FR. HENRY ATWELL

Toward Tomorrow



News-letters, fact-sheets, reports, documents are the stock-in-trade of any agency, organization or group that takes itself seriously.

The daily mail is piled high with these items — some slickly printed, others hardly legible — the product of scores, even hundreds, of thinkers, organizers, philisophers, cranks and humbugs.

The reason for this increasing flood of publicity, I presume, is because any organization, serious or comic, which wants to promote its cause must reach OUL to Win CONVERTS, or at least sympathizers.

Just one morning's mail recently told me of scientists who said the present world directions in population, food production, natural resources and pollution spell doom for civilization within a century. Another item cited "the threat of crippling amendments" to the proposed Equal Rights Amendment for our nation's constitution. Another notice warned of an FBI and CIA device to bug your conversations in your home or office simply by its being fixed to a nearby outside pole, and still another informed me that there are more than three million lepers in the world, more than half of them not yet getting any treatment or care.

What can one person possibly do?

The mind boggles at the sheer massiveness of human misery and the threats to make it worse.

There was, therefore, a bit of relief from the guilt of my human helplessness when I read an article in a recent issue of the Manchester Guardian on the "Report of the 1971 Loch Morar Survey — including a summary of all sighting reports collected to date." Loch Morar, like Loch Ness in Scotland, is believed to contain a monster.

The monster report, says the Guardian, claims five new sightings during the past year, bringing the total to 33 since 1887. Only those sightings by ordinarily steady-minded people are accepted by the Loch Morar survey team, which now maintains a camera watch on the loch and plans a sonar search this summer.

Monster watching, I thought, seems so thoroughly British, so utterly un-American.

Those supposedly steady-minded Britishers who claim they saw the Loch Morar monster said it was black, greyblack, greeny-brown, yellowish-grey, dirty-grey and dirty-brown — somewhat of a chameleon monster it must be. And most every encounter with the monster has sent its viewer running for home, quite shaken by the experience.

American monsters don't seem to infest our lakes or rivers but we do have more than an adequate supply — and like the Scottish kind, they are seldom described in quite the same way but they certainly do terrify the people.

One of the biggest monsters just now is described as a bright yellow school bus. George Wallace said it might do terrible things if let loose from a neighborhood. A very sizeable number of steady-minded people in Florida believed his warning. Many people in other states probably believe him too.

Another American monster has been described as a family of people who are black and want to live next door. Many people say a monster like that can just wreck a whole neighborhood, especially in a city's suburb. Monster watchers usually put up strong fences when any sightings are reported.

There are, of course, other monsters. Perhaps you have seen them too.

Perhaps also you chuckled when you read about the monster the Scots think might be down deep in their loch. What must they think about the monsters we Americans are so scared of?



Letters frequently record the genuine thoughts and feelings of The People. They frequently stir a spontaneous response from the soul.

From a church musician: "I have been active in our parish choir with a talented group. We have excellent cooperation from our Pastor. We sing music which will meet the criteria: 1) gives honor and glory to God; 2) complies with the Vatican II directives; 3) offers music to inspire reverence and devotion; 4) blends the traditional (including Latin) with contemporary music which is tasteful and artistic."

Comment: Excepting for the Sign of Peace nothing seems to arouse Catholics, pro and con, as much as music in the church. Those who promote swinging, campfire music at Mass make a vocation of burying the musical treasures of the centuries. Those who love the inheritance of great music are frustrated by its suppression, and depressed by the banalities of-fered. The best blending of the beauty of the old and new I have heard was at the funeral of Father Damasus Winzen at the Monastery of Mt. Saviour, Elmira, last June 30. The Greek Kyrie and a glorious Alleluia from the Byzantine Liturgy were sung a capella, and directed by a musical genius from the Liturgical Commission of New York. The rest were vernacular compositions, beautifully sung and accompanied by sundry instruments, including recorders (popularized by the Trapp family), a guitar played sveltely, and three bass viols. This offering to God embraced the four criteria commended by the letter writer. There is hope!

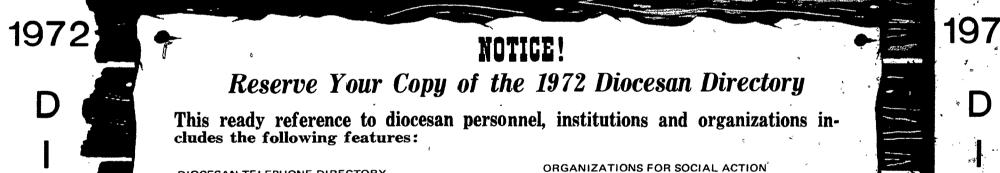
From a renowned priest educator: "My address is changed. I left X College last year. The Sisters are hellbent for secularization so I jumped at the chance the Bishop offered me to teach in a seminary again. I feel happy in the education of priests." FR. PAUL J. CUDDY On The Right Side

Comment: Oh William F. Buckley's FIRING LINE, Jan. 26, 1971 two panel-

ists discussed "Secularization in Catholic Education." The president of Manhattanville College enthused that Manhattanville, which up to recently had a famous reputation for Faith and scholarship and culture, "is a catholic college with a small c!" Her fellow panelist, Jesuit Father Kenneth Baker of Fordham exploded: "Why, if a Catholic college or university hasn't anything unique from Catholic Faith and teaching to offer its students I don't see any reason for its existence!" These sentiments are shared by troubled alumni and alumnae of former Catholic high schools and colleges which have become de-Catholicized. Concerned and faithful Catholics will support a Catholic education which has a beautiful big capital C, professing confidence and enthusiasm for the revelation made by Jesus Christ through the Catholic Church."

From a vivacious CCD teacher: Tuesday night J. (her husband) and I took Mom to Rochester. We had dinner with Father X (a brother-inlaw), then went to the Eastman Theatre to see CAROUSEL. it was a welcome change from 'Hair' and 'Jesus Christ Super Star'. We had a good visit between phones ringing and door bells and two wakes on our way to the theatre. I admire him so much because; he is so kind and never forgets his duties in the work of the Lord . : . This was our Last Blast before Lent, and we plan to abide by our rule of last year: 'No Booze or Butts.' . Well; this could go on and on as life does; with all its problems, politics, the Church, Church boards, the Jesus People, and finding, a baby sitter."

Comment: The contemporary ascetical school which encourages nonself-denial ("Just smile. Jesus loves you.") Tades into fatuity before the rigors of "No Booze or Butts."



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