



March-April 1966

THE PRECURSOR

Persons whom we meet may often prove to be signs from God. Such and such a person may be a manifestation, a sign from God. Realizing this, we should be aware also of what a serious responsibility we have towards others. For, just as others may be signs from God for us, we also are signs from God for them.

Reverend Jean Danielou

in The Salvation of the Nations

Our Cover : Youthful Peruvian workers.

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.
Postage paid at Montreal.

THE PRECURSOR

2900 St. Catherine Road
Montreal (26) Canada.

Bi-monthly magazine published by the
Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
with the approbation of the Ordinary of Montreal.

NIHIL OBSTAT: Father A. Cossette, P.M.E., October 31, 1965.

No. 2
March - April 1966
Vol. XXVII

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\$ 2.50	2 years
\$ 5.00	4 years
\$30.00	for life

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PAUL VI



Missionary Pope

In an allocution during which he had announced his journey to India, Pope Paul VI summed up as follows his purpose in undertaking the 400-mile flight: "A journey to the gates of this immense Asia, this new and modern world, is not foreign to the requirements of our apostolic ministry... It is in truth no wish for novelty or for travel that urges Us to this undertaking, but the apostolic desire to extend Our evangelical greetings to those ever vaster audiences which Our times have made accessible to Us. Yes, the Pope is becoming a missionary, which means a witness, a shepherd, an apostle on the move."¹

Following in the trend of the *aggiornamento* of the Church, Paul VI has transformed the life of the Pope. He is no longer a prisoner within the Vatican, but the prisoner of surging multitudes. The Holy Father knows that nothing can more closely knit the bonds of brotherhood than a personal contact, however brief, with the people. Inspired by the evangelical watchword, "Going, teach all nations..." he breaks down all barriers to become missionary on world-wide routes: Jerusalem, Bombay, New York.

Humanity will not soon forget the Pope's white-

clad figure, arms outstretched as if in a universal embrace. First, in Palestine. This return to Christian sources, this step taken towards unity symbolized by the cordial greetings exchanged between Paul and Athenagoras has deeply stirred even the non-Christians who witnessed it. The prayer of the Pope in Bethlehem, in Nazareth, in Gethsemane was intensely apostolic. In his heart he bore the whole of humanity... "Lord Jesus, our Redeemer and our Peace who hast revealed us Thy supreme desire 'that all may be one', grant this same desire which we make our own and which has here become our prayer — that all may be one."

A missionary in Bombay, the Pope greeted the noble land of India as a bearer of peace, of joy, of serenity and of love. The crowds which surged about him wherever he went were pleased with this new kind of missionary activity of the Great Holy Man from the West. To emphasize the universal character of the Church, he bestowed the episcopal consecration on two Indians, one Congolese, one Togolese, one Malagasy, and one Australian.

Again, Pope Paul VI went like a messenger on a long journey to UN headquarters in New York, there to meet envoys from one hundred and seven-





"If you want

Photo Credit : United Nations

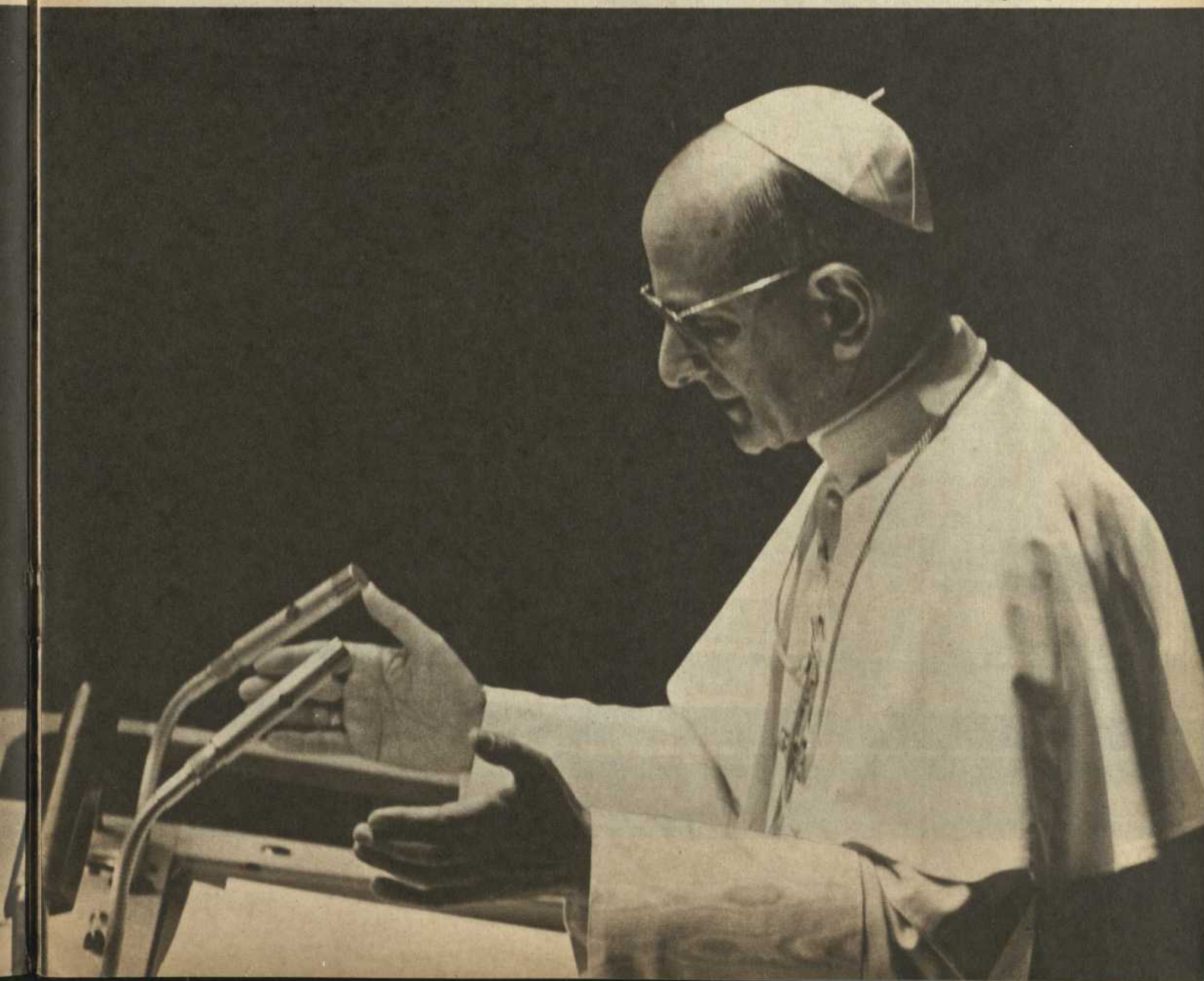
**POPE PAUL VI,
MISSIONARY
of PEACE and of
BROTHERLY DIALOGUE
throughout the
WORLD**



Photo Credit : Felici



Ecumenical handclasp in Jerusalem. Brother among brothers in Bombay.
to be brothers, let the weapons fall from your hands. One cannot love while grasping offensive weapons."



"Peoples turn to the UN
as towards the ultimate
hope for peace and con-
cord."

Paul VI





teen nations. Heads of governments, foreign ministers, ambassadors listened respectfully to the message of peace addressed by the Vicar of Christ to world leaders assembled on American soil. On this memorable occasion, the Pope gave what has been called the "great address" based on the UN charter, an institution which he lauded highly: "You are a bridge between peoples. You are a network of relations between States. We would almost say that your chief characteristic is a reflection, as it were, in the temporal field, of what our Catholic Church aspires to be in the spiritual field: unique and universal... Your vocation is to make brothers not only of some but of all peoples..."

These three missions of the Pope were inspired by his missionary spirit. He went out to other peoples, a "humble man, a brother", with the aim of bearing the Gospel message. Thus did he put into concrete form his exhortations regarding dialogue with the modern world exposed in particular in the encyclical *Ecclesiam suam*.

From the term of this accession to the see of Peter, Paul VI has given an apostolic orientation to his pontificate. Not only his travels but his other activities such as meetings, encyclicals, discourses, exhortations, ecumenical council reveal his missionmindness.

It may be too early as yet to gauge the contribution of Vatican II to the mission world at large, but its beneficent influence has already been felt in ecumenical matters. Already, we can discern what Teilhard de Chardin foresaw some fifty years ago, a humanity which despite conflicts and divisions is reaching out for unity. Under the paternal guidance of Pope Paul VI the Church is endeavouring to make itself understood of modern man. The Church of the twentieth century is accomplishing with greater fervour than ever, in the person of its Chief, its universal mission of carrying the truth to all peoples and nations. Pope Paul VI seems to have made his own the burning desire of his predecessor, "I am for all that unites." He is literally haunted by the idea of unity.

In his first radio message after his election the Pope expressed the wish to dedicate all his energies that the Catholic Church may draw all men to itself. Faithful to his watchword, he gave the Church of the twentieth century its dynamism and its impulsive force. Pope Paul VI is a great Pontiff, a missionary to the world.

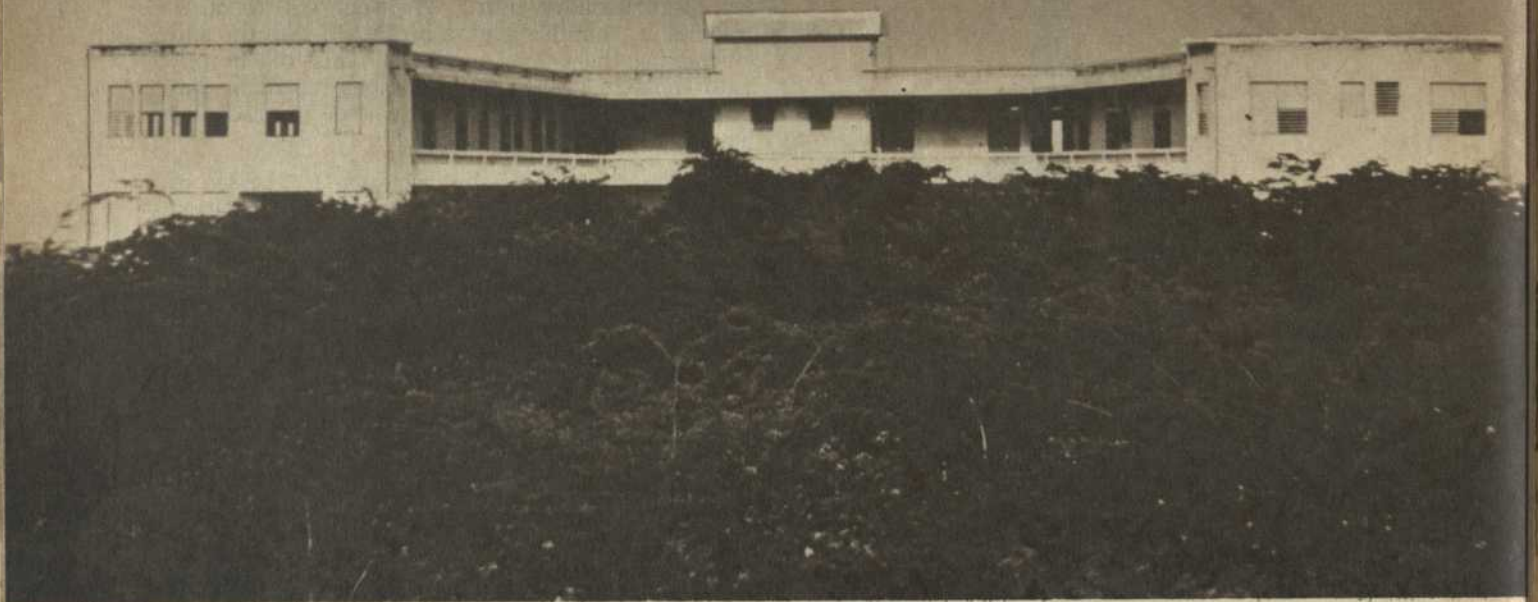
Sister Gisèle Villemure, M.I.C.

(Yamachiche)

Photo Credit : United Nations

The Vocation of a Hillock

Sister Elmire Roseberry, M.I.C.¹



Once upon a time, in sunny Haiti,
There was a hillock,
Bare and lonely,
Looking down upon the capital
Lying in the valley below.

Nobody ever thought
Of tilling its denuded slopes
In the sunshine it dozed,
Idling its life away.

.....
Until one perfect day in June,

A Missionary Sister
In quest of ground
Whereon to build a dream,
Climbed to the summit
And let her gaze wander far
Over the horizon.
The solitude was unbroken
Safe for the chirp of crickets.
"Just the place," she mused,
"To build a Novitiate."
"Good morning, O little hill," she called,
"Why so idle?"
"Because," answered the hill,
"Nobody has hired me..."
"I would like to borrow
Your solitude, your security,
Your firmness."
"But, of what use can I be to you?
See how bare and arid
Are my slopes."
"Just let me dig foundations
In your rocky soil...
Some day, you will burst
Into throbbing life."
"Here I am, then,
Ready to serve," answered the hillock.

Years went past,
And the hillock
No longer mourned its
Loneliness.
White-veiled novices
Dwelt in an airy convent
Built upon its crest.
All day long the hillock
Joined in the songs of praise
That rose from halls
And fragrant gardens.

.....
At the eleventh hour
The hillock
Found its vocation
Of being a high place
Of worship, of dedication
To the Lord.

GOOD FRIDAY EVENING IN LIMA

by Sister Françoise Romaine, M.I.C.¹

Like many a tyro missionary, I daily encounter novel and exciting experiences in my field of apostolate. One of these, a picturesque Way of the Cross procession which took place in Lima last Good Friday evening, I want to share with you, dear readers.

The procession wound its way through the streets and alleys of our Saint Paul parish situated in the heart of the Peruvian capital's poorest sections. I followed the hundreds of parishioners, sharing in the deeply penitential inspiration of this religious exercise performed with the intention of making public amends for the sins of the community to the *Senor Los Milagros*, Lord of the Miracles, greatly honoured in Lima.

Over one thousand participants from all parts of the parish converged on the church plaza whence the procession was to start. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, the people upon meeting exchanged friendly greetings and struck up animated conversations. We Sisters were treated like old acquaintances.

In my naive inexperience, I expected that the pastor would line up the various groups in orderly manner, as is usually done back home: crusaders, students, legionaries, men, women, children... Nothing of the kind takes place over here where things are much more simply done. Preceded by acolytes and a man bearing a huge crucifix, men, women, and children surged forward goodnaturedly jostling one another to catch a better view.

The head of the cortege halted a few minutes at each station to meditate on considerations given out by the presiding priest. Fourteen houses had been decked beforehand to represent the various stations. Chief characteristic of this procession which differs from all others was the fervent participation of all the faithful who prayed and sang

with their whole hearts. It was a talking, singing, living procession such as I had never seen before. This action on the march gave the whole manifestation a very realistic sense.

As the long procession kept on its way, children and young people occasionally gave vent to giggles and chatter, but in general an atmosphere of piety and compunction reigned until the end. The huge crucifix held aloft at the head of the cortege rekindled fervour and encouraged the faithful to perseverance. A murmur of compassion rippled through the assembly when a loud voice proclaimed the fourth station "Jesus meets His mother". In a touching exhortation the narrator continued: "A mother is the personification of generosity, selflessness, pity, love, tenderness. We all have a loving mother who is ever attentive to our needs, who keeps watch and ward over us, our whole life through. This mother is Mary, the most holy Virgin. Let us share in the sorrow she felt when she met her divine Son on the way to Calvary."

During the two-and-a-half hours the procession lasted, I came to understand better than ever before that the Precious Blood has not been shed in vain. My devotion to the religious exercise of the Way of the Cross was reawakened. It remains even to this day in Peru an unforgettable spectacle, a unique manifestation, a moving testimony of the Peruvian people's deep faith. This great gathering which has brought us in closer contact with simple and fervent souls has also increased the happiness experienced in following the divine ideal of the missionary life.

Only at the close of this memorable day was I enabled to grasp the import of a reflection I once heard in Lima, "The pride of living in this city may well be translated by the old saying, 'When God holds someone in particular regard, He invites him to Lima!'"





Roads that lead to the southern Yungas.

A MERCY JOURNEY TO

And, who is my neighbour? (Luke 10, 29).

While visiting Chica, one of his numerous outposts, Reverend Father Theodore, pastor of Irupana, heard about an Indian family rumoured to be suffering from leprosy. Upon his return, he called at the dispensary to discuss the problem with the Sister-nurses. It was decided that a special trip would be made to make sure how matters really stood.

A few days later, we set out with our medicine kit and packages of food. According to directions received, we found the family's solitary hut perched atop a steep incline where no jeep could hope to reach. Laboriously climbing up a narrow footpath, we at last reached destination. Four youngsters peeped at us from behind a clump of stunted bushes. The mother held the door ajar while she looked us over, half sullen, half frightened. Meantime, the children timidly came out of hiding. Sister Marie Juliette¹ held out some temptingly fresh sugared buns which they ate hungrily. The ice was broken. Mamma called Papa, and the Sister-nurse was allowed to make a careful examination of all present. Running sores covered the swollen faces of the two oldest children; the two youngest were but lightly touched. The mother suffered from sores around her eyes, and although the father seemed apparently fit, Sister discovered that his legs wore blotches of the same infection.

Upon our return to Irupana we reported the case to the doctor of the town hospital who advised having the whole family hospitalized as soon as possible. It was no easy thing to persuade these people who had never gone beyond their mountain home to agree. Sister Marie Juliette succeeded after much coaxing, and the six patients were taken down to Irupana.

At the first consultation, the doctor who had once worked among leper patients was inclined to diagnose a certain kind of leprosy which could be cured. However, there were no facilities at his hospital for such patients. He therefore suggested that we contact the La Paz Ministry of Health in order to obtain the necessary drugs. In La Paz we were referred to the *Cuerpo de Paz* which took steps to

IRUPANA, BOLIVIA

have the whole family admitted to the Los Negros Leprosarium situated at over 1,000 kilometers from Irupana.

How were the patients to be transferred there? As no bus or truck would accept to take them on, Sister Superior proposed that we take them in our jeep. Were they not the neediest of Christ's suffering members?

One early morning in December we accordingly set out with Mamma and the four children, Papa being unable to come along then because of some business arrangement to be made. He joined us in La Paz where our Sisters gave the whole party a friendly welcome. An outhouse within the convent grounds had been made ready for our companions.

Towards seven o'clock the following morning we left for Cochabamba. On the way, as we were taking a sketchy meal by the roadside, a passing car halted and who should step out of it but Bolivia's Papal Nuncio, His Excellency Right Reverend Carmine Rocco who greeted us kindly and inquired where we were going with these people. Told about the latter's plight, he expressed paternal sympathy and wished us godspeed, adding, "I admire you, Sisters, for giving this great proof of charity. May God reward you."

The next day we left on the last leg of our journey. We still had 427 kilometres to go, but this once over good, surfaced roads. At Comarapa, we happened to meet His Excellency Right Reverend Luis Rodriguez, bishop of Santa Cruz, who graciously offered a gift of fruits to the patients.

We reached the Los Negros Leprosarium towards four that afternoon. As our letter apprising the hospital directors of our arrival had not yet reached them, hospitalization preparatives had not been made. The doctor and his auxiliaries finally decided to provide temporary accommodation for our companions worn out by their three days on the road. Once the required analyses were completed,

¹ Juliette Ouellette, Squatec

LOS NEGROS

by Sister Gaétane Guillemette, M.I.C.
(Saint Hyacinthe)



Young Indian boy suffering from leishmaniasis, a disease caused by a certain kind of protozoa.

the hospital direction would make arrangements to return the whole family to Irupana, if their complaint was not diagnosed as leprosy...

To our surprise, a few days later, employees from Los Negros brought us back our friends, declared free from any leprosy symptoms. It seems that what they suffered from was a non-contagious tropical disease called leishmaniasis usually brought

on by the bite of certain insects. Fortunately, our small hospital is equipped to treat the terrible infection. The treatment is long and the drugs used cost a good deal.

We do not regret the 625 miles travelled, for the stigma of a dreaded disease has been lifted from a family whose members may now look forward to eventual recovery and the joy of living.

PUCALLPA, PERU

PASTORAL ACTIVITIES IN PUCALLPA

INTERVIEW by Sr. Jacqueline Breault, M.I.C.



Pucallpa cathedral.

Photos : courtesy of the Direction of Foreign Missions, Pont Viau

Q.— I heard that you took part in a special session where pastoral work and catechesis were discussed in Pucallpa. Could you tell us something about these important meetings?

A.— Gladly. The sessions which lasted three days functioned under the direction of Canon Boulart,

an expert on pastoral subjects. All the Pucallpa missionaries, both religious and lay, were present in order to consider in common the apostolate as exercised within the vicariate.

Q.— Were these meetings of any practical help to you, missionaries?

¹ Val Racine

A.— Indeed they were. We learned how our teaching as presented in the catechism must truly become the proclamation of the *glad tidings*, the message of our salvation in Christ, the divine invitation calling for our answer.

Q.— *The sum and core of your teaching would then appear to be God's invitation into His kingdom?*

A.— Exactly. The whole plan of catechesis as elaborated during these sessions contains a two-fold element: the invitation on the part of God and the called-for response on our part.

Q.— *What do you think of the methods of evangelization used in Pucallpa?*

A.— Beginnings were very promising. However, as the priests were woefully few in number, Christian practices gradually degenerated into superstitious doings. Catechism was taught without any relation to daily life. Religious instruction was not sufficiently adapted to the mentality and convictions of the people. Education, formation of the Christians, and practical guidance were too often neglected.

Q.— *Could you tell what is the chief aim of the kerygmatic renewal?*

A.— The chief aim of the kerygmatic renewal is to present the truth of faith as an organic whole whose core is the *good news* of our redemption in Christ. It is in the light of this central message that all the other truths of the faith are to be viewed, presented, and made fruitful for Christian life. This message proclaims that God is not merely an idea, a remote and silent being, but a living personal God, the almighty Creator and the eternal Father.

Q.— *Such teaching should not, I think, be allowed to remain purely theoretical. What is your opinion?*

A.— Religious instruction should offer not only a summary of questions and answers to be learned by heart, but should help Christians find their way into the world of faith, understand God's call, and answer it wholeheartedly.

Q.— *How do you propose building a bridge between knowledge and action?*

A.— The Christian must be made to see the world as the work and possession of the Father for which he is to feel responsible as "son and heir". What is called the profane or natural order is no less from the hand of God. This is especially true of the social order. If the Christian does not endeavour

to restore it to its proper condition in regard to family, profession, economic, civic and cultural life, he is betraying the trust of his heavenly Father.

Q.— *How would you describe the profound aspect of Christianity, its dynamism?*

A.— Christianity requires whole-hearted commitment in the service of God and of neighbour. It cannot rest satisfied with occasional processions, pious novenas, not even with interesting catechism lessons. It is not because we have preached the word of God that we can prove our teaching to have been fruitful. Intellectual concepts do not suffice to stimulate the practice of Christian living, to promote the inner growth of men of faith.

Q.— *What then is needed?*

A.— The pledges which accompany the living word: pledges of charity, of abnegation, of disinterestedness, of humility, of poverty, of love of neighbour. Above all, the testimony of a genuine Christian community which reveals the face of God: this fundamental sign is a permanent and needful miracle.

Q.— *Are not the other kind of miracles rather rare today?*

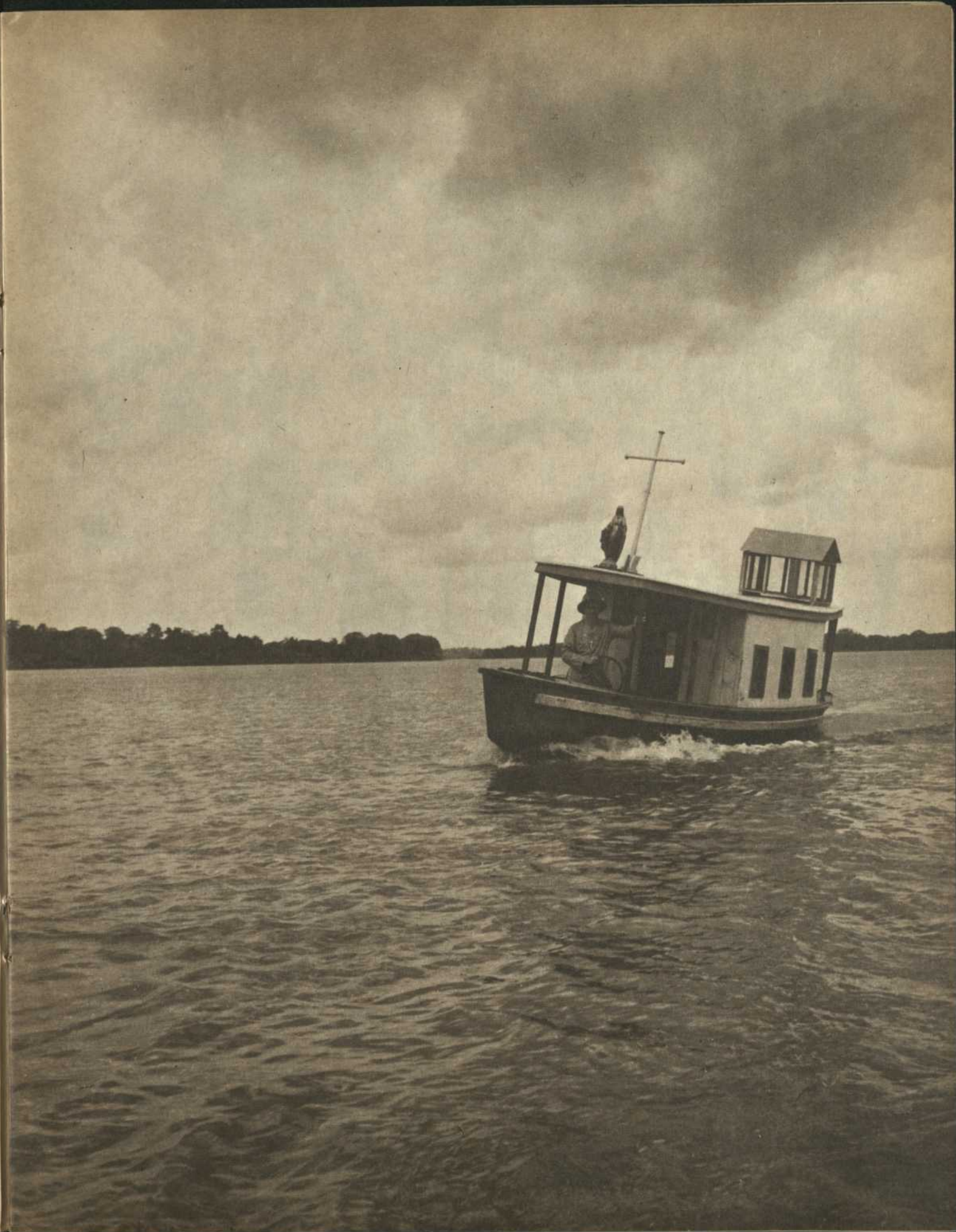
A.— Perhaps because we do not need them as much as in the days of Saint Francis Xavier to plead in our favour. But, it is important for us to perfect our manner of spreading the Christian message. An atmosphere is not completely absorbed as the result of explanations; it ought to penetrate by a kind of osmosis.

Q.— *We are involved in a whirlwind which is tearing away the very roots that bind us to the past. How can faith remain firm among such a confusion of values?*

A.— We must familiarize our young people with the spiritual order of values that is becoming more and more depreciated. If we fail to do so, then they will soon be beyond the reach of God's message. They will be unable to understand it or to appreciate it.

Q.— *What is the method used in your catechesis?*

When he visits his far-flung diocese, Bishop Gustave Prévost, P.M.E., goes by boat down the Ucayali, affluent of the Amazon.





The procession on Palm Sunday.

A.— Instead of being based on abstract notions and definitions, our catechesis corresponds with the way in which God Himself gave us His revelation. This He did above all through His living word and His great deeds which were always aimed at the salvation and life of mankind. We take an event, a passage from the Bible, a liturgical action, an incident from Church history or the life of a saint and we expose it in a simple, calm manner, always direct enough to touch the heart.

Q.— *How do you go about preparing your lessons?*

A.— We prepare them by study, reflection, written notes, and prayer. Before addressing our hearers, we put three questions to ourselves: What am I going to teach (content)? Where should I be leading my hearers (pedagogy of living faith)? How shall I arrange my lesson (methodology)?

Q.— *What should be according to you, the visible fruits of catechesis?*

A.— Catechesis must lead Christians to personal



Kindergarten conducted by Miss Beaudoin, a lay missionary.

maturity, to self-reliance, and to the sense of responsibility in the spreading of the Kingdom. Sanctity of life, the joy of Christians, their willingness and ability to share the message, and especially their love which goes out even to enemies, are the fruits of a dynamic catechesis.

Q.— What is understood by the apostolate of the laity?

A.— The Christian message and teaching is borne out chiefly through the testimony of a Christian life.

This testimony of a Christian life by individuals and by the community of the faithful not only nourishes the faith of Catholics, but is the way that ordinarily leads the non-Christian to Christ and to the Church. Such was the apostolate exercised by the Christians of the primitive Church.

Q.— Is not this testimony of Christian life too often overlooked in our modern world?

A.— I think it is. We are inclined to confuse the

world with the worldly and to include them both under one condemnation, forgetting that the world has been made by God while the worldly is our own creation. The laity are called to lead a perfect life in the world, not out of it; rubbing shoulders with their fellow men, not avoiding them; grappling with the arduous problems of a material earthly existence. They are called upon to make this world a better place to live in. Anything that contributes to this end advances the Kingdom.

Q.— Do you think that even in the secular order apostolate may be successfully exercised?

A.— Yes, if our social life is to be informed with justice and charity. I believe that the Kingdom of God is built upon earth when men, especially Christians live up to their vocation to sanctify their daily tasks.

Q.— Now, could you tell me what is the role played by your specialized movements of apostolate?

Reverend Gerard Côté, P.M.E., with a class of Christian doctrine.



A.— Theirs is a dual role: to organize the collective testimony of the laity among themselves, and to unite these groups to the hierarchy. For them applies the old saw, "United we stand, divided we fall." Their unity will ensure the success apostolate.

Q.— *What about the betterment of communications between the hierarchy and the laity?*

A.— Catholics in Pucallpa are encouraged to assume the serious responsibility entailed in taking up the burden of laymen concerned about the Church. There has been some improvement in the flow of vertical communications, both from the top-bottom and the bottom-top point of view. How can the bishop properly perform his function to rule, to judge, and to sanctify unless he knows what is going on in his district? The first pastor of Pucallpa keeps an open ear to the suggestions of his subordinates.

Q.— *Is sociology integrated in your apostolate? How do you work on social facts?*

A.— We first try to discover social facts by paying habitual attention to people around us and to their mode of living. After the facts have been discovered comes the time for reflexion and team discussion of things learned. For instance, we have noticed that family life in Pucallpa is not what it should be. Therefore, we have looked for the cause and have found that it lies chiefly in inadequate lodgings and lack of the sense of responsibility.

Q.— *What can be done about this?*

A.— It belongs to civil authorities to provide salubrious and comfortable lodgings. For our part, together with all educators, we endeavour to awaken our people to a sense of responsibility. Sunday sermons stress the same theme.

Q.— *What is your attitude towards Catholic Action militants in this sort of campaign?*

A.— We require them to take the initiative even though mistakes will at times result. In all our activities we want to remain the humble servants of the Lord.

Q.— *Could you explain your way of proceeding in the formation of the laity?*

A.— We apply ourselves together to the practice of evangelical poverty. In the sight of God, are we not all poor? Without Him we cannot accomplish anything. We cannot expect much from self-satisfied people, but those who do feel their in-

sufficiency become the best collaborators of divine grace. With these we can follow the programme of our Lord as traced in the Gospel. Before broaching religious subjects, we take interest in family situations or in professional problems. Actions speak louder than words.

Q.— *How do you deal with practical problems?*

A.— Whenever difficulties crop up, we try to show our militants the exigencies of faith, hope, and charity. We urge them to rely on God's assistance to change the mentality of their milieu. This, always in a sturdy spirit of Christian optimism, even when faced with partial failure as often happens.

Q.— *What about the liturgical renewal launched by the Council?*

A.— It is above all important to show how Christ lives within our souls through His sacramental action, His Eucharist. Pope Saint Pius X required "active participation in the divine mysteries", and Pope Pius XI proclaimed the efficaciousness of liturgical celebrations "to imbue the people with the truths of our holy faith".

Q.— *What do you think this liturgical renewal will bring Pucallpa?*

A.— Here we find the liturgy is a very efficacious method of pictorial teaching enabling the Christians to understand more clearly and to relive the great mysteries of our faith. They know that it is thanks to the prayer of the Church that our personal life will be integrated into the life of Christ.

Q.— *Are there not some people who have the idea that the principal aim of liturgy is the inculcation of revealed truths?*

A.— Perhaps this is so, but this is a false idea. The liturgy is not only a source of religious knowledge, but above all the *laus Dei*, a *laus Dei* that makes us live our faith and see its significance and what ought to be its practical consequences.

Q.— *What are the prime movers which in the missionary Church are permanent and fundamental?*

A.— The hierarchy and the gifts of the Holy Spirit. To the bishop in his diocese or vicariate Christ has said as He once said to the Twelve, "As my Father has sent me, I also send you". In turn the bishop sends others into the mission field. We hold our mandate from him, we work under his direction.

Q.— *To bring this interview to a close, will you kindly sum up the action of the Holy Spirit in the apostolate?*



Village street in Pucallpa. Lodgings are small and insalubrious for the most part.

A.— The Holy Spirit intervenes by the diverse gifts He dispenses to whom He wants and in the manner He wants. He may speak through a nun, a lay person, a child... As we do not know through whom He will choose to make Himself heard, we must always be on the watch to catch the accents of His voice instructing us from the outside. True dialogue is of paramount importance. Often, we

fail to listen to others because we do not take them as seriously as we should. We hear what they say only to be able to tell them what we think right. We are not really engaging in a dialogue; we just want to talk ourselves.

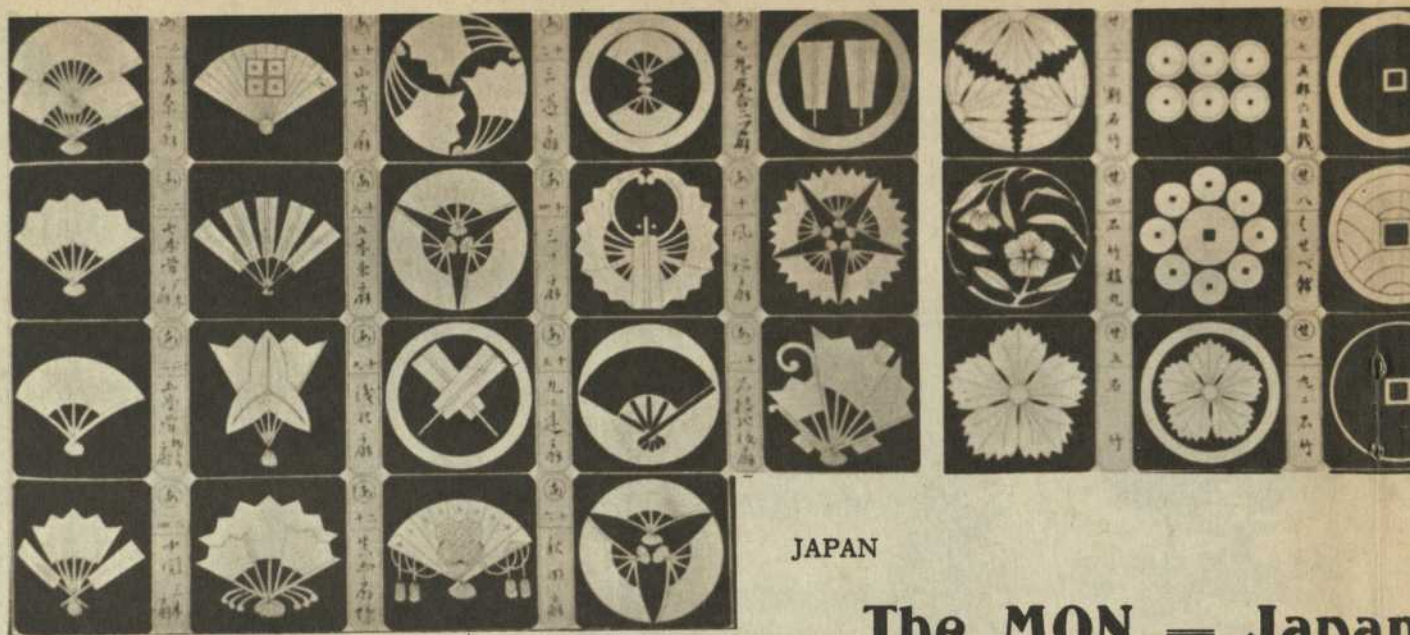
Q.— *What remedy do you think advisable?*

A.— It is necessary to cultivate an attitude of re-



spect for the people among whom we are called upon to work. Christian dialogue should be a work of love. We must be willing to enter into deeper relations with them. There can be no question of helping them from a distance, making them feel that we are condescending to supply them with what they need. Our brothers must never become

an object on which we practise the Christian principles. The people in whose midst we are called upon to exercise our apostolate will accept us only if we are willing to let them see that we too are human beings with needs. We must learn more deeply with them and from them what brotherhood means.



JAPAN

The MON — Japan

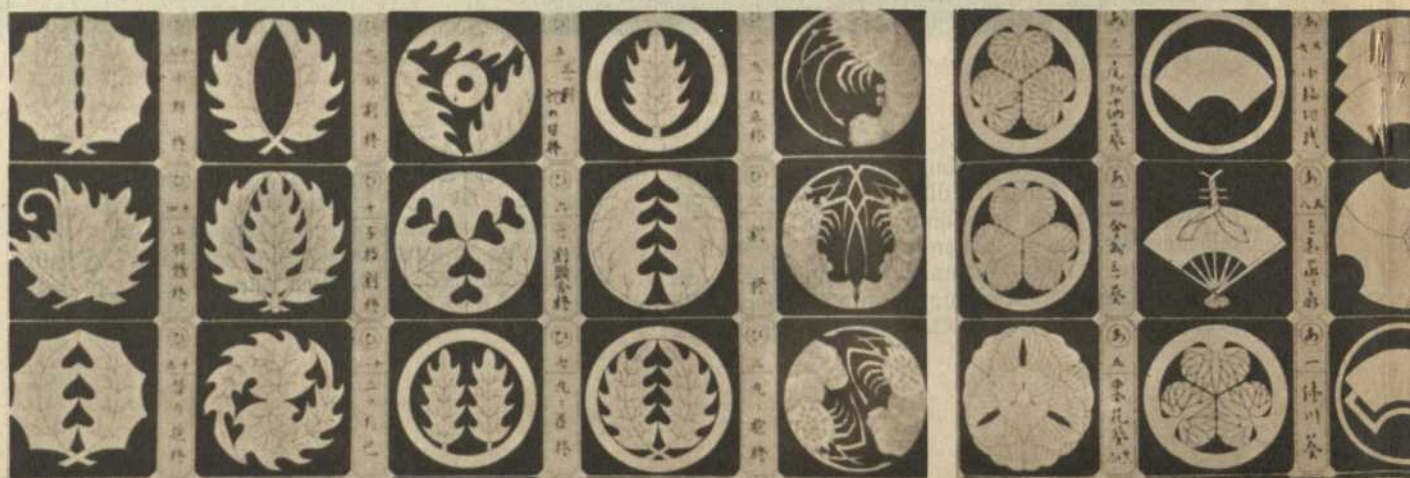
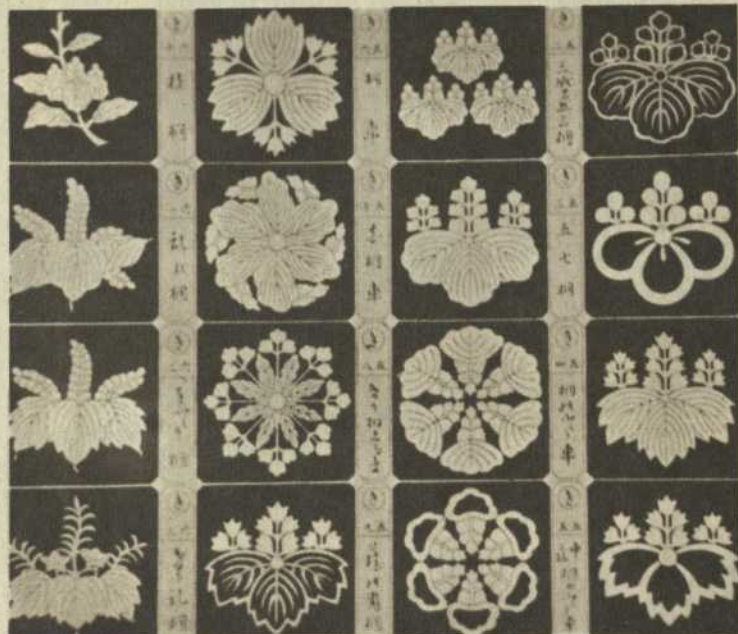
by Sister Anna M.

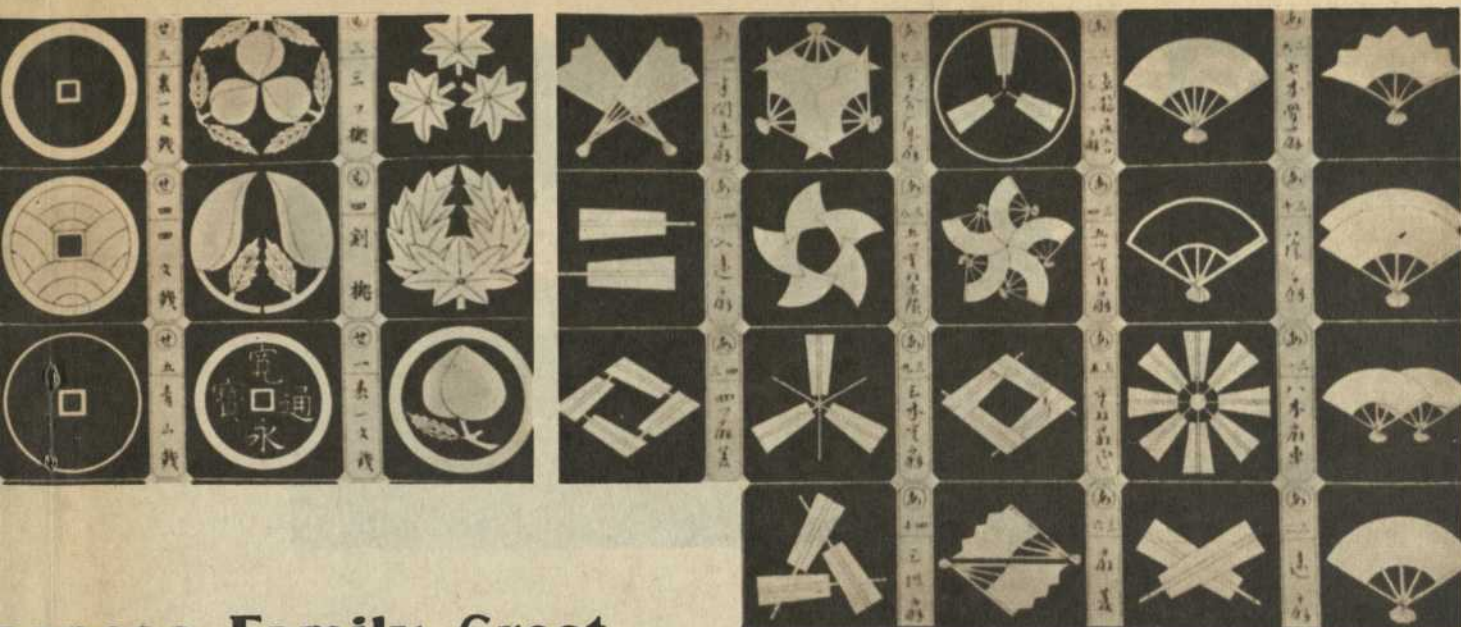
On formal or ceremonial occasions, the Japanese of kimono called *kuromontsuki*. Fashioned out of black cloth, the kimono has the family crest in five prominent positions — one in the center of the chest, one on each of the lower part of the sleeves. There is also a third crest worn on less formal occasions.

According to old historical records, the use of the crest was first introduced by the *kuge*, or court nobles. The *kuge* chose the crest as a practical choice of the *samurai* or warrior class of the time.

Proud of their illustrious lineage, the *kuge* chose the crest for their garments, carriages, and personal effects. In times of war, the *kuge* used pennants, tents, and weapons to distinguish them from the *samurai*.

During the course of the twelfth century filled with the clans of Genji and Heike, the *mon* came to be used by the *samurai*. The *mon* of the *samurai* were more elaborate than those of the *kuge*, were worn as distinctive marks of the clan.





Japanese Family Crest

Anna Marie, M.I.C.¹

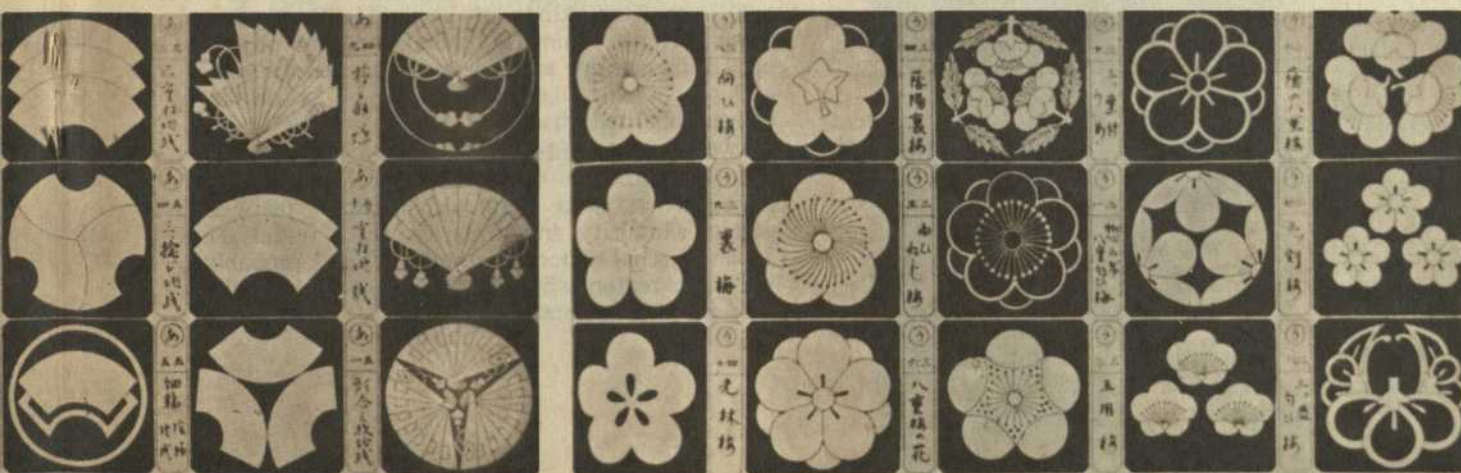
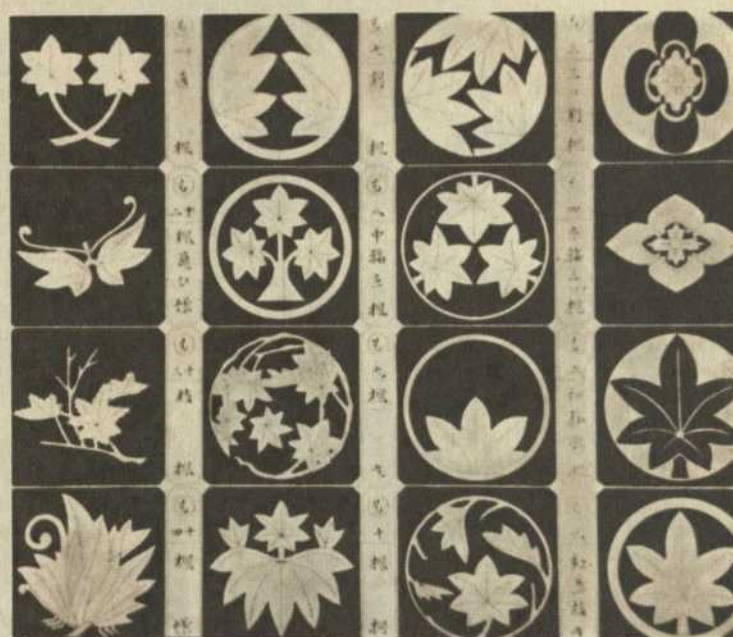
Japanese of both sexes and of all ages wear a special kind of kimono made of black silk, this kimono bears in white the wearer's family crest in the centre (back), one on each side (front), and one on the sleeve. There is also another kind of kimono with only one or with two crests.

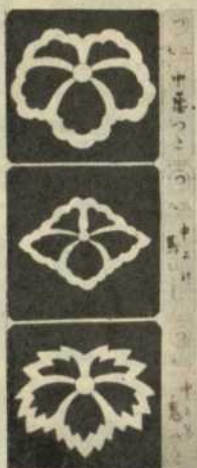
The use of the *mon* or family crests developed from two main sources: the court nobles of the Heian period (A.D. 794-1185), and the samurai of the Kamakura period (A.D. 1185-1333).

Samurai chose to wear distinguishing insignia applied to their armor. In times of warfare, they displayed these marks on their armor to distinguish them from those of other clans.

Many families filled with the clash of arms between the two powerful clans. The *mon* can be used also by the *samurai*. These *mon*, generally less distinctive marks of the various companies or regiments.

¹ Jeanne Roy, Pain Court, Ont.





Towards the close of the fourteenth century however, all families of relative importance, even those living in rural areas, adopted their own particular *mon*. Gradually, these crests served less as distinguishing marks in actual battle than as tokens of social standing on formal occasions. While some families used crests having direct or suggestive associations with their names, others used auspicious symbols such as the pine, the stork, the turtle, etc. Still others chose designs which recalled historical events connected with ancestors of the family or adopted insignia with a religious significance.

Mon grew in popularity during the Edo period (A.D. 1615-1868). They were at this time used by actors and public entertainers and provided subjects for popular songs and satirical poems known as *senryu*. As *mon* became more and more popular, less importance was attached to symbolizing family names than to attaining ornamental purposes. Competition for greater variety and gaiety was launched.

According to Mr. Keiichi Takasawa in his booklet *Kimono*, there are about 400 different types and over 3,000 kinds of *mon*. Most represent flowers, leaves, animals; others stand for objects of craftsmanship such as arrows, fans, spears; still others affect geometrical designs, or display conventionalized characters.

Although Japanese family crests have greatly changed with the times, their primary purpose remains that of a distinguishing mark featured with a simplicity and a clarity which reveal the Japanese sense of formative art. This is probably the main reason why the designs of such family *mon* are still in popular use.

THE CHURCH NEEDS YOU IN HONG KONG



The Legion of Mary thrives in Hong Kong.

"The Church needs you in Hong Kong..." What more inspiring words could a missionary wish to hear? These words were addressed to me over a year ago and to this day I never tire pondering their significance.

But, if inspiring, they also entailed profound exigencies. The Lord was waiting for me in Hong Kong in order to have me work among Chinese

young girls and lead them to Him. No easy task, this!

But then, His grace will not fail me: the past is the best guarantee of the present. With a deeply grateful heart I recall how tenderly He has always guided me in my teaching career for the past five-and-twenty years.

Down the corridors of my memory they pass, all those students whom I was privileged to teach.

The timid novices, the missionaries on furlough to whom I taught the intricacies of English sentence patterns, the secrets of intonations. Then, later on, the candid kindergarten tots whose first steps I guided along the way of knowledge. Well I knew that "the child is father to the man", that these were all-important years which would influence

their future destiny. Oh, the heartaches and laughter I shared with them all!

I remember Bernard, now on the threshold of holy priesthood as he burst into the classroom one day, stuttering in his excitement, "Sis...Sis...Sis...ter I just met God in the hall!" How hard it was to persuade him that he had met, not God the

Mount Good Hope School clings to the slopes



"We are created to do something or to be something for which no one else is created..." This is what the missionaries teach along with the English language to the youth of Kowloon.



Father, but a venerable, bearded missionary from Africa! Then, there was Pablo who once seriously inquired, "Sister, are you Santa Claus' wife?" Five-year-old Titus who offered to marry me, then changed his mind. How precarious is human love! Lovely Estrella who loved to quote Keats, her favourite author... "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." She fell in love with the Beauty ever

ancient, ever new, and is now a missionary Sister. Marie, the staunch Protestant, who after a lesson on Christian doctrine rushed to Sister Principal's office and asked pointblank, "Does Sister Thérèse teach the truth?" Her thirst after the Absolute finally led her to Him who is the Truth. I remember them every one, those eager children who never tired listening to the greatest story ever told. Can

es of the Peak, Kowloon.



there be a nobler task on earth than to teach the sons and daughters of God?

And how can I forget the ones I helped go up the altar at the side of their beloved, and who today fondly call me *Nenang*, Godmother, adding Grandmother as cradles fill up. "Darling, I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold..." The words of the old-fashioned song often haunt me as I prepare to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of my religious profession.

But I must really break off recalling memories of past years crowding in upon me... Just a few more recent ones before I bring this paper to a close.

My relations with neophytes here in Hong Kong bring me new and at times amazing experiences. To their souls still glistening with baptismal dew, Christ is very near and very wonderful. The Gospel is the word of God goading them on to perfection. For them, life is at the dawn, at once filled with promise and pregnant with unforeseen perils. They need a friend to whom they can turn for guidance. My mission here is to become that friend in need. I like to meditate on Newman's words:

We are created to His glory... We are created to do His will. I am created to do something or to be something for which no one else is created; I have a place in God's counsels, in God's world which no one else has... I have a mission... I may never know it in this life but I shall be told it in the next.

I am convinced that teaching clausal analysis, writing essays, correcting papers, goes way beyond what words can claim. My girls know by intuition that God is present for they have learned that He is everywhere. Biao Lan confided to me last week, "Along with the three principal parts of the verbs which you pounded into our heads were all the great truths of which you were so firmly convinced." Biao Lan is at present on her way to Fordham where she will prepare her Ph.D. in science.

Humbly and respectfully I recall the testimony these girls have given me of their lively faith. Fanny who once remarked, "Sister, five years ago in Shanghai, I had never heard about God, I did

not even know He existed, and now, to think that I am His child!" Her eyes shone with an inner light as she told me about her wonderful "luck" in having escaped from a materialistic world. Cecilia who, secretly baptized with her sisters, is now instructing a catechumen out of gratitude for the gift granted her. Vivian who literally devours the works of the great mystic, Saint Teresa of Avila. Navens who took untold pains to have the priest attend the bedside of her dying grandmother. Yvonne who transferred the traditional offerings in honour of Buddha to Mass stipends for the success of her exams. The non-baptized Eliza who developed the proof of the divinity of Christ with the ardour of a seasoned theologian. Another Cecilia totally dedicated to the Legion of Mary who witnessed the last public Mass of the bishop of Shanghai while the Communists waited for his *Ite Missa est* to drag him off to jail.

Among our lay teachers also, reigns deep interest in things of the soul. One of them, as yet a non-Christian, after reading the Bible from cover to cover exclaimed, "Sister, can all this be true? It seems too, too wonderful!" Another who is a catechumen, was amazed to think that Chinese women, so long passive, whose only hope for a better existence lay in the transmigration of souls, can aspire to Christian joy. How tenderly must God listen to the personal prayer she often makes, "O God, you know how very ignorant I am about You... Do help me to know you well so that I may pray you better." Angeline, assistant-librarian who was astounded to hear that all the members of my family are Catholics.

And so my litany might stretch indefinitely... Whether I am conducting a Præsidium of the Legion of Mary or a Sodality meeting, teaching English literature or explaining grammatical rules, I feel that the Church accepts my services, humble as they are. I offer them today to the divine Bridegroom who called me twenty-five-years ago. Little silver flowers, acts of love I helped to foster among the youth of many races and many creeds compose the bridal bouquet I lay at His feet today.

Sister Thérèse Le Blanc, M.I.C.
(Moncton, N. B.)



MATI, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

OPEN LETTER TO A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR

My dear,

Your long awaited letter is finally here. How heartwarming to hear you say, "One thing I am sure of is that I want to work with children. I want to do something for others!" In this open letter, I would like to tell you all that is implied in that one sentence. I pray and hope that my explanation will help you as well as hundreds of other girls of your age who are faced with the problem of deciding their future. As you say, "It would be so much simpler if God came down, tapped us on the shoulder, and told us what He wanted us to do with our life..."

As a matter of fact, although He doesn't come down that way, He does show us the way.

In that one sentence from your letter I think you have revealed what could very well be God's call to you. Yes, the very fact that you have in you the desire to do something for others, that you want to devote yourself to taking care of children, could very well mean that this is God telling you that from all eternity, in His infinitely wise plan, He willed that you should serve Him as a religious and as a missionary since these two desires perfectly fit in with the missionary vocation. I do not

say that you are surely called to the religious state nor to the double vocation of both religious and missionary; I just say that those inner desires of yours could be God's call since both are pre-requisites of the missionary life.

The worldly-wise think us missionaries fools. They say they cannot believe we are speaking the truth when we declare that true joy lies in forgetfulness of self. But, for my part, I can assure you that I have known genuine happiness for the full sixteen years spent here teaching, encouraging, consoling hundreds of young Filipinos. Besides the girls, I now



Inauguration of sports grounds, Mati College. Sister Saint Patricia is about to cut the traditional ribbon.



First basketball match.

have the grade school boys, the high school lads, the young college students.

Then, there are the parents; the numberless poor who daily knock at our door; the babies brought in by their parents seeking medical care, food, clothing; the old people and the ailing... All I consider as my dear "children". My days begin at five in the morning and usually end at ten at night or even later. My "children" of all ages, all conditions, all states flock to my office every minute of the day. It is not unusual for me to sit down at dinner for the first time since breakfast. The thirty of forty students who sleep in our little boarding house or in the college dorm upstairs are my charge even through the night. When one is sick, I am the mother and so I am the one to care for them. Leisure time? Not in the sense we usually speak of leisure time and hobby time, but my leisure, my pleasures, my hobbies are my "children", and I am always exceedingly happy to be thinking of them, working for them, devoting myself to them. Even my spiritual growth is in His hands. While I work and wear myself out for His children and mine, He takes over the sanctification of both mother and children.

What more could a person want to be happy? After forty-six years of life, after sharing in the sorrows, the sufferings, the heartaches of thousands of souls, I can assure you that I know God's call to me back in 1937 was a gift so great, so priceless that all eternity will not be long enough to thank Him for it.

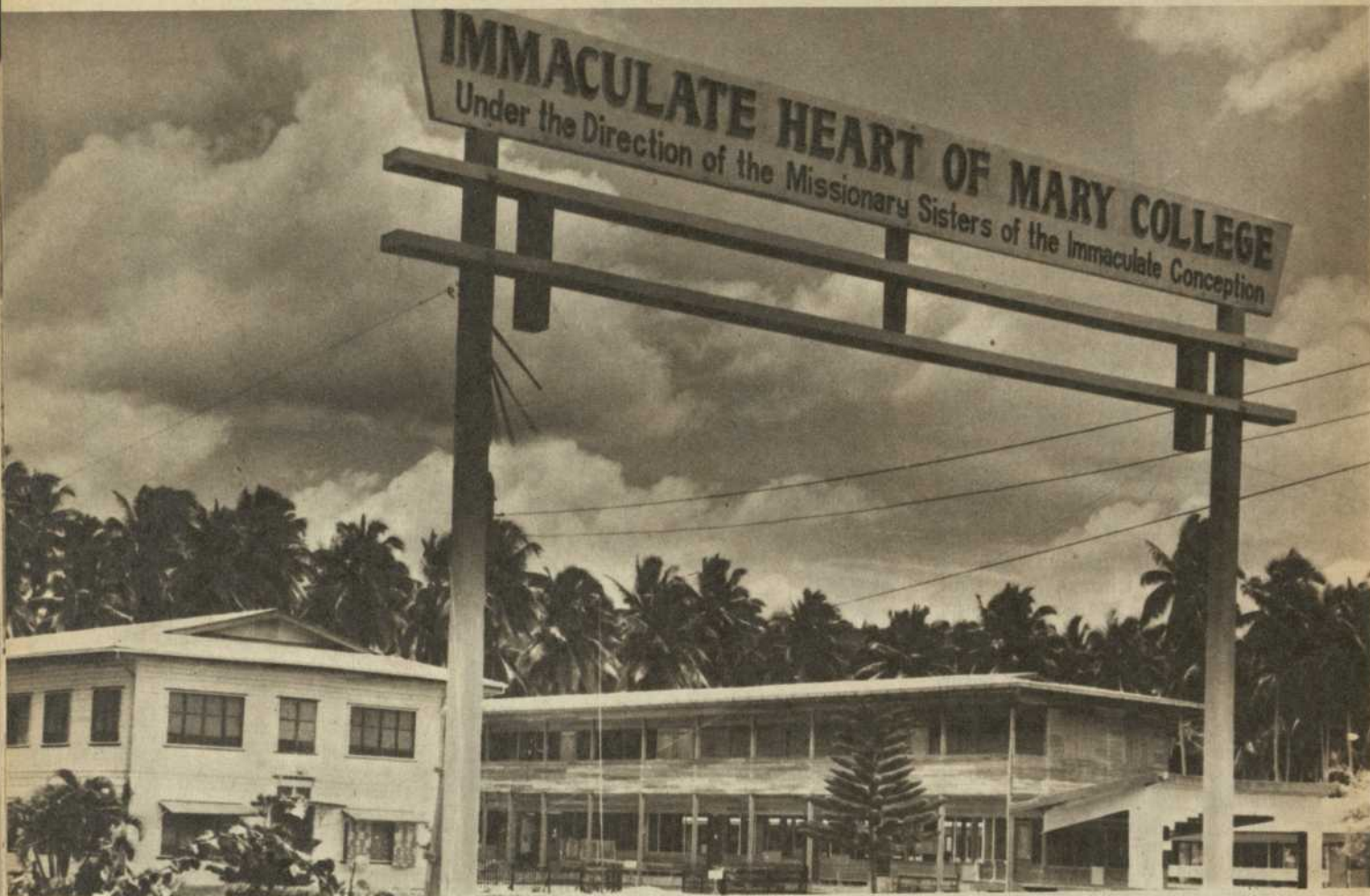
By the very fact that we have given ourselves totally and irrevocably to Christ, our hands are His hands feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked, consoling the suffering and the dying. Ours are the lips

Service with a smile. Sister Cecilia of the Angels (Cécile Kirouac, Bristol, Conn.)



of Christ teaching His Gospel to the children in our schools, to the adults we meet in our daily lives,

to the sinners who come to us for guidance, to the sick and the destitute. Ours are His eyes beaming



smiles of encouragement and radiating the joy, the peace, the delighted contentment that is ours in our selfless service to His children. Can there be a more sublime mission?

And as if all this were not enough, just imagine that our native land is the WHOLE WORLD. Our native tongue is the language of the earth. All men are our brothers in Christ. We are called missionaries; heralds of the Gospel; knights of God; followers of Christ; sharers in the work of the Redemption. Tell me, my dear, where can you find a more noble, a more

glorious, a more richly satisfying life?

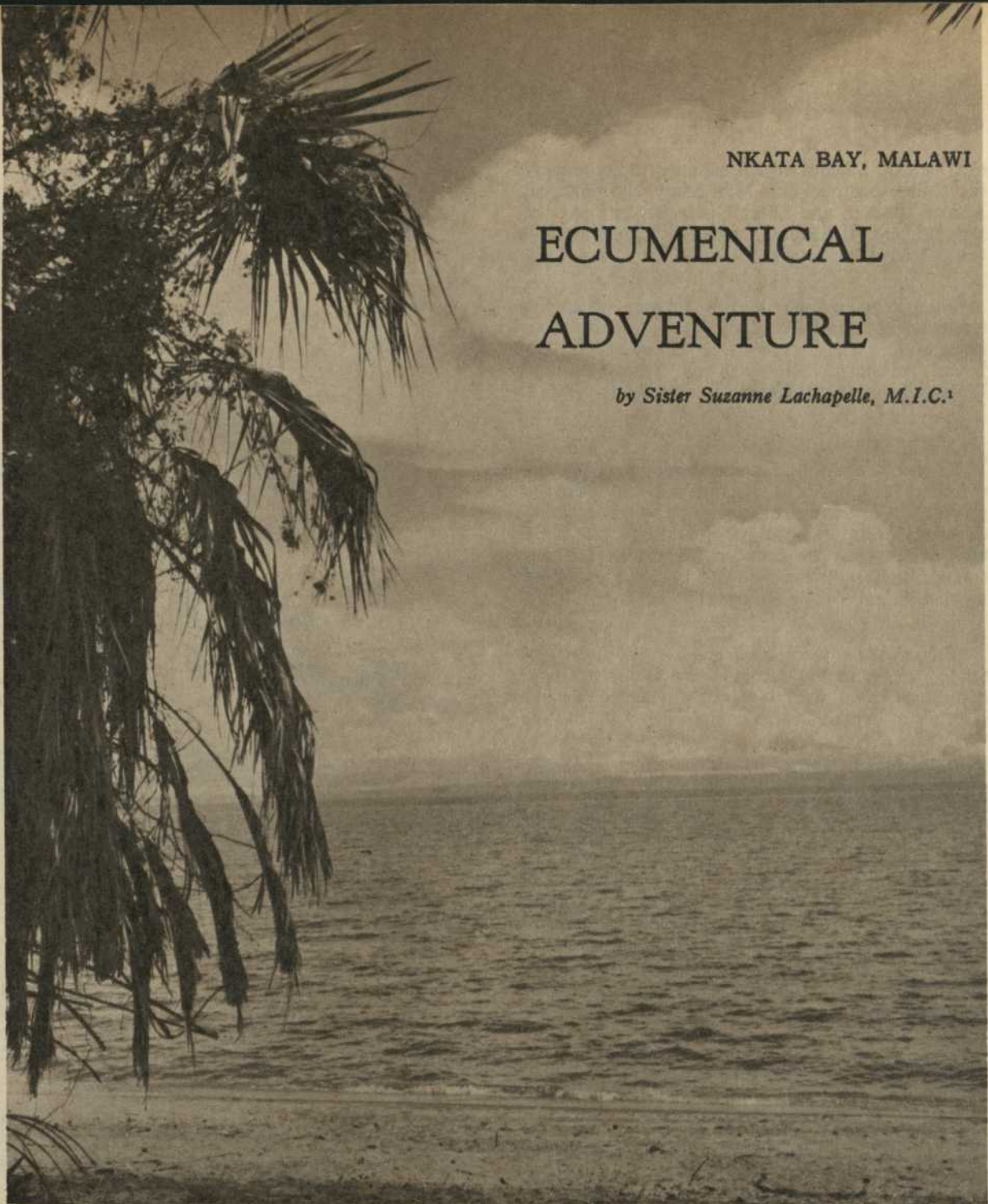
You know I could keep this on for pages and always there would be something to say about the glories, the joys, the peace of a missionary vocation, *my* vocation and perhaps *yours*. But I think this will be sufficient to help you decide whether Christ is really choosing YOU, really giving you an ANNUNCIATION to the missionary life. So, if God calls you, do not hesitate, but answer as generously and as completely as possible. If He expects it of you, do not fail Him. All eternity will not be long enough to thank Him for this call.

Mati College. Fifteen years ago, the first primary classes were opened. High School and College have since grown out of the tiny seedlings.

I will be praying for you every single day especially during this tremendously important year of decision. Make your own this excellent prayer from Cardinal Newman: "Dear Lord, help me to be what You made me to be, and to do what You made me to do." That is all that counts!

Sincerely in Our Lady,

Sister Saint Patricia, M.I.C
(Patricia Blanchet, Southbridge, Mass.)



NKATA BAY, MALAWI

ECUMENICAL ADVENTURE

by Sister Suzanne Lachapelle, M.I.C.¹

The word ecumenism suggests *rapprochement*, unity, brotherhood; the term competition evokes challenge, rivalry, defiance. There exists a marked contrast between brotherhood and rivalry. And yet, it is thanks to basketball competitions, so popu-

lar in Malawi, that Catholic and Protestant students have been able to meet. Recently, our Nkata Bay teams made their first ecumenical trip to Likoma, an island situated on Lake Malawi. As I am in charge of sports activities at our Saint Maria Go-

¹ Montreal Nord

retti School, I found myself assigned to accompany the teams together with Miss Mary Nyirongo, an African teacher, and Sister Gisèle Legris¹. At the last moment, the Saint Augustine School football teams joined our party.

None of us had ever been to Likoma, an almost treeless and barren island, five miles long by three miles wide. There is an Anglican Mission compound stationed there with an African bishop, Reverend Josiah Mtekateka, at its head.

His Excellency Most Reverend J. L. Jobidon, W.F., bishop of Malawi, came to see us on the eve of our departure for the island and approved the project. "I went to Likoma for the consecration ceremony of its Anglican bishop and liked the place and the people," he confided. For his part, our pastor, Reverend Jean Van der Pol, W.F., granted us all necessary dispensations.

Preparations were soon made. We fully intended to share the common provisions of *sima*, corn mush, and fish to which we added several bunches of bananas and some powdered milk.

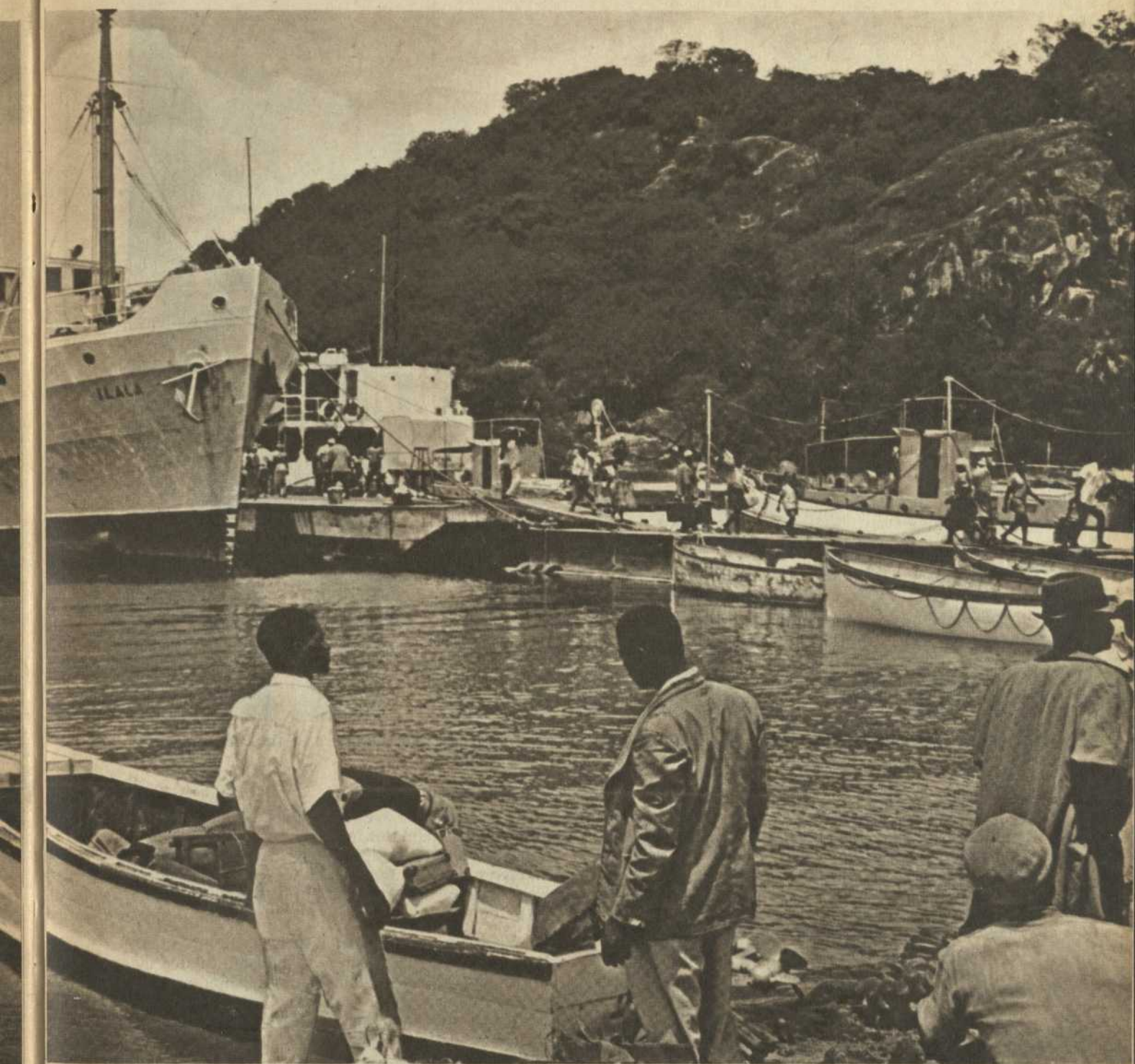
The students and the African teacher spent the night aboard the Ilala II which lay at anchor. We joined them in the early morning hours. As I am a very poor sailor, it was not without misgivings that I went on board. The roar of the motors and the noise of lifting the anchor failed to disturb the slumbers of the 250 passengers packed like sardines on the lower deck. Their multicoloured blankets enlivened the scene. Besides passengers, the vessel carried a cargo of wheat flour, maize, timber, etc. We had to step over sleepers and cargo in order to reach our teams quartered in the hold.

Hardly had we had time to make ourselves at home below when, much to our surprise, the captain invited us to the upper deck, offering us the key to a luxurious cabin. When we politely refused this courtesy, he insisted that we stay on the second deck less crowded than the others.

All my qualms vanished as we gently glided over the tranquil surface of Lake Malawi. Above, the rising sun was delicately tinting and chroming the blue and white of the heavens; below the waves were shimmering in iridescent patterns. The serene splendour of sky and lake recalled to me the words of Christ to His disciples, "My peace I leave unto you..."



The Ilala II serves the populations around here. The name Ilala was given in memory



Lake Malawi. It replaced the ancient Ilala I shipped from Scotland and reconstructed of the Lala-land where died David Livingstone.



Sr. Legris and Sr. Lachapelle are welcomed to Likoma by Reverend J. Parslow and members of the Peace Corps.

After three hours of navigation, Likoma loomed ahead. When I saw the crew lowering the first boat and realized that I would have to go down by the flimsy ladder, all my qualms returned. However, I had no choice but to follow. The young people on deck laughingly encouraged me. "You're doing fine, Sister," they shouted clapping their hands as I made my way down gingerly.

A few moments later we reached land. The whole population of the island, about 500, were on hand to welcome us to Likoma. This was the first time Sisters had ever landed here. While we thanked the authorities of the island for their kind reception, the boat returned to the Ilala II for the

other passengers. We soon made friends ashore although we could not manage very well the Cinyanja dialect spoken throughout the place. Fortunately, we met a number of teachers who spoke English and who were proud to be our interpreters with the people.

When the crowds had dispersed, Reverend J. Parslow, an Anglican European minister, invited us to his home where we immediately repaired accompanied by members of the Peace Corps. Our host treated us with unfailing courtesy, making it clear that he wanted us to take all our meals at his home during our stay on the island.

The following day, June 30, patronal feast of the

The winning team, Saint Maria Goretti School, Nkata Bay,



Anglican Mission Centre, Reverend Josiah Mteka-teka celebrated a solemn service assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. At the entrance, we were provided with booklets containing the text of the Anglican office. We were then shown to places in the choir. Until Communion, the liturgical rites closely resembled our own: readings, kiss of peace, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, elevation, prayers of the consecration, and *Agnus Dei*. The consecration, however, bore an essential difference being only a memorial of the Lord's supper. At this moment, how painfully we felt the rift existing between Christians which made it impossible for us to communicate, and thus be in perfect communion with these brethren who had welcomed us with such warmhearted charity.

The religious festivities over, we took part in dances and folk songs accompanied by the drum. Towards 2:00 P.M., lunch was served to the guests in an African hut. On the menu figured the *sima*, a national dish, boiled fish, and flat cakes with custard for dessert.

Basketball and football matches took place during the following days, the Nkata Bay teams competing against the teams of the Anglican parish of Saint Peter and of its outposts of Yofu and Mkwozi. After a spirited performance, the Nkata Bay teams came out victor. No cups were distributed,

however, such prizes being given only at the matches organized on the district level.

I spent the morning hours of our last day in Likoma on the shore of beautiful Lake Malawi. Etched on the horizon rose the mountains of Tanzania and of Mozambique bathed in hues of purple, mauve, or misty gray, like painted backdrops. Gradually, the beach around me grew animated. Quietly sitting there, I watched the comings and goings of the islanders, occasionally striking up conversation with one or the other. Groups of mothers busied themselves with their children's ablutions; a little further on, housewives briskly tended the family wash; in the distance, fishermen prepared to launch their craft. All commonplace daily rites which reminded me of the similar scenes which met the Saviour's gaze when, of yore, He walked the shores of the sea of Galilee.

We left the island at noon and sailed away after thanking the Likomans for their gracious hospitality.

While we were crossing over to the other side, a tempest of wind whipped the waves to fury. Nearly all the passengers suffered the pangs of seasickness. Notwithstanding our tumultuous return this ecumenical trip remains for us a unique adventure which has intensified in our hearts the pain of a divided Christendom and quickened our yearning for unity.





TALKING OF BANANAS

KARONGA, MALAWI

by Sister Henriette Sylvestre, M.I.C.¹

The first rains of the season had brought a degree of refreshing coolness to the simmering weather we had had for several weeks. After ministering all forenoon to the needs of the sick who called at the dispensary, I decided to spend the afternoon visiting out-patients in the neighbouring villages. A lay African helper offered to accompany me on my rounds.

Our way lay across a banana grove, outside town limits. We stopped for a while, admiring the easy rhythmic sway of the gracefully arched spines. Split green leaves waved above our heads like silky banners. At the edge of the plantation we noticed that the gardener had just felled a plant, a good twenty-four feet in height. Ignorant of banana lore, I thought this a regrettable waste. Bending

over to examine the trunk, I discovered that it measured thirteen inches across.

"Why fell this splendid plant?" I inquired. The gardener smiled at my ignorance and patiently explained, "A banana plant bears fruit once only. As soon as its fruits have reached maturity, the parent trunk must be cut down to allow young shoots to grow."

Around the fallen stem lay a number of tender green stalks reaching out to the air.

"Have these sprung up from seed?" I asked.

"Banana plants are seedless," the gardener replied. "They are reproduced thanks to stems which spread far out in the soil; each stem bears

¹ Montreal Nord



African garden. The women are tending groundnut plants in front of the banana plantation.

a great number of eyes like a potato. These underground eyes (rhizomes) provide new planting. Under favourable conditions, the leaf-bearing stalks emerge some three to four weeks after planting. Blooms appear in about ten or twelve months, and fruit matures five or six months later."

Outside a hut in the first village visited, a woman was busily cooking, over a fire of twigs, the favourite meal of the young fry — boiled string-beans and roasted bananas. While Mamma watched the pots, a little girl squatting on the ground fed Baby some banana porridge out of a piece of banana leaf cleverly cut and folded into a sort of funnel.

Further down the village-street, one of my ex-patients was vigorously wielding the pestle. Customary salutations exchanged, I glanced into the mortar and found that bananas, not maize as I expected, were being pounded. I watched with

interest as my friend kneaded the crushed fruit into a smooth paste which she moulded into small balls and neatly wrapped into banana leaves prior to cooking. These delicious tidbits, I was informed, sold at a penny apiece at the neighbouring market.

At the next village visited, an *agogo* (grandmother) called out cheerily, "Come in and sample my *mamboya*." We accepted her friendly invitation. *Mamboya* is a palatable dish of short fat bananas boiled until tender and served with a rich sauce of homemade peanut butter. As we rested awhile outside the hut before going on our way, my companion examined some fine yellow flour in an open basket. "Grandmother," she politely inquired, "what kind of flour is this?"

"Banana flour, my dear, You young people probably don't know the recipe... To obtain first-class flour, select some sound green bananas, and lay them out to dry on the thatched roof. When

good and ready, grind them to flour. Time plus patience are needed, but I dare you to find flour that makes more delicious cakes. Try it and let me know."

On our way out from grandma's village, we met a group of women each with a bunch of bananas headborne. Why so many bananas? I wondered. My companion explained that these women were going to attend a funeral. "Those who visit bereaved families on such occasions," she added, "usually carry their own provisions, for these visits are easily prolonged a whole week." When we came to the village in mourning, we found numerous groups of visitors huddled around the hut of the deceased person. Some had brought along supple banana leaves to be used as bedding.

My last visit was for our employee Simeoni's mother abed with a bout of malaria. I noticed that she was lying on a special mat, unlike those woven with palm leaves which are in common use. As I emerged from the hut, I struck up conversation with Simeoni's wife who sat in the courtyard weaving mats similar to that I had just seen in the hut. I admired how deftly she worked with the coarser fibres of the centre of the banana leaves; the finished product was something to be proud of. She also showed me how dishes of every size could be fashioned out of banana leaves. If solid and watertight utensils are needed, they are passed over an open fire. This toughens them and prevents them from tearing.

During the course of the afternoon, I had learned many things about the various uses to which the banana plant is put. There remained one thing that left me puzzled... I had often heard of a species of very long bananas, but had seen none in the places visited. Simeoni who had joined us outside, told me that there grew a very large sort to the north of Karonga, close to the river Rukuru.

On the day following my rounds of the bush villages, rain again fell in torrents. Walking over to the dispensary, I met groups of pupils who laughingly sported banana-leaf umbrellas, five feet long by two feet wide!

Simeoni was waiting for me at the dispensary door, a smug expression on his round face. He chuckled when, upon opening the door of the pharmacy, I exclaimed in surprise, "What big bananas!" On the table lay a bunch of reddish fruit each measuring nineteen inches in length and eight inches in circumference. These bananas are not palatable raw since they remain starchy even when ripe, but they are excellent food when cooked. They taste



somewhat like boiled potatoes. African housewives serve them steamed, on glistening banana leaves in lieu of plates.

I have not yet seen all of the thirteen species found in the region of Karonga, neither have I tasted banana beer brewed in southern Malawi, nor have made use of caustic fabricated from the ashes of the burned trunks. Nevertheless, I know enough about bananas to appreciate their various merits and to talk to you about them.

IN THE TREND OF LITURGICAL RENEWAL

by a group of novices

Following in the trend of the liturgical renewal, the students of the Foreign Mission Seminary attended the ceremonies of Holy Week with the aspirants and novices of the Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Never had such a thing occurred before in the history of these two institutions.

Palm Sunday

What happiness to join in unison in order to acclaim Him for whose sake we "have written down everything as loss" On the morning of this triumphant day, after singing a hymn to the glory of Christ, eternal King, the personnel of the Novitiate set out for the neighbouring Foreign Mission Seminary to receive the blessed palms.

The ceremony over, seminarians and novices walked in procession to the Novitiate where Holy Mass was to be offered. Reverend Father Superior of the Seminary officiated assisted by deacon and subdeacon. The choir sang the Mass composed by Dom Mercure, O.S.B. With fervour we acclaimed the same Lord whom it is our ambition to make known and better loved in mission fields afar.

A hymn exalting the Holy Cross of our Saviour brought the liturgical celebrations to a close. With all our hearts we firmly believe that through the Cross of Christ will come the salvation of the world.

Maundy Thursday

On this day, the Sisters in charge of the kitchen had prepared a supper resembling as closely as possible the Passover repast commemorating the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt into the Promised Land. We walked to the refectory singing Psalm 135, that solemn litany of thanksgiving which the Jews called the "Great Hallel." The refectory tables spread with white cloths were arranged in the shape of a U. Plates of raisins were set on each table.

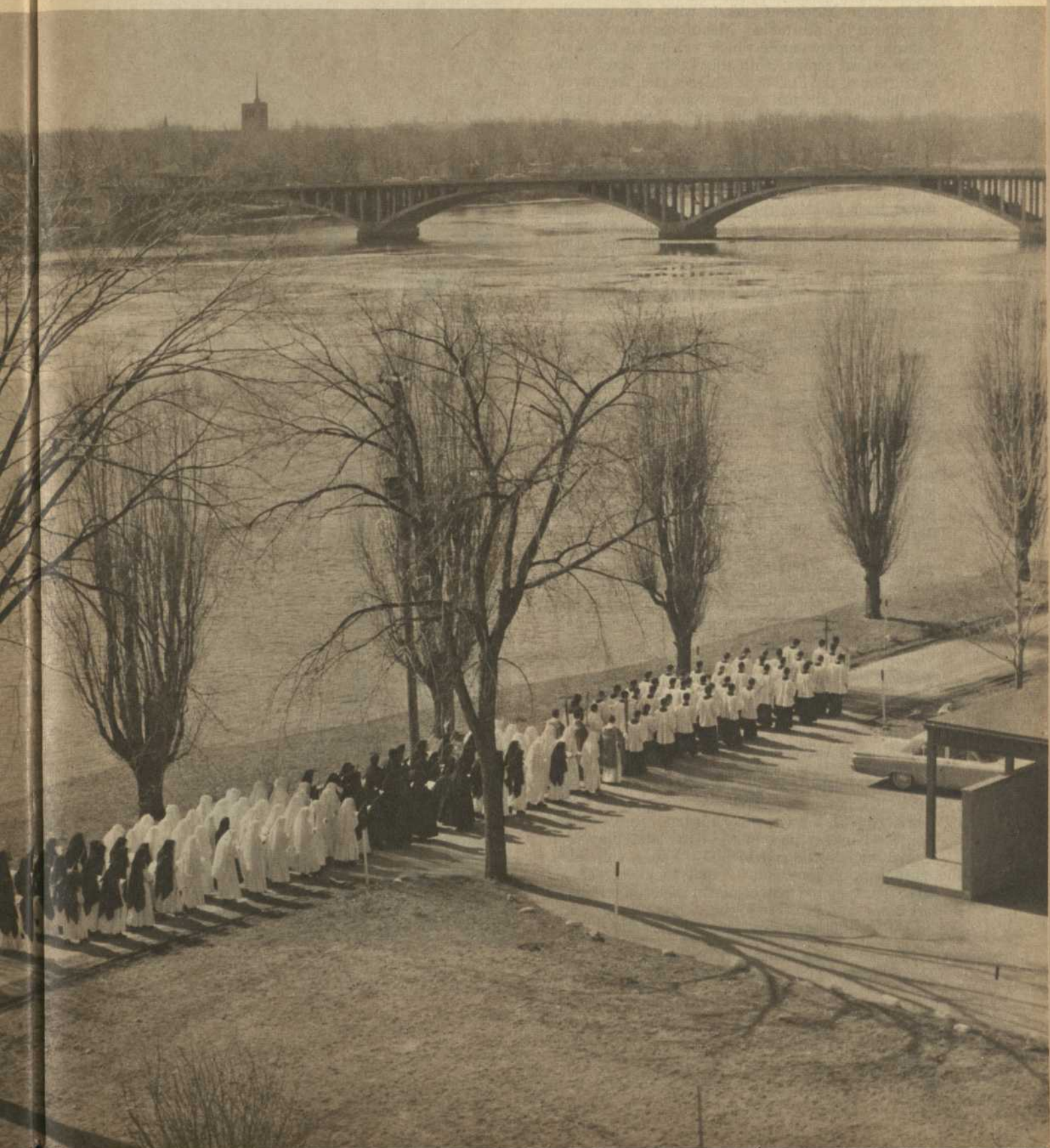
After the *Benedicite*, the president of the supper presented with commentary the first part of the menu: bitter herbs in memory of the tribulations endured by the children of Israel during their stay in Egypt; first cup of grape juice, symbol of the ever new wine of God's love; stewed figs recalling fruit of Biblical fame. Before partaking of the

Singing Hosannahs, the Palm Sunday symbolic cortege proceeds from the Seminary to the Novitiate.



PONT VIAU

HOLY WEEK AT THE NOVITIATE



food we sang a rousing song of unity; followed the second cup of grape juice and the unleavened bread which dear Mother General, who was present, distributed to each table. Meantime, a lector read inspiring commentaries which put us in mind of Christ's Last Supper with the Twelve, and of the institution of the Eucharist. Grace said, we prayed together that all men may "think with the same mind, and may cherish the same bond of charity."

We entered the chapel for the evening celebrations at 7:30. Already the seminarians had taken their place in the side-aisles. For the first time we, novices, were to witness a concelebration. Very Reverend Gilles Ouellet, Superior General of the Foreign Mission Society, stood at the altar surrounded by 15 of his priests. In his homily, Reverend Father General emphasized the unity so ardently desired by Christ for His entire mystical body. "It is with deepfelt joy that I stress the unity which has always existed between our two Societies since their foundation by our beloved foundress, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit..." Choosing as theme Chapter 17 of the Gospel of Saint John, Reverend Father lay stress on the following three points:

1 - The Lord gave no commandment, but expressed His last will, His testament of love, a message which we missionaries are bound to transmit to all nations.

2 - Our lives must reflect the unity urged by our divine Saviour. Ours to practise what we preach. Our faith in unity, our fraternal affection must first of all be manifested within our community circle whence it will radiate upon others.

3 - Our apostolic work, our very lives must be linked to episcopal and local authority through filial obedience.

"This is the signification of communion with all our brothers and sisters in Christ Who is the bond of charity, the wellspring of unity. In the Holy Eucharist we are closely incorporated with Christ in such a way as to form but one body, one spirit. The last part of the sacerdotal prayer of Christ sounds the call to unity with a view to a more fruitful apostolate: 'that they may all be one; that they too may be one in us, as thou Father, art in me, and I in thee so that the world may come to believe that it is thou who hast sent me'."

During the ceremony of the washing of the feet, the seminary choir sang a hymn commenting the



Concelebration uniting within the Novitiate chapel
ress: The Foreign Mission Priests and the Mission-



the two families dear to the heart of Mother Found-
ary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

passage of the Gospel, "I have a new commandment to give you, that you are to love one another..." Meanwhile, we novices meditated upon the narration of the washing of the feet as Saint John relates it: "Rising from supper, He laid His garments aside, took a towel, and put it about Him; and then He poured water into the basin and began to wash the feet of His disciples..."

While the Blessed Sacrament was carried in solemn cortege to the Altar of Repose, the "Sing my tongue the Saviour's glory" was sung by the assembly, seminarians and novices alternating. During the stripping of the altars the choir sang Psalm 21 which recounts the tribulations of the Just. Afterwards, Compline was recited in common.

Good Friday

We had planned for this afternoon a Way of the Cross to be made in the little wood adjoining the Foreign Mission Seminary where the stations have been erected. The weather was so cold, however, that we had to give up this plan. Instead, we followed the stations in our Novitiate chapel. Commentaries on the Passion were made and appropriate psalms were sung.

The following are excerpts from the homily delivered during the afternoon office: "For us, Christians, Good Friday is a day of mourning, true, but it is also a day of joy because through the Cross of our Saviour salvation was brought to the world. From the sombre mystery of sin emerges the mystery of the Cross. Yes, the Cross is indeed a mystery, as much a mystery as the Incarnation, the Trinity. This mystery, modern man recoils from. Thanks to his wonderful discoveries he has succeeded in alleviating physical suffering, but he has increased moral misery. Confronted with trials, he can only ask himself 'Why? Why pick on me? What have I done to God that He should do so and so to me?' The reason for such behaviour when faced with personal misfortune is that modern man does not understand the redemptive value of pain borne in union with the Saviour. He has never pondered the words of the Apostle of nations: 'What we preach is Christ crucified; to the Jews a discouragement, to the Gentiles mere folly; but, to us who have been called, Jew and Gentile alike, Christ the power of God, Christ, the wisdom of God. So much wiser than men is God's foolishness; so much stronger than men is God's weakness' (I Cor. 1: 23-25)."

As missionaries it will be ours to announce this mystery of the Cross, mystery which we must first assimilate in our own lives. The afternoon cere-



Together we partake of the Bread that unites.

monies were brought to a close by a hymn in honour of the Holy Cross, pledge of our salvation, standard of victory.

Paschal vigil

Members of our families were present, joining with us in the celebration of this joyful vigil. The ceremony of the blessing of the new fire took place in the entrance hall of the Novitiate. Hymns and lighted candles acclaimed our risen Lord. After the reading of the Lessons from the prophecies, came the renewal of our baptismal promises. The whole chapel appeared as a bower of light while we

renewed our promises to Christ Jesus, our Saviour and King. Today, as on Maundy Thursday, we were privileged to attend a concelebration of holy Mass. Lauds were chanted after Communion. How well these psalms and hymns proclaimed the paschal joy that filled our hearts! We felt how "good it is to give thanks to the Lord... to proclaim His kindness forever."

Our beloved Mother Foundress must have looked down tonight with renewed tenderness upon the children of her two religious families thus gathered to sing together the praises of Him she so longed to make better known and better loved.

Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26
NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 40
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road, Montreal 8
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 355 Faillon St., East, Montreal 10
NOMININGUE, Labelle County, P. Q.
RIMOUSKI, P. Q., 85 St. Germain Street
JOLIETTE P. Q., 750 St. Louis Street
QUEBEC, 1073, St. Cyrille Street West
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street
TROIS RIVIERES, P. Q., 1325 de la Terriere Street
GRANBY, P. Q., 235 Dufferin Street
GRANBY, P. Q., 50 St. Joseph Street
CHICOUTIMI, P. Q., 766 Cenacle Street
SAINTE MARIE, Box 358, Beauce County, P. Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P. Q., 430 Champlain Street
OTTAWA, 30, Goulburn Avenue
PERTH, N. B., P. B. 259
EDMUNDSTON, N. B., 85 Victoria Street

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street

HONG KONG

TAK SUN SCHOOL,
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MOUNT GOOD HOPE SCHOOL,
Clear Water Bay Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong

TAIWAN

KUANHSI, 83 Cheng I Lu, Hsinshu Hsien,
Taiwan, Republic of China
SHIH KUANG TSE, Hsinchu Hsien,
Taiwan, Republic of China
TAIPEI, 363, An Tung Chieh, Taiwan, Republic of China
SUAO, 36 Chung Cheng Rd., Suao Ilan Hsien,
Taiwan, Republic of China
HSINCHU CITY, Cheng Mou Yuen, Choei Yuen chiai no 49,
Koang Fou Li, Republic of China

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 3-18 Toramaru, Koriyama shi, Fukushima ken
WAKAMATSU, 480, Sakae machi, Aizu Wakamatsu
TOKYO, 108-4 cho me, Fukazawa cho, Setagaya ku

ITALY

ROMA 0881, via Giacinto Carini, 8

MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar
AMBOHIBARY, Sambaina, Madagascar
ANTSIRABE, St. Therese's Mahazoarivo Parish
TANANARIVO, Tsaramasay
MAHABO, via Morondava

PERU

PUCALLPA.
LIMA, Escuela Maria de la Providencia
Napo 1124, Azcona (Brena)

GUATEMALA

TOTONICAPAN, Colegio P. Betancourt, Guatemala, A.C.

BOLIVIA

SANTA CRUZ de la Sierra, Cardinal Cushing Business College,
Calle Lemoine, Casilla 70
COCHABAMBA, Academia Comercia, Calle Oruro No. 3403,
Casilla 1667
IRUPANA, Hospital Nuestra Senora de la Providencia,
Irupana, Sud Yungas
LA PAZ, Academia Santa Rita,
Calles Juan Granier y Entre Rios, casilla 2893

CHILE

ANCUD, Colegio Inmaculada Concepcion, Calle Errazuriz,
Casilla 82

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Academy, General Luna St.,
Intramuros
MANILA, 2212 del Rosario St., Tondo
SAN JUAN, Little Baguio, Rizal
LAS PINAS, Rizal
MATI, Davao Province
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall, Florentino Torres St.
PADADA, Davao Province
BAGUIO City, 73, Pacdal, Box 83

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti
LES COTEAUX, Haiti
ROCHE A BATEAU, Haiti
PORT SALUT, Haiti
CAMP PERRIN, Haiti
MIREBALAIS, Haiti
LIMBE, Haiti
CAP HAITIEN, Haiti
CHANTAL, Haiti
TROU DU NORD, Haiti
PORT AU PRINCE, Orphanage, Cité No. 2, C. P. 1085 Haiti
PORT AU PRINCE, Novitiate, Cité No. 2, C. P. 1085 Haiti
CROIX DES BOUQUETS, C. P. 1291 Haiti
DESCHAPPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
P. O. Box 2213 B, Haiti
LA BOULE, C. P. 1085, Haiti
HINCHE, Haiti

COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba

AFRICA

KATETE, St. Theresa's Parish, Champira P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
MZAMBAZI, St. John's Parish, Eutini P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
RUMPI, St. Patrick's Parish, Rumpi P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
KARONGA, St. Mary's Parish, Karonga P. O., Malawi, C. Africa
KASEYE, St. Michael's Parish, Chitipa, P. O. Box 100, Malawi,
Central Africa
NKATA BAY, Nkata Bay, P. O. Box 9, Malawi, C. Africa
MZUZU, Mzuzu P. O. Box 24, Malawi, C. Africa
FORT JAMESON, P. O. Box 107, Zambia, C. Africa
KANYANGA, Lundazi, P. O., Zambia, C. Africa
NYIMBA, Sacred Heart Hospital, Zambia, C. Africa
CIKUNGU, Kazimuli, P. O., Zambia, C. Africa



Sunset glory near Pucallpa, Peru.

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