

**Editorials**

**Mission Sunday**

In a story on Page 1 this edition, Mother Teresa, that remarkable woman, says that we all, each of us, are missionaries and that "it is through us that God loves the world."

That message is simple and powerful; it needs no embellishment.

But a look at the thought from a different perspective also is revealing.

For so many in the present world — the street people, the lonely sick, the victims of famine, the orphaned — the only proof of God's love and thus of His very existence is evidenced through the caring efforts of people.

If we don't go out of our way to show love and concern for those dying for it, how on earth will God's message be communicated, how will His plan be understood by millions of people around the globe?

Father Reinhart, our missions director, in that same Page 1 story, reminds us of a statement of the redoubtable missionary Paul when he said that it was not so much that the poor needed him but that "the love of Christ impels me!" As Paul saw it, because of his love for Christ he had no choice but to spread the Good News of salvation especially to those in the dark crannies and cracks of an often overlooked existence.

Of course, the "all of us" that Mother Teresa mentioned cannot just take up and leave family and responsibilities to join the missions. Thank God, however, that we have the missionaries with the courage to do just that! At this very minute they are out there, sacrificing their very lives to bring God's love to those

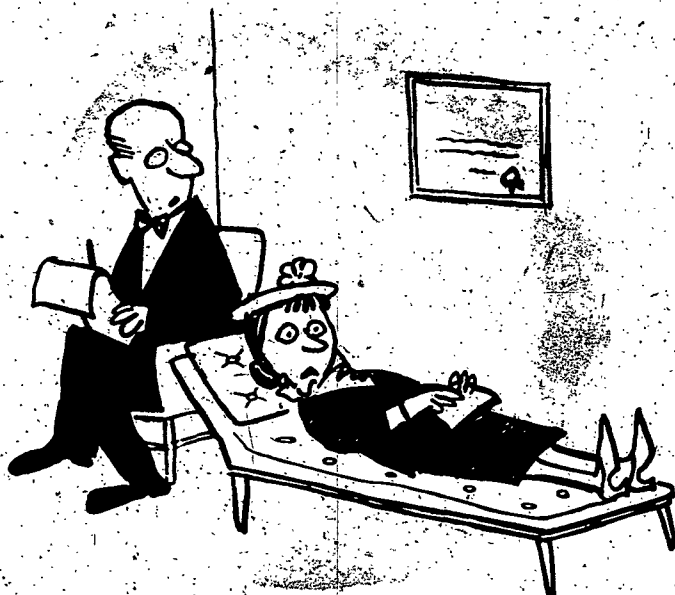
who might not otherwise ever know it.

However, we are able to join in the mission by sending our prayers and, yes, financial contributions to those in the trenches of our mission work.

Where exactly does such aid go? According to the latest annual report from Rome, allocations were made to 360 dioceses and prelates in Africa, 296 in Asia, 199 in the Americas, 30 in Oceania and 24 in Europe. The global distribution reflects the effort made to observe Christ's command to teach all nations.

This weekend we, all of us, will be graced with the opportunity to join the noblest cause of them all. Through our prayers and donations we can stand shoulder to shoulder with the Mother Teresas of the world. We, too, can be servants of the poorest of the poor. We, too, can follow in His footsteps.

"It is through us that God loves the world."



"Your problem is that you did not sacrifice for Mission Sunday!"

**and Opinions**

**Criticism Backfired**

Editor:

"Clown Role Criticized" may very well have been the intention of William Droel in his letter (Courier-Journal, 10/1/80).

However, intentionally or not, Droel correctly recognized the role of the "priestly fool," or clown.

He may be right that some clergy do indeed "find themselves on the periphery of people's lives... they are at the wrong places at the wrong times... they are puppeting (sic) in the courtyard while the political decisions are being made... they are clowning around out of town while the feast is in progress" (although he knows not the dedication of priests of this Diocese).

Nonetheless, anyone familiar with the real history of the clown whose origin is in religion, and not the circus, knows that it is the "holy fool" — if no one else — who has always appeared at the core of life and religion.

Indeed, St. Paul in his First Letter to the Corinthians announces that we apostles are supposed to be "fools for Christ's sake," and that the "foolishness of God is greater than the wisdom of mankind." The clown points out graphically... "if there is anyone among you who fancies himself wise — wise, I mean, by the standards of this passing age — he must become a fool to gain greater wisdom."

Anyone interested in more information about clown,

mime, puppet and dance ministry is invited to contact me at the address below.  
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**Encyclopedia Criticized**

Editor:

The "New Illustrated Columbia Encyclopedia," promoted by Star Markets, is definitely pro-abortion. I make this statement for the following reasons:

Volume I (Page 18) defines abortion as "expulsion of the product of conception before the embryo or fetus is viable. Any interruption of human pregnancy prior to the 28th week is known as abortion." Viability does not measure the humanity of the embryo or fetus but medical science's ability to keep the premature baby alive. There are case histories of children who are born prior to the 28th week of gestation and who survive to lead normal lives. One such case is that of Marcus Richardson, born Jan. 1, 1972, at Cincinnati General Hospital exactly 20 weeks from the first day of his mother's last menstrual period. And with the research in fetology who can predict how soon after conception medical science will place viability? Also, when one thinks of interrupting something, it is generally assumed that it can be started again. This is not the case with abortion. Abortion terminates a pregnancy and in nearly 100 per cent of the abortions the preborn child is killed.

Volumes II and V do not give a definition for the concepts "baby" and "child." These particular volumes (I, II

**Life Is Gift and Mystery**

(These reflections first appeared in the Rochester General Hospital/Tempo, a bimonthly publication.)

By Father Donald Schwab  
 RGH Chaplain

She is just 23 years old, and pretty. A kind of mature Juliet who had thwarted Shakespeare's dramatic weavings, found her lover and married. Twice she has given birth: first to the fruit of love and commitment, a new life; second, to an ugly tumor likely to claim her life, and radically change the lives of all those who love her. Later they may understand. Not now. The future lapses quickly into the strength of healing memories. Many will rush to the young family's side, wanting to "do something." A few may have the courage and grace to "be with them" in the face of mystery. As healing begins to happen — whatever its course — so does what it means to be human. Someday we will understand.

He is old. The wisdom of his years is a free and precious gift to all who would dare transgress a sometimes foul-smelling room, and have both the good sense and courtesy to ask his assessment of life. The wrinkles in his brow are outnumbered only by those which appear when he smiles. The body is growing weak, but a strong spirit beams through clear eyes and tells of self-sacrificing, fruitful life nearing fulfillment. His longtime physician takes a moment to sit and chat, to touch and listen. Nursing staff bathe him almost reverently, yet not without the appropriate banter that he so easily elicits. Social work service has listened, and learned to love with the rest, long before it is time for "discharge planning." Home Care people are in touch, should he be able to return to his own, and most life-giving turf.

The child was asleep just a short time when she went to check on him. It is difficult to gather all the details from the guilt-ridden and hysterical babysitter. A "pediatric 500 team" works feverishly to retrieve what did not seem to be there when the nurse, awaiting the ambulance, first grabbed the lifeless little bundle, pressed her lips to his and ran through the emergency room door. Knowing the parents will appear

and V) are embedded with euphemisms and are another example of how the public is kept unaware of the realities of abortion.

I urge Star Markets to stop selling this set of encyclopedias. We must be watchful that the books we hand our children contain facts and not mere propaganda.

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**Mideast Tests Christians**

Editor:

"We do not suffer our brother's anguish." The truth of this explains hatred, exploitation and lighter abuses of people by other people. It is a factor at all levels, from petty scenes within the family or on the job, to the international scene, like the U.N. recently (Oct. 3) where the stakes are high for Israel and the world. Instead of basic respect for others, some act to protect their own security at all cost to others. And the greatest indictment of all is that people know the cure but choose to ignore it. Now at the U.N., we, Christians, are being put to the test by the Arabs on the Arab-Israeli world problem.

The sheiks see the

irrationality of some Moslem leaders, threatening their life styles and their countries, a reasonable enough concern. However, to make Israel the scapegoat is to duplicate once again that method employed so hellishly by Hitler. And now some Arabs and Moslems want Christians the world over to assist in the weakening and possible destruction of Israel. Perhaps the sheiks recall the silence of too many Christians during the 30s and 40s and hope for a repeat performance. At present, it seems they have no love in them.

Christians will not rubber-stamp every decision of the Israeli leadership. At the same time we will not be fooled by Arab or PLO arguments that focus on Arab rights at the expense of the vital national security and freedom from holocaust-like threats for the Jews. If the militant Arabs and PLO have sound policies of living together as trustworthy neighbors with real security for all, I cannot discern these from the noise and history of the struggle against Israel. In a complex people-problem such as this, Christians must not side with those who show little or no love, as their words are then suspect.

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any moment, the people in the Emergency Department seem to share the hurt and their deepest human fears even before they arrive. Not just physicians, nurses, therapists, social workers, patient family advocates — but people. For some, the team leader's thanking them for their assistance, and recording the time of a pronouncement of death, will be a moment of failure. Yet they do not fail who sense a staff member's tear, or with a warm embrace comfort an unbelieving and shocked family.

Life is gift and mystery. When I.V. bottles drip in harmony with hope, compassion and the lowest common denominator of what it means to be human — reflecting on the meaning of who and what we are — then life goes on. Health care is "wholly" attentive to persons and their loved ones, and hospitals indeed make sense.

People making up health care teams stand on sacred ground. Not, I would suggest, because of their training and skills alone, but even more because of the vulnerability of persons who stand at very real junctures in their life's journey. If independence, power, control, youthfulness and "buy a shiny new one rather than repair the old one" seem to be taking over our value system, then sickness, with its accompanying powerlessness, is certainly poverty. Masks and game-playing give way to the nakedness of poor health. Freedom can turn into debilitating confinement. A sense of losing control can be for many the first real tug at one's dignity. Coupled with a culture that is fast learning the art of making the 10-second 10-foot jog from fast food counter to table, then tossing away the paper bag, an older or "functionally useless" person may well fear for life. It is a hopeful sign when health care people struggle daily to recognize the person in the patient, when they tread carefully on the sacred ground entrusted to them and stand in awe of a mystery not ours either to create or to control.

Numbered among those making up the health care team is the chaplain. Including this kind of "pastoral care" for persons in varying degrees of health-related crises has gone far beyond a polite nod to whatever rites and rituals a person might bring to his hospital room. If television has done little for the world of medicine and hospital imagery, the sacrament-dispensing chaplain of MASH has produced an even greater injustice. Whether on daily rounds to the new admissions, summoned to the family rooms of our intensive care units or emergency department, assisting the dying and their families at this very sacred moment of life, celebrating our peoples' faith at weekend services or listening to a staff member's pain as she/he confronts her/his own human frailty, Pastoral Care seeks to recognize that which is spiritual and life-giving both in and among us.

In our own 540-bed hospital setting, the task is larger than "one" can humanly begin to address. So we currently — and I anxiously — await the coming of a fulltime Protestant minister and Rabbi. I hope to join hands with them soon in this 24-hour service of standing with people in the poverty of their sickness and the joy of their healing.

It was with some fear and trepidation that I accepted this assignment last September. It is with gratitude to so many of the staff at Rochester General Hospital for their own good example and kindness to me that I now write these words.

Life is gift and mystery. Someday we will understand as God does.