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From a painting by Sister Mary Rose, O.S.F., 1859-1930

ANGELIC GUARDIANS

TO THE SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS

Oldenburg, Indiana

this volume is lovingly dedicated

in commemoration of

their centenary

1851-1951

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Prayer of St. Francis

LORD, make me an instrument
of Thy PEACE.

Where there is hatred, let me
sow LOVE;

Where there is injury,
PARDON;

Where there is doubt, FAITH;

Where there is despair, HOPE;

Where there is darkness, LIGHT;

Where there is sadness, JOY.

O divine Master, grant that I may not so much
seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to
understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving
that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

EDITORIALS

No Greater Love

The sturdy development of the Catholic Church in the United States is an outstanding fact in the history of the last one hundred years. The discerning student cannot fail to note the all-important role which close-knit parish organizations, beginning with the parish school, have played in this development.

The parish school has brought the divine truths of faith to the opening minds of children in the same manner as it has led them step by step to master the elements of human knowledge. It has set religion before them in proper perspective. They have come to regard it not only as a branch of knowledge but as a way of life. By thus fulfilling its highest mission the parish school has bound the family to the Church by nature's strongest bond—the child, who holds the hope of the future for both.

No appraisal of the work of parish schools would be complete that did not take into account the heroic self-sacrifice and unrelenting devotion of those who have made the staffing of these schools their life work—the teaching Sisters of our religious communities.

The history of the Sisters of St. Francis of Oldenburg vividly shows the selfless, dauntless spirit of one of these communities. Since their

foundation, January 6, 1851, by Mother Mary Theresa Hackelmeier from Vienna, Austria, and Rev. Francis Rudolph, the Religious of this Congregation have given themselves with marked devotion and success to the task of teaching our Catholic youth. From Oldenburg the Sisters of St. Francis have gone into nine States, and are currently engaged in bringing the blessing of a Catholic education to many thousands of children.

It is my pleasant duty to record here the debt of gratitude which the State of Indiana owes to these Sisters. Today many of their number labor here in our very midst—particularly in many parochial schools, not only in the large cities, but in the small towns and rural areas as well. Regardless of the location of their schools these chosen workers of God give their all to spread the knowledge of Christ and His Church. The crowning achievement of their century of sacrifice and labor is Marian College, which, in the fourteen years of its existence, has offered to hundreds of young women a truly liberal education in the best Catholic tradition, and provides, as well, fundamental vocational training for many careers that attract them. High in importance among the fields for which the college students are trained is

the teaching profession. The Sisters, realizing as they do the importance of both moral and religious discipline, spirituality and faith for youth, are constantly endeavoring to furnish schools with teachers trained to carry out this great work.

Their ideal of Christian education can be summed up by saying that since the student is made to the image and likeness of God, it is the duty of the Catholic teacher to cooperate with God in bringing out ever more distinctly that image in the child's intellectual, moral, religious, and physical development.

This obvious but fundamental Christian principle in the training of youth cannot be overemphasized today, in view of the confusion that prevails among leading secular educators regarding the goals and values in education. The Catholic Church insists that the educated man who is to play a useful part in the preservation and development of our democratic way of life must, first of all, know God and have a

firm grasp of the Christian truths which are at the root of all that is best in our western civilization, now in such grave danger of disintegration. That view of education and of life is fundamental in the teaching theory and procedure of the Sisters of St. Francis.

The first Sisters began their work without thinking of the distant future, leaving it to God alone to bless it and make it prosper if it were pleasing to Him and useful for the good of souls. The marvelous growth of the Congregation, which now has more than eight hundred members bears eloquent testimony to the fact that God has indeed blessed a work begun with great faith and courage. It is with grateful hearts that we pray earnestly for God's abiding blessings upon the Congregation that it may meet the challenge of the widening tasks that lie ahead and continue to grow and prosper for many centuries to come.

—*Mary Wassel*



God's Chosen Ones

Once blossoms in the garden of the world,
Transplanted now, in solitude they stand,
And others sigh in pity and in scorn
At these whose lives seem but a shadowy strand.

But lo, while common flowers unnoted pass,
Their very liveness fame with these aligns,
And they who have refused the world's proud fare
Bloom on its summit and unceasing shine.

—*Joyce Ann Edwards*

Pax et Bonum

Are we in a position to applaud the progress of man's materialistic devices? Gigantic machines along with minute agents of atomic potency are placed at our disposal that we might enjoy peace and comfort. Ingenious man is ever seeking out the answers to problems of a physical nature that we might have conveniences to pamper our every whim. And yet, what portion of the mass of people who have been the beneficiaries of such tremendous labors have found true satisfaction in the fruit? What man, being wholly honest with himself, can state with deep conviction that no blight or pest is present to mar this fruit; that it harbors the potentiality of true life and ultimate salvation of soul?

The answer lies in bare evidence around us. It lies in the headline of aggression; it lies in the stench of socially accepted immorality; it lies in the shallowness of the shrewd pretender's cant and hypocrisy. The proud heart of man is seeking glory to the exclusion of all that hints of the supernatural. How great would be the inevitable difference in this world if we were to focus our attention on an outstanding model of Christian living and absorb the spirit of St. Francis.

In this spirit we find the means by which we may direct our every thought, word, and action to our supernatural goal. It is a simple

life, beautiful because of that simplicity. In it there is no place for the complexities born of and nurtured by evil. Man earnestly and openly strives to follow the Living Word through faith in the Gospel. *It is a complete method of life* which must, essentially, regulate every moment of consciousness; which must keep the imitation ever present in the heart.

The application of this spirit to ourselves begins with personal sanctification and is completed by apostolic service to our fellow men. The former takes shape when we have conquered our desires for earthly grandeur and realized the vast possibilities in cooperating with the Church. Our hearts must accept a spirit of poverty thus excluding the tendency to acquire material wealth, and thus dismissing the urge to bathe our bodies in the oils of luxury. Then, and only then, will the soul achieve goodness and radiate a satisfying glory.

With this spirit one has automatically become an asset, and, perhaps, a grace to his fellow men. His good will toward all with whom he comes in contact, his brotherly love of all men as creatures of God will produce in him a profound interior life, a life which enables him to accept with ease and resignation the trials of this world.

Let the spirit of St. Francis soothe the cares of a tumultuous

world. Let the adoption of his simplicity and love bring peace and joy to the troubled heart which cannot be enlightened by materialistic comforts. Let the Franciscan greeting, *Pax et Bonum*—Peace and Good

Will—be the motto of our every day life.

Ingenious man! how is your intelligence so great when you have failed to recognize the Source of all Knowledge!

—Kathleen Bashe

Mother Theresa's Austria

by MARTA KILCZER

It was early in the morning; the first sunbeams were dancing on the snow-covered meadows along the road. Peace and quiet reigned everywhere; only the rolling of a wagon broke the silence of nature. The wagon climbing up the hill was the old mailcoach, making its usual way in Hoosierland, carrying good and bad news, causes for joy and tears.

There was only one passenger travelling in the coach on this sunny January morning, 1851, Mother Theresa Hackelmeier from Vienna, Austria. This was the very last part of her long journey. That very day she would reach her destination, Oldenburg, Indiana, and then she would start the great work of founding a new congregation in a new country.

As she sat there and looked out of the window over the hills in her new home, her thoughts wandered once more back to her homeland, Austria.

Although Mother Theresa was only 24 years old she had witnessed the greatest period in the history of Austria, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. It was a time of glory for Austria and a time of oppression for Hungary and the other countries included in the Monarchy. It was the "Era of Metternich," a period of conservatism which lasted until 1848.

Prince Metternich was an excellent statesman gifted with a brilliant mind and a broad knowledge. His idea was that of absolutism. There was a strong censorship on books, newspapers, and theaters. There was no guarantee of individual liberties disruptive of traditional social classes, no grant of new rights to middle class people. Neither did Metternich believe in the education of the masses. But in spite of Metternich's humiliating regulations Mother Theresa was prepared for her work as the founder of a teaching congregation.

Yes, Mother Theresa had witnessed real history. Despite the attitude and conservatism of Metternich, liberalism was the creed of an increasing number of people in Central Europe. The gathering discontent and the demand for reform suddenly showed their full strength. The flame of revolution started in France on a February morning in 1848. In a short time the whole of Central Europe was aflame with revolts. The overthrow of Louis Philippe in France encouraged the opponents of Metternich in Austria. The famous March days advanced with the motto: *Down with Metternich*. The populace of Vienna rose in revolt against the government, and Metternich had to flee. Hungary, under the influence of Louis Kossuth, deposed its Habsburg king and declared itself an independent republic.

It seemed as if there would never be peace again in Europe, but gradually the storm abated. The regime of Francis Joseph I followed in Austria. Instead of revolution

with guns, great reforms came which changed the life of everyone. The Industrial Revolution which brought social and economic changes was the beginning of a modern industrial system.

Vienna, the capital of Austria, was also a center of European culture. Mozart, the composer of the imperial court, introduced his operas in the Royal Opera House and experienced great success. Vienna, the beautiful old city on the Danube, re-echoed with the waltzes of Strauss and the sweet songs of Schubert.

After Mother Theresa had reviewed these facts of her loved homeland, she closed her eyes and saw the hills of Vienna once more. She saw the convent on the Danube where she spent nine years of her life. That was her past. Her future was in this new country, in the town of Oldenburg, where she had just arrived. Great peace enveloped her as she folded her hands, her lips forming a simple prayer: "I shall begin today, in Thy Holy Name."



Education in Indiana -- 1851

by HELEN ECKRICH

Education—universal and free—is an ideal of democracy. Today our American democracy comes close to a realization of that ideal. But we must remember that our present school system is the result of many years of organization, work, and sacrifice. A backward glance at the school system in Indiana, such as it was in 1851 when Mother Theresa first came to Oldenburg, will show the great advancement made by that state in the last one hundred years.

As early as 1816 an educational system had been provided for through legislation which called for a number of common schools. The law was a good one and gave evidence of the consciousness of the people at the time of the necessity of education in a democracy. But this legislation alone could not provide educational opportunities for Indiana children. The obstacles met by those who first attempted to implement the law were formidable ones.

First of all, the territory was sparsely populated. This, together with the fact that most of the children were needed to work at home and on the farms for a great part of the year, explains why attendance was slight. Also, it proved next to impossible to raise taxes sufficient to support the various schools, and, consequently, the financing of ele-

mentary education fell to a great extent upon the parents of school children. The early settlers could not afford it.

By 1851 conditions had improved, but not to a great extent. The poorly equipped schools, the irregular attendance of the pupils, and the almost non-existent pecuniary returns did not serve to attract young people to the teaching profession. Educated individuals turned their talents to something more immediately profitable.

But perhaps the greatest deficiency was in the set-up itself, for the "system" as established by law was really no system at all. There was no organization on a state-wide scale. Each school set up its own regulations as to courses, requirements, teacher-qualification, and length of school term. A more drastic inconsistency resulted from the fact that elementary schools and universities were established by law, but there was no provision for schools which would adequately bridge the gap between them.

The shortage of teachers and the meagre supply of funds made it next to impossible for government officials—themselves often uninterested—to provide adequate educational opportunities. As a consequence, the responsibility of educating the young was left to various private and religious institutions.

Much of the teaching was done by the parish priest whose duties and responsibilities were already tremendous. We find it difficult to imagine how he could have found time to organize and conduct a school. But he did. Still, he could not continue to be the sole instructor of the young. The teaching sisterhoods were needed if the schools were to survive and prove beneficial. They were invited to come and they accepted the invitation. Working hard and sacrificing much, they maintained the schools and set up other common schools and high schools, welcoming all to take ad-

vantage of the opportunities they provided.

Thus was the gap bridged. The few scattered private schools and the rapidly multiplying parochial schools carried the greatest weight of the burden of education until the public school system, with the help of a greater number of teachers and additional funds and materials, began to function. Public education in Indiana made great strides in one hundred years, but let us not forget the debt of gratitude we owe to the pioneer efforts of the valiant sisterhoods.

RAIN

It splattered down upon my face;

It stung with every drop,

But as I struggled on in vain,

I knew it had to stop.

Sometimes in life there seems to be

No hope from earth or heav'n above,

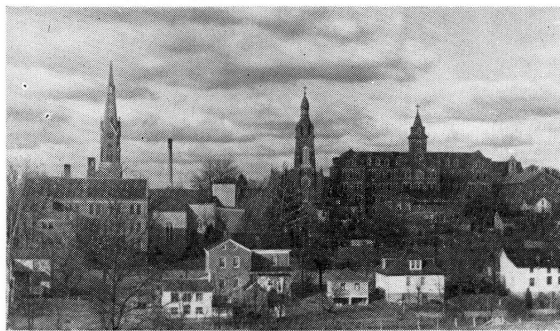
But having faith we always find

That God but tests our love.

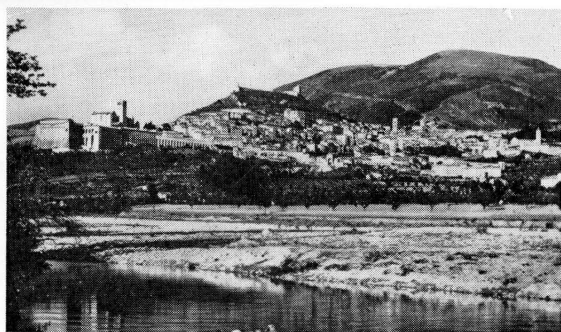
—*Helene Herber*

Oldenburg: American Assisi

by MARTHA PEINE



Oldenburg



Assisi

As a collegiate of Marian College conducted by the Sisters of Saint Francis from Oldenburg, Indiana, I had heard a great deal about the Franciscan town of Assisi. Therefore, I included it in my itinerary during my Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome and was eager to compare it with Oldenburg to which the Sisters often referred as the American Assisi.

Assisi is now widely known but the people who lived in the quiet

Italian town before the twelfth century probably never entertained the thought that their village would some day be famous. But Assisi was destined to be more than just an average town, for in the twelfth century one of its wealthy and gay young men, Francesco Bernardone, began a new way of life. Throwing away his claim to wealth, he founded three religious orders. Yes, Francesco Bernardone was soon recognized throughout the world as a

great leader, and although he did not realize it at the time, he was exerting a powerful influence not only in Italy, his native country, but in other countries throughout the world. Assisi, which had heretofore been little known except perhaps in the immediate vicinity, in less than one hundred years became known over the continent.

Seven hundred years later, in the wilds of Indiana, the inhabitants of the small village of Oldenburg, as the citizens of Assisi, probably never thought that their small town was destined to become an American Assisi. Nevertheless, in 1851 Father Francis Rudolf and Mother Theresa, both fired with great zeal and religious fervor, established a Franciscan order which was to grow and prosper there as it had in Assisi, and not long after, in 1866, another Franciscan order, that of the Friars Minor, made its appearance in Oldenburg. In less than one hundred years it was evident that Oldenburg, as Assisi, was to be more than her villagers had foreseen, for as religious went forth and established schools and parishes the town of Oldenburg became known not only in Indiana but in other states throughout the nation.

As Assisi is nestled in the hills of Umbria so is Oldenburg nestled in the hills of Indiana. By comparing maps, we find that although Oldenburg and Assisi are both located between renowned cities—Oldenburg between Indianapolis and Cincinnati; Assisi between Rome and Florence—we must leave the main highway and travel a distance of a few miles before we reach our destination. Anyone who has visited As-

sisi cannot help but think of the little Umbrian town as he enters Oldenburg, for here as there, the road curves and winds in and around the beautiful hills and on either side of the road every possible inch of ground is cultivated; both communities are situated in farming districts.

Even as we enter Oldenburg we are reminded of Assisi. There is something quaint about these two towns, not in the sense that they are not modern because the inhabitants enjoy all modern conveniences. Their small, comfortable hotel, their post office, stores and homes are equipped with the latest facilities. But among the factors which make Oldenburg and Assisi quaint is that they are both villages of many spires. Where the spires of Assisi represent three Franciscan Orders, the spires of Oldenburg represent two: The Order of the Friars Minor and The Third Order of Saint Francis, both regular and secular. In Oldenburg as in Assisi, the church and convent are situated on the main street. Going down main street we view the Convent of the Sisters of Saint Francis with its spacious buildings; in Assisi we behold the Convent of the Poor Clares. A little farther down the street we come to Holy Family Church while in Assisi we visit Saint Clare Church. Where in Assisi we continue on the same street to see the Basilica of Saint Francis, in Oldenburg we merely round the corner to observe the monastery of the Friars. Although the population of Oldenburg is much smaller than that of Assisi, it is remarkable how

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The Seraphic Knight

And His Brothers of the Round Table

by MARY WASSEL

Magnificent castles topping gently rolling hills, surrounded by verdant forests and bubbling streams; a romantic land furnishing the stage upon which proud kings, brave knights, and beautiful ladies played their parts—that was England in the early Middle Ages. Undoubtedly, the greatest of the kings of that time was the legendary King Arthur whose court was held at Camelot. As the legends go, one Pentecost Eve all the knights of his Round Table were assembled at a great feast. As they sat they heard a loud noise, like the crackling of thunder. A sunbeam, with a brightness not of this world, gleamed suddenly in the center of the room and there floated into the hall the Holy Grail. Over it was a veil of white samite; no one could see it nor the one who bore it—then it disappeared.

Many of the knights took a vow to depart in quest of the Holy Grail and not to return until they had seen it. This privilege, however, was granted to only one of them. After a year of searching, Sir Galahad, a young and true knight, knelt one day to pray. He suddenly beheld before him the Holy Vessel encircled by a great crowd of an-

gels. Immediately his soul left his body and was carried by the angels up into heaven. Sir Galahad, indeed, had found the Holy Grail and died of the finding.

Later in the Middle Ages there was another knight, Francis Bernardone, who consecrated his very life to the service of his King, a King truly worthy of all love and honor for He is the Ruler of heaven and earth. Unlike Sir Galahad, however, who sought adventure clad in glorious armor and mounted on a shining steed, this knight traveled the earth on foot, clad in a simple robe, seeking only to glorify his Master. Is it not strange, that his soft tones have echoed farther than the clatter of Galahad's sword?—that the vibration of his bare feet on the soft soil has lingered long after the thundering impact of Galahad's horse has died? Indeed, St. Francis of Assisi was a Seraphic Knight—a pure, angelic, sublime knight. He, too, made vows to his King: vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience which were faithfully fulfilled daily throughout his entire life.

The Seraphic Knight's whole life was a kind of *chanson de geste*, as Theodore Maynard says in his

life of St. Francis, *Richest of the Poor*. Already in his boyhood days, Francis loved to listen to the wandering minstrels of Provence, from whom he learned the tales of prowess and the legends of chivalry which were to color through life his views of men and religion. He had the idealistic temperament and characteristics of the knight: courtesy, refinement of manners, sincerity, loyalty, magnanimity, courage, decision, and promptitude in action. But Francis Bernardone, seeing how inadequate and how worldly the old chivalry had become, looked for the Sacred Heart within. He would be the Knight of the Sacred Heart, the Herald of the Great King.

One day while Francis knelt in prayer at the foot of the crucifix in the old chapel of St. Damian, he heard a voice saying: "Francis, go and rebuild My house, which, as you know, is falling into ruin." Francis took the message literally and set to work to repair the chapel of St. Damian, all the while singing and praying tenderly and ardently. When he had finished the work on this chapel he began to restore the Benedictine chapel of St. Peter's just outside the walls of Assisi and that of St. Mary of the Angels at the Portiuncula. This work Francis did out of his great love for our Eucharistic King.

The devotion of St. Francis to the Holy Eucharist was that of a Knight, of a lover. Hence, the long hours of the day and night which he spent in adoration and prayer, and the visits which he always paid to the Blessed Sacrament when, on his journeys, he came to a church

or chapel. His love for Christ in the Eucharist expressed itself in zeal and devotion for all that concerned the church, the tabernacle, the altar, the sacred vestments, and linens. In a word, Francis was intensely interested in having the places of worship worthy of the Divine Master.

Each knight had a lady with whom he was enraptured and for whom he fought all battles. Francis Bernardone was no exception. He chose his to be Lady Poverty, the daily companion of Christ on earth and his faithful one on Calvary. Most amazing of all, he was not alone in this unusual knighthood, for his example drew others to his side and daily the ranks of the Brothers of the Seraphic Knight's Round Table increased.

As some of King Arthur's knights were more famous than others, so also were some of the Brothers of the Round Table outstanding. Among the notable were such holy men as St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bonaventure, and St. Paschal Baylon. In their knightly adventures they witnessed many strange and wondrous sights.

Once St. Anthony was confronted by a heretic who refused to admit the Real Presence since he was unable to see a change take place in the elements of the Eucharist. The pious Franciscan said to him, "If the horse you ride were to adore the true Body of Christ under the element of bread, would you believe in the truth of the Sacrament?" The heretic promised he would confess it truthfully if the experiment was a success when carried out on his conditions. Anthony

agreed. For two days the heretic deprived the horse of food and on the third day brought him out. They brought him hay on one side, while on the other stood Anthony devoutly bearing the Body of Christ in a ciborium. The horse, as though endowed with reason, quietly advanced and respectfully bent its knees in front of the Saint holding the Sacred Host until Anthony gave it permission to go away. Needless to say, the heretic believed.

St. Bonaventure, christened John in Baptism, became seriously ill at the age of four and was given up by the physicians. His mother called St. Francis and begged him to heal her child. Francis prayed over him and the child was cured immediately. The Saint is said to have uttered the words, "Oh, blessed event." Thus the child was then called Bonaventure. He entered the Franciscan Order at an early age. Because of his extensive and profound knowledge he was appointed professor of Theology at the University of Paris. He became Minister General and so prudently did he fulfill his office that he is considered the second founder of the Order. Because of the unction of his many writings he is called the Seraphic Doctor. He, too, practiced great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Once when he abstained from Holy Communion for several days from a sense of humility God rewarded his ardent love by sending an angel to place the Sacred Host on his tongue.

Although the precise origin of the Forty Hours Devotion is wrapped in a good deal of obscurity,

there are certain facts which must be accepted. While there is evidence to prove that the custom of exposing the Blessed Sacrament for public adoration was introduced here and there both by the friars and others before the middle of the seventeenth century, the Forty Hours Devotion with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament owes its origin to the Capuchin Friar Joseph Plantanida of Fermo. In order to avert the perils with which the Turks were threatening Christendom, he prevailed upon the Senate of Milan, in 1537, to have these solemn prayers by turn in each of the churches in the city in such a way as to keep up the devotion throughout the year.

St. Paschal Baylon, who was made the patron of all Eucharistic societies and assemblies by Pope Leo XIII in 1897, was one of the greatest among the Brothers of the Seraphic Knight's Round Table. Although he was a humble lay brother who had never learned to read or write, he could discourse about the deepest mysteries of religion with marvelous insight to the astonishment of the most learned men. He fostered special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His joy and honor was to have the task of awakening in the early morning his religious brethren, the soldiers of Christ, in order to summon them to fresh combat. In his eyes, the community at prayer in the chapel was the army of the Lord drawn up in battle array and about to take the field. God was pleased to reward his ardent zeal. One day while out-of-doors, Paschal devoutly

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Franciscan Lore and Devotions

by RACHEL WEST

Every country has its lore—its customs, its songs, and its ceremonies. Even so has each religious order. Certainly it would not be wrong to say that, among all the orders, the Franciscans have a fair share of this lore gathered through the years since their founding by St. Francis of Assisi. To the ordinary customs which are purely their own they have added many religious devotions which are now recognized as an essential part of Church liturgy.

The list of these devotions is long, because both Francis and his followers found it necessary to express their great love for Christ in some other ways than were found in pre-12th century tradition. The lore and devotions collected by this Order are not merely pious little actions, but the expression of souls who have made Christ the very center of their existence.

St. Francis himself is directly responsible for the most famous of all Franciscan customs—that of the Christmas crib. This practice, begun by the Saint as a simple means of letting people see what they would forget too easily when they merely heard it, has been spread over the entire world, and it now exists as the true symbol of the spirit of Christmas.

Let us imagine the first Franciscan crib scene set up in a cave in a wooded area near Graecia, Italy. The Child, a doll, lies in the crib; peasants and shepherds with their flocks are present for the ceremony. A Mass is said near the spot—the first Midnight Mass; the peasants, inspired by the simple loveliness of the scene, sing praises to God—the first Christmas carols. It was with such inspiration that a Franciscan, Jacopone da Todi, who is generally considered the first writer of Christmas carols, composed his early songs.

The crib is the first thing that we think of when we mention Franciscan lore, but it is by no means the only important part. Francis possessed a great love for the Blessed Sacrament. It was only natural, then, that his followers would want to spread this devotion throughout the whole world to all people. It was what Francis would have wanted. So we find that Anthony of Padua, Berthold of Ratisbon, Alexander of Hales, Bonaventure, and Duns Scotus, all Franciscans, are often called the “wonder-workers” of the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. St. Paschal is the patron of Eucharistic societies, begun by Franciscans. A Franciscan promoted the Forty Hours devotion, and,

again, Franciscans first established Perpetual Adoration in Milan.

No doubt you know several men who belong to Holy Name Societies. But did you know that this society and practically all forms of devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus were begun by Franciscans? It was St. Bernardine of Siena and St. John Capistran, both Franciscans, who introduced the banners consisting of the Greek *IHS* monogram of the Name of Jesus surrounded by rays of light. This monogram was later embroidered on the vestments worn by priests. It was through the efforts of the Franciscans, too, that the Name of Jesus was added to the *Hail Mary*. The Feast of the Holy Name dates back to the 16th century, when it was first celebrated by the Franciscan Order.

Knowing that Francis frequently meditated on the Passion of our Lord and that he himself bore the stigmata, it is not surprising to find that the *Way of the Cross* was first introduced by Franciscans. Later Clement XII extended this devotion to the whole Church and reserved to the Order the right to bless the Stations, a right which still prevails today.

One of the most famous and beautiful of all devotions instituted by Franciscans is that of the recitation of the *Angelus*, morning, noon, and night, in memory of the Incarnation. Under the presidency of St. Bonaventure, the Chapter of Assisi held in 1269 confirmed the custom which had been introduced as early as 1250 in Franciscan churches.

Then too, the Franciscan Order, ever mindful that their home was the Portiuncula dedicated to St. Mary of the Angels, composed the second part of the *Angelic Salutation*: "pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death." This addition was approved by Pius V in 1515.

Another of the many Franciscan devotions to the Blessed Virgin is the rosary known as the *Franciscan Crown*, consisting of seven decades in honor of the seven principal joys of our Lady. This rosary was introduced by the Venerable James of the Crowns, a Franciscan, who is said to have received the special protection of Mary.

Besides these practices and devotions there are many hymns which have been written by Franciscans. Some of the most famous of these are the *Dies Irae* by Fra Thomas of Celano, the *Stabat Mater* by Fra Jacopone da Todi, and the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* attributed to St. Bonaventure. The Franciscans have instituted also many well-known feast days. Perhaps the best known are the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity which is celebrated on the first Sunday after Pentecost; the Visitation, on July 2; and the Immaculate Conception, December 8.

Such devotions, hymns, and prayers manifest the Franciscans' great love for Christ and His Mother. They make up a great part of the heritage which has been left to the world by St. Francis and his devoted sons.

St. Francis - - A Social Reformer

by ALICE RABEN

A world of two billion creatures of God so many of whom are living Godless lives! Hatred and disregard for fellow men where there should be love and consideration! And yet we wonder why news of crimes of war and bloody strife, manifestations of such intense hatred and Godlessness should daily occupy front pages of our newspaper. There might be A-bombs to destroy Russia and government force to end strikes, but physical force can never be a remedy for moral corruption. It is not absolutely necessary that bloodshed and strife precede all social progress. It is, however, necessarily true that the only way in which genuine and lasting progress can be achieved is by a moral and spiritual reform of the basic components of society—the individual.

Social reform through individual reform! That was the principle underlying the social reform of the Little Poor Man of Assisi. To soften the mind and heart of each individual by instilling in them the concept of Christian love and justice was the Franciscan way of effecting social betterment.

The extent to which a society comprehends the true Christian meaning of life is the only real criterion for judging the condition of that society, for it is to achieve his eternal goal that man exists, and

the society that assists man in attaining his goal is the only society that is fulfilling its purpose and can be called truly progressive.

Social progress, then, necessarily bespeaks moral reform. And the condition against which that moral reform in society is aimed primarily is materialism—the use of power and wealth as ends in themselves rather than as means to an end. From the state of materialism flow the roots of social ills—greed and selfishness. From true spiritual and moral reform come the combatants of those ills—Christian brotherhood and charity.

In his native territory in central Italy, St. Francis preached Christian charity as a remedy for the social ills of his time. This area was greatly in need of such a great Apostle of Peace, and the preaching and pleading of St. Francis was more than a little effective in bringing about a triumph of peace. Even in the town of Assisi there was great need of reform.

The society of Assisi was in a deplorable condition, the cause of which could be found mainly in the feudal system. The oppressed *Minors*, those of the lower caste, were revolting against the tyranny of their overlords. Seeking civil and political rights and the liberty ac-

corded to them by social justice, they carried the issue to a bloody strife. With the Perugians as their allies, the overlords defeated the Assisians and many of them, including Francis, were led captive to Perugia.

The enslaved class continued the agitation for social and political rights. Francis, day after day, pleaded with and exhorted the nobles to concede to a peaceful and satisfactory agreement. He preached Christian love—a rule which was to form a cradle for democracy, and the people listened to his plea. Largely through his appeal, the troubled town of Assisi reached a peaceful settlement in 1210, when a pact was signed in which the *Minores* were granted equal rights with the nobles.

Also, in neighboring towns St. Francis, through his power of speech and example, brought social conflicts to a peaceful settlement.

Throughout these social conflicts in the dying days of feudalism, St. Francis espoused the cause of the oppressed—the *Minores*. By choosing for himself and his followers the title of Friars Minor, he emphasized his preference for the lowly class. But in upholding their cause, St. Francis was not condemning wealth and power. He had no intentions of overthrowing the existing social order. His objective was not the destruction of wealth and power, but the destruction of the attitude that they were ends in themselves. He wished to find a way to harmonize wealth and poverty, power and submission.

To carry on the social reform for which he had set the example, St.

Francis founded the Third Order for the laity, the Tertiaries. It would answer the social question for the very reason that it would sanctify its members. Sanctification would not be limited to the members only, but the members would influence those with whom they would come in contact. By practicing the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, they would be doing social work in the best sense.

In the twentieth century, Pope Leo XIII, a Tertiary and an apostle of social reform, designating the Third Order as the most effective means of achieving the desired reform, stated: "I expect the rebirth of the world and the welfare of social order from the activity of the Third Order." Pope Leo and his successors considered the social problem to be, above all, a moral and religious problem which could be solved only by a sincere return to a Christian way of living.

A moral reform, a return to the precepts of the Gospel and to the teaching of our Divine Master, alone can cure the social ills in our day, as it did in the days of St. Francis. We have the example and the facts, but we need leaders like the one who led Assisi and Perugia to peace. And, we, like the people of Assisi and Perugia also need followers who will open their hearts, hearts hardened by hatred and materialism, to the pleading of a Heart Whose very essence is love. If God's precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," were weighed by the classes that today are divided by bitterness and un-Christian antagonism, the social war would end in a treaty of peace and brotherhood of men.

Perfection

I see You in all that is beautiful;
I see You in the glory of the sun;
I see You in the silence of the night;
I see You in the forces of the wind.

I see You in the most dainty flowers;
I see You in the deep, endless sea;
Wherever there is goodness,
My God, I see You without end.

But whenever I shall see You
Clearly in my worst enemy,
Then shall I know, my God,
That I could not love You better.

—Joyce Ann Edwards

Sounding the Praises of God

by AUDREY KRAUS

What charms music has and what power it possesses to move the moods of men! Yet, the part it plays in assisting the devout to raise their minds and hearts to God is greater and far more important.

Our holy Father, St. Francis, realized this and wished to cultivate spiritual song for the sake of spiritual joy. To him, music was to serve for "sounding the praises of God." Franciscan Friars and Tertiaries in ensuing years strove to keep this spirit alive by hard work and an undying desire to praise the Lord.

Early records reveal that Franciscan Friars were adept in making musical instruments and versed in the knowledge of theory. Friars Konrad Rottenburger, Leonard Marcae, and Urban of Venice were famous organ builders in the 15th century, and Dardelli of Mantua was renowned for his lutes and violas. St. Louis of Toulouse has the distinction of being the first Friar to write on the theory of music, his topic being polyphonic music. Bonaventure of Brescia, Peter Canuzzi, and Francis of Bruges followed with other treatises.

Among the Franciscan Tertiaries were great musicians, both priests and laymen. Some devoted their life work almost solely to the writing and promoting of church music; others wrote both sacred and secular compositions.

In the latter group are found such men as Rossini, Liszt, Gounod, and Tinel. Rossini's prominent contributions are oratorios, a *Tantum Ergo*, and an *O Salutaris*. Liszt was so inspired by the beauties of nature that he wrote a Franciscan Sonata, known as *The Sermon to the Birds* in which we hear the chirping of the birds around St. Francis and the conversation that takes place between them. It is a beautiful tribute to St. Francis who saw reflected in Nature the beauty and splendor of the Heavenly Father. Other sacred works of Liszt are *Christus*, *The Legend of Elizabeth*, and *The Grand Mass*. To the magnificent accompaniment of the first prelude of Bach's *Well Tempered Clavichord*, Gounod wrote the lovely melody of an *Ave Maria*, weaving into the composition a reverential spirit which has served to make it the most popular of his sacred works. He also wrote oratorios and several Masses. A more recent composer, Edgar Tinel, wrote some impressive church music and cantatas. Of his works, the oratorio *Franciscus* is noteworthy.

Undoubtedly though, without tertiaries like Pope Pius X, Perosi, and Palestrina, church music would not have been reformed and purified. Utilizing his knowledge of music, particularly Gregorian Chant, Pius X labored unceasingly

throughout his pontifical reign for the reform of church music. Like St. Francis he saw spiritual value in music and believed that it ought to be an incentive, an inspiration for prayer and thought. His cry was for holiness, artistic purity, and universality with the exclusion of every other kind of instrument but the organ from church. In 1903 he issued the *Motu Proprio* on sacred music in which he set forth specific points for the writing of church music. He stated a preference for the use of Gregorian Chant in church, and banned music that was theatrical.

One of his chief workers was Perosi, a priest, a composer, and at one time musical director of the Sistine Chapel. As a composer he exerted his greatest influence by weaving into his works all styles of music. He advocated that men try to

recreate a universal art in which the resources of all countries and of all times are blended.

Palestrina, a great and esteemed composer of sacred music, dedicated his life's services to God. He left us a tremendous wealth of compositions—ninety-five Masses, three hundred fifty Motets, sixty-eight Offertories, and three books of Lamentations. These are but a portion of his works, all breathing the holy spirit of devotion. His magnificent tribute to Pope Marcellus, the *Missa Papae Marcelli*, was regarded as the model for future church music. It is his greatest, it is unsurpassable.

Whether Friar or Tertiary, all have brought out in their labors the sounding of the praises of God. They have left us memorials in the form of compositions which echo the spirit of the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

Franciscan Joy

by MARIE MARTINO

It is said that St. Francis was the "Troubadour of God" who sang his way through life. His whole life was one of joy and happiness because his heart and soul gloried in all of God's creations.

The question arises, "How could such a poor man always be happy and cheerful since he had *nothing* to be happy about?" Before this

question can be answered, we must know in what real joy consists. It does not consist in a life of riotousness and hilarity. The joy we must attain should be serene and friendly, and radiate from within ourselves. It comes from giving instead of receiving; from comforting instead of being comforted. True joy is like a small stream of water that runs through life—sometimes stopped

up with troubles—other times, let to flow unhindered.

Is it possible that St. Francis had *nothing* to be happy about? It is true that he had not the riches and comforts of life, but the source of his joy was having nothing and yet possessing all things. He could be lighthearted because he had found a way to attain true indifference to material things. Not having any wealth or comforts to fret and worry about left him free to appreciate Almighty God's beautiful creations. Every man and woman, every bird, animal, and flower was his friend, for in them he could see mirrored all the essence of God's perfection. This sense of beauty was to Francis one of the most outstanding human sources of happiness. When he was racked with pain, this source enabled him to think of all the beautiful flowers of the earth, the stars and the moon, the water and the wind.

St. Francis' way was to bury all troubles so as to let the stream of joy wind its course through his life. Francis impressed this same character of joy on his Order. His brothers were to be joyous not only in exterior appearance but in conduct as well. He said of them once, "Let them take care not to appear exteriorly sad and gloomy like hypocrites, but let them show themselves to be joyful and contented in the Lord, merry and becomingly courteous." His brothers were always to be messengers of joy by word, song, and example. And they were, for they found with Francis, a joy of prayer which penetrated

into their souls until they were one with God. This joy of prayer led to a joy of poverty, for this personal contact with God was so soul-satisfying that they had no need of other things. Poverty could only bring suffering and in this, Francis and his brothers rejoiced also. To suffer for Christ was for them the most pure and greatest happiness.

The influence of this joyous spirit of St. Francis has left an indelible mark on all Franciscans. This is the reason why they are, on the whole, very cheerful persons. They have attained a true indifference to material things, and through Francis, know that Jesus wants them to serve Him, not only with diligence and readiness, but with joy.

The erroneous belief that a pious man cannot be happy and cheerful is unfortunately very prevalent in the world today. It is believed that a religious man must forget all about happiness and go about with a sad and gloomy countenance. If he is not morose, cranky and unsociable, he gets the reputation of not being pious at all. These ideas are so distorted! Can't it be seen, that a truly pious soul is constantly with God, Who is the source of all joy? With his soul at peace, how can he help but overflow with happiness at the mere thought of God?

The life of St. Francis was filled with many joys—joy of prayer, poverty, suffering. But these were only streamlets flowing from the one main source that brought him happiness. St. Francis of Assisi had attained the Joy of all joys—*joy in God, of God, from God.*

The Whispering Breeze

by BETTY KENNEDY

Days at the Lake are gay ones when the days are July, sunny and warm, and the Lake is Hiawatha with its deep shimmering coolness, modern tourist cabins, and exciting people.

Cathryn Eliot was an exciting person; she danced and swam and laughed, with a vivacity and a love for life possessed only by the pretty, twenty, and happy.

Days at Hiawatha were gay, even when one had a problem. Cathryn tossed her problem around now as she lay in the warm, sun-soaked sand, idly watching the sea gulls play catch over the lake. That she, who loved dancing and tennis and the attentions of boys, should feel this strange attraction away from them; that this confusion should dominate her thoughts and this yearning upset her heart dismayed her. Cathryn was afraid she had a vocation.

How long she had felt this way she couldn't tell. It had been all so subtle. She had always thought vocations were definite and pronounced—like a call. That's what everyone called them.

Cathryn reached into the red and white beach bag and pulled out a much used pamphlet entitled, *Your Vocation*. She turned to well-read page 12.

"The call to religious life is not an overpowering audible expression. To some, it is true, it is distinct and

strong. But to others it is soft and gentle, like a whispering breeze."—"A whispering breeze," Cathryn thought, "such a very gentle whispering breeze that I can hardly hear, but only feel."

"Some recipients of a vocation are overwhelmingly drawn to the religious life, some are quietly and softly drawn and others, sad to say, hesitantly . . . these last feel the attraction, but also a repulsion. They desire to make the sacrifice, but are appalled by the cost."

Cathryn laid the pamphlet down, rolled over, and rested her head on her arms. She knew the rest, she had read it over and over many times. Those "sad to say" hesitants would find it rough in any other life. Father Thomas had said their chances of heaven and eternal happiness were weakened much by their reluctance. But, oh, the glory that is theirs if they answer the call.

The gulls had abandoned their game of catch and were chattering excitedly over the prospect of mealtime. Cathryn shivered and realized it must be getting late. The appearance of Pete Jordan, the young tow-headed life-guard, going to supper, confirmed her suspicions. She gathered her things together and waited for the lanky boy.

"Hi, doll," Pete grinned amiably. "What are you doing way off here by yourself?"

"I wanted to be alone," Cathryn

said in her best Katherine Hepburn fashion. Pete laughed heartily, as she knew he would, and the subject of her solitude was dismissed.

"Hey, you going to the dance tonight, Cathy?"

Dance? Oh, yes, the dance at the lodge. She was going with Chuck Mason, Michigan U's latest contribution to Hiawatha. She should be thrilled, but strangely—

"Sure thing, Pete. Wouldn't miss it."

Gollys, Cathryn thought, I shouldn't have stayed out so long. Got to press my dress, and my hair's a mess.

Early mornings at the lake are cold. Cathryn pulled on a blue cardigan as she skipped down the path in front of the cabins. She hurried so as not to be late for Mass at the little wooden church right outside of Enochsburg, a little town a mile from the resort.

She had started daily Mass when she was very young. "It's the surest way of going to heaven," her mother used to say.

The small church was quiet and peaceful. The low intonations of the priest and server were scarcely audible. At the altar the grey-haired man in the red vestments of the martyr Mass raised his sacrifice to heaven:

Hoc est Enim Corpus Meum.

"My Lord and My God," Cathryn prayed. "May I serve Thee more." The great yearning had swelled within her, enveloping her heart and pressing tight against it. There was a whispering breeze and Cathryn listened closely. "May I serve Thee more."

The pretty city girl in the little wooden church did not notice the congregation leave nor the server dim the candles. She knelt with her hands pressed against her eyes in communion with God.

"How can I give up the dances with boys like Chuck, the tennis and swimming, hours on the sand with a good book, the hen sessions and "deep philosophical discussions" at Jo's. How can I leave the parties and pretty clothes" — Cathryn started as if someone had tapped her on the shoulder. Her next thought was, "How can I give up this for—" "Why I never thought of what I was gaining, only what I was losing. I thought of the strict convent rules, and the vows for God, but I forget about the positive side."

Oh, the life of a religious is not all sacrifice and penance. It is a life of moments of exquisite happiness, of a closeness with God only those fully dedicated to Him can attain, of a great peace of mind, of deep internal spiritual joy.

For those who are physically, mentally, and spiritually fit, and who have a desire to be a religious, a lasting, gentle, firm and right desire, for these, who are blessed with a vocation, there is no greater peace and happiness than that granted to them for dedicating their lives to serving God.

"I love you, My Lord," Cathryn prayed with her heart and her mind. Tears swelled in her eyes as she poured her heart out to God. "Forgive me for hesitating to answer

(Continued on page 48)

A Timely Question



by BILLIE JEAN EILERS

My dear aunt Louise,

It's always the little things, isn't it? The seemingly insignificant things which recall to our minds what has long been cast into oblivion, minor incidents which happen at no special time to startle us into the reality that we know so little after all. Dramatic sounding perhaps, but such a thought was induced by your intense curiosity concerning the seal stamped on the invitation you received for the centenary celebration of the Sisters of St. Francis of Oldenburg, Indiana.

Undoubtedly, that seal went unnoticed by the majority of those who were extended a formal welcome to the centennial festivities. Your inquisitive letter literally demands a prompt answer; therefore, I shall do my utmost to clarify the importance of that "circular puzzle" immediately.

The convent seal of the Sisters of St. Francis suggests a wealth of beautiful meaning. The two concentric circles symbolize the distinctive Franciscan cord. Encircled

within these lines is the official title of the Congregation: the Sisters of St. Francis, Oldenburg, Indiana. The arms pictured within the smaller circle trace their existence to a personal incident in the life of the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

In 1213, St. Francis set out for France. On his way he came upon the city of Susa in Piedmont where he was graciously received by the Countess Beatrix, wife of Thomas of Savoy. In her willingness to serve her saintly guest, Beatrix consented to the request of St. Francis to finance the building of a convent there. Before the Poverello's departure the Countess asked him for some token of remembrance. As a true follower of Lady Poverty, Francis felt at a loss to fulfill this request. After a moment of deliberation, he tore loose one of the sleeves of his well-worn habit, and humbly presented it to the Countess, saying: "The God of Peace be with you and your children." Throughout the remainder of his journey to Italy

through France, Spain, and Portugal, he usually held his arms crossed on his breast. As you see on the seal, one arm is covered, the other is bare. The latter is in token of the charity of the poor St. Francis who despoiled himself of his own clothes to give to the poor. The wounds in the hands and the cross arising between the arms represent the sacred stigmata of St. Francis received on Mt. Alverna.

The date 1851, along with the brilliant star, commemorates the founding of the Community on January 6, feast of the Three Kings, 1851.

The spray of lilies in the center of the seal owes its presence to a dream. Reverend Francis Rudolph, at whose call the Sisters came to Oldenburg, was in doubt as to where to erect the first convent building. His sexton had a dream in which he saw the field where the buildings now stand covered with lilies. How very appropriate for the Sisters of St. Francis, lilies of purity. Immediately Fr. Rudolph chose the place for the convent building.

You may be interested in a parallel dream which led to the foundation of the Franciscan Order. The Little Poor Man of Assisi with his little brothers implored Pope Innocent III to give his approval to the founding of a new religious order—an order of poverty, penance, and humility. The Pope ordered them to

retire, but that night he had a strange dream. He dreamed that a palm tree sprang from the ground at his feet, shot up skywards and under its green foliage millions of men found shelter, peace, and happiness. It was then borne upon him that the little brown company he had so hastily dismissed were chosen ones of God to found an order in honor of Lady Poverty and that they and their disciples would cover the whole earth with a mantle of charity. When he awoke, he sent for them immediately and receiving them with great kindness gave them his approval and blessing to found a new order.

The Latin phrase *Pro Deo Et Juvenibus*—For God and Youth—proclaims the motive of the Sisters' life and work.

Such a lengthy explanation; yet, nothing less could suffice for this tiny but gigantic seal. I am slighting you, I'm afraid, by ignoring your numerous other questions but time presses me at the moment and I have little choice. I hope I have contributed to your better knowledge of the symbolism which interested you. May I close with the blessing our holy Father, St. Francis, often gave—*May the God of Peace be with you and your children.*"

Devotedly, your niece,
Jean.

REST

To want to know
for want of love,
and more,
to have this want
aware
that it might
channel into
furtive fear,
is pre-occupation,
sleeplessness.

To seek
and feel,
for love,
that knowledge
can be development
is
peace.

—*Rita Wokna*

Brother Atom Speaks

by RITA MCCANN

"In this the nineteen hundred and fifty first year of Our Lord, there are two menaces threatening the world. One is the liquidation of God from the earth; the other, the liquidation of the earth. Is the latter to be feared? With hope in my heart for the future of mankind, I should now like to introduce to you Brother Atom who will answer this question."

"Thank you, *FIORETTI*. Students and friends: I do hope that when I have finished telling you of myself, you, each and everyone of you, will call me Brother without fear.

"Yes, my name is Atom. You, the world, baptized me *the unsplittable thing*. Yet, one August day, not long ago, the world was stunned as news spread of the liquidation of a Japanese city. How did this come about? I was the answer. I had been split. I, with such great powers of good, was used for destruction in my debut as a splittable thing.

"But, let me tell you of some of my background prior to the news of August, 1945. My energy is called atomic energy. This is energy released by the disintegration of atoms of matter. My existence was first disclosed to the world in 1896

when the French physicist, Professor Antoine Henri Becquerel, discovered that uranium gave off mysterious rays. In time it became known that the atom of radium was disintegrating and that it was the breaking up of the atom that released the energy.

"Then physicists began asking, 'If radium is constantly disintegrating, giving off the energy that is locked within its atoms, why shouldn't it be possible to cause the atoms of any substance to give up energy?' Thus was born the research that became known as 'atom smashing.' Atom smashing took a new turn in 1940 with the discovery that one form of uranium, known as Uranium 235, would release a tremendous amount of energy. Whereas the radium atom merely expels a particle or two from the nucleus, the atom of Uranium 235 splits in two. After your scientists accomplished the feat of separating Uranium from its ores, they had to separate the atoms that compose Uranium 235 from the rest, which is Uranium 238. When you succeeded in this task, the problem which had to be solved by your scientists in World War II was how to speed up the process of concen-

trating Uranium 235. You executed this to a certain extent.

"I could tell your scientists which way to turn from the point they have attained, but it would not be fair to the dignity of man to reveal the next steps.

"I was the minimum of divisibility beyond which you thought you could not go, but you did. By being able to split the unsplitable do you boast that man has risen beyond human stature, has cheated destiny? I, Atom, answer, 'NO.' You were meant to split the so-called unsplitable. You were meant to go on, for as is found in Ecclesiasticus 10:4, 'The power of the earth is in the hands of God!'

"However, my main reason for speaking to you is to make you realize that I, Atom, do not have to be feared. In the form of a bomb or explosive I should be feared for I could liquidate the uni-

verse. Only one-tenth of one percent of my energy was released in the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. However, when I am used for good I do not need to be feared, but loved. Who knows, I may be the cure of cancer, of polio. I know and some day you will know what great things can be accomplished by using me as a stepping stone to your eternal goal. You should see me as one of a series of gifts from God to man. St. Francis would have included me, Atom, with the rest of his friends. He would have called me Brother Atom.

"I hope that in the months and years to come the world will truthfully be able to call me *BROTHER ATOM*, that the world will see me through the humble eyes of St. Francis, that the world will see the good in me.

"Good—'For this was I born and for this I came into the world' (John 18:37)."

Chesterton and St. Francis

by JEANNE GRIFFIN

Anyone desiring to read the usual type of saintly biography had better completely bypass G. K. Chesterton's life of St. Francis of Assisi. But if you are interested in St. Francis, if you are aware of the tremendous talent of Chesterton, you cannot afford to ignore this book.

St. Francis, Chesterton frankly admits, presents a problem to the modern world. Upon closing a book of his life one is tempted to remark, "What a strange and wonderful person! But of course he lived in the thirteenth century, and he was a saint," which seems to lead to the conclusion that saints and the Mid-

dle Ages are completely remote from the here and now. Let us examine that conclusion.

In the Middle Ages Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy*, a poem which daily receives more critical acclaim. St. Thomas wrote the *Summa Theologica*, the first complete synthesis of Catholic theology. Art and architecture flourished; there was a tremendous intellectual development in all fields. Men *thought*. Perhaps that is where the remoteness enters into the picture. Such a large percentage of our modern world has ceased to think. If, however, it is true that we build upon the past, then the heritage of the Middle Ages is only as remote as our own intellectual stagnation makes it.

" . . . and he was saint." But what, exactly, is a saint? What sets him apart so drastically from other men? Only this, that he has awakened from a sort of death in life to a realization that life really begins with death. He sees the truth of things clearly, because he has an intense love for God Who is the Truth. With the realization that all things are possible in Christ, he sets out to accomplish the (to us) impossible.

That was the logic of St. Francis. When one understands this there can be no further basis for misun-

derstanding. St. Francis lived and acted as he did, not in defiance of his time, but because he was following the way of the Cross, since this was Christ's way. And it is a way for all time; in fact, it is the only way. To some he was an ascetic, an extremist, perhaps even a fanatic. To the orderly mind of Chesterton he appeared one of the sanest men of his day.

Chesterton and St. Francis have much in common, but perhaps this more than anything: they were both converts—Chesterton from Protestantism, St. Francis from a pleasure-loving life, and they both found something better, through faith and love, and the wonderful grace of God.

The whole thing might best be summed up in the last six lines of Chesterton's poem, *The Convert*:

*The sages have a hundred maps
to give
That trace their crawling cos-
mas like a tree.
They rattle reason out through
many a sieve
That stores the sand and lets the
gold go free:
And all these things are less than
dust to me
Because my name is Lazarus and
I live.*

The Saving Contrast

by KATHLEEN BASHE

Beneath the thick column of ascending smoke lie the crippled remains of proud humanity; lies the rubble of rebellious earth.

A quick glance into events recorded by the pen of time explains and justifies this scene of morbid desolation. Over and over again, as each year unfolds, are penned these fatal words, Man neglected . . . man failed . . . man rebelled . . .

Lulled into lethargy by the ways of materialistic ideas proposed by crafty demagogues, humanity disregarded its previous code of laws and morals. Once again it failed to resist the luscious aroma of the fatal apple which seethed interiorly with maggots of hatred, lust, and intolerance.

Masses of humanity, driven on by force of sin and guilt, marched with haughty defiance upon the remaining and astonished populace. Man, in his role of avaricious beast, snarled in the face of Infinite Life, dared to mar with filthy claws the Edifice of Sovereignty.

Then came the visitation of Righteous Anger. A whip of fire lashed out across the sphere of iniquity with furious and lethal strokes.

Creatures steeped in vain glory were plunged head-long into eternity to continue forever in diabolical hands. Gaudy structures reflecting a false and empty splendor trembled, twisted, and crumpled in an unrecognizable heap.

The fiery scourging of humanity drew forth inconcordant sounds of misery, terror, and desolation.

And now this scene of smoldering stillness—a scarred and silenced globe, vibrating in its orbit, once more moves on with regularity. From its charred surface, signs of life begin to form. Creation has been spared the final blow!

Perhaps the reason for this manifestation of mercy lies within a shaded grove untouched by the castigation. There a miniature grotto is nestled in a convent yard. Humbly before the peaceful alcove kneels a nun with radiant countenance. The simplicity and sincerity of her continuous Litany rise as a sweet odor of incense to appease, to soothe insulted Love.

Further chance is given erring man. The purity of the lily growing among the weeds of humanity has compelled the attention of unlimited Mercy.

Queen of the Franciscan Order

by MARIAN MURTAUGH

Have you ever noticed the softness in the eyes, the warmth in the voice when a Franciscan speaks of Mary? There is something special between the Mother of God and these children of St. Francis. You would understand if you knew their background of seven centuries of work for her glory.

It is a drama of a great love and devotion to Mary which begins with the very foundation of their Order. Out of his tender devotion and childlike trust in Mary, St. Francis consecrated his Order to her at St. Mary of the Angels, and there it grew in the shadow of a sanctuary dedicated to her. Furthermore, St. Francis had a solemn Mass celebrated every Saturday in honor of the Immaculate Conception. With the inspiring example of their Seraphic Father before them, the members of the Order began their long history as defenders of this glorious privilege of their Queen.

A memorable event took place about a century later at the University of Paris. A public discussion on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was ordered by Pope Benedict X because certain learned men had attacked the doctrine. There, to defend it, was a Franciscan, the Venerable John Duns Scotus, a great theologian. His convincing proofs laid the foundations of the true doctrine so solidly and dispelled the objections in a manner so satisfactory, that from that time

onward his teaching prevailed.

Following in the footsteps of their own Duns Scotus, the Franciscans now became the most fervent champions of the doctrine. During the seventeenth century, they, with the backing of the Spanish Monarchs, renewed with vigor their campaign in behalf of Mary's glorious privilege. Their work at this period was the compiling of data and advancing the cause in Rome. One step further was gained when Pope Gregory XV decreed in 1622, after the thesis was successfully defended by a Franciscan and a Jesuit, that all were to celebrate the "Conception" and not the "Sanctification" of Our Blessed Lady.

Finally, two hundred years later the sons of St. Francis were rewarded for their efforts when on December 8, 1854, Pope Pius IX, a Franciscan Tertiary, solemnly declared that the Blessed Virgin Mary "in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin."

The story of Mary Immaculate and the Franciscans does not end here. Immediately after this proclamation, Franciscans began to pray, study, and labor to add to the glories of Our Lady the dogma of her bodily Assumption into Heaven. Again their efforts were crowned

with success when Pope Pius XII last year on November 1 proclaimed the Assumption of Our Lady a dogma of faith.

As a pledge of its special benevolence to the sons of St. Francis, the Holy See in 1910 granted them the privilege of adding the invocation, "Queen of the Order of Friars Minor, pray for us," after the invocation, "Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for us," in the Litany of Loreto. To increase still more among the sons of St. Francis the liturgical cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Pope Pius XII graciously granted the whole Franciscan family their own feast of the Immaculate Virgin under the title of "Queen of the Franciscan Order" to be celebrated on December 15.

All "little portions" of the Fran-

ciscan family have their own ways of honoring Mary. Our Sisters, the Sisters of St. Francis of Oldenburg, Indiana, have always been under Mary's care. When their convent was rebuilt after the fire in 1857, it was dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, and as the chapel, academy, and college were added, they also were placed under Mary's patronage.

A part of their devotion to Mary is the daily recitation of the Office of the Blessed Virgin and the rosary. In the spirit of a world praying for peace a beautiful shrine of Our Lady of Fatima has recently been erected on the convent grounds at Oldenburg where all may come to pray: "Queen of Peace, Queen of the Franciscan Order—pray for us."



The Franciscan Era in Art

by HELENE HERBER

During the Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome many people took time to visit some of the well known centers of art. One place that attracted much attention was the Upper Church at Assisi, built over the tomb of St. Francis, where the greatest works of Giotto, a famous artist of the thirteenth century, are displayed. These frescoes depict a story book life of the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

St. Francis' love of all created things as brought out in these paintings shows that he considered Nature an expression of God's creative love and himself as a brother to all creatures. He urged the living of a holy life by serving God out of love rather than out of fear. His words and good example touched the hearts of his hearers and prompted them to better lives.

This awakening of religious fervor, which St. Francis and his followers stirred, found an expression even in the arts, particularly in painting. Since the spirit of the Poverello of Assisi prevailed in art during this time, this period is called the Franciscan era.

During the Middle Ages hell and the severe punishments of sin were

stressed in art as well as in sermons. Now, not only in the sermons of the Friars Minor but also in art hell began to recede into the distance and paradise was placed in the foreground. Christ Crucified with words of pardon on His lips was more frequently presented than Christ as judge of the universe. Byzantine art lacked naturalness and visual perception; its figures were stiff and formal. These figures now gave way to flow of movement and natural groupings. Thus medievalism disappeared in art and the Franciscan era provided a stepping stone to the Renaissance.

The most outstanding artist during the Franciscan era was Giotto. His formative years were aided by Cimabue, an already renowned artist of that day. When the latter was called to Assisi to help decorate the Church of St. Francis he was accompanied by Giotto whose genius soon surpassed that of his teacher. Although Cimabue painted beautiful frescoes of St. Francis, Giotto best translated into his paintings the lovable spirit of the Poverello.

In the twenty-eight pictures of the Little Poor Man of Assisi in

the Upper Chapel of St. Francis, three distinct periods prevail in Giotto's artistic abilities. Since the first eighteen were painted at an early age in his career, they are bold and severe but simple in design. The next five are carried out in a Byzantine manner, yet with careful detail and peculiar color. The last represent the finest work of Giotto. In these paintings St. Francis is depicted as a man of Giotto's own time making the people of his own age feel closer to the great mystic.

Fifty years after the death of Giotto, Fra Angelico was born.

Although Giotto interpreted the era, Fra Angelico expressed better the spirit of the era. His art, which can be seen on the walls of the cells of the monastery where he lived, was the work of love and devotion. Every painting grew out of a faith that had simplified the world to a few values. Until his death in 1455 when Florence, a great center of art, had made the full swing into realism, learning, and paganism, the Franciscan spirit in art was carried on, leaving in Europe within the field of painting a heritage more graceful, more enchanting, and more musical than any other.

St. Francis as Linguist and Poet

by RITA SHERIDAN

The thirteenth century, the century of the high flowering of Catholic civilization, was ushered in by a military and knightly atmosphere with the religious fervor of the first Crusades dying out. It was an age of faith but, nevertheless, the neglect of the rights of the weak and the poor and the worship of material things were prevalent.

Such was the setting of the world when Francis Bernadone was born. His father, Peter, a wealthy merchant and man of affairs in Assisi, was on a business trip to France at the time. The Madonna Pica, his mother, had named him John; how-

ever, it is said that when Peter first saw the infant he saluted him as François on account of Pica's French extraction; and the name stayed with him. When time came for him to go to school, his mother sent him to St. George's school where he learned his rudiments. Latin was easy for him but he showed a greater interest in French, perhaps, because of his name or because of the French lyrics he would sing. The Madonna Pica was the source of influence for the songs which he sang. She was born in Provence, the home of the great Provençal troubadours who crossed the

Alps to make a minstrel's living in the cities and towns of Italy. The Provençal ballads were always on her lips. During Francis' youth he sang his own poetry and the songs of the Provençal poets in the streets of Assisi as a troubadour, but when he came out into the world to do his spiritual work later, he was called *Le Jongleur de Dieu*. The Madonna Pica, by her training and constant love and understanding for her child, molded Francis into a poet who later as a saint was to give a new semblance to Italy and Christendom.

He mingled with the people and learned to speak their simple speech, which Dante, a tertiary and Francis' most literary disciple, later formed into a language. Italy could lay claim to no particular literary production in its own tongue until St. Francis had written the *Canticle of the Sun*. This poem so influenced Dante that he continued to do constructive work until the Italian language reached its culmination in the *Divina Commedia*. Thus with the Poverello of Assisi as its Father the rich Italian language saw its birth.

St. Francis held more than one place in the literature of Italy and of the Christian world. "He was a poet whose whole life was a poem" as G. K. Chesterton writes in his

biography of St. Francis. Without realizing it he made the very act of living an art. From the time of his youth, with his elegant and majestic robes, until the moment of his death, with his body stretched on the bare earth in the form of a cross, his acts and their meanings imprinted themselves on the mind of mankind.

In the last years of his life St. Francis began to grow blind and as a remedy it was necessary to burn his living eyeballs with a red-hot iron. When the brand was hot and ready for use, he spoke as if to an invisible presence: "Brother Fire, God made you beautiful and strong and useful; I pray you be courteous with me." While he suffered a torture equal to martyrdom, he was living his own poem, *The Canticle of the Sun*.

By the middle of the thirteenth century, St. Francis, as only the poet-saint could do, had raised men's minds above small earthly matters to the vision of Truth and Beauty and Love. He had begun by wandering the streets of Assisi singing love songs with his boon companions; he ended with his *Canticle of the Creatures*, all of them joining him in a cumulative praise of God.



A Modern Need: More Tertiaries

by JEAN HELLSTERN

Today, we live in a world, strange in its object and strange in its setting. It is steeped in naturalism and soul-destroying materialism. A godless press and anti-Christian forces are undermining the morals of society. The Church is once more confronted with paganism. It is, indeed, modern paganism but not less dangerous than the paganism of old.

What can change such a world? The Third Order of St. Francis. Members of this great Order will, by their good example, exercise a tremendous influence over all classes of society. They will have no part in the prevailing wickedness because of their strict observance of the Rule of the Third Order which they profess of their own choice.

The Rule is no more nor less than the observance of the Gospel. If a person lives according to the spirit of the Gospel, he will love the rich and poor; be charitable to the needy and sick; aid charitable institutions; be decent in everyday life; practice mortification, and have a profound veneration and reverence for the ministers of the Church.

When St. Francis founded the Third Order it was for the purpose of permitting those living normal lives in the world to observe a rule of life within their own homes without interfering in any way with their domestic duties. As a result the members of the Third Order always have been, for the most part, married persons.

To re-christianize the world and society more Tertiaries are needed, especially recruits from the ranks of our Catholic youth. Youth is the time for decisions, a time for developing soul and body. Youth is filled with enthusiasm and zeal. Already at the age of fourteen a boy or girl may become a member of the great army of Tertiaries. It would be very gratifying and encouraging to see the Third Order organized in every Catholic high school and college. More Tertiaries are needed to carry the spirit of St. Francis into every home, every walk of life, and every one of the various social relations. By their virtuous lives and good example, the Tertiaries exert a potent influence on all with whom they come in contact. They can *Change the World*.

Science in the Franciscan Order

by PEGGY O'HARA

The praises of the Franciscan Friar Roger Bacon have been sung now for some seven centuries and since that time praises have been sung about many other famous men in the scientific field among whom are Volta, Galileo, Galvani, and Duns Scotus. Duns Scotus, too, was a Franciscan. Most of us know that. But how many of us know that Volta, Galileo, and Galvani were Franciscans also?

Roger Bacon must certainly be classed with the foremost scientists of his day. His contributions to the fields of alchemy, chemistry, geology, biology, zoology, optics, astronomy, and physics are innumerable and without comparison. He took almost every natural science bequeathed by his predecessors, improved it or advocated its advancement. It was Friar Bacon who invented the thermometer, the microscope, gunpowder, and who first suggested health rules as we know them today. Without his beginnings, progress would have certainly been long delayed. Roger Bacon was not only one of the most educated men of the thirteenth century, who mastered the knowledge of his age, but also a man who made distinct and original contributions to every science. Because of this he may be considered the forerunner of modern learning.

To the Franciscan Duns Scotus is attributed the first establishment of Aristotelian philosophy in the schools during the last half of the thirteenth century. Scotus set forth doctrines in the field of cosmology and wrote commentaries on Aristotle's *Physics* and *Meteorology*. A revolution took place during his lifetime: that in which Aristotle's *Physics* were undermined and the basic principles of modern science formulated. This revolution was first the work of Oxford Franciscans of whom Duns Scotus was a member.

The telescope was invented during the latter part of the sixteenth century. Its invention is attributed to Galileo Galilei, who can be called a Tertiary scientist. Through this invention new discoveries concerning the moon and the planets were made. Although Galileo is most widely known for the invention of the telescope, he made other contributions. In the field of statics, he was the first man to give a direct and entirely satisfactory demonstration of the laws of equilibrium and the principle of virtual velocities. He set forth the true principles of flotation for those studying hydrostatics. To Galileo is also attributed the establishment of the laws of falling bodies, the demonstration of the laws of projectiles,

and the anticipation of the laws of motion finally established by Newton.

Louis Galvani, an Italian scientist of the eighteenth century, is immortalized in the annals of science by the term galvanism. Galvanism is that branch of physical science treating of the properties and effects of electric currents. Galvani took up the study of the natural sciences from the point of view of the anatomist and physiologist. He is famous for his experiments concerning "the electrical forces in muscular movements," leading up to the theory of animal electricity. Galvani discovered that when nerve and muscle touch two dissimilar metals in contact with each other, a contraction of the muscles takes place. This led ultimately to his discussions with Volta

and to the discovery of the Voltaic pile.

The Voltaic pile was developed in 1800. It is the greatest of Volta's inventions and it consists of a number of discs of zinc and copper separated by pieces of wet cloth and arranged in a vertical column. The Voltaic battery which followed marks an epoch in physical theory as well as in the application of science to the welfare of mankind. The names of Galvani and Volta are on the list of brilliant Tertiaries.

Science owes much to the Franciscans. Five of the most outstanding Friars and Tertiaries in the field of science have been mentioned here. Yes, there were Franciscans who were pioneers in this field and in comparatively recent times there have been and there still are Franciscans contributing to scientific progress.

Francis Thompson, Nature Troubadour

by MARY SCHUCK

Troubadours of the Lord praised God and His universe and spread the mystical meaning of Nature in the persons of a saint, Francis of Assisi, and a poet, Francis Thompson.

It was St. Francis who led the way to the return to Nature. To him a closeness to Nature meant a closeness to God, and for this reason

his love embraced all created things. He gave voice to his love in the manner of the troubadours of the time, joining the little birds in giving praise to God through song.

Not until many, many years after St. Francis did another troubadour spend his days wandering about seeing the reflection of Christ in the beauties of the world. This

man, in whose works is seen the real spirit of St. Francis, was the English poet, Francis Thompson.

Thompson was greatly influenced by St. Francis. This influence was due to the fact that as a tertiary he made a very close study of his patron saint and became inflamed with a great love of Nature together with an understanding of the mysteries of God. A true Franciscan simplicity is reflected in every line of his poetry and a deep religious attitude is always present.

Thompson was a mystic seeing God through Nature. To him the world was but a large church in which one worships his God. Everything in Nature possessed a mystical significance for him. It is this ability to penetrate into God's revelation through His creation which points out his real poetic greatness.

Thompson gave literary symbolism a permanent place in religion by using it to explain the Catholic Faith. *Ode to the Setting Sun*, one of the most well-known of Thompson's works, illustrates how the poet sought to show the beauty of Nature bathed in sunlight. To him this globe of fire disappearing below the horizon only to come again the next day is a symbol of Christ dying only to rise again. The general theme of this ode is similar to that of the *Canticle of the Sun* by St. Francis. Both writers refer to the sun as

"brother" and regard all things of Nature as living symbols of God.

To St. Francis "brother sun" brings the day, the light, and is a symbol of light. To Francis Thompson "brother sun" tells the story of man to whom death seems to be the end of all but in reality is the beginning of a greater life.

In *The Hound of Heaven*, the greatest of Thompson's works, though the name of God is never pronounced, His presence is recognized in the symbol of the hunter. This song of the poet's humility is a study in the science of renunciation in which a terrible God—the Hound of Heaven—becomes a supreme friend and the chase ends in a divine embrace. The poem was first praised by members of the literary circles and later even by churchmen. It brought about the miracle of uniting the different religions in one general enthusiasm for Nature, and well earned for Thompson the realization of his deepest wish "to be called the poet of the return to God."

There can be no doubt as to the debt of gratitude the world owes to St. Francis and Francis Thompson who aroused a new love of Nature in man and restored faith, hope, and love to mankind through poetry. The Universe is their poem of God.

The Wolf of Gubbio

An Autobiography

by JEANNE GRIFFIN

Today, as I walk into the market place of Gubbio, I feel, somehow, that it is for the last time. I am old, and ready to die. It is time that my life should be over. Were it not for the Little Poor Man of Assisi it would have ended long ago.

The story of my life is not a long tale. I shall rest here near the fountain, and, perhaps, I shall have time to recall it once more:

In the forests about Gubbio, our family had been respected for generations. We were not wealthy, but we kept to ourselves and bothered no one, only the small animals which we killed for food. If people feared us, they respected our way of life, and there was little trouble between us and the townsfolk until I arrived.

From the very first I was different. I was hard to rear, preferring the darkness of the forests to my mother's side. The peaceful pursuits of my brothers and sisters interested me not at all. I fought with them, or worse, ignored them completely. There was that in me which only the forest could soothe, some deep, hidden yearning which gave me no peace.

For a few years I continued this

sort of existence, roaming the woods and countryside at will, content only when alone. And then, one day, something happened, something I remember with shame and horror. I had wandered rather far from home, a league or so from Gubbio, when I noticed a small child playing near the edge of the woods. Her hair and eyes were dark, but the sun made a halo about her face, a halo so bright it blinded me for a moment. She seemed so good—a reproach to my miserable self, and the light was so bright . . . one word stood out in my mind—*KILL!* I sprang, pierced her smooth throat with my teeth, and it was over, as quickly as that. For one instant she had looked at me in wonder, then in terror; the next moment she was dead. I felt no remorse or shame, only a sense of power. I turned slowly, and walked away from my victim, a changed character. Now I had a new interest, *killing!*

I grew large and powerful in the days that followed. Not only children, but men and women, too, became my prey. I killed numerous animals. Neither man nor beast was secure while I roamed the forests. Sometimes I ventured into the town, and the people would run in

terror. When I was hungry I ate whomever or whatever I had killed. And I felt no remorse whatever.

One day, as I wandered near the city walls, I saw a man approach me. He was a short, dark man, in an old brown robe, bareheaded, wearing sandals on his feet. And behind him, far behind, followed many people. "The fool," I thought, "has he not heard of me, the terror of Gubbio?" And I leaped towards him, my jaws open, when he did a strange thing; he made the sign of a cross. I stopped in confusion and amazement, for I had never seen such a sign. Then he spoke, "Come hither, brother wolf; I command thee in the name of Christ, neither to harm me nor anybody else." I walked up to the man, and his eyes told the truth of his words. And so, I pledged my peace. I lay down at his feet, and my murderous career was over, for, you see, I had never heard of Christ. I knew nothing of God's law or human dignity, until this man, so completely unafraid, revealed to me in one breath, in one

glance, the truth of my existence.

I was worthy of death, and would gladly have accepted any sort of treatment for my crimes. But this man forgave me, in the name of his Master, and, at the man's request, the townspeople promised to feed and care for me.

I have grown older now, and as I walk through the market place today, I feel weak, and tired, and very near death. I should like to see him once more, the man who brought me out of the darkness. He is from Assisi and is called Francis. The people speak of him as St. Francis. I would like to tell him that I have tried very hard to make amends for my past crimes. The people of Gubbio have come to look upon me as a friend and servant, and I should like to serve them toforever, but today, I know that is impossible.

The sun is warm and friendly, as it was the day the man from Assisi met me on the road to Gubbio. That day, long ago, when love came into my life, as a saint said to me, *Brother Wolf*.

Oldenburg: American Assisi (Continued from page 15)

much the two towns have in common.

As the early followers of Saint Francis traveled from Assisi to all parts of the continent to teach and preach the ways of Christ, so also do

these followers of the Poverello, the Sisters of the Third Order Regular and the Friars Minor, journey from Oldenburg, their American Assisi, to teach and preach those same ideals to peoples throughout the nation.

Live One Day at a Time

by SUEMMA BAKER

One of the most important facts of worriless living is that we should try to live in "day-tight compartments." We can compare ourselves and our lives to the captain of a great ocean liner who stands on the bridge, presses a button and—pres-to!—there is a clanging of machinery and various parts of the ship are shut off from one another—shut off into water-tight compartments.

Of course, each of us is a much more marvellous mechanism than the great liner, and bound on a longer voyage. But if we so learn to control the machinery as to live in "day - tight compartments" it will be the most certain way to ensure safety on the voyage. Get on the bridge and see that at least the great bulkheads are in working order. Touch a button and hear, at every level of your life, the iron doors shutting out the Past—the dead yesterdays. Touch another and shut off, with a metal curtain, the Future—the unborn tomorrows. Then you are safe—safe for today! The load of tomorrow, added to that of yesterday, carried today, makes the strongest falter. Shut off the future as tightly as the past. The future is today. There is no tomorrow. Waste of energy, mental distress, nervous worries haunt the steps of a man who is anxious about the future. Shut close, then, the great fore and aft bulkheads, and

prepare to cultivate the habit of life of "day-tight compartments."

Does that mean to say that you should not make any effort to prepare for tomorrow? No. Not at all. But the best possible way to prepare for tomorrow is to concentrate with all your intelligence, all your enthusiasm, on doing today's work superbly today. That is the only possible way you can prepare for the future.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Remember that that prayer asks only for *today's* bread. It doesn't complain about the stale bread we had to eat yesterday; and it doesn't say: "O God, it has been pretty dry out in the wheat belt lately and we may have another drought—and then how will I get bread to eat next fall—or suppose I lose my job—O God, how could I get bread then?"

No, this prayer teaches you to ask for today's bread only. Today's bread is the only kind of bread you can possibly eat.

Again, this doesn't mean that you shouldn't think about the tomorrow. By all means plan and prepare for it, but do not have undue anxiety about it.

During the war, our military leaders *planned* for the morrow, but they could not afford to have any anxiety. They supplied the best men with the best equipment we had

and gave them what seemed to be the wisest missions. That was all they could do. They used their time the best they could by working on tomorrow's problem instead of fretting about yesterday's.

Whether in war or peace, the chief difference between good thinking and bad thinking is this: good thinking deals with causes and effects and leads to logical, constructive planning; bad thinking frequently leads to tension and nervous breakdowns.

You and I are standing this very second at the meeting place of two eternities: the vast past that has endured since the beginning of time, and the future that is plunging on to the last syllable of recorded time. We can't possibly live in either of those eternities—no, not even for one split second. But, by trying to do so, we can wreck our bodies and our minds. So let's be content to live the only time we can possibly live: from now until

bedtime. Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote, "Anyone can carry his burden, however hard, until night-fall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life really means."

You cannot step into the same river twice; neither can you live the same moment twice. The river changes every second; so does the man who stepped into it. Life is a ceaseless change. The only certainty is today. Why mar the beauty of living today by trying to solve the problems of a future that is shrouded in ceaseless change and uncertainty—a future that no one can possibly see or foretell?

So, the first thing you should know about worry is this: if you want to keep it out of your life, shut the iron doors on the past and the future. Live in "day-tight compartments" and make the most of the moment.

The Whispering Breeze (Continued from page 28)

You. Receive me into Your Arms.
Allow me always to be near You
and to serve You."

She lifted her tear-stained face,
her clear blue eyes raised to the al-

tar. A smile played about the eyes
and the mouth of the lovely girl.

"Oh, whispering breeze, I embrace thee."

Triumph or Surrender

by JOYCE ABRAMS

"Fran . . . Francis . . . the child . . . you . . .," and that was all; Martha spoke no more. Craig's eyes glazed in frenzied grief and the heedless tears dropped like rain-bowed bits of mosaic. He didn't touch her . . . he couldn't. He left the room and stumbled through the bleak hall and into the darkness and loneliness of his own den.

Craig had forgotten the child.

Martha's mother brought the infant to him but he couldn't bring himself to examine the price he had paid for his Martha—his little "Marty," as he loved to call her. He wanted to rush into the night, to the hill on the edge of town and offer this "price" back to Martha's God and ask back his own prize, his Martha! Somehow he controlled himself; he turned away in silent rejection of his tiny son. The older woman silently and sorrowfully retreated from the room with the child.

What had happened to him, Craig Jordan couldn't understand. He had never done anything wrong in his life . . . nothing good either . . . except for himself. He had attended the best schools and made quite a name for himself in the hotel business. He'd only been really happy though when he'd met

Martha—what a whopping little zealot she'd been. He smiled in spite of himself. He'd always been secretly amused by her spunky spirit in defending Romanism and, in spite of himself, admired and envied her unfathomable faith. He'd concealed his own atheism from her, shrouding it under a veil of respectful curiosity.

They'd been married a year now. Never had he been so happy—so miserable. That church—her faith had always stood between them. It started at once, that constant nagging interference. First, those ridiculous promises; signing away children not yet conceived. Then, the rigamarole at the church—those preachers in skirts!

That hadn't been the end, only the beginning. She hadn't been like other Christians—"Sunday-go-to-meetin." For her, every day was Sunday. It had given him a feeling of cold, empty dread to awaken and find her gone in the morning—of all places, to that crumpled shack in the west end—the Romans' single solitary boast in Plaineville, St. Francis Church.

Not that he ever complained for, in every way, he found her a dutiful, loving wife. Craig Jordan was no fool. He was willing to ad-

mit he was jealous . . . not of a live, flesh and blood man but of a thirteenth century pasty-faced monk! All that tomfoolery of candles, pageantry, and incense he was willing to pass off indulgently as feminine sentimentality. He was at a loss to explain her behavior even to himself. She was a beautiful, intelligent woman—full of warmth and vitality. Yet this medieval Romanism had gotten such a hold on her personality. The mystery of it clung to her and repelled him even as it attracted.

Francis, as she called him, was for her a vibrant personality, a pillar of strength to which she clung. The Little Poor Man had had his "Lady Poverty." Martha, as Craig's wife, had considerable funds at her disposal; yet, money was for Martha as Francis was for Craig—a shadow which held no true meaning. From Marty and Francis, Craig had learned of a love, all-embracing, and self-sacrificing. This love he couldn't understand nor make a part of himself as they did. Craig checked himself subconsciously. Even to himself he did not wish to admit the possibility of this monk's personality — he must remain a hoax, an illusion.

Without realizing it, Marty had constantly paraded this man's personality before him. It had started when he had decided he wanted to share all her life. He had picked up the book in her sitting room, *The Little Poor Man*, and had read it. A lot of pious, wishy washy mush! He had laid it aside in cynical scorn and forgotten it. There were other books that followed and he even

steeled himself to silently abide that leering portrait painted of the brown "beggar" by one of those pious nuns from St. Francis Church.

And then, the child was to come! Marty was ridiculously happy and Craig was secretly triumphant. Here was something which was theirs alone to share. He would use this new fruit of their love as a wedge to pry Marty loose from the fanciful dreamworld of the monk and Romanism. He sighed wearily as he savored once more the bitterness of that silent defeat. It had never been in his power to openly, physically oppose her—he loved her too much for that. It was not in him to wish to coarsen her perfection by seeking to change her, even to rid himself of the monk's shadow.

Craig was a man. He felt the need for action. The tension was mounting within him, almost to the bursting point. With a start, he rose from his stupor and flung himself into her room. His frenzied movements mounted to a crescendo until he stood before the "portrait in brown." This, he could see and feel—and destroy. It symbolized for him the wall which had separated them for so long. At last, she would be wholly his. He tore the portrait from the wall, crumpled it in his big hands, as he awkwardly removed it from its gilded frame. Shaking with emotion, he stumbled into the basement and flung it into the furnace. Leaning against the damp clammy wall to support his trembling body, breathing in short, painful, gasping motions—he

waited. He waited for the sense of relief and triumph which did not come. He was empty—emptier now than he had ever been. Mockingly her last words came to him, "Fran—." In her last hour when she needed love most, she had called out for a shadow and left him alone.

As his muscles relaxed and his breathing became normal, with his last ounce of strength, Craig Jordan surrendered to a small woman he loved and a silent brown ghost he abhorred.

Marty had been one who always gave of herself and asked nothing in return. Now he would give. (True, he would give poorly for he could not give of himself.) He would build her a beautiful chapel to replace the shack in the west end. It would be a chapel of St. Francis. Craig shirked inwardly at the thought of erecting the edifice which would symbolize for him the monk's triumph.

It was painful but he would do it—for her.

The Seraphic Knight (Continued from page 18)

knelt down to adore the Blessed Sacrament when he heard the bell announcing the Consecration. At that moment the Blessed Sacrament was presented to him in a monstrance supported by angels hovering in the air.

At a time when churches were, to a great extent, in a deplorable condition, when the Holy Eucharist was treated with shameful indifference and neglect on the part of the clergy and laity, Francis sounded the clarion call to his Brothers of the Round Table to undertake the Eucharistic crusade. This call has been heeded throughout the centuries by many of his followers.

The Brothers of the Seraphic Knight's Round Table are still hard at work. Not to be forgotten are the Tertiaries, the "modern brothers." Of these, Pope Pius X was one of the most outstanding. He never missed an occasion to secure

the acceptance of their Rule as widely as possible. To this end he extended to the Tertiaries all the indulgences and spiritual favors enjoyed by members of the First and Second Orders. Pope Pius X, called the Pope of the Eucharist, opened the sacramental treasury of the Church even to little children through early and frequent Holy Communion.

Devotion to the Eucharist was *the* devotion, not *one* of the devotions, of the Seraphic Saint. His knightly service and his love of Christ were intensely fervent and real. For him the Divine Master lived and breathed. The altar was for him the heart of his faith, his hope, his love—the goal of his thoughts and actions. His followers who imitate him closely find, like Sir Galahad, the Holy Grail, but do not die of the finding; instead, they are born again.

Sequences in the

Franciscan Supplement

by JOYCE BREEN

The Franciscan Order has been given the privilege of using a Supplement to the Roman Missal. This Supplement contains the special feast day Masses which have been granted to the Order by the Popes. Only Franciscan Friars or priests serving Franciscan communities are permitted to say these Masses. Five of the Masses have sequences narrating in poetic form the history of the feast.

Love and honor for the Holy Name became an important devotion of the Seraphic Order. A number of Franciscan Saints, among them Bernardine of Siena and John Capistran, did much to propagate devotion to the Holy Name. Through their influence Pope Clement, in 1530, gave the Order of Friars Minor a special feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus to be celebrated January 2. In 1721, Pope Innocent XIII extended the feast to the Universal Church.

This Feast Day Mass has the first beautiful sequence in the Franciscan Supplement. The opening stan-

za praises Him Whose name is being honored:

*Sion, lift thy voice and raise
To thy Saviour hymns of praise;
With joyful heart His Name
adore.*

It continues by exalting the boundless power of this sacred Name:

*By that Name was earth created,
And the laws of nature stated;
Sun and sky its praises sing.*

*By the power of Thy Name,
Demons proud are put to shame
And their might is overthrown;
Images of idols scattered;
Their tyrannic priesthood scattered,
Now Thy sovereign power must
own.*

The last four lines plead:

*Jesus, Lord, our souls are
yearning!
Jesus, come, Thy dear Name
burning
On our hearts, and make us
thine.
Amen. Alleluia.*

Following the example of St. Francis who practiced special devotion to Christ Crucified, the Friars have always deeply venerated the bitter suffering and death of the Saviour on the cross. Since the days of St. Francis they have remained in Palestine, almost uninterruptedly, guarding the Holy Places. Because of their deep devotion to the Passion of our Lord, Pope Pius X, in 1906, granted Franciscans the privilege of celebrating the Feast of the Way of the Cross on the first Friday of March.

In the sequence of this Mass, the unknown author vividly pictures the intense agony our Lord suffered in every part of His body and the torments He was made to endure. It begins by asking us to mourn and to concentrate upon His passion and ends with a prayer to the glorious King of Splendor that, through His love and mercy, He will free us from the stains of sin and lead us to our heavenly home.

The third sequence in the Supplement was written for the feast of St. Dominic celebrated on August 4. At first sight this may be surprising since St. Dominic was not a Franciscan, but not if we consider that St. Francis and St. Dominic were intimate friends and had many spiritual conferences together during their lifetime. Their strong personal friendship has been perpetuated by the Orders they founded in the established rule that a Franciscan is to preach in a Dominican church on the feast of St. Dominic and a Dominican in a Franciscan church on the feast of St. Francis.

This rule is still observed in communities and cities where there are both Franciscans and Dominicans.

The sequence of St. Dominic recounts his life, his work, his miracles, and his power; and like the other sequences it, too, ends with a prayer.

Like their holy Father, St. Francis, the Friars Minor have a constant and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. They honor her especially by their devotion to her seven joys. Because of the influence and preaching of St. Bernardine of Siena, they wear the Rosary of the Seven Joys on their cord and recite the decades daily. Their fervent love for the *Franciscan Crown*, as this rosary is called, induced Pope Pius X, in 1906, to institute for them the Feast of the Seven Joys to be celebrated on August 22.

For the Mass of this day Father Paschal Brugnani composed a sequence, devoting two stanzas to each of the seven mysteries: the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Finding in the Temple, the Resurrection, and the Assumption and Crowning of our Blessed Lady in Heaven.

The verses written for the Mystery of the Nativity are typical of the others. The first stanza hails the Woman who received the highest honor of being chosen by God as His Mother, a pure Virgin who partakes of the joys of motherhood. The second stanza adds a prayer. The author follows the same order for each of the other mysteries.

The last sequence found in the Supplement was written by Thomas

of Celano for the feast of the Solemnity of our holy Father, St. Francis, celebrated on October 4. In this sequence the author traces very briefly the life and virtues of St. Francis from his conversion as a carefree youth of the material

world to the time he received the Stigmata on Mount Alverna. It ends with a prayer asking St. Francis to give his protection, aid, and guidance to his children in order that they might obtain the joys of eternal life:

*We pray thee, by the Cross's
sign,
Marked on the flesh, whereby
'twas thine,
The world, the flesh, all things
malign,
To conquer gloriously.*

*O Francis, take us to thy care,
Protect us here from every
snare,
That we thy great reward may
share
In heaven eternally.*

*O holy Francis, Father sweet,
Devoutly we thine aid entreat.
May we and all thy children
meet,
Crowned victors in the strife.*

*In virtue's path our footsteps
train
And guide us where the saints
now reign,
That we, thy children, may at-
tain
The joys of endless life.
Amen. Alleluia.*

BOOK REVIEWS

With the Poverello

by MOTHER M. CLARISSA

and

SISTER MARY OLIVIA

The centenary celebration of the Sisters of St. Francis of Oldenburg, Indiana, afforded the opportunity for two contemporary members of the Congregation, Mother M. Clarissa and Sister Mary Olivia, to unfold for the public the beautiful story of the founding and development of their Sisterhood. Ordinarily, as one picks up a volume written to record the history of a religious community, one finds it necessary to wade through a spiritless, dry chronicle of colorless facts and dates. The authors of *With the Poverello* have succeeded in overcoming the literary reflection usually cast upon such works by their freedom of presentation and simplicity of style.

A unique characteristic of the book is the correlation of the content with the subheadings which consist of quotations taken from the writings of St. Francis. The

bibliography included clearly indicates that this historical account of one of the most active Sisterhoods in Indiana entailed extensive and thorough research.

Since its foundation, January 6, 1851, by Mother Theresa Hackelmeier from Vienna, Austria, and Rev. Francis Joseph Rudolph, the Congregation has prospered and increased a hundredfold. This Franciscan family, which counts more than eight hundred members today, has extended its educational and charitable activities into nine States to bring the blessings of Catholic education to thousands of children.

As one reads the history of these humble followers of St. Francis, one cannot but stand in wonderment at their growth and achievements. One is convinced that God was pleased with the work of the founder and with those who joined in her new field of endeavor, and,

as His Excellency, Paul Schulte, admirably points out in his preface to the book, "no doubt it was the fact that Mother Theresa and those that came after her tried to follow the pattern given them by their patron saint, Francis of Assisi, that God blessed and prospered them."

The path followed by the members of this religious community, however, was far from being free from trials and tribulations. Already at the very outset, the Community was severely tested by fire, hunger, and hard labor—made en-

durable only by the Sisters' firm trust and confidence in Divine Providence.

Although the Sisters engage in external works of charity, the primary purpose of the Congregation is the personal sanctification of the individual members. Each Sister seeks to make of herself another Francis, and, thus, the Little Poor Man of Assisi is reborn time and again as each young postulant takes the road . . . *With the Poverello*.

—Joyce Abrams

Some Rare Virtues

by RAOUL PLUS

Father Raoul Plus, S.J., the renowned author and theologian of France, has presented us with some of the most uplifting spiritual books of our day. Father Plus was born and educated in France. After receiving his degree he entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained a priest at the age of thirty-one. During his lifetime he has been prominent as a lecturer, spiritual director, professor, theologian, and author.

One of the latest of Father Plus' publications is *Some Rare Virtues*, a study of eight virtues which are seldom thought of or recognized as virtues. Gratitude, the spirit and love of recollection, the art of using time, courage in facing life, and

pity for those who suffer are some of the examples chosen for consideration. Each particular essay is complete in itself, and is "for the use of souls of good will who, in acquiring one or the other of these virtues, have met with difficulties which they did not expect." Although some of the virtues treated in this work are not, strictly speaking, supernatural virtues, they are aids in enriching one's spiritual life.

Father Plus' book, originally written in French, was made available to English-speaking readers by Sister Mary Edgar Meyer, O.S.F., professor of Romance Languages at Marian College.

—Ann McCarthy

Poems

by SISTER MARY SALESIA POGGEL, O.S.F.

Born on the very day, January 6, 1851, when Mother Theresa Hackelmeier from Vienna, Austria, founded the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Francis, Oldenburg, Indiana, Sister Mary Salesia seemed especially chosen to live as a part of the Franciscan community. This she did for almost forty years, writing during that time under the pen-name of "Ave." At one time her poems appeared regularly in the *St. Anthony Messenger*.

Ave's poems are collected under four cycles: Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and the Saints cycle. These include a series of poems for the various titles of Christ and Mary. Outstanding among them are the poems about St. Francis and one which tells how St. Clare, with the Blessed Sacrament, overcame the Saracens attacking her convent:

*And they,
As if some overwhelming martial band
Had risen up with conquering sword in hand,
Fell back, and terror stricken fled away,
And to the mute and hidden Victor,
Left the day.*

Sister Mary Salesia also wrote patriotic poems, such as the *Centennial Ode to Our Nation's Capitol*. Not to the Pilgrims but to Columbus goes the honor of having celebrated the first Thanksgiving Day in America. The prayer of gratitude on his arrival in the New World is expressed in *America's First Thanksgiving*:

*There burst from those long pent-up hearts
Upon the morning air,
A mighty shout of fervent thanks
In burning words of prayer.
That was our first "Thanksgiving"
That was our country's natal morn,
For then and there
"America and Liberty" were born.*

—Joyce Ann Edwards

Sketch Me, Berta Hummel!

by SISTER M. GONSALVA WIEGAND, O.S.F.

Was it fate or Providence that the first biography of the Bavarian artist, Berta Hummel, famous for her sketches of children and her figurines, should be written by one, who like Sister Hummel, is a daughter of St. Francis and also of Bavarian parentage? St. Francis, no doubt, guided his daughter's hand and assisted her in accomplishing this charming biography.

Born in 1909 in Massing, a small Bavarian town, Berta Hummel was a member of a happy and deeply religious family. Her parents soon discovered her unusual artistic abilities. She was but a little girl when her playmates used to plead with her in chorus: "Sketch me, Berta Hummel"—for her little portraits were very good.

After attending four years the Volksschule of her home-town, she advanced to the Institute of the Englischen Fraeulein in Simbach, a secondary school, where she was most interested and proficient in art. There could be no doubt about her future career; her talent and keenest interests were in the field of beauty. As soon as she graduated from Simbach she entered the Art Academy of Munich. She was then a grown up "Hummele," but she

still was the happy, always smiling girl whom everyone had to like.

At the Art Academy she met two young Franciscan Sisters. This was an important milestone in Berta's life. She became interested in their way of life. She listened and followed the divine call. Although she surprised, she did not disappoint her friends when, after graduation from the Academy as the first of her class, she entered the convent of the Franciscan Sisters of Siessen on April 22, 1931, and became Sister M. Innocentia. Her talents were encouraged by her superiors. She drew and painted in her peaceful studio and her name began to spread all over the country. The smiling faces of the "Hummel" children became famous, but she remained humble and unassuming, giving glory to God for her lovely talent.

The second World War brought hard times for the Sisters who had to leave the convent because of a government order. Berta Hummel was back in Massing again with her family but pining to return to her beloved convent. The French occupation in 1945 gave the convent back to the Sisters, but Sister Innocentia was not present for the

reopening. She had developed a lung infection aggravated by pleurisy. On November 6, 1946, she departed from earth to meet Christ in heaven.

One is not surprised at Sister Innocentia's fame. Her cards, pictures, and the figurines of her well known characters travel all over the world. She was an artist of childhood, who understood children and Nature and was able to give reality and humor to her caricatures as well as beauty and charm to her serious subjects.

The reading of Berta Hummel's biography has afforded me great pleasure. The story is true to life and the facts are narrated in a simple but interesting manner. Every detail was obtained from her parents, superiors, and intimate friends. The author's description of German towns and villages connected with

the life and labors of Sister Innocentia is characterized by a fidelity and vividness which one would expect from a native. Of special beauty and exclusive value are the rare photographs presented to the author by the Hummel family and the Sieszen Community.

One must read *Sketch Me, Berta Hummel!* to appreciate the beautiful life story and charming personality of this outstanding Bavarian artist.

Sister M. Gonsalva, the author of this book and professor of classical languages and German at Marian College, Indianapolis, has also made a collection of Berta Hummel's pictures, sketches, and figurines. Her art collection includes copies of 385 paintings and sketches, over 200 of which were printed in Germany.

—Marta Kilczner

The Garden Enclosed

by SISTER MARY EVA, O.S.F.

Everyone appreciates floral beauty and for most of us flowers tend to refresh and renew memorable occasions of the past and present, either joyous — a first orchid, Mothers' Day roses, birthdays and weddings—or the sadder aspects of sickness and death. Sister Mary Eva, in *The Garden Enclosed*, a collection of reflections and meditations, enhances our concept by using the best known varieties of flowers,

each of which is symbolic of a distinct virtue.

Many spiritual writers have used flower symbolism in their works, but Sister Mary Eva is unique in her method of using it in her meditations. She finds each plant beautifully adaptable for its respective virtue. Her skill in revealing this adaptability is the basis of her uniqueness. Inspired by the beautiful words of the *Magnificat* she se-

lects the virtue-plants under Mary's counsel. They must flourish regardless of season or climate and blossoming requires much personal care. The soil with its weakness and imperfection is, through grace, made productive and ready for the plants. As we cultivate these flowers in the spiritual garden of our soul we become less selfish and sensitive and ultimately better persons.

Of all the virtues considered by Sister Mary Eva I have chosen two as outstanding examples: The Lily-of-the-Valley of Poverty and the Gladiolus of Patience.

The Lily-of-the-Valley with its inverted blossoms and leafless stems renounces the conventions of the *flora munda*. She seems independent of the sturdy leaves surrounding her and the bell-shaped blooms refuse to look to the world about them for light. We, too, must have this same sense of freedom and not look to the world for wealth and material comforts which in reality are a bondage. "What better examples have we than the majestic King at Bethlehem? The omnipotent Saviour Who had no place whereon to lay His Head? The Eucharistic

King Whose identity is hidden in a morsel of bread?" Truly, we must cultivate this beautiful plant.

The lower blooms of the tall, stately Gladiolus burst forth into color and completeness but only to wither before the top buds have blossomed. Yet these buds undiscouragingly open their petals for the world to see and admire. Similarly we must endure our trials with cheerfulness and should be grateful that God thinks us capable of carrying a cross. St. Theresa said, "Patience gaineth everything!" Therefore, we should bear patiently all burdens, whether it be an inconvenient weather condition, a physical pain, a mental strain, or a disappointment, so that we may triumph as the top buds of the gladiolus and by our example may encourage others to follow the path that leads up the mount of perfection.

From these examples we see how the paces of our daily lives, small but sure, advance us many miles along the lighted path because "perfection of soul is made up of trifles, but perfection of soul is no trifle."

—Mary Morin.



Garland of Verses

by SISTER M. ALVINA POEHLING, O.S.F.

Like her guide, the Little Flower, Sister M. Alvina shows in her poetry childlike simplicity and cheerfulness. The last four years of her religious life were spent in a quest for health lost through tuberculosis. During these years she wrote her verses of resignation to God and affection for her Divine Lover. No hint of depression is detected in her verses; rather they are filled with her philosophy of finding joy in any situation:

*The clouds but cover the sunshine
They cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out brighter
When the weary rain is done.*

A parallel with the Little Flower can be found in Sister Alvina's longing for union with Christ. When unable to receive Holy Communion she expressed her feeling in *Desolation*:

*My Love is hiding
Could He be chiding?
What have I done to hurt my Love?
In bitter anguish,
My soul doth languish.
Oh, how it yearns to soar above!
There He allures me,
So oft assures me,
That I am loved by Love divine.
But oh! this morning—
(Is it a warning?)
He fails to come to be all mine.*

The poems of this little "Rosebud of Christ" are enjoyable to read. They are written in a flowing manner and filled with lovely sentiments. For a conclusion to the consideration of her collection, these stanzas from *The Night of the Soul* give a summary of her life of physical suffering and close union with Christ:

*Is our honey-moon over, dear Jesus?
Now I feel that our union's complete;
Each day may my love grow more ardent,
Your love is too tender and sweet.

Many souls would I give You, fond Lover;
My union with You must bear fruit.
Little pains, little griefs, little heartaches,
Let me bear; be they e'er so acute.*

—Joyce Ann Edwards

By the Light of His Star

by SISTER M. OLIVIA FRIETSCH, O.S.F.

Activities celebrating the centenary of the Sisters of St. Francis, Oldenburg, Indiana, were crowned with a dramatic pageant, *By the Light of His Star*, written by Sister M. Olivia, Director of Student-Teacher Training at Marian College. "For God and for Youth," the objective for which the Congregation has labored for one hundred years was clearly portrayed in the presentation. Depicting the history and the work of the Sisters of St. Francis from 1851-1951, the pageant consisted of narration, music, and descriptive scenes.

Several Sisters of St. Francis contributed to the success of the pageant. The magnificent, artistic performance was under the direction of Sister Mary Jane, instructor of dramatics at Marian College. Musical compositions written by Sister Francis Anthony, Sister M. Carolyn, Sister Vivian Rose, Sister Mary Vitalis, Sister Charles Louise, Sister Mary Ruth, Sister M. Emmanuel, and Sister M. Olivia were most fitting and served as connecting links which brought the story together into an inter-related whole.

The first part, consisting of three scenes, was devoted to the history of the Order; the second part, to the life and the work of the Sisters. In the second part were scenes representing the work of the Sisters among pre-school children, the elementary grades, high school, and college. Of special interest were the scenes depicting the work of the Sisters among the orphans, the Negroes, and the Indians, in catechetical groups, and in the field of Social Work. Two scenes were presented in which the Sisters were found at prayer—the recitation of the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which is a daily obligation according to the Rule of the Sisters of St. Francis, and Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which has been one of the objectives of the Congregation.

That the Sisters have worked for one hundred years "For God and for Youth," then, is evident. Certainly, the spirit behind the pageant will live long in the hearts of those who saw the presentation.

—Peggy O'Hara

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