

Christ in Communist Prisons' He Engages in Theological, Social Debate with Captor

This is the third in a series of excerpts from the book 'Christ in Communist Prisons' by the Rev. Richard Wurmbrand.

My arrest, in the widespread roundups that were going on at this time, could have been considered an answer to my prayer, but never could I have imagined that the first man to join me in my cell would be Comrade Patrascanu himself.

When the door of my room in Camp Rahova opened, a few days after my arrival, to admit the tall, hawk-eyed Minister of Justice, I supposed at first that he had come in person to question me. Why was I so honored? Then the door was locked behind him; stranger still, his shirt was open at the neck and he wore no tie. I looked down at his highly polished shoes—no laces; the second prisoner in my brand-new cell was the man who had brought communism to power in our country.

I tried to show Patrascanu the true source of his convictions. 'You're like Marx and Lenin,' I said, 'whose ideas and actions were also the outcome of early suffering. Marx felt genius within him, but as a Jew in Germany with anti-Semitism-rampant, he could find no outlet for it except as a revolutionary. Lenin's brother was hanged for an attempt on the emperor's life—rage and frustration made him want to overturn the establishment. It's been much the same with you.'

Patrascanu dismissed the idea. His nerves found an outlet in argument with me and in tirades against the wickedness of the church. The evil days of the Borgias, the Spanish Inquisition, the savagery of the Crusades, Galleo's persecution, were all surveyed.

It was said now in Rumania that life consisted of the four "autos": the auto-criticism that had to be recorded regularly in office and factory, the automobile

that took you to the Secret Police, the autobiography they made you write, and your autopsy.

Knowing that torture lay ahead, I resolved to kill myself rather than betray others. I felt no moral scruples; for a Christian to die means to go to Christ. I would surely understand. If St. Ursula had been canonized for killing herself rather than lose her virginity to the barbarians who sacked her monastery, then my duty to protect my friends was also more important than life.

"But it's the crimes and errors of the Church that give us so much more to admire in it," I said.

Patrascanu was startled. "What do you mean?" I said, "A hospital may stink of pus and blood; in that lies its beauty, for it receives the sick with their festering sores and possible diseases. The Church is Christ's own hospital. Millions of patients are treated in it, with love. The Church accepts sinners; they continue to sin, and the Church is blamed for their transgressions. On the other hand, the church seems to me like a mother who stands by her children, even when they commit crimes. The politics and prejudices of its servants are distortions of what comes from God—that is, the Bible and its teachings, worship and the sacraments. Whatever its faults, the Church contains much that is sublime."

Again several days passed without my being troubled. The Communists reverse normal police methods, which rely on the shock of arrest to make a prisoner talk. They prefer to let him "ripen." The interrogator never says what he wants, he merely circles around his prey, creating anxiety and guilt. While the man is racking his brains for the reason of his arrest, tension is built up by other tricks: a constantly postponed trial, the tape-recorded sound of a firing screams from other prisoners. He begins to make false judgments. One explanation forces him to acknowledge his guilt. The interrogator becomes sympathetic. He offers hope and an end to suffering, if the prisoner will admit that he deserves punishment and tell all. So Appel returned in a few days, and the first of my innumerable interrogations began.

So interrogation continued, month after month. You had to be convinced of your criminal past before Communist ideals could be implanted, and they took root only when you had succumbed to the belief that you were entirely, endlessly, in the party's power and had surrendered every fragment of your life.

Dulgheru's questions were persistent, but thought he had sensed something important. In the weeks that followed I

was worn down by a variety of means. The beds were removed from the cell and I had barely an hour's sleep a night, balanced on a chair. Twice every minute the spy hole in the door gave a metallic click, and the eye of a guard appeared. Often when I dozed he came in and kicked me awake. In the end I lost all sense of time. Once I awoke to see the cell door ajar. Soft music crept along the corridor: or was it an illusion? Then the sound grew dis-

torted and became a woman's voice, sobbing. She began to scream. It was my wife!

"Please don't beat me. I can't bear it."

There was the sound of a Every muscle in my body was taut with horror. Slowly the voice began to die away, whip on flesh. The screams rose to an appalling pitch, moaning; but now it was the voice of a stranger. It faded into silence. I was left trembling, sweat-drenched, drained of feeling. Later I learned that the screams had come from a tape recorder, but every prisoner who heard it believed the victim to be his wife or sweetheart.

"Do you know," he said with venom, "that I can order your execution now, tonight, as a counter-revolutionary?"

I said, "Colonel, here you have the opportunity for an experiment. You say you can have me shot. I know you can. So put your hand here on my heart. If it beats rapidly, showing that I am afraid, then know there is no God and no eternal life. But if it beats calmly, as if to say, 'I go to the One I love, then you must think again. There is a God, and an eternal life.'"

Dulgheru struck me across the face, and immediately regretted his loss of self-control. "You fool, Georgescu," he said. "Can't you see that you're completely at my mercy and that your Saviour, or whatever you call him, isn't going to open any prison doors?"

On his nightly round of inspection, he flicked the spy hole cover back to watch me for a moment. "Still there, Georgescu? What's Jesus doing tonight?"

I said, "He's praying for you?" He walked away without replying.

The next day he was back again. Under his supervision, I was made to stand facing a wall with my hands raised above my head so that my fingertips just touched it. "Just keep him there," Brinzaru told the guard before leaving.

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Faculty members passing her counter during the day would be summoned with a whispered "Pssst," a beckoning finger, and an outstretched closed palm on the opposite hand. As she pressed a "secret" pack of chewing gum into the sister's hand, she would inquire anxiously about her latest worry.

Like O. Henry's heroine, Mary A. Birmingham, better known in life as "Aunt Molly," was a "shoulder." Whatever the dose, physical or a "hand," those who listen to problems and comfort are a "shoulder."

For more than a dozen years, the students, faculty and school staff of Mercy High School rested their collective "head" on Aunt Molly's "shoulder," from time to time. From the day she first stood smiling, behind the school candy counter in the fall of 1955, until her death in March 1968, more than 3000 young girls and a changing faculty came to know her.

It was somehow fitting that Aunt Molly should have been the dispenser of candy like her product, she carried all the delightful anticipation that candy has always suggested from one's earliest childhood.

She stood only a little more than five feet, was plump, moved with a deceivingly slow, yet sure and dexterous manner, her smooth skin, slightly greying hair, and beatific smile belied any guessing of her age—a fact she steadfastly refused to reveal. She was probably in her 70's, but anyone descending the stairs from the side front door of the school, to her "world-of-candy," would have undoubtedly estimated her 28 years younger.

In addition to giving out candy, (and she knew all the favorites) Aunt Molly also gave out good, sound advice. Besides the anxieties that girls experience over diets, boyfriends, tests, and parental or faculty misunderstandings, Aunt Molly often gave ear to more serious problems: a real family crisis—perhaps excessive drinking or a financial burden; an unrequited, personality clash between a student and a teacher; a vision clouded because of wavering faith; a demanding boyfriend, or social failure.

Though seemingly lambasting herself, change was a cause of great concern to Aunt Molly, especially that which affected those pretty, carefree, yet often insecure, girls who passed in front of her counter each day.

President Kennedy's death cast a great pall over the spirit of the school. No one worked harder to bring renewed faith and sunshine to the disheartened students than Aunt Molly. In January 1968, when the 45 sisters on the faculty walked into the classroom wearing for the first time a modernized habit, the event had a strange effect upon the girls. All of them stared. Some giggled, some talked in hushed whispers in corners, and several, noticeably shaken, paced up and down in front of the candy counter.

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Challenges Facing Church

St. Louis (RNS)—A new and autonomous national association composed of 107 Roman Catholic clergy, religious and lay, calling itself the National Committee on Catholic Concerns, ended a three-day meeting here by adopting a 14-page consensus paper on the problems of the American Church.

Among the Church's assets the paper listed a large and relatively active membership, "increasingly educated, creative and desirous of living the Gospel," a high degree of organization, "in some degree favorably influenced by the heritage of democracy, idealism, pluralism and pragmatism," material wealth and wealth of power to mold public opinion.

"There is an increasing number of reform-minded Catholics who may be able to energize the Church in its capacity to criticize itself and society through their deep commitment to many and varied types of Church reform, the paper said.

Despite all its strengths and assets, the paper said, the American Church is "beset with problems. . . it is turned inward, more concerned with form than with realities." It also pointed out several other "problems."

The document said the American Church needs some type of organism which will contain "built-in principles of self-evaluation and self-correction if we are to meet the problems which exist today."

- Encouragement of personal initiative arising outside of the hierarchical body;
• Greater responsiveness from the bishops to the community of the faithful;
• The principle of democratic elections in organizations of

priests, religious and laity;
• Open records and open meetings "in all reasonable matters, including strict financial accountability";
• An open, autonomous press;
• That the forms of liturgy natural to the community would grow out of smaller groupings. "Although more priests may be needed, the need could be filled with married clergy";
• Those in power must become accessible. "In the name of justice, procedures should be established to ensure due process within the Church";
• Teaching and sanctifying need new, contemporary forms. The goals should be fashioned by the Gospel, resting on a belief, not in authority, but in Christ."

Although there is much to be done, the paper said, the present problems can be solved through continuing education of all the people in the Church, through a more effective employment of priests and religious free to experiment in life style, through the involvement of retired people with special skills and the increased use of young people in policy formation.

Wabasha, Minn. — (RNS) — Three Roman Catholic nuns, teachers in parochial schools here which will be closed next fall, have been given contracts to teach in the public schools beginning in September.

The local school board also signed a leasing agreement of more than \$51,000 a year to use the facilities of the Catholic St. Felix High School and gymnasium for public school students.

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Margaret Di Pom Calazza, Cecilia G standing, rehearse Friday, May 17, at torium on Lake A

Books New Rea

The Son of Man in Myth History by Frederick H. B (\$8.50; Westminster). This is an examination of the associated with the design Son of Man in Christianity outlines of theological history relating to the concept of Christ. It is an Eastern religions, Jewish pretations, quotations, from Paul and St. John—relativ topic—with modern thought.

Woman by F. J. Buyrt (\$4.95; Newman). An inter contribution to the psychi of woman, this book striv happy medium between t abstract concept of "woman the purely functional one is human both emotional intellectual, spiritual an mal—instinctual—and deli and her mystique. It is an interesting treatment.

History of Ethics by V. J. Bourke (\$6.95; Doubt Bourke's work cover the ings of many thinkers schools which have be passed over in si Divided into five chroni sections, the treatment, postory rather than critic objective without attempt evaluate it in the terms o author's own Roman Ca convictions.

Paid Servant by E. R. I waite (\$4.95; McGraw) Th mer teach of "To Sir Love" fame returns, as i fare-official in London's D ment. "Child is analy some of the cases inv Again, he tells his story no literary pretensions bu consummate human inter

American Participation Second Vatican Council by Vincent A. Yermans (S Sheed). This book inclu collection of the spoken

Good Viewing Ahead FRIDAY, MAY 17 10 p.m. "Discover A with Jose Jimenez"; Bill is guide for a tour of Am most unusual fairs and vails. NBC

SUNDAY, MAY 19 10-11:30 p.m. Emmy A 20th annual ceremony hosts Frank Sinatra, Dic Dyke; CBS.

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Priest Shortage Still Big Problem Facing the Church

Vatican City — (NC) — The Catholic Church's priest shortage remains one of the major problems facing the Church, four cardinals told a Roman press conference (April 28) on the eve of the annual World Day of Prayer for Vocations.

The unusual press conference was given by Gabriel Garrone, prefect of the Congregation for Catholic Education; Gregorio Cardinal Agagianian, prefect of the Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples; Ildibrando Cardinal Amati, prefect of the Congregation for Religious and Secular Institutes; and Maximilian Cardinal de Furstenberg, prefect of the Congregation for Oriental Churches.

Cardinal Agagianian, speaking of the missionary picture, said "statistics show that the number of missionary priests does not exceed 30,000. They must care for more than 50 million new Catholics in mission lands, to say nothing of attempting to bring the Gospel to another two billion non-Christians."

Cardinal Agagianian explained the failure of the recruitment of vocations by saying that their spiritual attractiveness "has been obscured by the style of life of our times. The young listen less to the call of Christ to pastoral service, caught up in an atmosphere of materialism and naturalism which diminishes their native generosity."

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Hey, Mrs. Brown Prince Egg Noodles Wednesday is Prince Spaghetti Day... that leaves oodles of time for noodles.

PRINCE Egg Noodles A PRODUCT

Mercy's "Aunt Molly" Gave Sweet Advice

By PATRICIA KEOUGH

O. Henry, in describing his heroine, Hetty Pepper, in the short story "The Third Ingredient," refers to her as a "shoulder." He explains that people are helped by three kinds of friends: those who give sound intellectus an advice; those who do something physical are a "hand"; those who listen to problems and comfort are a "shoulder."

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