



*Symbol of the
real presence of God*

Wherever it shines before the tabernacle . . . in tiny mission chapel or vast cathedral . . . the Sanctuary Light is a universal sign of the real presence of the Eucharistic Christ . . . a symbol that speaks in every language, saying: "Come, let us kneel before the Lord that made us."



Will & Baumer

CANDLE CO., INC., Syracuse, N. Y.
The Pioneer Church Candle Manufacturers of America

BOSTON
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
MONTREAL
LOS ANGELES

Will & Baumer provides Sanctuary Lights of varying kinds—Lax Domes, or Mission brand—each designed to comply with ecclesiastical customs and codes, and adapted to most Sanctuary Lamps. For those who feel that they should give to God, not the good, but better, but the best . . . ask your Will & Baumer representative to show you the complete Sanctuary Lights. A selection of Sanctuary Lamps is also available.



the CORD

A FRANCISCAN SPIRITUAL REVIEW

VOL. X, NO. [REDACTED]

A Commentary on the Psalms:

Father Jerome A. Kelly, O.F.M

Anybody reading the Psalter attentively will soon notice something fairly obvious, that many Psalms, as well as being written by Jews, are written also *for* Jews and *about* Jews. So true is this that the significance of some Psalms is missed unless one knows something about the historical events which occasioned them. This is eminently the case with Psalm 23. The Psalm seems to be a processional, one to be chanted by alternating choirs, and one for the appreciation of which we have to be acquainted with the event for which it was composed and which it still commemorates.

After the death of King Saul a fierce struggle ensued between his adherents and the supporters of David. It ended only when "all the tribes of Israel rallied to David at Hebron . . . and they anointed him king" (II Kings 5:1-5). One of his first regal acts was to change the site of his capital. He abandoned the village of Hebron and advanced against Jerusalem, the stronghold of the Jebusites, high up in the mountains of central Palestine. Capturing the city, David slew or exiled all its inhabitants and proceeded to make the city worthy of royal residence. Ultimately, because he was a truly

zealous man, he determined to make Jerusalem not only the political but also the religious center of the nation. To this end he decided to fetch there the Ark of the Covenant.

This Ark was a wooden chest nearly four feet in length and a little more than two feet in width and depth, covered inside and outside with gold. It contained the two stone tablets on which were inscribed the Commandments given by God to Moses. Because these were souvenirs, too, of the sacred covenant of Sinai, it was known as the Ark of the Covenant. It had a cover of pure gold, at either end of which was a cherub of beaten gold, whose wings were stretched inward over the Ark. Here God was considered to dwell, enthroned upon the cherubim (IV Kings 19:15); and because he here "manifested himself to his people, received their prayers, and led them in their expeditions," the Ark was also called the Ark of God.

At the time of which I speak, the Ark had reposed for some twenty years at Cariathiarim, an otherwise insignificant settlement about eight miles to the north and west of Jerusalem. David and the men of Israel repaired to this

spot and, to carry the Ark away from the house of Abinadab, they placed it on a newly-made wagon, naming Oza and Oza's brother to drive it. The procession got under way to the sound of songs accompanied by the "harp and zither and tambour and cymbals and trumpets." They had reached the threshing-floor of Chidon, when one of the oxen, frisking as it went, tilted the Ark a little to one side, whereupon Oza put out his hand to steady it. This rashness of his in touching the Ark provoked the Lord's anger; there, in the divine presence, the Lord smote him, and he fell dead" (I Paralipomenon 13:8-10). David was stunned and grief-stricken. Rather than incur the further wrath of God, he ordered the wagon to be turned aside and the Ark lodged with Obedom the Gethite.

It helps to remember that during the time of the Judges and later on during the reign of King Saul so little attention had been paid to the Ark that the Israelites had perhaps lost sight of its sacred character. The incomparable holiness of God and his unapproachable majesty had come to be taken somewhat for granted. Thus by punishing so sternly the slightest disregard or seeming familiarity, God was driving home again and more deeply his unique greatness. Oza had, even if unconsciously, violated the divine prohibition that nobody except the priests touch the Ark. David,

too, had slighted God's injunction that the Ark should be carried only by Levites, who were to bear it aloft on poles resting on their shoulders, not on any oxen-drawn cart tended by even the most pious and willing common people.

After three months, when the many blessings enjoyed by Obedom and his family made it clear that God's anger had abated, David decided to complete the transfer. This time he assembled Aaron's descendants and the Levites and spoke thus to their chiefs: "Look well to it that you and your brethren are purified of all defilement before you bring the Ark of the Lord God of Israel to the site prepared for it." And he confessed his mistake: "Earlier, when you were not there, we brought on ourselves the Lord's chastisement; there must be no such happening now; for want of due order taken." And David also urged the Levitic chiefs to "appoint some of their brethren to be singers, chanting there with instruments of music, . . . till heaven rang with the echo of their rejoicing." So with great jubilation the King and all the Israelites went to Obedom's house and conducted the Ark home to Jerusalem, "keeping high festival," as one holy writer puts it, "to the sound of horn and trumpet, and cymbals and zither and harp" (I Paralipomenon 15:12, 13, 16, 28).

To understand Psalm 23, to appreciate it, rather, you must

hear the echoes in it of the exultant voices of the Israelites as they breast that long, last incline that leads to the open space before the gates of old Jerusalem:

*The Lord's are the earth and its fullness;
the world and those who dwell
in it.*

There is a significance in their song that we can not miss: that Yaweh has settled on Jerusalem to be his dwelling does not put him on a par with the tribal deities supposed to inhabit the chief cities of the Amalekites and the Ammonites and the Moabites and the Philistines! Yaweh's sovereignty is not limited to a city or to a nation; he is Lord and God and Maker of the world:

*For he founded it upon the seas
and established it upon the
rivers.*

The song is sung by alternating choirs, such as we are used to on Candlemas. One choir asks the question:

*Who can ascend the mountain of
the Lord?
or who may stand in his holy
place?*

The other choir chants the answer:

*He whose hands are sinless, whose
heart is clean,
who desires not what is vain,
nor swears deceitfully to his
neighbor.*

*He shall receive a blessing from
the Lord,
a reward from God his savior.*

The lesson of Oza's death, you see, has been learned: the holiness of God is as great as his majesty, therefore they must be holy who come into his presence. In touching humility Israel proclaims his desire to come into that presence: *Such is the race that seeks for him,*

*that seeks the face of the God
of Jacob.*

The triumphant procession halts before the ancient gates of Jerusalem, closed and barred and bearing the scars of David's victorious assault against the Jebusites, whose citadel this used to be. Today, ranged along the age-old walls that gird the city, shines rank after rank of Israelites, awaiting this arrival of their brethren with the most holy treasure of their race, "the Ark which takes its name from the cherubim" (I Paralipomenon 13:6). This is so solemn, so dramatic a moment that all they who witness it will describe it to their children, and they in turn to theirs, and they again to theirs, using the very words that rang out over Mount Zion on that days of days.

Chononias, chief of the Levites and master of the choir, gives the expected signal. The voice of the multitude around the Ark shatters the silence and rises above the music of their instruments:

*Lift up, O gates, your lintels,
reach up, you ancient portals,
that the king of glory may come
in!*

Down from the eager walls in a golden shower of melody comes the chanted question, hundreds of singers voicing it in unison:

Who is the king of glory?

Back to them thunders the triumphant answer:

The Lord, strong and mighty,

The Lord, mighty in battle.

Once more rings out the challenge:

Lift up, O Gates, your lintels,

reach up, you ancient portals,

that the king of glory may come in!

And they upon the walls, knowing well but wanting to hear once again the glorious answer to their question, sing out once more:

Who is the king of glory?

And even they themselves join in the exultant answer:

The Lord of hosts; he is the king of glory.

While the echoes of that sublime profession still resound, the bars are lifted, the huge gates swing wide, and the Ark of the Covenant, the Ark of God, is carried to its resting place within the walls of David's city.

Certainly the lintels of her gates, her ancient portals, were lifted up for Jerusalem on that far off day of glory. In one sense, of course, because Jerusalem, so long the haunt of evil men, so long defiled by idolatrous worship, was lifted to eminence and honor and made the earthly dwelling of the "King of Glory." But the words ring true in a deeper sense because every doorway, however high, is

too low, every gate, however majestic, too humble, so must they be lifted up for the coming in of the "Lord of Hosts."

I might point out that the title given to God as he takes possession of Jerusalem—the "Lord of Hosts," *Yaveh Tsebaoth*, the Lord of Armies—is used here for the first time in the Psalter, and most effectively, too. We are reminded by it that the Lord is, in fact, "the God of the armies of Israel" (I Kings 17:45), whose hosts he leads in battle and upon which he bestows victories beyond imagining. But he is, at the same time, the Lord of the angelic armies (I Kings 22:19) and numberless hosts that minister to him in heaven and do his bidding (Psalm 102:21). Very deftly this title suggests, then, that God triumphantly enters this city of his choice as the acknowledged Sovereign of the Universe.

Even after one has thus reconstructed the chronological framework for Psalm 23, the poem seems to have slight relevance to the present, seems to be capable of evoking in a reader little more than an antiquarian interest. The majesty of God and the need for holiness in those who approach him are lessons one can learn from other Psalms not so heavily encrusted with historical data. This Psalm, like every historical Psalm, really provokes a question: how can we be interested in or moved by a poem that glorifies

circumstances so much and so completely now things of the past?

Well, how is it that the *Declaration of Independence*, or the *Concord Hymn*, or *The Star-Spangled Banner*, or the *Gettysburg Address*, how is it that these relics of the past are treasures no American wants to forget? Why do we thrill to the meaning or the music of their time-worn words? Why? Because they are not mere monuments of a dead past; they are reminders, coming alive every time we speak or sing them, that those who fought in days gone by and died for freedom and we today who live and cherish the blessing of freedom are one! Because these men were, we are! What they were, we are! We and they, across the centuries, are one, single, free, and united people.

So it is with the Psalms. They are eternal reminders that Israel and we are one, single, free, and united people of God. That fact is confirmed by the Holy Spirit, speaking to us through the words of Saint Paul to the Galatians: "Remember how Abraham put his faith in God, and it was reckoned virtue in him. You must recognize, then, that Abraham's real children are the children of his faith. There is a passage in Scripture which, long beforehand, brings to Abraham the good news, Through thee all the nations shall be blessed; and that passage looks forward to God's justification of the Gentiles

by faith. It is those, then, that take their stand on faith that share the blessing Abraham's faithfulness won" (Galatians 3:6-9). Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Joseph, Moses and Aaron, Samuel, David and Solomon, these are our spiritual forefathers. Because these men were, we are! What they were, we are: God's own Chosen People.

Saint Paul, in another place, reveals even deeper, more mysterious levels of this spiritual kinship. "We were needed," he points out, "We were needed, to make the history of their lives complete" (Hebrews 11:40). Why this is so, he tells us plainly. Speaking of the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt he says something that may well be applied to every episode of their history. "It is we that were foreshadowed in these events . . . When all this happened to them, it was a symbol; the record of it was written as a warning to us, in whom history has reached its fulfillment" (I Corinthians 10:6, 11).

Words such as these, uttered under divine inspiration, offer a key to the meaning of other parts of Holy Scripture. Persons described and events recorded in the Old Testament prefigure and foreshadow those of the New; while, on the other hand, persons and events we hear about in the New Testament fulfill the types and symbols of the Old Testament. This relationship between the two

Testaments, this relationship of forecast and fulfillment, is grounds for saying that portions of Holy Scripture have a spiritual as well as a literal sense. The literal sense is that which the actual words themselves directly convey; the spiritual sense is that suggested more or less obscurely by means of the things that are signified by the words.

Suppose I illustrate this with reference to Psalm 23. The literal sense of the Psalm, the one conveyed by the words themselves, is that David and the Israelites carried the Ark of God in solemn liturgical procession into the city of Jerusalem. Now what about a spiritual sense? Or, in other words, what might that happening itself be said to foreshadow or symbolize? Well, Saint Paul speaks of Christians coming to "Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem" (Hebrews 12:22); and if that be true, then Psalm 23 can be a reminder that we are on the march. The Psalm becomes more than a record of an event that is past; it is a challenge to take part in something happening right now, here, in the present.

It is a challenge to revive our our faith in God and to adore him utterly. He is our Creator, the Almighty Lord of "the earth and its fullness, the world and those who dwell in it." It is not only a challenge, it is an opportunity to pay him the tribute of worship which he deserves and in words

which his own Spirit composed.

It is a challenge to show our love for him in a practical way by coming to him with "hands" that "are sinless" and a "heart" that "is clean." And nobody can profess such true and sincere love unless he can look deep into his soul and discover there, honestly and without dissimulation, that he "desires not what is vain, nor swears deceitfully to his neighbor." It is not only a challenge, it is a test to see whether we are fulfilling the divine injunction to "love one another" (John 15:17).

It is a challenge to deepen our hope and our confidence that God will strengthen us and support us and send us the help we need to persevere on the road that we have entered. It is not only a challenge, it is an encouragement to go on in the conviction that the "blessing" and the "reward" that will come to us will be our eternal inclusion in the "race that seeks for him, that seeks the face of the God of Jacob."

These are sentiments that we must surely work up in our souls while we chant this Psalm. They are the sentiments of those who are marching the uphill road to "Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem" (Hebrews 12:22). We commence the Office, and each of us is conscious of personal needs, personal problems, worries, disappointments; each of us has distractions and temptations that

are exclusively his own, invitations to discouragement and the admission of defeat. But if we chant this Psalm as we are expected to do by the Holy Spirit of God himself, who is its author, then we realize that we are *not* alone with these difficulties that beset us.

If we enter into the spirit of the Psalm, we discover the truth: we are in the ranks of God's Chosen People. To right and left of us, before us and behind us, all about us to the very ends of the earth stretch the lines of those who march with us. Their strength is ours to draw on. Their courage is ours to lean on. Their faith and hope and love are ours to share. Their holiness is ours to use. And they need us every bit as much as we need them. Therefore must we be attentive and devout, ardent, courageous and firm in faith, patient and brave, holy. We must give to them as well as receive

from them because we are, we and they, we are—especially in prayer—the one, single, free and united people of God.

Their voices ring in unison with ours; their hearts keep time to the very words we sing. And as we sing we are consoled, we are strengthened, given new life, because the realization comes home to us that we *shall* enter those "ancient portals" we have not even sighted yet. Why? Because for him who heads our march, "the King of Glory," the gates have already lifted up their lintels, "the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle," and he has entered in, "the Lord of Hosts," where we shall follow, even Jesus Christ, "who has taken his seat in heaven, on the right hand of that throne where God sits in majesty" (Hebrews 8:1).

Father Regis Marshall, O.F.M.

Our God is a silent God. Even a cursory reading of the Gospels reveals that silence had an especial attraction for Christ. At His birth, throughout His life, and on Calvary, silence was a constant companion. It was through a Woman, wrapped in silence, that the inaudible Word was made Flesh. The star of Bethlehem gave silent testimony to His birth on that most silent of nights. Silence pervaded the stable. How could it be otherwise for Him Who is the Prince of Peace? Because of silence Christ drew less attention than John the Baptist. He avoided the noise of the crowd and market place. Periodically the Master withdrew from the business of the world to his solitary retreats. He often sought refuge in the quiet folds of the mountains or the subdued nakedness of the desert. During His discourses He preferred to hide His meaning in parables. On more than one occasion Christ, after performing a miracle, begged of His beneficiaries silence. Led to the slaughter as a lamb He opened not His mouth. Misunderstood as no man has ever been misunderstood, unjustly accused, humiliated beyond reason, Christ remained silent. "Whom when He was reviled, did not revile; when He suffered, He threatened not." (I Peter 2:23) Today in the face of a like treatment when His Bride the Church is overtly calumniated, secretly persecuted, Christ in the Holy Eucharist, although Omnipotent, still prefers to remain silent. Yes, ours is a silent God. He remains the God of silence for He is at the same time the God of love, a God Who would not bruise the reed; Who would draw without compelling; Who would save that which was lost. He is still the "Hound of Heaven" Who in this wood of life would tread ever so softly as though to lure us to Heaven.

Christ loved and practised silence because it was for Him the right atmosphere for prayer. It was the prerequisite for communing with His Heavenly Father. "But, when thou prayest, go into thy room, and closing thy door, pray to thy Father in secret; and thy Father, who sees in secret, will reward thee." (Matt. 6:6) The silence of Christ was that silence that engendered thought. It was a silence fashioned for meditation, that inwardness from which all good external acts proceed. It was a silence that made Him approachable and accessible, that suffered the little children to come to Him, that bade others to learn of His meekness and humility. A silent glance from Christ became for Peter the turning point of no return in his Apostolic career.

Silence practised for its own sake is sterile, barren, fruitless. Such a silence would have made of the dumb Zachary an imbecile. Silence practised for its own sake is a return to the abyss of nothingness. But as Carlyle says, "silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together". All great philosophies were nurtured in the atmosphere of silence. So also was the one, true, divine faith. When standing before the Sanhedrin Christ did not resort to silence as a sort of modified Fifth Amendment. As He once said He could have had legions to support Him. Instead He was using silence to teach love. As the magnetic poles silently draw, the Master was quietly drawing souls to Himself. If some of the mob on the Hill of the Skull were striking their breasts moments after Christ died, the loving silence that was the demeanor of Christ during His last hours was also striking home. And who will contest the fact that the silence of our Blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross did but make her more lovable?

To the current mind silence is a mystery. It is an atmosphere in which are found degrees of uneasiness. The absence of distraction for the worldling becomes a nervous vacuum. By alienating self from self modern man has become somewhat like a stranger in his own home town. Ceasing to know the real self he can no longer define himself in terms of ultimate ends and where the ultimates are watered down so are his values. Oblivious of those wonderful familiarities that one can have with self and God in silence he wanders through life with a sick and rudderless existence. If he closes the door on himself in an attempted meditation he suffers from spiritual claustrophobia. Instead he prefers a revolving door type of life where his inner life must always be open and accessible to all the allurements of this world. Hence the life of the spirit is decimated and a negative outlook on life sets in, allied with shallow thinking and restless agitation. He becomes a Humpty Dumpty after the fall, fragmented, disordered, a scatter-brain. If it is true that harmony can be restored to a religious community by the faithful practise of silence then is this not also the antidote for a troubled and disturbed world?

We are all aware of the corporate silence that precedes the playing of our National Anthem or the collective silence prior to the first notes of an overture. Silence has a wonderful unifying effect. The restless memory is quieted. The nomadic imagination is tamed. Man is in control again.

On Calvary Christ at a mere glance could have called down thunderbolts and shaken the shoulders of this earth. Instead His lips moved silently in a prayer of forgiveness. So also, in prudent silence is our strength. It is in silence we best converse with God our Refuge and

our Strength. Unless one learn to make such profitable use of silence he will eventually be reduced to a silence not of his choice, "Friend how earnest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment? But he was silent". (Matt. 22:12)

We have in the beautiful Confessions of St. Augustine what might be called the Magna Charta of Silence. It is at the same time one of St. Augustine's auxiliary definitions of joy. The scene is the seaport town of Ostia. St. Monica, his mother, has but a few days left on this earth. The night is clear and still. Gazing into the heavens and "Removed from the din of men" both are engaged in mystical dialogue. The Doctor of Grace has left this account, "We were saying then: If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of earth, and waters, and air, hushed also the pole of Heaven, yea the very soul be hushed to herself, and by not thinking self surmount self, hushed all dreams and imaginary revelation, every tongue and every sign, and whatsoever exists only in transition, since if any could hear, all these say, We made not ourselves, but He made us that abideth forever—If then having uttered this, they too should be hushed, having roused only our ears to Him who made them, and He alone speak, not by them but by Himself, that we may hear His word, not through any tongue of flesh, nor Angel's voice, nor sound of thunder, nor in the dark riddle of a similitude, but might hear Whom in these things we love, might hear His Very Self without these (as we two strained ourselves, and in swift thought touched on that Eternal Wisdom which abideth over all); could this be continued on, and other vision of kind unlike be withdrawn, and this one ravish and absorb, and trap up its beholder amid these inward joys, so that life might be for ever like that one moment of understanding which we now sighed after; were not this, "Enter into thy Master's joy?" (Book IX) As beautiful and ecstatic as is this passage, is it not but an inspired magnification of Samuel's, "Speak Lord, thy servant heareth"? (I Kings 3:10)

In our day stereophonic reproductions abound. Man has made great strides towards capturing and recording sounds, real and imaginary. The hidden sounds of birds, fishes, and even the growth of flowers are now accessible. At this writing a mechanical ear is poised, bent towards the heavens awaiting for an intelligent message should creatures exist there. We know so much of sound and noise but what of silence? Should we not exploit silence as we do sound especially since this is the best medium through which to contact God?

A relatively recent best seller is entitled, "Run Silent, Run Deep". It concerns submarine warfare during which safety is often sought by

submerging beneath the surface of the sea and running silent and deep. As religious we are professional men and women of prayer. In our monasteries and convents we too find safety from the surface noises of the world. In silence we too seek depth, profundity, meditation, and contemplation. Ours is an ineffable calling, a vocation which in silence is so productive of joy. We don't acquire this joy through an advertising campaign for it is a joy that comes from within in the knowledge that as religious we are in contact with God. Ours is a joy that is best tasted in silence. As Shakespeare said, "Silence is the perfect herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much". (Much Ado About Nothing, Act II Sc. I).

O the inestimable value of silence! Consider the salutary value of that silent glance of the Saviour on the grief stricken face of Peter. The silence that followed the "Consummatum est" was already bearing fruit, plumbing deep into the hearts of the guilty as they slunk down the hill of the Skull striking their breasts. Is there any moment in our lives more precious than the moment of Consecration, that speaks the Presence of God in our midst. St. Thomas was dubbed the "Dumb Ox of Aquino" yet God Himself offered the infallible testimony, "Thou hast spoken well of me, Thomas". Our Blessed Mother is called the Sea of Wisdom but after "she kept all things in her heart".

In speaking our ultimate norm must still be, "religiose colligamur". John the Baptist, the herald of Christ, used this norm. His preaching ceased only with the cutting off of his head. So often we lose our heads in conversing too intimately with the world. It is true that in this life we have so much to talk about, but as religious this has been committed to the care of God. It is to God that we tender our words of woe, our petitions, our gratitude, our adoration. In return we should have ears only for Him. To hear Him demands silence and the receptivity of a Samuel, "Speak Lord, thy servant heareth". In the Blessed Sacrament God consecrated the practise of silence. In the practise of silence, for God's sake we add blessings and joy to our dedicated profession.

You Have Wounded My Heart

The Life of St. Charles of Sezze, Franciscan Lay Brother

Raphael Brown, Tertiary

CHAPTER X

PONTICELLI AND PALESTRINA

One morning in the kitchen Charles remembered a small, isolated, and rather dilapidated friary he had once visited at Ponticelli in the Sabine Hills south of Rieti. As he recalled its decaying walls, tiny cells, and narrow corridors, he said to himself: "O Lord, who would ever want to be assigned there?" The mere thought of that house depressed him.

Fifteen minutes later two friars arrived at Morlupo from Rome. One knew him and told him that they were bringing some good news for him: the provincial superiors had assigned him to Ponticelli! The Saint prostrated himself on the ground and thanked the Lord, resigning himself to God's holy will.

It was in the fall of the year 1637 that he walked across the Tiber Valley with his kind and beloved Father Guardian Innocenzo, who was the new Guardian at Ponticelli and did not want to deprive himself and his community of the edifying Fra Carlo. Depressing though the little old friary itself might be, its location on a hill, surrounded by pleasant woods and meadows, was ideal for contemplation. For Charles, there was also the consolation that it too was dedicated to the Madonna, under the title of Santa Maria delle Grazie. (Unlike Nazzano and Morlupo, it is still occupied by the Franciscans today.)

He described his new spiritual director as a good priest who paid more attention to the regular observance of the rule and constitutions than to problems of the interior life.

Charles was appointed assistant gardener. His Master in this work was a sturdy old brother who not only went out without wearing sandals but insisted, with the Guardian's consent, that Charles should do likewise. He was apt to be very strict and even irritable. But once he realized that Charles was ideally obedient, he became friendly.

The simple old brother, like Charles and many Saints, loved animals. In fact he used to talk to them quite familiarly and naturally. The friars said that more than once they had seen swallows alight on his hands.

Charles was kept so busy, either gardening or begging for supplies in nearby villages, that he had very little time left now for meditation, for the old brother insisted that he go to work right after Mass and Communion in the morning. Nevertheless he found that God gives special graces to those who must under obedience reduce their devotions.

YOU HAVE WOUNDED MY HEART

333

After he had been in Ponticelli for four months, Charles was made assistant cook, though the kind Guardian knew how often he broke things. In the kitchen he worked under a brother who was also quite strict and who did not accept the breakings so calmly.

But they were not the only source of trouble for Charles and the Guardian. One morning during the fasting period some of the friars went out early and joyfully caught some fish in the nearby river for Charles to cook. He put them in the stove under a low fire and then went to serve a Mass. Another priest arrived, and Charles served his Mass too. When it was over, the Guardian was waiting for him in the sacristy, and told him that a strong odor was coming from the kitchen. On opening the stove, they found that all the fish had burned. The saintly Guardian did not manifest any anger, but simply ordered Charles to proclaim his fault in the refectory and to prepare something else. The accident was of course quite a disappointment to the proud and hungry friar fishermen. The Guardian therefore in their presence reproved the Saint and imposed on him the penance of eating meals of only bread and water on the floor of the refectory for fifteen days—one day for each disappointed member of the community. But after the tenth day, at their compassionate request, he suspended the sentence, which Charles had accepted as fully deserved.

On another occasion the long suffering Guardian had to give both Charles—and a priest—still another deserved rebuke. The Saint was carefully cooking some vegetables just the way he had been taught to do when a Father came into the kitchen, took one look, and remarked that the vegetables would not please the friars that way and he knew a better way. As this priest was quite friendly to Charles, the latter replied, with a good-humored smile: "If it's not good this way, as the Master taught me, you can make me eat them all as a penance!"

This answer did not strike the Father as very amusing, and he went and urged the Guardian to teach Charles a good lesson in humility and manners. So during the next meal the Superior gave him a long talk, telling him to be more respectful to the friars who came into the kitchen to get warm, particularly the priests, without speaking to them. Then he added tactfully: "My son, if you want to satisfy the taste of each and every friar, each of them would have to cook his own vegetables—and even so I'm not so sure they would be satisfied! So don't do anything special, but just cook the way your Master tells you."

Charles was still going around completely barefooted, as the old gardener brother had insisted in the fall, even though it was now winter and he was no longer under that brother's supervision. And gradually

he began to realize that this extraordinary mortification was becoming a severe spiritual temptation for him. Try as he would, the humble friar could not get out of his mind the nagging thought that everyone who saw his completely bare feet—in contrast to the sandals or sandals-and-socks of his brethren—would consider him a very saintly religious. That disturbing thought kept running through his mind especially when he was serving Mass and lay people were watching him.

All through the spring months he fought valiantly against the persistent temptation to pride, yet without banishing it by putting on his sandals. Finally the Lord eliminated it by letting Charles catch an extremely painful case of stomach cramps after eating some iced fruit when he was overheated. Whereupon the Guardian prescribed sandals as a remedy against colds—and the worrisome temptation to vainglory vanished. "In all charity," the Saint later wrote wisely, "let us note for our own good how dangerous it is for a poor soul to wish to deviate in even a very small measure of singularity from the common usage, though he may be doing so with permission, which should not be granted easily and only to persons who are spiritually mature and perfect."

Nevertheless Charles felt an ever growing desire to live a still more penitential life "as penance for (his) sins." When the Father Custos visited the friary at Ponticelli, the Saint asked him for permission to undertake more severe mortifications, but was told that to follow the rule and the common life perfectly at all times was quite sufficient and was indeed above all the safest way to sanctity. By accepting this sound advice as a direct expression of the will of God, Charles not only re-acquired interior peace but also received the grace to realize that, like many beginners in the spiritual life, he had been wishing to achieve sanctity by following his own chosen way and by mistaking the virtue of penance for an end in itself rather than a means.

For a while Charles offered all the sacrifices of each day in honor of one Saint or another. Yet somehow he found that he was not making satisfactory spiritual progress. And he diagnosed the trouble as a lack of humility deriving from the idea that he could overcome himself by sheer will power.

Finally he realized that a very special grace from God is necessary, and that the Lord lets us keep failing repeatedly so that we may recognize our own nothingness.

It was while praying fervently for guidance that he at last discovered how to make encouraging progress. The particular method which, he wrote, "was communicated to (him) by the Heavenly Father" was none other than that practice of confidence in God which

St. Therese of Lisieux has made famous in our times. As he explained, it consists in placing oneself under the fatherly protection of God, like a baby on the bosom of its mother, without however failing to do all that it is our responsibility to perform.

"Having grasped this truth," he wrote, "I made an act of love for God and of true confidence, with that earnest and humble spirit which He gave me, entrusting myself entirely to Him for all that concerned me. And I placed all my confidence in God, blaming myself for being late in doing so, and promising Him never again to leave His protection."

St. Charles soon found out that this "Little Way," later recommended by the Little Flower, succeeded marvelously and proved to be an easy method to make spiritual progress. "As I went forward, my interior life improved greatly. I grew in spiritual vigor and in resignation whenever I happened to slip, arising in peace from my falls without being depressed or losing courage."

Such was the great lesson which he learned in the dilapidated little friary of Ponticelli.

In October, 1638, after Brother Charles had been in Ponticelli just a year, the superiors in Rome summoned him and a priest to come there. His friend, the kind Guardian, was sorry to see him go, for he was sure that Charles would be assigned elsewhere.

On November 1 the priest and the brother set out on their thirty mile walk to Rome, reciting psalms, litanies, and other prayers on the way. As they approached the Eternal City, the Saint began to feel a mysterious yet profound interior disturbance which he could not explain.

On arriving at San Francesco a Ripa, they met the Guardian of the friary in Sezze, who broke the sad news to Charles that his beloved mother had just died. While the Saint felt pangs of natural grief, he also thanked God for having liberated her from the sufferings of this world, and he offered fervent prayers for her soul until our Lord deigned to reveal to him that she was in Heaven.

On greeting the Father Custos, Charles found out that he was being assigned to the friary at Palestrina, a hill town about twenty miles east of Rome. After a few days rest, during which he visited the seven great basilicas, he left with a priest and spent the night at the friary in Frascati, arriving in Palestrina the next day.

There he was appointed brother cook, under the watchful supervision of his old friend Fra Diego, who had been his Master during the novitiate. The latter was quite surprised to see how well the formerly awkward novice performed his work. But the austere Guardian had to tell Charles not to feed the twenty friars quite so well and so much!

The Lord calls with a bell,
from morn until the end of day,
The first awakens me in my cell,
I answer, "Adsum Domine."

Soon a bell chimes for Office Divine,
which I love to chant and pray,
for it makes me with the angels shine
Gladly I voice, "Adsum Domine."

The dearest bell of them all,
the one at Mass, that rings to say,
that Christ is in the Host, so small,
I look up, "Adsum Domine."

The Angelus bell calls to dine,
and again a bell beckons to pray;
then work, which Superiors assign,
I murmur, "Adsum Domine."

The vesper bell's own sweet tone,
echoes softly as if to say
that I belong to God alone.
Promptly I reply, "Adsum Domine."

When the recreation bell is heard,
there never is a long delay,
I too am eager for every word,
I whisper, "Adsum Domine."

Then soon a bell sounds for silence,
which I reluctantly obey.
Thus all day in obedience
I say, "Adsum Domine."

The last clear bell to summon me
will ring my death toll. That day
my happy soul will be set free,
I hope to hisp, "Adsum Domine."

Sister Mary Terese, O.S.F.

The Franciscans in the Early Southwest

Sister M. Florian Eggleston, O.S.F.

PART I

The First Martyrs

Long before the famed Franciscan, Father Junipero Serra, founded the mission of San Diego de Alcalá on July 6, 1769, much Franciscan blood had been shed for the faith in New Mexico and Arizona. Indeed, the history of the missions of the Southwest, unlike that of California, is written in the blood of the Franciscans who went there with the sole purpose of spreading the word of God on earth.

During the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the Franciscans came to Mexico. In 1524 Father Martin de Valencia with eleven other friars established the first missions in Mexico City, which was to be the headquarters for later missions in New Mexico and Arizona. The first religious community of women in the New World was established in 1525 in Mexico City. Again, these were Franciscans—Third Order Regular. Five years later, some Poor Clares from Spain were brought over by the wife of Cortez, conqueror of Mexico.

From the beginning it was the children of St. Francis who came to the New World in the greatest numbers. The European spirit of expansion and colonization which prevailed at the time allowed the friars to exercise their zeal for souls by going with the explorers and conquerors. In the spirit of their holy founder, they came to the Southwest in spite of the impending dangers and, for many, the death that awaited them.

In 1539, the first Franciscan came into what is now commonly called the Southwest. Mendoza, the Viceroy of Mexico, chose one, Father Marcos de Niza to lead a small party of explorers north to the fabled land of Cibola. Fray Marcos' guide was a Moorish negro called Estevan. When they came within sight of Cibola, now known as Zuni, Estevan became excited and ran ahead in spite of the friar's warnings. The Indians murdered him. Fray Marcos only saw the Cibola pueblos from a distance before hurrying back to Mexico with his report.

It was unfortunate for the friars that Fray Marcos painted the picture of his impressions of Cibola in such glowing terms, for everybody was astir after hearing the account which was based mostly on things, which had been heard from other Indians. As the late Father Theodosius Meyer, O.F.M., points out "adventurers and gold-seekers

had visions of precious metals lying around loose to be picked up by the first one on the field.⁷¹ Exuberant at the prospects of wealth for Spain and the Spanish, Coronado set out in 1540 from Mexico to conquer this Cibola. The expedition was made up of 260 horsemen, 160 infantrymen, and about a thousand friendly Mexican Indians. Also in the party were Father Juan de la Cruz, Father Luis de Escalona, Father Antonio Victorio, and Friar Daniel, a lay brother. Father Antonio had to return to Mexico after only three days of march because of a broken leg.

As the party progressed into the pueblo country, it became more and more evident that the stories of wealth were only stories. Sentiment among the soldiers was beginning to run high against Fray Marcos as they skirted each shabby and goldless pueblo. The priest soon found himself a despised pariah.

The Indians at Zuni were not going to let themselves be conquered without a battle, and in the skirmish, Coronado was nearly killed. Finally the Spanish subdued them but were chagrined when they found absolutely no gold. The soldiers began to murmur more than ever against Fray Marcos and all the friars. Such slander was very painful to the Franciscans who cared, not for gold, but for souls. However, out of this suffering and misunderstanding grew a renewed zeal on the parts of the friars to work for the salvation of these heathen Indians.

Fray Marcos returned to Mexico broken hearted at the scandal he had inadvertently caused. After several minor exploring expeditions, Coronado also returned with his party to Mexico. The friars, however, would not return with him. Father Juan de Padilla went to Gran Quiviera to convert the Indians there and Father Luis de Escalona went to Cicuye. Father Juan de las Cruz stayed in Tiguex which had been headquarters for Coronado's party. This place is near the present town of Bernalillo.

These three Franciscans who stayed behind in order to spread the faith were the first of the martyrs of the Southwest. At Gran Quiviera Father Juan de Padilla was received with joy and he worked successfully among the Indians for about six months. His zeal prompted him to seek larger vineyards, however, and he started toward the northeast from Gran Quiviera to preach to the other tribes. Hostile Indians met him, however, and shot him with arrows on November 30, 1542, leaving his body in a pit covered with stones. His Mexican companions were captured. According to tradition, Father Padillo's body was later buried under the church floor at Isleta many miles away from where he died. The people at Isleta say that the body of the holy

15. Francis and Franciscans in New Mexico. Santa Fe: El Palacio Press, 1926, p. 18.

priest rises from time to time from its grave.

Father Luis de Escalona, in the meantime, began his work at Cicuye and was loved and esteemed by the Indians. The medicine-men were suspicious of him though, and before he had been there a year they killed him.

The saintly Father Juan de la Cruz was likewise put to death later in 1542 probably by the arrows of hostile bands of roving Indians.

Thus were planted the first seeds of the faith in the great Southwest. It was a long time before the Spanish leaders in Mexico renewed their interest in New Spain. With their faded hopes of quick wealth went their interest in exploration, and as yet, no one had thought of colonization. Any trail blazing that was done in the next four decades was done by the friars.

Later Friar Augustin Rodriguez (Ruiz), a lay brother, asked permission to lead a party into New Mexico. The permission was granted but only nineteen Indians, nine soldiers, and two other friars were allowed to go. Leaving Mexico City in 1581, they traveled over the blistering desert toward the pueblo country. Father Francisco Lopez and Father Juan de la Santa Maria were in the party as it made its entrada. One by one these three friars were also martyred as they attempted to convert the pueblo people around the Rio Couchos and the Rio Grande.

After the three friars and nine soldiers in the party reached the land of Tiguex they set out for the territory east of the Pecos River. A soldier of the party named Chamuscado took over the leadership and, in some cases, he and his soldiers stirred up trouble with the Indians along the way.

On September 10, 1581, Father Juan de la Santa Maria decided to take a short cut back to Mexico in order to report the conditions in New Mexico to his superiors. The soldiers tried to dissuade him from his resolve, but he went on alone anyway. Three days later while he was resting near San Pedro, a group of Indians crept up and placed a heavy stone on his head thus suffocating him to death.

In the meantime, Chamuscado and his soldiers became tired of the trek through the desert. They tried to induce the two remaining friars to return to Mexico, but they refused saying that they had come to preach the Gospel until God called them to their reward. The soldiers then abandoned the project and returned to Mexico. Since Friar Augustin was supposed to be the real leader of the party, Chamuscado's men had to explain away their action to the viceroy. Chamuscado, himself, died before the party reached Mexico so his men put the blame for their return on the friars and told many untruths about

them, a thing that happened often wherever soldiers and governors were not in accord with the high ideals of the friars.

Fray Francisco and Fray Augustin stayed in the pueblo country and began to learn the language of the Indians. They were able to impart some of the truths of the Christian religion to them. But it was not long before a band of hostile Indian warriors from the surrounding country swooped down upon the pueblos to make war on them. When Fray Francisco saw them he went out and, as a true Franciscan, tried to make peace with them. They immediately shot him with arrows.

Fray Augustin was then left alone with his five Mexican catechists in the strange pueblo country. He continued working with the Indians but once he became provoked because of the idolatrous ways of the natives, and he spoke out against them in holy anger. He threatened them with God's punishment if they did not change their ways. Soon after that the recalcitrant Indians killed him and his five catechists.

This brought the number of martyrs in New Mexico to six before the beginning of the seventeenth century. Not one of these six friars had worked more than a year in the pueblos before meeting death. The deaths of Fray Francisco Lopez and Fray Augustin Rodriguez in 1582 were the last for nearly half a century, and in the meantime, the Franciscans made great strides in converting the Indians.

First Settlement

As the world looks at events, the Franciscans in New Mexico had been complete failures thus far. None of them had lived long enough to do more than create a good feeling among some of the friendlier Indian tribes. But as heaven looks at events, their labors had borne fruit already. Their martyrdoms probably paved the way, through intercession with God, for the conversion of the thousands of Indians who became Catholics between 1598 and 1608.

The friars had been with the adventurers on all the major explorations beginning with that of Christopher Columbus and continuing with those of Pizarro, Cortez, and Coronado. It is only to be expected that they would be there, zealous as ever, when the first colonists went from Mexico to New Mexico. In 1598 Don Juan de Onate started out to colonize New Mexico. His party consisted of 130 families, eight friars and several lay brothers. They settled in Yunque-yungue about thirty miles north of the present site of Santa Fe.

The New Mexico territory was actually under no bishopric at this time though the bishop of Guadalajara claimed the jurisdiction. The appointment of Franciscans to Onate's colony brought forth an unpleasant dispute among the members of the secular clergy and of other

religious communities in Mexico. Some of them felt that the Franciscans would claim primary rights in the field. The bishop of Guadalajara sided with this view saying that he could exclude the friars from administering the sacraments.² The viceroy, however, felt that it would be unwise to allow other priests to enter the territory, and apparently the bishop was over-ruled in the argument. For the next century the Franciscans had exclusive jurisdiction over the Church in the Southwest. A province was created after the colonization, but no diocese existed during the seventeenth century. The province was given the ecclesiastical status of prelature *nullius* already in 1522. Pope Adrian VI had issued a bull, *Exponi nobis*, which gave the Franciscans in the New World the authority to do whatever they deemed best for the salvation of the savages where there were no bishops. Thus the commissaries or custodians of the Franciscans in New Mexico had great authority invested in them where church affairs were concerned.³

By the time the colony had been established at Yunque-yungue (later called San Gabriel where Chamita now stands), only two of the original friars were with Onate. Others had turned back discouraged by the many delays. A petition was sent back to the viceroy and the commissary-general in Mexico to send more missionaries. In 1598 Father Alonso Martinez, the new superior or commissary for New Mexico, left Mexico with ten other friars. Three of these were Mexican Indians who were *donados*, that is, they were lay brothers dedicated to the order but not in vows. Two others were lay brothers and the rest were priests. With the establishment of the commissary, the real missionary work of the Southwest began. The building of New Mexico's first church was begun in August, 1598 at San Juan Bautista. Many Indians came for the dedication in September (before the church was even completed). Onate and his captains helped the friars by asking the Indians to give their allegiance to God and to the king of Spain. They promised them earthly and eternal happiness in return.

About this time Father Martinez made the assignments for fields of labor for the friars. Each priest was given a certain territory to care for, some of them amounting to as many as fifteen pueblos. Some of the priests had a lay brother or a *donado* to help them. By the beginning of the century, the mission work was going smoothly and we hear of no more martyrdoms until 1630. It was during the period of peace and colonization that the Church made its greatest strides. By 1630 there were thirty-three missions with churches and conventos. From these

²Edgar L. Hewett, *Mission Monuments of New Mexico*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1943, p. 67.

³*Ibid.*

missions the priests cared for thousands of souls in the surrounding pueblos.

When we think of the work and the loneliness which faced these missionaries we cannot help admiring them. They came, for the most part, from civilized Spain where churches were adorned with finery and homes were equipped with the best the seventeenth century could offer. They came into the unsanitary conditions which existed in the mud-constructed pueblos, not knowing the language of the Indians, and having only a profound love of God and souls to get them over the jolts sometimes so revolting to human nature. The story is told of Father Pedro de Ortega who came to work among the Indians at Taos. He was refused a place to live so he slept in the fields. The Indians gave him food, but what food! On at least one occasion they gave him bread of corn meal ground up with the flesh of mice and mixed with urine. To the surprise of the Indians, he ate it with apparent relish and thus won their admiration. This and similar incidents show the undaunted zeal and invincible love of God which the friars possessed.

Not only were there hard work, loneliness, and language difficulties to surmount, but the friars had to overcome a lurking fear, due to the fickleness of the Indians, that each day might be their last. Some had to travel miles and miles to the *vistas* through the hot summers and cold winters to preach and administer the sacraments. But no matter what difficulties they met with, they proved themselves worthy sons of St. Francis who was so zealous for the souls of the heathens.

Slowly the churches went up in Jemez, in San Ildelonso, in Santo Domingo, and Pecos, and San Felipe, as well as others. Every priest who went from the headquarters at Santo Domingo took with him supplies to build these churches. Several historians have listed the supplies which each friar was allowed to take with him to his assigned mission. They included such things as forty-five gallons of sacramental wine, eighty-five and a half pounds of prepared candle wax, one alb, one surplice, one embroidered altar cloth, one two-hundred pound bell, two candlesticks, 6,000 assorted nails, chisels, hoes, axes, adzes, and so on. The supplies for the personal use of the friars were equally limited: three pesos' worth of soap, twenty-five pounds of sugar, six common rosaries, one pound of pepper, one razor for every two friars, and so forth. These supplies were brought from Mexico by freight train service which began regularly in 1617. Every three years about thirty cotton-wood carts drawn by oxen would cross the two thousand miles of mountains and deserts through heat and cold to Santo Domingo. It took nearly a year to arrive with the supplies for the missions.

This first half of the seventeenth century was the "golden age" of

church construction in the Southwest and particularly in New Mexico. Of the fifty churches which were built then, sixteen are still used for worship and twenty-five still stand in various stages of ruin and decay. Only one of the eighteen which were built in Arizona is still used—San Xavier del Bac.

The angular adobe structures must have seemed strange to eyes used to the ornate Spanish-Moorish churches of Europe. But they were practical and the building of them probably did more to bring the friars and Indians close together than any other single factor. The friars taught the Indians how to use, not the customary paddled clay and rock, but adobe bricks. The Indian women learned to mix clay with water until it was the right consistency and then add straw to hold it together. The men made wooden molds into which the clay was poured, pressed, and hardened until it became a sixty-pound brick, ten by eighteen by five inches. When the bricks could be removed from the molds, they were placed in rows where the sun could do the final work of making them sturdy building material.

Day after day the friar in charge would direct the work, while women made bricks and men molded and carried them and brought timber from the nearby mountains. Slowly the structure went up until it became a building twenty to forty feet wide and sixty to a hundred feet long. Most of the roofs had the supporting beams projecting regularly from the walls, a characteristic which gives Southwestern architecture its distinctive touch even today. Some of the churches were built in the form of a cross, with side altars in the transepts. None of the pueblo churches had pews or kneeling benches. The Indians knelt or squatted on the floor.

After the structures were completed the women plastered the walls inside and out with mud, and they often whitewashed them. In some pueblos, the artists made designs of pure colors, amalgamating the heathen Indian symbols with those Christian symbols which the friars taught them.

In most of the pueblos a convento or monastery went up at the same time as the church, and in the same vicinity. Here the friars lived together if there were more than one in the place. From here they went out on their long treks to the other pueblos or *vistas* that were in their charge. Once a year, they left their conventos to go to Santo Domingo for a chapter meeting with the commissary and his council.

After the churches were built in the pueblos, the friars found it easier to give instructions and conduct the divine services. Baptisms were more and more frequent and the labors of the priests became more organized. They taught, not only religion, but also the arts. They showed

the Indians how to plant new seeds and conserve the soil. They taught them how to write, play musical instruments, and sing the common of the Mass. Under the guidance of certain friars, the Indians learned to make and use new tools and to employ better methods in preparing food. The faith in the Southwest seemed to flourish during these years, but there was something in the Indians' minds which the friars could not always reach. It was an innate paganism in the whole framework of the Indian character and, in many cases, this has not been conquered even to this day. However, God is the judge of men and only He knows the countless souls the early Franciscans helped to save during this century of progress in the faith.

This summertime of growth in the vineyard of souls, though not without turmoil and heartache, was, no doubt, an answer to the prayers of St. Francis, who always longed to preach to the heathens himself. Paul Horgan, on the authority of original documents and other historians such as Twitchell, relates a story which shows the interest of our holy founder in the kingdom of New Spain.⁴

Strange Happenings

At least two strange occurrences took place in New Mexico that did not seem so strange until they were connected with supernatural events that had been occurring in Spain. It seems that every year for several years a band of Jumanos Indians appeared in the Isleta mission. They were plains Indians from about four hundred miles east of the capital of the province of New Mexico. Every summer when they came they made the same request. They asked the friars at Isleta to come to their tribe and teach them the Christian religion and baptize their people. The friars wondered how these Indians even knew about the Christian religion for they were sure no missionary had ever penetrated into their region. However, because of the small number of priests and the great amount of work connected with the care of Isleta and the surrounding pueblos, they always had to refuse the requests of the Jumanos in spite of their admirable perseverance.

At another time Father Cristobal Quirós was baptizing a large number of Indians in the church at San Felipe pueblo. The Indians who should have been in church hesitated, crowding around the door. Fray Cristobal urged them to enter but they desisted. Suddenly the Indians in the last row of the church felt themselves being pushed into the church and they, in turn, pushed those ahead of them until all of

⁴Great River, the Rio Grande, Vol. I. New York: Rinehart and Company, 1954, pp. 231-37. See also: H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 163 and Ralph Emerson Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, Vol. I, 341.

them were inside the church where they belonged. They looked behind them and could see nobody. Apparently no one had pushed them but they were definitely pushed.

These two occurrences were later explained, according to the story. In July of 1629, a supply train arrived from Mexico bringing a reinforcement of thirty friars from Spain. Since they had come by way of Mexico, they brought with them letters from both countries. One letter was most interesting. It was from the new archbishop in Mexico, Don Francisco Manzo y Zuniga. It asked the friars of New Mexico to investigate a certain supernatural matter. There was a saintly Mother Superior of the Discalced Nuns of the order of St. Francis at Agreda near Castile, Spain, who was said to have been miraculously transported again and again to the New World to preach to the Indians. Her name was Mother Maria de Jesus. The Bishop of Visco, Spain, having heard of these occurrences, asked the Archbishop of Mexico to investigate. Now, when the friars of New Mexico began to compare notes, their latent curiosity was immediately aroused. How had the Jumanos Indians known about the Christian religion so they could make that annual trip to Isleta? Who had pushed those San Felipe Indians into the church the day Fray Cristobal was baptizing?

As it happened, a group of Jumanos Indians was in Isleta with the usual request at the very time the letter arrived. The friars called them in and, though their means of communication was not the best, they managed to ask the Indians why they came summer after summer for baptism. There was on the wall of the convento where they were being questioned a portrait of a nun, Mother Luisa de Carrion. The Indians of the delegation pointed to it and said that a woman dressed very much like the one in the picture but much younger had told them many times that they should come. They described her as very beautiful and dressed in robes of gray, black, and white with a blue cloak.

Immediately two priests were sent east to the Jumanos country. The Indians met them with shouts of joy and found a procession headed by one of their braves carrying a large wooden cross. The two friars had to go back to headquarters soon for more help, so great was the harvest of souls among the Jumanos. They found that the Indians saw Mother Maria often, even several times a day. She spoke to them in their own tongue and told them of Christ. The friars, however, did not see the saintly nun, but they were granted the power to heal at least two hundred of the sick with their blessings.

Upon hearing the news of the findings at the Jumanos' country, Father Superior, the commissary, resolved to make the trip to Spain himself and report the strange happening. He visited Mother Maria de

Jesus and wrote a letter on May 15, 1631, telling the Bishop of Madrid that the description given by the Jumanos Indians at Isleta did fit the description of the Franciscan nun as he saw her. Her descriptions of the country and the people across the ocean were accurate and she was able to tell of the incident that had occurred at San Felipe.

"Fray Cristobal was baptizing," she said, "and the people would not go into the church, but they hung about the door. I pushed them in and they laughed when they could not see who did it."

It seemed perfectly clear to the Father Commissary that God had granted the nun the extraordinary grace of tongues and of bilocation. She was transported not only to the New World, but also to the Orient and to other heathen kingdoms.

When Fray Alonso asked her how she was transported to these far-away places she told him that St. Francis, himself, and St. Michael took her. Thus did St. Francis himself show his interest in the pagan people.

Fray Alonso asked Mother Maria one final question and the answer she gave was one that was drawn from the depths of the heart of an unpleasant problem that existed in New Mexico. He asked her if the Franciscans were proceeding in the right way in the Southwest. She answered that their labors were most pleasing to God but that the friars and governors must learn to live in peace and harmony and that the Spaniards and Indians must live together in the charity of God.

This was marvelous insight, for there was real trouble in New Mexico. But that is another chapter.



ST. FRANCIS WOULD KNOW ANSWERS

St. Francis would know answers were he here, to all the questions—thermonuclear.

No mere Wellian phantasy is it—this mass destruction with atomic bombs brought on by man's disgust.

Despite

a Nike installation or a Dew Line safeguard, a surprise attack or eruption in the air would mean annihilation of a million men within an hour.

A pall of fear invades the human mind—the ominous result wrought by distorting values in the world. We cannot be at rest until we live in love like the Assisian saint.

When we

are in the depths of nearing death, we learn this verity at nadir peak, as Francis, on the mount of stigmata.

To send a metal particle beyond the orbit of the earth to fracture stars or try to man the moon, will quell no fear or jealousy regarding who will gain. In mystery of space, with T.N.T.'s man will not win from God a fearlessness, unless he bargains brotherhood at rates as anticled in "sister" moon or "brother" sun

St. Francis would know answers were he here and tame the "wolf of Gubbio"—our fear.

Crosses Over Nagasaki: XI

Father Gerard Huber, O.F.M.

On February 1, the tired group reached Hakata. There the prisoners were handed over to Terazawa Hansaburo, the brother of the governor of Nagasaki and his vice-gent. The governor himself, Terazawa Hirotaka, who was a Christian, was then with the Japanese troops in Korea. The officers and soldiers from Kyoto were relieved of their charge, and some of them set out immediately for home, while others went on to Nagasaki to witness the last act of this strange drama.

In the prison of Hakata Father Peter Baptist wrote a farewell letter to the friars in Manila:

"My dear confreres:

"I have received the great grace of being allowed to give my life for God on the cross in Nagasaki. In an outline I shall now report everything to you. In order to minister to the Christians who remain behind, I have commanded Father Jerome to conceal himself. If he is discovered, he will be lost, too. Brother John Pohre, together with some Spaniards from the *San Felipe*, is in Osaka, waiting for the final decision of the Taikosama Hideyoshi. The Spaniards demand the return of their confiscated national flag and their weapons, but Hideyoshi refuses. His behavior is indeed astonishing. But if God wills that the lives of these people are to be saved, we will be grateful. Only one of them, the cleric Frater Philip, was seized when he went to Kyoto, and has been added to our group. The lobes of our left ears have been severed, and with our blood-stained faces we are now being herded about from place to place. The purpose of the exhibition is to show the Japanese people that Hideyoshi has sentenced us to death for violating his prohibition against the preaching of Christianity. The sentence has been written on a large board which is carried in front of us. But we are not guilty of any deliberate sin, and if we have to suffer for having preached the word of God, it is our joy and glory. If we compare all our sufferings with the sufferings of Christ, then our pains seem slight and really a matter for rejoicing.

"Father Jerome will stay in Osaka. If it is possible, send someone from Manila to Osaka, under any pretext whatsoever, so that he may have a companion to support him. I must warn you, however, that Hideyoshi has addressed a letter to the daimyo Terazawa of Nagasaki commanding him to kill at once any missionary coming from the Philippines. Therefore, if you can find someone who is willing to abandon himself and his plans totally to God, send him to Japan; but see that he wears Japanese dress, otherwise he cannot stay in the

country. He must be warned against any carelessness in this matter.

"I still have to mention with gratitude that the daimyo Terazawa has permitted us to receive Holy Communion before our execution, so we can die with a quiet heart. Our crucifixion is scheduled for the coming Friday. It was on a Friday also that our ears were mutilated. Dear confreres, in this world we shall not meet again. Love one another; do not neglect the work of spreading the faith."

On the morning of February 2, the prisoners left Hakata. They were only about eighty miles from Nagasaki, and therefore about three or four days from death. No one showed any sign of fear or hesitancy. On the contrary, the nearer death came, the more they desired it and looked forward to it. They even seemed to have forgotten the weariness of the long journey and made the last stage with eager haste. Hansaburo, the vice-gent of Nagasaki, noticed this and asked Father Peter Baptist how it happened that his strength and vigor suddenly increased so much, for the closer a man comes to death, the slower should be his pace. Father Peter answered with a smile: "You must understand that we are sacrificing our lives for God, and that the closer we come to death the closer we come to the possession of God Who will be our everlasting joy and delight. Therefore, as we draw nearer to Nagasaki, the greater becomes our eagerness and courage. Still—there is one petition I would like to make—and it is not difficult to fulfill. I ask you to allow us to go to confession and receive Holy Communion once more before our execution, and that the execution take place on Friday." Hansaburo nodded in agreement and said: "There is no particular difficulty in granting what you ask. I have understanding for these things. Do not worry." Father Peter and the other prisoners were sincerely grateful and thanked him for his kindness.

The next stop was in Karatsu in the province of Hizen. From there Father Peter Baptist wrote to the superior of the Society of Jesus in Nagasaki asking for a confessor.

"With reverence I give my greetings to the superior of the Society of Jesus. Since the governor has permitted us to receive the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist before our martyrdom, we beg you to send us a priest to take care of us."

At the same time Paul Miki wrote to Father Gomez of the Society of Jesus: "Before we meet in Nagasaki the fulfillment of our only desire on earth, we wish to go to confession and to receive Holy Communion once more. Since not all the Franciscan priests have as yet mastered the Japanese language, we would be glad if Father Francis Palez would come to us."

Both letters reached their destination quickly by courier. At once Father Gomez took council with his conferees to discuss how the martyrs could be helped in the best and quickest way. Then two priests, Father Francis Paez and Father John Rodriguez, were selected for the task. They set out immediately and on February 4, just at noon, reached Omura, about twenty miles north of Nagasaki. Since the martyrs had not yet arrived in the city, they hurried on and met them in the village of Sonogi. But Terazawa Hansaburo had already gone on ahead to Nagasaki, and the officials who were left in charge of the prisoners knew nothing about the promise to them and forced the priests to return to Nagasaki. They were not even allowed to speak to the prisoners.

About an hour before this occurred, Hansaburo had taken the twelve-year-old Louis aside and told him in a kindly and friendly way that if he would renounce Christianity he could save his life. "If you give up this foreign religion and follow me," he said to the boy, "I shall make you a famous knight." He showed the lad his two swords and began to describe the life of a knight in glowing colors. But Louis shook his head indignantly and exclaimed: "I follow only Father Peter Baptist, and I do not wish to follow anyone else. I have promised not to deny my faith and not to offend God. The joys and honors of this life are only foam on the water, morning dew on the grasses. But the joys of heaven are everlasting. If indeed you want to save my life, then save Christianity in Japan." All who heard this answer were surprised at the prudence and firm will of the boy. And while Hansaburo was still standing there lost in thought, Louis left him and stepped back into the line of prisoners. Thereupon Hansaburo called the officers and said to them: "For very urgent reasons I have to hurry ahead to Nagasaki. Guard the prisoners well; start on your way soon and don't lose any time!" Accompanied by a soldier, he then hurried on by a shorter route to Nagasaki. But the cause of his sudden departure was evident. He had promised Father Peter Baptist an opportunity to receive the Sacraments. He also knew of the letters sent to the Jesuits, for he himself had allowed them to be taken to Nagasaki by courier. He could therefore presume that priests from Nagasaki were already on their way. Since on the one hand he was angry and humiliated over Louis' curt refusal of his offer to save him, and on the other hand he was fearful of Hideyoshi's unpredictable passions and suspicions, he decided to escape the situation by avoiding a meeting with the priests from Nagasaki and leaving no explanation for their coming. In this way he could both avenge his wounded pride and avoid any possible difficulty with Hideyoshi. Thus the priests from Nagasaki had to return without even being permitted to see the prisoners.

From Tokitsu, a small fishing village, to Nagasaki, the prisoners travelled on small flat boats. This was done not out of compassion for them, but simply to avoid any gathering of Christians, who were quite numerous in the district of Nagasaki. The prisoners had their hands tied to their backs and ropes were laid around their necks. At night they arrived near Nagasaki, but they were not permitted to land. They had to spend the entire night in the open boats, still bound, and exposed to the wind and waves and the icy cold. They were hopeful, however, that Hansaburo would fulfill his promise and give them an opportunity to receive the sacraments. Instead, on the morning of February 5, feast of the virgin martyr St. Agatha, an official appeared and announced that preparations for the crucifixion had already been completed and that the prisoners were to be led to the place of execution immediately. They were taken ashore and driven in all haste for the last few miles of their death march. This last stage was particularly agonizing for them. Because of their chains they had not been able to lie down in their boats, and the night on the ocean, exposed to wind, cold, and dampness, had numbed and stiffened their limbs to the point where they could barely move. With sore and weakened bodies shivered violently beneath their thin wet garments. Father Peter Baptist was placed on the back of a pack-horse, for he had become so weak that he fell to his knees with almost every step. Two soldiers had to support him to keep him from falling off the horse. But again and again he looked back to his companions in suffering and encouraged them as well as he could. They kept praying together in low and weary voices until they reached Urakami, a suburb of Nagasaki. There Father Francis Paez met them. He greeted them with tears of compassion when he saw their miserable condition, and told them that he had just negotiated with Hansaburo and had reminded him of his promise. But the cautious vice-gent would comply with his promise only in part, agreeing to allow confession to the three Brothers of the Society of Jesus but not to the others. Father Paez was still talking with the prisoners when a courier from the vice-gent appeared and delivered the command to have the prisoners led to the Hospital of St. Lazarus and to have them rest there outside. Father Paez went with the three Brothers, Paul Miki, John Suwano, and James Kizamon, into the hospital to hear their confessions, while Father Peter Baptist and his fellow-sufferers sat outside in the cold wet grass. Then came another courier who brought word that Hansaburo, yielding to the importunity of Father Rodriguez, allowed confession to the other prisoners also. Almost simultaneously with the courier Father Rod-

riñez arrived. All the condemned were allowed to go into the hospital of the poor to receive, for the last time on earth, forgiveness, consolation, and strength in the sacrament of penance. When all had gone to confession, Father Martin spoke to his companions: "The death that awaits us," he began, "is similar to the blessed death of our Lord Jesus Christ. What have we done to merit this unspeakable honor? It is a pity that we are not allowed to receive the Bread of Heaven, yet perhaps this has been denied us because we are not yet quite worthy. We have confessed all our sins and in this world there remains no other wish for us but to die soon. Following the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, we will endure everything with patience, no matter how painful our torture may be. We will show no sign of cowardice. Let us ask for the help of God and the intercession of our holy Mother Mary. Let us pray, also to our holy Father Francis and to our Guardian Angels. Let us not think with a proud heart that we are going to enter heaven because by our death on the cross our sins will be blotted out; no—rather let us consider our death on the cross as expiation for our countless sins." When Father Martin had finished speaking, the soldiers lined up the prisoners for the rest of the journey. At that moment some Portuguese from Nagasaki came hurrying up. They brought an abundant supply of excellent food, and asked the officials to be allowed to distribute it all to the prisoners. The request was granted, but since the prisoners could not consume everything, the guards, too, were well taken care of. Thus strengthened in body and soul, the prisoners continued their march to the place of execution. The nearer they approached to the scene of the coming combat, the more frequent grew their prayers.

Meanwhile, Father Jerome had made his way to Nagasaki to witness the martyrdom of his confreres. But he could not go about freely in the city. His confreres in Nagasaki had been arrested and placed on board a Portuguese ship which was to take them home to Manila.

"I kept myself hidden with zealous Christians," wrote Father Jerome, "and from there I wrote to the provincial of the Jesuits and asked him to send me everything necessary for the secret celebration of Holy Mass. He answered that it would be hardly possible for me to keep myself concealed for any length of time. And in fact, a few days later I received an official order to the effect that my admittance to Portuguese houses, where I had hoped to be able to celebrate the sacred mysteries, was prohibited. I asked permission to at least meet the Portuguese ambassador who, I knew, had just arrived from Manila. But I was not allowed to go to Hirado where the ambassador had landed. Then guards were placed in front of my wretched dwelling-place so that flight was impossible."