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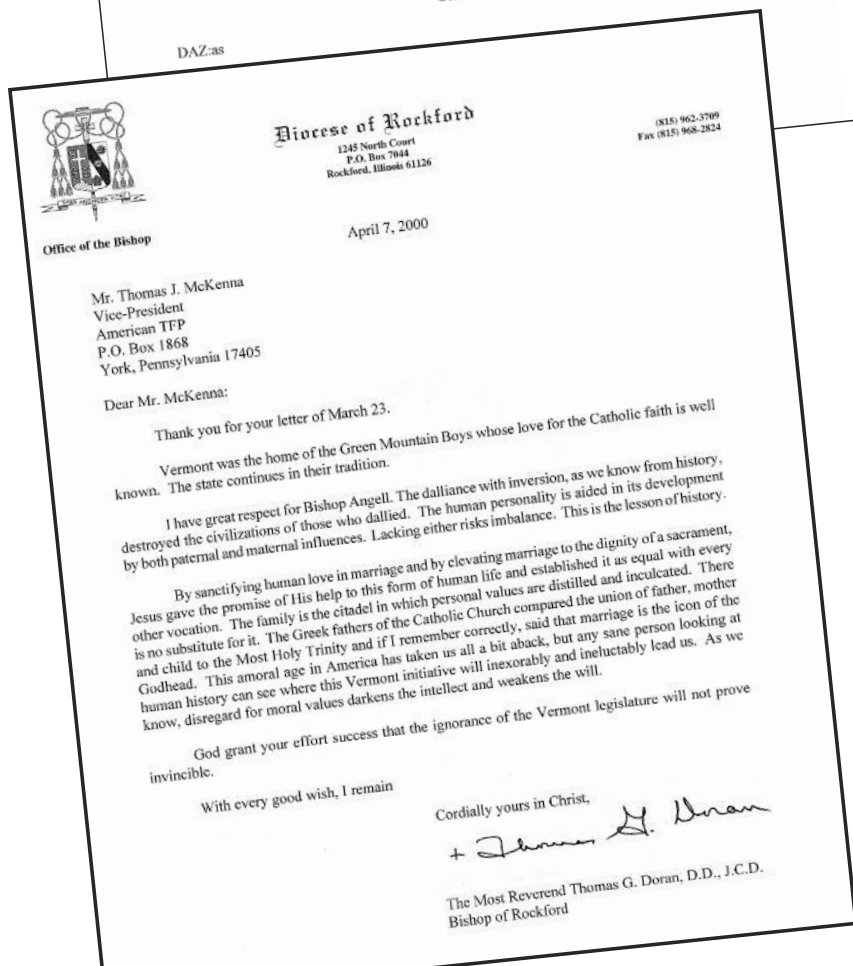


TRADITION
FAMILY
PROPERTY

The Heroic Virtues of Jacinta and Francisco



Inspiring support from bishops for a continuing battle against homosexual unions



Last March, the American TFP's *America Needs Fatima* Campaign continued its efforts to impede the legalization of homosexual "marriage" in our country by addressing the "same-sex unions" debate raging in Vermont.

In face of pending legislation in that state favoring equality for homosexual couples, the TFP printed and distributed hundreds of thousands of protest leaflets to clarify the issue and urge people to voice their opposition to the bill.

Some 150,000 protest post cards were sent to *America Needs Fatima* members around the country and thousands more were distributed on the streets of New York and other major cities. Less than two weeks after the initial mailing, *The Rutland Herald* reported on March 24 that the Speaker of the Vermont House and the President of the Senate had received "boxes and boxes of identical postcards opposing the bill, mailed from around the country" and that "Lt. Gov. Douglas Racine and House Speaker Michael Obuchowski, meanwhile, have received more than 10,000 postcards since last Friday, in a campaign against gay marriage."

Demonstrations of support for the TFP's campaign were received from many clergy, religious and members of the American hierarchy. Two noted bishops, the Most Reverend Thomas Doran, Bishop of Rockford, and the Most Reverend David Zubik, Auxiliary Bishop of Pittsburgh, sent very inspiring letters of support for our campaign to stop "civil unions" in Vermont. Their letters, reproduced here, may serve to encourage all the faithful in these efforts.

In similar previous campaigns, *America Needs Fatima* has successfully supported ballot measures that defended traditional marriage in both California and Hawaii. Unfortunately, despite fierce opposition, the Vermont legislators approved same-sex unions, and Governor Dean signed the bill into law a few days later.

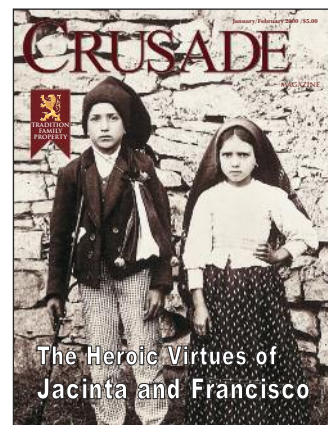
The Diocese of Burlington, encompassing the whole of Vermont, as well as many organizations nationwide, is now studying other measures that can be taken to thwart the efforts of the promoters of these spurious unions, who will not rest until they have attained equal status with true marriages.

It is a time for all the faithful to redouble their prayers and efforts, with the assurance of Our Lord's promise regarding His Church, "the gates of hell will not prevail against Her." ■

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Cover: Jacinta and Francisco Marto, recently beatified



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Jacinta and Francisco Marto, the youngest non-martyred children ever beatified



Page 7 Real heroes of the Faith sometimes die in forgetfulness.



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What is the real question - Eliau, or Communism?

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EDITOR'S
CORNER

Finally, the Third Secret Is to Be Revealed

On May 13 of this year, Pope John Paul II beatified Francisco and Jacinta Marto in Fatima, Portugal. While this act directly testifies to the holiness of their lives, it is also one more affirmation of the importance of the messages they received in 1917.

While in Fatima the Pope also referred to the Third Secret, thus giving it a significance that many Catholic authors have attempted to ignore or obscure. It has long been commonplace to reduce Fatima to a mere pious exhortation and to downplay the specificity of the message.

The authors of this “spin” on Fatima have stressed the global message of amendment of life, prayer, penance, and love and compassion for sinners. They put down as shortsighted those who take to heart the full content of the messages, which pointed to the “errors of Russia” and the need for consecration of that nation to Our Lady.

What these authors have failed to recognize is that emphasis on these points is not a denial or omission regarding the pious aspects of the messages. In fact, it is a needed reaction to the fear that the anticommunist message just seemed too political to pursue.

Following the collapse of the Soviet Union there came a brief period of euphoria wherein some of those who had been silent about Communism began to proclaim that Russia had been converted. The bandwagon of euphoria soon ground to a halt with the realization that the world was certainly no closer to peace than before. In many ways, security was undermined. The threats of disintegration and nationalism rose. The Cold War paradigm that had simplified international relations and kept a lid on the pressure cooker disappeared, unleashing the chaos that followed.

Perhaps at the root of this mentality was a forgetfulness of the words of Our Lady. She had clearly denounced the errors of Russia that would spread throughout the world. In the minds of many, these errors became identified with the institution of the Soviet Union, which for many years was their most ardent proponent. They forgot what in fact the errors were and failed to notice that their own countries had adopted many

points of the Communist agenda independently of Soviet domination. The imposition of atheistic materialism and socialist egalitarianism was destroying their own societies and leading many to hell.

From the Fatima perspective, the world has continued on its downward spiral. Atheism, egalitarianism, and libertinism, the three pillars that supported Communism, are all but triumphant in the world.

How will the Third Secret be received? If the widely held opinion is verified — that it contains prophetic warnings and focuses on a crisis of Faith — what new spin might be adopted? One possibility is that popular reaction will once again avoid the issues. This may come about if the message is given a double spin: on the one hand, by saying that the prophecies refer solely to the past events of the twentieth century and, on the other, by saying that the prophecies seemingly yet to be fulfilled should be understood merely in eschatological terms. Thus, the faithful need not worry themselves about the details.

Thankfully, millions of people over the last few years have become interested in the Fatima messages. Many of them are committed to the truth and significance of what Our Lady came to the world to say. They are articulate and organized. Through an intensifying apostolate focusing on amendment of life that does not shrink away from the awkward issues — like the Message’s emphasis on the reality of hell and chastisements — these people will get the message across.

When the text is finally made public the work of proclaiming the Fatima message will only increase and become more fruitful in the knowledge that, whatever the Third Secret contains, Our Lady has already promised, “Finally, my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me, and she will be converted, and a period of peace will be granted to the world.”

Thomas Becket

Note: As anticipated, the Vatican published the Third Secret of Fatima as we were going to press, making it impossible for us to comment on it in this issue.

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The American TFP

The American Society for the Defense of *Tradition, Family and Property* (TFP) was founded in 1973 to confront the profound crisis shaking the modern world. It is a civic, cultural and non-partisan organization which, inspired by the traditional teachings of the Supreme Magisterium of the Roman Catholic Church, works in a legal and peaceful manner in the realm of ideas to defend and promote the principles of private ownership, family and perennial Christian values with their twofold function: individual and social. The TFP’s words and efforts have always been faithfully at the service of Christian civilization.

The first TFP was founded in Brazil in 1960 by the famous intellectual and Catholic leader Prof. Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira. His work has inspired the formation of other autonomous TFPs in 26 countries across the globe, thus constituting the world’s largest anticommunist and anti-socialist network of Catholic inspiration.

Another American beatified

Fr. Francis Xavier Seelos, a Redemptorist preacher and missionary in the United States, was beatified last April 9.

Father Seelos, born in the southern Bavarian village of Fuessen on January 11, 1819, completed his secondary studies in Augsburg and studied for the priesthood in Munich. His devotion to his patron saint inspired his ardent desire to become a missionary. After three years of ecclesiastical studies, he entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and applied to serve the missions in America. He left for the United States in early 1843.

Passing his year of novitiate in the convent of St. James in Baltimore, he professed there as a Redemptorist in 1844. Bishop Samuel Eccleston ordained him in December of the same year. His first nine years of priestly life were spent in the community of St. Philomena in Pittsburgh, where his first superior was Saint John Neumann.

Father Seelos held various offices in his Congregation, including rector of the Pittsburgh community, superior of the St. Alphonsus community in Baltimore, and spiritual director of the seminarians in Cumberland, Maryland. From 1862 until his death in 1867 he traversed various parts of the country preaching missions. In 1860 Bishop Michael O'Connor of Pittsburgh wanted to name him as his successor, but Father Seelos asked his Superior General in

Rome to prevent this.

Father Seelos distinguished himself by his charity, zeal for souls, and faithful observance of the Redemptorist rule of life. Although dispensed during missions from many of the spiritual exercises prescribed by his rule, he sought to fulfill them all even on the busiest days. His reputation for sanctity and as a spiritual director and confessor drew numerous penitents.

In 1866 he was sent to the Redemptorist community in New Orleans, which staffed three churches for the faithful of three nationalities, English, French, and German, whose languages Father Seelos knew. There he exercised his priestly ministry for just a year. Contracting yellow fever, he died on October 4, 1867. Hundreds of faithful flocked to St. Mary's Assumption Church to pray and pay their respects despite the yellow fever epidemic and a hurricane that devastated New Orleans the same day. Various miraculous cures were recorded as having occurred during the funeral services, and his burial place soon became a focus of pilgrimages.



Insidious political correctness

Recently two large school districts (San Francisco and Portland, Ore.) banned military recruiters on school property. In fact, over 1,000 high schools now prevent any recruitment from the Armed Services at a time when the number and quality of recruits is declining. The anti-patriotic action, the schools claim, is a protest against arms spending and the Pentagon's ban on homosexuals.

The school officials are certainly not living in the real world. Adjusted for inflation, defense spending has fallen every year of the Clinton Administration thus far. In 1998 alone the number of aircraft was reduced by 6.6%, ship strength was down by 16%, and combat vehicles declined by 13%.

Unsettling as this information is, it brings to mind a more disturbing problem. What influenced 1,000 school administrations, staffed by supposedly intelligent and educated people, to arrive at the erroneous conclusion that we are spending too much money on self-defense and to accept the agenda of what has always been considered a detestable vice? There is an undercurrent of "politically correct" ideas running throughout society that are encouraging well-placed individuals to promote dangerous programs, and these individuals in turn are in a position to influence a wide range of followers. ■



BY POPE
GREGORY XVI

Clerical celibacy and the "abominable conspiracy"

We want you to rally to combat the abominable conspiracy against clerical celibacy. This conspiracy spreads daily and is promoted by profigate philosophers, some even from the clerical order. They have forgotten their person and office, and have been carried away by the enticements of pleasure. They have even dared to make repeated public demands to the princes for the abolition of that most holy discipline. But it is disgusting to dwell on these evil attempts at length. Rather, We ask that you strive with all your might to justify and to defend the law of clerical celibacy as prescribed by the sacred canons, against which the arrows of the lascivious are directed from every side.

—Pope Gregory XVI, Encyclical *Mirari Vos*, August 15, 1832.





Report from Main Street

BY BEN HIEGERT

Tradition! Family! Property!" the young men assembled beneath the towering red standard with the gold lion proclaim, their chorus rising above the din of the hustle and bustle of the downtown square. The team then disperses, each man heading to his post on a different corner. A passing businessman momentarily slows his steady pace to glance up from his newspaper at the banner billowing aloft in the breeze. A lady enjoying an ice cream cone pauses to inquire, "What is this all about?"

A fair enough question — what are these young men doing anyway? For the past month, they have traveled from city to city taking part in the American TFP's campaign to keep the plight of Elian Gonzalez before the public and to remind our fellow Americans that Communism is anything but dead in his homeland, Cuba. Such TFP caravans have visited over 60 cities to date, distributing the TFP's statement addressing Elian's crisis and the questions it raises.

A somewhat different message

First published in *The Washington Times*, *The Wanderer* and later in the *Diario Las Americas*, "Where is Elian's Journey Leading Us?" reminds its readers that Cuba is still ruled by a Communist dictator whose regime decrees the "formation of the communist personality of youths and children." The statement reminds us that Communism continues to oppress millions of other "Elians" in Cuba.

Comprised of six young TFP members, the first team set out on May 3 to spread this message — reprinted as leaflets — across the nation. Their first stop was Pittsburgh.

They unfurled their scarlet standard at noon, just in time for the lunch-hour rush. One young man held the standard, while his confreres spread out to distribute fliers. Soon, the same arguments that would be



Members of the American TFP distributed the TFP's statement on the Elian Gonzalez case in New York City last May.



Dallas, Texas

raised in other cities were heard.

"Send him back to Cuba. We're already spending too much money on foreigners!" one angry man spat out.

"A boy belongs with his dad"

Some arguments, of course, were more kindly motivated than others. "A boy belongs with his dad, after all," one young mother reasoned. Calmly and gently, the young man explained that, unfortunately, Elian wouldn't be with his father in Cuba.

In accordance with the Communist constitution imposed on that island prison and

Cuba's Code on Childhood and Youth, the Red regime will remove Elian from his home when he turns seven. Elian, like all Cuban children, will be sent away for mandatory military training. During this preschool boot camp, he will be allowed to see his father only twice a week. At 12, Elian will graduate to Communist slave labor camps, where he will be lucky to see his father twice a month. Could this be why Elian's mom — the forgotten parent — sacrificed her life in a desperate bid to free her son from Castro's family-destroying grasp? Little wonder that one in five of her countrymen have also tried to escape Fidel's prison state.

TFP members have traveled from city to city participating in the TFP's effort to keep Elian Gonzalez's plight before the general public and to alert them to the larger problem, the continuing horror of Communism.

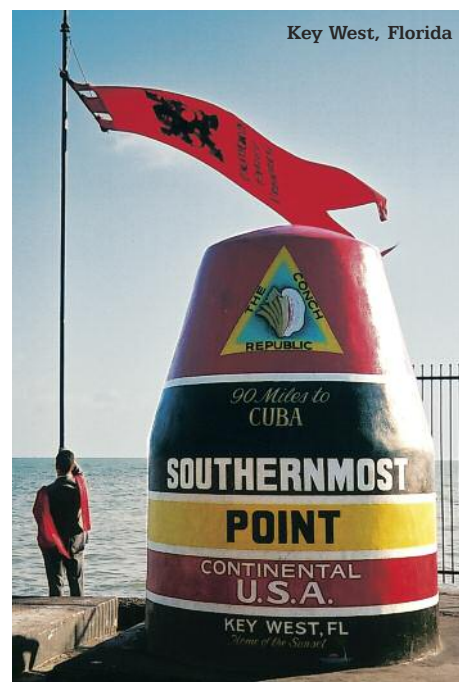
The journey continues

The caravan continued west, carrying its message of freedom to such Midwestern cities as Cincinnati and Chicago. Then, heading south through Kentucky and Tennessee, campaigning in several cities en route, the team arrived in Atlanta on May 11, the day a Federal appeals court heard the appeal of Elian's Miami relatives on the plucky boy's behalf. A TFP member was present in the courtroom to witness the historic proceeding and show support for Elian's right to be free.

From Atlanta, the caravan once again turned west, traveling through Alabama and Mississippi, across Louisiana, and into Texas, where the team campaigned in Fort Worth, Dallas, and Houston. Returning to Louisiana and Alabama to conduct campaigns there, the intrepid band continued on to Florida.

A cause for all freedom-loving Americans

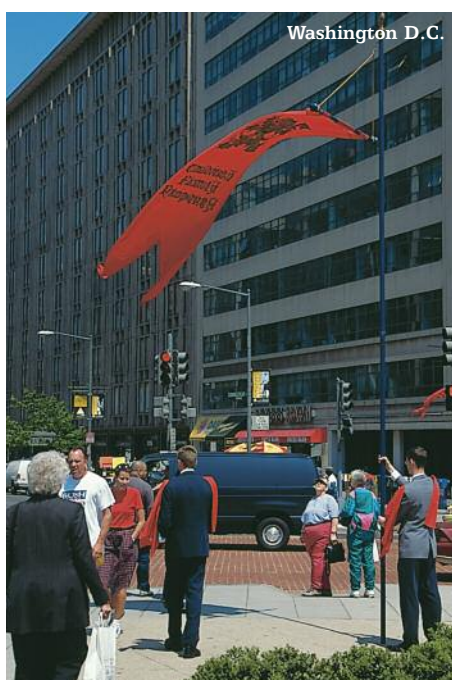
Knowing that Miami's Cuban patriots were making the case for Elian's freedom there, the



Key West, Florida

caravan had naturally concentrated its complementary efforts elsewhere. But at the urging of old and new friends in Miami's Cuban-American community, the team arrived in Miami for a three-day campaign with a special message: We are Americans and as Americans, we want to keep Elian free. Trying to save Elian — every Elian, in the United States and in Cuba — is a cause worthy of the support of all freedom-loving Americans, not just those of Cuban birth or heritage.

The Cuban-Americans we had the pleasure of meeting thanked us for our support,



Washington D.C.



New York City

and their generous hearts often moved them to tears. "Tell America that we love this country!" one son of Cuba exhorted us, "The media has portraying us as a bunch of hot-headed foreigners who hate America, but that is a lie." Promising to convey his message, it seemed clear that these anti-Communist, freedom-loving citizens are far more "American" than the liberal media that slanders them while whitewashing Castro and his cronies.

"America! America! America!"

From Miami, the caravan drove to Key West. There, at the southernmost point of the United States and its closest point to Cuba, the young men prayed three Hail Mary's for Elian and the Cuban people and shouted their challenge to Castro's Communist regime "Tradition! Family! Property!" three times, followed by "America! America! America!"

Leaving Key West, the team headed homeward through Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia, raising the standard and distributing thousands of leaflets in numerous cities en route. On June 3, the caravan reached the headquarters of the American TFP in Spring Grove, Pennsylvania. In just 32 days, they had campaigned in 33 cities, passed out more than 50,000 fliers, and traveled over 9,000 miles.

"Viva Castro! Viva Ché!"

The success of the first caravan inspired a second. Its team, comprised of eight young TFP members, set out for the Northeast. In just one week, they carried the debate over the future of Elian, of Cuba, and ultimately of the United States, to eight cities, beginning with Boston, the heart of New England and of the founding colonies of our nation.

As they stood on the steps of Boston's historic Fauneuil Hall, one gracious lady enthusiastically exclaimed, "I can't believe men like you still exist in America!" Others seemed less pleased with the prospect. "Viva Castro! Viva Ché!" shouted one ragtag lot of young revolutionaries.

"Live free or die"

From the crowded streets of Boston, the caravan headed north to the smaller cities of rural New Hampshire, home of United States Senator Bob Smith, a stalwart defender of Elian and of freedom. The team campaigned in Concord, the state capital, in Manchester, its largest city, and in coastal Portsmouth. Before departing the Granite state, whose motto is "Live free or die," the campaigners visited Dartmouth, one of America's oldest universities. Then on to Albany, where the team braved fierce winds on the streets of New York's capital before heading home to Spring Grove.

On hearing the encouraging reports of their confreres, TFP



Republican Presidential candidate George W. Bush and his wife Laura attentively read the American TFP's statement on the Elian Gonzalez case in *The Washington Times*

members still at the national headquarters did not wish to forgo the privilege of serving on the frontlines in this fight for freedom. Twenty of them raised four large standards in Washington, D.C., where over fifteen thousand fliers were distributed, and then in New York City.

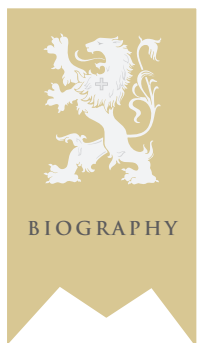
"Justice for Elian!"

Not content with these efforts, another TFP caravan set out on June 11 to take Elian's case across America to California and the West Coast. Whatever decision is rendered by the courts of law — perhaps even the nation's highest — which thus far have refused to hear from Elian, we believe the cause of Elian's freedom, for which his mother paid the highest price love could demand, deserves a fair hearing in the court of American public opinion.

History will render its own judgment, as will the Supreme Judge before Whom all men must one day stand. It is in His service that we demand, "Justice for Elian! Justice for the Cuban people! Justice for all!"



Facsimile of the American TFP's statement as published in *The Washington Times* and *The Wanderer*. It was published in Spanish in the *Diario Las Americas*.



Exiled Catholic Prelate Laid to Rest

BY THOMAS J. MCKENNA

On March 12 of this year, Ignatius Cardinal Kung Pin-Mei died in Stanford, Connecticut, at the age of 98. He appeared before God after faithfully serving the Church for 70 years as a priest, 50 years as a bishop, and 20 years as a cardinal, and having suffered 30 long years of imprisonment in communist China.

Cardinal Kung was consecrated in 1949 as the Bishop of Souchou. He was transferred to Shanghai in 1950 as Bishop of the Shanghai diocese and Apostolic Administrator of Souchou and Nanking, posts he held even in exile at the time of his death.

A true father to the faithful in China and throughout the world, Cardinal Kung continually inspired heroism and resistance to communism. He became a symbol of fidelity to the Church in face of the worst sufferings and humiliations.

Courageous fidelity in face of persecution

Shortly after China fell to communism in 1949, persecution of the then three million Catholics began. Some months before his arrest in 1955, Bishop Kung was offered safe passage out of China, which he refused. He preferred to stand by his clergy and laity and prepare them for what he saw lying ahead. Foreseeing the detention of many priests, the prelate began training hundreds of catechists in his diocese to be able to hand on the Faith to future generations, who would eventually constitute the underground Church.

Defying persecution and threats, Bishop Kung declared 1952 to be a Marian Year in Shanghai. At his initiative, a pilgrim statue of Our Lady of Fatima was to travel to all the parishes of the diocese, with uninterrupted 24-hour recitation of the Rosary before her.

One day, the statue arrived at Christ the King Church, now demolished but then a

very popular parish in Shanghai for the American community. Many priests had been arrested there less than a month earlier. Hundreds of armed police were present, looking on disdainfully as the bishop resolutely led the rosary.

Arrest and imprisonment

Not being able to tolerate Bishop Kung's boldness any longer, the communist



Because of his fidelity to Rome, Ignatius Cardinal Kung spent more than 30 years in prison under the Chinese Communist government.

authorities brought about his arrest and that of more than 200 other priests and Church leaders. After imprisoning him for several months, the leaders, believing he had been broken, took him to a stadium where thousands of people had been gathered to hear the public acknowledgment of

his "crimes." As Our Lord was mocked and led before the crowd in an indignant manner, so this successor to the Apostles was led before his fellow countrymen in nothing more than prison pajamas. The police pushed him in front of the microphone, and all awaited his words. To the shocked dismay of the communists, the small and seemingly broken prelate proclaimed in a loud voice, "Long live Christ the King, long live the Pope." With that the crowd burst forth in response, "Long live Christ the King, long live Bishop Kung." The security forces lost no time in forcefully dragging him away to an awaiting police car.

Sentencing

For the next five years no one saw or heard of him. Only in 1960 was he brought forth to stand trial. The night before the trial, he was once again asked by the prosecutor to lead the Chinese Catholic Patriotic Association, which had been founded in 1957. The Cardinal needed only to nod his head and he would have been freed overnight with a very high position in the Patriotic Association. His defiant answer was, "I am a Roman Catholic Bishop. If I renounce the Holy Father, not only would I not be a bishop, I would not even be a Catholic. You can cut off my head, but you can never take away my duties." With that, this humble servant of God vanished behind bars for nearly thirty years without any contact with the outside world, including his family.

Proof of perseverance

On November 16, 1987, while he was still under house arrest in the custody of bishops who had abandoned the Holy Father to join the communist-founded church, the Cardinal was permitted to participate in a banquet organized by the government for

Jaime Cardinal Sin, Archbishop of Manila, who was visiting China. It was the first time since his incarceration that Bishop Kung had seen another prelate. The two had no direct contact since they were seated at opposite ends of a long table with some twenty communists and Patriotic Association bishops between them.

At a certain point Cardinal Sin suggested that each one at the table sing his favorite song. When it was Bishop Kung's turn he fearlessly sang, "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc petrum aedificabo Ecclesiam meam...*" — Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church. The Patriotic Association's bishop of Shanghai, Aloysius Jin, tried in vain to interrupt and silence Cardinal Kung, but he looked straight at Cardinal Sin and finished the song. Afterwards, the schismatic bishop rebuked him demanding, "What are you trying to do, show your position?" Cardinal Kung humbly replied, "It is not necessary to show my position. My position has never changed."

Release and freedom

Finally, in 1988, the Cardinal, feeble, aged, and in waning health, was allowed to leave China. His nephew Joseph Kung made two trips to China before he was at last able to bring his uncle to the United States with the aid of a nurse. The Cardinal was received as a guest of the Bridgeport diocese by the now deceased Bishop Walter Curtis. There he spent his remaining years of life praying and speaking at Catholic gatherings and on television, constantly striving to attract the attention of the Free World to the plight of the persecuted Catholics in China.

In retaliation, the Chinese government



Cardinal Kung's coat of arms

confiscated his passport in 1998, thus officially exiling him. This occurred one month after the director of the Religious Bureau of Red China had stated during his visit in the United States, "Kung Pin-Mei committed a serious crime by dividing the country and causing harm to its people."

Eternal reward

After being deprived of the sacraments for years in communist prisons the Cardinal had the grace of celebrating Mass daily in freedom. Even as he grew more frail with age, he was always able to receive daily Holy Communion up to the very day of his death. A crucifix and statue of Our Lady of Fatima were placed before his eyes at the foot of his bed during his final days. There, in his last hours, this man who had known such severe suffering, contemplated the august image of Our Lord on the Cross. At 3:05 A.M., on March 12, he received the reward for his many years of fidelity. As Paul Cardinal Shan of Taiwan said at the funeral Mass, "I think that Cardinal Kung could feel, in his last moment of earthly life, that 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.'"

The funeral

Lying in state dressed in white lace and golden vestments with a miter on his head, Cardinal Kung's features truly reflected the dignity of the office he had occupied for so many years.

James Francis Cardinal Stafford, President of the Pontifical Council for the Laity and personal representative of His Holiness Pope John Paul II, was the principal celebrant of the funeral Mass in Stanford on March 18. Some 1,700 mourners attended the funeral, including some who had suffered under the same regime. Former President Bush also sent a letter which was read at the funeral by his brother, Prescott Bush, of Greenwich, Connecticut. The Taiwanese ambassador to the United States and the Connecticut Public Safety Director Henry Lee, representing Gov. John Rowland, were among the mourners. Afterward, Joseph Kung, the Cardinal's nephew and president of the Cardinal Kung Foundation, was accompanied by his wife and others on a flight to transport the Cardinal's body to California for the final tributes.

A Rosary was prayed and a Mass was celebrated in San Francisco's Star of the Sea Church on Sunday evening by Paul Cardinal Shan, S.J. The next day, a final ceremony was held at the Church of the Five Wounds in San Jose, where a Latin Tridentine Mass was celebrated, since the Cardinal, shortly before his death, had taken great spiritual comfort from watching several times a day a videotape of a Tridentine Mass produced by the Fraternity of St. Peter. Immediately after the Mass, his body was moved to an above-ground vault in the Santa Clara Mission Cemetery near the vault where the body of a long-time friend and fellow Chinese bishop, Archbishop Dominic Tang of Canton, lies. Archbishop Tang died in 1995 while visiting Cardinal Kung. It is hoped that one day the mortal remains of these first native Chinese Bishops of Shanghai and Canton will be transported to a free China and buried at the foot of the altars of their respective cathedrals.

The persecution continues

While the world mourned the passing of

Joseph Kung, president of the Cardinal Kung Foundation, venerates the remain of his uncle.



this great shepherd and soldier of Christ, the Chinese government stated that he was a criminal sentenced by the court, and since this criminal had divided the country and its people, history would judge him.

As Cardinal Kung went to his final earthly rest, there are still other faithful prelates who are suffering imprisonment at the hands of the communist government in China. This persecution is continuing and increasing. Just one month before the Cardinal's death, another Roman Catholic bishop was arrested. On March 10, 150 "public security police" arrested Archbishop John Yang Shudao of the Archdiocese of Fuzhou. Although Bishop Yang has now been released, he is in very poor health.

At least seven Bishops from the underground Church are reportedly in prison, along with many priests and laymen. Besides this, many others are under strict surveillance and house arrest. Adding insult to injury, the schismatic Chinese Patriotic Association Church, controlled by the Communist government, ordained five new bishops in defiance of papal disapproval. The ordinations occurred this year on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6, when the Pope traditionally consecrates new bishops.

These are just the latest attacks on the Catholic Church in China. As the Chinese government tells the local authorities in China, "the underground Church...must be eliminated by re-education, forced labor, dismissal, and isolation of stubborn priests and bishops." The communists will be satisfied only when the Catholic Church is eliminated from China.

Let us pray to Almighty God that the ignominious scourge of Communism be expunged from China and that the true faithful Catholics, those of the underground Church, be free once again to practice their Faith in union with the Universal Church. Then, the mortal remains of Ignatius Cardinal Kung Pin-Mei may be returned to their proper resting place in Shanghai.

In May, news reports informed the world that a Chinese priest of the underground Catholic Church, Fr. Jiam Shurang of Zhejiang province, was convicted of printing bibles and other religious materials and sentenced to six years in prison. The Hong Kong based Information Center for Human Rights and Democracy in China also said at least seven churches have been closed since February for refusing to confirm their allegiance to the state-run Patriotic church. ■

A Timely Request for Clarification About the "Patriotic Church" of Red China

BY THOMAS J. MCKENNA

On March 28, 2000, Mr. Joseph Kung, as President of the Cardinal Kung Foundation, published an open letter addressed to various Cardinals and Prelates of the Roman Curia.

The Cardinal Kung Foundation, headquartered at Ridgeway Center in Stanford, Connecticut, was established to monitor and publicize the plight of the Catholic Church in Red China. Working in the spirit of the eminent confessor of the Faith, the recently deceased Ignatius Cardinal Kung, the Foundation also seeks to help the Church in China, persecuted by communism in every possible way.

The Foundation's well-argued and documented letter, written in a firm yet respectful tone, demonstrates the perplexity of Chinese Catholics in face of the ambiguous situation being created regarding Catholicism in Red China.

As the letter details, thousands of Catholics — bishops, priests, religious, and laity — have suffered persecution, mistreatment, imprisonment, and even death in order to remain faithful to Our Lord's true Church and His representative on earth, the Pope.

The persecution of the Church in China began when the communists usurped power in 1949. In 1957, the communist government, in an attempt to dominate Chinese Catholicism, created the "Catholic Patriotic Association" (CPA). This organization united those bishops, priests, religious, and faithful who, succumbing to communist pressure in exchange for "freedom" of worship, separated themselves from Rome and constituted an episcopal hierarchy subject to the government. The open letter, citing reliable data and official statements of the Church since the time of Pope Pius XII, demonstrates that the members of this Catholic Patriotic Association are in schism.

When this schismatic organization made its appearance, the majority of Chinese Catholics remained faithful to the Church and the Holy See, forming a true Church of the catacombs. This underground Church has given to the Catholic Church innumerable martyrs and confessors of the Faith, including the distinguished Cardinal Kung, who spent more than three decades in communist prisons.

The open letter expresses perplexity on account of recent acts and declarations of Vatican dignitaries and prelates in the free world that ignore the true Church in China,

The open letter expresses perplexity about recent acts and declarations of Vatican dignitaries and prelates in the free world that ignore the true Church in China, the underground Church, and favor the schismatic Patriotic Association.

the underground Church, and favor the schismatic Patriotic Association.

In fact, numerous American cardinals and bishops are receiving seminarians of the Catholic Patriotic Association, treating them like true Catholics despite their schismatic status. On the contrary, seminarians of the underground Church receive nothing save what help the Cardinal Kung Foundation is able to provide with its limit-



ed resources, being precariously maintained in various Catholic educational institutions outside communist China.

With affliction, the letter of the Cardinal Kung Foundation asks: "Is it also true that the Vatican itself, through its own agents such as the Propagation of the Faith, Catholic Relief Services, diocesan ordinaries or even parish pastors, is also donating monies to the CPA?"

As Cardinal Kung himself pointed out in his nationally televised homily on June 29, 1994, "The Chinese government regards these friendships and cooperation with the Patriotic Association as an endorsement of its current policy on religion." Rather than favoring true Chinese Catholicism, this only serves to reinforce the communist tyranny over religion.

The letter makes an appeal to the Holy See in defense of the Catholics persecuted behind the Bamboo Curtain:

Since the beginning of religious persecutions in China fifty years ago, hundreds, maybe even thousands of lay Catholics, priests, nuns, seminarians, and bishops are still in jail or labor camps because they continue to refuse to renounce our Holy Father.

These imprisoned faithful are the soldiers of the Church. These imprisoned bishops are citizens of the Vatican. Any country defends its citizens. Therefore, we expect that whenever a bishop or any of the faithful is unjustifiably jailed and/or tortured by another country, Vatican officials will come to their aid and negotiate with the country to secure their release.

For example, Bishop Su Zhimin, the underground Bishop of Baoding in Hebei Province, and his auxiliary

Bishop An Shuxin were arrested by the Chinese government without trial or sentence about three years ago. They were simply taken away by the police. There were many other bishops and priests arrested by the Chinese authorities in recent years. We thought that the Vatican would

Given such a dramatic appeal in so grave a matter, a clear and reassuring response on the part of the high prelates to whom this letter was directed was hoped for.

"fight" vigorously on behalf of these bishops and priests for their release from China's prisons.

In closing, the letter solicits from the Holy See an "official and unambiguous response":

For many, it appears that the Holy See itself struggles internally between the attraction to political expediency and fidelity to the divinely established communion with the Successor of Peter. This is why we think that it is both important and urgent that our questions receive an official and unambiguous response.

Given such a dramatic appeal in so grave

a matter, a clear and reassuring response on the part of the high prelates to whom this letter was directed was hoped for.

Yet, up to the present month of June, Mr. Kung has received no direct response to his letter. Aside from one explicit yet unjust criticism, only a few other complicated allusions can be considered as responses to his appeal. According to information recently received from the Cardinal Kung Foundation,

Coadjutor Bishop Joseph Zen Ze-Kiun of Hong Kong vaguely characterized my Open Letter as "helping the enemy to strike our brothers." But Bishop Zen failed to point out who the "enemy" is and who the "brothers" are. Clearly, the purpose of this Open Letter is to seek a clarification for the people of God to find the appropriate positions to help the underground Roman Catholic Church in China. It is therefore very confusing to me and most likely also to many other people to whom Bishop Zen could have been referring to by "enemies"

On the contrary, according to this same information, the words of Josef Cardinal Tomko, Prefect of the Congregation for the Evangelization of the Peoples, can be interpreted as a reaffirmation of the traditional doctrine and position of the Holy See regarding the schism of the Catholic Patriotic Association. According to this source, Cardinal Tomko, speaking on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Radio Vatican's Chinese-language broadcasts, "clearly points out the Patriotic Association's lack of authority to appoint bishops and clearly states that those bishops appointed by the government or by the CPA are not legitimate pastors of the Roman Catholic Church."

This initiative on the part of the President of the Cardinal Kung Foundation, Mr. Joseph Kung, is worthy of all appreciation, reminding us that it is impossible to establish a true accord between the Catholic Church and communism.

The true nature of this reality was presented in the immortal words of Pope Pius XI in his celebrated encyclical *Divini Redemptoris* — *On Atheistic Communism* (1937): "Communism is intrinsically perverse [*Communismus cum intrinsecus sit pravus*], and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever" (N. 58). ■

The faithful of the underground Church in China receive Holy Communion during a Sunday Mass.





Communist China Emerges as an Increasingly Pernicious Danger

BY JEREMIAS WELLS

Americans operating under the optimistic veneer of prosperity have been lulled into a complacent attitude towards many international problems, not the least of which is the still-lethal communist danger. While basking in the current euphoria, they have neglected to see that their old communist enemy is very much alive and shows great resilience. Moreover, younger generations have not been taught nor warned that this pernicious behemoth of evil by its very nature intends to destroy Western Civilization with all its freedoms, especially those of thought and religion, through warfare, subversion, and intimidation.

Events in Cuba, Panama, Colombia, and China, among others, reflect the threat still posed by communism. The brutality of Fidel Castro's regime was once again exposed by his particularly aggressive campaign to get his clutches on the six-year-old exile Elian Gonzalez, a brutality that even spread to the compliant actions of the United States government in abducting the boy from his Miami relatives. The vulnerability of the Panama Canal — and, by extension, our commercial and military lifeline between our two coasts — to subversion by Chinese communists and Colombian narco-terrorists was examined in the September-October 1999 issue of this magazine.

A fact not generally recognized in this country is that communism destroys the entire cultural, aesthetic, and economic foundation of a nation to the point where life becomes a desperate horror. In Cuba the most requested items from visiting Americans relatives are soap, toothpaste, and toi-

let paper. In Russia, which is still suffering the effects of hunger and poverty, aged women can be seen standing on street corners on wintry nights selling dry goods such as cigarettes to earn just fifty cents in order to buy milk for their families. For the last twenty-five years, China has rigidly enforced a one-child-per-couple policy through sterilization and abortion, which has produced a disproportionately large number of the elderly. With the traditional family ruined and few in the selfish younger generation to

rival only by communist Russia. Nazi Germany, by comparison, falls into a distant third place. After it gained power, the communist party executed over a million landowners as part of its agrarian "reform" policy. This program of land redistribution eventually claimed four million additional lives. Overall, China's communist regimes have been responsible for between 40 and 50 million Chinese deaths through famine, political persecution, and execution.¹

After the blunders of General George C.

Marshall and the assistance of leftist sympathizers in the U.S. State Department² had contributed to the fall of the Nationalist government on the mainland, its leader, Chiang Kai-shek, fled to the island of Formosa (Taiwan). For the next few years, as the Cold War became a reality, the United States policy was to recognize Chiang's government, known as the Republic of China, rather than the communist regime in Beijing, as representative of the Chinese people. A mutual defense pact signed on December 2, 1954, pledged the United States to the defense of Taiwan. Throughout the sixties,

Taiwan showed a dramatic success in its industrial capacity while the economy of the communist mainland stagnated. Then once again our government reached out to affect a compromise with communism when Richard Nixon visited the People's Republic for eight days in 1972, "normalizing" relations between the two countries. President Jimmy Carter carried this ignominious retreat from principle one step further in 1979 when he transferred recognition from Taiwan to the PRC. Extremely



The Chinese Communist flag blows in the wind at the United Nations building in New York City.

care for them, many of the aged are facing such a bleak future of poverty and loneliness that they are turning to suicide for relief. Communism sucks the very life out of society and leaves it a decaying organism.

America aids Chinese communism

From its very beginning on October 1, 1949, following four bloody years of civil war, the communist government of the People's Republic of China (PRC) has systematically terrorized its own people — a reign of terror

irked by this conciliation, Congress passed the Taiwan Relations Act, which reiterated our responsibility to help defend Taiwan from outside aggression.

Our "strategic partnership"

Before considering the results of Clinton's self-proclaimed "partnership" with communist China, we should refresh our memories regarding some important, inherent elements of that system. Until they attain a classless society, with the concepts of God, family, and private property already destroyed, all nations and societies must suffer through a world revolution and class struggle, which means continued warfare internally and internationally.

Troubling as the earlier compromises may be to freedom-loving Americans, they pale in comparison with those of the Clinton-Gore administration. President Clinton has called communist China his "strategic partner," and indeed the facts confirm the truth of that statement, but in a highly unfavorable way, because the collaboration has jeopardized our national security. In the spring of 1993, the administration unilaterally began to dismantle a long-standing system known as COCOM that controlled the export of militarily significant technologies.³ The removal of other legal restrictions followed. Numerous large American corporations jumped in to reap the profits. This transfer of previously-classified material greatly enhanced Beijing's nuclear missile capacity and allowed for new generations of land, sea and space-based strategic weapons. Lurking behind these transactions is the sordid tale of millions of dollars of contributions funneled to the Clinton-Gore campaigns from Chinese agents, including high-ranking communist military officers.⁴

Chinese spying

In order to speed up this process, the communist military resorted to one of the most aggressive and successful campaigns of espionage in this century. With our Justice Department (DOJ) curiously inept and unable to move with determination, Chinese spies stole the design secrets of America's most advanced nuclear warheads. When the FBI began to unravel the espionage trail, the DOJ decreased its cooperation and insisted on the lightest penalty for

those spies who were discovered.⁵ When Senator Arlen Specter (R-Pa.) recently attempted to investigate the foregoing, he ran up against so much stonewalling that he declared in frustration, "It may well be that the Justice Department is guilty of obstruction of justice."⁶

Among the many advantages that China has gained from our stolen secrets is the development of an intercontinental ballistic missile that can reach the western United States. Equipped with a thermonuclear warhead of about 500 kilotons, the DF-31 has road-mobility, which will make detection difficult. China has also entered into a program to build new strategic submarines, also using stolen technology, that will carry 12 or 16 sea-launched ballistic missiles with

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a range of 7,400 miles. Congressman Christopher Cox (R-Ca) in the famous report of his investigating committee, noted that this allows the missile "to be launched from PRC's territorial waters and to strike targets throughout the United States."⁷ China has also assisted North Korea by sharing space technology that could boost Pyongyang's long-range missile program, and it has sold ballistic and cruise missiles to several brutal rogue nations, including Iran and Libya.

ICBM's and ABM's

After analyzing the ongoing proliferation of

deadly offensive weapons by hostile nations, we come to the related subject of our own missile defenses, of which *we have none*, and this administration gives every indication of wanting to keep it that way. Last fall the U. S. Senate voted to reject the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty. Obviously upset, the President immediately countered that the United States would continue to be bound by it.⁸

Clinton has also spent his tenure in office observing the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty signed with the Soviet Union, now defunct, which fact alone now makes the treaty null and void. While the logic of our necessary self-defense has been so overwhelming that even liberal think-tanks admit that deployment of a national missile defense is required, those who are ideologically hostile to missile defense are trying to delay and reduce the scope of the deployment. This debate will continue throughout the coming months with an operational target date of no sooner than 2005, providing Clinton gives his final approval some time later this summer. In the meantime, the United States stands vulnerable to communist intimidation. Beijing has already threatened to destroy Los Angeles if we interfere with their plans to conquer Taiwan.⁹

Taiwan

Mainland China sees a free, independent, prosperous Chinese society on Taiwan as a thorn in her side, just as Fidel Castro saw a happy, free, independent six-year old child in America as a thorn in his side. When the superiority of totalitarian states is questioned, they retaliate. The communists have been very candid and emphatic about their intentions: either Taiwan negotiates its surrender, or the PRC will seize the island by force.

The balance of power across the Taiwan Strait still favors Taiwan, but that advantage is quickly disappearing because of Red China's construction of new missile sites along the mainland coast and her purchase of missile-laden ships and aircraft from Russia. Our treaty obligations with Taiwan and plain common sense demand that we provide the necessary defensive weapons,

Continued on page 15

The Good Fellow

BY PLINIO CORRÊA DE OLIVEIRA



When in 1971 the U.N. expelled Taiwan and accepted Red China as a member, a general consensus of appeasement swept over the world, infecting minds with forgetfulness of the horrors of Communism. As something quite similar is taking place today with the United States normalizing trade with China, we thought it advantageous to present a commentary on the subject that Prof. Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira published in September of 1971.

A few days ago I encountered a young man who eagerly shook my hand in recognition. Did I say “young?” Perhaps I exaggerate, for he was about 35 years old. With a pleasant face and an athletic build, he was quite popular in his circles, for he was amusing and radiated optimism. In short, he is what is commonly called a “good fellow.”

The two of us sat alone in the waiting room of a doctor’s office with nothing in particular to discuss when we both glanced at the newspaper lying on the table. A bold headline announced Communist China’s admission to the United Nations and the expulsion of Taiwan from that same global body.

Our good fellow smiled and glanced in my direction, expecting to see his satisfaction mirrored in my countenance. I addressed him nonchalantly, “I gather that pleases you.”

His smile broadened. “The blow dealt old Chiang Kai-shek was, perhaps, a bit strong, I’ll admit, but I believe that everything will come out well in the end.”

When asked why, he explained: “Until now, the Western world has dealt rather ineptly with the Communist bloc. The Communists have a questionable philosophy and a way of life that is not to my taste, for I was raised in a different ambience. But whether you agree with them or not, that is simply the way they are — and they do have the atomic bomb.

“We had better learn to live together, lest we bring the bomb down on all our heads. What we should have been doing from the beginning was persuading them to open up by means of well-studied concessions. This would have helped them understand that we are brothers, and among brothers everything can be worked out. Before long, they would have been favorably disposed to sign a general agreement.”

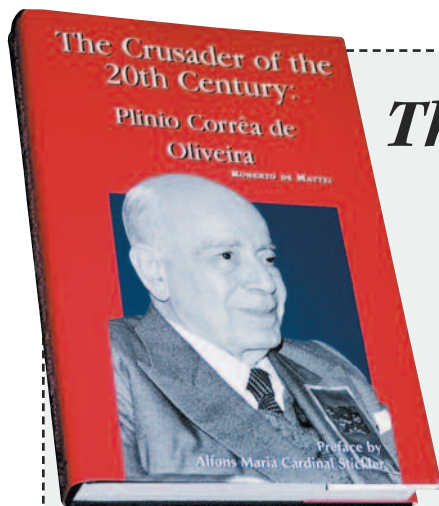
I kept as straight a face as possible, for I wanted to



Prof. Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira

see just how far our naïve friend was willing to go. In a conciliatory tone, I mused, “But the West also has the atomic bomb. Why aren’t the Communists also afraid of us? Why aren’t they also willing to make concessions? Negotiation should be a two-way street, don’t you think?”

The good fellow had a ready answer. “The Western world is civilized and rich,” he explained, as though the two were synonymous. “The Communist world is barbaric and poor,” he continued, forging another dubious link. “Barbarians don’t know how to concede. Concessions must begin with our side — the civilized side. We must make multiple and generous conces-



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sions. These great concessions will produce a thaw in the Communist soul. That thaw, in turn, will lead to negotiations and, ultimately, world peace," he concluded triumphantly.

With continued impartiality, I asked him, "But do you have any reason to believe that these negotiations, bought at the price of so many great concessions, will actually lead to something worthwhile? Isn't it possible that these barbarians, as you describe them, will ultimately demand the impossible?"

Our good fellow had the answer on the tip of his tongue. "Dr. Plinio, we must trust in the common sense and goodness of heart that all men possess. Without this trust, our world would be a hell. It is more generous to believe that the Communists will, ultimately, be moved by so many concessions. You seem to be somewhat skeptical about the value of concessions, but everything in life is negotiable and capable of compromise. Two parties can't quarrel, after all, if one party refuses to do so."

From his altered tone, I deduced that my reservations, however mildly expressed, had shaken his customary self-assurance. In a soft tone I continued. "Is it really true, my good fellow, that everything is negotiable? Should we give in if the neo-

barbarians try to prevent us from practicing our religion, for example? Should we accept it if they wish to destroy the natural order, in particular, its foundation in the rights to family and private property? Should we allow them to expand their concentration camps across the world? Should we also accept the general poverty that the Communist regime has brought

about in Cuba?"

By now, the poor fellow's face was flushed. He stammered his reply, as though his beliefs had been dealt a body blow. "You are a professor and much older than I. Frankly, I don't know how to answer your arguments, but Nixon, the greatest man of our century, follows precisely the path I have been advocating. If you analyze his actions, you will see that they are justified by the hope that our Communist adversary will be moved by generous concessions into signing a great accord. Surely, you wouldn't presume to understand diplomacy better than the greatest man of our century?"

Unaccustomed to being challenged, however agreeably, my acquaintance had abandoned his feeble quest of logic for the refuge of authority, resting his argument entirely on the thin reed of President Richard Nixon's purported infallibility.

I continued mildly, "But the one you describe as 'the greatest man of our century' did not always hold such views. In fact, in previous campaigns, he ran as a militant anti-Communist."

"You're right," my companion conceded, "but after being defeated, he came to see the error of his ways. The American people showed him a better path. He embraced it, and now we see him leading the way to accommodation. You don't think that Nixon is really displeased with the U.N. vote, do you? It relieved him of responsibility for the many concessions he wanted but did not dare to make. While some may claim that the vote robbed his trip to Peking and Moscow of its objective, I believe that the opposite is true. Thanks to the U.N. vote, Nixon will be able to make even greater concessions than he had planned. Then we will see a general thaw."

Beaming like a prophet of optimism, he declared, "Dr. Plinio, the world is headed towards a general convergence. Peace does not exist between those who are different, but between those who are alike."

As our optimist had regained his self-assurance, I asked him in a confidential tone, "Tell me, my good fellow, what concessions would these be?"

Beaming like a prophet of optimism he declared, "Dr. Plinio, the world is headed towards a general convergence. Peace does not exist between those who are different, but between those who are alike. If we take steps towards the Communist world, they will take steps toward ours, and we will meet somewhere in the middle — a certain advanced socialism, with a minimized and changeable family structure. It will be a world of universal peace, built upon the renunciation of all doctrines, all ideologies, and all rigid systems." A sudden hardness came over him as he affirmed ruthlessly, "Everyone will have to accept it or be crushed."

At last, it was my turn. And I said to the good fellow: "I have listened to you patiently and at length. You are devoted to dialogue, are you not? Permit me, then, to speak for a few moments now."

The good fellow felt insulted by my arguments against Nixon and against himself. Silenced for the moment, he smoked nervously, pretending to pay more attention to the smoke he exhaled than to my words.

"A human society is a living organism, whose health depends on its adherence to imperative and subtle rules. In order that we might discover these rules, philosophers, theologians, sociologists, and economists have

dedicated their lives to pursuing them. Divided into diverse schools, they have launched a polemic that constitutes one of the highest achievements of the human mind. From among these schools, it behooves us to follow the one that teaches the natural order created by God — otherwise our society will fail and, ultimately, perish.

"Let's recall, once again, the comparison of society with a living organism. What if a mortally ill man were to think as you do and reject all doctrines? Placed between two physicians who disagreed on the diagnosis of his malady, he would tell each of them to get lost, since they are only men of theory. Seeking a 'practical' solution, he would mix the remedies of one with those of the other and drink them. He would commit suicide.

"Does it not seem to you that holding the physician in contempt is a mark of ignorance, more applicable to the barbarian than to a civilized man?"

The good fellow was livid with rage. "Dr. Plinio, there is absolutely no accord possible with you or with your TFP. The only remedy is to silence you. I do not care for such doctrinal and reasoned thinking. It is positively medieval. We live in the new age of the practical man who resolves everything by experience."

"My dear fellow, this is precisely what the shaman thinks of the scientist. You are heralding the age of the witchdoctor. Please pardon my frankness, but honesty compels

me to go further. You are inaugurating the era of the barbarian, for to declare logic outdated and thought obsolete is to establish among man an incomprehensible way of life, torn by dark, endless struggles played out to a savage drumbeat of hatred, resentment, and envy.

"You call the Communists barbarians — and so they are — but look in the mirror. The barbarians on the other side think erroneously, but you and your kind believe that one should not think at all. Who is more barbarian?"

I then remained silent, and so did our good fellow. At that very moment, an elderly lady emerged from the doctor's office, supporting herself on a delicate and attractive cane. The physician accompanying her was saying, "It's a matter of different medical opinion. My colleague follows one school of thought and I another. It is up to you to choose."

"I will think about it and pray about it," she replied. "All my life I have always thought and prayed before making important decisions, and that has always served me well."

The physician smiled knowingly. "It is because of this that you are so fit for your age."

I glanced a last time at our erstwhile good fellow. He continued to chain smoke uncontrollably and was nervously chewing a fingernail. "Poor barbarian," I mused. ■

Continued from page 12

but the administration shows reluctance in doing so. Just over a month ago, President Clinton decided against the sale of four Aegis destroyers to Taiwan but approved a smaller package including long-range radar. We will allow them to detect incoming missiles but not defend themselves against them. The official reason for what Senator Jesse Helms (R.-N.C.) calls "appeasement" is to avoid angering China.¹⁰

Unless we begin the four or five-year process of assisting Taiwan in developing a sufficient system to defend itself against certain communist aggression, the island will become increasingly vulnerable to attack. If we refuse this common sense approach, we will be reduced to two distasteful options:

defending the hard-pressed island with our own military forces or a shameful withdrawal from the western Pacific.

In 1938 British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, in order to "achieve peace in our time," allowed Hitler to occupy Czechoslovakia, foolishly assuming that that would satisfy his lust for conquest. Winston Churchill, soon to replace Chamberlain, observed, "We had to choose between shame and war; we chose shame, and now we will have war." ■

Notes

1. These statistics appeared in a report prepared by Rep. Christopher Cox for House members and published by *Human Events*, Oct. 5, 1999.

2. In Chapter 18 of his brilliant analysis, *While You Slept* (N.Y., 1951), John T. Flynn shows that General Marshall, then Army Chief of Staff, was the chief proponent of bringing Russia into the war against Japan just six days before its end. This led directly to the communist occupation of Manchuria and, eventually, all of mainland China, for Russia financed and armed the communists while Marshall placed an embargo on arms to Chiang.

3. *Human Events*, Nov. 20, 1998.

4. *Ibid.*

5. The inadequacies of the DOJ are illustrated in a cover story in *Human Events*, Apr. 21, 2000.

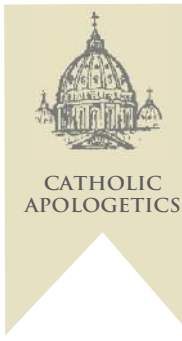
6. *Ibid.*

7. *Washington Times*, Dec. 6, 1999.

8. *Ibid.*, Dec. 15, 1999.

9. *Ibid.*, June 11, 1999.

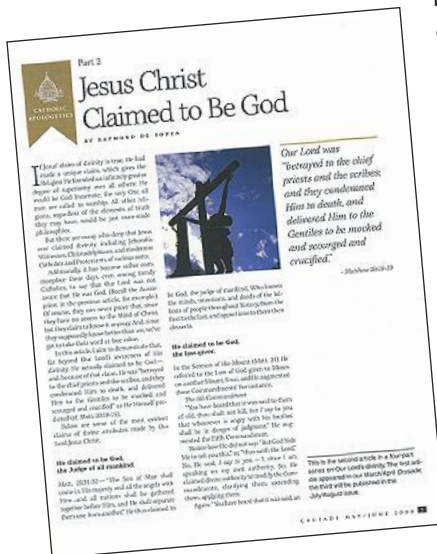
10. *Ibid.*, Apr. 18, 2000.



The Gospels Are Historically Authentic and Reliable

BY RAYMOND DE SOUZA

This article continues the series begun in the March-April and May-June issues of Crusade.



From previous articles in this series on the Divinity of Jesus Christ, one basic conclusion can be established beyond reasonable doubt: Jesus Christ is the only founder of a religion who claimed to be God Incarnate. That He died because of that claim is also evident.

I have been quoting from the Gospels, the record left by the Apostles. But are the Gospels historically accurate or, as some have claimed, were their texts altered by some Christians in the early centuries?

How can one establish beyond reasonable doubt the authenticity of the historical documents that inform us about the life of Jesus Christ?

It was only in the last two hundred years that skeptics have cast doubts on the Gospels' authenticity. For over a millennium and a half all Christians have accepted their historicity without question. Who is right?

First of all, there is a basic principle of natural justice that we must consider: the burden of proof is on the accuser, not the defender. In other words, the skeptics must present their evidence if they want to persuade us to change our minds about the truth of the Gospels. Just because they doubt does not mean their doubt has any value whatsoever — it is only their problem.

If they can present objective, reliable argumentation — not just more doubts to bolster the previous doubts — then one can give them some consideration. Otherwise, it is like being presumed guilty until proven innocent.

Authenticity, historicity, and reliability of the New Testament

There are three fields of research: textual, literary, and theological. The textual field investigates the authentic-

ity of the actual texts of historical books. New Testament scholars study the oldest Greek documents with a view to discovering any discrepancies among them. Then they consult the most ancient translations, in Latin, Coptic, Syriac, Arabic, and so on, to find out if the texts are old enough, independent enough, and close enough in their readings to demonstrate that they are what Matthew, Mark, or the others actually wrote. In this way, they assess the accusation — groundless to this day, let it be noted — that Christians tampered with the texts in subsequent centuries.

The conclusion of most reputable scholars is that those books are what they claim to be, namely, the writings of Apostles and their close associates, and not, as gratuitous accusations claim, forgeries or writings put together centuries after the death of the Apostles.

It is also gratuitous to affirm that the Christian Gospels are basically portraits of the Apostles' spirituality and religion rather than that of Jesus himself.

It is not our task here to delve into the very complicated realm of contradictory opinions among Bible scholars. It is sufficient for us non-scholars to realize that there are no grounds for assuming that the New Testament writings are not authentic. Quite the contrary, as a few arguments will demonstrate.

First of all, all the originals have been lost. They were the only texts accepted as inspired by the early Christians. All we've got are copies of copies of copies. How reliable are those texts?

We must consider the number of documents and manuscripts, the time interval between the copies and the originals, and the integrity of the texts. There are other elements of a literary-critical and theological nature, but they refer to a very specialized area of research, much beyond our study here.

1. The number of documents and manuscripts

Why is the number of documents important?

The more copies there are and the greater the agreement among their various texts in various languages, the more it appears that they were good copies from a basic original text.

For example, there are to this day ancient copies of the New Testament in Greek, Old Latin, Latin, Ethiopic, Slavic, Armenian, Syriac, and Arabic, for a total of over 24,000 documents, of which 5,000 are in Greek alone.

Those were very independent texts in different languages and were read by peoples of different cultures — but they always carried the same message. The differences of any importance among them number just a handful.

2. The time interval between the copies and the originals

The age of the extant documents is important, for the older the copy, the less likely that someone may have corrupted the original manuscript.

So, how old are the documents?

All reputable Bible scholars, both Catholic and Protestant, have agreed that the best and the oldest copies date from the fourth century A.D. There are two of these: the *Codex Sinaiticus* and the *Codex Vaticanus*. These are called “neutral texts” because they are direct copies without glosses or comments. These texts are the basic documents for serious Bible study, and scholars will very seldom depart from them to a more recent one.

The antiquity and authority of these documents received a remarkable confirmation in 1955 when a Coptic family in Egypt sold a papyrus text to a Western collector. This papyrus contains almost all the first 14 chapters of Saint John’s Gospel, plus fragments from chapters 15-21. Papyrologists unanimously agreed that the text dates back to the year 200, “with utter certainty.” It was a remarkable confirmation that the basic text of the Bible that we have today, taken from the two ancient fourth-century documents, is at least 200 years older than previously thought, being very close to the time of the Apostles themselves, the authors of the original autographs.

This was something like the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Before their discovery, the oldest Old Testament manuscripts were dated 900 A.D. Can we know that the Old Testament has been properly copied from the originals, say, for instance, the book of Isaias, the great Hebrew prophet, 1,500 years from the original and the earliest copy? Now, with the Dead Sea Scrolls, a complete copy of the book of Isaias was found, in which the only differences are of obvious slips of the pen and spelling. The message is the same! The Qumran community, of the first centu-

ry, had the same text we have today.

But there is more: Other N.T. documents have seen the light, and date back to before the year 200: The *Chester Beatty Papyri* (155 A.D.) and the *John Ryland Manuscript* (130 A.D.).

Bearing in mind that the last Apostle died around the year 100, we have only one generation gap to bridge. In historical terms, it is extremely unlikely that in such a short period of time there was a widespread corruption of the original text and nobody noticed it.

We should also bear in mind that to be a Christian in those days was to be a candidate for martyrdom. Anyone found with a Christian manuscript would have to surrender it to be destroyed — or be destroyed himself. One does not lay down his life for a text that one corrupted.

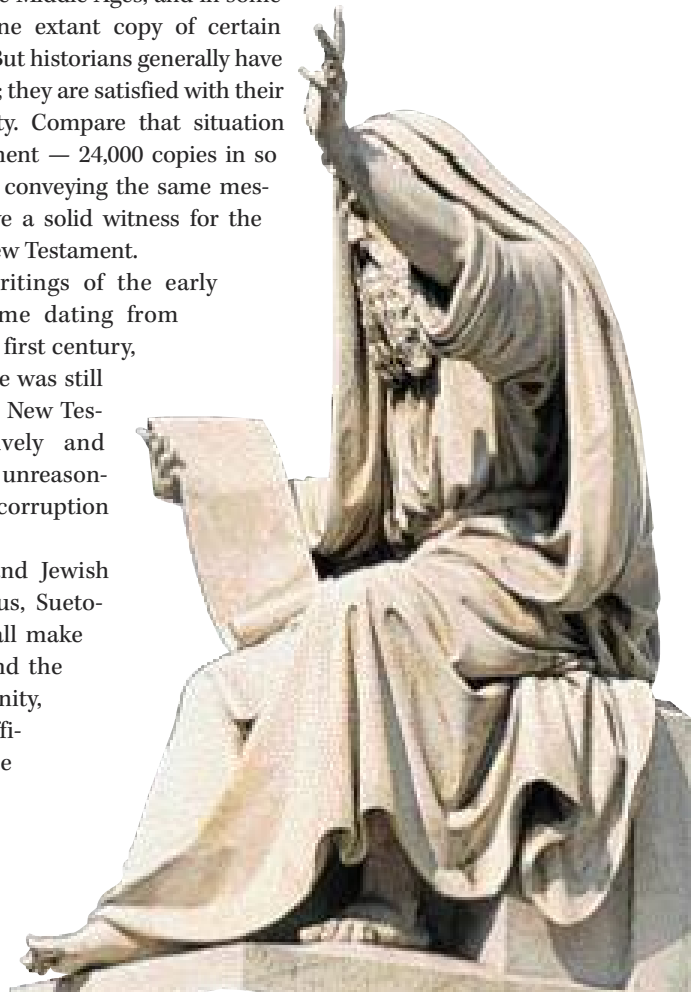
Now let us compare this authenticity with other accepted historical documents. Remember, there are more than 24,000 ancient copies of the New Testament.

Take the writings of Homer (643 whole or partial copies of his *Iliad*), Demosthenes (200), Sophocles (193), Aristotle (49), Tacitus (20), Caesar (10), Herodotus (8), Pliny (7). These documents, by and large, date back to the Middle Ages, and in some case there is but one extant copy of certain ancient documents! But historians generally have no problem with that; they are satisfied with their historical authenticity. Compare that situation with the New Testament — 24,000 copies in so many languages and conveying the same message — and you have a solid witness for the authenticity of the New Testament.

Moreover, the writings of the early Church Fathers, some dating from before the end of the first century, when the last Apostle was still alive, quote from the New Testament so extensively and accurately that it is unreasonable to suppose any corruption in the text.

To end, pagan and Jewish historians like Tacitus, Suetonius, and Josephus all make reference to Jesus and the beginning of Christianity, as did government officials such as Pliny the younger and Trajan.

In conclusion, the N.T. writings as we know them today are, from the viewpoint of textual accuracy, very



trustworthy as historical documents.

They are not — as the opponents of the genuineness of the New Testament writings affirm without any satisfactory proof — mere forgeries put together centuries after the deaths of the Apostles. The textual authenticity is sufficient to disprove the naysayers, but further logical proof can be added to show that the N.T. writings are what they claim to be, the writings of Apostles and their close associates.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem

The destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem by the Roman Legions in 70 A.D. was the most momentous historical event of the first century of Christianity. It was earth-shattering not only for the Christians, who lost their mother-church of Jerusalem, but especially for the enemies of Christianity, the Jewish Sanhedrin and its cohort of Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, zealots, scribes, and publicans! Their sacred Temple was utterly destroyed, their sanctuary reduced to ashes and debris. They also lost their historical documents, above all the sacred registry of the priesthood, without which none could claim to be a priest and properly offer sacrifice. No wonder that to this day there is no sacrifice in Jewish worship, only prayers in synagogues. The Temple, the altar, the priesthood, everything was lost. God allowed the Romans to destroy the Jewish sacrifices forever.

It was a most stunning defeat for the enemies of Christianity, especially because Jesus Himself had foreseen that destruction of the holy city:

“Jerusalem, Jerusalem, you who kill the prophets and stone those who are sent to you! How often would I have gathered your children together, as a hen gathers her young under her wings, but you would not. Behold, *your house is left to you desolate*” (Matt. 23:37-38).

“And Jesus left the Temple and was going away, when His disciples came forward to show Him the buildings of the Temple. But He answered and said to them: “Do you see all these things? Amen I say to you, *there will not be left here a stone upon another that will not be thrown down*” (Matt. 24:1-2).

“And when you see the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet Daniel — standing in the holy place — let the reader understand, let those who are in Judea flee to the mountains” (Matt. 24:15). (The desolating sacrilege spoken of in Daniel was the desecration of the Holy Temple by Antiochus IV who occupied the Temple and erected idols of false gods on the altar of holocausts [I Mach 1:57].)

“And when you see Jerusalem being surrounded by an army, then know that the desolation is at hand. Then let those who are in Judea flee to the mountains” (Luke 21:20).

A new abomination occurred when the

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Romans occupied and destroyed the Temple. Later, Hadrian erected a statue to Jupiter among its ruins.

The Jewish historian Flavius Josephus, who lived during the event, wrote in *The Jewish Wars* that one million, one hundred thousand people died during the siege of Jerusalem. The city was then full of pilgrims who had come to celebrate the Passover, just as in the year 33 A.D.

And so? one may ask. Jesus' prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. It was, if you wish, the greatest vindication of the truth of Jesus' prophecy and message and the total defeat of the Sanhedrin, His greatest enemies, yet it is not mentioned in the New Testament.

If the Gospels had been written cen-

turies after Jesus, why did the Apostles not make use of that information — the destruction of the Temple — to prove to the new converts, especially the Jewish converts, that the Mosaic law was no longer binding?

Evidently, the New Testament was written before the event, before the year 70 A.D.

Again, if the apostles or their successors had wished to tamper with the text, here is the perfect motive for doing so: to prove that Jesus was a prophet, that the Cross had triumphed over the Sanhedrin, that His executioners had been stamped out and dispersed. But no, the great event had not yet taken place when the New Testament was being written.

No New Testament writer ever played this fundamental trump card. The only temples Saint Paul speaks about are the great Temple of Christ's body, the Church, and the little temple of the Holy Spirit — our own bodies. In the letter to the Hebrews, which tradition attributes to Saint Paul, the author painstakingly strives to persuade the Jewish Christians that the priesthood of Christ had superseded the priesthood of Aaron. It would have been so easy for him to prove that God Himself had allowed the sacrifices in His great Temple to be abolished by the Romans in the full view of the world in 70 A.D., yet he did not.

Evidently, the event had not yet happened.

In conclusion, from the viewpoints of both textual integrity and historical accuracy the New Testament writings are trustworthy documents to tell us, in this year 2000, that the events and teachings of Jesus Christ reported therein are what they claim to be: writings by contemporary authors, many of them eye-witnesses, who had the text faithfully copied and spread as widely as possible, who backed it up by their preaching, and who finally laid down their lives as witnesses of its truthfulness.

Any denial of the historicity of the Gospels as authentic documents, is, therefore, a shallow attempt to create doubt where certainty has been established beyond reasonable doubt.

In the next article we shall analyze the claim that Jesus made about Himself and consider whether or not it makes sense to an unbiased mind to believe in its truthfulness. ■



COVER
STORY

The Heroic Virtues of Jacinta and Francisco

BY PLINIO MARIA SOLIMEO

Francisco and Jacinta Marto are the youngest non-martyred children ever to be beatified. They were raised to the honor of the altars not simply because they saw Our Lady but also because they generously heeded her call to prayer, penance, and reparation. They are, thus, the first fruits of the Message of Fatima. This is the lesson that all of us, both young and old, should learn from the beatification of the two seers.

“With our Apostolic authority, we grant that, from this day forth, the venerable servants of God Francisco Marto and Jacinta Marto be called ‘Blessed’ and that their feast day be celebrated yearly on February 20 in the places and according to the norms established by law.”

This solemn Papal proclamation occasioned an explosion of joy in the square at Fatima on the morning of May 13.

On the last bench behind the altar in the Basilica of Fatima sat a 93-year-old Carmelite nun, Sister Lucia of the Immaculate Heart. She, in recollection, followed the solemn proceedings that raised her cousins Jacinta and Francisco to the honors of the altar, those same cousins with whom she had been privileged to see the “Lady more brilliant than the sun.”

The youngest non-martyred children ever to be beatified

Jacinta and Francisco Marto are the two youngest non-martyrs to be declared blessed in the history of the Church.

It is true that they received the enormous grace of the apparitions of the Most Blessed Virgin in Fatima. Nevertheless, they were not beatified simply for having seen and heard Our Lady. Rather, they were declared blessed because they attained sanctity. This they did by taking the apparitions

seriously, drawing consequences from them for their personal lives and making of them the center of their thoughts and interests. They attained sanctity because they corresponded to the graces they received, generously heeding the Lady’s requests for prayer, penance, and reparation. It is their correspondence to these graces and their heeding of these requests that are now acknowledged in their beatification.

Our objective in this article is not to write of the apparitions or the Message of Fatima. *Crusade* has already and often done this, and the subject is generally known. Less known, however, are the lives of these two children and the high degree of virtue they attained. Our main aim here, then, is to present some aspects of their lives with the intention of demonstrating how they, despite being so young, did in fact reach heights of sanctity and were thus the first fruits of the Fatima Message.

Francisco — an innocent and upright soul, a mild temperament

Francisco and Jacinta Marto were, respectively, the eighth and ninth children of Manuel Pedro Marto, known as “Ti” Marto (Uncle Marto) and his wife, Olimpia de Jesus. Both were born in the hamlet of Aljustrel, in the parish of Fatima, Francisco on June 11, 1908,



The Basilica of Fatima, on the day of the beatification of Francisco and Jacinta Marto, May 13, 2000.

Jacinta ran as if from the plague from those who spoke bad words or held questionable conversations “because this is a sin and saddens Our Lord.”



and Jacinta on March 11, 1910.

Ti Marto, the most respected person in the area in the opinion of his contemporaries, said that his youngest son enjoyed good health, had good nerves, was robust and resolute. “He was anything but a coward. He would go out at night, alone in the dark, without a sign of fear. He played with lizards and snakes and would roll them around a stick and make them drink out of holes in the rocks. Fearlessly he hunted hares and foxes and moles.”¹

Francisco was docile and a model of obedience. Always kind and pleasant, “he would play with all the children without showing preference,” says Lucia, “and he never quarreled. But if something happened that he did not like, he would sometimes leave the game. If asked why he left, he would reply, ‘Because you’re bad,’ or simply, ‘Because I want to.’

“Although he tried his best at games,” continues Lucia, “he was dull to play with because he almost always lost. His peaceful temperament sometimes used to get very much on my nerves. If I ordered him to sit on a stone, he would meekly do so, as if I had to be obeyed. Later I would be sorry for my impatience and go to him, and he would always be as friendly as if nothing had happened.”²

Yes, Francisco liked games and play but he avoided confrontations. He surrendered his rights without a fight: “You think you won? That’s all right! I don’t mind!”³ “If one of the other children insisted on taking away something belonging to him,” says Lucia, he said: ‘Let them have it! What do I care?’⁴

He was very innocent and had a delicate conscience. One morning his mother suggested that he take advantage of his Godmother’s absence to take the sheep to pasture on her fields. He answered that he would not do that. When his mother slapped him across the face, he faced her with dignity and asked: “Is my mother teaching me to steal?” He went only after obtaining permission from his Godmother.

Francisco had an artist’s soul. He marveled at the beauties of creation. He loved the starry sky, the creeks and springs, and, above all, the sun, which he saw as the symbol of God’s power. Being a contemplative, he found entertainment in small things. With only his small flute he would spend hours on end content with playing nostalgic tunes reminiscent of heaven, or happy tunes for Lucia and Jacinta to dance to in the fields.

Like every child, Francisco had his small faults. Can it be that it was because of these that Our Lady said he would have to say many Rosaries before he could go to heaven? For example, some nights he did not

want to pray and would hide in the garden shed. His father had to go after him and bring him in. But, Ti Marto said that this was before the apparitions of Cova da Iria: “After Our Lady appeared, he was never missing; Francisco and Jacinta were the ones who insisted with everyone to say the Rosary.”

In a few words, this was Francisco before the apparitions: innocent, preserved, a very upright soul, but perhaps a bit soft and carefree. Yet, this did not prevent the Mother of God from choosing him as one of her confidantes.

Jacinta — a sensitive temperament and an upright spirit

Lucia describes Jacinta as the opposite of Francisco, to the point that they did not seem like brother and sister except for their similar features.

Her soul was extraordinarily sensitive and very easily impressed. “When she was five years old or less,” relates Lucia, “she would melt into tears on hearing the story of the Passion of Our Lord. ‘Poor Jesus,’ she would say, ‘I must never sin and offend Him any more.’” She ran as if from the plague from those who spoke bad words or held questionable conversations “because this is a sin and saddens Our Lord.”⁵

She also shunned lying, understanding its sinfulness. Her father relates: “When her mother told her some little fib, such as that she was only going to the cabbage-patch when she was really going much farther, Jacinta would always detect the deception and not hesitate to scold her own mother: ‘So, mother is lying to me? She said she was going here and went there? Lying is ugly!’”⁶

Like her brother Francisco, and perhaps more than he, hers was a refined, tender, and affectionate soul.

She loved her sheep and gave each of them a name — Dove, Star, Meek, Snow, and the like. The white baby lambs were her favorite. Many times she carried them over her shoulders as she had seen Our Lord depicted carrying them on holy cards.

Jacinta had a veritable passion for flowers. Gathering them in the fields was one of her favorite pastimes. Sometimes she made garlands with them to adorn her cousin. At other times, she would take them apart to toss their petals at Lucia as she had seen the little girls dressed as angels doing in the Corpus Christi procession.

She loved the moon, which she called “Our Lady’s lamp.” She preferred it to the sun, “because it does not hurt the eyes.” When the moon was full, she would run to break the good news: “Mother, here comes the queen of the sky!”

Had this little angel no defects? Yes, she had them, albeit small ones. Lucia tells us that Jacinta was a little spoiled, being the baby of a large family. Because of this, when things did not go her way, she sulked a

bit. Then, the only way to get her to return to the games was to allow her to choose not only the next game but also her partner. With her amazing energy, she would sometimes go a bit overboard in dancing, which is quite a common pastime among the Portuguese peasantry. With incredible agility and grace she skipped and hopped until flushed and breathless.

On this point her biographer, Fr. Joseph Galamba de Oliveira, comments: "The faults and imperfections we note in her life are evident proof of the transformation later effected in her soul by grace and the generosity with which she responded to the workings of the Holy Spirit."⁷

These souls, with much that was angelic, were thus prepared by divine grace to receive the heavenly visits.

Apparitions propel these childish souls toward sanctity

In the spring of 1916 the life of the three happy and carefree little shepherds of only nine, eight, and seven years was to suffer a dramatic change after an angel appeared and spoke to them. "The Hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of your supplications."⁸

In another apparition in the summer of that same year, the angel advised: "Offer prayers and sacrifices constantly to the Most High.... Make of everything you can a sacrifice, and offer it to God as an act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended, and in supplication for the conversion of sinners.... Above all, accept and bear with submission the suffering the Lord will send you."⁹

This is a regime of sanctity that is asked only of those who are called to be truly intimate with Our Lord. The three fulfilled it to the letter with fervor, without complaining or self-pity, with true joy and loving submission. They even went so far as to invent various ways of sacrificing themselves.

Thus, around a year later, they were ready to receive the visit of the Queen of Heaven.

When she came, it was not with pleasantries or caresses but with seriousness. In the very first encounter she repeated the angel's invitation to prayer and suffering: "You will have much to suffer, but the grace of God will be your comfort."¹⁰

They were asked to offer up prayer and suffering in reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, so offended by the terrible apostasy of humanity. They were to understand the full extent of this request only as time went by and with the help of a special grace.

Francisco — a contemplative soul, a "consoler of God"

Though innocent and detached, Francisco must still have had some weaknesses or small lack of generosity that he needed to correct. If these did not keep him

from seeing the angel and Our Lady, nevertheless, he could not hear them.

Still, when his cousin told him that the Lady had said he must say "many rosaries" so that she could also take him to heaven, he exclaimed without a shadow of resentment or envy, "O, my dear Our Lady! I will say as many rosaries as you want!"¹¹

Curiously, of the three, Francisco was the least impressed with the vision of Hell. During that vision, what most attracted and absorbed him was God, the Holy Trinity "in that immense light that penetrated us to our innermost souls." This gives us an idea of this small shepherd's spirituality and of the vocation God gave him.

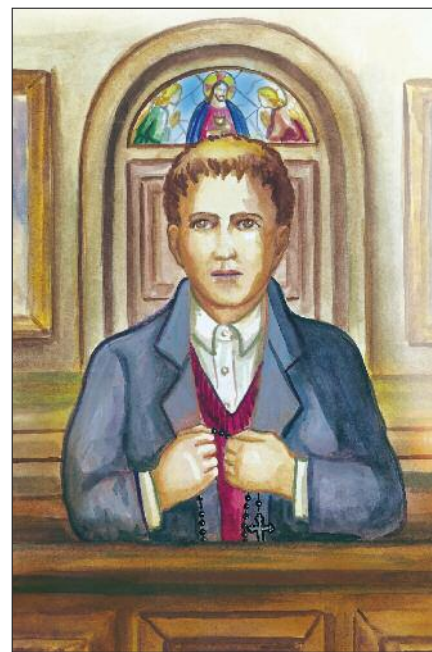
In any case, the vision of Hell marked a decisive threshold in the spiritual lives of all three seers. It was after the vision that the little shepherds began to make great spiritual progress.

Lucia comments, "While Jacinta seemed to think only of converting sinners and of saving souls from going to Hell, Francisco seemed to think only of consoling Our Lord and Our Lady, who had seemed so sad." When his cousin asked him what he liked best, to console Our Lord or to convert sinners, he did not hesitate: "I'd rather console Our Lord. Don't you remember how sad Our Lady was the last month when she said not to offend Our Lord, because He was much offended already? I want to console Our Lord first and then convert the sinners so that they won't offend any more."¹²

With reason, Fr. Jose Maria Alonso comments: "A consoling reparation as expressed by the words of Francisco, of a type that is so exquisitely 'theocentric' is not possible without an extraordinary mystical grace."¹³

Following this appeal for contemplation, Francisco, wanting to pray alone, frequently took leave of the girls. When they asked him what he was doing, he showed them his rosary. If they insisted with him to come play with them he answered, "Don't you remember that Our Lady said that I must pray many rosaries?"¹⁴ And if they asked why he did not pray with them he answered, "I'd rather pray alone, to think, and to console Our Lord. He is so sad."¹⁵

When the little shepherds began going to school, Francisco said to the two girls, "Look, you go to school and I will stay here in the church near the hidden Jesus. It isn't worth the trouble for me to learn to read. I am leaving here soon for heaven. When you come back, call me."¹⁶ Thus, he spent hours before the



*Francisco
spent hours
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Blessed
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They attained sanctity by taking the apparitions seriously, drawing consequences from them for their personal lives and making of them the center of their thoughts and interests.



Blessed Sacrament, seeking to console and gladden his God.

Sometimes the girls found him absorbed in thought behind a small wall. Asking him what he was doing, he answered, "I've been thinking of God. I've been thinking of Our Lord and of all the sins that have made Him unhappy. O, Lucia, if only I could comfort Him."¹⁷

To comfort God, to gladden Him, what a high ideal! What a program for life! This is to practice the first commandment in a sublime manner, forgetting oneself and loving God above all things.

Thus, led by the Holy Ghost, Francisco took great strides along the contemplative way.

"It is likely enough," comments William Thomas Walsh, "that in this way, without direction, Francisco learned to practice mental prayer. He may well have become a fairly advanced contemplative, he may possibly have had ecstasies. He had learned from the Master Himself the lesson that Saint Teresa teaches in her *Way of Perfection*: that lofty prayer demands love, solitude, detachment, freedom from all self-seeking or sensuality."¹⁸

Small in age but great in the spirit of sacrifice

The three little shepherds found a thousand ways of mortifying themselves: giving their lunch to the poor; eating bitter roots; going without water a whole day and suffering greatly from thirst; rubbing their bodies with nettles; remaining prostrate on their faces for hours while reciting the prayers the Angel had taught them and other prayers that their fervor inspired.

One day they found a rough piece of rope and immediately tied it around their waists under their clothes. This was so uncomfortable that they often could not sleep. Our Lady herself had to tell them not to use this instrument of penance at night.

A priest once also recommended that they pray for the Holy Father, explaining to them who he was. After this, they added three Hail Marys at the end of their rosaries for the intentions of the common Father of Christendom.

Francisco — heroic patience in suffering

On December 23, 1918, brother and sister fell victims to the epidemic of bronchial pneumonia that was ravishing Europe. Even in sickness they continued to sacrifice themselves for sinners.

Lucia writes about Francisco:

"He suffered with heroic patience, never letting a single complaint or moan escape. He drank everything his mother gave him and I could never tell if anything repulsed him.

"I asked him one day a little before he died, 'Fran-

cisco, do you suffer much?'

"Yes, I suffer. But I suffer everything for the love of Our Lord and Our Lady.'

"One day he gave me the rope (the one he used around his waist as a penance) and said: 'Take it before my mother sees it. I'm not able to use it anymore around my waist.'

"This rope had three knots in it and was blood stained."

On April 4, 1919, without a single moan or facial contraction, quietly, and with an angelic smile on his lips, Francisco went forth to meet the Most Blessed Virgin who awaited him with open arms.

Jacinta — reparatory victim, serious and generous

After the apparitions, Jacinta took her mission to pray for sinners so seriously that she was favored with several mystical graces. She had prophetic visions and obtained cures and graces that were considered miraculous, and she is even said to have had an instance of bilocation.

Still in Fatima, in the year following the apparitions, Our Lady appeared to her three more times.

The maturity and precocity of this humble little shepherdess was impressive. Lucia witnesses:

"She had a serious, modest and kind demeanor that seemed to let the presence of God shine through in all her actions; a demeanor usually seen in much older persons who are far advanced in virtue.

"If in her presence, a child or even adult persons said or did something that was improper, she would reprimand them: 'Do not do this because you offend Our Lord, and He is already much offended.'"

Lucia says, "Our good God gave me the grace of being her intimate confidante; I miss her greatly, and remember her with love and respect in appreciation for her sanctity." In another place Lucia says she owes the preservation of her innocence partly to the company of Jacinta.¹⁹

Her painful illness was an occasion for her to offer many sacrifices to God. One day she asked Lucia: "Have you made any sacrifices today? I have made many. My mother went away and I wanted to see Francisco many times, but I did not go."²⁰

Another day she said: "It is becoming harder and harder for me to drink milk and broth, but I do not say anything. I take them all for the love of Our Lord and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, our dear Heavenly Mother."²¹

Reparatory victim of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

Jacinta's reparatory mission is intimately linked to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. When Our Lady showed Hell to the three little shepherds, she said:

"You saw Hell where the souls of poor sinners go; to save them, God wishes to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart." Jacinta was, in her own way, a missionary of this devotion.

On saying goodbye to Lucia before leaving for Lisbon, she warmly stressed: "You remain here to tell everyone that God wants to establish the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the world. When the time comes for you to say this, do not hide." And she added: "Tell every one that God grants us graces through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, that people should go to her, that the Sacred Heart of Jesus wants her Immaculate Heart to be venerated next to His, that people should ask for peace from the Immaculate Heart of Mary because God has placed it in her hands. O, if only I could put into everyone's hearts the fire that burns here inside of mine, making me love the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Heart of Mary so much!"

Thus, "Jacinta well deserves the title of model-reparatory-victim of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. For us who wish to live in depth the Message of Fatima, this is how we should see it."²²

One day she confided to Lucia that, when alone, she got down from the bed many times to say the prayer of the angel: "But now, I can no longer touch my head to the floor because I fall down, and so I kneel and pray."²³

How could so young a child as Jacinta understand so deeply and take on so seriously the spirit of mortification and penance?

Lucia answers: "First, by means of a special grace that God wished to grant her through the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Secondly, after having seen Hell and the unhappiness of souls who fall there."

Father Alonso comments: "Before Jacinta, Lucia herself felt what is usually felt before a holy person who seems to be in communion with God in everything.... The sight of Hell had horrified her so much that all the penances and mortifications seemed as nothing so long as she could save a few souls from going there."²⁴

Our Lady had asked Jacinta if she wanted to remain on earth for a little longer to continue suffering for the conversion of sinners. The generous child had said yes. With this, she went to two hospitals where she suffered much and finally died alone in

What is beatification?

Our word *beatification* comes from the Latin *beatificatio*, the state of being blessed, from *beatus*, blessed or happy.

In ecclesiastical language, beatification is the solemn act whereby the Pope authorizes that a person who has died with the repute of sanctity may be titled "Blessed" and rendered limited official public worship. In beatifying a deceased person, the Church implicitly declares that the individual is in Heaven and is a model for imitation by the faithful.

Beatification is an act preparatory to canonization, the declaration that a certain Blessed is a Saint. It is the culmination of a process, or rather, of various processes, through which the life, virtues, and writings, as well as reputation of virtue or martyrdom, of the Servant of God under consideration are examined. The official process is begun by the bishop of the diocese where the individual lived or died. With the favorable conclusion of this diocesan process, it being established that the Servant of God led a holy life or died a martyr for the Faith, the second process begins. This second investigation is called the "Apostolic Process" because it is conducted by the Holy See through the Congregation for Causes of Saints.

The first step toward beatification is the declaration that the Servant of God practiced the three theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, and the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance, to a heroic degree, or that the Servant of God truly suffered martyrdom. If this is established, the person receives the title "Venerable." This title does not authorize official public worship, but sanctions private veneration.

The next step is the examination of the miracles attributed to the intercession of the Venerable. (In cases of martyrdom, miracles may not be required.) Once the existence and authenticity of at least one miracle is decreed, the Apostolic process is concluded and one proceeds to beatification.

The differences between beatification and canonization are varied, but the principal differences are:

a) Beatification does not involve pontifical infallibility, which is involved solely in canonization.

b) In canonization, the Church *ordains* that official public worship be rendered the Saint; in beatification, She merely *authorizes* official public worship.

c) The cult rendered those who are canonized is *universal*, permissible throughout the world and by means of every legitimate form.



John Paul II in Fatima during the Beatification ceremony of Francisco and Jacinta, May 13, 2000

For those who are only beatified, cult is restricted to determined places, generally the diocese where they were born, lived, or died, their native country or that in which they lived, or the houses of the religious order to which they belonged. It is also limited to certain practices prescribed in liturgical books.

Some of these limitations are that Blesseds may not have churches named after them, nor be patrons of a parish or diocese without a special pontifical indult. They may not be portrayed with a halo or crown, which are reserved for those who are canonized. They may only be represented with beams of light or the like. On the other hand, they may receive private cult anywhere in the world.

It is fitting to observe that neither canonization nor beatification bear on the glory a person has received in Heaven. They are titles of earthly glorification for those persons who died in the odor of sanctity or as martyrs. Thus, one who is canonized is not thereby holier or enjoying greater glory in Heaven than someone who is only blessed, or even than one whose name and sanctity are unknown to us.

Two principal reasons lead the Church to proceed to beatification. The first is to avoid delay in glorifying a person who died in the odor of sanctity and to whom miracles are attributed, since the process of canonization is normally quite protracted. The second is to stimulate the faithful to have recourse to the Blessed and thus provide occasion for new miracles that might be considered for canonization. The miracles that occur after beatification constitute a kind of heavenly confirmation that the Servant of God truly deserves to be presented as a model to all the Church.



Blessed Francisco

Lisbon far from her family. But Our Lady did not abandon her. She appeared to her frequently, instructing her, counseling her, showing her the situation of the world and the imminence of chastisements.

Mother Maria of the Purification Godinho, in whom Jacinta confided, wrote down many of the heavenly communications and meditations of the little, young shepherdess which were later published in several books. In these, the spiritual maturity attained by this girl of barely ten years can be appreciated.

A profound and serious understanding of eternity

Seeing people who visited the sick immodestly dressed or nurses who wore too much make-up, she would say to Mother Godinho: "What good is all this? If they only considered that they will have to die one day and knew what eternity is!" About some atheistic doctors, she commented: "Poor men! With all their science they hardly know what awaits them." After Mother Godinho asked her to pray for certain hardened sinners, she answered: "Yes, my Mother; but for these there is no more remedy!"

Jacinta underwent a second operation in February of 1920. Because of her weakened condition the doctors could only use chloroform and local anesthesia. Finding herself without clothing in the doctors' hands, she cried. Two ribs were extracted, leaving a cavity large enough for a hand to be introduced. She bore it all quietly, only whispering painfully at times: "O, my Our Lady!" But, to console those who saw her suffering, she would say, "Patience! We all must suffer to go to Heaven."

"Our Lord united Jacinta most intimately to His dolorous passion and the sufferings of the Blessed Virgin. Yet, all the consolation she derived from the visits of Our Lady did not prevent her own passion from reaching the limits of a most intense martyrdom. We could say that to be a model of a reparatory victim, Jacinta had to experience all the nights of the senses and the spirit, suffering the fear-

some solitude that she so dreaded."²⁵

On Friday, February 20, Our Lady came to take Jacinta.

"When Mother Godinho held vigil beside the coffin, she glanced at the little lamp nearby. She was astonished to see that the lamp contained no oil but still burned brightly. Her body which at times before death did not exude a pleasant odor, because of infection and open sores, and the extreme sufferings which afflicted her, after death exuded the scent of sweet perfume. When the body was carried into the Lisbon Church, the bells rang while no one was at the ropes, and the tower door was locked."²⁶

Jacinta's body was first exhumed on September 12, 1935. Her incorrupt face appeared much older than she was at the time of her death. "Perhaps one explanation is that her body reflected her spiritual maturity at the time of her death, which came when Jacinta was not quite ten years old."²⁷

"Unless you become as little children..."

These two children died, respectively, before their eleventh and tenth years, yet each practiced the three theological virtues and the four cardinal virtues in the degree required to be raised to the honors of the altar, that is, heroically.

The beatification of Jacinta and Francisco should serve as a lesson for our children who have in these little shepherds of Fatima apt models for their age.

Should they be models only for children? By no means. They can and should also serve as models for adults who find in their own weaknesses and shortcomings an excuse to avoid the ways to sanctity. Here we can fittingly apply our Divine Savior's admonition: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt 23:3). We must follow the example of Francisco and Jacinta and heed with open hearts Our Lady's requests at Fatima, her emphatic requests for prayer, penance, and reparation.

"I praise Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones" (Luke 10:21). ■



Blessed Jacinta

Notes

— Quotations without references in the text are taken from Sister Lucia's manuscript.

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Assault on the Soul

BY JOHN HORVAT

While industrialization has brought material comfort in the form of technological gains, it is painfully clear that something spiritual is missing in life.

Cold, lifeless materialism reigns supreme. If one thing characterizes the modern world, it is its uncanny ability to reduce the highest spiritual reality to material or digital irrelevance.

In such a sterile environment, the human soul finds it increasingly difficult to survive or flourish.

The great divide

Indeed, the soul in its quest for God clamors for joys of the spirit. It looks for reflections of God in a world rich with life, color, sound, and fragrance. It seeks lofty flights of the intellect whereby it can know being, reality, and universal truth. Finally, it wills to love and serve the good it perceives.

With the rise of modern science, however, the soul finds only a “real” world that cannot entirely satisfy its desires. It is a cold, hard, silent, and dead world of quantity, a Cartesian world of computable motions and mechanical regularity.

This splintered perception of reality forms what French anthropologist Bruno Latour aptly dubbed the “great divide.”¹ It fashions a radically dualistic world that separates within modern man the very things the soul desires whole: the sacred and the profane, the tangible and the intangible, the material and the spiritual, the physical and the metaphysical.

The modern attitude toward religion is a typical example of the mental havoc caused by this separation. It is the belief that God does not manifest Himself objectively in the “real world.” Thus, all religion is a subjective experience with no link to reality.



The soul in its quest for God clamors for joys of the spirit. It looks for reflections of God in a world rich with life, color, sound, and fragrance.

Dividing the soul

The great divide spawned a materialistic culture that puts a wedge between the spiritual soul and living in the real world.

God endowed man with a soul having an intellectual aspect that towers over the body. Man, like the angels, has an intellect whereby he can know truth in all its forms. Likewise, the will drives man to love, desire, and accomplish this good when perceived by the intellect.

Logically, a culture should especially strive to develop these highly spiritual aspects of the soul. Indeed, most civilizations do reward intellectual pursuits and extol great deeds and efforts.

Yet, modern culture increasingly does

the opposite. It caters to the lower, the sensitive, part of the soul, common to men and animals. It targets the external senses and the internal senses of imagination, sensible memory, and sensibility. It intensifies the role of passions, feelings, and emotions.

Purging the spirit

It has been observed that one of the things the devil hates most about man is the fact that he has an immortal soul capable of eternal happiness. Such is his hatred that he would like to wrench the soul out of man and reduce him to the level of an animal.

Since this is impossible, the devil has often resorted to tempting man to be indifferent and insensitive to the goods of the soul. He tries to take away man's intellectual desire to know not only God but anything beautiful and magnificent. He wants to take away man's will to love not only God but anything worthy of affection.

To do this, he highlights the things that appeal only to the physical sensibility of man. Material reality becomes that which governs and rules.

De-intellectualizing society

In this sense, modern society is increasingly de-intellectualized. The works of the intellect are losing value. It is not college professors who make the multimillion-dollar salaries but athletes with their towering heights or linebacker brawn.

Today's leaders are not products of great thoughts. Rather, they are the fruit of hype, spin, and five-second sound bytes. The very prerequisite for being a modern hero is not to provoke thought and reflection but to project image and feeling.

In today's experience economy, modern advertising targets not the intellect but the



Statue of Gen. Douglas MacArthur at West Point. Duty, honor, country were the three words that immortalized the great Gen. MacArthur. In fact, real greatness can only be found in such principles of the soul such as duty, honor, and love for country, not in pleasure or digital values.

sensibilities. Bright colors, bold contrasts, and attractive labeling sell products and trigger impulse buying.

Instant dot.com millionaires and Megabuck lotto winners overshadow the glorification of Herculean efforts of the will.

Feel-good lifestyle

The aversion to intellectual pursuits and strength of will is leading to a slothful rejection of anything requiring thought and effort. This attitude filters down to every aspect of daily life.

A well-prepared meal, for example, is a modest exercise of the intellect that takes time and effort to plan, to prepare, and even to savor. This contrasts sharply with fast-food, which provides instance physical sensation and sustenance.

The art of dressing well takes thought and effort. And yet so much casual attire banishes the criteria of beauty, dignity, and modesty, replacing these with physical feel-cool, look-ugly comfort.

Even prayer cannot be reflective and pondered. Many modern liturgies fill souls with noise, feelings, and even “mystical” experiences. Very often, people seek after feel-good miracles that have become the most ordinary extraordinary experience around.

Assault on the soul

There is constant pressure to just let go and cater to base instincts and feelings that pervade society. Nothing need be analyzed. Everything ought to be instant, inciting an impatience to have as many exterior sensations as possible. Instead of the soul reflecting upon itself, it feels inebriated with the bombardment of overwhelming external influences.

Such an assault is a particularly brutal aspect of modern society. It imposes irreflection and incoherence on those who could make the great effort to enjoy the goods of the soul.


In such a society, life tends to be monotonous. Amid the hustle and bustle, there is

no solitude or silence for thinking. Jacques Ellul, in his book *Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes*, describes this busy modern man as a “victim of emptiness,” devoid of meaning, who struggles to “fill his inner void.”²

Reviving the soul

A proper antidote to today's plug-and-play culture can only be a reviving of the lost taste for the goods of the soul. It calls for filling the void by resisting the trend wherein all must be instant and unpondered.

Such souls perceive the pleasures of existence and are aware of being principally soul. For them, the pleasures of the soul surpass those of the body. They find tranquility and fulfillment in prayer, leisure, solitude, and conversation.

This is what came about when medieval man embraced a worldview that integrated both material and spiritual needs. His soul thrived on a highly logical realism blended with a metaphysical sense of the sacred, the intangible, and the organic found in the world of nature. Moreover, such a life prepared the soul for a life of grace and for eternal happiness in heaven. 

Notes

1. Bruno Latour, *We Have Never Been Modern*, trans. Catherine Porter (Cambridge, Mass., 1993), p. 7.
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The Womb Becomes a Tomb

Following the raid on a Cuban household in Florida last April, many Americans, even those not usually concerned about Cuban affairs, were horrified by the photographs of Elian Gonzalez being forcefully snatched at machine-gun-point from the arms of his guardians. Perhaps the most shocking features of the episode, however, was not the machine gun, the INS agents, or even Janet Reno's cold-hearted attitude, but the boy's expression during that dictatorial assault. Yes, it was that expression of horror, of fear, and of tears in a young boy's face being “legally” brutalized on American soil that shocked our nation. Such sentiments of pain, sorrow, and outrage are praiseworthy. Indeed, if America is still a civilized country, the sentiments could not be otherwise.

These considerations bring to mind another reality in today's America, one far greater in gravity, extent, and continuity. It is the awful

reality called abortion.

The compassion and cries of protest on behalf of this 6-year-old Cuban boy are fully justified, but we cannot forget that on each passing day of his saga here in our country — one which we hope does not end in a triumph for the tyrant Castro — some 4,000 unborn Americans are murdered in their mothers' wombs. Yet, the cries of terror, the pain, and the tears of these millions of human beings are not sensed by public opinion. Their cries go largely unheard, their lives undefended.

Can America truly be a great country in face of such inconsistency?

In *The Womb Becomes a Tomb* you will find readily grasped and convincing arguments against the lies and myths that serve to endorse and promote this continuing slaughter — this grave sin — all around us today. Order a copy and arm yourself with a peaceful but effective weapon for defending the God-given right to life.



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PROPHETS,
MARTYRS,
SAINTS AND
HEROES

El Cid, the Lonely Crusader

BY JEREMIAS WELLS

The Reconquest of Spain from the Moslem occupation suffered several setbacks and reversals. But in the darkest hours, a selfless hero always arose to stem an impending onslaught. Such a danger threatened the Spanish Christians late in the eleventh century when a fanatical horde of North African Berbers invaded the peninsula. An overwhelming disaster was averted when Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, known as “El Cid” (the lord, chief), resisted the whole might of Islam.

For 250 years after the Arab conquest, the Spaniards, with an excruciatingly painful effort, reclaimed approximately one-third of the peninsula. Then a rapacious raider, al-Mansur, counterattacked and virtually destroyed all the progress so painfully achieved. Al-Mansur died in 1002 and, as one chronicle stated, “was buried in hell.” Shortly after his death, the previously unified Caliphate of Cordoba broke down into small independent kingdoms, which left them vulnerable as the Christian kingdoms turned again to the offensive. By the middle of the century, Leon and the emerging Kingdom of Castile combined under the leadership of Ferdinand I and pushed the boundary back to the Douro River basin.

The luxurious life in the main cities of al-Andalus (Moslem Spain) such as Cordoba, Seville, and Toledo also contributed to their decline. Although the Arabs achieved exceptional

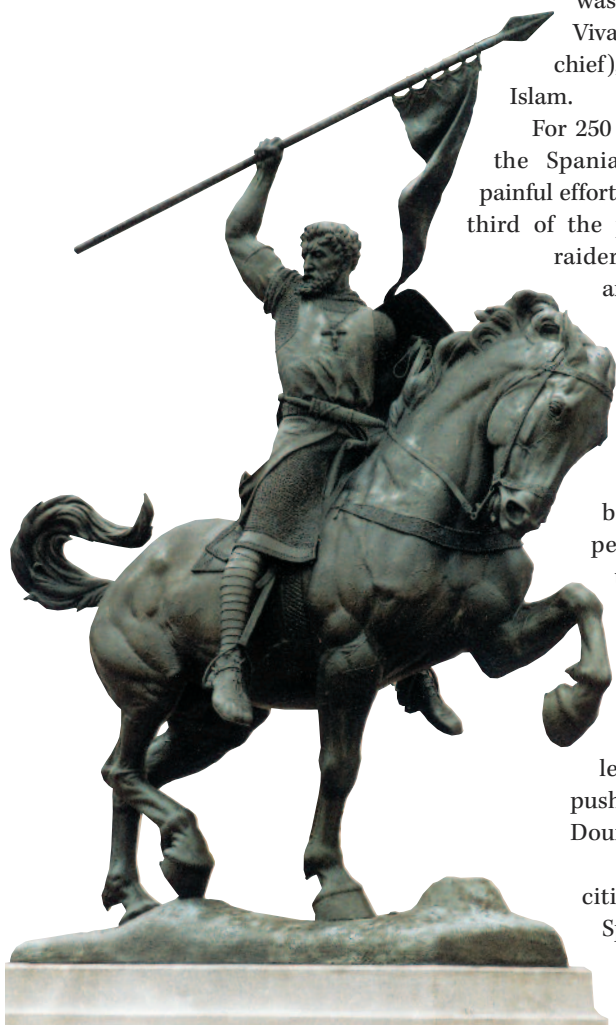
cultural advancement, they did so by abandoning the military spirit. Progress in commerce and wealth had produced a decadence and decline in the original fighting character of the Moslem conquerors, which resulted in the love of ease and the indulgence of physical pleasures.

In contrast to the Andalusian fragmentation, a profound religious and warlike spirit dominated all the actions of the Christian states to the North. In spite of their rivalries, these kingdoms envisioned a united Spain, and their hope of unity would be achieved by the cohesive powers of Christianity. The crusading spirit and the vitality of Christendom in general were aided by the great revival of Saint Gregory VII and the monks of Cluny.

Ferdinand and the raiding policy

Although the Spanish Christians had the spirit and desire to mount the reconquest of their stolen lands, they lacked the manpower and wealth because of al-Mansur’s decades of ravishing. They built up their own strength — and weakened their enemies’ — by raiding and looting the Moslem kingdoms and extracting as much tribute as possible. In return for the tribute and some strategic castles, the Christians agreed to provide protection. The occupation of territory would have to wait until later.

Ferdinand I and his Kingdom of Castile typified and led the Spanish frontier warfare in the middle of the century. He spent the first nineteen years of his reign in bringing Galicia, Leon, and Castile under his authority. Ferdinand did conquer some Moslem cities, most notably Coimbra in present-day Portugal, but for the most part he contented himself with terrorizing the vast territories that surrounded the cities of Toledo, Seville, Badajoz, and Saragossa. The kings of these small kingdoms gladly paid Fernando a large amount of tribute to leave them in pursuit of their peaceful activities and to protect them against stronger adversaries, both Moslem and Christian.



At his death the energetic King not only divided his dominions among his three sons — with Sancho receiving Castile; Alfonso, Leon and Asturias; and Garcia, the youngest, obtaining Galicia — but he also distributed the areas of tribute, with Saragossa going to Sancho; Toledo to Alfonso, and Seville and Badajoz to the youngest.

El Cid's early years

When the noble father of the teenaged Rodrigo died around 1058, the future champion went to the court of Prince Sancho where he studied law and excelled in all the knightly exercises. He earned his reputation as a mighty warrior in 1063 when a dispute arose with Navarre over the ownership of a recently reclaimed castle. Both sides agreed to settle it by single combat. The twenty-year-old Castilian subdued the champion of Navarre by the sword and was thereafter acclaimed "Campeador," the "Conqueror."

Sancho strongly disapproved of the partition of the kingdom at his father's death and promptly challenged Alfonso to a battle for control of their inheritance. In two engagements, Rodrigo de Vivar led the Castilian army and his King Sancho to victory. Alfonso, stripped of his kingdom, went into exile with the Moslem king of Toledo. The two brothers had already connived to dispossess Garcia of his share earlier.

Urraca, a sister of the competing brothers and a strong supporter of Alfonso, entered into the family dispute, and through her influence Sancho was treacherously assassinated. The new King, now styled Alfonso VI, was suspected of complicity because of his close relationship to Urraca. Rodrigo, as Sancho's champion and the leader of the Castilian nobility, exercised his

legal right to force Alfonso to swear an oath of total innocence. Realizing that if he refused he would no longer be King, Alfonso complied. El Cid administered the oath and, on so doing, certainly jeopardized his future relationship with the King.

After the oath of purgation, the Cid then swore allegiance to Alfonso as his liege lord, a loyalty that Rodrigo faithfully observed for the rest of his life despite unjust and abusive treatment. During Sancho's reign, he had held the highest rank in the kingdom. Now, distrusted by the King and extremely disliked by the King's Leonese favorites, Rodrigo served his King in near obscurity for the next seven years.

The animosity between the faithful Rodrigo and his envious enemies reached a climax a few years later. While the Cid was occupied handling legal matters, the principal military honors of the kingdom went to the worthless Count Garcia Ordonez, whose ambition, Ramon Menendez Pidal points out, "was only exceeded by his ineptitude." Late in 1079 the King sent the Cid to Seville to collect tribute from the Moslem King, who was in arrears. At that moment, for some unexplained reason, Ordonez and four Castilian noblemen at the head of a large Moorish army from Granada led a destructive raiding expedition against Seville. El Cid, with only the small escort that accompanied him, rushed to repel the invaders. In a bitterly contested battle, the army of Granada suffered heavy losses and fled, leaving Ordonez and the King's vassals in the Cid's power. After three days the great warrior released the prisoners but kept their tents and weapons as spoils of war.

This event increased the hatred and envy of the King's favorites toward Rodrigo, which infected the attitude of Alfonso himself, so much so that when the latter began the great work of his reign, the conquest of Toledo, the Cid was left ignored in his castle lest, as some have observed, he receive too much glory. Nevertheless, in retaliation for a daring Moslem raid, the indomitable soldier led his followers into the kingdom of Toledo on his own initiative with his usual triumphant success, capturing 7,000 prisoners and much booty. The irritated King, agitated once again by his inner circle, lost all objectivity, stripped the Cid of his rank and lands, and banished him from the kingdom.

Exile

Three hundred of Castile's best knights followed El Cid into exile. Faced with the necessity of providing an income for his vassals, Rodrigo assumed the responsibility of protecting Mutamin, the Moslem King of Saragossa, principally against that king's brother, al-Hajib, King of Lerida. The situation was further complicated, however, when the King of Aragon and Berenguer, Count of Barcelona, allied themselves

El Cid at the doors of Valencia



against Mutamin in their lust for spoils. Despite the attacks of so many adventurers, the Cid maintained his protectorate and won several spectacular victories against overwhelming odds in difficult circumstances.

The lure of the wealth of Saragossa proved too much for Alfonso VI, so early in 1085 he invested the coveted city. Rodrigo, ever the Christian knight with a principled conscience, refused to fight against his King and withdrew once again into obscurity.

Success and failure of Alfonso VI

Alfonso now left the siege of Saragossa to others and returned to Toledo to begin the most illustrious part of his career, which greatly advanced the cause of the Reconquest. For four years he had been tightening a siege around the ancient capital of the old Visigoth Kingdom, choking off all possible assistance. Finally the Moslems capitulated and on May 25, 1085, Alfonso triumphantly entered Toledo. Strategically, the Christians had captured a salient fortress that extended their boundary line from the Douro River to the Tagus.

With its capture, the Andalusian Moslems could easily see their ultimate defeat. Al-Mutamid, the King of Seville, decided that no options remained except to seek help from the Berber emir Yusuf ibn Tashfin and the fierce Almoravids from the North African desert. When al-Mutamid's son observed that the Almoravids could be just as predatory as the Christians, he replied, "I would rather be a camel driver in Africa than a swineherd in Castile."

Yusuf landed in Spain with a sizable army and collected reinforcements as he marched northward. Alfonso lifted his siege at Saragossa and with Aragonese and French contingents intercepted the Moors five miles outside Badajoz at Sagradas (Zallaka). The swift Berber horsemen utterly routed the Christians, who lacked maneuverability and discipline. Alfonso barely escaped with his life.

Rival of the Holy War

The success of the uncompromising Almoravids that revived the Holy War led to a reconciliation between Alfonso and the Cid. Rodrigo returned to the East and sent his knights raiding in all directions. Seeing the destruction of their crops and livestock, several Moslem kingdoms, including the great stronghold of Valencia, hastened to pay tribute and submit to the relentless Castilian. In 1088 Alfonso once again gave in to his irrational rage and the court intrigue of his worthless favorites and drove from his realm the only commander capable of restraining the new Moslem power.

Backed by the conservative jurists or doctors of the law, Yusuf installed a new spirit of fanaticism and resistance in al-Andalus. One by one he deposed the soft, easy-living Moslem kings whose palaces had

become centers of pleasure and stifled spirituality. They appealed to Alfonso, who had also been attracted to the sensual side of life. In each case, the debauched King went down in defeat before the better-trained and organized Moslem cavalry.

El Cid holds the East

When El Cid returned to the East, he found himself completely abandoned and surrounded by enemies. The eastern Moors knew that Alfonso had renounced his powerful vassal and anticipated help from the advancing Almoravids.

During this darkest moment, the vaunted courage of the Cid did not fail him and he determinedly set about reconquering the rich territories he had once before subdued. He declared war against his old enemy al-Hajib, the King of Lerida. Raiding and ravaging, he laid the entire territory to waste. As before, al-Hajib called on Berenguer, the Count of Barcelona, to come to his assistance, and the latter assembled a large army of Catalan horsemen to drive out the Castilian.

The Cid took up his position in a rocky ravine that opened up into a narrow-necked valley. There his greatly out-numbered knights would be less vulnerable. Early in the morning, Berenguer attacked through the valley with all expectation of a resounding victory. The Cid rushed out from behind the rocks. In one ferocious charge, he attacked the main column with Berenguer in the lead and sent the Catalans into wild



A typical Moslem
at the time of El Cid

Atlantic
Ocean



coexistence had ended.

This one stunning defeat spurred Yusuf to make a more determined effort and avenge the severe blemish on his otherwise perfect military record. Over a hundred thousand African and Andalusian Moors, riding to the demoralizing sound of their drums, encircled the great walled city of Valencia and began to shower arrows on the houses and tents of the defending Christians, who numbered only a few thousand. The dauntless Cid encouraged his soldiers to resist and pray, but he could see that the usual tactics of hiding behind the walls would ensure eventual defeat.

After ten days, the Moors amassed a great force and moved against a main gate. Suddenly the gate burst open. The Cid and his

Christian knights charged out, surprising the Moslems by their frightening boldness and speed. With a violent clash, they smashed into the center of the Mohammedan ranks and drove them back. The superior discipline and armament of the Cid's troops gave him an advantage which broke down the cohesiveness of the Moors. When they turned to flee, the Christians fell upon them, inflicting terrible losses. When the Cid returned to his family, they could understand the ferocity of the struggle. The enemy's blood covered his entire sword and had run up his arm to the elbow.

A few more victories remained for the Christian champion before he died in 1099. Much of the territory controlled by the Cid would revert back to the Moslems for a short period, but the great warrior had broken the force of the Almoravid invasion and allowed the knights of Aragon to build up their strength. Two young brothers, successive kings of Aragon who had ridden with the Cid, Pedro I and Alfonso the Battler, led the fight in the next century. In the West, El Cid's great-great-grandson, the Castilian King Alfonso VIII, won the definitive victory over the Mohammedans at Las Navas de Tolosa in 1212, and his grandson Saint Ferdinand III drove all the Moors save those in the mountains of Grenada back to Africa. In the advance of Christianity, few have left such a legacy. ■

disorder. When the dust cleared, it became apparent that the Cid had won a great victory and had captured Berenguer with 5,000 of his knights, whom he held for ransom. Those who could pay. In a spirit of chivalry, the Cid released the rest from their burdens.

The Count formally renounced all claims to the lands of al-Hajib and handed them over to the protection of the Cid. Rodrigo, utilizing his reputation of invincibility, formed a vast protectorate in eastern and south-eastern Spain that included Saragossa and Valencia, but he was to have the greatest difficulty in maintaining it. In all the cities and towns, an inflexible Moslem faction developed under Almoravid influence and awaited an opportunity to rebel against Christian suzerainty.

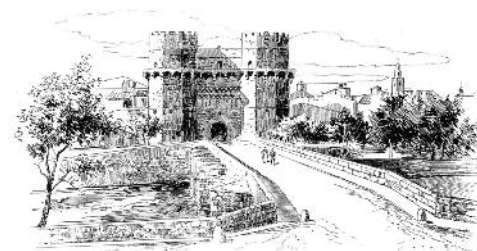
While Rodrigo was away solidifying his hold on Saragossa, he received bad news. The Almoravid faction in Valencia had murdered the compliant Moslem King and gained control of the city. Moreover, a large force under ibn Ayesha, Yusuf's son, had already conquered Murcia and was advancing toward Valencia, having accepted the surrender of the smaller towns of Denia, Jativa, and Alcira.

El Cid captures Valencia

Late in 1092, El Cid began the campaign to retake the city by raiding the Valencian countryside. Once he had captured the suburbs outside the walls, he applied a stranglehold around the city. Strangely, the Almoravid army of ibn Ayesha watched as if paralyzed by fear as Rodrigo consolidated his control over the entire area, even regaining the surrendered castles. Finally, Valencia, reduced to starvation, capitulated in June, 1094. This time the Cid Campeador occupied the key defensive positions inside the walls and indicated that his tolerance for peaceful

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note: This article was largely based on Ramon Menendez Pidal, *The Cid and His Spain* (London, 1934, reissue, 1971).





Who Is God?

The rain fell silently and softly as Allen watched, his chin resting on his hand and his nose just an inch from the window-pane. Behind him, the crackling of the new wood burning in the fireplace alternated with the crackling of the newspaper as Allen's father turned the pages.

Suddenly the silence was broken: "Dad?"

"Hmmm?"

"Who is God?"

Allen had moved from the window and, picking up a footstool, had seated himself by the big recliner. His chin still rested on his hand and his elbow on his knee as he fixed his big hazel eyes on his father's face.

"God, Allen, is an all-powerful spirit, the Maker of everything on earth, under the earth and above the earth."

"But...how do we know?"

"How do we know what?"

"How do we know that it was God who made everything? Yesterday my friend Johnny, was saying that things kind of made themselves... His teacher told him that. I didn't really understand. He said that there was a big bang, like an explosion, you know, at the beginning of the world, and then... Well, everything was made! Everything on earth!"

Your friend, Johnny, is sadly misinformed, son. That explanation does not stand up to the least bit of thinking.

As he spoke, Allen's father brought out a pocket watch that had been his great-grandfather's. It was a true work of art and a mechanical wonder. The antique had been made by the same great-grandfather. After ninety-five years, it still kept perfect time.

Now, as Allen watched, his father was prying the back panel loose with his pocket-knife. Then there was a metallic click and the inner workings of the watch were

At a very early age children begin asking the "why" of things, and their little minds need to be directed to God before all else.

exposed.

"Wow!" said Allen, as he peered into it. "Daddy, how could your great-grandfather have put so many tiny parts together and, and...make them work?"

"He was a great watchmaker. Not only did he make it, but he made it so well that it still works almost a century later!"

"Wow!" repeated the boy in wonderment. "He must have spent so many hours working on that watch to make it move so well!"

"Exactly. Now, Allen, tell me something: do you think that if great-grandfather had taken some gold, then bits and pieces of silver, then bits and pieces of steel, plus some tiny bolts and some miniscule screws and then lit a fire-cracker under them all and caused a 'big bang' that this same watch would have come about just like this?"

"Of course not!" answered the boy keenly.

"So," continued his father, "what brought that watch together, would you say?"

"Well, great-grandfather, of course."

"But what, in great-grandfather, made this watch?"

"His hands, of course, using some tiny tools," answered the boy.

"If he were sleeping, could his hands still have made it?" asked the father.

"No... Oh, I know what you mean! It was his mind; yes, his mind made it! That is, he thought of the whole thing first. And then his hands went to work, right?"

"Precisely, son. His mind thought of it, his imagination pictured what it would look like, and then his hands went to work applying his well-learned skill. After many hours of hard, patient work a masterpiece, this watch, was created.

"Now, look at the world, at the sky, the stars, the planets, the sun, the moon, and the earth, all moving and revolving day in, day out without crashing or falling or burning each other up. Look at the fish in the ocean, the birds in the air, the plants that grow from tiny seeds. Look at the daisy that grows from a daisy seed, the marigold that grows from a marigold seed, the cucumber that grows from a cucumber seed, the melon from a melon seed, the huge oak from a little acorn. Never does a daisy grow from a marigold seed, or a cucumber from a melon seed, or an oak from a maple seed.

"Look at the human body, a complex and perfect 'machine' that thinks, moves, talks, sees, and hears. Take a human eye, for example; not even the most skilled physician could duplicate such an intricate thing. We could go on and on about the masterpiece that each thing in creation is. Now, can we possibly think that a 'big bang' would have put all this in order?"

"No..." answered Allen thoughtfully. "Actually, it could only have made a big mess!"

"Absolutely! So, you see, for something that did not exist to come into existence it

has to be made by a thinking being.”

“Yes, I see, Dad,” said Allen, again resting his chin deeply in the palm of his hand and staring out the window into the sky, which by now had turned a clear blue. “But, great-grandfather, as good as he was at what he did, could never have made any of those things of the world... I mean, the sky and the stars and the sun and the moon and the animals and the plants and... and... boys and girls and big people. Yes, for sure there must have been a big mind behind it all. No, a huuuuge mind...Wow! Powerful!

“Yes, that’s the word, *powerful*. The huge mind is the mind of God, but not only does God think of all these wonderful things but, because He is all-powerful, He can create all of them out of nothing, something that great-grandfather could not do. Great-grandfather could make a very good watch, but he needed many materials with which to create it. God can create anything out of nothing because He is omnipotent, that is, all-powerful. So, all things in existence, both living and non-living, had to be brought into being and maintained by someone, a person, a thinking being. That someone is God.”

Now, Allen’s eyes were thin slits. The furrows on his forehead were deep and closely knit. He was thinking very hard.

“Dad?”

“Yes?”

“Who made God, then?”

“God always existed. That is what is called a mystery, son, something we cannot understand. There our minds cannot reach, for they are too small. Yet, the existence of a wonderful earth and universe proves, as I just showed you, the existence of a living, super mind behind it all. Furthermore, we know who God is because he revealed Himself to us in a book called the Bible.

“The Bible?”

“Yes. In the Bible, God revealed Himself to several intelligent and holy men who wrote of Him and the wonders He worked throughout history to show His power. Some day I’ll tell you all about this.”

Allen continued gazing out the window as his father spoke. It had stopped raining, and Allen saw several of his friends playing outside. He was on his feet in a flash.

“Thank you, Dad, I will tell Johnny all that you told me, and that he has to think a little harder.”

He made a dash for the door and stopped. Turning around he said: “Dad, you said that God is a ‘spirit.’ After I am done playing, will you tell me what that means? And, can I bring Johnny with me?”

“Certainly,” replied his father. We’ll talk about it then.” ■

The Sheer Joy of Causing Joy

A unique product of Christian Civilization

BY MICHELLE TAYLOR

I’ll be honest. As I write, I am not sure how the development of this article’s title will tie in with the section heading “Back to Manners.” But some instinct deep inside me urges the pen on (or, rather, the keyboard) and assures me that there is not only an affinity but also a deep association between the two.

In previous articles I have sustained the theory that an attempt to cultivate manners solely by following social rules of behavior gleaned from books is certainly a deficient way. Manners based on nothing deeper than mere motions and formulas are meaningless and artificial.

Of course, these same motions and formulas are most necessary but must go hand-in-hand with something much deeper, solid, and sublime: virtue. Queen among the social virtues is certainly charity. Charity breathes life into the etiquette manual, not just air. Without charity, many a perfectly etiquette-book-versed person will fail miserably at times when the most basic principles of consideration for others demand their attention.

So it is virtue and, among virtues, specifically charity that carries the day in any social situation. Yet, for all the talk of brotherly love today, one thing we have really lost is brotherly love, as well as human contact, friendship, and mutual interest, all derivatives of charity.

In days gone by when cities were smaller and technology not so prevalent; when grandmothers baked “real”

brownies and porches were used for lengthy conversations; when people had time to think and common sense was not so uncommon, stories of lasting friendships and selfless human relationships also abounded.

For this article, I thought it fitting to illustrate this concept with three stories

from this same past, for such stories assure us that the theory was once a reality. If it existed then, it can exist again.

The lawyer and the farmer

I remember hearing the first story from a very good friend of my father’s, an elderly gentleman. It was about his grandfather who had lived and died in the not so distant nineteenth century. This gentleman’s grandfather had a childhood friend whom he called “Lalau” and who called him “Toto.” The two always remained such true friends that these childhood nicknames carried into adulthood. Both men were great landowners, although Toto was mainly a lawyer and a terrible farmer, while Lalau had mastered all the arts of farming. One day Lalau met Toto in town and said: “Look, Toto, your farm is a perfect disgrace. Let’s do the following: Let me manage your farm and workers and, you, don’t show up there for five years. Just write me a check at the end of each year for all the supplies and other expenses, and at the end of the five years I’ll return to you a perfectly productive farm.”



And so it was done. At the end of five years Toto received a running and lucrative farm. Lalau would not hear of any reimbursement for his efforts. He had done it for friendship's sake.

Laying down one's life for a friend

This same gentleman, who read extensively, related the following episode from the French Revolution. At that time the nobility of France was herded into prisons. Every day a guard would appear at the gate of one of these prisons with a list of names. Those summoned by his sinister call bade goodbye to family and friends to face death by the guillotine. Those remaining awaited the following day's summons.

Among the prisoners were two gentlemen who bore similar names. They were not related but were very good friends. One morning one of them was not on the spot as the guard misread one of their names. The one who was present realized that the name called was his friend's and not his. Yet, he answered the call unflinchingly, and went to the guillotine.

When the friend who had been saved arrived at the scene and asked for the other, that day's remaining prisoners explained to him that his friend had gone in his stead. With this, he could now consider himself practically free since when his friend's name was eventually called he could claim it was not his. His friend, having quickly realized this, had taken his friend's place to spare his life — for friendship's sake.

A well-mannered thief

In the *Memoirs of Madame de Crequi*, I read a story of the famous French thief Cartouche who, fleeing across rooftops one day, crawled into the window of a terrified duchess's bedroom. Famished, he asked her to ring for a meal. She did so while he hid behind the curtains. The meal was brought, and Cartouche did it full justice. While eating, he commented to the duchess that her household's cuisine was very good but that the wine could be better. Having satisfied his hunger, he begged the duchess's pardon for having caused her such a fright and left through the same window as he had come.

The next day a large box of the best French wines was left at the duchess's doorstep with a note, begging her pardon once again for having disturbed her, and thanking her for her hospitality. It was signed, "Cartouche."

What magic?

What was this magic that once per-

meated Christian civilization to such an extent as to make friends work themselves to the bone for the sheer joy of doing a favor?

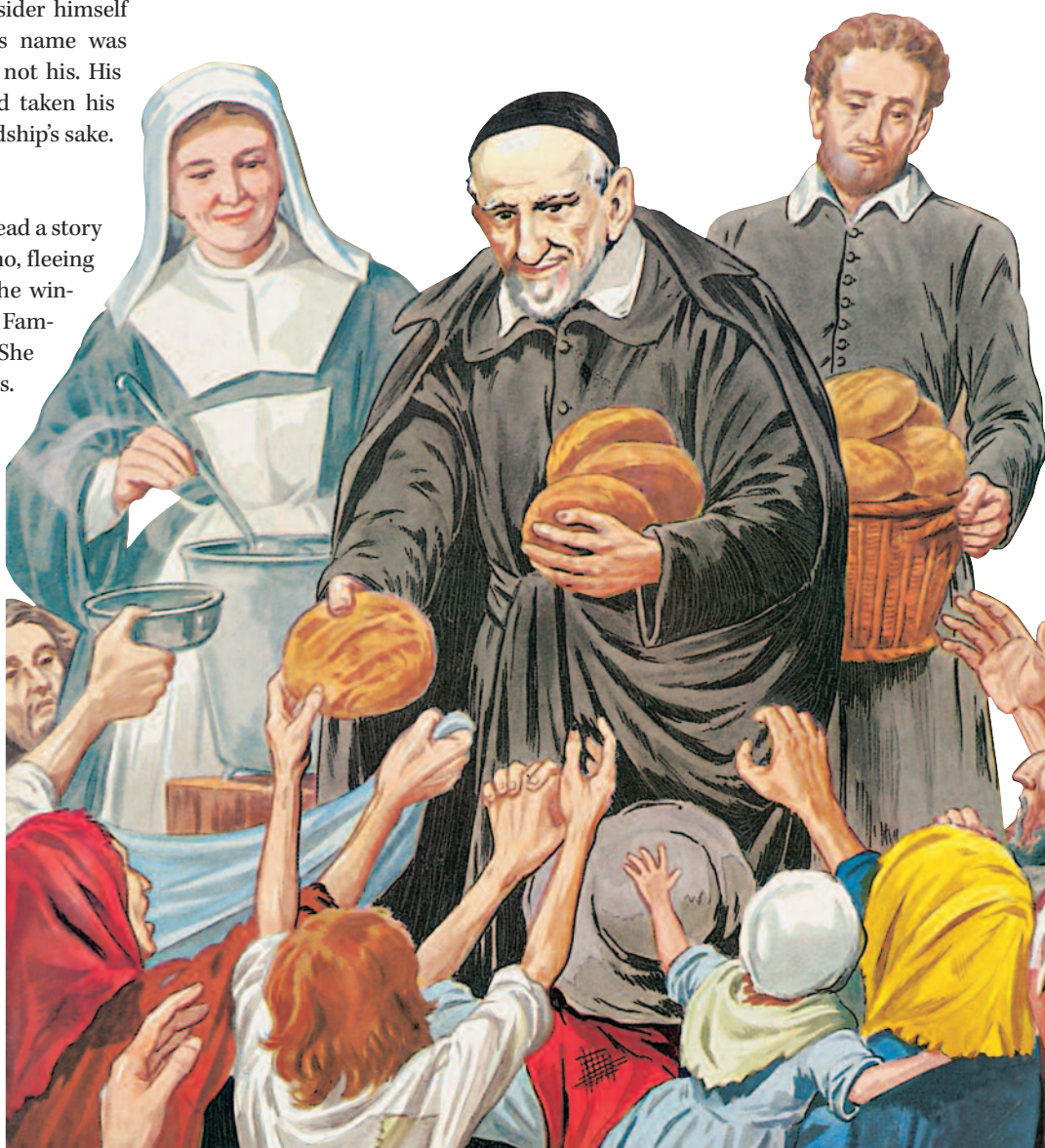
What was the touch of this wand that made another friend accept without a moment's hesitation the other's death sentence?

What is this incomprehensible spell that made even a thief kind and well-mannered?

These stories certainly left my twentieth-century head whirling. I'm sure it has sent yours, dear reader, for a few spins too.

Indeed, all this sounds very much like once-upon-a-time. Yet, the beauty of it is that this thing truly did exist: genuine kindness, this sheer joy of causing joy, of doing favors, of knowing that a certain action was gladdening another or lightening his or her burden.

Now, kindness, friendship, and manners to this extent are and can only be a product of the spirit of Our Lord Jesus Christ permeating society. Only the command of a crucified God to love one another as He has loved us could have generated in Christian civilization the social habit of feeling joy at awakening joy in others, serving



Saint Vincent de Paul
distributing bread to the poor

others, going out of one's way to do another a favor, with no thought of return.

The sense of reciprocity

By stark contrast, as we look back into pagan times, this trend was non-existent. Much to the contrary, there were instances when Roman patricians, for example, plotted to kill someone and needed to test the efficiency of the poison before doing so. Simple: he or she summoned a slave, ordered the poor creature to drink the mixture, and watched every painful contraction and contortion to make sure the intended victim would die the exact death he or she had envisioned! On the same note, crowds filled the amphitheaters for the sinister pastime of seeing slaves hack one another to pieces or defenseless Christians devoured by wild beasts. And so on. It was the common social thing to do, to rejoice at the unhappiness of others.

That is, pagans were not capable of taking the least pleasure in someone else's joy. They lacked the sense of reciprocity. They were incapable of feeling for others and feeling the internal joy of having been kind and agreeable. To the pagan, all that mattered was his own advantage: What's in it for me? Someone else's well-being was not his concern. The solidarity that attaches one human being to another so that what hurts one hurts the other, what gladdens one gladdens the other, this sense of reciprocity was non-existent.

But, again, with the advent of Christ Our Lord and the influence of His Church, this sense of reciprocity was born, developed, and reached a veritable climax in the Christian civilization that followed the fall of the Roman Empire.

Speaking on this subject, the eminent Catholic thinker and writer Professor Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira masterfully describes this process: "What is the history of kindness among humankind? How was it born and how did it come to exist among men? The pagans of Roman times used to look at the Christians in the streets and say to each other, 'Look how they love one another.' Yet, it was not so much their loving one another as it was the sweet aroma of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the light of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that was beginning to penetrate and illuminate everything.

"I give you a bit of advice: Do you wish to

be truly happy? Do you wish to feel your very souls refreshed by the sweet aroma of Our Lord Jesus Christ? Then give of yourselves, sacrifice yourselves for others, and be glad to see others made happy by your sacrifice. Do not expect retribution. Whoever does good expecting retribution is doing business. Rather, expect ingratitude, expect rejection, expect ill treatment, but say: 'I did this because it made him or her a bit happier. Jesus and Mary were glorified in him because his soul was gladdened for an

The pagans of Roman times used to look at the Christians in the streets and say to each other, "See how they love one another."

instant. One day this may do his soul some good. Yes, I'll keep it up. I'll do it again.'

"One day, when you least expect it, you will be surprised to find your society permeated by something sweet, good, and pleasant. It is Christ Our Lord Who is present."

On the same note, the great miracle-worker Saint Martin de Porres developed his blazing charity from the premise that since every creature is made in the image and likeness of God, if one is working to make creatures happy one is also working to make God happy.

Social attention deficit

Our modern society, though by no means officially pagan, seems to have adopted much of the pagan manner of treating others. A society that has removed God from the center of its life and replaced Him with egoism and materialism is bound to abandon charity and the manners that are derived from it. That is because charity is where God is, and certainly not where the ego is.

Perhaps, too, because it has exalted machines and become so dazzled by their

performance and so dependent on them, our society has forgotten that human beings are not a conglomeration of wires, bolts, and sheet metal, but a fine mesh of reason and sentiments that need attention. Our society has certainly lost the basic notion that it is not a new refrigerator or microwave, a sound system and TV in every bedroom, four cars in the driveway, and a backyard pool with a diving board that make for happiness, but good, healthy, human interaction and relationships.

Attention to others has truly become a rarity. Sometimes just one look, one pat on the back, one little nothing as a gift in the middle of a day for no particular reason other than wanting to give someone a small pleasure will work wonders in a relationship. How rare has become the capacity to sit down with another, be it a spouse, a child, or a friend with a cup of coffee, to simply talk, asking about his or her day, exchanging ideas, or just discussing nothings and enjoying each other's company.

But such a way of being must be taught early to our children and, at times, painfully maintained. It must be taught mainly by example but also by direct instruction. Parents cannot expect a son, for example, to grow up a model of respect, charity, manners, and attentiveness to others unless he sees his mother and father practicing it first between themselves.

Surely, after example, words and direct instruction are still necessary. He must be taught attentiveness and manners just as he is taught math, spelling, and athletic skills. Yes, we must teach them. We must teach a young boy, for example, that when an older lady enters the room he should stand up and offer her his chair. We must teach him to shake hands with his friends and offer them something to drink. We must teach him to greet others and look after their wellbeing. We must pass on to our children the habit of looking outside themselves toward others; the habit of looking to the needs of others; the habit, finally, of being glad to do unto others what they would like done unto themselves.

If we do this, we will be working to build a true society, a society in which interaction with our fellow human beings will be a delight and not a fright. We will not be trying out an impossible theory but, actually just rebuilding something that already

The Weight of the Holy Cross



FAMILY
SERIES

BY BEN HIEGERT

In a sunny town of Andalusia preparations for war were underway. Don Mancio, the lord of the castle, led his men out to fight the Moors. It was a goodly sight. That winding train of Spanish warriors going forth to battle for the Christian cause was a scene to behold: helmets reflecting the sun, plumes tossing in the air, magnificent Arabian steeds reeling in anticipation of battle.

Don Mancio's home could still be seen through the trees and olive groves. As he rode, the knight thought of the wife and child he left behind. It was four years since he had brought his noble bride to that home, and his son was now three years old. But the hour of pain, the hour of trial, had sounded, and how fairly both had stood the test. The medieval portico at the castle gate framed the scene in his mind's eye: Don Mancio's wife stood in the opening, young, fair, and full of dignity, her pale face showing signs of her profound grief. She held her son's hand amid the folds of her dress while the child looked up at his mother and father with the big, wide, and steady eyes of innocence, which see all and understand much. He knew that something very important was happening.

Don Mancio, clad in chain mail, hugged his wife and son one last time. Then off to fight the infidel Moor for his Lord Jesus Christ and his beloved Spain!

"'Tis well," his young wife had said, holding back her tears. "My knight goes forth to battle for the Cross, and for no earthly prince's paltry strife. God bless thee, Mancio; may He keep thee safe. And if thou fall in His good cause, Jesus, Thy will be done."

And so Don Mancio had set out for battle, and such was the picture that remained with him.

"Alas," he thought, "it may be I shall never see them again! Good God and Lord!" he prayed, "keep them in Thy care!"

The day finally dawned upon the battlefield and Don Mancio's Spanish blood seethed in his veins at the sight of the waving crescent. His red cross burned upon his chest, and his sword, raised in the air, was ready to clash with the scimitar. And then the great clash came. Christian and Moor met in bloody strife.

The fighting was fierce, and by nightfall many a Chris-

tian warrior had met the God of battles face to face. Many others, Don Mancio among them, had been taken prisoner by the ruthless Moors. The captives escaped death only to meet the cruel torments of prison. As the slave ship carried them away to the deserts of Africa, Don Mancio watched the disappearing coast of Spain and thought of that last scene under his castle's gate, wondering what would become of his wife and child.

In Africa, Don Mancio toiled day after day under the burning sun and the merciless Moor. But he bore it manfully, he bore it patiently. It was only then that he came to know that mysterious joy that only a few men





know: the joy that patient suffering can bring forth. Few know its taste because few bear its agonizing pain with a willing heart for Him who died to show the way to joy through the thorny paths of woe.

For ten wearying years Don Mancio suffered under the lash and the weight of chains. And during all those years not a single word came from home.

The daily toil, the stripes, the lash, the scanty food, and everything else, were far easier to bear than this total silence from home. This slow starvation of the heart, this burning need to hear at least a word about his loved ones... but, nothing. Were they alive, were they in Spain, or had they moved away? Did they think him dead? Had they learned of his fate? These burning questions racked his brain.

Alone in his captivity, he found only one kind Friend, and he learned to love Him in suffering as he had never done in comfort. That Friend he saw every day as he passed out of the city gate to the

fields of toil. Hanging above the city gate was a life-size crucifix of our Sweet Lord that had been stolen by the Moors from some beautiful Spanish church they had ruined. There it hung in scorn for the purpose of receiving the foul spittle, the stones, and the insults of all the heathen passers-by. Again the Son of Man was being crucified.

Don Mancio's blood boiled in his veins.

"Oh," he thought, "if only my hands were not in chains and my sword were hanging by my side! How I would avenge my Savior's honor!"

But, alas! There was nothing he could do. In his heart he vowed a solemn promise: If by God's will he gained his freedom, never would he rest until he had rescued that crucifix and set it in a shrine where love and honor would wipe out the shame of all those years of insult and scorn. This was his dream by night, his thought by day, while those sad features of the Crucified grew into his heart, imprinting themselves as they had once before on the veil of Veronica.

Thus passed the dark night of his terrible imprisonment. Ten full years now. Little did he know that the dawn was near.

Nevertheless, his darkest hour was still to come, his test of fire before he could see the light.

At times, from across the sea came Spanish missionaries, men of courage and zeal to minister to the poor captives, braving both death and danger. Some brought gold with them, gold sent by the prisoners' families to redeem them from the Moorish chains. But gold or no gold, the missionaries always brought the comfort of the Faith in the form of absolution and, O joy! of the Blessed Sacrament to be ministered to those starving souls.

So, once in a while, when word spread through the camps that a missionary was in their midst, Don Mancio felt glimmers of hope kindling within him. Perhaps, perhaps his wife had found the means to rescue him. Don Man-

cio watched and waited, but in vain. To him no rescue came. Only the questions came: Was he forgotten? Was his young wife dead? Year after year had gone by, and not a word from her. He knew the ransom was large, he knew. But at any cost, for any sacrifice, she would raise it. Ah! She must be dead! Or, perhaps she doesn't even know the place of his captivity, for none of the ransomers that had come had known Don Mancio or his family. None had come from his region of Andalusia.

But at last, one day his name was mentioned! A ransomer had arrived asking for Don Mancio. And this is the story he told: Until now his wife had learned no tidings of his fate. At times she had thought him surely dead on the battlefield. But on and on she had toiled and investigated and, above all, had suffered and denied herself and her son almost the very means of life so as to raise a ransom for him in case he was ever found. And, lo! chance had

revealed his dungeon, and now the ransom was here.

So, just one more night in chains and tomorrow he would be on his way home to Spain!

That night Don Mancio laid his head on his hard cot and felt nothing of its hardness. A few more hours, he thought, a few more hours and his ransom would be laid on the scale and his way home assured! Tomorrow the slave-master will receive his price in gold! Don Mancio's heart beats fast, his eyes brighten, he sees his wife, his son, hears their words of welcome, feels their arms around him. Is it a dream? How many times have such dreams mocked his loneliness with visions of home? But this time it is no mocking dream, he has seen the Franciscan friar who brought his ransom. Yes, tomorrow, tomorrow he will be free!

Suddenly, a thought crosses his mind like a lightning bolt. The crucifix! In his imagination he sees that sacred form hanging from the iron cross above that infamous gate. He sees that sacred countenance looking down on him, that face which had grown into his heart to the point that it had been engraved there. It had been dimmed for a moment by his new-found bliss, but it was still the Master and Ruler there. He seemed to hear an infinitely majestic and sweet voice: "Mancio, will you forget Me in your joy? Will you go back and leave Me?"

"O my God! what can I do? I have no money — none! When I go, my heart's first sacred business will be Thy ransom."

"When I go? But canst thou go and leave Me?"

Then before him flashed a thought that quivered in his heart like the thrust of a sword.

"My ransom money! That would buy the Cross!"

But could he face that fearful life in prison again and rob his wife and child of happiness?

"Oh, my God! Thou canst not ask that sacrifice!"

But again that voice asked, "Wilt thou go hence and leave Me?"

Don Mancio knew no sleep that night. A fearful battle raged in his soul. Two loves met face to face, the love of home and kin and the love of Jesus crucified. "O Lord," he sobbed, "I am not willing, save me from myself By Thine own bitter Passion, by Thy Cross, have pity on me. Let this chalice pass."

But that voice—that awful pleading voice—yet repeated in the depth of his soul, "Will thou go hence and leave Me here alone?"

Within his heart a louder voice answered: "Can you remain and send in your stead that crucifix, that heavy iron cross, to crush the heart that awaits you, that counts the days and hours? Think of her lonely widowhood, the days and nights she has spent weeping. Will you revive them all? Ah, pity her, if not yourself!"

Yet again that other voice, weaker and fainter now, but still distinct: "He that loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me!"

"O God!" Mancio cried, "have pity! spare me! Let this chalice pass!"

Then, in that dread hour his anguished soul beheld a lonely garden and in that garden a God-Man sweating blood. He, too, had known the cost, the bitter cost of bringing grief on all who loved Him. He, too, had endured this heartache and had shrunk before

the pain. Slowly, Mancio's grief grew tranquil in the light of that mysterious agony of God.

"My God, my God! I cannot, I will not go and leave Thee in Thy shame." He rose up invigorated, the battle was over. He arose as dawn was breaking. The dawn of that day he should have been free. Today the ransom money will be paid, but not for him. He will still be a slave, yet he is not sad. He is strangely peaceful. Did not Our Lord say that His cross doth bring forth joy? It is the joy known only to brave souls like Mancio's: "He that shall lose his life for Me shall find it:" sometimes even here below.

The marketplace was crowded. The busy murmur of many voices filled the air. Moor and Christian, master and slave, thronged to witness a strange scene. The news had spread that one of those whose ransom had arrived from Spain just yesterday had given up his hoped-for freedom and exchanged himself for that old crucifix that for so long had hung in scorn above the gate. He must surely

be mad, this Christian nobleman, to send his wife a worthless piece of iron in his place while he remains a captive till his death! It is said that the Moor demands for that huge iron cross its weight in silver ducats and that he will take no less. The massive cross is all wrought in iron and life-size!

Lo! They come to weigh it now! Christians and Moors crowd round to see; the Moors with jeers, the Christians with astonishment, edification, and prayers. What sort of man is this who would thus sacrifice himself to share the heavenly folly of the Cross?!

"Think well, my son," says the Franciscan father, as strong men slowly lower the heavy cross on the scales. "Think well, my son; the ample store of money I have brought to ransom thee will scarcely meet the weight of that large crucifix. Thy wife has spent long years in gathering it, and it may be more long years, if ever, before she can send a similar sum again. Hast thou counted well the cost?"

For one brief moment a thick mist formed up before Don Mancio's eyes, but quietly yet firmly he answered, "My Father, I have measured the cost and I am ready."

"Be it so, my son."

On the scales the heavy cross was laid, and one by one the silver coins fell. Men held their breath, counting the ducats as they rang against each other in the silent air, but still the heavy cross lay motionless. "One, two, three, twelve, twenty, the Father counted, praying all the while that these would be enough to outweigh the cross.

But when, when has it ever been known that our dear Lord and Master did not pay back a hundred-fold every act of love? Just thirty silver pieces had fallen on the scale when, lo! The scale that held the crucifix rose high in the air as the other scale went down. O miracle! the cross had been out-weighed by just thirty silver ducats! He who long ago had been sold for thirty pieces of silver, today wished to be ransomed for the same sum to set His servant free. Mancio, too, is ransomed, for there still remains an ample number of coins to satisfy the Moor. Mancio's Lord, his only Friend during his years of captivity, will not go hence and leave him there a slave. Both the Ransomed and the ransomer are free. ■

*"Mancio, will you
forget Me in your
joy? Will you go
back and leave Me?"*



The American TFP
 returns to the streets to
 denounce Communism.
 (see page 4)



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