

### Father John Baier

Following is the text of the eulogy of the late Rev. John J. Baier, pastor emeritus of St. John the Evangelist Church, Green, The eulogy was given by Rev. Henry Atwell following the Pontifical Mass on Tuesday, March 27, 1956.

When our loving Lord Jesus Christ came into this world, His coming was most holy, most glorious. Although He came to suffer to be born in a stable and die on a cross, yet His coming was marked by a silent quiet holiness which would characterize His whole life.

An archangel, Gabriel, announced His incarnation: a virgin Mary gave Him birth and raised Him to His Father's house. He grew up in Nazareth, people praised Him, His birth, His growth, His life, His death, His resurrection, His ascension, His coming again.

Christ Himself could challenge His disciples: "Who shall separate us from Him? No one could separate Him from us, for we are united with Him by His blood, His sacrifice, His love."

THE TRUTHS He taught the people He gave the miracles He wrought, all part of one divine plan. Jesus is the divine Son of God.

Christ's mission on this earth, however brief, was to bring us to God. He lived, He died, He rose again, He ascended, He will return.

Since He was without sin, surely He could not be without sinners. As angels had announced His birth, so it would seem necessary that angels now preach His truths to the sinful sons of men.

These angels perhaps would hide their brightness, as Christ hid His in the disguise of men, as angels had done in previous times when they visited Abraham long before Christ. But certainly we could not expect that God would select anyone except an angel to consecrate bread and wine into the Flesh and Blood of Jesus. Who else but an angel could adequately express the mysteries revealed by God?

Yet, it is the strange paradox of God's mercy that He chose men to be the ministers of grace to their fellow men. Christ said to men, and not to angels, "preach my gospel!" He said to mere men, and not to angels, "baptize... forgive!" He said to sinners, and not to angels, "do this in memory of Me!"

EVEN GOD HIMSELF when He chose to come among us, He chose first to become a man, "acquainted with our infirmity," "emptied like unto us in all things, yet without sin." He chose to have a human heart in order that we may entrust our hearts to Him.

Then at last, when the Son of God came to the evening of His mortal life, having borne the burden of the day's heat and weary from His journey, Jesus parted with His disciples at a feast, a feast still marked on our calendars this very day. "With desire, I have desired to eat this pasch with you," He said. He was about to suffer more than any man ever suffered or shall suffer; but there was nothing gloomy, nothing selfish in His sorrow. He called His friends to His side, asked them to stay by

### BOOK SHELF

THE TRUE LIKENESS, by R. W. Hynek. Sheed '51. 96pp. and 38 plates.

He should be called The-God-Who-Would-Not-Go-Away, the very beginning of it, His beyond all comprehension and... and lifted Yourself, our Excuse, our Forfeit, our Pledge, up into the angry sky. Your very passion of mementos and good-byes drew to a close: the endearments, the promises, the prophecies, the gifts of Bread and wine inexhaustible, of a Mother, even.

And You came again for a little, just to establish them in that aftermath of peace and love, to mother them in the new way... and behind, You renewed your presence of farewells, your mementos of sweet words, sweet deeds. The God-Who-Could-Not-Go-Away...

THAT'S WHY THE Shroud is so astonishing, why books on it, magazine articles, pamphlets, are multiplying. It was we, the twentieth century we, the people of great Durer. But photography had not been invented, and the science of medicine had far to go.

So that Easter morning when You left the little cloth lying and rolled up the pictured Shroud—it was for us. We are the ones who need it. We live in the age of Torture in a world as cruel as Yours. We need to know all about Your Passion even more than other ages did.

We can linger on that fixed negative, that camera film that shows You as You were: a Man, six feet tall, beautiful, Jewish, unspeakable majestic, incorrupt, science, to whom you sent a new message that only we could translate.

The Holy Shroud was treasured always, a bloodstained length of linen serge — there were in earlier ages Christians who studied it and copied it and used its discernible facts in art—like the rigid in suffering and death; a Man bruised, beaten, with torn eyelids, torn nostril, pierced brow and head and neck, with a heart battered and inflamed from the deep wounds of scourging, so because some of us who would that it stabbed and smothered over and over on the road to Calvary; a head on which the Royal Who-Could-Not-Go-Away, bear Crown was three times thrust with us.

And then He hurried out to gather us all under His wing, to be loved. In order to be loved—the thirst, the hunger, the whole purpose of coming. He went about publicly so that we would all know always Who He was, and how to reach Him, and how lucky we were — so that we would know our teachers, and would see that the ends of the earth must be drawn in, all the sheep, all the fishes. Three years to make us feel Love, to put a balm and a desire into twisted, bewildered, resentful minds, and quiet constant routine duties of into patient ones.

THEN SUDDENLY the great price to pay loomed very close. The price for winning us all to love was the loss of our love — strange story. It was rejection, contradiction in terms, a being struck at and spat upon that He might give the kiss of the Spouse of the Canticle, a scourging that He might protect, a nailing that He might fix that He might gather us in.

O My people, you wish my death; I hasten to give you my death for your life. O my people, you come to kill me — I hasten to give you My Body and My Blood. You desire for Me a thousand sufferings how am I straitened till I may use infinite devices to bring you comfort, to keep you orphaned of Me?

O loving Jesus, You desired love. You were the mother whose soul desired her, so that she quiet her heart by deeds upon deeds of further love. Lavish of miracles, You sent Your men by the Supper. You feed them that night upon your very self, gave Yourself into their hands forever.

YOU EVEN ASKED help and befriending (the last touching device against desertion) and tugged at their heartstrings (poor slack strings) with Your love. You used the word "Friend" to one, to waken him; You bade them all be wakenful. You forgave denials, turned one from disaster with the look that must be answered.

And then You bore our unspeakable sin-Cross to Calvary

### The True Likeness

By Sister Margaret Teresa Nasareth College

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Peru Bishop Vatican City — (NC) — Pope Pius XII has named Redemptorist Father Florencio Coronado as Bishop of Huancavelica, Peru.

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### Churches, Schools Should Eliminate Steps, Says Vet

Camden, N.J. — (NC) — Disabled veteran James Duffield of nearby Pennsauken is convinced it's time for architects to start deleting steps from their blue prints so that everybody can get into public buildings, particularly churches and schools.

CONFINED TO a wheelchair by a muscle-wracking disease contracted in Italy during World War II, Mr. Duffield has undertaken a one-man campaign to remind church and civic authorities, and architects that to people with certain physical handicaps steps look like mountains. "Mountains that thousands of persons in this country can't even begin to climb," he said.

It is surprising, the number of people whose disabilities prevent them from attending church, or children who stay away from the ordinary schools, because they simply can't get up the entrance steps, he said.

"It would seem more logical to construct buildings that everybody could enter," the veteran added. "Why spend money building obstacles?"

MR. DUFFIELD lives in a ranch-style house unimpeded by steps or stairs. He pointed out that in some cases the "lay of the land" prevents foundation construction, but you'll notice that practically all of the steps on our main streets have been able to keep their entrances "on the level."

Mr. Duffield is concerned primarily about church entrances.

### 11th Annual Louis A. Wehle FISHING CONTEST

The Guide has complete information on the Fishing Contest rules and regulations PLUS information on the 3rd Annual CONSERVATION CONTEST

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