

Priestly Vocations Up In the Philippines

Priestly vocations are definitely on the rise in the Philippine Islands, a Rochester missionary reported last week. Fa-



FATHER LEFROIS

ther Bernard LeFrois S.V.D. can speak with authority, since he is spiritual director and Scripture professor at a major seminary there.

Father LeFrois and other priests of the Divine Word missionary order staff the archdiocese seminary at Vigan, Ilocos, in the South Philippine area. He's been at this post since 1956, after having taught Scripture at the SVD seminary in Techny, Illinois during the early years of his priesthood. (He was ordained in 1934).

"Our seminary had 14 young men ordained this year, and we have a total of 135 Filipino students enrolled. We feel optimistic that most of them will be ordained, for the 'drop-out' rate is very low in our major seminary," he recounted.

The great majority of the 3,500 Catholic priests serving in the Philippines are native clergy now, he said, with the foreign-born priests mainly in college or seminary teaching posts.

"That doesn't mean that we have anywhere enough priests," Father LeFrois quickly added, "but it does mean that the situation is improving and that native vocations are springing up in goodly numbers."

From an old St. Boniface family (Father LeFrois had three sisters who entered religious life. One, Sister Rose Cecilia, S.S.J., died last year; another, Sister Alphonis Marie, S.S.J., now teaching at St. Agnes School, Avon, will celebrate her golden jubilee in July. A third sister, Sister Jane, is also a missionary, serving in Accra, Ghana (West Africa) with the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Spirit).

A fourth sister, Mrs. Harold Sentiff, died in March this year. Father LeFrois is visiting at the home of Mr. Sentiff, his brother-in-law, in St. Plus X parish. For most of his 6 weeks at home, however, he will be staying at St. Michael's Mission at Conesus, N.Y.

As evidence of the strong Catholic spirit in the Philippines, Father LeFrois referred to the recent founding of a new mission seminary in Cebu City, Cebu.

"This will be a seminary preparing diocesan priests to go to other Asiatic lands as missionaries. Already a number of Filipino priests are working in Indonesia," he reported.

The Catholic Church in the Philippines just celebrated its 400th anniversary in those islands last year.

Father Brown Home From Brazil Mission

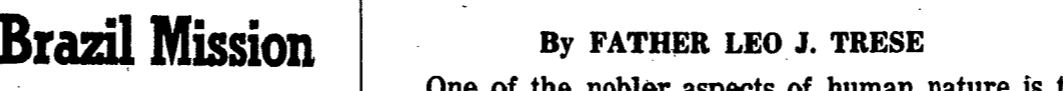
Father Thomas Brown, O.M.I., Oblate missionary in Brazil, is spending his vacation in Rochester. Before leaving South America he spent several days with the Rochester Sisters of St. Joseph at their mission in Jatal. Father Brown will show movies and slides of this trip at St. Thomas the Apostle Church on July 19th at 7:30 p.m.

Currently, Father Brown is director of vocations for the Oblate Fathers in Brazil where 70 young Brazilians are studying in his Minor Seminary. He has been in Brazil since 1957.

After graduating from Aquinas in 1944, he entered the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point. After the war he was active in the Rochester Junior Salesmen Club and Junior Chamber of Commerce.

His brother, Rev. Bernard Brown, also of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, has been a missionary in the Canadian Arctic for 17 years.

Oblate Father Thomas Brown teaches a child how to say the Rosary on a coffee plantation (fazendas) near Jatal, Brazil. The nun, a native Brazilian, is a Holy Family Sister.



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Praise Is Golden

By FATHER LEO J. TRESE

One of the nobler aspects of human nature is the fact that we find pleasure in being of help to other persons. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. There are individuals who are too self-centered even to see the needs of others, let alone minister to those needs. Most of us do experience a brief inner glow, however, when we know that some word or act of ours has eased another's burden.

More often than not, a vocation to the priesthood or religious life begins with a youth's vision of the great good he or she can do in bringing souls to God and to happiness. Many—if not most—young men who study medicine are motivated by the challenge of easing the sufferings of their fellow men.

In such professions as nursing and teaching, where the material rewards are so meager, only the pleasure of helping others can account for the recruits who annually flock to these callings. Peace Corpsmen and lay missionaries are other examples of this almost universal urge to lighten our brother's load.

MOST OF US, by reason of our circumstances, have to be content with less noticeable acts of mercy—the small deeds of neighborliness which are scattered through our days. Of this we can be certain: a person who rarely does anything to bring joy or relief to another, is a very unhappy person. He cuts himself off from one of life's greatest satisfactions.

This being so, it is surprising that so many of us neglect a remarkably simple tool for brightening the lives of others. This tool, so available and so often ignored, is the word of praise. It costs nothing to speak a word of praise. Yet most of us are stingier with our commendations than we are with our money.

To appreciate the happiness-potential of praise, we have only to recall how quickly our own morale rises with a pat on the back. "That was a good job you did." "You handled that situation beautifully." "You have such excellent taste." How our spirits do soar on the wings of a sincere compliment!

Why are we so miserly with our words of praise? Some times the reason may be envy or jealousy—basically pride. It hurts us to admit that anyone can do, say or think something better than ourselves.

More commonly, however, it is a matter of thoughtlessness. It just doesn't occur to us to speak the laudatory word when the opportunity presents itself. Perhaps we take it for granted that the person already knows that he is clever or capable. Or we may be so unobservant that we

At Our House

Travel Talk

By MARY TRINITY DALY

Turning a deaf ear to at least a hard-of-hearing ear to government admonitions to "see America first" this summer, one of those at our house has taken off for Europe.

When Ginny was offered an opportunity to join a tour group, it was too good to pass. "What I spend in Europe will never upset the national economy!" she laughed. "I'll have enough money to send post-cards home and, if lucky, can bring you a bottle of French perfume—maybe."

Chance coming quickly, we had to step lively: first of all a vaccination—ouch! Then search for a birth certificate, with everybody's—but Ginny's stashed away safely in a folder marked "Valuable papers."

THANK GOODNESS, official files in the city of her birth are kept in better order than are those of her somewhat unorganized parents.

On to the passport business. Name, address, physical description, hair-color? "Let's put blond," she suggested. "Since I have only one summer to live in Europe, I think I'll live it as a blond."

"Blond" went the fill-in and Ginny was committed to Nordic hair coloration for the duration.

"Outstanding physical characteristics" read the form. Ginny studied herself in the mirror. "Gee, I look like any other girl my age—maybe a little bit chubbier—but I don't want that to be official because I'm going to start on a diet tomorrow and by take-off time they might not recognize me. Let's see... 'Wear glasses' she wrote.

Came the homework, quickly accelerated homework, a renewal of geography lessons which suddenly took on meaning.

"Wish I'd studied this harder, also European history, when I was in the grades and in high school." Big gulps of epitomized history and geography were sandwiched in between chapters on "How to Get the Most Out of Your European Vacation," and "Viewing Europe on Five Dollars a Day."

Clothes? Well, like any woman, Ginny "didn't have a thing to wear," an opinion that was rapidly dispelled as, in true stern-parent fashion, we inventoried her closet, reminding her

of the weight limit on planes, the fact that nobody she would meet had ever seen anything she was taking, and they couldn't care less.

"I want to Europe once with a guy who took 54 pieces of baggage," the Head of the House announced, "and he had more fun than any of the rest of us, burdened down with suitcases."

"Fifty-four pieces?"

"Yes," said the Head of the House. "He took a deck of cards and a pair of socks. And fifty-two of his pieces of luggage took everything but our sock from the rest of us!"

"Daddy has a joke to fit everything," Ginny wrote with her planning, "but I do think I'll need another pair of heels..."

"Three pairs of heels," from Martie who recently returned from Europe. "Ginny, you're nuts. One pair of heels, you've got 'em already, and another pair of loafers. You'll be walking, and I do mean walking, miles and miles if you really want to see things."

The Voice of Experience. CAME P.D.A.Y. (Pack Day): every piece of luggage at our house was brought out, weighed on the bathroom scales. The "must takes" were weighed, then the "would like to take" — and came the decisions.

Like a hovering mother hen we tried to insert opinions — we who had never been to Europe. "You'll need a stout raincoat, they say it's rainy in England."

"Mom, I'm the one that got it! I got soaked, well, I'll dry out."

Once we had been 10 years old. So we left Ginny with her decisions and regrets in her having majored in history, geography and card playing. Downstairs we turned on TV. What we saw we can't remember.

Fully packed within weight limits, next day a sassy Ginny drove to the airport, the Head of the House and I passengers in the car.

After a good-bye, we stood watching our youngest walk confidently up the steps to the plane. She waved to us as she entered the Big Bird, on her way to a new experience.

In a jet, in six hours, she flew the ocean, her great-grandparents had taken six months to cross in windjammers.

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THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION AID TO THE ORIENTAL CHURCH

A Capuchin priest in Omager, Ethiopia, lives in a suffocating hut in a malaria-infested cemetery because of people he loves. . . . His name is Father Michael. He might have been your son, your nephew, or the boy next door. . . . "From the time I was seven I wanted to be a missionary," Father Michael tells you. "God has been good to me. These people I care for, the Cuneans, are wholesome and lovable. I'll stay with them as long as I live, I hope. They deserve to know how to read and write, how-to-be-useful, how to save their souls. . . . You wish to yourself that you could stay in Omager to help Father Michael. He needs a church (the materials will cost only \$2,600), a school (\$3,200), a decent, simple rectory (\$1,400). You know you'll never forget him. . . . Like to build this church (or the school, or rectory) in memory of your loved-ones? If so, name it for your favorite saint. . . . At least, send something (\$100, \$75, \$50, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$5, \$2, \$1) to help this heroic priest help others. Your heart will be happy, believe me.

Last Sunday was Father's Day. Our missionary priests will celebrate immediately the Masses you request for loved ones, living or deceased. Mass offerings purchase food and clothing, since most of our priests have no other income.

DID YOU FORGET?

Members of this Association, living and deceased, are remembered in the Masses (15,000 yearly) and daily prayers of all our priests and Sisters. Enroll yourself, your parents, your friends? The dues (For an individual: \$1 a year, \$20 for life—For a family: \$5 a year, \$100 for life) are used in mission emergencies. Simply write to us.

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Golden Anniversary

MR. AND MRS. CARL BOCHENEK, 13 Rock Ave., Auburn, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary Sunday, June 6. A reception given by their children was held at the Polish Home. They were married in St. Hyacinth's Church and have 5 children and 16 grandchildren. Mr. Bochenek, now retired, was employed at the International Harvester Co. Their children are Mrs. Ronald Malder of Rochester; Chester Bochenek and Mrs. Helen Chodl of Auburn; John Mochenek of Mount Morris, and Mrs. Stanley Pleluszak of North Syracuse.

God Love You

Most Reverend
Fulton J. Sheen

One reads in the press of wars and rumors of wars, race riots, fear of nuclear explosions. About 90 per cent of the news is made up of stories about those who break God's commandments. In our office we live in a different world—a world of faith and sacrifice in which souls in America are in almost immediate touch with the hungry and thirsty in other lands.

I am writing this just a few minutes after the following incident took place. An elderly woman with little of this world's goods had saved \$300 to have an operation on her ear in order that she might recover her hearing. After thinking it over she decided that she would give the \$300 to the Holy Father's Society for the Propagation of the Faith and remain hard-of-hearing for 'what little time is left for me here on earth.' When I wrote to thank her for her gift I told her that Our Blessed Lord had said that some have "ears and do not hear." He was referring to those who are spiritually deaf, that is, unresponsive to the word of salvation. I assured her that, thanks to her resignation to deafness, many in mission lands would be able to hear the Gospel.

It is good for us to know that we live in a Church in which the Cross and the Sacraments inspire such beautiful devotion. It is also very likely that the gift of \$300 which she gave will do an exceptional amount of good in the Missions because of the love that went into it. Thomas a Kempis said: "Regard not so much the gift of the giver as the love of the giver." That is one of the reasons why we try to inspire in our readers a deep love of the Missions, in order that with whatever gift you sacrifice, there may be poured out to the unbelieving people some spark of love of God which is already in your hearts.

GOD LOVE YOU to "Grateful" for \$50 "It's about time that I started thanking God. This is just the start of what I should have done years ago. . . . to 42 sixth graders in Newburgh, N.Y. for \$10.72 "Our study of Africa, China and India made us realize how much the people there need. So we saved our money. It's not much but it's all we have right now." —Anna, for \$20 "In reparation."

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Cadette Scouts Receive Award

Cornwall—Twenty-three Cadette Girl Scouts received the Catholic Marian Award during formal ceremonies recently at St. Patrick's Church.

The award is sponsored by the National Catholic Welfare Conference of Washington, D.C. and locally by the Council of Catholic Women.

A sermon was given by the Rev. John E. Koch of St. Patrick's, with the medals presented by the Rev. William Thomas of St. Vincent de Paul's.

The Rev. William Tobin of St. Patrick's celebrated Benediction.

Organist was Miss Paula Satterly, who received the award three years ago.

To qualify for the award, a girl must have a working knowledge of the fundamentals of her faith and the cultural background of her religion. Much of the information she acquires is written in a scrapbook that she prepares to fulfill various requirements.

Knights Elect Frank Cross

Cornwall—Frank Cross has been elected grand knight of Cornwall Council, Knights of Columbus, as successor to Robert O'Dell.

Others elected, and who will assume their new duties as of July 1, are as follows:

Peter Knott, deputy grand knight; Robert Young, chancellor; Richard Aker, warden; Robert Reynolds, advocate; Andrew Jackson, recording secretary; Stanley Dytewski, treasurer; Joseph Sharp, inside guard; Joseph Contento, outside guard and Robert O'Dell, trustee.

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Get out this column, pin your sacrifice to it and mail it to Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 306 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001, or to your Diocesan Director, Rev. John F. Duffy, 10 Chestnut Street, Rochester, New York 14604.