesick for heaven. With all the sincerity and earnestness of the man mentioned in this Sunday's Gospel, the man who begged our Lord to come and heal his son, we must say to Christ,

Lord, come down to us, heal our souls, keep us close to your Sacred Heart. Never let any sin separate me from you. Let me come to You in heaven for all eternity.

A Good Start

"I came into town 47 years ago," said the successful tycoon, "with all my earthly possessions in a red handkerchief over my shoulder. Now I own a string of department stores, apartment buildings and three banks."

"Amazing! By the way, what was in the red handkerchief?"

"As far as I can recall, son, I was carrying about $500,000 in cash and $750,000 in negotiable securities!"

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Mission Sunday

We Shall Convert The World To Christ Only If We First Convert Ourselves

By Rev. Henry Atwell

Much too often, good Catholic people take it for granted that there are two kinds of Christians — the ordinary ones who "have" the faith, and the exceptionally zealous ones who "spread" that faith to others. The heroic and self-sacrificing "missionary" is considered to be a priest or nun who made a courageous choice, but the rest of us are quite content to absorb grace as best we can, limp into heaven, and hope somebody else takes care of the heathen world.

In reality, "missionary" isn't a title you should assume or bestow, anymore than you'd call yourself a "saint" or give that distinction seriously to another. To be a saint means to be holy, to be like God who is all-holy. Actually, we'll never be a saint; it is something we strive to be, we aim at it, but the summit always towers above us no matter how high we climb.

Our efforts are like the toddling steps of an infant, but God, kind parent that He is, reaches down to embrace us and lift us higher than our feeble strength could ever carry us.

IT'S THE SAME with the distinction of "being a missionary." The priest in Africa, the nun in India, the girl in a pagan crowd, the man at the assembly line, the woman at home—each is endeavoring to bring Christ to the world which needs Him. Actually, however, you and I can't bring Christ; He just comes, as He came upon the waters to the frightened Apostles; He comes when least expected, in a way that no body would dream of.

It is our task to see Him as He comes, to help others be alert, as Peter on Galilee shouted to the rest, "It is the Lord!"

There used to be a time, back in the Middle Ages, when you could open up a map, point to your homeland and say, "Here are Christians," and then point to Asia or Africa and say, "And there, they aren't Christians." It was simple then to send Christians to tell the pagans and infidels about Christ. You moved from one place to another place, one was Christian, one wasn't. You became a missionary just by going.

TODAY, pagans and Christians tumble over one another in buses and elevators, schools, and stores, and shops. Two worlds rotate one over the other, one Christian, one pagan. You don't have to go to China or Ceylon anymore to be a missionary, all you have to do is get up out of bed and your missionary day begins.

And you will be as good a missionary as you are a saint.

If you are not alert to the transforming glory of God's grace, if you trifle with the treasures that God has given to your soul, if you endanger your faith and your morals simply for the fun of it or to keep up with your associates—then you're not much of a saint, and you can be sure you're not much of a missionary either.

To Christianize the world, to convert all men to the truth, to enroll every tribe and tongue and nation in the Church, we must first of all convert and Christianize ourselves.

"All true and permanent reform has in the last resort originated in sanctity, from men who were inflamed with the love of God and their neighbor," said Pope Pius XI, "and by their great generosity in answering every appeal from God they have enlightened and renewed the times in which they lived."

Christ Himself told us that we can drive out the devil only "by much prayer and penance."

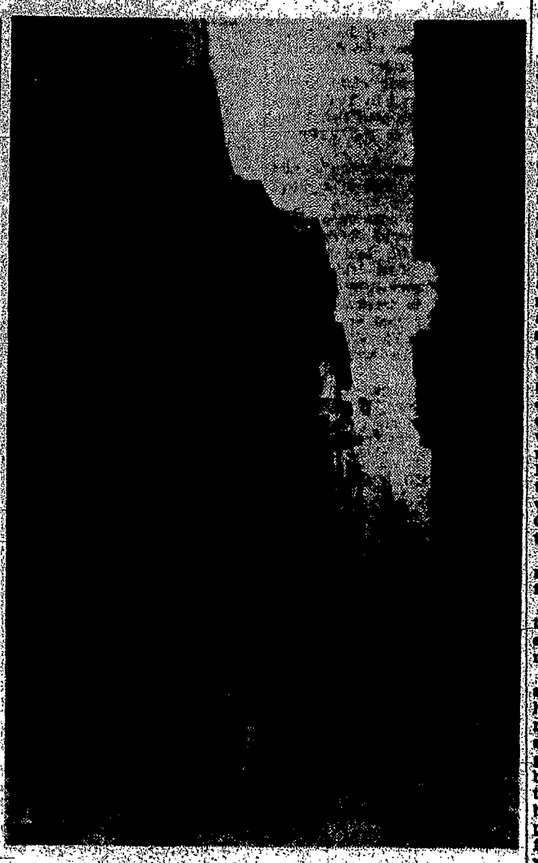
Our Mass must be not a mere hour grudgingly given but the dynamo of our week; our prayers can no longer be muttered phrases, they must become earnest conversations with a loving Savior; our Communions, not just a gesture to please the wife or kids but the satisfaction of a deep-felt hunger to unite myself to Christ, to sanctify myself, that I may then be a fit instrument to lead my fellowmen to Him.

I DON'T NEED to give up candy or stop smoking to do penance. There are the even more difficult mortifications of doing cheerfully and doing well the tasks that my life imposes on me—washing dishes that in a few hours will be greasy again, working the lathe that never gets tired even when I'm exhausted, looking at books that bore me, sitting through lectures I don't care about, keeping records that blur before my eyes. . . .

Christ had compassion on the multitudes, they were like sheep without a shepherd. The milling crowds still race their thoughtless way in fears and heartaches into the eternity for which they are not prepared.

IN OUR HANDS lies the destiny of the world and our own eternal destiny. Each depends on the other, it is a reciprocal arrangement, and I will be a missionary insofar as I am a saint.

It is a frightening vocation God gives each one of us, but He has given the assurance, "Have courage, I have overcome the world."



Every Christian, priest and layman, is meant to be a missionary and a saint. Our "mission territory" is our own home, our little world of work, our neighborhood. God has put us where other souls need our example and our help. The conversion of the world depends on how well we respond to our Christian vocation.

• Power of a Girl •

A girl at Nazareth twenty years ago wrote a meditation she had made in the Academy's chapel. She advanced to Senior Year and graduation, worked in an office, met the boy who is now her husband. Together they have established their home, most of it they actually built themselves—and have made it a true Christian family. Four children, the oldest herself now a Freshman at Nazareth, are in school and are blessed to have the author of this reverie as their Mother.

DEAR JESUS, I have been told, "A girl's hand is smaller than a man's, but it is more powerful." A great general once said, "The destinies of France are in the hands of the mothers of France."

You, dear Lord, have made me to be a girl, perhaps someday to be a mother, and that means that You have given me great power. When girls use their power in the proper way, men's lives are useful and happy and better. But unfortunately, dear Savior, some girls use their power in a wrong and selfish way and the results have been tragedies and disgraces.

THE NAMES of some women shine out like jewels; others are dark and no one wants to mention them.

Oh, dear Lord, though my name may never stand out in the pages of history, let it stand out in the "Book of Life" written there by the Recording Angel and may my name represent a Christian and a Catholic life.

BEING A GIRL, I have great responsibility. But You, dear God, never give responsibilities without giving the assistance to carry them out. I am not just a girl. I am a Catholic girl. I have those wonderful helps You have given me—the Sacraments and the Mass, Your divine grace without which I can do nothing. Never let me forget these. Let me always seek and find in You alone all the assistance that I need.

FINALLY, my loving Lord, teach me to be devout to our blessed Lady. She will show me how to use "my power" so that it will never hurt You. She has great power, and she has it because she is a woman. If she had not been a girl, we would not be able to talk about the "powerful intercession" of Your holy Mother.

May I model my life according to her life. In the Church, she is the Mother of God's family, the mistress of the household of the faith, she is Mary Your Mother who exemplifies perfect girlhood and true and beautiful womanhood.

Church Symbols

AΩ

Alpha and Omega are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. In the Book of Exodus (3:14), God called Himself "the beginning and the end." He is our Creator who brought all things into existence and He is our ultimate destiny and goal. St. John in his Apocalypse quotes our Savior as saying, "I am the Alpha and the Omega." By this phrase, our Lord reminds us that He is truly God as well as man.

The inscription was often found on rings, frescoes, paintings, and other religious objects of Christian antiquity.

These two letters are still seen frequently as a decoration on altars and vestments. It is, therefore, a symbol of Christ and serves to teach us that all we have has come from Him, and we must direct all our lives to attain eternal union with Him.

Apostleship of Prayer

By Father Lynch, S. J.

THE GOAL OF THEIR LIVES

This month, the Church celebrates the sanctity of two women who, though cloistered nuns, were called to do great apostolic work in the Church. One of them is the co-patron, with St. Francis Xavier, of all Catholic missions. This at first seems strange, since she never preached a sermon, never baptized a soul, never stepped beyond the cloistered confines of her convent. Her name is St. Therese of the Child Jesus, the Little Flower. The other is St. Margaret Mary, to whom Our Lord revealed the mysteries of his Sacred Heart. Her mission was to spread over the earth the great devotion which was to make the whole Catholic world apostolic through the Apostleship of Prayer.

How did these two cloistered nuns reach the souls they were to save?

When you have the answer to this question, you have given to every Catholic worthy of the name a missionary vocation.

TWO THINGS are necessary steps to Catholicism. One is to hear the Gospel; the other is to receive the grace from God to accept it. Grace is the great gift given to the sinner by which he becomes a friend of God. These two women of whom we speak, being cloistered nuns, did not preach the Gospel. But they flooded the world with grace which made men receptive to God's love. To do this, they did not need to leave their convents. They only had to sanctify themselves through prayer, self-denial and frequent reception of the sacraments, especially of Holy Communion.

How did their sanctification sanctify others?

Much as the healthy parts of the human body heal the broken leg, the bleeding sore, so we who are baptized are all members of the living Body of Christ, his Mystical Body. If we are sinners, then we will need the grace of God, and that grace will come to us from Christ through Mary and through those members of Christ who distribute grace (as blood does health) because of their spiritual vitality.

THIS IS the reparation for sin of which Christ spoke to Margaret Mary. The prayers, works, joys and sufferings of a day which sanctify you, not only atone for offenses against the majesty of God, but they repair the damage done by sin in the Mystical Body. The ache of sin is not the pain of Christ in heaven, but the pain and anguish of his Mystical Body on earth with which He always identifies Himself ever since the resurrection.

What these two saints did in a big way you can do, too, in a lesser way. The Apostleship of Prayer is a group of some forty million Catholics who have this for the goal of their lives.

TEEN TOPICS ● Ann Fay St. Agnes

Our spotlight shines this week on Ann Fay, Senior at St. Agnes High School, Rochester. Seventeen year old Ann lives in St. Monica's parish, 97 Aldine St., and is Vice President of St. Monica's Youth Club. She serves on the committee which arranges the popular T-Dances at the CYO and has held office at school in her Freshman and Sophomore years.

When a roaring strato-cruiser zooms over your house a few years from now, take a look through your binoculars and you will recognize the hostess, for that is what Ann intends to be. After Nazareth College, she plans to take to the air-ways to meet and see people and places far away.

"At least once a week," is Ann's reply to, "How often will a good Catholic High Schooler receive the Sacraments?"

She liked A. J. Cronin's book, Adventure in Two Worlds, and as favorite movie, she lists "The Robe." "Robert Montgomery Presents" is her TV preference and French is the subject Ann likes best at school.

BENEDICTION is her favorite devotion, and the Hymn to St. Agnes, her best-liked musical composition.

PURITY is the most important virtue for teen-agers to develop, Ann says, and thinks bad movies and lurid literature are the big dangers.

Sodality has given her the opportunity to do apostolic work among the teen-agers of the parish and her membership on the Student Council gave her an insight and a share in the responsibilities of the faculty.

Ann has spent three years at the "old" St. Agnes on Main St. and begins her final year in the just dedicated buildings on East River Blvd. "The spirit of the old St. Agnes is still the same," Ann comments, "even though the new school is much larger. I enjoy all the modern facilities, and I hope by molding my life after that of St. Agnes, I can inspire other girls to come to St. Agnes High School too."

CATHOLIC QUIZ ● Annulments Not Divorce

Why do prominent people seem to have no trouble getting Church "annulments" even though Christ clearly forbade divorce?

Christ did forbid divorce and the Church has kept true to His clear command for 20 centuries. The Church grants an "annulment" when it can be proved that an apparent marriage was actually a counterfeit, really no marriage at all.

"Prominence" has nothing to do with it. The press, of course, reports cases like this which involve well-known persons, but there are many other cases handled without publicity or notoriety.

From 1946 to 1950, the Roman Rota, Supreme Court of the Church on marriage cases, in 207 of these, investigation proved there had been no true marriage and an annulment was granted. The other 338 were dismissed as valid marriages.

Those who can afford the fee for clerical research are expected to pay it. Nearly half (46%) could not make this payment but were granted a decree of nullity anyway. Only 26% of those who could pay were actually granted the decision they wanted. Obviously, annulments are not bought.

The Church decides on the basis of facts, not on the basis of cash.

When was the Bible written?

The Bible is a collection of books. They were written over an extensive period of time by several different authors. Moses wrote the first books of the Bible about 1400 years before the birth of Christ. St. John the Apostle wrote the last book about the year 96 A.D. These 73 different books have God as their primary author, though He used many different men to write His message.

Copies of these books were made by hand and carefully preserved. By the fourth century of our Christian era, all 73 were assembled as one large volume, like an anthology.

When printing was invented, the first book printed was the Bible.

The Church has always been most careful to preserve and protect the inspired word of God. The Church uses it extensively in her official ceremonies and urges the people to read it privately in their homes.

Are there special Masses for the dead?

Every Mass is offered for the living and the dead and benefits all faithful souls on earth or in Purgatory.

The Church has arranged, however, that special prayers and reading may be made at some Masses in behalf of the faithful departed. First, of course, is the Funeral Mass. The Church also permits observance of the seventh and thirtieth day after death, and an annual Mass on the anniversary. There is also a daily Mass for the dead. These special Masses, celebrated in black vestments, are sometimes not read because an important feast occurs on that day.

The Sacrifice of Christ offered at every Mass certainly pleads more effectively for the Poor Souls than do the prayers which precede or follow it. A Feast day Mass will, therefore, benefit the dead as truly as does a Mass in black vestments.

BOOK SHELF ● Guillaume de Machaut

By Sister Margaret Teresa
(Nazareth College, Rochester, N. Y.)

GUILLAUME de MACHAUT, by Siegmund Levarie. In Great Religious Composers Series, ed. J. Becker. Sheed & Ward, 1954. A study of a fourteenth-century Mass. Figuratively bound and illustrated.

And these, they say, are very good:

RED CARPET FOR MAMIE, by Hatch. THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN, by Valletta. SCHOOL FOR HOPE, a novel by McInerny, and MARY AND MODERN MAN, by Thomas Burke, S.J.

Hummingbird history, I thought—the great musician preparing to analyze Machaut's fourteenth century Mass, makes his way through the vast neglected garden of musical history like a little hummingbird, hell copting away to a single glorious blossom here and a bit of hidden brightness there, sure, unerring, yet to the undoubtably interested onlooker skimming whole shadowy acres of fact.

And, said I, this writer is one making no real survey of those importes too soon delighted with his facility in English and thereafter unwilling to advance from facility to style. It is not fair, after all, to say, "Details of Machaut's life must be pieced together from trivial as well as historical events. We know that he sold a horse in 1340," and then at once slide off the horse into a new paragraph beginning, "King John of Bohemia, blind, insisted on being led into the battle of Crecy in 1346." Where was the stitching together of these pieces, where was the rhapsody?

BUT THAT WAS Chapter I, and now I was through the looking-glass and following not a bird but a mind. The tantalizing tidbit scholarship had settled down to a magnificent exposition of "The Problems of a Religious Composer" (Chapter II), and of Machaut's Mass (Chapter III), and the follower, an ignoramus in music, was being led with skill into a new view of the Motu Proprio, a wholly new concept of medieval music, and a renewed understanding that whatever was once popular in the art of music can reveal its secrets even a millenium later if we do not begrudge effort.

More than that: this lecturer's scholarship was deep, precise, unprejudiced, and so above pedantry that it continually flowered into principle. There was style, today's, functional: "The internal rhythmic structure (of this Kyrie) is so irregular and yet so full of delicate correspondences that the ear will hear the structural repetition with the difficulty that the eye will encounter in seeing certain sculptural details high up in the vault of a Gothic cathedral."

THERE WERE the necessary modern illustrations, the melodies and rhythms of the Star-spangled Banner, for instance, employed to throw light on Machaut's techniques. There were important notes about records now available, and a valuable bibliography. There was humor, too.

One story about this first of polyphonic Masses individually composed (an experience of the members of the University of Chicago's Collegium Musicum when they tried Machaut's Mass): "The initial difficulty of becoming acquainted with Machaut's idiom was supreme and without parallel. For about two full rehearsals, nobody really heard what was happening and nobody was free of bewilderment—although the separate intervals and lines are not particularly difficult to sing.

"But then came the moment when everything seemed to clear up and fall into place. After a few months, students walking across the campus were caught whistling some of the phrases."

ONE MORE quote, to remind us that music can, though with greater difficulty than other arts, repossess old beauty—and to remind us that much of Christian culture is still to be rediscovered:

The original force of Machaut's spirit can reach us, projecting the artistic accomplishment without depending on elements of quaintness. There lies great satisfaction in one's direct response to another human spirit. We gain strength from the recognition that such response can stay alive across six hundred years and more."

• Readers Write Back •

Your editorial on Retarded Children in the October 8th Courier was indeed a very good one. May we have more of them. I am sure if this situation could be brought to the attention of the right sources, it would bring results. Many people do not realize such a problem exists. A.J.P.

Very few people seem to understand the problems of these parents and children. There has been a start but one or a few can't do this terrific job alone. It needs the help of every one of us and more articles like yours might help to make people more aware of this worthy cause. G.L.

To families who have this cross to bear, you don't know what a solace and comfort this article was. It is two years since our little girl has been in an institution. While there is still a heartache in knowing that she will never be able to be home,—with the love she has for all those wonderful women, attendants, nurses, and doctors, she has really adapted herself and is very happy. Since being there, she has made her First Communion, been confirmed, and is able to hear Mass frequently. H.M.

Our daughter is at an institution and is receiving excellent care and some schooling, but the crowded conditions prevent very much individual training. With more articles appearing in our papers, perhaps better facilities will be provided for our little ones. E.J.M.