

Paisley... Still Hatred in the World

By ROBERT HOLTON
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Belfast, Northern Ireland — The Rev. Ian Paisley is an anti-Catholic first and a preacher second.

The founder and head of the Free Presbyterian Church of Ireland can preach a forty-minute sermon without once mentioning the word God.

He did just that two weeks ago at a mass meeting of his followers in a cow pasture about 12 miles from the center of Belfast.

As the leading militant extremist in the battle between Catholics seeking civil rights and a Protestant-dominated government determined to deny them, the Rev. Mr. Paisley comes up as a pure demagogue.

It began raining two hours before the scheduled time for the afternoon meeting and continued through the entire program.

Despite that, more than 1,000 men, women and children came by bus, car, horse-drawn wagons and on foot to hear what their self-appointed leader had to say.

Claiming to fear that Catholic extremists might try to over-run the meeting grounds, the Paisleyites, as they call themselves, threw a heavy security ring around the pasture.

Each person seeking entry to the field was required to produce identification.

This reporter identified himself as correspondent for U.S. Catholic newspapers and was given permission to attend the meeting after his name and other information was recorded by a guard.

For 30 minutes past the scheduled starting time, those on hand stood in the driving rain waiting for their leader to arrive.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the entrance to the pasture. A drum and accordeon band of teen-aged boys and girls struck up a military march and started through the gate towards a speaker's platform a block away.

A wild cheer rose up from the drenched crowd as the Rev. Ian Paisley stepped from an expensive automobile and took up a position behind the band.

After a brief introductory speech by an aged Protestant minister, a second clergyman was called to the podium to offer the prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Paisley brazenly shouted into the microphone, "I am the clergyman to 'warm 'em up for me. Amen.'"



REV. MR. PAISLEY AND SUPPORTERS... anti-Catholic demagogue

The prayer consisted of 10 minutes of shouting invocations for God to strike down the Catholics who oppose the Northern government; to punish the Pope and his close associates; to destroy all those who would oppose the views of the Protestant extremists.

The "prayer" finished, the Rev. Mr. Paisley took over.

He opened his address with a series of bitter condemnations of Catholicism, the papacy, the Vatican and anyone or anything that would stand in the way of "keeping Protestant Ireland for Protestants."

This he followed with a recital of what he termed "facts in the case."

These included claims that the British government had "sold out" to the Vatican in appeasing Catholics in the north; that Catholic clergymen and the hierarchy are seeking to overthrow the Northern Ireland government, and the brazen threat that if the situation is not resolved to his liking, the Rev. Mr. Paisley will incite a bloody civil war.

The meeting closed with the singing of a hymn.

The Rev. Mr. Paisley bade the group farewell and made his way back to the pasture gate and his chauffeur-driven automobile as the teen-aged marching unit blared out another military march.

It was an example of demagoguery at its worst.

"He is an extremist and cannot really be considered a man of God," commented one Protestant clergyman the next day. "He preaches hate and violence. He does not preach the love of God."

Catholics despise him. Most Protestants claim to abhor him and reject his extremist policies. But he has a following.

"I'd bet you couldn't find another legitimate preacher in all of Ireland who could get 1,000 people to stand in the rain for two hours to hear them speak," said one Protestant lay leader. "Don't write him off."

In center Belfast the Rev. Mr. Paisley is building a new church — a \$250,000 plant that will rival any house of worship in Northern Ireland.

"Practically every Protestant you meet on the street will say he does not approve of Paisley," complained one Catholic merchant. "But if that's true, how come he can get 1,000 people to stand in the rain in a cow pasture to hear him rant and rave?"

Aside from those who openly pledge allegiance to his schemes of violence, there are others who find some good in his presence.

"We needed a Paisley," commented one Catholic priest. "If it wasn't him there would be some other rabble rouser. Paisley has done one good thing — he has drawn the attention of the world to the hatred that is in the hearts of many people — on both sides — in this situation."

ON THE RIGHT SIDE

Who Is This Father Paul Cuddy?

By Father Paul J. Cuddy



Our weekly columnist who provokes the most mail, both pro and con, is the author of ON THE RIGHT SIDE. Many people ask: "Who is this Father Paul Cuddy?" Besides revealing that he is 61, a native of Auburn, former Army Chaplain and former pastor, now Chaplain of Hornell's St. James Mercy Hospital, we thought it helpful to ask him to submit to an interview. This is the result...

are more concerned about being good Catholics, than in endless meetings and talking. They heed St. James: "Love not in word and in tongue but in deed and in truth." They are intelligent people, but most of them are not interested in theological conversations or in taking over the running of the Church.

I have been greatly amused by an incident told me by a Rochester-rooter. He was lectured by a New Breed priest on being open-minded. My friend asked: "Have you read HOW TO KEEP YOUR BALANCE IN THE MODERN CHURCH" which Father Cuddy recommended in his column?" He replied solemnly: "No. There's something about Father Cuddy which turns me off."

Q. — HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN "ON THE RIGHT SIDE"?

Fr. C. — Since Oct. 13, 1967, on the invitation of Editor Father Atwell. For the previous year his opinions and releases on theology and the historic Catholic Church had struck me as greatly slanted to the left. We carried on a heated private correspondence. Later it erupted into print. I charged him with printing the bizarre, and suppressing the less roiling views, including the Pope's pronouncements and the thinking of the Magisterial Church.

He disagreed with my judgment, but graciously invited me to write a column which "expressed a point of view held by some Catholics."

Q. — DON'T YOU THINK THERE WERE OTHERS BETTER EQUIPPED TO WRITE SUCH A COLUMN?

Fr. C. — Yes. But no one who was willing. It troubled me that trained and gifted priests were indignant privately, but remained silent in public.

Q. — ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR COLUMN?

Fr. C. — Usually, yes. I make no claim to scholarship. But I think I have "the sense of the Church" and of The People. I think the column is faithful to the teaching of the Church, is in the authentic spirit of Vatican II, and doesn't suffer from fantasies. It is solid meat and potatoes Catholicism with a dash of relish which The People can digest and relish.

Q. — YOU OFTEN USE THE TERM, "THE PEOPLE." WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Fr. C. — I mean good fathers and mothers whose main interest is their families, their work and their recreation — all of which are permeated by their faith and their charity.

They are more interested in the Mets and the Buffalo Bills, in improving their jobs, in their family vacations than they are in the intellectual implications of Vatican II. They are not hungry to seize leadership. They often have to be prodded to accept needed parish responsibilities. They



"VALUES ARE CONSTANTLY CHANGING TODAY, DAN! EVEN THOUGH YOU GRADUATED FROM BERKELEY AND SPENT TWO YEARS IN THE PEACE CORPS, I SEE NOTHING SURPRISING IN YOUR WANTING TO OPEN UP A FRIED CHICKEN RESTAURANT."

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Nothing Like Store-Bought Grub

By Sarah Child

It was George Bernard Shaw who said, probably pettishly, that youth is wasted on the young.

Crotchety old George had a point. He just didn't go far enough with it. There are a lot of other things which when lavished on those who have not yet attained their majority fail to receive due appreciation.

Such as what? Well, applesauce for instance. Homemade applesauce, that is.

Our 4-year-old and I made some the other day. Reveling in the large variety of apples available on the fruit stands in this the heart of the apple country, we'd stocked the larder.

Slicing up some Red Delicious and a few Spies, I'd let her add the sugar, a little cinnamon and some water. "You're sure this is going to be applesauce," she said, completely unconvinced.

"Absolutely," I said, "just like we buy in the glass jar at the store — only better."

At supper time I put a bowl of the fragrant sauce on the table. I'd already tried it and it was superb as only fresh cooked fruit can be, tangy and sweet at the same time.

Her 2-year-old brother had had three helpings before I could get her to try just a taste.

"Uh-uh," she said after a minute speck dissolved on her tongue, "I don't like it."

"Why not," I said indignantly. "You love applesauce. You never get enough of it."

"It's not like what we get at the store," she rebutted and that was that.

I was going to start in on my stock lecture about how she didn't know what was good for her — but I caught myself in time.

I remember her father telling that when he was a child he refused to eat the tender new little peas that his family grew each summer. Who wanted peas from the garden when the store had such an excellent qual-

ity packed in a can?

And from the nether regions of my mind I remember a spoiled little girl visiting her grandmother on the farm who didn't want the brown crusty homemade bread for breakfast.

Instead she and a sister and a very young aunt walked barefoot in the warm sandy soil of the country road to Indra's country store to buy the product that came in a cellophane wrapper and even then had as much resemblance to homemade bread as the starchy, pasty, tasteless store-bought bread of today does.

I was used to toasted store bread every morning and by heavens that's what I wanted then not knowing that 25 years later I would come to appreciate my grandma's bread for the ambrosia that it is, so substantial it is — a meal in itself, so delicious no dessert can touch it and mixed, kneaded and baked with so much experience, care and love that no professional baker could hope to equal it.

Just another one of those things, George, that are wasted on the young.



RACL VIEWPOINTS

A Matter of Focus

By Paul W. Brayer

It is doubtful if there ever was a time when the fine art of criticism reached the level it enjoys today. In books and magazines, in speeches, on the radio and television, in church and out, man is doing a real job of chopping-up his neighbor.

I think we have reached the point, though, where the fullness of this process is becoming apparent. In our own efforts we probably have seen that we have had very little effect on our neighbor's conduct, and no doubt the strictures of our opponents have had little effect on us — except perhaps that greater polarization has taken place.

Now it could be that what we say about others is quite true, and perhaps what they say about us is true also. The difficulty is that it doesn't seem to do any good to say it. I think we have to ask ourselves why we criticize if we know it is a futile practice.

Are we really interested in pursuing the truth or are we just trying to look good by comparison? The latter was the motivation of the Pharisee who listed the publican's sins rather than his own. The publican, of course,

referred to his own sins not in morbid detail but as a backdrop for calling on the mercy of God.

It is here, I think, that we have our clue. It is neither in judging others, which can lead to presumption, nor in judging ourselves, which can lead to despair, that we are saved, but rather in turning to God and asking for His help. For though we may be right or left, liberal or conservative, young or old, priest or layman, we really are all in the same boat.

We all need Jesus Christ, who describes Himself as the way, the truth, and the life. Jesus came to us not to present us with a fancy theory for life but to give us Himself. When we turn to Him we get closer to each other.

So when we find ourselves so far apart from our neighbor, let us not assume that we are saved and he is lost. We may both indeed be wandering on different paths.

G. K. Chesterton wrote that there were an infinite number of angles at which a thing may fall, but only one angle at which it will stand. Therefore we should not take pride

in our ability to diagnose evil. In fact, if we get too involved with the pattern of evil we may end up by being a reverse carbon copy of the evil we oppose — the real meaning of being reactionary. One can, of course, be a reactionary either of the right or left.

The only way we can avoid this is to look steadily at Jesus and take our cue from Him. There is a great hunger for Him in the world today, although it is not always recognized.

Tellhard de Chardin believed that the divine plan of evolution called for the restoration of all things in Christ. According to Chardin this was the real meaning of our reference to Jesus as the Alpha and Omega. As individuals, our free will can allow us to oppose the divine plan, but if everything breaks in such a contest it is not going to be the divine plan but rather ourselves.

My plea, then, is not that we consider the errors of others unimportant, nor that we consider our own errors inconsequential, but that we focus on Jesus Christ, the way, the truth and the life. Only He can reconcile our differences with each other.

A large advertisement for Pepsi-Cola. It features a close-up of a Pepsi can with the logo clearly visible. Below the can, the text reads: 'Taste that beats the others cold!'. At the bottom, it says: 'This is the one soft drink made especially for the cold. Pepsi-Cola is bottled as cold as we can make it so you can drink it as cold as you like it. That's when Pepsi tastes best. So get with the frosty way to rout a thirst. Pepsi-Cola cold. Put it to the taste.' The ad also includes the Pepsi logo and the text 'Bottled by Pepsi-Cola Companies of Elmira and Rochester under appointment from PepsiCo., Inc., New York, N. Y.'