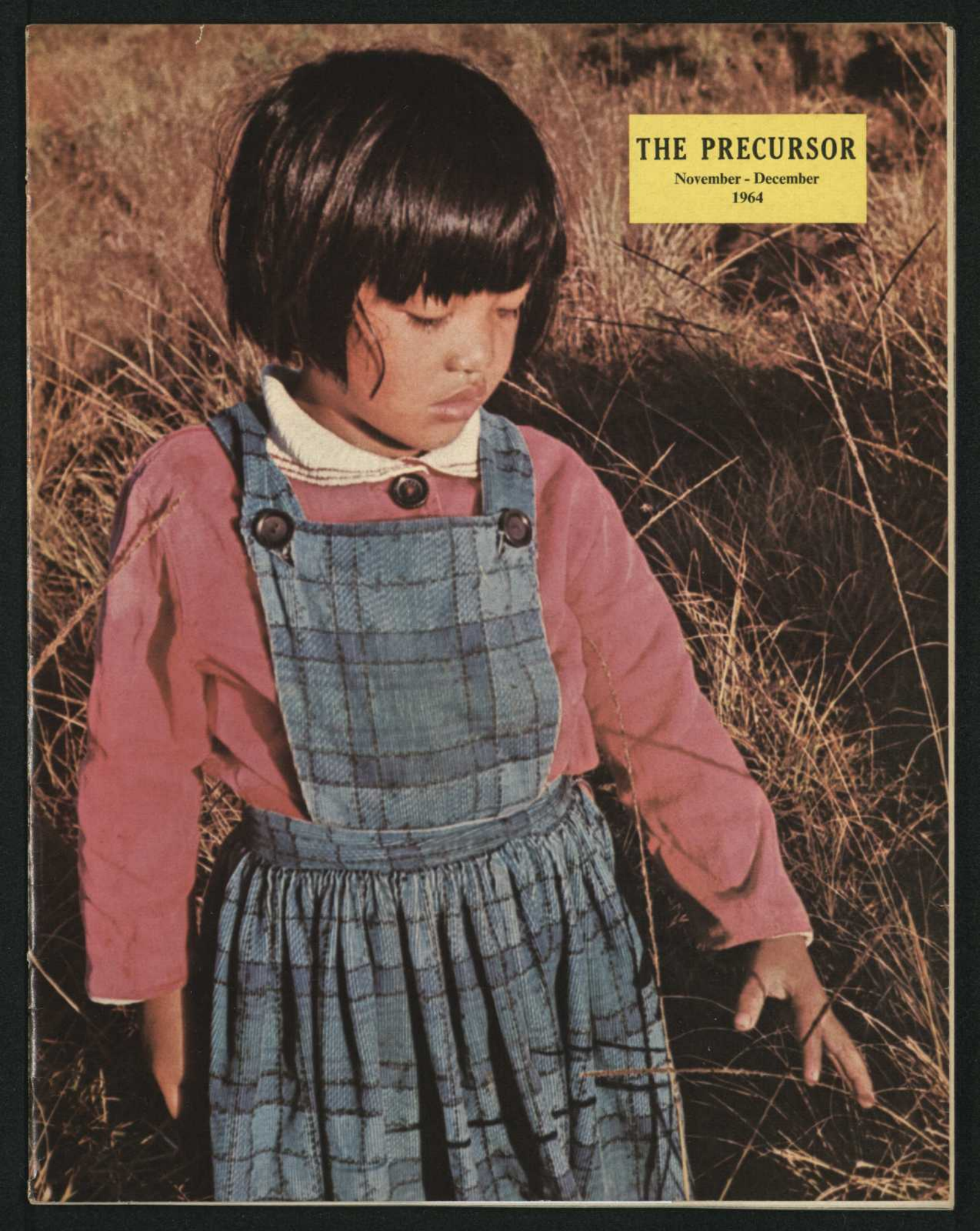




THE PRECURSOR

November - December
1964

MY UNKNOWN BROTHER...

Though separated by miles of geography, by language and history and custom, though unknown to each other and without visible means of communication, every member of the Church is brother to every other, and he must bear realistically the responsibilities of this brotherhood.

Cardinal Gregory Peter Agagianian

Our Cover:

BAGUIO, P. I.

This girl from the mountain province reflects the pensive, reserved mood of the Igorots.

Sister Villarin and a M.I.C. novice discuss child-care with an Igorot mamma.

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Death Comes to a Pioneer



On July 21, 1964, a tragic accident of the road brought to an untimely end the life of a well-known Canadian apostle, Monsignor Edgar Larochelle, National Director of the Pontifical Work of the Holy Childhood and ex-Superior General of the Quebec Foreign Mission Society.

Although he did not belong to the initial group of those who laid the basis of the Society he is, nonetheless, considered among its pioneering sons. Following his ordination in Quebec, he was at first assigned as curate in Beauport as well as promoter of the newspaper *l'Action Catholique*. Subsequently, he was lent by his diocese to the Foreign Mission Seminary for a limited period of time. Later, he attached himself to the Society as a permanent member.

He left for the mission field in Manchuria with six companions on September 10, 1926. This was the Society's second departure, the first having taken place the preceding year.

From Mukden, the young missionary wrote, December 5, 1926, to Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, Foundress and Superior General of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, "Please keep your erstwhile chaplain in prayerful remembrance. I want to lead the life of a holy and zealous missionary."

Never did he abate anything of this high standard of perfection throughout the absorbing, difficult years of the implantation of the Church in Manchuria. Of a kindly, considerate disposition, he spent himself in a spirit of joyful abnegation, always ready to speed to the succour of the needy. Before many years elapsed, he was assigned as Regional Superior of the Manchurian missions.

On July 25, 1937, he received his nomination as Prefect Apostolic of Lintung "poorest of Manchurian missions" and was installed in the Linsi Cathedral by His Excellency Bishop Adhémar Lapierre. However, the Church of Lintung did not long benefit by the zeal of its beloved pastor.

The Foreign Mission Society having elected him as Superior General in 1938, he regretfully left his mission field where he had laboured for ten years. His experience in active mission methods served him in good stead when called upon to develop the missions of the Society in the Philippines, Japan, Cuba, Honduras, Peru. Especially dear to him were the neglected areas of Latin America.

Notwithstanding his numerous obligations as Superior General, he followed with lively interest the progress of the Holy Childhood Association whose national director he became in 1939.

Children always held a warm spot in his heart. How he enjoyed writing them fatherly letters in the Holy Childhood Messenger! His last hours on earth were devoted to their interests, for he was called home to God while preparing to preside a meeting of Holy Childhood promoters at the convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Quebec. He was struck by a car on his way from the Probation Centre on Chemin Saint Foy and died a few hours later.

This greathearted missionary is mourned by all who knew him and who admired his boundless zeal for the mission cause. Our Society loses in him a trusted friend; the Holy Childhood Association, a beloved leader; the Church, a good and faithful servant.

The Editor



OPERATION SAPANG

PALAY

WITH THE CHURCH OF THE POOR

by Sister Marie Albertine¹, M.I.C.

Several times in past months, the squatters of Intramuros had been warned by municipal authorities to remove themselves and their belongings. Diplomacy and threats, however, had been to no avail.

No more dilly-dallying

On Sunday, December 1, at 8:30 a.m., a squad of 500 policemen and 2,000 demolishers invaded the premises. The 15,000 squatters realized that this once the situation was serious. Sadly, reluctantly, they made up their bundles and boarded the conveyances that were to take them to a relocation area outside the city, at Sapang Palay. Incidentally, this forced displacement brought about the closing of our Intramuros free school attended by children belonging to the squatter families.

¹ Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil

Relief is organized

On Tuesday, December 10, upon the invitation of the pastor of Saint Augustine parish, four Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception motored to the relocation village. Their car was loaded with bags of food provided by the Knights of Columbus and Catholic Relief Services.

Part of the 700 hectares allotted by the government to countless squatters scattered all over Manila, Sapang Palay is situated at about two hours' distance by car from the city proper. Notwithstanding its picturesque panorama it seemed like a desert to those who, until now, had always lived amid the hubbub of a large, thriving city.

As soon as the car arrived at destination, it was surrounded by groups of settlers who appeared overjoyed to see their friends, the Sisters. In a trice packages of food, clothing, and medicine were unloaded. Old and young sampled with gusto the 800 doughnuts donated by Catholic Charities.

Searching for
a shelter in
Sapang Palay,



this man
carries all
his earthly
belongings
on his
shoulders.

Sr. St. Flavie (Carmen Castonguay,
Edmundston) and Sr. Marie Elmiere
(Jeanne d'Arc Allary, St. Melanie)
distribute canned apricots donated by
an American friend of Reverend
Father Desautels, S.J.



*The heart has reasons
which reason does not fathom*

December 23. Another group of Sisters went to Sapang Palay to make the rounds of the shelters in which the relocated people huddled, and to distribute parcels of food. Marcellino was living alone in a shack. He thanked the visitors profusely for their gift and bade them wait a few moments. What was not their surprise when he reappeared with two eggs, one for each Sister! To refuse seemed only reasonable, as Marcellino barely had enough to eat, but such a refusal would have deeply hurt him. The heart has reasons which reason cannot fathom.

You, Sisters...

December 24. This was the day set aside by Sister Saint Flavie, superior of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at Intramuros, for the Newspaper Boys' Party. They arrived thirty strong with their leader, Mr. Madrigan. A few months ago, this gentleman had flung out at the superior whom he met on the street, "You, Sisters, you care only for the rich, for the Chinese..." After patiently listening to his tirade, Sister had gently replied, "We are here neither for the Filipinos nor for the Chinese but to help in the salvation of souls. Allow me to help you in saving yours..." Ever since, Mr. Madrigan has been on excellent terms with the Sisters.

How proud he was of the thirty well-mannered newspaper boys he had brought to the party. All enjoyed the Christmas luncheon and the gifts offered to each—a pair of new pants, two bags of sweets, and a medal on a silver chain. Carols were sung, then the boys were taught the morning offering which they faithfully promised to recite before setting out on their arduous rounds.

First Lady's gift

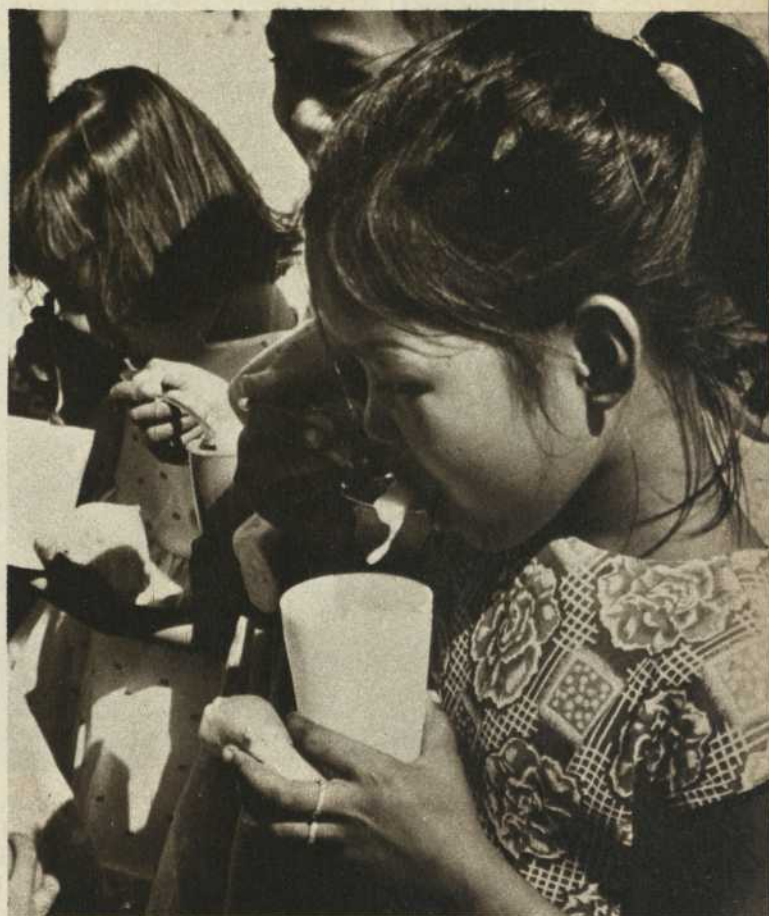
December 26. Malacanang (government house) sent us one hundred boxes of Christmas cheer for our pupils of Sapang Palay. Each box contained one doll, one dress, one package of powdered milk, notebooks and pencils, combs, soap, towels, etc. ... The magic boxes warmed the hearts of our little girls.

Missionary New Year

January 1. A group of M.I.C. left early for Sapang Palay. Instead of material gifts, the supreme gift of Jesus to mankind was to be distributed by the priest among the relocated citizens.

Inside the shelter used as makeshift chapel, 300 adults and 150 children had assembled. Confessions were heard during almost two hours, then the Mass was offered and Holy Communion was distributed.

Afterwards the priest baptized 26 persons; the liturgical ceremonies were explained in dialect.



Apricots taste good!

A new school goes up

The free school conducted by the Sisters for the squatters' children in Intramuros had been closed with the relocation. Would the 191 pupils enrolled have to miss the rest of their school year? Among them, 30 were preparing for their First Communion. Something had to be done and done quickly.

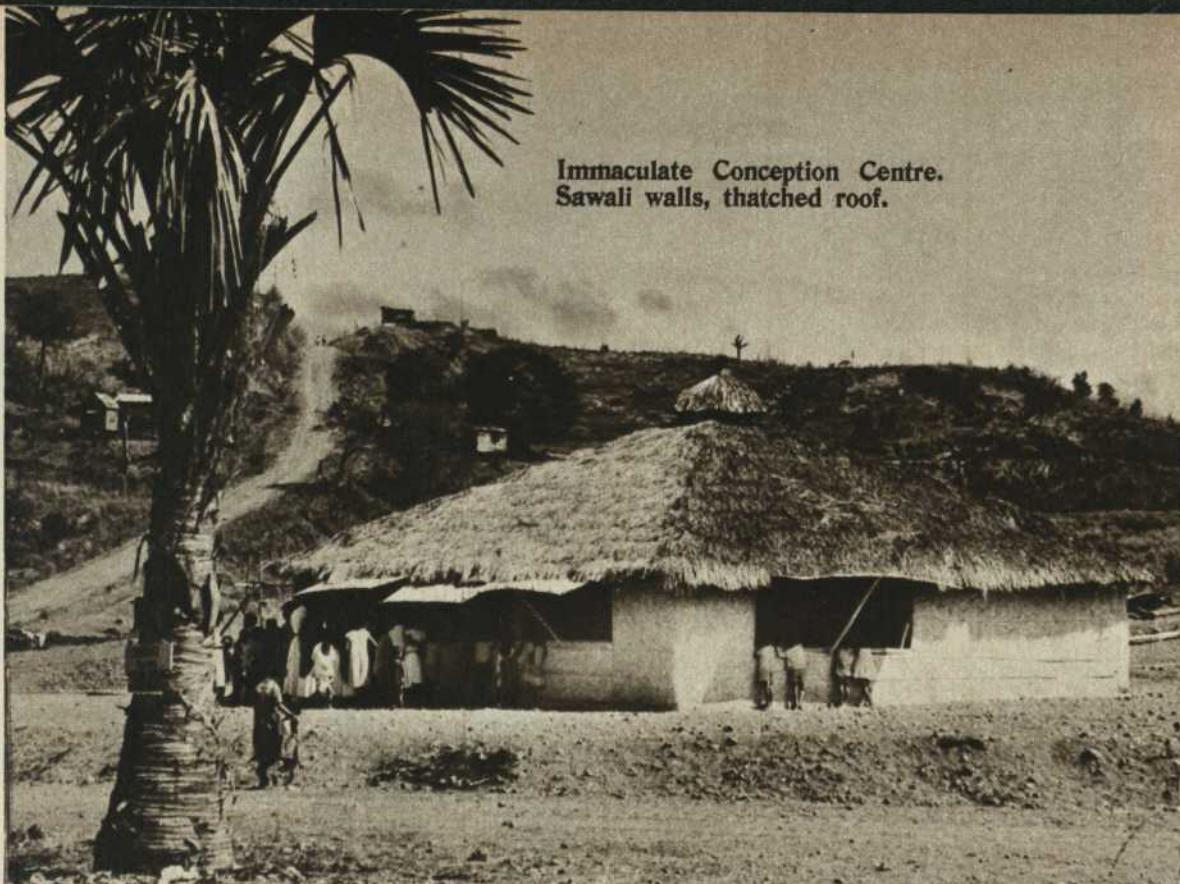
One day in early January, Sister Saint Flavie exposed the situation to the Secretary of State, Mr. Marino.

"We can provide furnishings, books, teachers..."

"What more do you need?"

"A shelter, that's all."

That same afternoon, a telephone call from Malacanang informed the superior that orders had been given with regard to her request. The



Immaculate Conception Centre.
Sawali walls, thatched roof.

The Association of Public School Teachers donated 500 school books. Left to right: Sr. St. Paul of Rome (Rhéa Bigras, St. Dorothy), Mother Bernadette of Lourdes (Rachel De Mars, Newport, Vt.), Mr. V. de Vera, secretary of the association, Sr. St. Flavie, Mr. Nemesio Natividad, president, Sr. Gabriel of the Annunciation (Ida Carrière, Hammond, Ont.).





Miss Navaro and Sr. Marie Felicidad (Maria Felicidad Decayanan, Union, P.I.). accompany the children on their way to see their school blessed.

following day, Sister went to Sapang Palay accompanied by two engineers to lay the plans for the future school. Very simple, the building materialized in no time. Nipa roof, sawali walls, effective plumbing, a nook for the class in home economics, and sufficient accommodation for the lower grades, for a start, what more could one ask?

The barrio leader felt uneasy

A good number of Sapang Palay residents had helped build the school, among them the barrio leader. One day, he confided to Sister Saint Flavie, "I feel uneasy ever since you, Sisters, have come... You see, I who was baptized as a Catholic in infancy am now a minister of the Evangelical persuasion. I have drawn to my church 120 families. But, now I want to return to the Catholic Church... Your kindness to us all has deeply impressed me. I think the families who followed me long ago will follow me again. Please Sister, help me to reenter the Fold..."

The bishop blessed the school

To quote a local newspaper, "it is unorthodox to bless a school in February, but there is nothing surprising when missionaries get to work on a *must* project". On February 18, groups of civic-minded Manilans motored to Sapang Palay to attend the blessing of Immaculate-Conception Centre.

The bishop of the diocese, His Excellency the Most Reverend del Rosario, graciously accepted to preside the ceremony while the Secretary, Mrs. Marino, represented the First Lady of the Philippines. Benefactors, belonging to diverse organizations who had helped erect the Centre, were also present, professing the one and same *Credo*, in the charity of Christ.

After the ceremony, Bishop del Rosario looked over the settlement to decide upon the spot where a church could be built.

Ecumenical Centre

In the afternoon of February 18, several meetings were held. Enthusiastic about the work already achieved by the Sisters, a good number of people expressed their desire to collaborate.

A woman doctor and an American nurse, a Presbyterian, offered their services to the Centre which they promised to visit once a week. A group of citizens from Manila donated on the spot 1,000 pesos to obtain medicine and to start buying the dispensary equipment.

To relieve the sufferings of the destitute, to feed the hungry, to care for ailing bodies, and to console souls in distress, such is the programme of Operation Sapang Palay.

Among the DP's of the new barrio are two categories the *Oxo* and the *Sigue Sigue* difficult to deal with to put it mildly. The mere mention of these former guests of the national prison spreads terror everywhere. Will ecumenical charity prove equal to the task of solving this acute problem? We have reason to hope that it will. His Eminence Rufino Cardinal Santos has approved the project of a preached retreat at Sapang Palay and has promised to celebrate Holy Mass on the closing day.

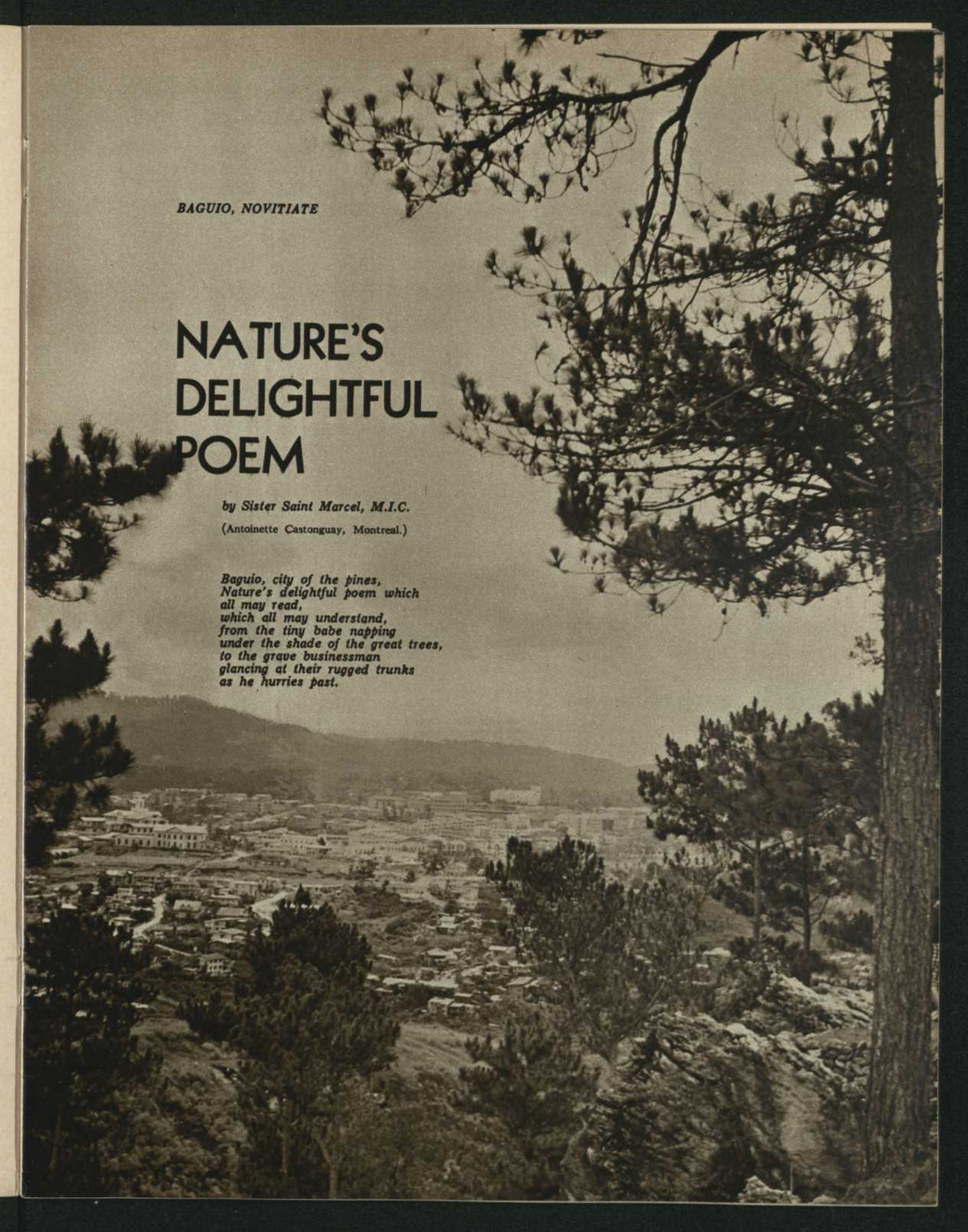
Be on the lookout for the sequel in future issues of THE PRECURSOR.

His Excellency Most Reverend P. del Rosario blesses the little barrio school. Standing beside Sr. St.-Flavie, Mr. Marino, Secretary of State.



Representing the First Lady of the Philippines, Mrs. Marino cuts the ribbon at the inauguration.





BAGUIO, NOVITIATE

NATURE'S DELIGHTFUL POEM

by Sister Saint Marcel, M.I.C.

(Antoinette Castonguay, Montreal.)

*Baguio, city of the pines,
Nature's delightful poem which
all may read,
which all may understand,
from the tiny babe napping
under the shade of the great trees,
to the grave businessman
glancing at their rugged trunks
as he hurries past.*

*Baguio's pines so straight and tall,
how majestically they stand,
how serenely they dominate
the feverish activities
of those who come and go
under their grateful shade!*

*Their healthy invigorating aroma
is a tonic to city people;
their green foliage brings
freshness and solace.*

*Their spreading branches
which shelter man and bird and beast
tell of Filipino hospitality,
of the roof tree under which
friends and kinsfolk gather.*



*In this evergreen sanctuary
they pray for you,
dear friends and benefactors,
who have helped them reach
the blessed goal of
their missionary vocation.*

*I like to watch the white-veiled novices
walking under the pines
in silent communing with their Lord.*

*When evening shadows fall
how mysterious the pine trees appear !
Their branches wave
to the moon as if in silent appeal.
Beneath their roots, perhaps,
lies a secret treasure trove...*



HAITIAN FOLKLORE

by Mr. Beaufort Péan



Mr. Beaufort Péan, lawyer, teaches history at Our Lady of Perpetual Help College, Cap-Haïtien. This essay was presented to his own students as well as to those of the girls' high school. Mr. Péan outlines the origins, importance, and necessity of Haitian folklore.

Subtitles by editor. Translated.

The study of national folklore reveals to the Haitian the entire philosophy of his life, inciting him to the discovery of his own self and preventing him from aping in his behaviour certain patterns of living which through the repression of personal aspirations destroy personality. Numberless are the difficulties the pioneers of our folklore have encountered in order to promote the study of Haiti's primitive culture.

Confusion and opposition

Long a source of incomprehension, folklore has inadvertently or from selfish motives, often been confused with Vodoun. Why? Perhaps out of a desire to defend the purity of Christian doctrine or as a pledge of faith in Christianity... There is,

however, good ground for supposing that such a confusion betrayed a misconception of both the Christian religion and Vodoun. The great nightmare evolved from the conical drum, supposed to be a radically superstitious object.

But, is there any intrinsically superstitious or cabalistic objects? A thousand times no.

God created all elements. Man, for his part, through the simple shifting of matter and the conjunction of various primary elements has fashioned objects to satisfy his needs. Therefore, an object becomes superstitious or cabalistic only through the usage man makes of it. According as it surmounts a tabernacle or the altar of a *hounfor* (superstitious cult centre), a crucifix is an object of Chris-

tian cult or of superstition.

Moreover, folklore has been opposed in certain milieux due to various influences or complexes. "This people," writes Jean Price Mars, "experiences an ill-defined shyness, even shame at having its distant past recalled... Indeed, the most distinguished man in this country would rather acknowledge some connection with an Eskimo or a Samoyed than concede his Sudanese or Guinean ancestry."

This portion of the Haitian nation is still under the influence of the 19th century Northern school inspired by the racist theories of Gobineau, Vacher de Laponge, and Alexis Carrel. These people believe in one culture — the Western — as bearer of values, outside of which there can be only savagery, darkness, and ignorance.

What a puerile error! Ignorance is not where it is supposed to exist. The teaching of modern sociologists and ethnographers, sons of the West though they be, indicts such a notion as false. According to these men, there is no society without culture, and no culture that does not involve human values. The word primitive has changed meaning in the terminology of contemporary savants. African art has been discovered; African culture has been studied, and its real merit appreciated. Thanks to science, times have changed except in certain portions of Haitian society still half-a-century behind the times.

Social prejudice

Folklore has been objected to not merely because of the folklore-Vodoun confusion or of a certain inferiority complex, but it has also been despised out of social prejudice, the concept of folklore being usually associated with that of the common people. This latter word bears at times a connotation of irony and disgust. To some, everything emanating from the people is vile, despicable, unworthy of notice. What is this but pure hypocrisy, for those who think so will presumably do nothing to help their people out of their spiritual and moral morass. On the contrary, they are inclined to make them sink deeper therein so that a revival may not disturb their own security.

First reactions

With the year 1915, came the American occupation and, incidentally, the collapse of Haitian prestige. True patriots then known as "nationalists" were not slow to react in order to save Haiti, raise its prestige, safeguard its ancestral patrimony, and stave off the transmutation of Haitian personality into Americanism. French, the official language of the Republic, was in peril. Jean Price Mars sounded the alarm. Thanks to lectures and ethnological and sociological researches, he revived things Haitian and helped the nation find itself anew. His ideas gained adherents. Around him, friends and disciples gathered: Dorsainville, Holly, Denis, Duvalier, Maximilien, etc.

Soon, attacks were launched against him; he and his group were anathematized. He was accused of preaching a return to Africa, in other words to savagery and superstition. In his book *Etape de l'évolution haïtienne*, Price Mars protested: "Many of my compatriots are too proud or too lazy to read a scientific work written by a Haitian. It is among this group that originated the stupid legend that I advocate a return to Africa, because I endeavour to trace the origins of my people and its beliefs to the land where the pyramids were built and where racial crossbreeding has produced the most inextricable of ethnological problems."

Regarding Vodoun, Dorsainville has categorically declared, "Vodoun in its present state is but an ensemble of incongruous beliefs at times mingled with magical practices which no serious mind can present to a people as a religious ideal."

Notwithstanding such a restatement of the question, social complexes kept on confusing ethnographical researches with Vodoun, distorting reality and cursing folklore.

At present

Eventually, scientific truth triumphed, and the study of folklore fired the zeal of numerous researchers. Prejudices were discarded. Teams and schools for folk dancing were organized in which youth, rejecting the errors and the reserve of a



Member of a team
of Haitian folklore.
A blend of African charm
and Western grace,
Haitian folklore reveals
the true countenance
of Haiti.

number of adults, took a keen interest. At present, Reverend Joseph Augustin is leading folklore to further conquests. The way has been long, filled with obstacles of all sorts, but the results are satisfactory. Nonetheless, the final victory will be won only when Haitian youth knows exactly what folklore really means, what are its exigencies and possibilities on the cultural plane, how it will help them discover the true image of the Haitian soul.

Folklore will prove an enrichment if it revalorizes our Haitian personality and our Haitian culture which is neither African nor European but, like all cultures, a blend of human values from various origins molded in a geographical atmosphere evolved from the particular genius of the Haitian nation.

What is folklore?

To the question, "What is folklore?" I cannot hope to give any definite answer. This I must leave to the folklorists to whose body I do not belong being interested in folklore merely as an amateur. Like you, I am just beginning to study it seriously. It is, therefore, only in the hope of helping you to make your choice that I mention here a volume by Jean Price Mars, *Ainsi parla l'Oncle*; another by André Varagnac, *Définition du folklore*; still another by Emmanuel C. Paul, *Panorama du folklore Haïtien*.

Above all, folklore is not synonymous with folk dancing which is only part of folklore in general. Embracing folklore in its generality, Labillot de-

The conical drum taps out the rhythm of dances and festivals.



finer it as "traditional ethnography" or in other words, "research on popular civilization".

Two concepts are stressed — popular life and tradition. The former seems too narrow, for there exists also an urban folklore. Varagnac has pointed out how superstition is common both to town and countryside, countrymen as well as townsmen consulting *houngan* (fortune tellers) through the use of candle, coffee cup, ash glass, etc.

Should the concept "tradition" be retained? It appears too wide-scoped. For instance, how should administrative, parliamentary, or juridical customs and traditions be appreciated? In Haitian farming districts, the farmer firmly believes that his next-door neighbour cannot sell his plot of land without his proposal. Otherwise, according to him, the selling of the land to a so-called outsider would be null and void. This is a deep-rooted tradition among the farmer folk, and yet such an obligation is not endorsed by civil law. Can this juridical tradition be considered as part of folklore?

Should folklore and religion be confused? According to Varagnac, the difference stems from the fact that such and such a devotion is or is not conscientiously or organically connected with dogmas as a whole; hence, the term folklore designates collective non-doctrinal beliefs, collective practices devoid of theory.

Folklore as a whole may also be determined as a composite of tales, legends, songs, proverbs, games, etc. Although this is not a definitive and completely satisfactory definition, the chief characters of folklore may be stressed in the order given by Varagnac in his book, *Définition du folklore*:

Definition of folklore

1. Every fact of folklore is collective.
2. In every fact of folklore, both repetition and innovation exist to a certain extent.
3. Folklore is the realm of hybridization, for every item of folklore bears an international character (exception made of customs originating from

relatively recent historical occurrences). Thus, the heroes of the War of Independence and the officers of American occupation have inspired a number of folklore facts.

4. Every fact of folklore which can be localized neither in time nor in space ought provisionally to be regarded as useless.

5. Every fact of folklore has a functional character. It answers a specific need, admits of an explanation, symbolizes a belief.

Folklore may be enriched

Folklore excludes fancy. Dances, for example, are performed faithfully and knowingly. Conventionalization may be occasionally called for but, in order to avoid all deformation, it should not be excessive. Folklore is not a medley of absurd, meaningless activities.

Moreover, folklore is the expression of a culture which, far from being immutable, is forever expanding. A static, immutable culture is doomed to failure. Folklore enriches itself thanks to various technical and social transformations.

If confusions of every kind and social prejudices and complexes which threaten to stifle the free expression of folklore in Haitian milieux must be eschewed, the opposite excess of transforming the study of folklore into a sort of racist literature must also be avoided. Racism would prove to be a deplorable abuse, for folklore excludes blind and excessive nationalism.

Haitian folklore is not an evasion towards Africa in the sense that, on the cultural plane, the Haitian belongs to Africa only. What is meant by cultural Africa? Did the first human society evolve in Africa? This tempting assumption is backed by the studies of eminent anthropologists and ethnographers such as Arembourg, Abbé Breuil, Van Riet Lowie, Lee Hey quoted by Eugene Guérrier in *Apport de l'Afrique à la pensée humaine*.

The brothers Diop also concur in this opinion. Nevertheless, this doctrine is not accepted by all savants. Were the Africans, i.e., the Blacks really the first inhabitants of Africa? How, then, explain



Cap Haitien Teaching College students enjoy studying folklore.

that for thousands of years they have been found also in Asia and in Europe? They have mixed with Asians and Europeans either as conquerors or as conquered, as masters or as slaves. Juxtaposition occurred in the first place, then hybridization, mixing of social classes, beliefs, customs, arts, etc. The Africans, forcibly transplanted to Santo Domingo in the seventeenth and eighteenth century, conveyed part of the cultural heritage of all the peoples with whom they had been in contact, sometime in its pristine purity, at other times reconsidered or reinterpreted in African terms.

Thus, it was the common patrimony of mankind which was brought via Africa to Santo Domingo. From Egypt to the Cape, ethnographers have discovered and classified common points in the field of culture.

Therefore, folklore admits of neither veiled or direct nationalism nor of racism.

Price Mars asks himself with regard to the story of *Oncle Bouqui* or *Ti Malice*: "Are these tales authentic local products or simply memories of other tales and legends heard prior to slavery? Did they spring from our soil as did our Creole language, heterogeneous product of adaptation and transformation determined by contacts between master and slave? Either of these hypotheses may easily be justified. It is possible to discover in the constituent elements of our tales a survival of times long past in distant Africa as well as the spontaneous creation or adaptation of Gascon, Celtic, or other legends."

"These tales repeated since colonial times," remarks Emmanuel C. Paul, "evolve from two great sources which are also those of our people — Africa and Europe. Tales of heroes and of werewolves have their counterparts in Europe and Africa; likewise, the proverbs and the expressions redolent of the wisdom not of a people in particular but of all mankind."

Even folk songs and dances display human qualities. As Emmanuel C. Paul has pointed out, "Certain folk dances of Haiti originated from European dances like the minuet, the quadrille, the mazurka, the polka which used to be performed by the colonists of Santo Domingo and were later assimilated by their slaves." "These dances," notes the author of *Panorama du folklore haïtien*, "became folk dances in Haiti after having known great popularity in our fashionable circles which strove to imitate the French *salons* of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. They can nowadays be traced only in remote rural areas."

Another variety of dances of European origin are the *batouis* or ribbon dances. It cannot, therefore, be said that Haitian folklore derives solely from Africa or African culture.



Guests of the Cap Haitien Communal Refuge give spirited performance on drum and "vaccine".

The Haitian soul

Above all, it is the soul of Haiti, its personality which the Haitian is trying to apprehend through African influence, while through American or European influence he strives to discern what is universal in his folklore.

The functional character of folklore urges the Haitian to practise it with his whole heart and soul. His intelligence should help him understand folklore, his sensitiveness enjoy the wholesome amusement it offers, his reason draw moral lessons therefrom. Reverend J. Augustin's *Pinga-Pinga* amuses as well as it instructs. As to the dances, they also are instructive insofar as they are performed not by automats but by dynamic human beings whose acts are ennobled thanks to the resources of their human faculties. To grasp the symbolism of attitudes, the meaning of rhythm and harmony, to bring out the teachings of the dance, this is what enriches and prevents the spirit from being subjected to the body.

Interrogation mark

An important question is: what ought to be done if, due to cultural and social modifications, certain movements have lost their once dignified meaning? In view of the modern social mentality, should not these dances and movements be conventionalized in order to avoid offending decency and public morality? Although man was not originally meant to wear clothing, society would certainly look askance today upon anyone who would try to organize a nudist club in Cap Haitien.

To live in society requires above all the respect of social proprieties. What, therefore, should be done if certain dances, because of the movements which characterize them, carry sexual allusions? What should be done in case such dances provoke eroticism, excite the nervous system, release a certain emotional disturbance?

"Man in his normal state has always worshipped life," writes the author of *Prodigieuses victoires de la psychologie moderne*. "From a symbolical point of view, sexual intercourse is sacred. Among primitive peoples, whose lives are entirely wholesome, sexual intercourse considered as a ritual of life is at times public, partners being covered with flowers by all present."



Reverend Joseph Augustin, animator of researches in authentic values of Haitian folklore, teaches at the Lycee Philippe Guerrier and is also assistant pastor at the cathedral.

Is this still so today? No. One need hardly tour the world to understand how in the past as well as in the present this action, wholesome and sacred in itself, has been debased and has lost its sacred character. There is no need to make the rounds of great European or American cities to establish this fact. Only too often, even the human quality is absent in this action. Animals at least have retained a certain dignity in its performance, for they have never, except in rare cases, transgressed natural laws and instincts, have never performed it out of season.

Must the truth then be withheld? Out of respect for society and love for our country whose cultural patrimony we defend, it is necessary to modify, better still to conventionalize movements expressing a truth which, once respected by all, has since been besmirched and degraded. Some may object that folklore would lose by such a course of action. Not necessarily. Whenever, in a society, folklore falls short of expectations, it ought to be transformed in the name of public morals. Folklore is not immutable. Like every other living thing, it follows the law of evolution.

Conclusion

The study of folklore is a must for Haitians if they want to understand themselves better and to cast off the counterfeit culture threatening to stifle their personality. Such a study will launch an original Haitian culture within the bounds of human culture. Foreigners do not visit Haiti in the hope of finding a pale reflection of their own peculiar culture but a *sui generis* culture. Folklore thoroughly studied and well orientated, will rescue certain Haitians from getting enmeshed in excessive nationalism, will infuse new life in their personality and their patriotism.

While vivifying national values, folklore will open up for many new horizons on universal human culture. Besides a more intimate comprehension of their compatriots, they will acquire closer union with all men in a universal spirit of brotherhood.

May the study of Haitian folklore cause our nation to progress towards a new humanism tending to national unity as well as to the unity of the human family.



The author with Sr. Marie Laura,
(Eva Marrier, Quebec).

ROCHE A BATEAU, HAITI

VISITING THE POOR

by Sister Eustelle of the Eucharist ¹, M.I.C.

Two o'clock in the afternoon. Armed with our parasols to ward off the sizzling heat, our medicine kits bulging, Sister Yvonne of Jesus ² and I set out on our rounds of home visitations.

This is one of the privileges of our missionary vocation we would not forego for a fortune — to bring relief and comfort to the afflicted members of our divine Lord and Master.

First on our list was Mamie, the mother of two

of our pupils. We found her squatting on the verandah of her little home, eyes cocked for prospective buyers. What did she sell? Oh, tiny packages of sugar, home-made biscuits, appetizing squares of fudge... She courteously invited us inside, and while she poured the hospitable cup of coffee, we inquired after her children. Pulling aside a curtain, which partitioned the room in two, she showed us her baby, a little girl of four, lying limp

¹ Eustelle Samson, Lauzon.

² Pauline Mailloux, St. Ann of Rouville

and helpless on a straw mat. "Why did you not bring her to the dispensary?" we exclaimed. She dabbed her eyes with the corner of her apron. "You were doing so much for the other two, I dared not ask anything for this poor crippled one," she replied. We gave her vitamins and promised to have the child hospitalized for treatment as soon as possible.

"I'm not much to look at,
but it's the soul
inside that counts!"



Our next visit was for Grandmother Zelig who has passed the Biblical four score years. "How happy I am to see you!" she cried as soon she saw us at her door. A tidy housekeeper even in her advanced age, Grandma was proud to do the honours of her two-room cottage. Furnishings consisted of two old chairs and a small table on which had been laid a sack of millet, her food for the week. She herself had raised and harvested the grain in her tiny patch of a garden. "Everybody is kind to me," she confided. "The neighbour fetch water from the pond, an acquaintance sleeps here at night, my son sends me vegetables..."



Although she lives from hand to mouth, Grandmother Zelig is satisfied with her lot and cannot thank God enough for His bounties.

Besides providing for her earthly needs, our Lord also fortifies her often with His precious Body and Blood, brought to her by the priest in charge of the parish.

Before leaving, we requested permission to take a snapshot as a remembrance of the pleasant moments spent in her company. "As you like," she acquiesced. "I am not much to look at, but what counts is the soul inside, isn't it?"

Grandmother's soul, how it radiated serene happiness, childlike abandonment! We daily meet such souls among God's poor. Their detachment and simplicity are admirable. "The millet harvest has been abundant, this year, thanks to *Papa Bon Dié*. How grateful we are!" we often hear the farmers say as we passed from house to house in the countryside.

On we went, from one hill to another, visiting the poor, the ailing. With vitamins and medicine, we distributed words of encouragement.

Our eleventh visit was for an aged lady lying on a straw mat inside her hut. Although she seemed at the point of death, she reminded us promptly of our promise to bring her a pair of rosary beads. A look of satisfaction flickered across her wasted features as she clasped them to her breast.

Her husband proudly showed us, in the next room, two crude coffins he had fashioned with his own hands. "Among us, old couples, when one dies the other is sure to follow... That's why I made two coffins. We can now die in peace, knowing that everything is as it should be."

To this humble dwelling the Lord will not come as a thief, for these old folks are waiting and watching for His coming. Their souls are at peace, their bodies provided for.

In Haiti, the day descends into the darkness of night without any interlude of twilight. It is the grandest of times, for a fresh cool breath then steals over the earth from darkening skies where clouds turn for a brief while into glowing hues of emerald and coral. Medicine kits lightened, hearts glowing with love and with praise of God's bounties scattered everywhere, we struck the home trail.

What more wonderful vocation is there on earth than the missionary vocation? we asked ourselves as we returned to the convent. Thanks be to God who has deigned to bestow it upon us and thanks also to our dear Canadian friends whose prayers and sacrifices obtain precious graces of conversion and sanctification.

Fishermen on the Caribbean, Roche a Bateau.



Departure





Sr Marie Rachel



Sr Saint Jean Eudes



Sr Saint Louise



Sr Saint Pierre



Sr Jeanne de la Visitation



Sr Olive Grotte



Sr Saint Emile



Sr Marie des Anges



Sr Saint Justinien



Sr Jeanne Marie



Sr Louis Chantal



Sr Rodrigue de Jesus



Sr Marie Assunta



Sr Agnes d'Assise



Sr Joseph Oscar

**Latin America
Africa
Far East**

1964 DEPARTURE

HAITI

Sr. Marie Herve (Annette Gouger, Saint Henri de Mascouche).
Sr. Saint Leopoldine (Benoite Labelle, Pont Viau).
Sr. Marie Eva (Marie Claire Adam, Montreal).
Sr. Claire d'Assise (Claire Giroux, Beauport Est).
Sr. Marie Theophane (Marguerite Dumont, Riviere du Loup).
Sr. Marie Rachel (Rachel Blanchette, Saint Liboire).
Sr. Saint Jean Eudes (Marcelle Saint Gelais, Montreal).
Sr. Saint Louise (Monique Dussault, Les Ecureuils).
Sr. Saint Pierre (Jeanne Guinois, Ville Saint Michel).
Sr. Jeanne de la Visitation (Noella Roy, Sainte Jeanne d'Arc).

CUBA

Sr. Eustelle du Saint Sacrement (Lucienne Pelletier, Sainte Louise).
Sr. Saint Andre (Jeanne Ostiguy, Acton Vale).
Sr. Marie Eugene (Simonne Perreault, Joliette).

PERU

Sr. Paul Henri (Gabrielle Tremblay, Sainte Famille, Ken.).

BOLIVIA

Sr. Flore Eva (Jeannine Gagnon, Grand Falls, N.B.).

MALAWI

Sr. Alice Yvette (Yvette Caron, Saint Alexandre, Kam.).
Sr. Saint Emile (Annette Corbeil, Montreal).
Sr. Marie des Anges (Alice Pepin, Warwick).
Sr. Saint Justinien (Paule Ida Coulombe, Monument).

RHODESIA [northern]

Sr. Joanna Marie (Claudette Bouchard, Manchester, N.H.).

HONG KONG

Sr. Marie Paule (Marie Paule Larocque, Montreal).
Sr. Agnes de l'Immaculee (Agnes A. Pan, Kowloon, H.K.).
Sr. Celine Martin (Jeanne Gauvin, Saint-Hyacinthe).
Sr. Therese de la Sainte Face (Therese Leblanc, Moncton).

MADAGASCAR

Sr. Louis Chanel (Louissette Picard, Sainte Rose du Degele).
Sr. Rodrigue de Jesus (Therese Gendron, Saint Leon le Grand).

JAPAN

Sr. Marie Assunta (Theresia Myoko, Tokyo, Japan).
Sr. Agnes d'Assise (Lucienne Renaud, Montreal).

PHILIPPINES

Sr. Saint Elzear (Cecile Martel, Joliette).
Sr. Genevieve de Nanterre (Genevieve Saint Pierre, Montreal).
Sr. Claire de l'Eucharistie (Claire Fontaine, Quebec).
Sr. Joseph Oscar (Therese Beaulieu, Saint Eusebe, Temis.).



On the Wind of Ecumenism

by Sister Leo the Great,¹ M.I.C.

A wind of ecumenism, pledge of renewed hope for all mankind, is blowing in every region of the globe, at times in the most unlikely places. Wherever problems of mutual aid crop up, there ecumenism sets to work with zestful energy, always in a climate of love and respect. Colour bar cannot exist where it holds away, false walls of misunderstanding crumble, and the love of Christ shines through, clear and bright.

One such unlikely spot where the ecumenic spirit at present flourishes, is the Montreal Chinese Hospital, 112 Lagauchetiere West, situated in that part of the metropolis known for its exclusive cafés, well attended by a clientele appreciative of Chinese cuisine.

A little over fifty years hence, the heart of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, our beloved foundress, went out in maternal concern to

the Chinese immigrants, lost and confused in the midst of the Canadian population. Her first activity in their favour was to provide courses in English and in French. Later, in 1918, she sent her daughters to them as devoted nurses during the grim period of the Spanish influenza. The Sisters were never to relinquish this ministry of kindness to the sick; for nearly fifty years, unknown to the public, they cared for Chinese

¹ Pauline Longtin, Montreal.

patients, more particularly for chronic cases.

The hospital is still housed in the same unprepossessing quarters where it started in 1920, but in these grimy old walls has lately penetrated a breath of rejuvenation, a certain amount of publicity having drawn attention to a project of renovation and reorganization of the present establishment.

During the past years, young and not so young of diverse nationalities and of various religious persuasions have visited our patients and contributed to their well-being. The hearts of these newly found friends have been stirred by the sight of the homeless sick, the aged cut off from society housed in such dilapidated quarters where air and sunshine are rationed.

Members of the B'nai B'rith more particularly decided to flood the old hospital with the sunshine of their kindly assistance. Ladies belonging to the various Chapters of this international organization took turns visiting the Chinese patients, bringing them gifts of sweets and of useful articles. They did more. To bring cheer into their lives they sang and made merry music. While a certain number of these kind-hearted visitors played and sang, others silently stood apart watching the joyful reactions, occasionally wiping away a furtive tear. Whenever we tried to thank them for their sympathy and collaboration, they protested: "We are the ones who should thank you for offering us the opportunity of helping others out. Our visits here have brought us joy. We have learnt a lot. We can love one another only if we get to know one another."

Our gratitude also goes to the golden youth of our country who also have come to the *old Chinese Hospital* to share the treasures of their cheerful dynamism with its inmates. "May their tribe increase," such is the wish we formulate when they invade our precincts.

During the Christmas season, the 26th Brownie Pack from Saint Laurent provided pleasant entertainment for the patients. To quote their Leader, "The best thing about Christmas 1963 was our visit to the Chinese Hospital." These little ladies between seven and ten flitted from one bed to another bearing gifts like the fairies of old. Then, they sang songs, performed dances, played games all in the Guide tradition. Our delighted old people kept repeating, "More! More!" after each performance.

Groups from several secondary schools in the city included in their programme of social activities one half-day of entertainment in favour of the Chinese Hospital's guests. What pleasant hours our dear invalids thus enjoyed, listening to songs and music, admiring folk dances, basking in loving smiles and delicate attentions. Then the Junior Red Cross marched in like a troop of light infantry led by Major J. A. R. Gagnon, superintendent of the province of Quebec, and accompanied by Mrs. Marguerite Lavergne, organizer. They easily won all hearts thanks to the verve and gaiety of their performance. I was deeply struck by what Major Gagnon, retired officer of the Canadian Army, said regarding the education of our youth: "I want to spend the rest of my life working at building up a strong, resourceful nation, knowing what it means to serve. This may be accomplished only through

the youth in our schools. Later on it would be useless."

What impression have such visitors made upon our guests whose nationality, faith, and customs differ from ours? One of them summed up their reactions this way, "How kind these people are to take interest in our welfare!" This opinion concurs with that of a Jewish visitor who refused to be thanked for her kind services, saying, "I can't understand how anyone can turn away from those in need... There can be no question of colour, race, or creed when people are in distress. We are all human beings." We are indeed one great human family whose members suffer from the many little walls and false façades that separate them. To love one another, they must get to know one another.

Another group worthy of our grateful admiration is that of friends who have come to help us with the practical care of the sick: nurses who for the past year have given half a day or even one whole day every week; office employees who have spent part of their leisure hours tending the patients; business men who have given up week-ends in order to help with the aged. Among the elite of our society, many generous persons have taken to heart the problems of our little hospital. Auxiliaries have given and continue to give of their time and activity to contribute in renovating the organization of the hospital. What is this wind of rapprochement, of brotherly assistance if not a movement inspired by the Holy Spirit since the opening of Vatican II? That is the reason why I believe that, within the hoary walls of the Chinese Hospital, we are now living an ecumenical era of rejuvenation which will ensure to the human community solidarity and harmony, pledges of peace and happiness.

Junior Red Cross members
bring cheer to
Chinese Hospital patients.



Signing the visitors' book
at the Chinese Hospital.
Left to right: Miss Marthe Lau,
Major J.-A.-R. Gagnon,
Miss Rosalie Fiocco,
a Sister of the Holy Cross,
and Mrs. M. Lavergne.

Junior Red Cross members
offer gifts of sweets
to Mr. Wong Sing,
a patient.



SIX MONTHS IN JAPAN



by Sister Michelle of the Sacred Heart, ¹ M.I.C.

One of my former teachers, a Sister of the Holy Cross, recently wrote asking me, "What does Japan mean to you, a tyro missionary?" In answer to her question I have jotted down a few of my impressions since coming to this beautiful land of my dreams, six months ago.

To many westerners, Japan remains a land of mystery, a land to be admired, apprehended, discovered in its more intimate aspects. There is, however, a good deal of difference between dreaming of Japan, visiting it as a tourist, and living there as a missionary.

The Japan of my childish imagination was a fairy country of picturesque landscapes, peopled with men and women of diminutive stature who spoke an enigmatic language and lived, in the midst of lovely flowers, rare silks, exquisite porcelain, a life of esthetic perfection.

Tourists today are baffled by the language whose phonemes are too similar — or too different — to be easily understood or simply articulated. They are surprised at the advanced technical progress of Japan, at the enormous crowds milling through the streets of its bustling capital.

To a certain extent, however, Japan does remain to the westerner a land of topsy-turvydom. For instance, the Japanese always start to read books at what we would call the back; type runs from top to bottom; footnotes are printed at the top of the page. The roof of a house is built first, and the best rooms are at the rear. Keys in locks turn just the reverse of ours. Japanese seamstresses do not thread a needle; they needle a thread, dropping the eye over the end of a thread. While western actors try to express as much emotion as possible with their faces, classic Japanese tradition

forbids any facial expression. To ensure such a tradition, carved wooden masks are often worn by the actors. When friends meet on the street they do not shake hands but bow to each other. Eating habits also appear odd by western standards. Sweets are eaten before meals; wine is heated, not cooled. But, no matter how widely such customs differ from our own, the exquisite loveliness of the Land of the Rising Sun endures; its people retain their elaborate code of politeness, their Oriental serenity.

Before expressing any opinions regarding the country of their adoption, missionaries should first of all acquire a certain dose of experience, a deep penetration into the heart of reality.

This reality I first personally encountered in the daily programme followed at the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Setagayaku, 108-4 cho me, Tokyo.

On the right of the convent, the chapel wing juts out with a large white cross on a wall of blue tiles. To the rear, stands the *genkan*, vestibule. The convent is a white, three-story structure,

agreeably situated in the midst of an enchanting garden. On the left, a Japanese building, Izumi Ryo, Hostel of the Living Spring, offers peaceful surroundings and a congenial atmosphere to about thirty young girls, all university students. Tokyo being an intellectual centre, young people from every province of the Empire flock thither in search of knowledge. Only a few among our guests are Christians, but all are athirst for peace and truth. They cannot help wondering what the future holds for them in a world of change and turmoil. The Missionary Sister must develop a "third ear" in order to catch nuances, all that is not said, and try to awaken in these souls the desire for Him who alone is the Way and the Truth and the Life.

Another activity of the Tokyo convent is *Seibo Yochien*, Holy Mother Kindergarten, attended by 150 children between four and five who in great majority are non-Christians. Recently, I was invited to a "graduation" ceremony at the *Yochien*. In Japan, even kindergarten tots graduate! They looked charming in their tiny white gowns and mortarboards. With superb aplomb, a four-year-old stepped forward to congratulate the graduates; a five-year-old then read an address in which he thanked directress and teachers for their devoted care and wished the remaining pupils good luck.

To the rear, the new novitiate wing.



Although these little ones leave us after only two years in order to enter primary schools, we hope that the good seed cast into their hearts will not remain unproductive. At our Tokyo convent, the kindergarten is one of the rare means through which we may reach the parents, since the Japanese rich in traditions, advanced culture and well-being, have no need of material help.

Due to its complexity, the language is a handicap to the spreading of the gospel message, at least for newly arrived missionaries. Moreover, for hundreds of years Buddhism and Shintoism have moulded the religious mentality of the people. Ancient traditions as well as materialism brought on by technical development are not ready to give way.

Although the workings of grace may seem slow, Christian ideas do exert a deep influence as may be gathered from the remarkable number of autochthon religious vocations, particularly of women. Out of a total of 266,617 Catholics in 1962 there were 3,965 Sisters and 1,767 novices, postulants, and aspirants. Not even the oldest Catholic countries in the world can better this number.

On the day following my arrival, I started attending a Japanese Language School conducted by the Franciscans at Roppongi. Later, a private teacher, Mrs. Nakamura, gave private lessons at our convent. At present, we go every day to Mrs. Nakamura's house where we not only learn the language but enjoy the advantage of getting acquainted with the customs.

To learn to speak Japanese with any degree of correctness, is no small achievement; to learn to understand it daily better, requires constant and courageous effort; to learn to speak it fluently and



Sr. of the Holy Name of Mary (Rita Blais, Thetford Mines) directress of Izumu Ryo.

elegantly, is an ideal seldom attained by foreigners.

Japanese owns no kindred, and its classification under any of the recognized linguistic families is doubtful. It is what philologists term an agglutinative tongue building up its words and grammatical forms by means of suffixes loosely attached to the root or stem which is invariable. Nouns have neither gender nor number, adjectives no degrees of comparison, verbs no person. On the other hand, verbs do have complications of their own making up for their simplicity by familiar and polite forms as well as by numerous tenses and moods.

The intricacies of Japanese polite forms are bewildering. Besides honorific verbs, there is a particle *o* prefixed to nouns and verbs which serves to glorify the person addressed. For instance, you inquire from a superior, "*Nan ji ni o taku wo odekake ni narimasu ka?*" At what time will you be (nobly) leaving your (noble) house? To an inferior you merely ask "*Nan ji ni dekake masuka?*" At what time will you be leaving?"

Another enigma of the Japanese language is posed by the numerals which come in two series, one of which is borrowed from Chinese, while the

Group of university students on their graduation day.

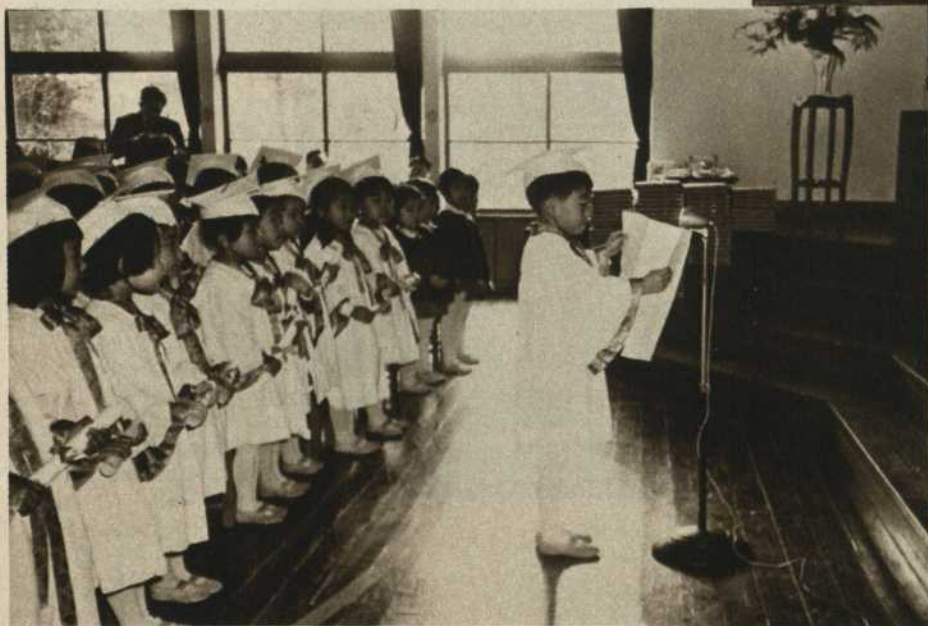




First in the series
of diplomas...

Sr. Marie Xavier (Catharina Sachiko Hongo
Tokyo) awards diploma to kindergarten graduate.

With superb aplomb,
this young Miss
congratulates graduates.



A five-year-old
reads address of thanks.

other is Japanese. Now, these numerals change form according to the nature of the noun with which they are used, becoming true determinatives or classifiers. As a case in point, five belonging to the numeral series borrowed from Chinese is *go*, but five pens is not *pen go* but *pen go hon* (pen five-round object); five men is *hito go nin* (man five-person); five dogs is *inu go hiki* (dog five-animal), etc. This concept of classification may have been evolved from Chinese along with the first set of numerals.

At present I am learning the use of the verb which is in a class by itself. It offers one advantage, that of being completely impersonal, but watch out for the intricacy of polite and familiar forms! *Taberu*, eat, may be used in this form only if you are speaking familiarly; the polite form is *tabemasu*; if you wish to go beyond the polite form to the honorific which implies superpoliteness, then you will have to use *meshiagaru*, an entirely different verb.

Then, there are the ideographs. The ideographic system was imported from China, sometime about the fifth century. According to this system, each word has its separate sign, originally a kind of picture or hieroglyph. One must now learn about 3,000 a much lesser number than in former times. At primary school, the modern child learns 881. So far, I know only about 200.

I have heard it said, and I easily believe it, that the Japanese acquire their exquisite taste during the tedious years they spend learning to write ideographs. In the process, each student becomes a minor artist, for he must learn to draw with precision, shade well, and adjust his ideographs to perfection.

And that is not the end of the affair. Japa-

nese unlike Chinese is an inflected language with case-postpositions for nouns, and with tense and mood endings for verbs. As written Chinese relied exclusively upon word-order, no provisions existed for such variations in a word. In the eighth century, a Japanese Buddhist priest popularly known as Kibi-Makibi invented a clever device, the *kana*. Isolating a certain number of Chinese ideographs more commonly employed, he gave them an invariable phonetic value which covered all possible syllabic combinations of the Japanese language. Whereas, each ideograph represents directly a whole word — an idea — *kana* merely represent the sounds of which the word is composed, just as our Roman writing does, with this difference that the *kana* stands for syllables, not letters.

There are two varieties of *kana*, the *katakana* or side *kana*, so called because the symbols composing it are "sides", that is parts or fragments of Chinese ideographs and the *hiragana* consisting of cursive forms of entire Chinese ideographs invented by Kobo Daishi, a famous Buddhist monk (A.D. 834).

Katakana is now used only in writing foreign names or such words as have been borrowed from foreign languages: *shabon* for the French *savon*, *beru* for the English bell, etc.

The conclusion of all this is that the study of Japanese takes up the greater part of the day as far as tyro missionaries are concerned. To master the language is a prerequisite of our apostolate. There is nothing more painful than to remain tongue-tied when one meets souls yearning to hear the gospel message. Dear Canadian friends, please pray that I may obtain my little share of the gift of tongues, at least of the Japanese tongue.



Left to right:
Sr. Peter Chanel,
Sr. Zénophile Marie.
Sr. Michelle of
the Sacred Heart.

KOWLOON, HONG KONG

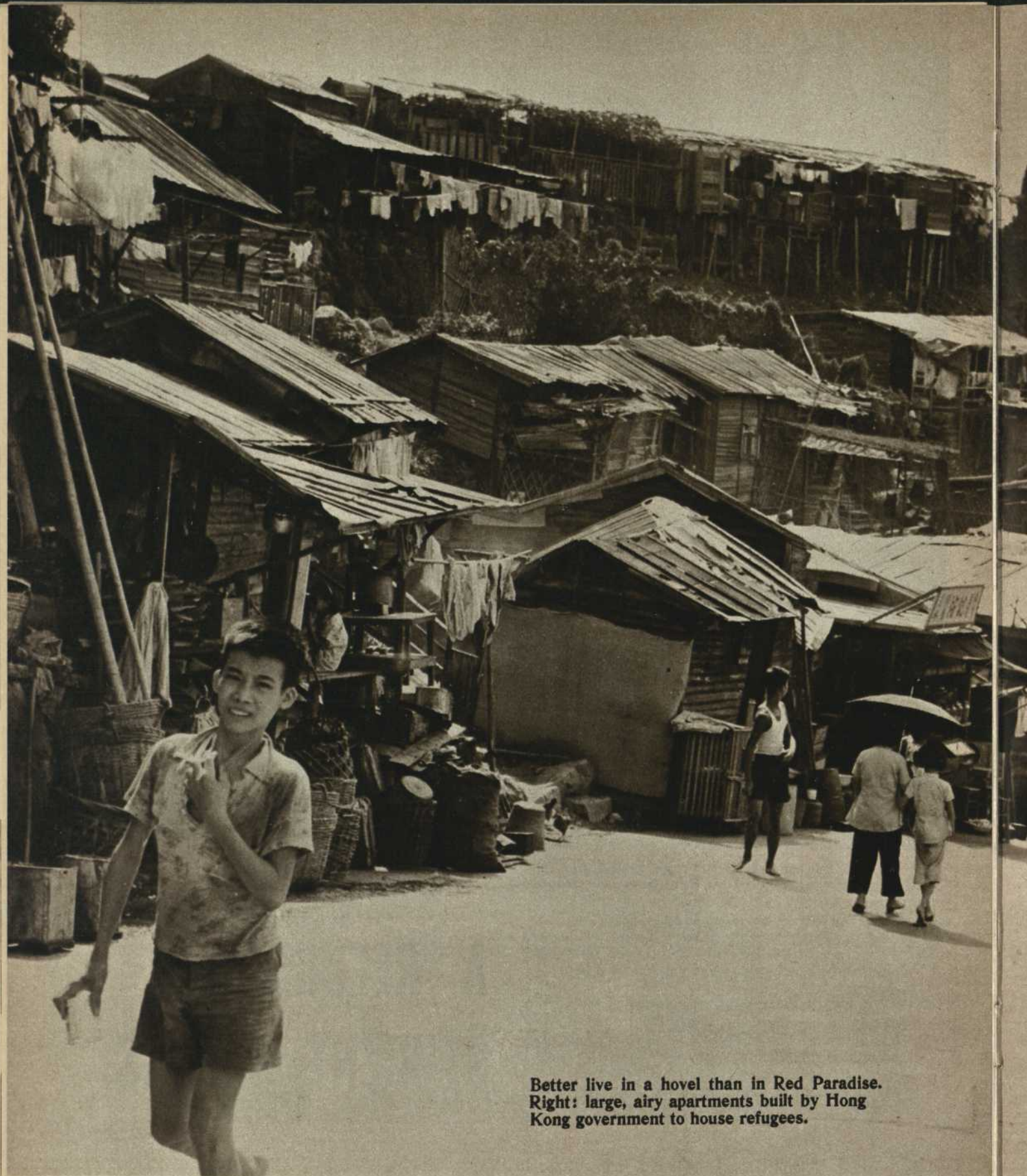


As I sit, solitary, in my poor little home, my thoughts turn back to the days gone by. Happy memories of my early childhood mingle with sorrow laden memories of after years. Tears fall unbidden... But, thoughts of the all wise, all loving Providence of the heavenly Father well up in my mind and I adore unquestioningly His unfathomable designs.

I have heard it said that sorrow is the touch of rain on bursting buds. How true! Yes, sorrow has given me new vitality, it has quickened the growth of qualities God had planted in my heart, it has strengthened me to carry the cross after my divine Lord until I see Him at last standing on the "other shore".

I HAVE BEEN THROUGH THREE HEAVENS.

A REFUGEE STUDENT SPEAKS



Better live in a hovel than in Red Paradise.
Right: large, airy apartments built by Hong
Kong government to house refugees.



Earthly heaven

My name is Francis. I was born in Hong Kong but my family originally came from Shun Tak, a city in the province of Canton. My father, a graduate of Chung San University, conducted important financial affairs in China, Hong Kong, and Japan. Fortune smiled upon us and happiness reigned within our home. For reasons of security, at the outbreak of World War II my parents left Hong Kong for Canton. My father resumed his business activities in 1945, but we continued to live in Canton. The birth of my little brother brought great joy to the closely knit family circle. My parents were both upright people, kind and virtuous. They had nothing more to heart than the happiness of their children. Our home was heaven on earth.

Red Paradise

Life soon taught me that here below happy days are fleeting. In 1949, the victorious Communists entered the orbit of our lives. At first, things seemed auspicious enough. Eventually, the new masters of our destiny lifted the mask and what we saw was nothing short of terrifying. They daily inveigled against egotistic capitalists and proclaimed themselves liberators of the masses. What liberators! Under specious appearance, Party leaders cunningly took over every more or less important organization. My father's properties were seized; his commercial enterprises were placed under governmental direction and functioned under the title: "The Government and the Private Merchant Co-operation". The term private was meaningless. Everything, absolutely everything was directed and controlled by the Party, and my



father as a mere employee drew a salary of \$45.00 a month on which he was supposed to feed, clothe, and house his family. We became so poor that we lived from hand to mouth. Nevertheless, we were not unhappy, for my parents so closely bound to each other became even more so in sharing the same misfortunes, shouldering the same burden. They loved each other more and cherished us with even greater tenderness.

But, I noticed how careworn they grew. My father's eyes were often red as if from much weeping. In my childish mind I kept asking myself why. Alas! My dear parents felt that we had not yet seen the worst.

The storm breaks

The storm broke over our family one mild evening in May 1952, towards 8:00 p.m. Never can I forget what happened then. Papa and Mamma were quietly conversing while I played with my little brother. Suddenly, a group of Communist soldiers burst into the one room we had been allowed to keep in our vast home. The leader arrogantly announced that governmental authorities

in the city of Canton had important affairs to settle with my father. They had orders to bring him to the city hall without delay.

My poor father followed the soldiers and was forced to undergo close and interminable questioning before over one hundred Party officials. What did they want to know? The whole procedure might be summed up in this question put over and over, "For a number of years, you have carried on important business affairs between Hong Kong and China. You must certainly have piles of money in the bank. Hand it over immediately." Four hours on end, Papa was forced to stand this grilling examination at the hands of his tormentors. Finally, he was escorted home, late in the night. How can I describe my mother's heartbreak when she saw her dear husband enter the house, pale, exhausted, trembling in all his limbs? Really, I can find no words to relate the horrors of that awful night.

This was only the beginning of our terrors. The soldiers' brutal proceedings were repeated by day or by night. They would pounce in upon us and roughly push my father along to the city hall



Because they have suffered so deeply, these people are now eager to hear the gospel message. Sr. St. Expédit (Marie Anne Rompré, St. Thècle) is their catechist.



**Saint Joseph the Worker Catechumenate
conducted by Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.**

to be grilled. Threats, mental racking, apprehension, sleepless nights, the terrible ordeal of standing before the people's court ruined my father's strong constitution. During a particularly inhuman session of questioning, he suffered a bad heart attack. Far from being touched, the judges continued to hound him day and night. At last, a violent stroke of apoplexy delivered him from the nightmare of the Communist Paradise. He took with him into the grave part of our hearts.

Although penniless and bowed down with grief Mother clung to life out of love for us, her children, aged eight and six. Party leaders carried cruelty to the point of asking Father's former employees to testify against his widow. Not one of them agreed to do so, for Mother had always treated them kindly and courteously.

Unable to continue living in a house so filled with sad memories we took refuge with our maternal grandmother who lived in Canton. With unabated courage, my dear mother worked hard to earn our daily rice. She kept up her arduous labour from 1952 to 1955. It was then that we were providentially offered a chance to leave the Red Paradise for Hong Kong.

Soul heaven

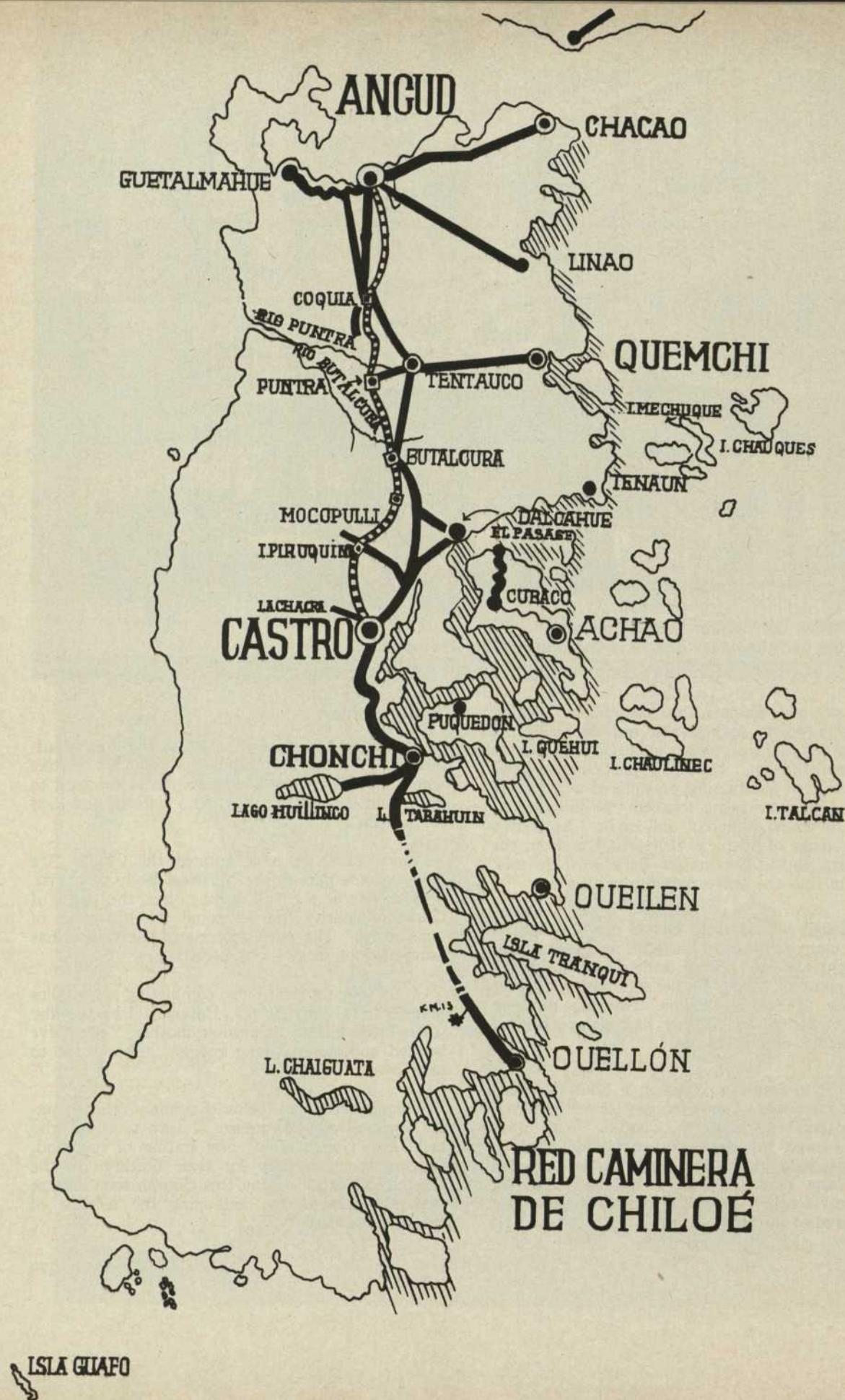
Our souls had been annealed in the fires of sufferings. Thanks to Canadian Missionary Sisters whom we met during our time of trial we grew to know and love the Saviour, who suffered and died for us all.

Since 1957, we have entered the Church, we have become part of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Our hearts are still aching, but the balm of Christian charity has tempered the bitterness of our sorrow. The pure doctrine of the Gospel has taught us to forgive our persecutors.

I am looking forward to completing my studies in order to help my family. Happy will be the day when I can tell my admirable mother, "You have worked and suffered long enough. Here I am to take over".

Remembering my beloved country crushed under the heel of Communism, I turn to those who believe in God, Creator and Father of mankind, begging them to pray for their brethren in the Church of Silence. May this Church soon emerge from the Gethsemane and sing the Alleluia of the Resurrection.





The PROVINCE of CHILOE

Translated from the Spanish. This essay was written for "The Precursor" by Reverend Abel Macias, director of the Ancud newspaper "La Cruz del Sur."

Situated in the southern region of Chile, the province of Chiloé takes in the island of the same name and that part of the mainland lying between the province of Llanquihue in the north and of Aysen, in the south. On the east, its boundaries touch the Argentine Republic; on the west it is limited by the Pacific Ocean. It extends over an area of 12,000 square kilometres.

Due to its singularly rainy climate, Chiloé is endowed with luxuriant vegetation.

Lack of new industries, an inadequate electrical system, poor land communications are among the chief causes which hamper its development as compared with that of other Chilean regions. Such is the deficiency of the overland route system that only in 1964 were the first few feet of road hard-surfaced — along the Pan American route leading to Quellon, in the southernmost portion of the province.

Education

Chiloé offers educational advantages to its population of 125,000 inhabitants in 5 secondary schools; 2 state-sponsored, 3 conducted as private Catholic institutions. Five specialized schools, one under Catholic direction, are also available.

Primary educational establishments number 277: 13 are private schools staffed by 25 teachers; the remaining 264 are public schools staffed by 510 teachers.

In general, classrooms do not measure up to modern requirements. Nevertheless, serious efforts are at present being made to improve material conditions; the schools recently built can stand comparison with educational establishments elsewhere.

Primary schools are under control of the Ministry of Education, but are directly dependent on their respective Direction of Education usually stationed in the

chief towns of each department. Thus, the province of Chiloé has, besides the Provincial Direction of its capital, Ancud, the Directions of Chaitén, Achao, Castro, and Chonchi, chief towns of other departments.

Religious aspects

Chiloé is a bishopric with see at Ancud. To this see are attached 22 parishes and 144 outposts scattered throughout the large island of Chiloé and numerous neighbouring islands. Inadequate communications make it difficult for priests to reach the eighty percent rural population. Only 13 out of 22 parishes have a resident pastor. The others have to be content with receiving the sacraments and hearing Mass once in a while. It often happens that even in urgent cases, the priest cannot reach them in time to administer spiritual assistance.

The most crucial problem, however, is not the lack of passable

Ancud Normal School.



Mapuche Indian from Temuco region, Southern Chile.



routes, but the pitifully small number of priests — a mere 24 for the entire province — (20 secular priests and 4 Franciscan Friars) who besides exercising their ministry in 9 parishes must also perform duties within the diocesan curia and at the seminary. Average ordinations to the priesthood at Chiloé amount to *one* priest every three years.

There are 33 Sisters at work in five convents; 3 at Ancud, 1 at Castro, 1 at Achao. In the latter town, they conduct a lyceum and a primary school, at Castro a primary school. At Ancud, Sisters from a religious community of Spanish extraction are in charge of a primary school and of a school of arts and crafts; seven Canadian Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, arrived in 1963, conduct *Inmaculada Concepcion Colegio*, a primary and secondary establishment.

The people of Chiloé appreciate the presence of Sisters in the field of education.

Economy

After repeated investigations, serious studies, and countless



Helping unload catch of tuna. An F.A.O. expert aids Chilean government in its efforts to put fish on the national dinner-plate. Credit: United Nations.

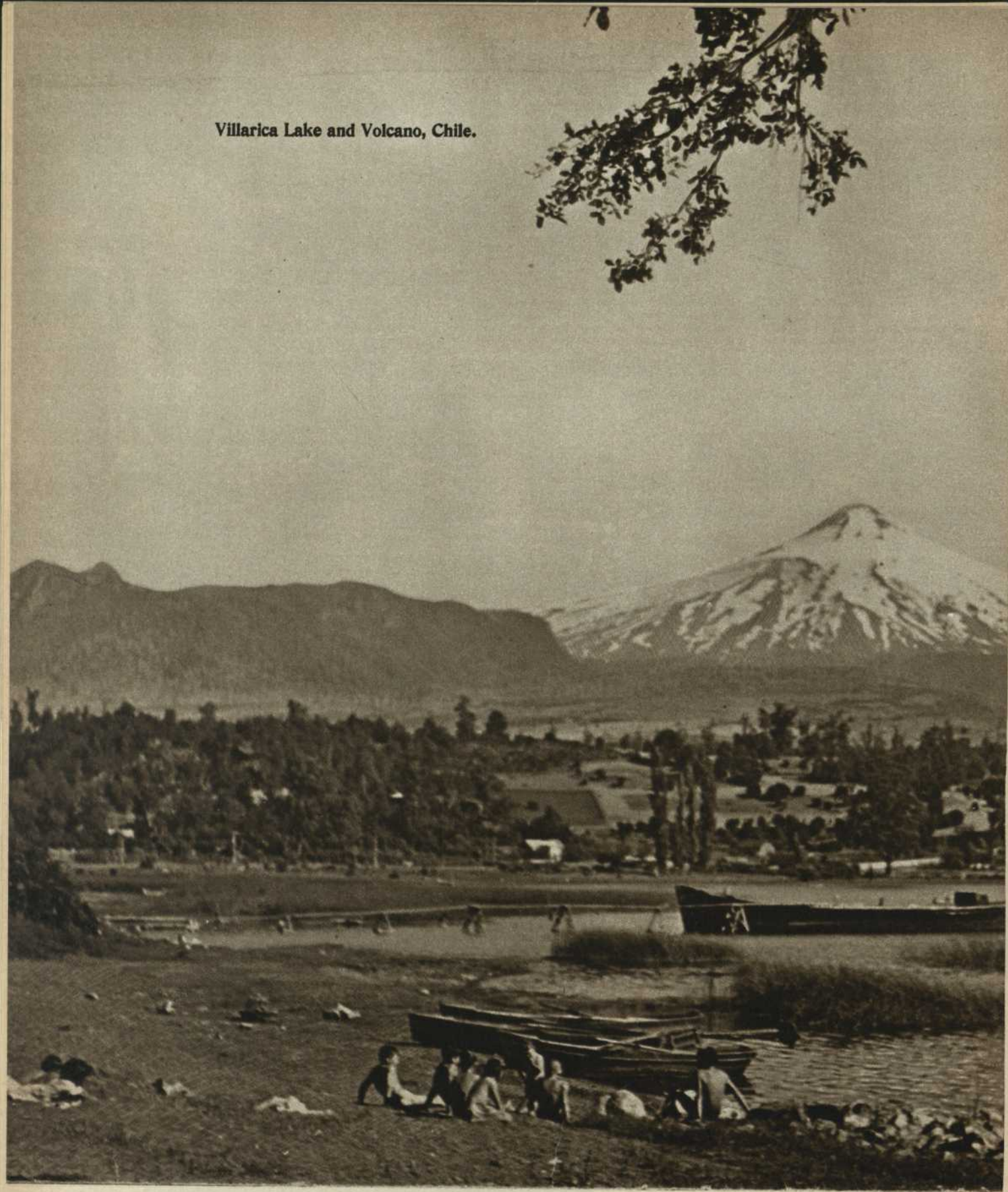
meetings of all sorts, government officials have acknowledged deficiency in the trade balance of production of Chiloé as compared with that of the rest of Chile. While the total value of products distributed from Chiloé to other

Chilean regions amounts to about 2 million *escudos* (Chilean currency unit worth about one third of Canadian dollar) the value of products entering Chiloé equals 4 million *escudos*, thus showing an annual deficit of 2 million.

As long as such a serious lack of equilibrium exists, there can be no question of toning up provincial economy.

The present production which goes out from Chiloé to the main-

Villarica Lake and Volcano, Chile.





land is as follows: about 700,000 inches of timber, from 7,000 to 10,000 head of cattle, about 15,000,000 kilograms of potatoes. Other exports are poultry, dairy products, vegetables, shell fish etc. An increase in industrialization and, incidentally, a revalorization of Chiloé products might improve this state of affairs.

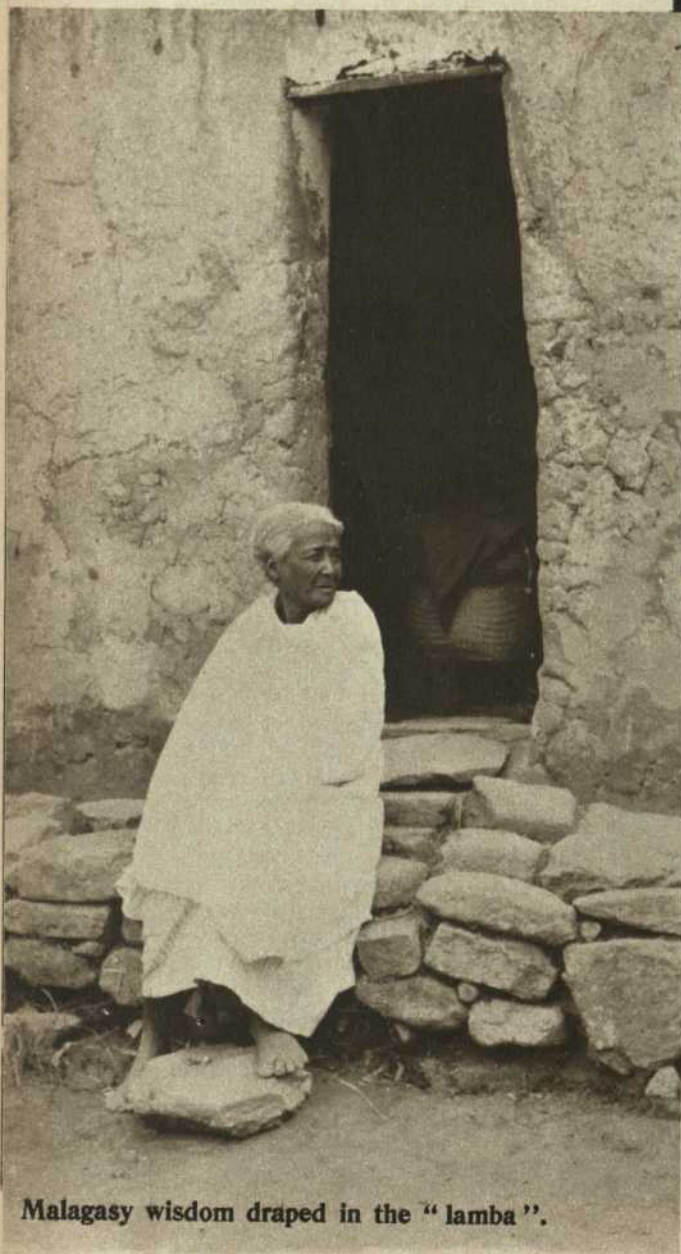
Industrialization while providing a stable market for producers, would at the same time assure improvement of stock farming and of agricultural production.

There are about 20,000 milk cows in Chiloé. Intensive exploitation of dairying would produce an annual minimum of 20 million litres of milk. Put on the market, dairy products would bring in about 2 million *escudos* and would thus reestablish the balance of trade. Moreover, if the cultivation of sugar-beets replaced that of potatoes, an excellent source of income would be assured as testified by various experiments already launched.

Finally, the rational and well organized exploitation of Chilean oysters, so abundant in the Bay of Ancud, would also represent an important increase in economic value.

Due to the 1960 earthquakes, nearly all the establishments of the ostreiculture station were ruined. This industry conducts researches in view of the preservation, improvement, and propagation of the species. Holding second rank among the 87 classified varieties of oysters throughout the world, Chilean oysters have played an important role in regional progress. This asset offered to the economy of the province, the only one of its kind in South America, might well ensure a source of almost inexhaustible riches for Chiloé and for Ancud more particularly.

Hebrew Wisdom



Malagasy wisdom draped in the "lamba".



Malagasy Sapience

by Sister Ann of the Presentation, M.I.C.

(Estelle Messier, St. Charles on Richelieu.)

During the past year which I have spent studying the language, folkways, and customs of my adopted country, I have often been struck by the resemblance between Malagasy and Hebrew thought patterns. Reverend François Xavier Razadrainy has stressed this fact at length in his book, *Parenté des Hovas et des Hébreux*.

The Hova also known as the Antaimmerina form one of the most important tribes in the Malagasy Republic also peopled by the Betsimisaraka, the Betsileo, the Tsimihety, the Sakalava, the Antaisaka, and the Antandroy. Their home is in the east-central part of the island.

Proverbs may be said to constitute an integral part of Malagasy life. Old saws and epigrams often reveal the character of a nation reflecting as they do its practical wisdom. Hova sayings, examined from the twofold point of view of structure and content, disclose a profound affinity to the proverbs of Solomon. Might this signify that the Malagasy soul carries a Jewish imprint? However this may be, Reverend F. X. Razadrainy makes bold to affirm that Hova proverbs have been composed according to the Semitic rules of poetry: "Outstanding in concision, elegance, and harmony, their style remains simple, terse, and picturesque. The sentences flow like the verse used in Hebrew poetry as well as in Semitic poetry in general."

Subjects treated are similar: God, family, youth, wisdom, justice, charity, purity, faithfulness, generosity, temperance, modesty, wealth, poverty, etc.; the aim, i.e., the attainment of true wisdom, is also similar. Thus, while the Hebrew scribe asserts, "Happy the man whose treasure-trove is wisdom," the Hova sage urges, "Cultivate wisdom and beauty will be yours." Both Hebrew and Malagasy proverbs on riches agree in proving that man bestirs himself in vain laying up earthly treasures, both borrow the same image to describe the fugitive character of worldly wealth which vanishes into thin air.

The Hebrew proverb runs:

"Why pursue that which will so soon disappear?
Wealth has wings that carry it
on high like the eagle."

The Hova:

"Riches are like the dust on a country
dispersed by the wind,
carried away by the torrent."

Identity of form and of expression are apparent in all these familiar sayings.
The following are groups of parallel Hebrew and Hova proverbs:

Hebrew

Passing by field or vineyard
where idleness reigned and improvidence,
what sights I have seen!
Nettles were everywhere,
briers had covered the ground,
the stone wall was ruinous.

Pr XXIV, 30-31

An honest purpose clears a man's path;
the wicked are entangled by their own scheming.
For his honesty, the upright man shall go free;
not so the wrong-doer, caught in the meshes
of his own net.

Pr XI, 5-6

Hova

Water shimmers in the idler's rice field;
weeds overrun the loafer's garden patch;
thorn bushes and brambles
choke up the avenue to the sluggard's door.

A lie is like the *salaka*, (loin-cloth).
It entangles but him who utters it.
A lie deceives the liar only.

I passed by a rice field too well tended to belong
to an idler.



Honest living is death's avoiding.
Still the Lord gives honesty a full belly.
Pr X, 2-3

Only fools are impatient of warning.
Pr XII, 1

Honey itself cannot vie with well-framed words,
for heart's comfort and body's refreshment.
Pr XVI, 24

Canst thou press thy quarrel home,
and no strife come of it?
Pr XXX, 33

The just man cannot die.

It is foolish to be impatient of reprimand.

Kind words are like food.

The heart roused to anger disrupts
friendly understanding.

Many more such Malagasy proverbs could be quoted here were it not that space is limited. The discovery of how mysteriously Malagasy sapience is linked with Hebrew wisdom has increased my love and admiration for this kindly people, so profoundly religious in its outlook on life and its problems. Already in possession of Hebrew wisdom in such a remarkable degree, how could it fail to make its own the Word of God as revealed in the Old and New Testaments? The words of Wisdom would then come true for the Malagasy, "Together with her all blessings came to me; boundless prosperity was her gift." (VII:11)

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