

'A Hundred Miles to the Door'

# Open Windows Need Screens

A double warning was the farewell message given graduates of Nazareth College's summer session.

Bishop Kearney and his vicar general, Monsignor James C. McNiff, cautioned the graduates, most of them young nuns, from falling victim to current "fads" in the Catholic Church.

The Bishop cited Pope John's now famous explanation of why he convoked the Vatican Council — "to open the windows to let some fresh air into the Church."

"And that's the way a lot of strange birds have flown in too," commented the Bishop.

Monsignor McNiff identified some of the birds — the arrogant and articulate spokesmen who view Church history from the Council of Trent to the opening of the present Council as a vast, arid wasteland, the glib propagandists who reduce intricate theological discussions to the level of an ecclesiastical western to stampede the Church into a new and allegedly better pasture land and, finally, the pseudo-intellectuals who rate St. Thomas Aquinas as little better than a boob and throw out his monumental philosophical writings in order to recast all the teachings of the Church in the currently popular philosophy of existentialism.

Tampering with these teachings in the past has resulted in "disaster," Monsignor McNiff said, and he fears a similar disaster looms ahead unless some screens are put on the "open windows."

He told the graduates to "stop, look and listen" when they hear "strident voices" from Europe who advocate turning tried-and-true methods upside down.

He said many of these much-quoted, much-in-demand spokesmen, usually advertised as "liberal" in their views, were actually voicing "dangerous" attitudes — dangerous, that is, to the Catholic faith.

No one can deny that ecclesiastical winds have changed direction since the late Pope decided on opening the windows.

Many eminent clerics have judged the result an ill wind.

And when consequences which will take a toll of immortal souls are involved, all prudent people will admit the need for great caution.

The roots of the problem actually reach deeper than the pontificate of Pope John.

And the proof of this is on the bookshelf in any rectory, convent or Catholic school.

A simple check of the authors of the more serious books of religious significance will reveal they are of European origin — Maritain, Gilson, de Lubac, Guardini, Congar, Kung, Rahner, Hagering, Suenens.

Why no Americans? "We are not standing still," said Monsignor McNiff, despite this top-sided importing of ideas from abroad.

He pointed to the U.S. parochial schools — the world's largest Catholic school system which can provide a youngster with an education from kindergarten through graduate school. He cited the teachers in these schools who have proved themselves equal to or superior to teachers in other schools in the degrees they have attained and the products they produce.

The world today is obviously in ferment. Catastrophic events challenge every answer given, no matter how sacred or ancient its origin.

Perhaps the Europeans, who have twice tasted the catastrophe of war in their own homelands in one generation are more apt to look for new answers and new methods. And perhaps this is where Americans, once considered by the rest of the world for their brashness, can be the needed balance wheel.

To do this, we now need to export our ideas and our experience in as convincing and forceful a way as the Europeans have sent their views to us. Our area of concern in the years ahead must therefore be beyond our own immediate needs.

And in doing this we will but fulfill a wish made by Bishop John Lancaster Spalding at the meeting of the American Catholic bishops in the Third Council of Baltimore eighty years ago. He said the Church needs Catholics "who will take their place among the first writers and thinkers of their day."

Had that wish been fulfilled earlier, we might have had the screens already in place when Pope John "opened the windows."

—Father Henry Atwell

# Segregation Has Many Faces — All Ugly, Cruel



Castel Gandolfo — (RNS) — A turbaned African girl kisses Pope Paul's ring at a papal audience granted to a group of Congolese students. The Pope expressed to the students his "worry" and "uneasiness" over the political situation in the Congo. He said he would pray "fervently and incessantly" for peace and concord in the African nation. Without pause, he said, there can be "no development of great material, cultural and religious resources." The audience took place at the papal summer villa.

(This special article relates personal experiences with racial discrimination by a Lawton, Okla., high school teacher. The author is the mother of three children and holder of a masters degree from Oklahoma State University.)

By MRS. VALERIE FLETCHER WYNN (N.C.W.C. NEWS SERVICE)

For the Negro discrimination hangs like the sword of Damocles, but with a cut much deeper when it falls.

It cuts into the heart and soul and dares you to be a person, dares you to struggle for dignity, until finally you learn, after a bitter and painful struggle, to rise above it.

SEGREGATION has many faces.

Sometimes you see the ugly, cruel glare of unconcealed hate — as I did once in a small Texas town where I had gone to substitute for one day in the Negro school.

At noontime I went downtown to seek lunch. As I walked down the street, I noticed a sign which said "Sandwich Shop."

I knew I must avoid the drug store lunch counters and cafes, but I thought perhaps I could get a sandwich in this place if I did not attempt to seat myself so that they would understand that I would take it from the premises to eat it.

I went inside the small establishment which was filled with people. I started across to the counter, but halfway across the floor I was stopped suddenly by the manager who told me in a loud voice (a hush had fallen when I entered) that he did not serve people of my race.

I was asked to leave at once. It was a hundred miles from where I stood back to the door.

Sometimes the face segregation shows is hypocrisy. As a child, I lived in western Oklahoma on a farm belonging to a broadminded white family from Kansas.

My only nearby playmate was a great-granddaughter of this family. As children we shared every experience and almost every thought.

But the years passed. The first threat to our relationship came when her classmates called her a "nigger-lover."

We lamented over this, tearfully. But she began to withdraw from me; gradually until one day she told me that perhaps it would be best if they would not be together any more.

As a child I was hurt beyond words (I was 16 at the time) for I thought that our friendship

transcended all bounds. It was from this encounter that I began to distrust mixed friendships for, in the majority of cases, such friendships do not withstand the strain of pressures from family and peer groups.

SOMETIMES segregation shows a face of utter stupidity. Unless a person has passed through some of these experiences, they find it hard to accept them as reality.

In the little Texas town where I was born, there are many customs still practiced from antebellum days. In 1954 we returned to attend a family reunion. We had arrived early and received word that my mother would arrive by bus on the following day.

Anxious to see her, we arrived in the downtown area ahead of time and pulled into a parking place near the bus station. As we started to get out of the car, a Negro rushed up to us, out of breath, waving his hands wildly.

He managed to gasp out, "Don't you know that we can't park on the main street!"

Being a Negro, you understood, you asked no questions, you gave no outward sign of

your turbulent emotions. You got back into the car, drove to a side street and walked back to the bus station.

By the time we got back to the bus station, my mother had arrived and was standing outside not knowing whether to risk the chance of going inside and being told to wait outside. My husband picked up her two bags and we made the long trek back to the car.

All this took place in one hundred degree plus August weather. We laugh about the incident among ourselves now, but I assure you we felt no humor at the time.

Speaking of humor, sometimes the face that segregation shows is humorous, in a grim sort of way. I remember the year that I attended school at a large university in Oklahoma.

I was passing inside a building from one class to another. The was the second year that Negroes had been admitted and the first year any had been there in my particular field.

I had grown accustomed (if one ever does) to the staring, but as I passed one open classroom door, I noticed a fellow who had leaned so far forward

that he stared about, so fall from his chair.

I had divided all the students who came to this building into three classes: those who had not seen me, those who had, and those who didn't notice my presence.

In view of the extra pains he was taking, I decided he must be in the first group. I stepped back a couple of steps and leaned around the door so that we both could get a better look. When he realized that we both were engaged in the same business (this took several seconds) he smiled broadly. I smiled back and continued to the classroom down the hall.

The most deadly of segregation's faces is the face that you do not see. You can only watch its reflection in the face of someone you love most — your child.

You teach him many things, but you postpone the day when you must tell him what it means to be a Negro in the South. My husband and I discussed this many times with our first child and we decided to wait until our son began to ask questions. This, we felt, would be tough enough.

The dreaded day came when

he was in school. It was Fire Prevention Week and every student brought home a form to be signed. The form, properly filled out, signed and accompanied by some evidence of a fire hazard that the child had found at home and helped to correct would enable him to a cartoon party at a theater in the downtown area.

My son was quite busy getting his material ready. Every thing had to be just right. When he left for school that morning, he had all the requirements.

We thought that perhaps permission had been granted to allow Negro children to participate. But when he returned home that evening, one look at his face told me that this was not so.

He wanted to know why he couldn't go to the theater. The teacher had told them that they could not go, but she did not tell them why, or at least whatever explanation she offered did not satisfy him.

We decided it was time to talk with him about the new adjustment he would have to make. And believe me, this was about the most difficult thing we as parents ever had to do.

We told him, among other things, that God created us all equal, and that the difference was only in the minds of men, and that the time was coming soon when we would no longer be judged by our race but by our abilities and our achievement.

He listened to all we had to say and his eyes grew round as they always did when you had his full attention. He said nothing when we finished. He seemed quite thoughtful. We wondered if our talk had reached him.

Several days later we had our answer. He came to me as I was preparing supper and asked: "Mother, do you know about niggers?"

I was left speechless, filled with a mixture of emotions that I had never experienced before. How I managed a reply I will never know, but I heard myself answering calmly, "Niggers, what are niggers?"

"Oh," he said, "they are the people who live in nigger town." "And just where is that?" I asked.

"That's over there, past where we sometimes go to play," he gestured.

I thought for a moment and then asked if he knew any "niggers." He said yes, they were the people who were unclean and untidy and that some of their children went to school and were in his room.

We talked further and I asked him to remember our earlier talk and to judge these people for themselves and for themselves only. He promised that he would.

My husband and I have shared a tremendous sense of relief because we could see that although the ugly hand of discrimination had touched our child it had not left its mark.

And so we feel that the frustration we have borne, the silent battles we have waged within ourselves, the humiliations we have endured are behind us now.

The attitudes of our children mean that we, with God's help, have made the necessary adjustment, have risen to the necessary height, have left behind the bitterness which we were often tempted to feel, the selfishly in which we often wished to bury ourselves.

To be able to transmit this outlook to our children is, to us, the richest gift we can give to them. We hope that this heritage will be them as a foundation for a full and happy life.

# Closer Ties in Pax Groups

Washington — (RNS) — An appeal for "greater collaboration" between Roman Catholic intellectuals and student groups was made at the biennial International Assembly of Pax Romana here.

"This means a closer working relationship between our movement's two branches," declared Bishop Mary McGrath, C.S.C., of Santiago de Veraguas, Panama, Pax Romana episcopal moderator for Latin America.

The organization's two branches to which the bishop referred are the International Catholic Movement for Intellectual and Cultural Affairs and the International Movement of Catholic Students.

Bishop McGrath compared these two branches to "spouses who must not too soon be separated."

"At present the intellectuals in the Church are not in contact with our student groups — there has been a divorce of spouse," he said.

"The student movement needs contact with professionals and intellectuals in order to understand more clearly the vocations for which students are preparing."

"On the other hand, doctors, lawyers, engineers — often cut off from the sources of intellectual life — need to found their action also on the principles for which Pax Romana stands. Therefore we must preserve and intensify contact between the two branches of our movement."

Bishop McGrath noted that movement leaders in Latin America propose to do this by increasing the number of houses

of training and leadership formation at or near university campuses where students can meet with faculty members. These centers, he said, also would be used for regional conferences.

Reviewing the 48-year history of Pax Romana, Bishop McGrath said, "What we must ask ourselves is whether or not Pax Romana is a work of the Church for our time — a time of great change and experiment in every field."

"Pax Romana has a prophetic task, an apostolic task and the task of giving witness to Christianity in the university and intellectual world. The Church depends on those in the student community and in the intellectual and professional world for the maturity of her thought."

The international gathering

of students made plans to meet with the intellectual and professional branch in a World Congress at Nalobi, Kenya, in 1966. The last such congress was held in 1963 at Galway, Ireland. Meanwhile, the intellectual movement will hold its next sessions in Bombay, India, in November.

Student delegates debated for 14 hours whether they should seek observer status with the International Union of Students which has world headquarters in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The proposal finally was approved.

## Protestant Views in Newsletter

Huntington, Ind. — (NC) — A bi-monthly newsletter, to carry material condensed from some 100 U.S. Protestant publications and designed to give Catholic priests "a broad and continuing view of what our brothers are saying," will be launched here in September.

Entitled "Voices of Our Brothers," the new eight-page publication will be published by the Robert B. Heasley Family Foundation, Inc., of Louisville, Ky., and edited by Dale Francis, columnist for Our Sunday Visitor, national Catholic weekly published here.

Francis, who edits Our Sunday Visitor's "Operation Understanding" edition, which is circulated among 14,000 Protestant and other Christian clergymen, said in his current (Aug. 9) OSV column that "the ecumenical movement requires that we not only speak but that we listen as well."

His contact with Protestant clergymen through "Operation Understanding," Francis said, has produced what he called the "valiant complaint" that while the Protestants are "keeping up" with developments in the Catholic Church, there is no similar effort on the part of our (Catholic) clergy to keep up with developments within Protestantism.

# Orthodox Would Welcome Help From Catholics

BY GARY MacEOIN

"The Catholic Church can be of the greatest help to Greek Orthodoxy. We have lived for centuries in under developed countries. As compared with you Catholics raised in the modern world, we are behind both in the development of theological thought and in the creation of social and civic institutions. We need your know-how."

It was surprised when these sentiments were expressed to me in Athens by one of the most respected figures in the Greek Orthodox Church, Father Elias Mastrogianopoulos, superior of the Zoe Brotherhood.

It is well known that Greece has been the least enthusiastic of the Orthodox Churches in accepting the initiatives of Patriarch Athenagoras for union. Antagonism to Rome is indeed deep-seated, and a nodding acquaintance with history — recent as well as distant — makes it understandable. But it is by no means universal. Nor has it blinded all Orthodox leaders to the fact that the extreme emphasis on old forms and formulas is a weakness as well as a strength.

The most dedicated proponents of this viewpoint have been the members of the Zoe Brotherhood. In Orthodox, monasticism has almost without exception retained

the contemplative form which alone it took in the early Church. There has been no movement to parallel that of the mixed and active orders and congregations of men and women which form an almost essential part of Catholicism as we know it.

One of the few exceptions is the Zoe Brotherhood founded by a Father Eusebius Mathopoulos.

It began informally as a mission band. "The people have indeed a lively sense of religion in their hearts, but because they have neither guides nor preachers, nor pastors to lead them to the saving and life-giving truth, they are sleeping the sleep of apathy and spiritual death," wrote Father Eusebius to a friend in 1879.

In passing, an interesting aspect of the Brotherhood, whose members now exceed a hundred, is that the majority are laymen. They are not, however, lay brothers as they would be in a typical Catholic community, but full members on the same level as the priests. Many of them are trained theologians (as is common in Greek Orthodoxy) and they preach missions on terms of complete equality with the priests.

The missionaries gradually saw new horizons. In 1911 they started a magazine called Zoe (meaning life). It has prospered and

has now a weekly circulation exceeding 150,000. It has also expanded into Greece's biggest religious publishing operation, printing bibles, prayer books, devotional books, pamphlets, and a range of periodicals for the young.

Incidentally, the Brotherhood, an unsubsidized non-profit organization, lives mainly from the profit on its printing and publishing activities.

Publishing is, nevertheless, only one phase of Zoe's work for young people. It has organized a broad spectrum of other programs and activities, from hostels for university students to technical schools, clubs for young workers and for young intellectuals, summer camps, and training centers for catechists. A group of unmarried women university graduates has been formed into a lay community, something like a secular institute, to run hostels for university co-eds.

Contacts have been established with counterparts among both Protestants and Catholics in the West, and a few members of Zoe have studied Young Christian Worker methods in Western Europe.

The work is, of course, carried on with approval of the Holy Synod of Greece. Many, nevertheless, criticize it for its de-

partures from tradition. When one of the Brothers expressed to me his concern at a falling off in the membership of the Union of Young Workers, I suggested that perhaps the almost monastic regime they counseled was too removed from the actuality of these young people's lives.

"I agree," he replied, "but as of now we seem to be trapped. A few years ago we introduced joint talks to university students of both sexes, in separate sections of the hall, of course, but still together. The outraged protests from the older people almost brought the building down around our ears."

Since World War II, Athens has felt the impact of the modern world. The movies, the transistors, the television serials, the pop tunes and all the paraphernalia of the new way have seduced the young people. Their world is light years removed from that of traditional Orthodoxy. Those who understand the need for change are still few. They are also conscious of their own inadequate preparation for dealing with strange, foreign phenomena.

That is why, as Father Elias said to me, they need our know-how. Dogmatic agreement may still be far in the future, but moral and technical cooperation can quickly become a reality.

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