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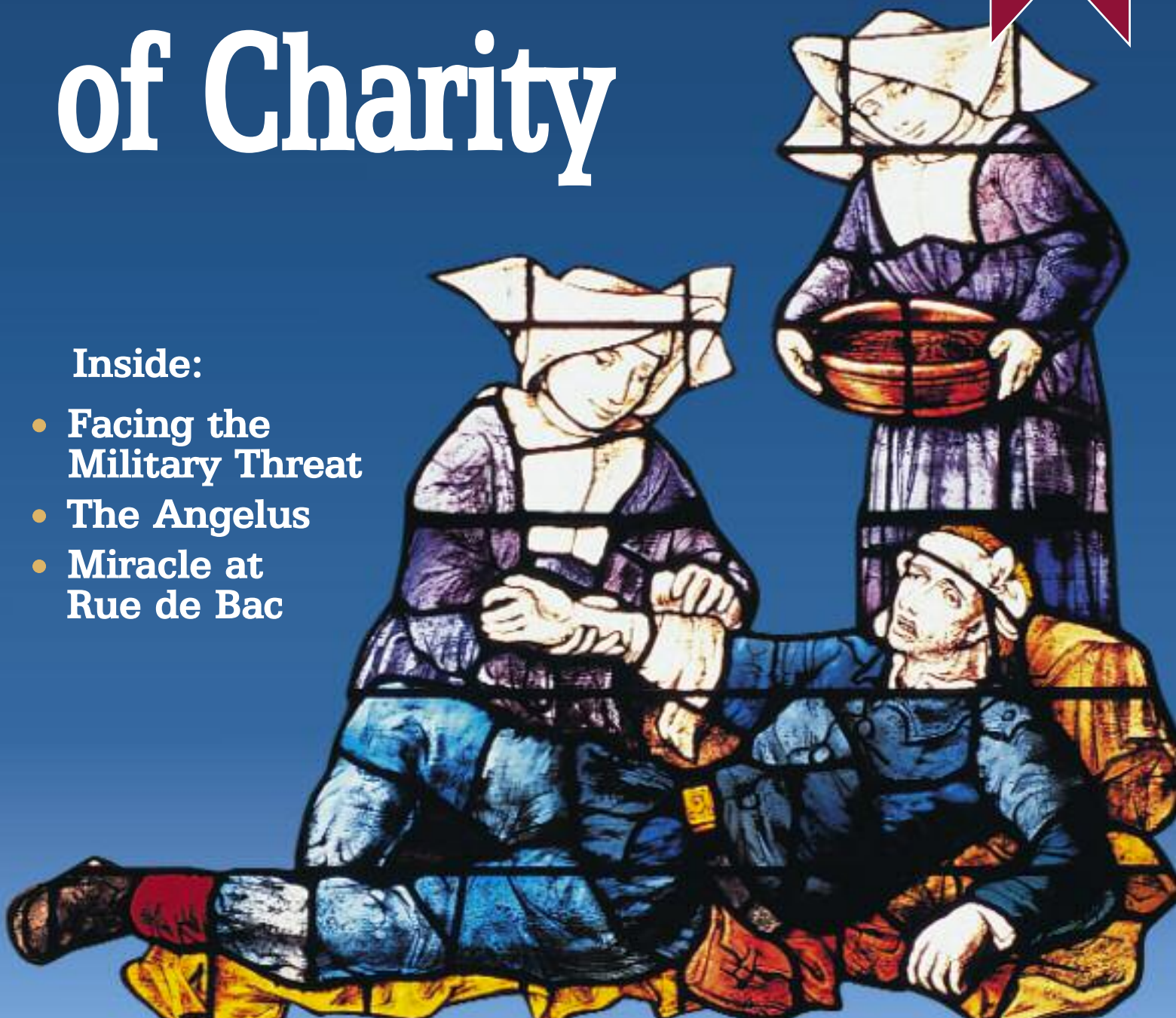
MAGAZINE

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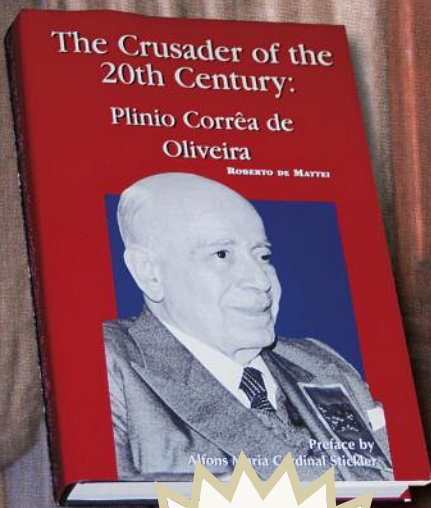


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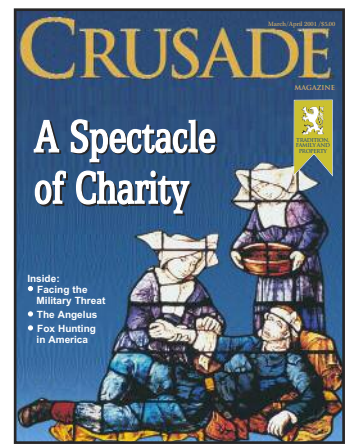
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CONTENTS

March-April 2001

EDITOR'S CORNER	2
The Extreme Sportsman	
IN BRIEF	3
♦Blessed are they that suffer persecution...	
♦New evidence for the obvious	
FORGOTTEN TRUTHS	3
The Great Diamond	
COMMENTARY	4
Facing the Military Threat	
RELIGION	7
The Angelus	
ONLY IN AMERICA	10
Tallyho!	
COVER STORY	14
A Spectacle of Charity	
COMMENTARY	20
On the Merits of Meritocracy	
PILGRIMAGE	22
On Pilgrimage in Catholic America	
AMBIENCES, CUSTOMS AND CIVILIZATIONS	24
"Non in Commotione Dominus"	
PLINIO CORRÊA DE OLIVEIRA	25
At the Pizzeria with the "Moderates"	
BASIC HISTORY COURSE	27
St. Bernard, the Cistercians, and the Religious Military Orders	
RAISING OUR CHILDREN	32
Innocence Versus the Culture of Monsters	
FAMILY SERIES	34
The Legend of the Locket	
COMMENTARY	36
Miracle at Rue de Bac	

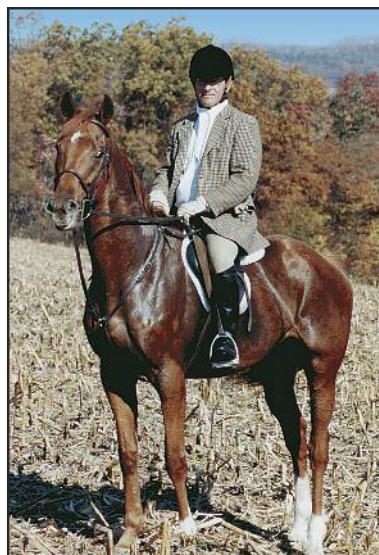
Cover: Daughters of Charity assisting a wounded soldier
— Stained-glass window in
St. Francis Xavier Church,
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania



Page 13 With America's traditional enemies building up,
a wake up call is the only guarantee for peace.



Page 7 The anonymous heroism of charity on American battlefields



Page 4 Fox hunting — all but
banned in England, growing in America

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EDITOR'S
CORNER

The Extreme Sportsman

A new human type in advertising and pop-culture has recently bombarded us. He is seen jumping out of helicopters onto mountain peaks, snowboarding down glaciers and skydiving with everything from bicycles to skis, or is perhaps doing a drug-addled dance across a mine-field in Viet Nam. He lives the high of that pseudo-mystical experience emanating from the rush of exhilaration and danger. Adrenalin and endorphins drive his quest. The extreme sportsman gives us the new ideal of happiness for the beginning of the new millennium. Driving his SUV, he communes with the elements in a combination of coolness and nature. He does not seem driven by ideology or personal gain, so he is not controversial.

Healthy in the extreme, rugged but not dirty, technically sophisticated but not dominated by technology, he is on the cusp of earthly beatitude. This appears to be a relief from the other archetypes the last few decades have spawned.

The hippies of the '60s seem quite revolting now with their counter-cultural lifestyles, drugs, hair-styles, and unhygienic attitudes. They, too, were in search of a "high," but of a different type and with different methods. Mind-altering substances would remove the brain and mind from the picture and allow the ultimate out-of-body experience of oneness with the universe that they sought. Liberation from norms and rules of Christian civilization is what they sought in the political realm, permitting them to shape society as they wanted.

The risks associated with drugs have taken the wind out of the promise they once offered. In politics, their agenda has been achieved; we now live in a society dominated by sexual revolution and the leveling of customs and manners that was their mark. They have had their day in the sun, however, and the romanticism of hippie rebellion has worn off and gone off in other directions.

The punks of the '70s, abandoning the peace-and-love ideology that mitigated the hippies' revolt in the opinion of many, replaced it with self-immolation and hate. They retained the counter-cultural attitude and the search for a chemical high, be it artificial or natural.

The '80s and '90s gave us the yuppie, apparently the opposite of the hippie. Greedy, materialistic, and amoral, dressed in a dark suit and driving a Porsche, he was the herald of the new age of booming economic growth. Inwardly, however, he was the embodiment of hippie-ism robbed of its altruistic veneer and given the reigns of institutional power. The yuppie human type dominated the scene, and the political agenda of the hippie became mainstream.

Does the appearance of this new extreme sportsman role-model provide reason to rejoice? He certainly seems less destructive. There is even a harkening to heroism in his slogans: "Everyone who lives dies, but not everyone who dies has lived." "Know your limits, then break them." "Pain is temporary... glory is forever." These and the pervasive "No fear" are just some of them.

The hippies of the '60s also had their alluring slogans. When the packaging is removed, the product turns out to be much the same with a "new and improved" sticker over the old wrapping. It is the re-launching of the same self-indulgent quest for a "high" and for liberation from constraints that was the great promise of the hippie movement.

Perhaps the main difference is the triumphalism of the extreme sportsman. The world he lives in promises him an ever-increasing capacity to enjoy his body. Technology will keep him young indefinitely and he need not think about anything after death because all that matters is the "rush" of here and now.

This is empty, of course, and it will soon need to be recycled. ■

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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 by the famous intellectual and Catholic leader Prof. Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira in 1960. 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.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution...

Anyone who fights for what is right and good in our day will quite likely suffer some sort of persecution, especially if he is within the confines of one of those bastions of "freedom of expression," a modern American university.

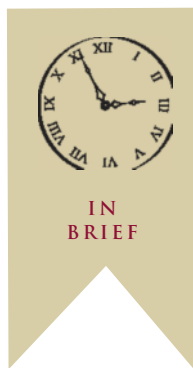
One recent example of this phenomenon is Temple University student Michael A. Marcavage, who discovered that Terrence McNally's blasphemous play *Corpus Christi*, which represents Our Lord Jesus Christ as a homosexual, was playing in his university's theater.

According to EWTN News Service, Michael met several times with the University's Vice President for Campus Safety and its Director of Campus Safety to discuss his plans for protesting the play.

After one of these meetings, Marcavage relates, he was forcibly detained by those two campus officials and then taken in handcuffs to the Emergency Crisis Center at Temple University Hospital by university police.

Although Michael was released hours later after being cleared by a doctor who found nothing wrong with him, the Director of Campus Safety reportedly signed a declaration at the emergency center stating that Michael was "severely mentally disabled" and a "clear and present danger to others."

Well, just for the record: Michael Marcavage, besides being on the Dean's List, served as a White House intern with securi-



ty clearance, has his own business, founded and served as president of a ministry called Protect the Children, and has several other accomplishments to his credit.

The eighth beatitude comes to mind here: "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

New evidence for the obvious

Pro-abortionists, forever flying in the face of common sense, have often claimed that killing an unborn child cannot be called murder because no one, they say, can demonstrate beyond a shadow of a doubt that the unborn child is a person. That claim, of course, all too frequently comes from people who don't really care if it is murder or not.

In any case, recent research in Holland has added to the evidence that not only are unborn babies persons, but they can learn.

In experiments at Maastricht University

Hospital, the responses of sixteen out of nineteen unborn children studied *in utero* indicated that the sixteen remembered sound stimuli up to 24 hours after the stimuli had been repeatedly applied to their mother's abdomens. The researchers noted whether the babies, all full-term or nearly so, moved within a second of application of the stimuli, indicating a response. The researchers concluded that when the unborn children stopped responding to four consecutive stimuli, they had "learned" and were ignoring the stimuli, much as people ignore commonplace sounds in their daily lives.

Although the researchers sought to eliminate other factors that might cause the responses, doing the studies under identical conditions and not permitting the mothers to eat, drink, or smoke within three hours of the experiments, they could not rule out the possibility that the movements were simply random. Other studies, however, have shown that some children only a few hours old have a distinct inclination toward their mother's voice over that of another woman's or seem to recognize music that their mother had often listened to while pregnant.

For those who may yet need it, then, this research adds to the overwhelming evidence that unborn children are indeed human — and perhaps that they are more educable (and human!) than all too many pro-abortion policy makers and propagandists who have been around long enough to know the obvious. ■



FORGOTTEN
TRUTHS

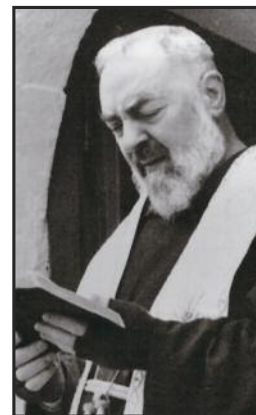
The Great Diamond

BY BLESSED PADRE PIO

"Remember: every sect in the world feeds off the Catholic Church. Our Holy Catholic Church is like a great and extremely precious unpolished diamond from which, every so often, somebody takes a particle and polishes it, not without the help of the Evil One, so that it begins to shine better than the great unpol-

ished diamond. And this shine draws men, dazzles them, and deceives them, so that the particle necessarily is worn out and comes to nothing. This is the game of deception which appears and reappears with time. Jesus warned us to watch out for it."

From *Stories of Padre Pio*, by Madam Katarina Tangari (TAN Books, 1996), p. 60.
With permission from TAN Books.



Blessed Padre Pio



COMMENTARY

Facing the Military Threat

BY MICHAEL WHITCRAFT

In 1989, public assessment of hard-line communism as a future threat fell with the Iron Curtain. Public opinion, inebriated with dreams of a peace-filled, nuclear-free future, suppressed the Cold War from its memory like a tragic experience from childhood.

Even to mention the sobering reality of over one billion people enslaved in Red China, North Korea, North Vietnam, and Cuba incurred the risk of being branded a depressing killjoy. Moreover, to suggest the rebirth of a military threat from the former Soviet empire was viewed as bordering on insanity.

Throughout the nineties, Americans adopted this optimistic mindset which, together with economic prosperity, lulled public opinion into a dangerous sleep.

Today, however, those concerns are not so far-fetched. Military buildups in the communist and former Iron Curtain countries are occurring and represent a serious threat to American security. Moreover, the resurgence of communist guerrillas in Latin America seems to have caught many by surprise.

Chinese President Jiang Zeimin shakes hands with visiting Russian President Vladimir Putin during a welcoming ceremony at Beijing's Great Hall of the People, July 18, 2000.



AIP Wide World Photo

Will this new military threat ever materialize? If so, where will it take shape? Only time can definitively answer these questions. However, three different areas could make this threat frighteningly real: China, Russia, and South America.

The growth of the red dragon

The foremost prospect is Red China, which is acting in line with Mao's maxim: "Every Communist must grasp the truth that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." China is building up its military with a vengeance. As General Henry H. Shelton, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said in December, the Chinese "are aggressively modernizing their military forces, both conventional as well as nuclear."¹

Nor is this an arbitrary buildup. General Chi Haotian, vice-chairman of the Communist Party's Central Military Commission, has no qualms about the fact that the primary target is the United States. "Viewed from the changes in the world situation and the hegemonic strategy of the United States to create monopolarity," he said, "...war [between China and the United States] is inevitable."²

Chinese actions around the world are completely consistent with such a view. At Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico, China stole information on how to build every nuclear weapon in the American arsenal.³ In Panama, China illegally secured two of the most strategic docks in the canal through which no less than 13% of all U.S. trade passes.⁴

Nowhere is the China threat more real than in Taiwan, near which the buildup has been so extensive that Red China could effectively paralyze the entire island in 45 minutes. China has also taken steps that would neutralize American help by striking nearby U.S. bases and disabling satellites.⁵

The American mainland is also targeted. According to a report in the Liberation Army Daily, the official newspaper of the People's Liberation

Throughout the nineties, Americans adopted an optimistic mindset which, together with economic prosperity, lulled public opinion into a dangerous sleep.

Army, a conflict over Taiwan could quickly escalate beyond the region. China “is a country that has certain abilities of launching a strategic counterattack and the capacity of launching a long-distance strike. It is not a wise move to be at war with a country such as China, a point which the U.S. policymakers know fairly well also.”⁶

The Russian bear grows

Seventy-two years of communist domination left the former Soviet Union in a state of complete financial ruin. Despite massive infusions of dollars over the last decade, the misery continues, leaving a superficial observer with the impression that Russia is no longer a threat.

A closer look, however, shows not only a resurgence of Marxist-Leninist ideology but a sizable military buildup bolstered by that universal equalizer of modern warfare, the nuclear bomb. Former Defense Secretary William Cohen warned last January 10 that Russia may not make the transition to democracy and free markets and could revert to its past role as a global threat.⁷

Disturbing signs on the horizon point in that direction. Russian President Vladimir Putin, for example, rather than rejecting the communist past as an inhumane dictatorship, is speaking well of it.

In December, he proposed bringing back the old national anthem together with all the other symbols of the Soviet past. Judging from the controversy raging in America over the Confederate flag, the return of these oppressive symbols should be seen as significant, but American liberals seem to have no problems with symbols that enslaved entire populations.

Even Lenin's mummified body is still venerated in Red Square. President Putin is adamantly opposed to “any action against Lenin's body, his mausoleum or the numerous tombs [of Soviet leaders].”⁸ Instead of breaking with its totalitarian past, Russia is prolonging it, with acts akin to venerating Hitler's



Fidel Castro welcomes Putin to Havana on December 14, 2000, for the first visit of a Russian leader to Cuba since the fall of the Iron Curtain.

remains in postwar Germany.

A December 2000 poll in Russia placed Lenin as the “man of the century.” Stalin, responsible for the murder of over ten million people, came in second.⁹ Perhaps Russians are so immersed in chaos that they long for the only stability they once knew.

Whatever the case, Russia seems to be back to its old tricks. It has reopened ties with Ukraine and old allies and has aggressively reentered the international arms markets. When Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia sought to protect their independence by seeking membership in NATO, Russia immediately protested. Moreover, the Russians threatened to go back on their 1992 agreement to keep the Baltics nuclear free.¹⁰ Despite Russian denials, U.S. intelligence sources believe they made good on this threat by moving nuclear weapons into the area.¹¹

If Russia has no plans of reestablishing itself as an anti-NATO power, why are they opposed to a strong NATO presence in the Baltics? As Senator Jesse Helms well said, “In looking at the current Russian government, one gets the distinct impression that the Russian leadership considers Baltic independence to be a temporary phenomenon.”¹²

Unfriendly southern neighbors

The resurgence of communist guerrilla activity in Latin America represents yet another threat.

This is very well exemplified in Colombia. The avowedly Marxist-Leninist group FARC (Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia) is engaged in a 36-year war with the government. Its 17,000-member army, supported by seemingly limitless funds gained

through kidnapping and drug trafficking, has proven strong enough to supersede proper authorities on several occasions. For example, last November, FARC closed the border between Ecuador and Colombia, burning the cars of anyone who tried to cross.¹³

Colombian President Andrés Pastrana has given the guerrillas an area of land the size of Switzerland as a “safe-haven” in exchange for peace talks, a policy akin to attempting to satisfy a ravenous bear with a lunch box. Rather than progress toward peace, the result has been continued terrorism.¹⁴ This terrorism is not limited to Colombia; FARC regularly crosses into Panama, Ecuador, and Venezuela.¹⁵

The communist threat extends to all of Venezuela under President Hugo Chávez, who came to prominence not many years earlier by leading a coup attempt in Venezuela. True to his promise of revolution, this friend of Fidel Castro has rewritten the constitution and dismantled both the legislative and judicial branches of government, leaving himself as leader of the sole remaining branch. Last August he threatened to use troops to crush protests against the shady election of one of his preferred candidates.¹⁶

Inspired by his admiration of Fidel Castro and his totalitarian regime, Chávez now sells Cuba oil at only two percent interest, giving them 15 years to pay and a two-year grace period. He did all this in spite of a \$69 million debt which Cuba already has with Venezuela.¹⁷

The January 27 issue of *The Economist* notes that Chavez is introducing new history textbooks with a Marxist perspective. In the same vein, his Education Ministry recently held an essay competition highlighting the late Che Guevara as a role model for Venezuelan youth.

Wake-up call

The military threat extending from China to Latin America is a call to leave post-Cold War complacency. For the last eight years, the United States armed forces have suffered numerous cutbacks, to the



point that General Shelton estimates that \$60 to \$100 billion will be needed just to resolve problems caused by the Clinton cutbacks.¹⁸

With this in mind, the Bush Administration should ensure that America can meet this growing Marxist threat. As always, a strong military is the greatest hope for peace. After years of cutbacks, the military must be restored to its former strength.

In addition to efforts, and more importantly, there is prayer. Our Lady of Fatima predicted the spreading of communism throughout the world. Both effort and prayer are sorely needed to erase this atheistic and egalitarian philosophy from the face of the earth and to see the fulfillment of her prophecy of the triumph of her Immaculate Heart. ■

— “If we desire to secure peace,...it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.”

George Washington

Notes:

1. Bill Gertz, “China Prepares for War with the U.S. over Taiwan,” *The Washington Times*, Nov. 11, 2000.

2. Steven Mosher, “The New Cold War,” *The Washington Times*, Jan. 2, 2001.

3. Bill Gertz, *The China Threat* (Washington, D.C., 2000), p.124.

4. *Ibid.*, pp. 79-80.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 177.

6. *Liberation Army Daily*, Feb. 28, 2000. *Ibid.*, p. 177.

7. Bill Gertz, “Russia Seen Relying on Nuke, Germ Weapons,” *The Washington Times*, Jan. 11, 2001.

8. Patrick E. Tyler, “Moscow Journal: With Putin in Power, Lenin Should Rest in Peace,” *The New York Times*, Jan. 15, 2001.

9. Associated Press, “Russians Pick Lenin as ‘Man of the Century,’ Stalin as Runner-up,” Dec. 27, 2000.

10. David R. Sands, “Baltics’ Bid to Join NATO Gets Touchy,” *The Washington Times*, Jan. 17, 2001.

11. Bill Gertz, “Russia Transfers Nuclear Arms to Baltics,” *The Washington Times*, Jan. 03, 2001.

12. Sands, *op cit.*

13. Juan Forero, “Coca Conflict in Colombia Snares the Innocent,” *The New*

York Times, Dec. 9, 2000.

14. Reuters, “Colombia’s Leader Urges Rebels to Talk Peace,” *The New York Times*, Jan. 24, 2001.

15. “Containing Colombia’s Troubles,” *The New York Times*, Jan. 15, 2001.

16. Larry Rohter, “Chávez Says He Will Crush Political Foes In Venezuela,” *The New York Times*, Aug. 2, 2000.

17. Alexander Olson, “Cuba, Venezuela Sign Oil Deal,” *The Associated Press*, Oct. 30, 2000.

18. Bill Gertz, “General Shelton Sees China as Growing Threat to U.S.,” *The Washington Times*, Dec. 15, 2000.



RELIGION

The Angelus

BY RAYMOND DE SOUZA



"Do you know why Islam is gaining momentum in the West?" asked the fast-talking, well-dressed chap in his thirties during the tea break of our apologetics seminar.

Before I could articulate a single sound in response, he continued: "It's because Muslims are not afraid of praying in public. They don't care a hoot about what other people may think about their prayer life. Wherever they may be, when the time comes to pray, they will bow down in the direction of Mecca and invoke the name of Allah. And that's the end of it. If any passer-by doesn't like it, well, tough! That's why Islam is gaining momentum in the West."

tered life; and three, their family lives are centered on religion, not on sports, television, weight-loss, or the stock market."

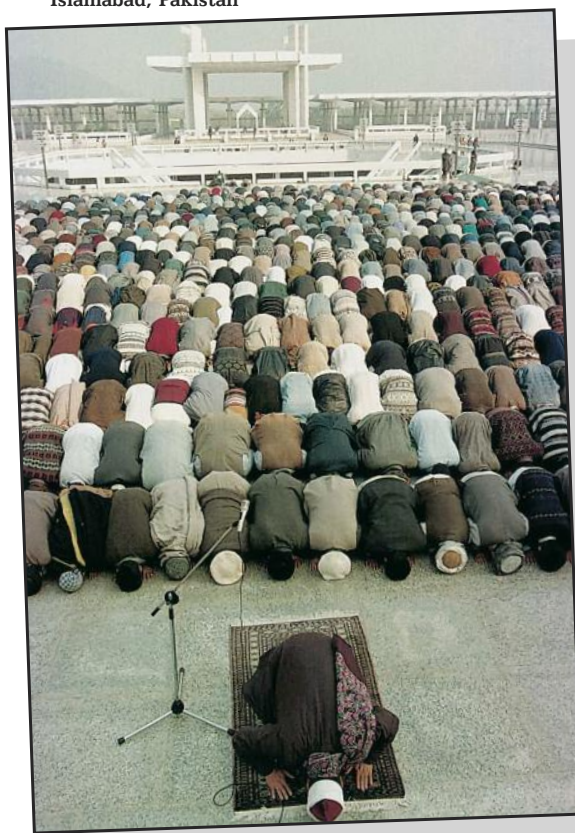
These last words attracted the attention of the people around us. (Amazing how we people manage to hold a conversation in one group and keep one ear open to what is being discussed in another group, ready to jump ship and join them if their topic is more attractive!)

As more people came round, bringing along their tea and biscuits — necessary elements in any Catholic meeting in Australia — the well-dressed chap who had affirmed the importance of public prayer, interjected: "Don't you think there's more to it to explain the growth of Islam? Surely there's the lack of faith in the West for one."

"You are quite right," I said, a trifle annoyed with his habit of asking people a question and answering it before they have a chance to say anything. "Yes, the lack of faith is perhaps the most important of the lot. The once Christian West is morally and doctrinally rotten to the marrow of its social bones, and the crisis of Faith within the Catholic Church has assumed catastrophic proportions. Since Islam — like fundamentalism, Mormonism, and some other "isms" of the day — seems to provide an answer to anguished minds and hearts in this situation, growth is the end result."

Our tea break came to an end, so we all returned to our seats and our apologetics seminar went on. Our well-dressed, fast-talking chap had made a good point about public prayer. Regrettably, we Catholics, all too many of us anyway, have forgotten that we also used to stop our work to pray: We used to pray the Angelus

Moslems praying in public, Islamabad, Pakistan



A/P Wide World Photo



*Yes, we have
forgotten how in
times gone by we
used to pause for a
moment at noon
and 6:00 P.M. from
whatever work we
were engaged in,
recollect our
thoughts, place
ourselves in God's
presence, and utter
that beautiful
prayer, the Angelus.*

three times a day to honor the greatest intervention of God in history, the Incarnation.

The Angelus

Yes, we have forgotten how in times gone by we used to pause for a moment at noon and 6:00 P.M. from whatever work we were engaged in, recollect our thoughts, place ourselves in God's presence, and utter that beautiful prayer, the Angelus.

On December 25, 2000 A.D., Christians the world over celebrated the birthday of the God-Man, Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, a grand event that happened two thousand years ago. But the birth of the divine Child was a consequence of another event which precedes Christmas, both in idea and in fact, that is, the Incarnation.

Many centuries ago, after the Church had established that Christmas should be celebrated on December 25, She also appointed March 25 for the Annunciation and the Incarnation, exactly nine months prior to Our Lord's birth.

Between those dates was the time in which Our Blessed Mother carried the Word of God within her sacred womb, thus fulfilling the Old Testament figure of the Ark of the Covenant. The Ark carried the word of God in stone; she carried the Word of God made flesh.

It was at the Incarnation that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1:14). Then the Archangel Saint Gabriel brought to the Blessed Virgin Mary the great news that God would become Man and that she was called to be the mother of that God-Man. She was going to give birth to God in human flesh!

At the crib of the King, Prophet, and Priest

When the King of Kings and Lord of Lords was born in Bethlehem, three kings brought Him their special gifts: *gold*, in honor of His royalty; *incense*, for His priesthood; and *myrrh*, for His sacrifice to redeem mankind — three kings, three gifts, three marvels.

He is our King, Who shows us the way to salvation; He is our Prophet, Who teaches us the truth about Himself and His Father; He is our High Priest, Who offered the only sacrifice able to give us eternal life. King, Prophet, Priest: the Way, the Truth and the Life.

How do we respond to Him? By giving Him in return three gifts as well, the gifts He wants most from us: our minds, our hearts, our lives — our minds to God the Father, our hearts to God the Son, our lives to God the Holy Spirit.

That is why we are called by the Church to pray the Angelus three times a day: at dawn, midday, and twilight. We use the sun, the great star that gives light to the day, as a reminder of our prayers in honor of the Son of Our Lady, of she who is the *Stella Matutina*, the morning star.

The morning star

Haven't you noticed how the morning star and the evening star, common names for the planet Venus, precede and follow the sun? These are symbols of Our Lady.

Like the morning star, she shone in the darkness of human history before the birth of her Sun — her Divine Son. This is the *dawn*.

While He shone so brilliantly during His preaching mission, she disappeared. This is *midday*.

After He left the earth and ascended to the Father, she appeared again, gradually, as the last ray of hope to us, poor sinners, to the end of our lives. This is the *twilight*.

See how the Sun, such a great brightness in God's Creation, served as a reminder for our prayers?

The Angelus three times a day

Dawn — First, at 6:00 A.M., that is, around dawn, we give thanks to God as our Creator and praise the masterpiece of His Creation, Mary, the Beloved Daughter of God the Father, the First Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Mary was already in God's mind from the dawn of creation. Thus does the dawn remind us of God reflected in Mary. Then we ask Jesus to give us a faith like Mary's, whereby we shall believe in God as she believed: "Blessed is she who has believed" (Luke 1:44), as Saint Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Spirit, said to her.

Midday — Secondly, at noon, when the sun reaches its zenith, we give thanks to God as our Redeemer, and praise the first one to be redeemed, Mary, the Admirable Mother of God the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Mary was the chosen one who conceived the Word of God made flesh and gave birth to Him. Mid-day should remind us of God living in Mary. Then we ask Jesus to give us a hope like Mary's, whereby we will trust in God as she trusted: "Be it done unto me according to thy word" (Luke 1:38), as she said to the Archangel who brought the great news to her.

Twilight — At 6:00 P.M., when the sun is at its twilight, we give thanks to God as our Savior, and praise the greatest one to be saved, who is already body and soul in heaven: Mary, the Faithful Spouse of God the Holy Spirit, the third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Mary conceived by the Holy Spirit, Who overshadowed her to create the human body and soul of Jesus Christ, True God and True Man, in her virginal womb. Thus should the twilight remind us of God glorified in Mary. Then we ask Jesus to give us a charity like Mary's, whereby we shall love God and our neighbor as she did, actively doing His Will: "Whatsoever He says to you, do it" (John 2:5), as she said to the servants at the marriage feast of Cana.

Let all of us faithful Catholics pray the Angelus daily and benefit from the immense graces that Jesus bestows through His Immaculate Mother to all those who honor the Incarnation of the Word of God, the greatest intervention of God in history.

No amount of Muslim prayer will ever come close to the grandeur, love, and fidelity to God reflected in the beautiful verses of the Angelus. ■

After Our Lord left the earth and ascended to the Father, Our Lady appeared again, gradually, as the last ray of hope for us, poor sinners, to the end of our lives.



The Angelus

- V.** The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary,
R. And she conceived by the Holy Ghost. *Hail Mary...*
V. Behold the handmaid of the Lord;
R. Be it done unto me according to thy word. *Hail Mary...*
V. And the Word was made flesh,
R. And dwelt among us. *Hail Mary...*
V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God,
R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray: Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts, that we to whom the Incarnation of Christ, Thy Son, was made known by the message of an angel, may by His Passion and Cross be brought to the glory of His Resurrection, through the same Christ Our Lord, *Amen*.

The Regina Caeli

(which replaces the Angelus from Holy Saturday until the eve of Trinity Sunday)

- V.** O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia!
R. For He Whom thou didst deserve to bear, alleluia!
V. Has risen as He said, alleluia!
R. Pray for us to God, alleluia!
V. Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, alleluia!
R. For the Lord has truly risen, alleluia!

Let us pray: O God, Who, through the resurrection of Thy Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, vouchsafed to give joy to the whole world, grant, we beseech Thee, that through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, His Mother, we may attain the joys of eternal life, through the same Christ Our Lord, *Amen*.



ONLY IN
AMERICA

Tallyho!

BY NORMAN FULKERSON

Fox hunting has been around since time immemorial but became popular in its present form in England as a means of culling the fox population. Farmers have a hard enough time making ends meet without foxes dining on their chickens and small lambs. What began as a practical solution to a real problem later developed into a tradition rich in ceremony and etiquette.

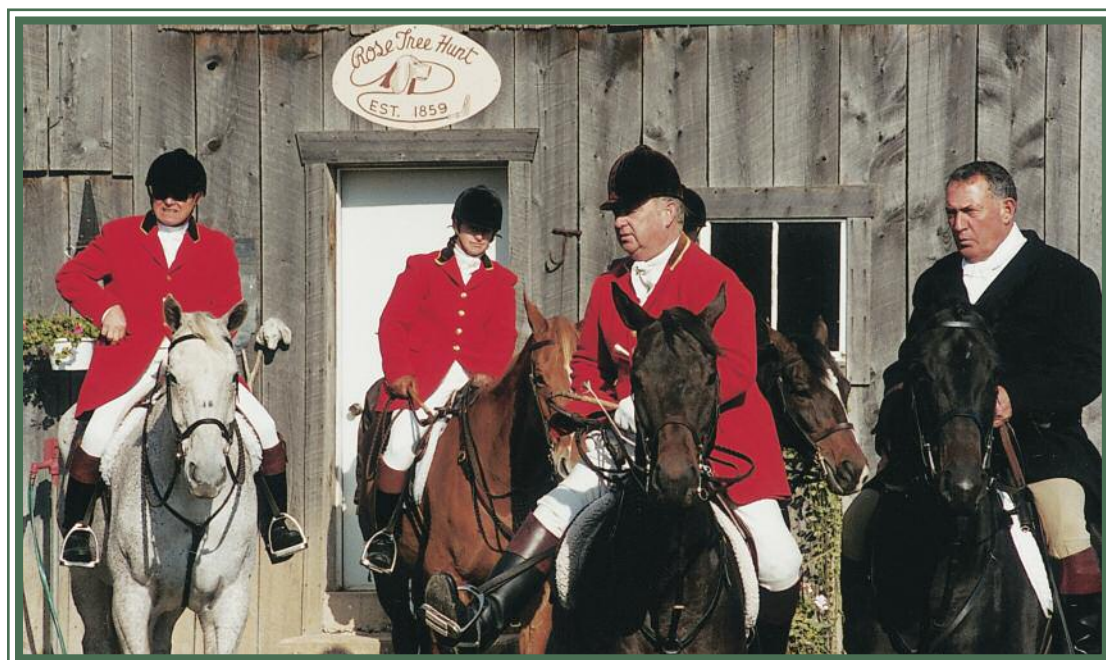
All of that is now being attacked in England by animal-rights groups and used as a lever for a political agenda. The lower house of the British Parliament has voted overwhelmingly to outlaw fox hunting in England. All that is lacking now is the approval

Fox hunting is in grave danger of being banned in England, but is vibrant here in the States.

of the House of Lords. It seems only a matter of time, however, before the country most typically known for fox hunting will be obliged to hang up the dignified attire and find other less elevated means of controlling their rust-colored pests.

But before anyone takes down those magnificent fox hunting prints, so often seen in American homes, for fear of suddenly being politically incorrect, hold on. There

may be a war against fox hunting in Europe, but this aristocratic sport is still very much alive here in the United States, and, what's more, numerous Americans are ready to raise a crusade to prevent its being rail-roaded out of England.



On the day of the chase, Joseph Murtagh, flanked by other members of the Rose Tree Hunting Club, is all business.

Courtesy of Janet L. Fulcher



Courtesy of Janet I. Fulcher

The blessing of the hounds marks the beginning of the formal season.

Authentically British

Barbara Murtagh, Jody's wife, is a distinguished lady full of zest for life. A former fox hunter who has taken some spills, she has long since hung up her riding clothes, but she still relishes having breakfast ready for the hunters when they return. Her eyes sparkle with a childlike enthusiasm when she speaks about fox hunting. I had never encountered anything like it before and was perfectly content just listening.

We found ourselves on a hill, high above south central Pennsylvania when Barbara suddenly shouted with enthusiasm: "There he goes! Tallyho!" Running across the frost-covered cornfield was a red fox, with a tightly grouped pack of excited hounds, Jody, and the rest of the hunters in vigorous pursuit.

Scarlet and black jackets, white breeches and polished black boots — what a sight! This is no ordinary hunt, I thought; this is civilized. It should be, since the fox chase in America meticulously models itself after its British counterpart, with the exception that the fox is not killed in America. Everything else, from the hierarchy of the hunt to the clothing, is authentic.

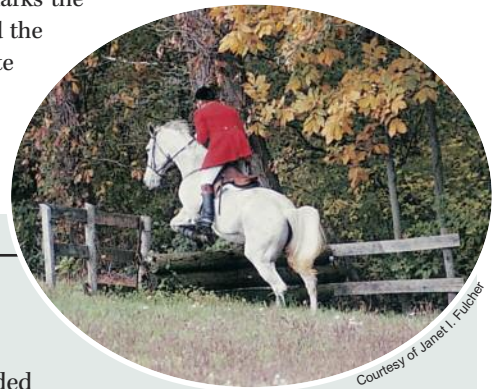
Hierarchy and Dress Code

As the master, Jody is in charge. After him are the whips or "whipper ins," who control the hounds, knowing each dog by name and caring for them as one would a child. Yes, they carry a whip, but they do not use it on the animals; they simply crack it to keep the hounds together. The master's responsibility, with the help of the whips, is simple: find a fox. Once this is done he blows his horn to notify the field master, who then invites the field to join the chase.

The field master's job is keeping the field of riders close enough to enjoy watching the hounds yet not so close as to interfere with the master or huntsman in pursuit of his hounds.

This strict hierarchy is also accompanied by a formal dress code. Every hunt has two seasons: cub hunting, when young hounds are introduced into the pack, and the formal season. The cubbing season, or "ratcatcher," allows for less formal attire. Ratcatcher normally means the use of a tweed jacket with a shirt and tie or turtleneck. November marks the beginning of the formal season and the donning of scarlet coats and white jodhpurs, or riding breeches. Wear-

The beauty and thrill of the jump is a big part of the chase.



Courtesy of Janet I. Fulcher

Only in America

Our "Only in America" column features articles illustrating the paradox that America is "an aristocratic nation within a democratic state," as Prof. Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira writes in his book *Nobility and Analogous Traditional Elites*. He points out that America "was born of a revolution that sought a *novus ordo seclorum*, severed from the great tradition of European civilization, which it denigrated as old and decadent, victim of the defects supposedly typical of aristocratic societies."

From the outset America has abounded with notable examples of the thirst Americans have for many aspects of the very European culture this revolution sought to discard. While the examples presented in these articles may exist in other countries, the paradox exists "Only in America."



Steve Hayes from Coatsville, Pennsylvania, has earned his scarlet coat.

Courtesy of Janet L. Fulcher

Fox hunting teaches discipline and ceremony, which shows in the field during a hunt.

ing the pinks, as the coats are called, is a privilege one must earn. Others wear black coats. The collars of the coats are full of meaning as well, since different colors signify varying levels in the club hierarchy.

The formal season begins with the traditional Saint Hubert's day Mass and blessing of the hounds. Saint Hubert lived in the eighth century and was known for his love of hunting stags. One evening while hunting in the Ardennes of northern France he encountered the largest deer he had ever seen. This deer was different, however. Between its antlers was a gold cross glowing with an unearthly light. Young Hubert took this as a sign that he was to enter the priesthood. He eventually became the patron saint of hounds and hunting, not only because he had been such a valiant huntsman, but because the hounds he bred are the foundation stock of nearly every hound in the world today.

What to do with all of these foxes?

Those who think that this is a sport practiced by a few eccentric Americans grasping for some link with bygone days are mistaken. There are currently 177 recognized hunts across America, comprising some 20,000 mounted fox hunters. For the most part they are governed by the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America (MFHA) located in Leesburg, Virginia.

Lt. Col. Dennis Foster, Ret., the executive director of the MFHA, is upset with the unreasonable demands made by the animal-rights activists in England, demands that may end a rich tradition. He has a right to be upset. According to conservative estimates, there are over 450,000 foxes in England. In an

article in the *Wall Street Journal-Europe*, Frederick Forsyth points out that foxes "breed about 1.5 times their own number in cubs. They grow fast, too" he says. "Born in February, weaned in May, they are ready to hunt, kill, and breed in October. The staple diet is wild rabbit.... In frosty winters they will turn in hunger to poultry and newborn lambs." The necessity farmers have to cull the fox population is therefore indisputable.

The question, then, is how. Of all the different methods available — traps, neck snares, gas, poison, shotguns, rifles — trained hounds have been the choice of country people. It is a good choice, for it is at once the most humane and the most dignified option.

However, fox hunting "has gone beyond a mere eco-necessity," Forsyth continued. "It has become a rural society event clothed in ritual and pageantry" which "drives the political left wing to transports of rage."

Symbols of restraint

So this is not simply a dispute over the well-being of a poor little fox, but rather a profound sociological difference of opinion. There are those who have a problem with ceremony and manners that elevate and refine. They forget God's command in Genesis that men rule over every creature that moves upon the earth. It is thus that the refined individual who enjoys the fox chase becomes a symbol of restraint, good manners, and elevation in contrast to those who prefer an untamed and wild nature, symbolic of bad passions left ungoverned.

It is a contrast well illustrated by two elegantly dressed ladies in mink coats I spoke with at this year's March for Life in Washington. After I complimented them on their neat appearance one of them said, "I feel like carrying a sign that says 'kill the minks, save the babies.'" The reason, she went on to explain, was simple: "Every animal-rights activist I have ever met was in favor of abortion."

She did not say that absolutely every animal-

rights advocate was in favor of abortion, nor will I. But the acts of violence in England against fox hunters, such as letter bombs and attacks on innocent humans by club-wielding fanatics, leads one to believe that we may soon need an organization to protect men rather than foxes.

What is really necessary, however, is an appreciation for the good manners, decency, and proper deportment displayed by fox hunting enthusiasts all across America.

Nancy Hannum understands this all very well. She is the master of the hounds in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and is considered by other hunt fans as "a member of the old hierarchy." At 81 years of age, she has been hunting since she was four. "She is the only lady I know," said Barbara Murtagh, "who can command without losing her femininity." Mrs. Hannum told me that "fox hunting is a family affair, and that is the reason I like it. When the children were young I would walk down to the barn like a *'grand dame'* with my husband, since they had our horses saddled and ready to go." Fox hunting teaches discipline and ceremony which shows in the field during a hunt. She also spoke of a young man who had been working for them just a short while: "The change that occurred in him was remarkable," she said. "He became a gentleman. If you come for a visit," she continued, "you are treated with respect, and the title of Mr." This comes from the "association with people who do things right."

One lady I spoke with said she happened upon a fox hunt while driving home from work one day. "I couldn't believe my eyes," she said. "We quickly got our camera out and took a whole roll of pictures. It was so beautiful."

We cannot deny, then, that the center of the debate over fox hunting is not the killing or mistreating of animals, but an erroneous philosophy and egalitarian vision of the universe which places animals not just on

equal footing with, but superior to men. In this worldview, an innocent human life is fair game, but don't you dare chase a fox.

American fox hunters fight for a tradition

Dennis Foster is working hard to educate Americans and help hunters in England fight this ban. "Three years ago," he said, "350,000 people turned out in London for a rally to protest an earlier attempt at a ban." In May there will be another rally and this year they expect to gather half a million people. He is trying to get as many people as he can to attend this upcoming rally. "Leading up to this march, bonfires will be lit on the hill tops all over the English countryside," an MFHA press release says, "symbolizing the ancient custom of communicating serious alarm and danger. Similar gatherings and [bonfires] in support of the English countryside will occur on the same day all over the United States. The issue is not fox hunting," the press release continues, "it is the political agenda of animal-rights organizations that want to change our traditions, lifestyles, and beliefs..." — values that American fox hunters are more than willing to defend.

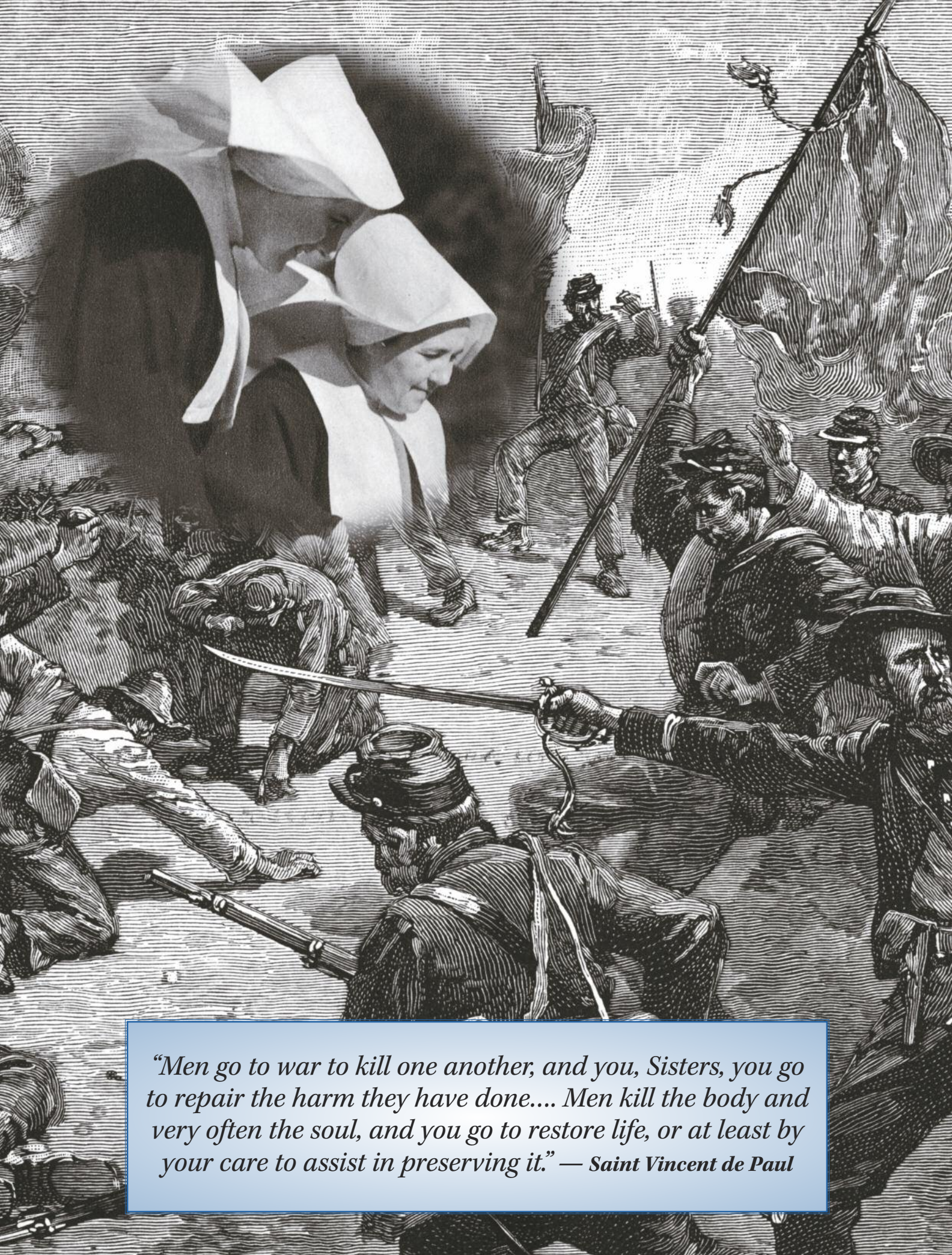
When I think back to my first hunt, the pleasant impression it made still lingers: images of gentlemen in scarlet coats on horseback as one would only expect to see galloping past thatched roofs in the countryside of England. They are refreshing scenes in a world so little appreciative of ceremony, manners, and etiquette. It is comforting to know that it is not a thing of the past here in America, but even more reassuring to see that Americans are actually defending such values abroad.

While attending that hunt I made a quick call to my mother. After I told her I was watching a fox hunt in Pennsylvania, there was a brief silence. "Where did you say you are?" she asked. "I thought they had those only in England."

No, Mother, I thought to myself, not any more. They are alive and well in America. ■

Joseph Murtagh waits for his hounds to pick up the fox's scent.





"Men go to war to kill one another, and you, Sisters, you go to repair the harm they have done.... Men kill the body and very often the soul, and you go to restore life, or at least by your care to assist in preserving it." — Saint Vincent de Paul



COVER
STORY

A Spectacle of Charity

The Daughters of Charity during the Civil War

BY MICHELLE TAYLOR

One day in 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, Generals W.A. Hammond and Frank Sigel visited the hospital. The convalescent patients, eager to catch a glimpse of them, crowded into the corridors.

Meanwhile, a sister in the blue habit and white corset of the Daughters of Charity approached a young boy still too weak to move and expressed her regrets that he could not join the others. The young soldier replied: "I would any time rather see a sister than a general, for it was a sister who came to me when I was unable to help myself, in an old barn near Gettysburg, where I was. She dressed my wounds and gave me a drink and took care of me until I came here."

This testimonial is but one of many to the untiring and sublime dedication, courage, and charity shown by the American Daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul at the battlefields and hospitals of the Civil War.

* * *

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Catholics were a despised or barely tolerated minority in the United States. The Catholic Church then numbered fewer than thirty thousand souls. When Bishop John Carroll was appointed to the see of Baltimore in 1789, he was the sole shepherd for the whole nation. Yet, a hundred years later the Catholic Church had become a respected ecclesial body in America, influencing the thought and moral fiber of the nation, and an acknowledged leader in human services. Figuring strongly in this development were the ministries of the Community of the Daughters of Charity founded in 1809 by Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton.

A short biography

In 1794 Elizabeth Bayley, the petite, lively daughter of a prominent New York doctor, married William Magee Seton, a young merchant from New York. Their marriage was happy and fruitful; they had five children, two boys and three girls.

Through his merchant trade inherited from his father in 1798, young Seton, an Episcopalian, had established business relations with the Italian bankers

and merchants Filippo and Antonio Filicchi. These brothers, fervent Catholics, became great friends of the Seton family. They and William agreed to carry correspondence for Bishop John Carroll safely to and from Rome on their merchant ships.

In 1800, young Seton's business, in a tottering state, reached the point of bankruptcy. William had also inherited the family's illness, tuberculosis and, as his health continued to deteriorate, a sea voyage was scheduled upon medical suggestion. Hearing of this, the Filicchis invited him to stay with them at Livorno. The Setons made the trip, but William died shortly after reaching the Italian shore. The young widow was warmly received by the Filicchis and experienced at their home a charity the likes of which she had never known before. It was there that the seed of the Faith was sown in her soul. The Real Presence of Our Lord Jesus in the Eucharist especially attracted her.

On returning to New York she pursued religious instruction, and after a period of struggle — between doubt and faith, concern over the need to support her children, and the increasing separation from family and friends over her turn toward Catholicism — Elizabeth was received into the Catholic Church in March of 1805.

At the suggestion of a Sulpician priest from Saint Mary's College in Baltimore, Father William DuBourg, and the approval of Bishop Carroll, whose priority was Catholic education, Elizabeth moved to Baltimore and launched a small school for girls. Her two sons boarded at Saint Mary's.

Daughter of Charity

It was also Father DuBourg who informed Elizabeth about the Daughters of Charity founded in France in 1633 by Saint Vincent de Paul and Saint Louise de Marillac to serve the sick and poor. He proceeded to confide to her his dream of seeing them established in the United States. "Mrs. Seton," he writes in a letter, "expressed a fervent wish to see the dream accomplished and to become part of it."



Saint Elizabeth Seton teaching her first pupils

On March 25, 1809, Elizabeth made vows for one year in the presence of then Archbishop Carroll and was given the title of "Mother." By June, four young women had joined her and others were asking for admittance.

It was then that Samuel Cooper, a convert and seminarian at Mount Saint Mary's College in Baltimore, offered \$7,000 to purchase property for the newly founded order. He asked that the new sisterhood be established in Emmitsburg and that they include free instruction for poor children of the neighborhood. Seeing God's hand in this, Elizabeth accepted.

The beginnings in Emmitsburg were primitive, harsh, and trying. Elizabeth had her three daughters with her as well as her two sisters-in-law, who had followed her into the Faith. In addition, another thirteen women had joined, and all lived in very close quarters. Yet, under the direction of the Sulpician fathers and with Elizabeth's able leadership and motherly guidance, the order prospered.

Expansion

At first the order was dedicated solely to the instruction of children. In 1814, at the request of Father Michael Hurley, they became involved in the first Catholic orphanage opened in Philadelphia. Sister Rose White, who had joined Elizabeth as a young widow of twenty-five, was chosen to direct this establishment, the order's first outside of Emmitsburg. In 1817, Bishop John Con-

nolly of New York requested sisters to staff an orphanage in New York. Again, the excellent Sister Rose was sent. The expansion had begun.

In 1820, the Catholic Church in the United States was composed of one archdiocese, Baltimore, and five dioceses: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Bardstown, and New Orleans. The community of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph, not yet twelve years old and numbering only fifty sisters, was already established and serving in three of these jurisdictions and was soon to reach the others. In 1850 the American community at Emmitsburg united with the French Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul.

Death of Mother Seton, daughter of the Church

On January 4, 1821, Mother Seton died at age forty-six. She had said to the sisters around her sick bed: "I thank God for having made me a child of His Church. When you come to this hour, you will know what it is to be a child of the Church." Her last words were, "Be children of the Church; be children of the Church..."

Beginnings of health care

Bishop Carroll had not envisioned health care as part of the sisters' service for, at least, another century. Yet, the reputation of the Daughters of Charity in France as nurses was such that in 1822 their American counterparts were requested to staff the new infirmary in Baltimore.

The next two decades saw schools, orphanages, and hospital services established in Washington, D.C.; Frederick, Maryland; Wilmington, Delaware; Harrisburg, Conewago, Pittsburgh, and Pottsville, Pennsylvania; New York City, Albany, Brooklyn, Utica, and Fordham, New York; St. Louis; Boston; the Diocese of Vincennes, comprising the whole of Indiana; and New Orleans.

In 1833 the sisters working at the Maryland hospital began to take notice of patients with psychiatric problems. They learned much about psychiatric care from the doctors and at the same time surrounded the patients with a gentle and humane atmosphere that fostered healing. One witness reported that the sisters "combine natural tenderness with a supernatural motive of divine love; the softness of domestic affection with the firmness of a stranger," and went on to say that they recognized every case as more or less unique, requiring an individual course of treatment.

The war years

By 1861, the year the Civil War broke out, the Daughters of Charity in the United States had much experience in nursing, hospital care, and administration. The combination of experience and Catholic charity made for the best care available in the country. The result was that, throughout the war, their services

were in high and constant demand on both sides of the line. Generals, surgeons, and even the surgeon general requested their help.

More than 270 of the eight hundred sister comprising the community at that time nursed the wounded during the war. All together, some six hundred sisters from twelve different religious communities served in the war effort. Space demands that we limit this article to the Community of the Daughters of Charity, who had the most training and experience in the medical field. The community had thirty years experience in American health care, having served in three public hospitals and twelve Catholic hospitals under strict standards and quality controls developed by the sisters themselves.

At the beginning of the effort there was prejudice and anti-Catholic feeling to overcome. By the war's end, however, the title "Sister" was honored and revered throughout the land.

Thus, in a report to the Lincoln Hospital, the surgeon general of the United States Army wrote: "Twenty-eight Sisters of Charity were on duty, and I must bear evidence to their efficiency and superiority as nurses. The extra diet kitchen is under the care of a sister, and one is detailed by the superior to each ward. They administer medicine, diet, and stimulants under the orders of a ward surgeon and are responsible to him alone. They have been beloved and respected by the men."

Sisters served untiringly for the duration of the Civil War, sometimes at a ratio of two sisters to two hundred soldiers in conditions that were frequently deplorable. But, wherever they went, they established

order and cleanliness and dispensed the best of professional and Catholic care.

Edified by the dedication and kindness of the sisters, many soldiers requested baptism before dying. From Manassas, Sister Angela Heath wrote, "On an average, ten died every day, and of this number, I think I may safely say, four were baptized." From the military hospital in Cliffburn, Washington, D.C., Sister Helen Ryan wrote of a young Methodist who was seriously wounded and kept calling out for a priest. Thinking he wanted a minister, the sister in charge of the ward finally asked if he wanted a Catholic priest. "I do not know what you call him," replied the patient, "but I want one of those belonging to your religion of white bonnets."

Not just the sick and dying were moved to conversion by the sisters' dedication. Dr. S. P. Duffield, the surgeon in charge of the military hospital at Point Lookout, Maryland, was led by his admiration for them to investigate the Catholic Faith and was eventually received into the Church.

The sisters' service was deemed indispensable. One such proof was at Point Lookout. Upon the arrival of Confederate prisoners there, the government issued an order that all female nurses must leave. Anxiously, the doctors applied to Washington for the sisters to stay. They received the prompt reply: "The Sisters of Charity are not included in our orders. They may serve all alike at the Point, prisoners and others."

They had continued to serve even when quarantine had been declared due to typhoid fever. Sister Consolata Conlon, just nineteen, succumbed to that malady



Daughters of Charity serving in a hospital ward during the Civil War

“Sisters to all mankind, they know no nation, no kindred, neither war nor peace. Their all-pervading charity is like the love of Him who died for all, Whose servants they are and Whose pure teaching their love illustrates.”

— General Benjamin Butler

and was buried with the soldiers at Point Lookout.

General Benjamin Butler, who headed the occupation of New Orleans in May of 1862 and was known by Louisianans as “the Beast,” nevertheless demonstrated great kindness and respect toward the sisters. He left a beautiful testimony: “Sisters to all mankind, they know no nation, no kindred, neither war nor peace. Their all-pervading charity is like the love of Him who died for all, Whose servants they are and Whose pure teaching their love illustrates.”

At Sattarlee Army Hospital in Philadelphia it is estimated that the Daughters of Charity tended to eighty thousand sick and wounded soldiers in a three-year period. Nathaniel West, Sattarlee’s Protestant chaplain, published a historical sketch of the hospital in 1863 in which he pays a tribute to the sisters: “It is most firmly believed that better nurses, better attendants on the sick, more noiseless, ceaseless performers of services in the hospital than these Sisters could not be found.... And it will be hard to find any establishment of equal magnitude to the Sattarlee United States Army General Hospital where neatness, cleanliness, arrangement, order and adaptation to the end designed are better contrived and observed.”

Many were the stories brought back to the Motherhouse in Emmitsburg. There were the accounts of deathbed conversions and baptisms. There were anec-



Mother Ann Simeon Norris, superior of the Daughters of Charity during the Civil War.

Betty Ann McNeil, D.C., Archives, Daughters of Charity

dotes of soldiers who at first did not know what to think of these “strange” women or who were prejudiced against them when told they were Catholic, but who, on finding that they owed their lives to the sisters’ assistance, not only came to admire them but defended them against any ill judgment. “Sister! Sister of Charity! Sister of Mercy! Put something in this hand!” “Sister, Sister, don’t forget me!” “Sister, Sister, for the love of God!” “Oh, Sister, for God’s sake!” Such cries resounded throughout the wards of North and South and were answered without distinction.

There was the case of a patient who one day asked a sister who it was that paid her. On being informed that the sisters received no salaries and worked solely for the love of God, the man relapsed into bewildered silence. A little later, becoming a little more confident with the sis-

Daughters of Charity at Saterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, at the time of the Civil War.



Betty Ann McNeil, D.C., Archives, Daughters of Charity

ter, he told her there was only one class of people in the world whom he hated and these were Catholics because they were detestable people. Being asked if he had ever met one he answered that he had not. On learning that the good sister was a Catholic the poor man burst into tears of disappointment. His disappointment was short-lived, however, for he left the hospital a Catholic.

If any sisters happened to be in the same rail car as soldiers there was great rivalry as to whose seat they would take. Whether whole or lame, none of the gallant brave failed to offer his place to the sisters. "Sister, do take my seat; it is the most comfortable." "Oh, Sister, take mine; do oblige me." "No, Sister, mine!" Sweet was the sisters' reward as they watched these men begin to love Our Lord and, therefore, His Church through them.

In another case a man in one military ward was given up for dead. A sister knelt by him for three hours, picking the vermin from his festering wounds. Due to her care and perseverance the man recovered, confounding his doctors.

Another soldier, once handsome and strong, lay dying in a military ward in Missouri. The sister who cared for him, realizing that his end was near, asked him if he belonged to any church. On receiving a negative answer, she asked if he would consider accepting the Catholic Faith. "No, not a Catholic. I always hated the Catholics," answered the young man with whatever disdain he could still muster in his sinking voice. "At any rate," urged the kind sister, "you should ask pardon of God for your sins and be sorry for whatever evil you have done in your life."

He answered her that he was sorry for all the sins of his life and hoped to be forgiven but that there was one sin that especially haunted and weighed on him. He had once insulted a sister in Boston as he passed her in the street. She had said nothing but had looked at him with a look of reproof that he had never forgotten. "I knew nothing then of what sisters were," continued the young man, "for I had not known you. But now that I know how good and disinterested you are and how mean I was, I am disgusted with myself. Oh, if that sister were here, I would go down on my knees to her and ask her pardon!"

"You have asked it and you have received it," said the sister, compassionately looking him full in the face.

"What! You are the sister I passed in Boston? Oh, yes! You are — I know you now! And how could you have attended me with greater care than any of the other patients? I who insulted you so!"

"I did it for Our Lord's sake, because He loved His

enemies and blessed those who persecuted Him. I knew you from the first moment you were brought into the hospital, and I have prayed unceasingly for your conversion," said the sister.

"Send for the priest!" exclaimed the dying soldier; "the religion that teaches such a charity must be from God."

And so he died in the sister's Faith, holding in his grasp the symbol of our salvation and murmuring prayers taught him by her whose mild rebuke had followed him through every battle to this, his last.

* * *

Truly, the Daughters of Charity were a silent spectacle of charity in the years of the terrible Civil War. They tended, nursed, and consoled without regard for color, code, or creed, considering only the suffering human being before them made in the image and likeness of his Creator. They loved in him the blood a crucified God had shed for his soul, and silently, tenderly, and lovingly hoped that their service, their prayers, and their sacrifice would bear fruit in him. And so it did in many.

Above all, however, their effort bore fruit for the Church in America, helping to dispel the fog of prejudice and misunderstanding so prevalent in those days and presenting America with the shining face of true Catholicism.

In the aftermath of peace in 1865, many of the most ardent critics of the Catholic Church had had a change of heart toward Her. The devotion and care demonstrated by many Catholic chaplains as well as hundreds of Catholic sisters changed the way many Protestants viewed the Church and Catholics in general. Once again, the charitable and educational institutions of the Church could continue expanding into many new territories of this great land. ■

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Acknowledgement

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COMMENTARY

On the Merits of Meritocracy

BY JOHN HORVAT

When some 120 wealthy Americans start urging Congress not to repeal estate and gift taxes, something strange is going on somewhere. After all, in the midst of tax-cut euphoria, it is hard not to question a tax-me-please attitude.

But these Americans are doing just that — and in a grand style that befits their stations. It is not every day one sees financial luminaries like George Soros, William H. Gates's father, David Rockefeller, Jr., and Agnes Gund attach their names to paid advertisements in national newspapers in an almost surreal appeal to soak the rich.

Undeniably, they have paid dearly to defend their right to be taxed. The least one can do is give them a fair hearing.

However, their brief petition contains just a few simple arguments, which seem amazingly shallow.

The document, for example, cites billions of lost tax revenue that would be offset by others less able to pay. Just a little over one percent of government income comes from estate taxes, however. What is this in a nation awash in budget surpluses? Moreover, study after study shows that estate taxes actually decrease rather than increase tax revenue.

The signers are surely aware of the hardships of the "death tax" on lesser millionaire compatriots. They surely must know that a family-owned business, for example, can lose up to 55% of all its assets, including land, buildings, and equipment, in passing from one generation to the next.

The document states that "the estate tax exerts a powerful and positive effect on charitable giving. Repeal would have a devastating impact on public charities."

Here again, the math does not necessarily pan out. It beggars belief that the signers, who must employ

legions of tax lawyers, are not familiar with at least some of the studies that indicate quite the contrary.

Even a casual study of tax-return data clearly shows that tax-deductible charitable bequests account for little of charitable giving. (In 1994 these amounted to \$9.3 billion, or 1.5 percent of the total revenue of charitable groups.) Most non-profit organizations received little or nothing from legacies or bequests. Actually, the tax sys-

tem as a whole is much friendlier to gifts during life than those made at death. Recent research on this subject, however, indicates that the charitable tax deduction exerts only a modest, if any, stimulative effect. At most it affects the timing of donations, but not significantly the overall level of giving.

No, the only real reason seems much more temperamental than economical. "Repealing the estate tax would enrich the heirs of America's millionaires and billionaires," the statement notes, "while hurting families who struggle to make ends meet."

In the minds of these notably liberal signers (among them Norman Lear and Paul Newman, for example), there is a prevailing idea that the only true determinant of wealth should be merit. The injustice of

inherited wealth puts the less fortunate at a disadvantage, they allege. The resources of the nation should be governed exclusively by merit, or meritocracy.

Merit should certainly have its place in society. But can it be the sole determining factor? Can it justify generational leveling and gallows socialism?

The radical promoters of meritocracy would have it that way. In their strange millionaire populism, they show an aversion for social and economic inequalities. They harbor a serious misconception about the nature

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of compassion and think all inequalities invariably cause suffering in those who have less.

Of course, that is not true. Christian compassion does not oblige one to feel sorry for someone who has sufficient means to live comfortably according to his station. Christian compassion simply elicits the desire to help those who lack the means to lead a dignified life according to the demands of human nature and their status. There is no reason for someone to feel guilty simply because he is richer than others.

But guilty they feel. This sentimental interpretation of compassion among those who have more leads them to disguise their wealth, education, and culture so those with less will not suffer the humiliation of seeing the others with more. It leads the wealthy to eschew their role as models and even work against their own wealth by proposing that the government constantly level the playing field with progressive taxes on those who tower over others.

What they fail to see is that money is not solely a reward for services rendered. Wealth creates the conditions for culture, tradition, excellence, and that horrible e-word — elites. Far from humiliating those with less, it often stimulates them to strive higher. And when this beneficial influence has continuity over generations, all society benefits and progresses as it tends toward ever-higher goals.

On the other hand, constantly having to rebuild wealth impairs this process, and all society necessarily suffers.

Sentimentality aside, however, the most compelling case for inherited wealth is nature itself. Everyone receives biological inheritance from their family. In this respect some families are obviously more gifted than others.

This biological inheritance has important psychological consequences. There are families that over many generations have transmitted artistic ability, a gift for speaking, a talent for medicine, or an aptitude for business. This transmission of traits from one gen-

A family-owned business can lose up to 55% of all its assets, including land, buildings, and equipment, in passing from one generation to the next.

eration of a family to another destroys the principle of equality at the starting point.

The family does more than transmit biological or psychological traits. It is also an educational institution. Thus, a person who has been educated by parents highly gifted in art, culture, good manners, and morality always has a better starting point. The only way to eliminate this parental influence is to suppress the family and educate all children in state schools like those in totalitarian regimes.

Nothing could be more natural than inherited material wealth. If a father really has a father's heart, he will necessarily love his own children more than others. Moved by this love, he will work and spare no effort or sacrifice to accumulate wealth that will protect them from the many adversities life can bring. At the end of a lifetime of work, he will die happily knowing that he leaves his offspring in favorable conditions.

In spite of this, the taxman enters at exactly that moment to confiscate his inheritance to impose the principle of equality at the starting point. Such a policy tramples underfoot one of the most sacred aspects of the family: parental love.

To many in this meritocracy crowd, the responsibility of maintaining a tradition and setting the tone for society is an intolerable burden. In their passion for the merits of an exaggerated meritocracy, these liberal individualists are blind to such social considerations, allowing even parental love to be sacrificed for the sake of a sentimental compassion ■



PILGRIMAGE

On Pilgrimage in Catholic America

BY THOMAS DRAKE



Half of our pilgrims pose in front of the shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in New Orleans while the others are inside.

American TFP friends and volunteers in Louisiana enjoy a constant schedule of visiting speakers and regional activities. Increasingly popular over the past few years are the pilgrimages to the famous Shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in New Orleans and other locations of our forgotten Catholic heritage. The pilgrimage last February 10 drew together over 80 people from the region.

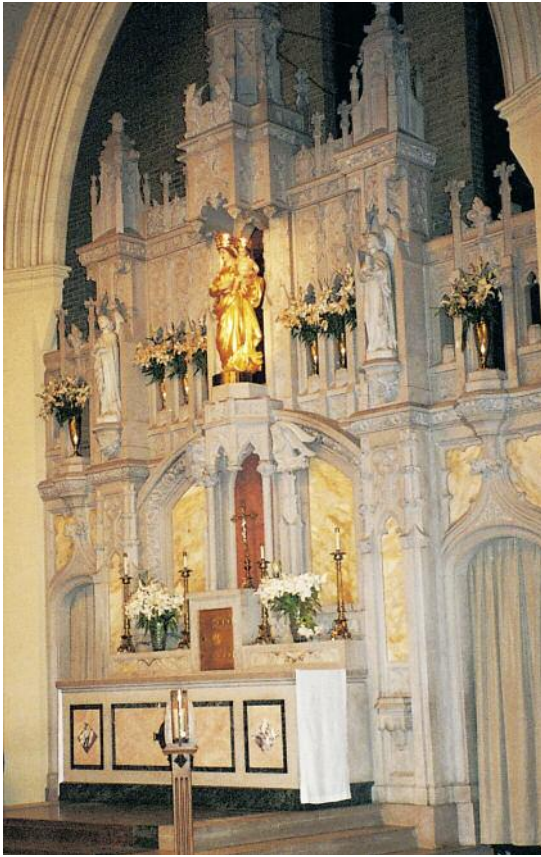
During the November, December, and February pilgrimages, families from as far away as three hours from New Orleans converge in convoys on Chalmette battlefield. Here they watch a 30-minute film, *The Battle of New Orleans*, and tour the battle museum. This battle occasioned one of the miracles of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. A picnic lunch under giant Louisiana live oak trees alongside the Mississippi River follows the reflections on the harsh realities of war and God's unending mercy. While adults enjoy their conversations, the children relish their imaginary roles of soldiers, generals, or doctors.

Driving through Old New Orleans, the pilgrims pass the monument of Saint Joan of Arc in the French Market, and then see the Cathedral of Saint Louis the Crusader-King. A slow drive down mansion-lined St. Charles Avenue takes the pilgrims past the Academy of the Sacred Heart, established by Saint Philippine Duchesne, where a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus stretches out His hands to the passersby. Soon after, they arrive at the Shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succor.

Our Lady of Prompt Succor is patroness of Louisiana and New Orleans. The large number of miracles under this invocation is sure proof of the prompt willingness of our heavenly Mother to lovingly help all her spiritual children. The statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor came to New Orleans with an Ursuline nun escaping from the French Revolution. As was shown in the previous issue of *Crusade*,* during that Revolution many Catholic nuns were sentenced to die at the guillotine for refusing to "free themselves from their vows" — in the name of 'Liberte.' "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in your name!" as one victim of the guillotine said. Even today, "freedom of choice" continues to have in abortion a deadly meaning.



Visiting the museum of the Ursuline Sisters



Altar of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, patroness of New Orleans and Louisiana

Soon after Our Lady of Prompt Succor's arrival in New Orleans, miracles began to happen. In the War of 1812, British troops — recently victorious over Napoleon — invaded the fledgling United States. General Andrew Jackson, knowing that his mixed-bag militia of 2,000 men was no match for the 8,000 battle-hardened professionals marching on New Orleans, asked the Ursuline nuns to pray for a victory. In the early hours of January 8, 1815, a bloody battle took place that saved New Orleans and America. Just six Americans died, but over 2,000 British casualties covered the battlefield. The British Navy picked up the shaken remnants of one of the toughest armies on earth, and there was peace.

Every year since, a solemn Mass and *Te Deum* have been offered on January 8 in thanksgiving for the victory that saved New Orleans from the danger of destruction, harm to its women, and British anti-Catholic laws. Celebrated by the Archbishop of New Orleans before the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, this is perhaps the only votive Mass of its kind in America.

Before praying for all the intentions brought to Our Lady of Prompt Succor, the pilgrims hear Sister Angela recount the history and miracles of Our Lady. After the Rosary there is an explanation of the Shrine's collection of first-class relics, then a tour of

the Ursuline Sisters' Museum.

New Orleans has been favored by Divine Providence in that many saints have lived there. Having seen Saint Philippine Duchesne's Academy earlier in the day, the participants conclude their pilgrimage by visiting the orphanage built by Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini on Esplanade Avenue. In this imposing turn-of-the-century mansion is Mother Cabrini's furnished bedroom with many of her personal belongings. Even the checkbook used by the first American-citizen saint is on her desk. The chapel, the courtyard overlooking the orphaned girls' classrooms, the heavy hallway doors, all convey an otherworldly quality of peace and serenity. Indeed, a saint lived here. ■

Note

"Moving God, Moving History," *Crusade*, January/February 2001, pp. 20-21.

For more information about these events in the Louisiana area, please call Thomas Drake at (337) 988-0941.

Sister Angela recounts many of the miracles performed by Our Lady of Prompt Succor





AMBIENCES,
CUSTOMS
AND
CIVILIZATIONS

“Non in Commotione Dominus”

3 Kings 19:11

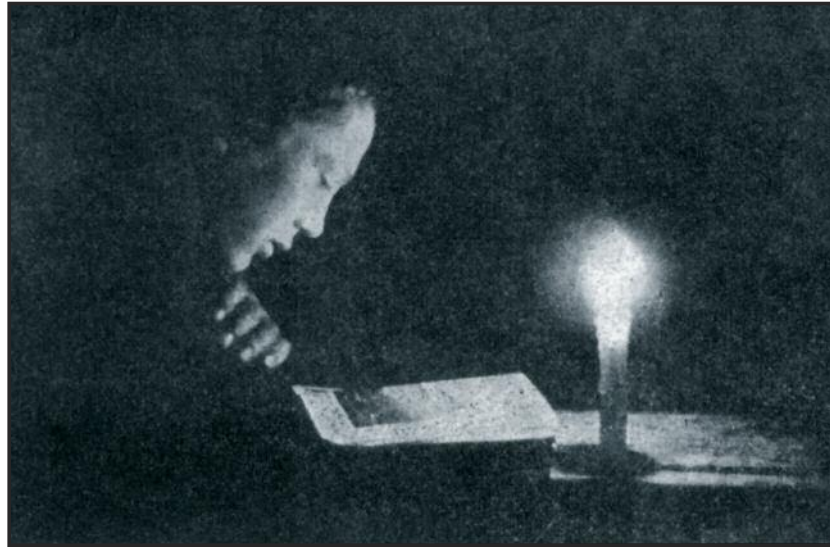
BY PLINIO CORRÊA DE OLIVEIRA

It is night. Imagine the complete stillness that inhabits the darkness captured by this photograph. The soul feels invited to reflection in such an atmosphere. The circumstances of daily life - great or small, pleasant, tiresome, or even painful - all disappear. Alone, by himself, man can overcome all these and enter into the superior realm of recollection, reflection, and study.

It is an austere and calm happiness. Quite simply, it is a true happiness.

This happiness is vividly apparent in this picture. Three lights glow in the picture. The least important of them is the one that properly merits the name "light," the candlelight. Its reflection on the book is the picture's second glowing light, creating the impression that the thoughts in the text have become luminous.

The candlelight and its reflection on the book illuminate the face, and thus we see the third and most authentic light, that of an attentive and astute soul engaged in reading. Analyzing this face, we see that it is calm, absorbed, and happy.



It is, as we said, the happiness of solitude and recollection, the happiness of thinking.

* * *

Our forefathers were avid for this kind of happiness, but those who appreciate it today are becoming increasingly rare.

On the contrary, the number of those who find pleasure only in noise, agitation, and exhilarating sensations is growing.

In our second picture, fans in a French stadium cheer wildly at their team's victory in a soccer match. Among all nationalities, ethnic groups, and races - among everyone today - the general tendency is to think that this is happiness.

* * *

Those who know the pleasure of recollection are in possession of a precious prerequisite for sanctification. "O blessed solitude, O sole blessedness!" said Saint Bernard. But for those who live amidst perpetual turmoil and who neither know nor want to live apart from it, so much racket drowns out the voice of grace.

"Non in commotione Dominus" - God is not found in agitation (3 Kings 19:11). ■





PLÍNIO
CORRÊA DE
OLIVEIRA

At a Pizzeria with the “Moderates”

BY PLÍNIO CORRÊA DE OLIVEIRA



Plínio Corrêa de Oliveira

As I sat down at a table with a group of friends in a spacious and noisy pizzeria, I quickly noticed that our presence displeased a group of people sitting at a neighboring table.

The three men and two women stared at us continually. One of them, a tall, thin, dark fellow with an angular nose and arms and a long neck, moved his chair a bit to follow our conversation.

We were chatting about everything and nothing, the conversation fluttering around our usual subjects in unexpected and imaginative ways.

The man with the angular nose and arms made no effort to hide his feelings when our fluttering seemed entertaining to him, nor, on the contrary, when it annoyed him. Then, one might say, his eyes darted darkness, the tip of his nose took on the shape of a crow's beak, and his elbows seemed to become aggressively pointed.

Who could he be, I wondered? An instructor from some suburban campus? A union leader? A reporter

from a small town paper or a big city daily? A somewhat intellectualized small businessman? I didn't know.

Suddenly he perceived that we were talking about the use of poison gas. He could no longer contain himself. “Aha!” he interrupted us, his voice ringing with the bristly despotism typical of certain so-called moderate leftists, “So that's how far you go, eh? Are you, then, in favor of using poison gas?” That last question was flung at the youngest member of our party loudly enough for all around to hear. The man obviously wanted to turn the crowd in the restaurant against us.

The angular man hoped that my young friend would confirm his suspicion. An affirmative would have given him an excellent excuse to stand on his table — or on ours — and rouse everyone else there to deride us for our opinion.

This leftist, certainly an aggressive partisan of the freedom of all opinions — so long as they be leftist — did not inhibit me. However, he had sparked a long and tiresome argument between our tables; unless he could be silenced, we would be unable to continue our meal and usual musings in peace.

I considered how to respond to his challenge. Shouting that he was intruding would merely have played into his hands. He would have responded that our pride was intolerable and so on and on. The ensuing brawl would have served only to prolong the argument, and with greater monotony.

What I did was fix him with an authoritative eye: “Indeed,” I said firmly, “I do advocate the use of poison gasses. I think, for example, that when a small band of guerrillas seeks refuge in the mountains to create problems for the regular army, the army has a right to defend itself by spraying poisonous gasses over the rebels. They need not be deadly; in every-

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thing there is a due measure. It is enough for some of these gasses to be lethal. The others can simply make the guerrillas sick. That will be enough to wipe out the guerrilla movement.”

Our moderate leftist flared up; his nose, chin, arms, the corners of his mouth, all seemed to bristle.

“Aha!” he cried triumphantly, “You won’t refuse to give me this statement in writing, will you? A man of character never hesitates to write what he says.”

To stir him up even more, I pretended to lack character. I replied that I would not write it. I paused a bit — during which, I suppose, he calculated whether he could mount the table in a single leap or would need to use a chair as a step. He was shaking with rage. Oh, what a night of glory was in store for him in the pizzeria!

“Writing is a lot of work,” I went on nonchalantly, “and I feel lazy. But if you can find me a tape recorder (I saw one on a nearby table) I will record what I have just said.”

The recorder was at my elbow in an instant.

*To stir him up
even more, I
pretended to
lack character. I
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had said.*

I imposed only one condition for fulfilling the angular man’s request, that he not interrupt me. He agreed.

My friends seemed amused with this move; his displayed the curiosity of hyenas. Ah, the ferocity of so many “moderates”! I already knew it well.

I recorded what I had said word for word, merely adding that my statement had only been a stratagem to turn away from our conversation an aggressive and importunate interlocutor. When he interrupted us, I explained, we had

been condemning the poison gas bombardments that, according to the papers, Laotian communists were carrying out against anti-communist guerrillas of the Hmong tribe. They were doing this with Vietnamese support and, therefore, Russian support. The reports say that not all of the victims died, but a number of them were left prostrated on the ground.

I concluded with a eulogy of those anti-communist heroes who continue fighting for their country even now when all seems lost. Then I shut off the recorder.

While it was being passed on to him hand to hand by my friends, I glanced at the “enemy camp.” They were all talking about other matters. He continued to stare at us, but his mind seemed absorbed with his cigarette. All the sharp points in his face had gone limp. He stretched out his hand to take the recorder and said only, “Okay.” He then averted his gaze and turned his back on us.

The really odious thesis that it is legitimate in principle to exterminate any adversary with poison gas no longer infuriated those moderate leftists. Why? Simply because it was not rightists advocating it, as they had hoped, but communists who not only defend the thesis but actually put it into practice. So, those “moderates” no longer abhorred the idea.

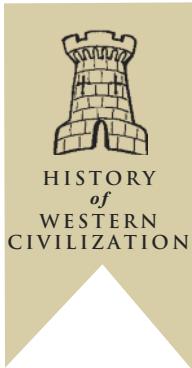
* * *

The only factual element in the foregoing story is the poison gas bombardment that the communists perpetrated against the valiant Laotian Hmong. The pizzeria and its clients, the angular man and his friends, and my own circle of friends there are nothing more than inventions in a little tale, a little tale designed to reveal in a symbolic way what the psychology of hatred of many — and very many — “moderate” leftists is really like.

“My God, save me from my friends; I’ll take care of my enemies,” Voltaire used to say.

In my turn, I say, “Save me, my God, from the “moderates”; I’ll fend off the hot-heads.” ■





Chapter XXIV

Saint Bernard, *the Cistercians, and the Religious Military Orders*

BY JEREMIAS WELLS

The Cistercians occupied the same position in twelfth century Christendom that Cluny did in the tenth and eleventh, with the added advantage that Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, the Cistercians' second founder, towered above all other personalities in that century. Not only did he involve himself effectively in the political and religious problems of the day, but he earned praise as a Doctor of the Church, a brilliant theologian, a devout mystic, and an ardent defender of the holy war. Moreover, our devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary has been greatly enriched by the *Memorare*, the *Ave Maris Stella*, and the *Salve Regina*, which were either composed by him or found their inspiration in his writings.

As Bernard was emerging from his teen years, he possessed all the qualifications for earthly success: noble birth, an acute intelligence, superior education, distinguished bearing, and an extraordinary charm. After the death of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached, the popular youth's piety turned into lukewarmness and he began to experience the allurements of games, the hunt, and boon companionship.

However, when temptations of the flesh troubled him, he resolved the problem once and for all by plunging himself fully clothed into a pool of cold water until the disturbance disappeared. He realized that for him there could be no compromise with the world. He must live totally for God. Once the decision was made, the spiritual coldness was replaced by an overflowing love that God planted in his soul.

Cîteaux

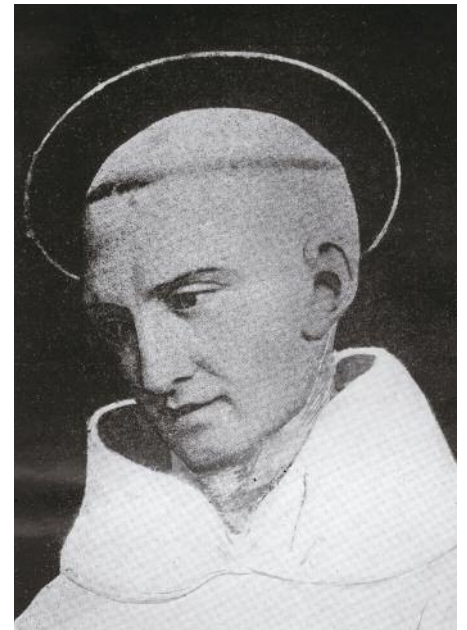
While Bernard was correcting his drift into

spiritual tepidity, a handful of zealous monks reacted against the wealth and ornate furnishings prevailing in many Benedictine monasteries and even in Cluny itself. Directed initially by Saint Robert of Molesmes and eventually by Saint Stephen Harding, these monks sought a more simple and austere life in Cîteaux (Cistercium), a wild and remote place in Burgundy. Stephen drew up a rule even more rigorous than that of Saint Benedict but attracted few followers until Bernard arrived in 1112 with thirty disciples.

That Cluny was in decline cannot be doubted. She had grown from manageable to unwieldy proportions and, since only one abbot directed the entire congregation, this placed an unbearable stress on him to maintain discipline. Consequently, vast numbers of novices were received without adequate training or probation. The acquisition of wealth and a growing population of non-monastic residents exacerbated the problem.

When an institution begins to fail, it no longer attracts leaders of vision, ability, and holy zeal who inaugurate the age to come. These leaders take their invigorating spirit elsewhere. Even before Bernard's miraculous success, saints had already established Camaldoli, the Chartreuse, Bec, Cîteaux, and Prémontré. The cycle will continue in the next century, when the friars' outbid the White and Black Monks² in the quest for talented leadership, and in the sixteenth century, when both the monks and friars lost out to the Jesuits.

Along with implementing stricter rules on food and dress, Saint Stephen reorganized the work day, laying more stress on manual labor, and eliminating the owner-



Saint Bernard of Clairvaux

ship of serfs. The order was divided into choir monks, who did some work in the fields and workshops, and lay-brothers, illiterates whose sole function was to work the land. Since the Cistercians settled only on wild, uncultivated land which had to be cleared, drained, and improved during a time of rapid population expansion, they greatly augmented the growth of Western Civilization in all aspects of life.

Despite severe hardships, many deaths, and a dearth of new members, Stephen and his few followers remained steadfast. The arrival of the charming, persuasive Bernard, however, caused the moribund community to grow at an unprecedented rate. Between 1113 and 1115, four new foundations were made which became the mother-houses of the new order. One of these, Clairvaux, was established by the twenty-five-year-old Bernard. The great saint, whose magnetism was irresistible, established 68 houses, which in turn



founded another 159. The abbots of the four original foundations formed a collegiate leadership, while each individual monastery had its own abbot and some autonomy. They profited, no doubt from the isolation of each individual monastery in the Benedictine system and the centralization of Cluny under one abbot.

Champion of the Church

Unlike many saints who spent their early years finding themselves, Bernard arrived at Citeaux with the decisive struggle over. He had utterly obliterated the strains of self-love and the exercise of self-will and replaced them with an intimate communication with God through prayer and contemplation which was his principal desire in life. But monasticism had ceased to be an end in itself and Bernard, because of his judgment and wisdom, was thrust upon the world scene. Often suffering from pain, fatigue, and illness, he was constantly called upon to resolve disputes involving even

bishops and kings. In his most far-reaching involvement, the ascetic monk came to the rescue of the papacy, which saved the Church from an enormous disaster.

With Pope Honorius on his deathbed, Peter Pierleoni, an unscrupulous, wealthy cardinal with powerful friends among the Roman factions, tried to gain the papacy through bribery. Upon the Pope's death, a materially weaker opposition, seeing the danger to the Church, outmaneuvered Pierleoni by changing the time and place of the election, which was irregular but not illicit, and elected Innocent II (1130-43). In a furious rage, the supporters of the outwitted cardinal elected him anti-pope under the name of Anacletus. The false pope stormed the basilicas of St. Peter and the Lateran and used the captured spoils to buy the support of the Roman mob. Innocent was forced to flee to France. The confused French Catholics turned to Bernard for guidance. After contrasting the brutality of Anacletus with the piety of Innocent, he

advised submission to the latter. England, with the personal intervention of Bernard, and Germany concurred. Eventually all of Christendom followed with the exception of the immoral tyrant of Sicily Roger II.

Bernard accompanied Innocent on a visit to the German King (eventually Emperor) Lothair II, in order to gain his military support against Anacletus and Roger. When Lothair demanded a return to the privilege of investing bishops as a price, Bernard boldly resisted the unjust stipulation. The schism dragged on for a few years more, but the damage, thanks to Bernard, was contained. A much longer and more involved schism was to break out in the fourteenth century and contribute greatly to the decline of the papacy and consequently the Church.

Bernard also had the foresight and energy to oppose the brilliant philosopher Peter Abelard, a forerunner of rationalism, and his pupil Arnold of Brescia, who anticipated the egalitarian demagogues that preceded the Protestant revolution. The great defender of the Church opposed another deteriorating tendency of the age that compromised the spiritual ideals of chivalry. He countered the romantic traveling singers sometimes known as the "Troubadours of Love" with a return to the crusading spirit of the religious military orders.

The crusader states

After the fall of Jerusalem, a large number of the crusaders returned to Europe, leaving the remainder in a precarious position. On the land they were completely surrounded by hostile Moslems, who viewed the militant Christians as sworn enemies of Islam. To the north and east, the territory of the Seljuk Turks had broken down into city-states but were loosely unified under the sultan in Baghdad. To the south and west, the Fatimid Egyptians had formed an empire with Cairo as its capital. Any unification of the Saracens and Turks under one strong, capable leader could prove to be disastrous, for they greatly outnumbered the Christian soldiers.

Godfrey of Bouillon was elected King of Jerusalem but refused the title and crown in a city where Christ had worn thorns. His brother Baldwin returned to the County of Edessa which he had carved out earlier. Bohemond, of course, had remained in

Antioch, but soon he went to Europe, unsuccessfully seeking after other ambitions. Just to the south of the Norman principality, the Provençals of the contentious Raymond of Toulouse prepared to attack the fortified city of Tripoli and form the county of that name. In theory, the last three vassal states recognized the King of Jerusalem as their suzerain, but the arrogant, grasping nature of most of the princes interfered with any complete cooperation. Only Godfrey made any attempt to practice virtue in his relations with others, but unfortunately he was dead within the year.

The nobles of Jerusalem chose Baldwin to replace his brother. His elevation to the throne brought an amazing transformation of a selfish landowner into a fighting crusader. Anything less than maximum courageous leadership would have brought down the crusader states. When the Rhineland prince assumed control with only 3,000 fighting men, his power did not extend more than 12 miles outside Jerusalem.

In order to secure his kingdom, Baldwin fought several pitched battles against enormous odds with the surrounding Mohammedans, losing some and winning most. Completely landlocked at the beginning with the exception of the harbor at Jaffa, the dedicated King achieved his greatest success in the capture of the fortified cities along the coast. Arsuf and Caesarea fell in 1101 with the help of a Genoese fleet. Another Genoese fleet aided in the capture of Acre in 1104. The Italian merchantmen received ample commercial concessions for their effort.

The most colorful assistance came from Norway and their King Sigurd, who had taken the Cross. Ten thousand Viking-crusaders in sixty ships followed their King around Spain, fighting many battles with the Moors, and into the eastern sea where they spotted a Moslem fleet blockading Acre. When the Saracens saw lines of dragon ships moving towards them with their long oars sparkling in the sun, they quickly raised the siege and fled. The Northmen then feasted with their grateful host and went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

After the Norwegians prayed at the Holy Sepulcher and said the Stations of the Cross, they asked Baldwin to name one city he most desired to conquer. He

named Sidon, the impregnable ancient citadel. From the sea the Northmen, using ropes and scaffolding, scaled the massive walls and with their fearsome axes cut through the Moslems. Sidon surrendered and the surviving defenders left with their lives and whatever they could carry. Laded with spoils and gratitude, the hearty Norwegians returned home. Along the coast only Ascalon and Tyre remained in Moslem hands when Baldwin died in 1118.

Religious military orders

The pool of available fighting men to supply the defenders of the Latin principalities was limited at the start and remained that way. As the years and decades passed, the only reliable source of trained military personnel came from the Knights of the Tem-

ple and the Knights of the Hospital of St. John (eventually known as the Knights of Malta). Moreover, the Orders combined the two great ideals that marked the twelfth century: the monastic practice of asceticism with a willingness to fight and suffer death for the Christian cause. They extended to the battlefield the desire of perfecting their daily lives in accordance with the teaching and suffering of Our Lord.

The recovery of the Holy Places in Jerusalem that were bathed by the blood of Christ brought waves of pilgrims who wanted to worship at the shrine of their Savior and in many cases perform an act of penance. The Moslems, who saw all Christians as implacable foes, ravaged the traveling groups at every opportunity. A handful of knights, all veterans of the crusade

Our Lady Seat of Wisdom

Just in time for May, the month of Mary, *Crusade Magazine* is offering a beautiful statue of Our Lady Seat of Wisdom. Cast in resin and marble dust, the statue has the appearance and weight of marble, without the cost.

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and filled with compassion for their distress, formed an association to provide safety for the roads and defend the pilgrims while at the same time living a life of prayer and self-denial. Baldwin II (1118-37), a cousin of the first, gave them a building on the site of the Temple of Solomon, thus their name Knights Templar.

In 1126 Hugh, Count of Champagne, who had given the land for Clairvaux, joined the order, which included Saint Bernard's uncle. Since the Templar's responsibilities easily outstripped the order's resources and manpower, they petitioned the influential saint to intercede on their behalf. No greater exponent could have been found. Bernard, born into a warrior family noted for its chivalric ideals, quickly saw the value of an organization that united the virtue of worship with warfare in a land subject to overwhelming enemy force. Through his efforts, the Templars were recognized by the Pope, received a rule similar to the Cistercians with some modification for battlefield conditions, and gathered an army of novice-recruits. They even wore the Cistercian white habit (in battle, a tunic over mailed armor) emblazoned with a red cross. They were composed of knights from the nobility, brother sergeants from the wealthy middle class, and priests.

The Moslems unify

The feudal monarchy, the idea of kingship, gave the crusading states the internal strength and unity to withstand the pressure of their surrounding enemies. The second Baldwin left three daughters, arrogant troublemakers for the most part, one of whom married Count Fulk of Anjou who ruled until 1143. In one of the interesting footnotes to history, his grandson through a previous wife became the notorious Henry II of England and one of the latter's sons returned to the holy land as the great crusader Richard the Lionheart.

During this time the dreaded fear of the Christians was realized: a great military leader arose and unified all the Moslems in the eastern Mediterranean. The Turks had little use for a permanent kingly office in the East, but they rallied to a powerful commander with courage and ability.



Knight Hospitaller

Three successive leaders gathered up the forces of Islam and nearly drove the Christians into the sea. The first of these, Zengi, overran the County of Edessa and permanently restored it and its largely Christian (although oriental) population to the world of Islam.

A shocked Europe mourned the loss. Once again Saint Bernard entered the public life of Christendom. He traveled throughout Europe and, working many miracles, aroused the countryside to organize another crusade. Two large armies under the French King Louis VII and the Emperor Conrad moved down the Balkans, passed through Constantinople, but were cut to pieces in Asia Minor. The few who reached Palestine accomplished nothing.

The causes that contributed to the debacle were numerous. Because of the hostility between the Germans and the French, each army traveled separately with no communication between them. In both cases the Byzantine settlements along the way refused to supply food or charged exorbitant prices for it. After their Greek guides abandoned them, the badly-led Germans were slaughtered in the mountain passes of central Anatolia.

With the help of the Templars, who set the marching order and protected the flanks, the French made it through the mountains to the seacoast town of Attalia.

There Louis abandoned the bulk of the army, boarded the nobles and his provocative wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, along with her frivolous ladies, and set sail for Antioch. Few of the forsaken troops survived after suffering from famine, unsanitary camp conditions, and Turkish guerrilla attacks. Of those who did, most were sold into slavery. The suffering that this caused Saint Bernard cannot be imagined. To his grave he carried the cruel and unjust accusation that he had sent thousands of men to their death.

Hospitallers

After the Latin capture of Jerusalem, the increasing influx of pilgrims required some charitable institution to meet their medical and lodging needs. With the utmost dedication, Blessed Gerard of Martignes transformed a small infirmary into a hos-

pital and guest house that accommodated over a thousand visitors a year. The monks followed the rule of Saint Augustine and took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, as did the Templars. They also recited the canonical hours. Because of their selfless devotion, donations of property and funds came in from all over Europe and the Holy Land, enabling the Hospitallers to establish houses in those areas. In 1113 Pope Pascal II recognized the Hospitallers as an independent Order of the Church answerable only to him.

From the care of sick pilgrims, the Hospitallers gradually extended their duties to the guarding of the pilgrim routes, which resulted in the growth of a warrior class. The need of disciplined, reliable soldiers to defend the Holy Land from the infidels encouraged the nursing monks to take up swords and become soldiers of Christ. During the last quarter of the twelfth century, when the Moslems tightened the noose around the Christian Kingdom, most of the fortified castles and strongholds on the frontier were entrusted to the military orders because the secular nobles simply lacked the resources to defend them adequately.

Saladin

Zengi's son Nureddin (Nur-ed-Din) continued his father's conquests by consolidating all the Moslem lands from Egypt to Iraq. The

final campaign in Egypt was conducted by a forceful young Kurd in Nureddin's service, Salah-ed-Din, known in the West as Saladin.

Within two months in 1174, the leaders of both mortal belligerents died, which drastically changed the future course of the religious war. In May, Nureddin died, leaving Saladin as the dominant personality. Two months later King Amalric of Jerusalem succumbed to disease and was replaced by one of the most remarkable yet tragic crusaders of that heroic century. When Baldwin IV ascended the throne at the age of thirteen, he had already been diagnosed with leprosy, not the putrefying, loathsome disease with which we are familiar, but one where the limbs and tissues thicken and go dead.

Three years later, Saladin marched into the Holy Land from Egypt with an army of 26,000 Saracen horsemen. He left Baldwin and 500 knights bottled up in Ascalon, surrounded by a small force and pushed north to Jerusalem, which was largely undefended. Baldwin broke through the cordon and rode north at full speed. At a place called Montgisard he caught up with the unsuspecting Moslems. The resolute King with bandaged hands led a crushing charge that overpowered the surprised infidels. Saladin barely escaped into the desert on a racing camel. The Christians were slowly going down to defeat, but an occasional selfless hero like Baldwin salvaged at least some honor and dignity. When his strength failed and he could no longer sit on a horse, the suffering youth had himself carried into battle on a litter.

Saladin went on to one success after another. After Baldwin, paralyzed and blind, died in 1185, the Franks became mired down in palace intrigue and ineptitude. In 1187, in an incredibly stupid maneuver, the Franks allowed themselves to be trapped on a waterless plateau in the heat of the summer beneath the Horns of Hattin and were completely destroyed. With no army to oppose him, Saladin captured town after town, including Jerusalem itself, until he was in complete control of the Holy Land with the exception of the port city of Tyre and the walled capitals of Antioch and Tripoli.

Richard the Lionheart

The loss of Jerusalem triggered a reaction of religious fervor throughout Christen-

dom. Emperor Frederick Barbarosa organized an expedition but died before he left Asia Minor, which ended that enterprise. The English and French Kings, Richard I and Philip Augustus, patched up their interminable quarrels (Richard had inherited several duchies in Western France) and sailed to the Holy Land with large crusading armies. Despite their thinly controlled hostility toward each other, they cooperated in capturing Acre, which had been unsuccessfully besieged for several months. Saladin harassed the besiegers but refused to commit his troops to a decisive battle. Philip, quickly tiring of both the effort and Richard, sailed back to Europe with half his troops.

The Lionheart was one of those prodigious commanders who change the direction of battles by their mere presence. Instead of a direct march on Jerusalem, Richard decided to move a field army, largely foot soldiers, south to Jaffa, its seaport, in the middle of August 1191. The vigorous commander, leading a tight formation, gave strict orders to ignore all provocation. Saladin's cavalry, outnumbering the Christians by at least three to one, rode in a parallel course while continually harassing the rear and flanks. Day after day in the summer heat with the Templars in the van and the Hospitallers protecting the rear, the beleaguered Christians marched doggedly on.

By early September, Saladin realized that his only hope of stopping them was to commit all troops in a general assault. Near the town of Arsuf, the Moslems attacked Richard's column in force. The Christian's stood their ground and repelled attack after

attack. Finally the master of the Knights Hospitallers, after losing too many horses, charged his tormentors. Richard increased the momentum by ordering a general advance. The crushing power of the Christian knights in close combat proved to be too much. The Mohammedans were routed.

Saladin, despite his superior numbers, went on the defensive and never again won a major battle. Richard's indomitable battle skills won several minor skirmishes, but Jerusalem remained unconquered. His enemies in Europe forced the valiant crusader to return home prematurely to protect his own land from encroachment. By treaty Saladin allowed the Christians to keep their coastal territory and have access to the Holy City. The noble sultan who kept his word died shortly thereafter in 1193. ■

Notes

1. The Friars included the Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites and Augustinians. These are also known as the Mendicant orders.

2. White and black monks refer to the Cistercians and Benedictines respectively.

Bibliographical note

Most of the titles listed in chapter 23 are applicable here. See also Bruno S. James, *Saint Bernard of Clairvaux*, (New York, 1957); Ailbe J. Luddy, *Life and Teaching of St. Bernard*, (Dublin, 1927); Stephen Howarth, *The Knights Templar* (N.Y., 1982), a robust, exciting work that delights in recounting all the nasty details, and Jonathan Riley-Smith, *The Knights of St. John in Jerusalem* (N.Y., 1967), the opposite, scholarly and dry.

Krak de Chavalier, frontier fortress of the Knights Hospitallers in Syria





RAISING
OUR
CHILDREN

Innocence Versus the Culture of Monsters

BY MICHELLE TAYLOR

When we speak of innocence, we often think of naïveté. But true innocence is quite different than mere obliviousness to evil. Indeed, true innocence actually implies being exceptionally clear-sighted.

An innocent child is clear-sighted because he has not yet been conditioned by his environment. Having just left the Maker's hands, the child has a perception of reality that is much closer to the Creator's perception of reality than that of most adults. That is, the child has an innate sense of God and everything that is God-like. According to Saint Thomas Aquinas, God is Truth, Good, and Beauty. On a first impulse, the

child's soul tends toward God and everything that reflects Him, that is, everything that is true, good, and beautiful.

In fact, the child is most attracted to beautiful things. Presented with two objects, one bright and red and the other dull and black, the child will unhesitatingly reach for the red. Everything that shimmers and sparkles enchants a child. On the other hand, every child fears the dark and seeks the light.

Innocence, then, could be defined as an initial, instinctive turning towards God and all that is God-like. It is the continuous tendency toward all that reflects God, with a special ease towards all that is beautiful and marvelous and wonderful.

Because of this, innocence, far from being naïve is, as we said above, eminently clear-sighted. It possesses the sense of contradiction to a fine degree. The sense of contradiction, founded and drawing on that innate sense of truth, good, and beauty, enables the person to reject error, evil, and ugliness as being opposed to God and godliness.

Going against innocence

It used to be that, in deference to innocence, toys, stories and movies for children reflected the three attributes of truth, good and, especially, beauty with everything marvelous and wonderful. Of course, stories also portrayed ugly characters, but these were always synonymous with evil, bad, and cunning.

Some drastic changes have occurred in this regard. Not only has the market in the past twenty years or so been flooded with horrid monsters, but monsters are now "good and cute," something to be petted and played with.

A few weeks before this past Christmas, a relative of mine, a mother of two children, invited me to accompany them to see the newly released movie, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. The mother was excitedly looking forward to what she thought would be an innocent and amusing film for her children. We all emerged very disappointed.

A boy looks at a poster of "the Grinch" from *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, a feature film of last year's Christmas season.



Based on Dr. Seuss's cartoons for children, the Grinch is a green monster that, because of his monstrosity, is shunned by the town of Whoville. He retires to a cave in a mountain where he lives amidst the garbage collected from the town.

The Grinch is green, with an animal-like face, yellow eyes, and a huge potbelly. He lives consumed by resentment because of his rejection by the town. He is loud, obnoxious, mean, vulgar, and dirty. At one point in the film, in an apex of bad taste, the Grinch's mouth appears as wide as the screen, treating viewers to the sight of maggots and insects crawling in and out of his yellowed teeth.

Eventually the Grinch has a change of heart and becomes a "loving" creature. All fine and good, except he is still just as horrid, monstrous, ugly, green, yellow-eyed, pot-bellied, loud, vulgar, and dirty as before, making no attempt to adopt better manners or hygiene.

What are we being given to offer our children? What happened to the sense of aesthetics, good order, cleanliness, and good manners that conscientious parents strive to instill in their offspring?

Notice that this new "monstrous" trend presents to our children horrid creatures that, nevertheless, have the "best" of hearts and intentions. Such also was "ET." At times, even if they are not so good-hearted or well-intentioned, they are still looked upon as "cute," as were the "Gremlins." A whole other host of distorted figures from the sewers or the underground have replaced the traditional toy soldiers, horses, bunny rabbits, teddy bears, airplanes, dolls, fairies, enchanted castles, and such.

In past times, stories for children included the "bad and ugly" element insofar as it taught lessons for life in an attempt to prepare children for life's realities. Yet, the ugly was always bad, and the bad was always ugly. Thus, these stories always upheld the child's instinctive pairing of beauty with good and ugly with evil.

In *Beauty and the Beast*, for example, the Beast remains ugly and monstrous until he has a true change of heart. At that point he regains his original handsomeness and appears before the girl as the charming prince he truly was.

When *E.T.* was first shown, a friend of mine went to see it. He described to me a pitiful scene in the theater. Two parents had brought their six-year-old to watch the great sensation of the day. During the entire film the terrified child begged his parents to take him home, pleading, "Daddy, Mommy, he's ugly! He's ugly!" Yet the parents refused, countering his pleas with, "No, he's good! He's cute!" But the child



A/P Wide World Photo

never accepted this, for "ET" was indeed ugly.

This past Christmas it was my turn to witness a pitiful scene. I was at a bookstore, waiting in line to pay for my selected book. In front of me was a young mother with her seven-year-old son. She had bought him a big book with the Grinch's face filling the cover. Before that, I had shown my husband (who had not seen the movie) that same picture and he, a strong man, had turned his eyes away after only a moment's glance, saying, "Those eyes are positively malignant. What a devilish thing!" Yet that young boy clasped that book as if this new monster in the market was his best friend.

The first child still had his innate sense of beauty versus good. The second had already lost it.

The question to be asked is who profits by erasing from children that sense of beauty versus ugliness, robbing them of that thirst for the beautiful, the marvelous, and the wonderful that is, deep down, a thirst for God, Who is infinite beauty.

We must realize that this onslaught against beauty and the marvelous is truly malignant. If films, television, toys, and books can so confuse our children's sense of contradiction, they will one day look at God and then at the Devil and think them the same. Since all of us, because of original sin, have, along with much good, an inborn propensity toward evil, the danger is that our children will follow the devil, for it is easier to go downward after him than upward toward God.

Like every other virtue, the sense of beauty and the sense of the marvelous must be protected and cultivated along with the sense of good and truth. Parents who are concerned about preserving their children's innocence often worry about avoiding vulgar or curse words, immodest movies, or the magazine stands at supermarkets. Yet how often they introduce their children to an array of monsters that are after another vital aspect of their innocence, their sense of the marvelous, their sense of aesthetics, their sense of beauty — ultimately, their sense of God. ■

Actress Drew Barrymore
kisses E.T. in a scene
from the 1982 movie
*E.T.: The Extra
Terrestrial*.



FAMILY
SERIES

The Legend of the Locket

BY FR. FRANCIS J. FINN, S.J.

I was in my first sleep when the sound of the doorbell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and, after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and the moon without threw its pale light over the wan spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate-looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiance about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature. These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me.

"Father, can you come with me at once? My mother is dying, and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer.

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catherine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick about a few hours ago."



"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping, for the child beside me moved with so light and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snowflakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confident clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked!

More like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, sorrow, trouble and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket fashioned in an oval shape.

She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.

"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father. Now look."

How this child contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend:

**"Cease! the Heart of
Jesus is with me."**

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father." And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appre-



ciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve—oh, so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door, which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love such as I have rarely seen, received the Last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed, as the time passed on, that her eyes frequently turned toward a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked.

She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress?" I said.

She whispered, and there was love in her tones: "My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued. "She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed; she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a

golden, oval locket fastened to the bosom of the child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips, and say:

**'Cease! the Heart of
Jesus is with me.'**

"She died a year ago."

Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling: 'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.'"

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

She and Edith were again united. ■

From Fr. Finn's *Mostly Boys* (New York: 1896





COMMENTARY

Miracle at Rue de Bac

BY FELIPE BARANDIARAN

In 1832, the ravaging finger of cholera hit every home and house in the great city of Paris.

This terrible epidemic, a disease without cure, struck hundreds and beleaguered many more. And yet, an exceptional phenomenon was noticed. Those who devoutly wore a certain small medal around their neck were spared or relieved from the epidemic. Symptoms of the plague were observed to leave the victims and withdraw into the gutters of Paris.

What medal, what power, was this that through the course of time triumphed over such devastating odds? The answer lies among the winding streets of Paris, specifically at the bolted doors of a small sanctuary known as the Rue de Bac. It is here, at the convent of the Sisters of Charity, that so many miracles unfold by means of small object: the Miraculous Medal.

The making of the Miraculous Medal came about through a humble sister, then a

novice, whose body now lies beneath the stately main altar, incorrupt and untouched by time. She is none other than Saint Catherine Labouré. At the side of the altar is the chair that the Blessed Virgin herself occupied when telling the awestruck novice of her wishes for the making of this medal. Through the thousands of favors, cures, and conversions this medal has obtained, it quickly acquired its popular name.

And so it was that on my visit to the Rue de Bac I found myself graciously received by the Mother Superior, who allowed me to photograph evidence of the many prodigies that have occurred through the Miraculous medal. The kind sister who was assigned to accompany me through the convent told me of a recent miracle that cannot be left unrepeat. When telling it, she lowered her voice as if releasing a state secret; she was apprehensive since the Church had not yet officially accredited this latest phenomenon.

It all began when a Brazilian couple visited the Rue de Bac. They came to ask Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal to cure their five-year-old girl, who was paralyzed from her waist down. The parents fervently prayed for a cure and, at a certain point, the mother encouraged her child to approach and touch the chair where the Blessed Virgin had sat. Without explanation, the child shook her head and simply



Statue representing Saint Catherine Labouré speaking with Our Lady, Rue de Bac, Paris

refused to do so. The parents were naturally perplexed. After some time, they left and made their way back to Brazil. On the airplane, the mother questioned her daughter as to why she had refused to approach the chair. To both parents' bewilderment, the child responded in a matter of fact voice. "Because," she said, "the lady told me not to."

Still puzzled, the parents said nothing further about the matter. Upon arriving in Brazil, however, the little girl stood up on her own and proceeded to leave the airplane. She was cured!

I was amazed, not to say a little skeptical. The sister, calm and serene at my slight incredulity, merely smiled and said, "My son, every day we receive letters attesting new miracles that have been granted to many. If we were to put each incident on a small plaque and place these on the wall, I don't think we would have enough walls. "Furthermore," she went on, "since each case is thoroughly screened by the Church before it is approved as an authentic miracle, we catalogue them in our library in alphabetical archives because there are so many."

I would have liked to describe in greater detail these miracles, but it is not easy. Nevertheless, they serve to show that whoever prays devoutly and confidently to the Blessed Virgin will never go unheard or unanswered. ■



The chair used by Our Lady in 1830 to talk to Saint Catherine



Revolution and Counter-Revolution

BY PLINIO CORRÊA DE OLIVEIRA

Why you should read *Revolution and Counter- Revolution...*

If anything characterizes our times, it is a sense of encroaching chaos. In every field of human endeavor, the windstorms of change are fast altering the way we live.

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*"If the
Revolution is
disorder, the
Counter-
Revolution is
the restoration
of order."*

— Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira



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Only in England?



It was a cool, crisp morning as I drove down a Pennsylvania back road on the way to my first fox hunt. The sky was clear and blue, and the bright sunshine illuminating the frost-covered field brought an agreeable white freshness to the landscape.

The sights along the way were what one would expect in rural America: small town gas stations, a local post office, and a sign for the local taxidermist. I knew I must be close to my destination, the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, the oldest such club in America, having been founded in 1859. There I met my host, Joseph Murtagh, the master of the hounds,

known to the other fox hunters as Jody. His tie-pin immediately caught my attention; its golden fox matched the weathervane atop his barn.

My initial impression was that Jody is typically American, very candid and straightforward. “You can ride along in the truck if you wish to follow the hunt,” he said, “and

anytime you care to leave, they would bring you back.” After he mounted his horse to leave, I noticed a subtle change: Joseph Murtagh became rather more distinguished, his deportment more elevated, his manners more refined.

What happened, I asked myself, in that moment between the ground and the saddle? He sat astride his shiny black thoroughbred like anyone about to go for a ride, but there was something different. Was it the scarlet jacket we Americans so often link to a fox hunt, or the snowy white breeches? It could have been his shiny black riding boots or the English hunting horn stuck into his polished brown saddle. He seemed to me the epitome of an English gentleman as the excited hounds were released and bounded all around him. But it was only as the group of hunters trotted off with the clip-clop of hoofs on the frozen ground that I realized what had changed in Jody Murtagh. While in the saddle he becomes part of a tradition that dates back centuries. More specifically, he is the bearer of that same tradition here in America, since he happens to be the fourth generation master of the hounds for the oldest club in America.

Continued on page 10

