

# Prayer For Unity is For Everyone

"The Lord of ages . . . in recent time more than ever before . . . has been rousing divided Christians to remorse over their divisions and to a longing for unity." Catholics are exhorted "to recognize the signs of the times and to take an intelligent part in the work of ecumenism."

Such is the directive of the Decree on Ecumenism, which applies in a special way during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity observed in many parts of the world during January 18-25. The theme for 1968 is "For the praise of His glory" stressing the role of man as spokesman in giving glory to God for all of creation.

All Christians should pray for religious unity always, especially during the Week of Prayer. It is not optional, a matter of preferences; rather it is a duty, an obligation binding on all, based on love for God and for one's neighbor. Jesus gave us an example of His own prayer for unity on the night before He died "That they all may be one, just as You Father in Me and I in You, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that You sent Me."

The posture of the Catholic Church, her ecumenical position, is a result of the renewal of Vatican II. American bishops have declared that ecumenism "sounds a new note . . . maps out a new path . . . experiences a new openness . . . a new friendship . . . a new spirit of cooperation."

Ecumenism demands a change of mind and heart in everyone and this change is achieved through humble and sincere prayer, through the prayer of faith and of love. The document on ecumenism from the Vatican Council tells us: "This change of heart and holiness of life along with public and private prayer for the unity of Christians should be regarded as the soul of the whole ecumenical movement and can rightly be called spiritual ecumenism."

Ecumenism must be concerned with the common problems which besiege the human family — hunger, poverty, drug addiction, mental illness, marriage problems, war and so many others. These are not identical with ecumenism, but they impinge very heavily upon it and ecumenism should have relevance in solving them.

Modern man seems to cry out: "Come to us where we are! Help us to make the passage into the coming technocratic age without falling into the despair and brutality of a new paganism. Teach us sincere respect and affection for our fellow men. If the charity of the Good Samaritan burns in your hearts, show us that you share our anxieties and aspirations. In our struggle to build the city of man, we need the support which your faith and hope alone can give."

We must hear the cry of anguish arising from men today who are so restless, so burdened, so disheartened. We must hear them and we must try to act—above all we must pray.

Our prayers for unity should assume a kind of holy urgency. It is because of the tremendous problems which face the world and are crying out for a Christian answer. But we desire unity not simply because we Christians need to be united against the evils and enemies on so many sides. There is a far stronger reason: it is God's will that His followers be united in the one body which He has established for their salvation.

Accordingly all Christians should pray earnestly and sincerely during the Unity Octave. It began in 1908 by Father Paul, S.A., of Graymoor, N.Y., and was developed by Fr. Paul Coutureir of Lyons, France in 1935. At the present time it is promoted by Christians in many parts of the world as a special spiritual effort to bring the blessing of unity upon the entire Christian family.

We should pray fervently for unity always, but especially during January 18-25, together with our brothers and sisters in so many nations who are asking God "that all may be one"—"Where there are two or three gathered in my name there I am in the midst of them." If Christ be in us and with us, then indeed unity shall come.

—Father Titus Cranny, Society of the Atonement

## Joseph A. Breig

### An Analogy: Billiards is Not Pool

Unrelated things can sometimes bump together oddly and unexpectedly in the mind. What on earth, for instance, can be the intellectual relationship between the word "billiards" and the words "birth control?"

What these terms have in common is the fact that they are widely and grossly misused, in the press and in conversation—and this is in the loosest and foggiest fashion, as if the world were not already sufficiently supplied with the ingredients for confusion and bubbleheadedness.

At the risk of publicly confessing both a mispent youth and the chronological age of a dinosaur, permit me to say that I am the only creature left alive who knows that billiards is not pool and pool is not billiards, and that to call pool billiards is like calling a squash a chrysanthemum, or a carrot an orchid.

Perhaps a better comparison would be to say that calling pool billiards is like calling checkers chess.

This is not to say (peace, Jackie Gleason!) that I look down my nose at pool, or that I do not admire its expert practitioners, such as Minnesota Fats. Quite the contrary, I like to see people keeping things sorted out, not dumping them helterskelter together.

Billiards and chess are the royalty among all the games ever devised by the ingenuity of man.

I speak as one who has sat many a night brooding, with a boon companion, over pawns and knights and rooks; and as one who not only used to hang around pool parlors, but

even earned an honest dollar now and then racking up balls.

Our town's billiards players were the elite, recognized as such without envy. If any proof is needed, consider: there were eight or 10 pool tables—but one billiards table only.

Billiards is two gleaming white ivory balls and one red ivory ball, exquisitely spherical, rolling on a green pocketless table. Billiards is a magician with a wand called a cue, sending the three spheres curving, caroming, slanting, spinning, touching, separating and reuniting in intricate patterns,

like dancers whirling to the music of an invisible and unheard orchestra.

Pool is not billiards and billiards is not pool. And although contraception is birth control, birth control need not be contraceptive. Until that fact is grasped, intelligent discussion is impossible.

The Church does not, as journalists are forever saying that it does, "forbid birth control." What the Church has always said is that God forbids contraceptive birth control. Is it too much to ask newspapers and magazines to get that straight?



"At least—the ultimate in the push-button automated factory . . ."

#### Jesuit Magazine Folds

New York — (NC) — Jesuit Missions, Inc., the central office for United States and Canadian Jesuit mission work, has announced that it has suspended publication of its mission publication, "JM" magazine, with its December, 1967, issue.

Father James P. Cotter, S.J., director of Jesuit Missions, explained that since its founding in 1927 "JM" had relied heavily on preaching in churches throughout the country to obtain subscriptions and that this means of obtaining revenue has been increasingly closed to mission groups.

#### Packaging Ruses

From personal experience, we are all aware of some of the booby traps set for us in the supermarket: boxes of cookies and cereal with inches of air space on top, the "7 cents off" labels (seven cents off what?), the fractional weights in various sizes of detergents—"regular" vs. "economy" for example—that test our mathematical ability and hoodwink us often into spending more for the "economy" size than we would for the "regular," the deceptive "servings" per can or package.

Incidentally, the five-year battle for the "Truth in Packaging and Labeling Act" ended when Congress passed such a weakened version that "caveat emptor" must still be the housewife's slogan.

The testimony revealed by Mr. Mowbray during those hearings shows the wily ways American shoppers, who spend more than \$71 billion a year for groceries, have their pockets picked every time they walk into a supermarket.

#### Shell Game

Along this line, we were particularly interested in a recent book by A. Q. Mowbray, "The Thumb on the Scale of the Supermarket Shell Game," published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. It is an in-depth study of the five-year struggle in Congress to enact an effective "truth in packaging" bill under leadership of Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan.

In other words, Latin words "caveat emptor," "Let the buyer beware."

Perhaps this is a purely feminine reaction, "way off-trail from the masculine thinking that 'you have to spend money to make money.' Nevertheless, every homemaker can see the immediate saving at the check-out counter when she shops carefully, carries home a load of groceries that represents a real saving of money without sacrifice of nutritional value for her family.

With the arrival of those plain white open-faced envelopes from every department store in town, each containing a minor or major shock in its December total, comes time to rein in the finances.

With the arrival, also, of added poundage from holiday feasting, dresses as tight as the wallet is loose, most logical step would seem to be to turn attention to the food budget.

Such ruses do not come about by chance. If we were naive enough to think so, author Mowbray tells us: "With the elevation of the package from the humdrum role of container to the infinitely more glamorous one of salesman, the psychologists, the motivators, the hucksters, and the pitchmen rushed in to stake their claims in this new and exciting field. The profession of 'packaging consultant' was born, with many applicants for the position."

We notice, too, the maddening change in packages even of our favorite brands of foods and by-products sold in supermarkets: jars and cartons that grow ever taller and wider yet contain less; bottles with nipped-in waists; the net weights, required by law to be carried, that shift from place to place and are often almost indistinguishable, such as silver printing on an aluminum-covered box.

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#### Tempting—but Expensive

Tempted by all the goodies in the supermarket, the hydrated, time-saving convenience foods, mixes for everything from old-fashioned shortening bread to the latest quickie (usually requiring us to add the more expensive ingredients like eggs), the cleansers and detergents promising a sparkle to our teeth—we could easily dissipate that grocery budget. Then there is the added exhortation from the small-fry to "buy this that I saw on television," from cereal to bubble-bath.

Girded with the resolution for a cutback in this most easily cuttable portion of our spending, Mrs. Average Housewife still has recourse to that inner feminine resource, common sense.

Many of the intriguing mixes we can mix ourselves in short order; homemade soup is more delicious than canned and available with a modicum of work; we can at home add raisins and sugar to cereals rather than buy the TV kind; baking soda and washing soda (sal soda) are unperfumed but still splendid basics in the area of cosmetics, laundry and cleaning, obtainable at a fraction of the cost of fancy and highly touted products.

So, in 1968, Caveat Emptor!

#### At Our House

### The Word Is: 'Caveat Emptor'

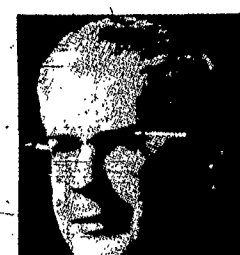
By Mary Tinley Daly



#### On the Right Side

### The New Vandals

By Father Paul J. Cuddy



In the year 455 A.D. the Vandals invaded Rome. They sacked and burned the city. They looted the churches, defiled the sacred instruments of prayer and worship. With an enthusiasm for destruction they carried on this work successfully. There was no power, civil or church, to withstand them.

Our twentieth century Vandals are the same breed in their zeal to destroy. Their object is less the church buildings and sacred instruments, although these may be in the plan. Rather, they work to destroy non-liturgical devotions, especially the rosary and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

The Vandals roughly fall into two classes; namely, 1) the ritualists and 2) the rugged individualists. The ritualistic camp loves pretty vestments, untelligible art and drama. They seem more sentimentally involved with the poor rather than practically.

The rugged individual camp affects anti-liturgical vestments of T-shirts and turtle neck sweaters. They prefer a plank for an altar, preferably not in a church. They evolve a Eucharistic ritual spun from their own ego or from the unplanned spontaneity of "the community" which at times have substituted fairy tales and James Joyce for the Word of God. At least of the quasi-hippie Vandals, many do love the poor "not in-tongue and in word, but in deed and in truth." (I John 3).

A common bond between the fancy Dads and the rough necks is a strange disdain for private

adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Some will quote Karl Rahner as an opponent of Eucharistic devotion. For example, they take out of context: "Theologically it is the sentence 'Take and eat, this is my body' that is the first and basic proposition of Eucharistic theology, and not the sentence 'Christ is here present.'" (The Christian Commitment — K. Rahner p. 189) and again "A church is not only nor even primarily, a place where the Eucharist is reserved." (p. 199).

The same Rahner wrote in the same book: "It is not medieval, but biblical for a Christian to realize when considering the sacrament, that we are given the bodily Self of the Lord, that we are given the possibility of addressing ourselves in faith and in love, in adoration and acceptance to the Lord bodily present to us." (p. 198).

The enthusiastic down-with-medieval devotion boys seem to lose sight of the promise of Christ to remain with His Church. The Holy Spirit did not depart from the Church in the 13th century to return on the occasion of Vatican Council II.

Father Rahner reminds us: "It would be a severe loss to Catholic devotional life if a false romanticism about the early church led to the abandonment of what has developed in the course of the history of devotion. . . . A practice with a thousand years of history behind it has its rights, even if they are not the first thousand years." (p. 187).

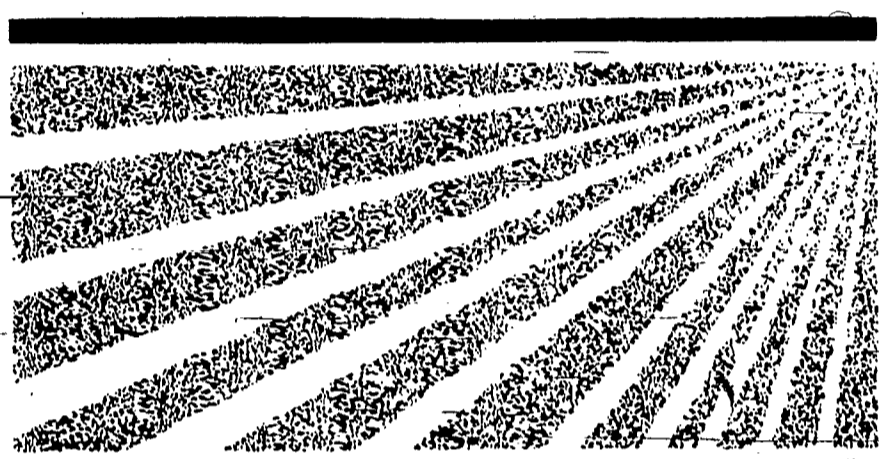
Five years ago last August a little boy died in Clyde. His name was Paul and he was nine. He died suddenly and unexpectedly. He had completed the third grade in our fine parish school. He looked forward to becoming an altar boy. He was artistically talented, intelligent and intense.

I recall him in many activities, especially his vigor in the playground; but the memory I have clearest of that little boy is this: On a crisp morning in May, he was kneeling before the altar, rosary beads clutched in his hands, eyes toward the tabernacle. On his face shone not only utter faith, but love, devotion, loyalty to Jesus Christ.

When he died the whole town mourned with the family, and at the burial I wept with them in sorrow. He hardly comprehended the theological terms of God's presence immanently, mystically, transcendently in the community, et al. But he did know that Jesus Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament. He did love the Lord. He was wiser than the Vandals.

Only God can measure the unmeasurable but one helpful indication of the faith in a parish is devotion to the Eucharist, both at the Sacrificial Banquet and in visits to the Lord Jesus Christ present in the tabernacle, to Whom be glory forever.

"A practice with a thousand years of history behind it has its rights, even if they are not the first thousand years."



### Spectrum Of Opinion

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—Anonymus