

Six Weeks In Europe

This is the third in a series of articles describing a six week tour of Europe just completed by the Courier Journal's assistant editor. This article describes five days in Rome.

By REV. HENRY ATWELL

Rome city of Caesars and capital of Catholicism!

"All roads lead to Rome," says the ancient Latin motto, and the seventeen Courier Journal pilgrims agree that the Eternal City was highlight of their journey.

July 2nd temperatures hovered near 100 degrees as our train from Rapallo halted in Rome's ultra-modern gleaming white railroad station.

Spice-and-span in white uniform, an American Express agent met us, told us, "Your audience with the Pope is tomorrow noon. You are to be at the Vatican at 10."

But just about that time the torrid temperatures and a combination of other unaccounted causes left me feeling as if I didn't want to see anybody ever just let me sleep. A doctor quickly diagnosed my ailment (he didn't say exactly what it was) and proceeded to kill my bugs lurking in my blood stream with a double injection of penicillin.

WEDNESDAY morning everybody was up with the dawn to be more than on time for the papal audience.

Father Emeringer of the North American College in Rome arranged for our group to attend the colorful ceremony held Wednesday at the Vatican when the Pope greeted groups from every corner of the Catholic world.

We entered the vast basilica of St. Peter, awed by its majestic lowering beauty and conscious that here was the tomb of the first pope and the throne of his twentieth century successor.

Our tickets assigned us standing room within 50 feet of the Pope's throne, set up in front of the main altar beneath the familiar dome, landmark of the city.

OVER 10,000 were expected to attend the audience, so the tall, young Vatican police were quick in directing inquiring visitors to their assigned places.

"IS THIS the best they would give you?" asked a voice behind me—the clear English of a strange welcome sound after catching snatches of bystanders whispering in a dozen languages.

Monsignor Paul M. Ciaccio, over 30 years pastor of St. Anthony Church, Rochester, and now living in Rome, had heard of our coming and came to greet us.

"You'll be all tired out standing here," he said, then spoke to a guard and we were ushered to seats—a grandstand seat looking directly down at the papal throne.



Mary Meyer, Courier staff member, studies St. Therese relic Father Atwell obtained in visit to Rome. Other relics are of St. John Vianney, St. Mother Cabrini, St. Maria Goretti, and St. Henry (in cross reliquary). Documents testify to authenticity of relics. Large document is parchment scroll granting papal blessing to the pilgrim-editor.

The Pope stood to give his blessing. All knelt as the clear high voice spoke, "Benedictio Dei omnipotentis . . ."

And in the cool of the evening, out in the still majestic ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, one of ancient Rome's public recreation buildings, our pilgrim group attended the opera Tosca.

A chaste white moon and twinkling stars helped light the stage. Centuries merged as the 16th century scenes of the opera unfolded in their setting built in the year 212 by the Emperor Caracalla while Christianity was yet young. A multi-engine plane joned its way overhead for a landing at modern Rome's Ciampino airport.

The few days in Rome were filled with visits to churches, to museums, including the world-famed Sistine chapel with its paintings by Michaelangelo and a two hours, much too brief, tour of the Vatican museum.

July 4th our hotel tables were decorated with little American flags and I phoned Father James Turek, director of the Rome news bureau for America's Catholic papers, and suggested that as Americans "we should have supper together."

We rode in his little Fiat to the Valadier restaurant, ate on the terrace overlooking the city's hundreds of churches and famous monuments.

MONSIGNOR CIACCIO met us Friday morning, took us to see the offices where high ranking churchmen shape the

administrative course of the Church's world-wide activities. We visited his home at the orphanage he helped establish for fifty war waifs and rode out to Rome's suburbs to see modern style home and church structures.

Monsignor Ciaccio sends his best greetings to his friends "back home" in the Rochester Diocese.

In Rome he has been given duties to supervise 14 religious institutions and holds an honorary title of "primarius" at Rome's Church of St. Mary del Orto.

The Monsignor is hale and happy, but we suspect he'd welcome a letter from the people he served in this Diocese. He hears from some quite regularly, he said, but "there were so many others I liked too," he commented.

We had to get back to St. Peter's for I was fortunate in scheduling a Mass at 11:30 a.m. at the tomb altar of Pope Pius X.

You can see his still incorrupt body in the altar's glass front panel. This holy Pope who died in 1914 is the famous "Pope of the Eucharist" who brushed aside contrary customs centuries old to admit children to Communion and told all Catholics to receive the Blessed Sacrament "frequently even daily."

He also said that congregations at Mass were "not to be silent" but to say the prayers with the priest.

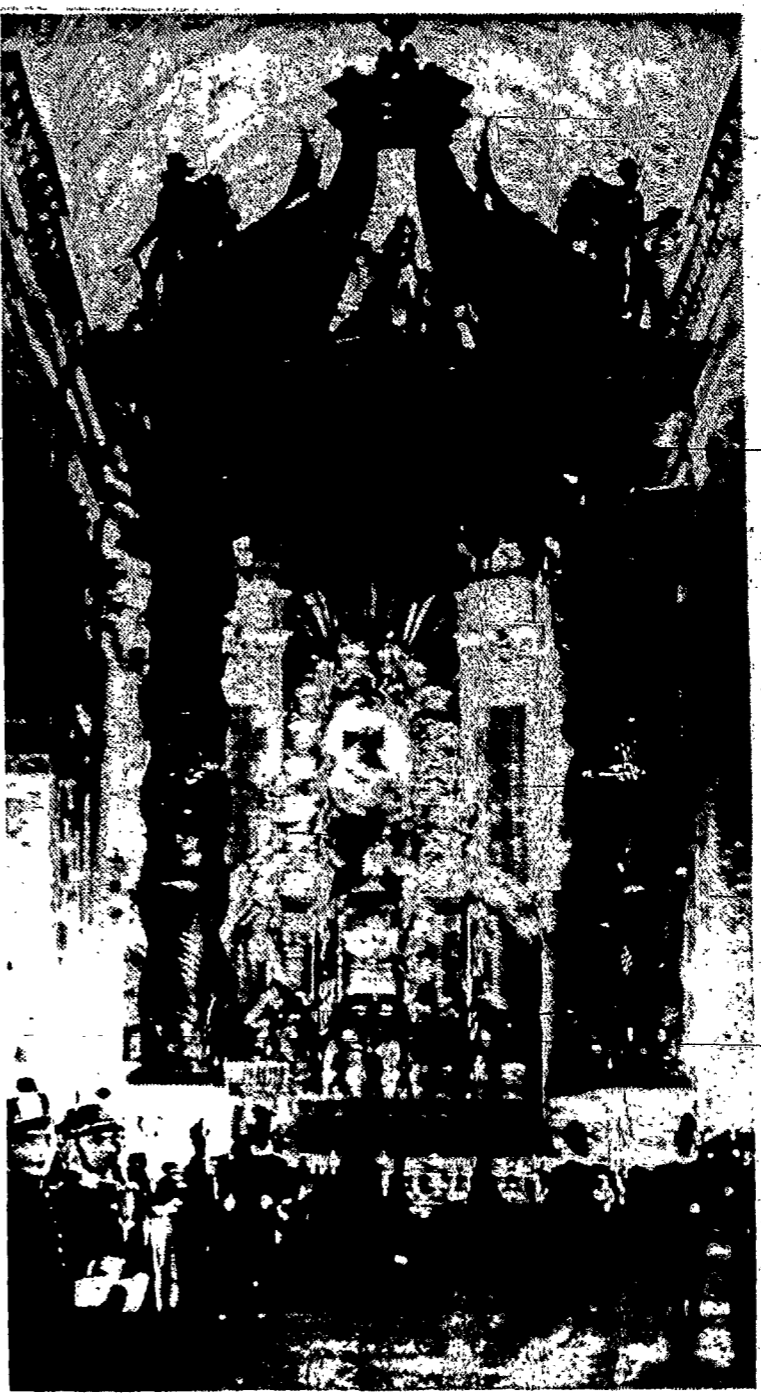
I thought as I viewed the mortal remains of a soul in heaven, "Here is a man we canonized but haven't quite obeyed."

So I said a prayer that all of us, priests and people, will someday heed this holy Pope, that we will begin to attend Mass, receive Holy Communion more frequently, more devoutly, as Pope St. Pius told us to do over 50 years ago.

One article, one visit cannot do justice to Rome.

Longfellow in his poetry is right:

To which all gravitates. One finds no rest Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities That please us for a while, but Rome alone Completely satisfies. It becomes to all A second native land by predilection. And not by accident of birth alone."



St. Peter's Basilica at the Vatican. Pope's throne was set in front of altar for audience.

They Also Serve Who Don't Move

Fushimi, Japan—An old ja-lopy proved an unintentional but effective road block to halt a mob of pushing, shoving, leftist marchers here.

Father Leopold H. Tibesar, Maryknoll Missioner, from Quincy, Ill., is the proud owner of the ancient chariot which seems to have a mind of its own.

The missioner's vehicle stopped dead right in front of the line of leftist marchers. All the expert advice was to no avail. The chariot wouldn't budge and the parade was held up for a half-hour.

It is rumored that the leftists are now demanding an investigation of impetralistic tactics to stop parades.

Cardinal's Mother Dies In Montreal

Montreal—(NC)—Mrs. Ernest Leger, 78, mother of His Eminence Paul Erasmé Cardinal Leger, Archbishop of Montreal, and of Jules Leger, Canada's Undersecretary of State for External Affairs, died (August 21) in Hotel Dieu hospital here.

Mrs. Leger had been ill for some time. Cardinal Leger administered the Last Sacrament to his mother. The second son, Jules, was in London, England, on official business.

New Jersey Laws Fight Obscenity

Trenton—(NC)—Three bills strengthening statutes against the sale or circulation of obscene literature were signed into law by Gov. Robert B. Meyner.

The main bill adds the word "publication" to the list of "obscene" or "indecent" items, the sale or distribution of which, is a misdemeanor punishable by up to three years in jail and a \$1,000 fine.

The measure also broadens the ban by making it a misdemeanor to publish, give away or offer such obscene items for sale. Heretofore the law prohibited only the sale of them.

A second bill makes any of the offenses under the law a high misdemeanor if the sale or exhibition were made to anyone under 18 years of age. This is punishable by seven years in prison and a fine of \$3,000.

Dynamite Didn't Deter Building New Church

Hebron, Ky.—(NC)—A congregation threatened with a dynamite attack only two years ago has built a modern, new church building here with the help and support of fellow townspeople.

The dynamite was thrown in front of the home of Stanley Graves, a restaurant owner and a Protestant, because he had offered his cafe for the Sunday Masses of the newly formed Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission.

The ominous note attached cautioned: "Warning. No time cap and fuse will be attached to this if you want restaurant to stand. Sunday better be the last day for your mission friends."

Despite the warning, Mr. Graves insisted that Father Paul F. Gargelli, the pastor, and his parish go ahead with their plan. They did, but they were determined to have a new church of their own.

Land—was donated, more than \$15,000 was given and pledged by persons of all faiths, and a beautiful little church was designed and built.

Bishop William T. Mulloy of Covington, Ky., dedicated the church on a recent Sunday and called the new building "a living testimony of the faith of the Hebron people."

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