



THE PRECURSOR

March-April, 1971, Montreal—Vol. XXIX—No. 8



Photo: Gabrielle Ouimet, M.I.C.

Bolivia. Patino's princely dwelling. See p. 203.

THE PRECURSOR

No. 8—March-April 1971—Vol. XXIX



"Listening" to silence in a Carmelite monastery.

Second Class Mail Registration No 0358
Return Postage Guaranteed.

RUNNING WATERS

Your vocation is to toil in the mission field afar,
mine to sustain the apostolate by living to the hilt my
life as a missionary contemplative.

You have asked me to tell the readers of your
magazine about the apostolate of prayer within the
cloister. In answer to your request, I am sending you
this outline, hoping it will be of some interest.

Of course, every Christian as such is bound to be
a missionary. Through the testimony of his daily life,
he must announce the Good News to all men.

But this duty which devolves on all Christians, falls
on me in a special manner by the fact of my vocation
to the contemplative life. Being mission-minded is of
the very essence of the contemplative vocation.

I am fond of comparing my life to a spring of living
waters:

Down from dizzy heights the brook wells
forth,
Down mountain peaks crowned with
eternal snows,
Through deeply hidden grooves it
meanders,
Its secret force bringing life to barren
slopes.

But suddenly, in the woodland where light
and shadow
Lurk, adumbrating God's mysterious
beauty,
The brook surges between mossy banks,
And on it flows, a rippling ribbon of light.

To all who thirst and are bowed with care,
The brook offers clear refreshing waters.
Dispensing soothing draughts of hope,
On and on it flows in unfettered freedom.

"Singing solitude" in "silent chorus"
The brook sings its song of joy,
Flowing on to the ocean of God's love.

.

O contemplative soul, you are that spring
of living waters!



Photo: Denis Plain (PERSPECTIVES)

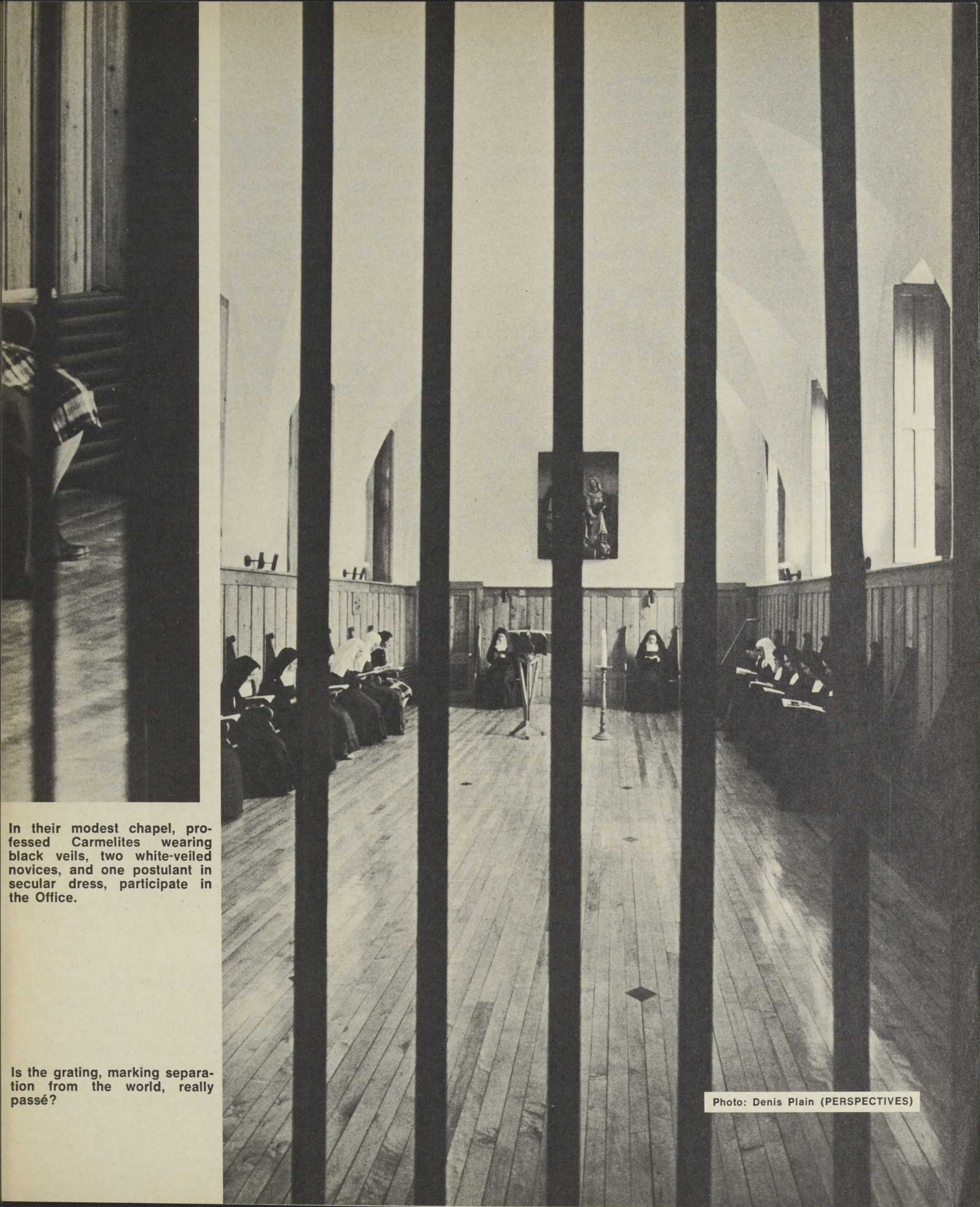
And now let us go over the preceding paragraphs in an attempt to explain the missionary dimension of contemplative life.

— I —

**Down from dizzy heights the brook wells forth,
Down mountain peaks crowned with eternal snows**

**Through deeply hidden grooves it meanders,
Its secret force bringing life to barren slopes.**

Fed by the snows of mountain peaks, the living waters of the brook often flow underground, revealing their presence only by the lush vegetation of the soil around them. Thus, contemplative life springs from God inasmuch as it is He who calls the chosen soul to



In their modest chapel, professed Carmelites wearing black veils, two white-veiled novices, and one postulant in secular dress, participate in the Office.

Is the grating, marking separation from the world, really passé?

Photo: Denis Plain (PERSPECTIVES)

His companionship. Of course, the same may be said of any vocation. The contemplative vocation, however, is a very special gift, for it is a call "to serve God alone in silence, solitude, and assiduous prayer" (*Perfectae Caritatis*).

"... in silence and solitude". Even if this, at first appears paradoxical, I am convinced that my life as a Carmelite will be fruitful only to the extent that I am true to this ideal:

**Through deeply hidden grooves it
meanders,
Its secret force bringing life to barren
slopes.**

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus, Patroness of Missions, possessed this deep intuition of the saints when she discovered that she was called to be "love within the heart of Holy Mother Church".

The heart, a vital but hidden organ, sets life in motion. Like Saint Thérèse, every authentic contemplative religious instead of remaining turned in upon self, must situate herself at the very heart of the Church in order to radiate love throughout the entire Mystical Body.

This vital influence can be exercised through faith alone. She may never know who has benefited by her action.

My life as a contemplative is a life of love. This life of love which I draw from God I give out in an unflinching fruitful but hidden and mysterious manner.

Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus early grasped this fact: "What a mystery! Through our little acts of virtue, our unassuming charity, we help in the conversion of souls . . . we help missionaries . . . On judgment day, we will perhaps learn that we have built material dwellings for the Lord, that we have been heralds of his coming. . ."

As Bergson puts it: "True mystics are open to the wave that engulfs them . . . Urged by love, they feel the need to share what they have received." How essential it is for contemplatives to be true mystics! Saint John of the Cross, a mystic of the finest calibre, once affirmed, "The slightest movement of pure love is of greater import to the Church than all other works put together".

— II —

**But suddenly in the woodland where light
and shadow
Lurk, adumbrating God's mysterious
beauty,
The brook surges between mossy banks
And on it flows, a rippling ribbon of light.**

I remember a pleasant walk I took in the woods on a summer afternoon long ago. Mysterious shadows reigned under the green arches overhead. Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight pierced the gloom outlining rugged

pine trees and silvery birches, flitting over lacy ferns, lighting up the gently flowing waters of a rivulet at my feet.

The woods, the light and the shadow symbolize the climate of contemplative prayer. It often happens that shadow, not light, is the predominating element of this climate. The light remains dim and subdued.

Saint John of the Cross describes in his works what he calls the dark night of the soul, night which is at once painful and inspiring, night which illuminates and purifies, thus preparing the soul for close companionship with the Lord and for spiritual fruitfulness.

**O night which guided me,
O night fairer than dawn,
O night which united
The Beloved to His betrothed . . .**

For her part, Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus wrote: "Jesus led me by the hand, introducing me into an underground where it was neither hot nor cold, where rain and wind had no access. In this underground I could see nothing but a veiled radiance issuing from the downcast eyes of my Beloved." On the day of her religious profession (September 8, 1890) she carried over her heart a note wherein she expressed her apostolic ardour, even in the midst of this dark night of the soul, "Jesus, grant me to save many souls!"

But suddenly . . . the brook surges between mossy banks

And on it flows, a rippling ribbon of light.

The apostolate, the fruitfulness of religious contemplative life is at once hidden and visible. It is lived in solitude, but its radiance is felt in a certain manner. Speaking to contemplative nuns, Pope Paul VI remarked, ". . . Believe me, the walls of your houses are transparent. A luminous atmosphere of peace issues from your monasteries" (Oct. 28, 1966).

Atmosphere of peace, omen of hope!

I accept to live up cheerfully to the cloistered ideal of religious life which I have freely chosen, because Christ is waiting for me at the end of the road. All along this road, I must bear witness to my Lord.

Hope is a virtue which illumines the banality of our daily lives with a reflection of God's face:

. . . On it flows, a rippling ribbon of light.

— III —

**To all who thirst and are bowed with care,
The brook offers clear refreshing waters,
Dispensing soothing draughts of hope,
On and on it flows in unfettered freedom.**

The brook does not hoard its store of invigorating waters. It lies open to everyone.

To the weary traveller it offers refreshment, and

strengthens him so that he may keep on tending to his goal. Even so, will he remember the brook?

But the waters dispensed have neither lessened the volume of the brook nor robbed it of its merry song. It has not retained in its limpid mirror the figures of those who have bent over it, seeking refreshment. Maybe a passerby will have been offered a draught drawn from its running waters by someone it will never know. . .

This appears to me as a symbol of the contemplative's apostolic role. To the extent that he is filled with Christlike spirit, he will be able to give Christ to those who appeal to him from far or near.

Freed from all egotism, purified by a living faith, inspired by love which finds nourishment in the love of Christ Jesus, the contemplative's prayer will assume a universal dimension. It will know no other limits than those mentioned by the Saviour at the Last Supper, "I do not pray for these only but also for those who believe in me through their word, that they all be one" (Jn 20:17). All men, therefore, are called to faith in Christ.

On July 16, 1962, on the occasion of the impending fourth centenary of the reform of the Carmelite Order by Saint Teresa of Avila, Pope John XXIII wrote as follows: ". . . Continual prayer and self-denial are of considerable value for the salvation of souls . . . We have often touched upon the subject of the fruitfulness of contemplative life. Today, in our admiration for Saint Teresa, we affirm that the Church attaches the greatest importance to dedicated religious life, and to the contemplation of celestial things in this era conditioned by feverish activism, without prejudice to the exterior works of apostolate so sadly needed in our times."

The patroness of missions, Thérèse of Lisieux, possessed a keen sense of the Communion of Saints. In her last illness, someone had urged her to take a walk in the garden, for her health. She obeyed although she could hardly move. "I'm walking for a missionary" she told a sister who insisted on her going back to bed. In a letter she wrote: "As I cannot work actively on the mission field, I want to be a missionary through love and penance, like my seraphic Mother . . . A Carmelite who would not be mission-minded, would fall short of her vocation" (Letters 317, 346).

To all who thirst and are bowed with care The brook offers clear, refreshing waters . . .

If I were to live a "sheltered" life in my monastery, taking no interest whatever in human problems, only vaguely aware of the Church's missionary activity, concerned merely with "my own" perfection, I might be called a Carmelite nun, but I really would not be one. I cannot bear even to think of such a travesty.

No, this must not be allowed to happen, "In the heart of Holy Mother Church, I want to be Love!" Through my life of prayer, my daily work, my sacri-

fices, I want to be Love in the heart of all missionaries. I want to be the radiance and zeal of their minds, the deftness of their hands, the agility and the relief of their feet.

Maybe this is presumption on my part. Yet, I am convinced that in an unobtrusive way, I can collaborate with those who officially work in the Lord's vineyard by keeping close to the source of all initiative, all zeal, all love — God. From his heart I can draw the living waters which will slake the thirst of the apostles of the Church.

On the one hand if I were not closely united to Christ, I could not be in close communion with others; on the other, my union with Christ would be illusive if I did not keep close to my brethren. Saint Augustine expressed this truth as follows: "If you want to love Christ, extend your charity to the whole world, for the members of Christ live all over the world".

I, a "solitary", am "answerable" for all!

— IV —

"Singing solitude" in "silent chorus" The brook sings its song of joy, Flowing on to the ocean of God's love.

O contemplative soul, you are that spring of living waters!

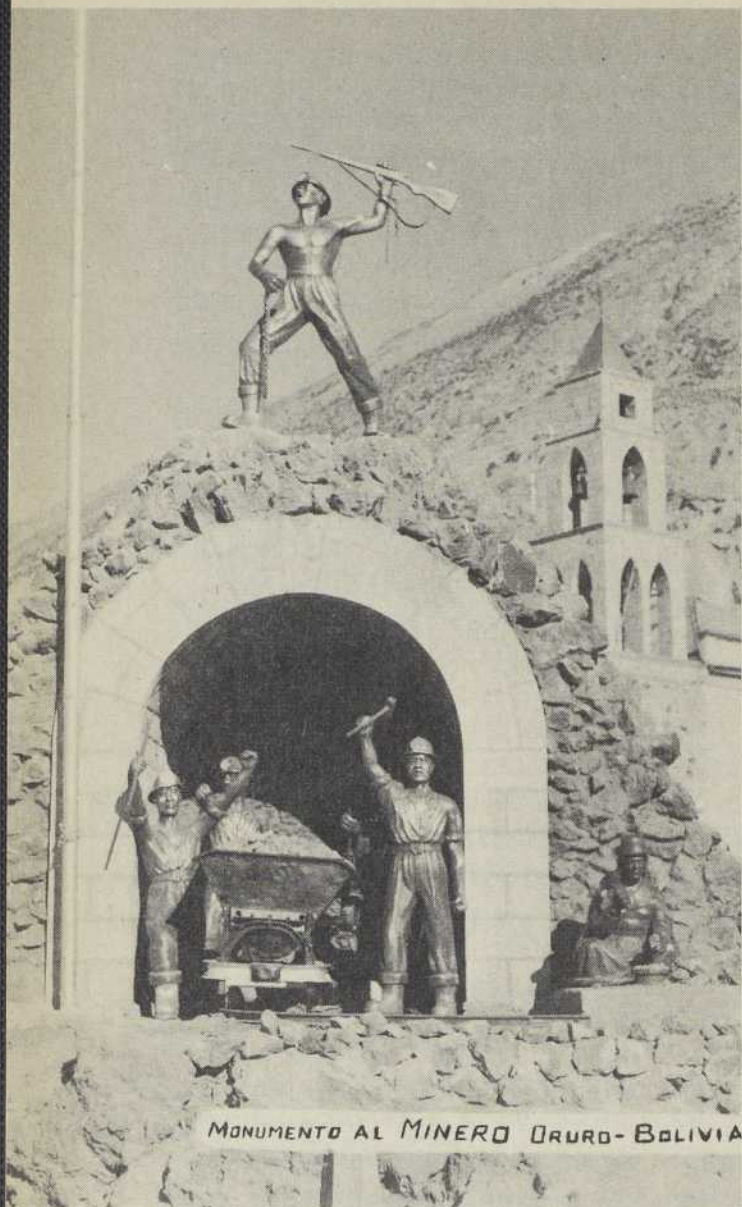
I have borrowed the two expressions "singing solitude" and "silent chorus" from Saint John of the Cross' spiritual writings to illustrate the "discernible" aspect of contemplative life for the sake of those who see it only from the outside.

Ours is indeed a hidden solitude, but it has crystal walls, to quote Pope Paul VI. From these walls issues the missionary harmony of contemplative prayer. It is a "silent chorus" which may be heard only by those whose ears are trained to listen to silence.

Like the brook which tumbles and leaps in frothy cascades over the rocks or silently courses over a bed of sand, the Carmelite nun turns all her daily actions into a song of joy, a silent offering.

Her fondest desire is to draw all men to the ocean of God's love.

A Carmelite nun



MONUMENTO AL MINERO ORURO-BOLIVIA

The mines in Oruro, Bolivia.

CATAVI: MOUNTAIN SEAMED WITH TIN

Céline Trudeau, M.I.C.

Oruro, the mining centre of Bolivia, is a cheerless city situated in a range of hills rising some twelve hundred feet higher than the general level of the altiplano. Catavi, the mining nerve centre, a town located on a huge barren plateau, is the administrative headquarters of the old nationalized Patino mine.

Responding to the invitation of friends, we set out one day to go down the mine shaft into the "river of metal" hidden in its depths. Groups of miners, a careworn expression on their weather-beaten faces, stood close to the entrance, shivering in the cold of the altiplano. Inside the mine galleries, however, the heat was suffocating.

The sole mining resources of the region are drawn from the old La Salvadora tin mine. Drawing up is carried on at Cancaniri and at Siglo Veinte where preconcentration also takes place. After two other processings at Catavi, the 50 per cent pure metal is bagged and shipped for further refinement.

Tin, a white, ductile metal, is harder but lighter than lead. It is used in a great number of alloys. Mixed with copper it produces bronze; with lead it may be used as soldering material in plumbing; beaten into thin sheets, it is used in the fabrication of mirrors, of cigarette wrappers, of tinfoil for packaging food, etc. It may also be used to galvanize iron and copper against oxidation. In South America, tin sheeting is used in the construction of many houses.

At present, a few isolated artists are endeavouring to revive a handicraft associated with a kind of sculpture done in pewter.

Before going down the mine shaft, we had to don the heavy boots, the steel helmet, and the leather coat worn by miners. We were then handed a flashlight which we would need down below. After a ride of twenty minutes we reached dark underground passages where we halted for half an hour.

Murals indicated the work done in the various sectors. We noted the names of about forty *neta yacimiento* (veins) among which figured





Weird Sensations
Are Felt,
Hundreds Of Feet
Below Surface Level





Catavi, Bolivia, where the pre concentration of raw metal takes place.



A miner relaxes in quarters located inside the mining complex.



Serro azul, Salvadora, Siglo Veinte, etc. During a half-hour stop at this point, our guide explained the layout of the Catavi tin mine with its 35 galleries where 3,000 miners are at work. The tin mines being located at 13,000 to 15,000 feet above sea level, only Andean Indians, with their tremendous lung development, can stand the labour.

The mine itself extends over an area of about 435 miles. Working sections are divided into blocks of 600 feet by 360. Mining is generally done with the help of dynamite and *parillas* (gratings) which allow the mineral to fall into wagon compartments. Once filled to capacity, the latter are run to the Catavi foundry. The technical process of concentra-

tion used is so efficient that the ore is raised to an average grade of 50 per cent. It is the highest quality concentrate exported in bulk from Bolivia.

In order to grasp more clearly the miners' work, we explored on foot the complex mine galleries. Such was the dampness in certain parts that we waded in several inches of water.

It was fortunate that we had an expert guide, for once or twice we did not even catch the rumble of loaded carts rushing our way. We then had to pull aside or to switch to a different gallery. Finally, we stumbled onto what appeared to be huge cages — the lifts. By then we stood on a level with the Siglo

Tio, mysterious diety of the mining world.



Viente village, 2,154 feet below the summit of the mountain. We entered one of the lifts which shot up 1,254 feet (873 feet a minute). Inside the cage we were packed like sardines as groups of miners were also heading that way.

We alighted at the San Miguel square where we went through the lifts' driving apparatus: thick steel cables, huge dial plates marking distances, an alarm system which indicates arrivals and departures, etc.

At each different stop, we met groups of miners who were astonished to see us in the mines. "We rarely see any Sisters at these depths," they commented in a not unfriendly manner. For my part, I think there is no better way to understand the people about us than to find out in what dangerous and insalubrious conditions they are forced to work.

As we passed through another department, we were startled by a loud detonation. Soon a thick cloud of dust combined with an acrid sulphur smell forced us to a standstill. The guide explained the *mascador* system which consists of a mouth instrument composed of two valves: one for inhalation, the other for exhalation. This system is supposed to protect the miners from injuries of the lungs resulting from breathing in this dust. Such an apparatus, however, does not suppress the danger of microbial gases. The ventilation system also comprises two pipes: one for air conditioning, the other for water.

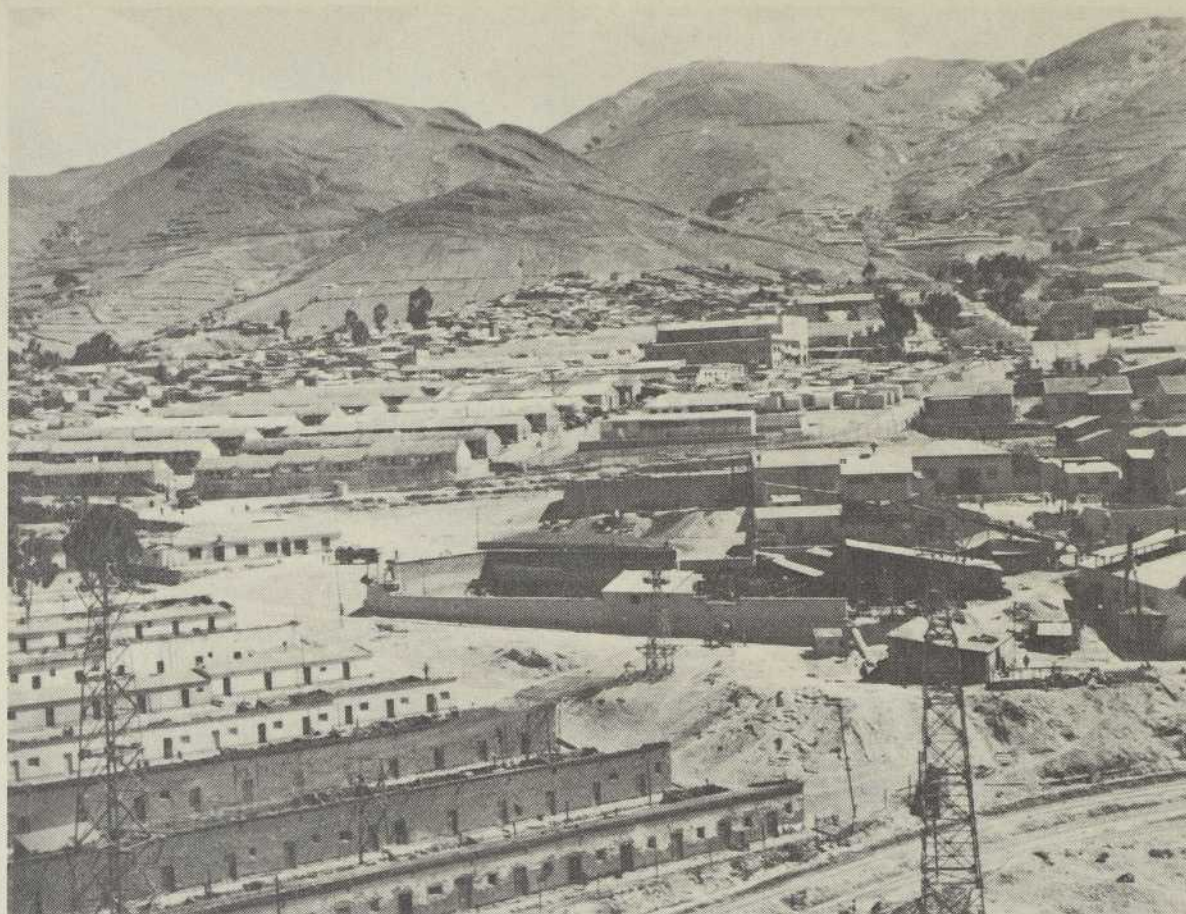
After detouring we came to the store where explosives are kept. It was made up more especially of 60 per cent dynamite.

At the next stop we came upon an unexpected sight in a mine: the miners' chapel. Lighted candles shed a mysterious halo around the statue of Our Lady of Copacabana, patroness of Bolivia. Two kneelers stood in front of the shrine inviting workers to a prayerful pause. The room was quiet and restful.

The dispensary is located next to the chapel. There the injured receive first aid before being transferred to the Catavi hospital.

Coca helps harassed miners forget hunger and the dread *soroche*.





Catavi, Bolivia. Miners' camp.



Miners' boisterous descent into the earth's "insides".

All about us, on the stone walls, hung copper oxide stalactites reflecting strange bluish tints. This oxide disappears if it comes into contact with air or sunshine. It gives out a pungent smell.

We stepped down again several metres in order to catch a glimpse of the famous *tio*, dubbed patron of the miners. Clad in red, *tio* "smokes" a cigar, and holds a bottle of liquor in his hands. . .

Another startling boom and the wail of siren announced an explosion. A disagreeable odour permeated the air. We could not help pitying the poor miners forced to spend the greater part of their life in an atmosphere saturated with emanations of sulphuric acid and carbonic gases. I can understand why, when they emerge from these dark tunnels, all they can think of is chewing coca leaves, or drinking chicha in order to forget their miserable existence underground.

So as to avoid further explosions and suffocating dust, our guide led us to another part of the mine where carpenters were at work sawing the trunks of eucalyptus trees used to uphold terraces.

We were also shown some pyrite which at first sight appeared set with diamonds. Many an unfortunate miner has developed the disease called silicosis after mining this kind of metal for a certain period of time.

Inborn love of the soil plus the fact that there is still much undeveloped land, particularly in the east, could make Bolivia a strong agricultural nation. For generations, however, the riches of her mines have overshadowed agriculture in her national economy.

Our extraordinary visit helped us grasp something of the atmosphere which reigns in Bolivian mines. But in order to understand it more clearly, one must turn to the past. The article "The Greatest of the Tin Barons" will explain why in Bolivia's soil may be found abundant deposits of tin, silver, sulphur, and all too often despair.



**Cochabamba: Bolivian girls enjoy beauty
of Patino palace gardens**

GREATEST OF THE TIN BARONS

Five days in Cochabamba, the granary of Bolivia . . . Too short a stay, and yet how many pleasant, unforgettable memories. I treasure from my passage in the midst of its hospitable population of 92,000!

Cochabamba is located in a fertile valley girdled by flowering shrubs and stately trees, handsome villas

and residences, lush vineyards and fruitful orchards, fluttering banana plants and regal palm trees. True, in other sections, sprawl untidy rows of decrepit houses not to say hovels. However, thanks to the discovery of oil in the neighbourhood, the city may look forward to a more prosperous future.

Before reaching Cochabamba, I flew over extensive barren regions, the eastern cordillera of the Andes, Lake Titicaca, and its Island of the Sun. Finally, I deplaned at La Paz, the world's highest airport. From the capital, I then travelled to Cochabamba, Bolivia's second important city and the junction between higher and lower eastern lands. I had the good fortune to benefit by the obligingness of kind friends who guided me through the city and supplied valuable information.

Simon Patino

Born in Cochabamba in 1860, a *cholo* of humble background, Simon Patino eventually rose to be the undisputed emperor of the strange *rosca* dynasty. While in Cochabamba, I had the occasion to visit one of his palatial residences in the suburbs. After viewing its luxurious appointments, I no longer wondered at the fact that when he died, Patino was held to be one of the five wealthiest men in the world.



He was 33 when he acquired his first unimportant mining concession in the vicinity of Oruro. For four years, failure dogged his efforts although, assisted by his wife, he worked with pick and shovel as the Indians did. In 1899, at last, he struck what he guessed to be a valuable tin lode. Rushing to the city to have a sample analysed, he was elated to learn that it contained between 54 and 60 per cent of pure tin. He dubbed the mountain where his discovery had been made "La Salvadora".



COCHABAMBA BOLIVIA'S GARDEN CITY



By plowing his profits back into the purchase of other mines from English, Chilean, and Bolivian competitors he gradually accumulated a colossal fortune. He called his mining centre "Siglo Veinte" (twentieth century). By 1910, his annual income exceeded by far that of the Bolivian government. The Patino Mines Enterprise Co., Inc., controlled 60 per cent of the Bolivian tin output. He also controlled, as his family still does, the Liverpool William Harvey tin foundries as well as those of the Lead National Co.

Travelling extensively throughout Europe, where he lived like a Rajah, he eventually became Bolivia's ambassador to Spain, then to France. He constructed railroads, founded banks to finance his enterprises, controlled mining concerns not only at home but in various parts of the world. During World War II, he lived for a time in New York. He died at Buenos Aires, in 1947.

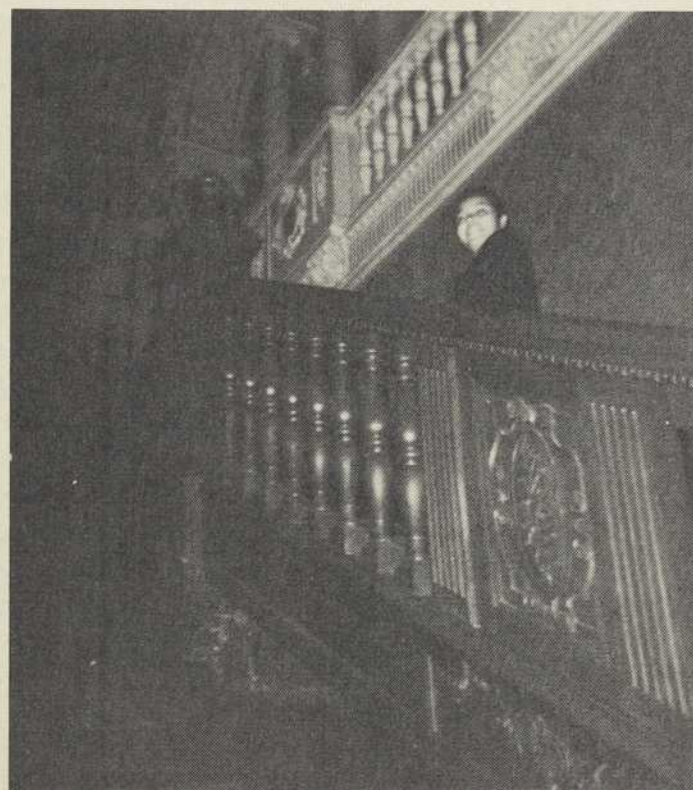
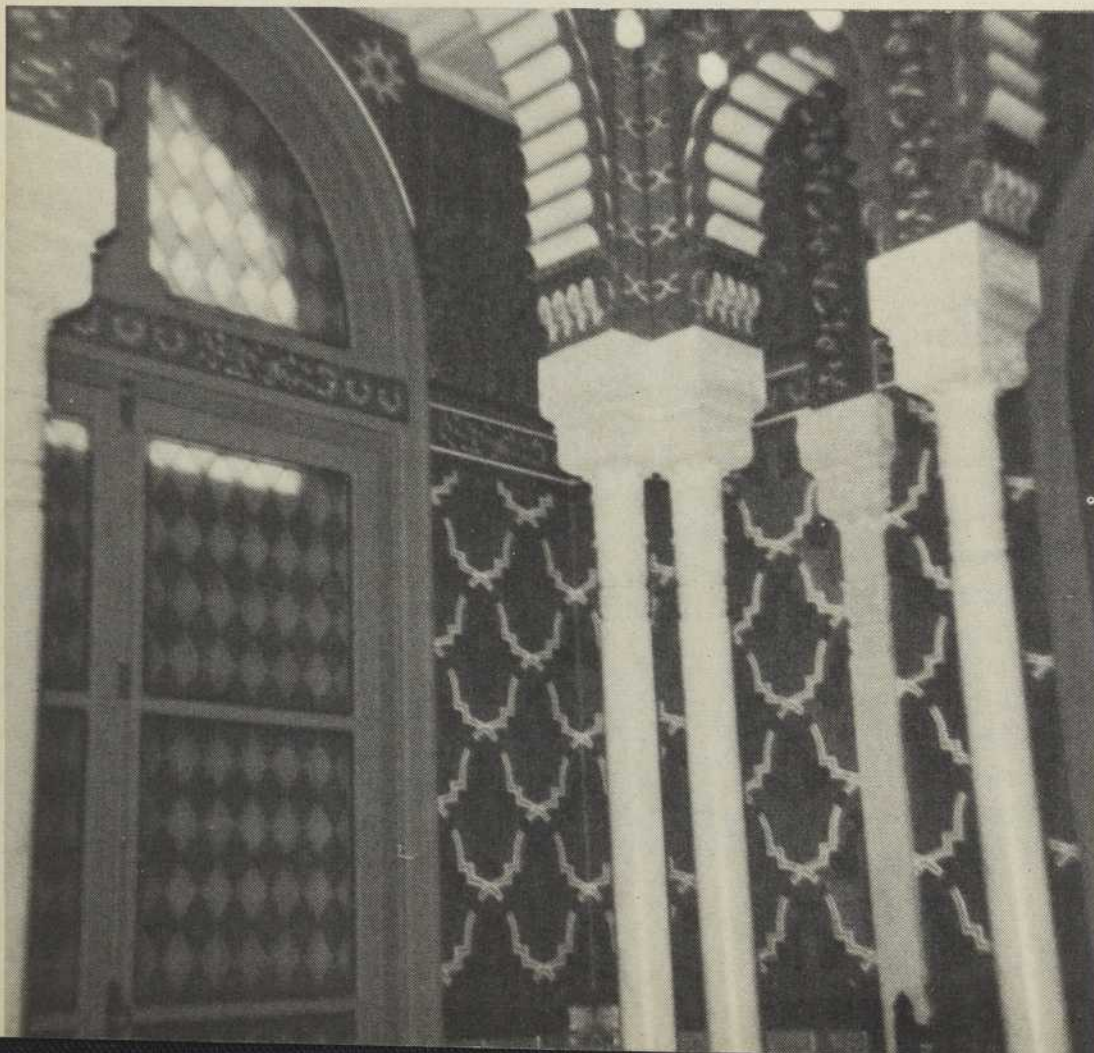
Mining did contribute much to the Bolivian government revenues and provided work for most of the population. Nevertheless, tin did not contribute as much to the national welfare as it might have. While bulk exports promoted the expansion of railways, the big mining corporations were owned by Patino and other tin barons. As they grew stronger, they contributed as much to the political manipulation of the government as they did, through taxes, to its revenues. They continue to wield pressure on the nationalistic government of Victor Paz Estenssoro who has been powerless to curb their influence.

Simon Patino undoubtedly possessed extraordinary farsightedness and business acumen. Exceptional circumstances, however, favoured the establishment of a state within the State, as was the case before the nationalization of tin mining trusts. This state, alas,



LUXURIOUS FURNISHINGS OF PATINO PALACE

Photos: Gabrielle Ouimet, M.I.C.





could only have flourished through the sweat, labour, and blood of the exploited poor, unknown to the world at large.

Irony of fate

Although he developed his country's valuable tin mines, Patino amassed his personal fortune at the expense of Indian miners whose wages were kept ridiculously low. Of the social benefits accruing from the mining concerns, only a very small portion went to Indian workers. Moreover, to a certain extent, the mining industry impoverished the land. Forced to work in the mines, the Indians necessarily neglected agricultural techniques which were their legacy from the Incaic regime.

Discontent smouldered and in 1952, the miners sided with Victor Paz Estenssoro and a group of army officers to oust President Penderanda. The mines were nationalized and the miners were given the right to bear arms, to strike, to challenge governmental decisions. The military junta which rose to power in 1964 created a climate of hostility.

At present, two powers vie for power: the COMIBOL, (Mining Corporation of Bolivia) and the trade unions. On the one hand, COMIBOL, which administers the nationalized mines (70 per cent of the country's output), is considered by the miners as an emanation of a repressive military government; on the other, the labour unions are well organized and well armed. Since the nationalization of the mines, the miners' standard of living has been slightly raised.

Although Bolivia possesses the world's richest underground resources, its standard of living is one of the lowest in Latin America. Practically no profit is drawn from its mining of metals which constitute 90 per cent of its exportations.

As the former owners had withdrawn their money before nationalization, COMIBOL lacked sufficient capital to modernize the mines. Without adequate direction, no new lodes were uncovered and high grade veins were gradually exhausted. Nothing much in the line of improvement was done for Bolivian miners, whether they worked for the Patino clan or for the COMIBOL. Twenty years ago, the Indians accepted their fate with apathetic resignation. They no longer do so. At long last, they have discovered their strength.

The mining problem is the main Bolivian problem. What is the role of the Church in all this? One might say that the future of the Church in Bolivia is at once problematical and full of promise. Its future as an artificial superstructure is definitely out. It can hope to survive only if it identifies itself with humanity in a spirit of service, after the example of its Founder who came to serve, not to be served.

Several missionary projects of assistance to the miners are being elaborated. May the apostles of Christ succeed in realizing their blueprint for a more human and a more Christian mining world.

Gabrielle Ouimet, M.I.C.

CEPAC EN MEJICO



While travelling through Mexico, one of our missionaries lately came into contact with a group of Sisters who are hosts to CEPAC, a centre of community activities in favour of the young.

In her visitor's presence, Sister Marie Brigitte who works at the Centre interviewed two members of CEPAC.



What were you doing before you came here?

We belonged to a group of discontented students who enjoyed doing all the harm they could. Enrolled in a *preparatoria* (sort of high school for the three last years of the B.A. degree), we joined the local *porra* an organization which exists in all university faculties. As a rule, the *porra* goes in for athletics. However, it is often composed of delinquents whose morals are loose and who delight in spreading disorder.

Nearly all of us lived in a vicious atmosphere, cut off from reality, without the slightest interest in our studies. Very few among the students we associated with had any real sense of values. Perhaps because we had been brought up in good homes or maybe out of a certain sense of justice, we differed slightly from other members of the group in this matter.

How did you happen to come into contact with the convent?

Once, we received an invitation on the part of a few girls to spend the day with them. When we heard that the meeting was to take place at a convent, we planned to have as much fun as possible at the Sisters' expense. We got the surprise of our lives. Nothing happened as we had planned. The Sisters welcomed us graciously, and seemed genuinely interested in helping us solve our problems. We came away elated at their cordial and personal reception.

Later, we met at the convent every week for friendly exchanges on numerous vital issues such as loyalty, friendship, service, involvement, etc.

How did you discover Christ and what does he mean to you?

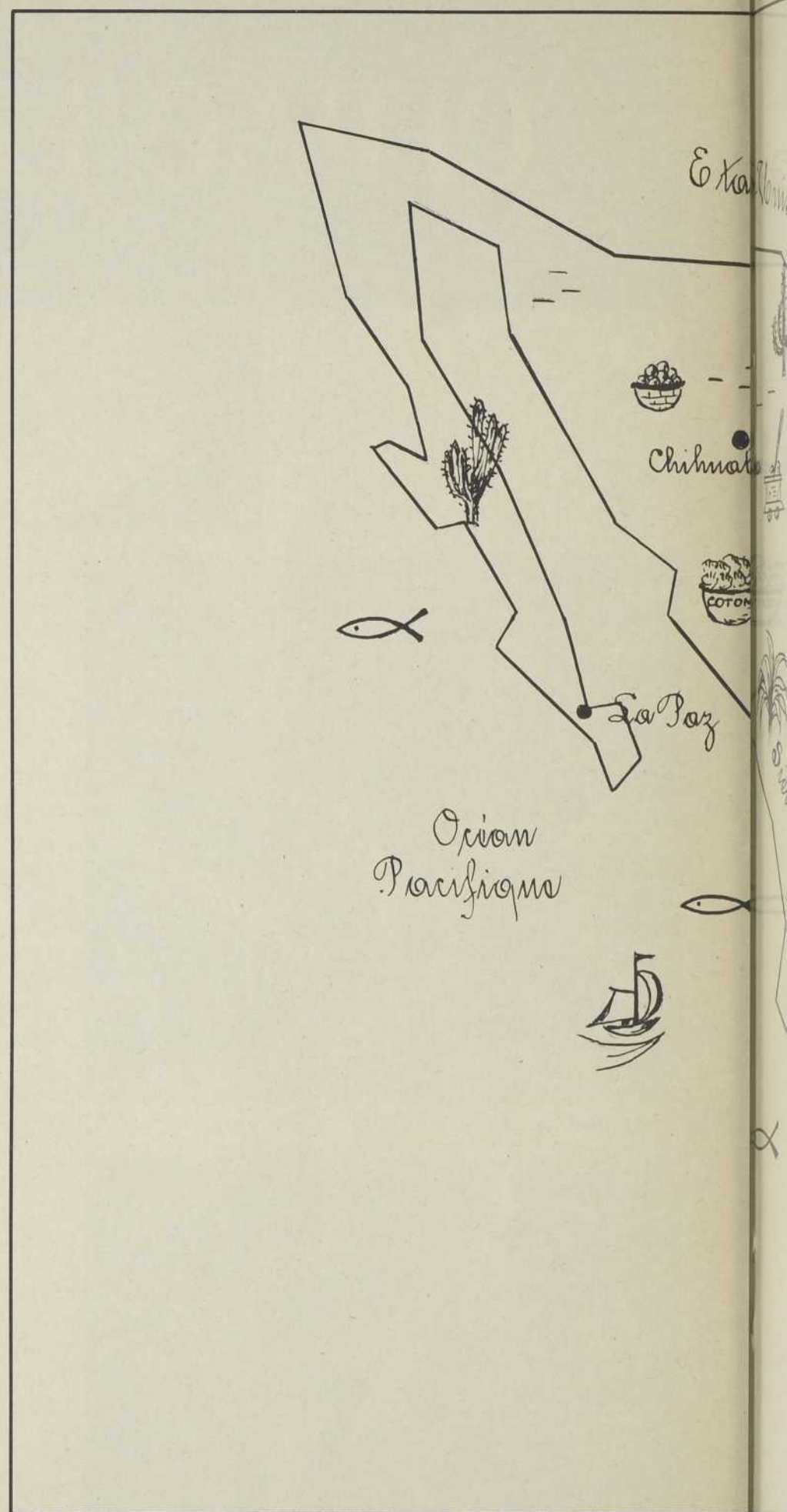
At first we refused to listen to talks about God or Christ. Little by little, however, through the Sisters' true Christian witnessing, we grew interested and began asking questions about Christ.

We found out that God cannot be explained but can be discovered, thanks to sincere research. The human nature of Christ fascinated us at the beginning. It took us over a year to accept him as God. Eventually, he became the core of our daily living. At present, he fills every moment of our existence, bringing us fulfillment and transformation. He is the only one who infuses a meaning into our life.

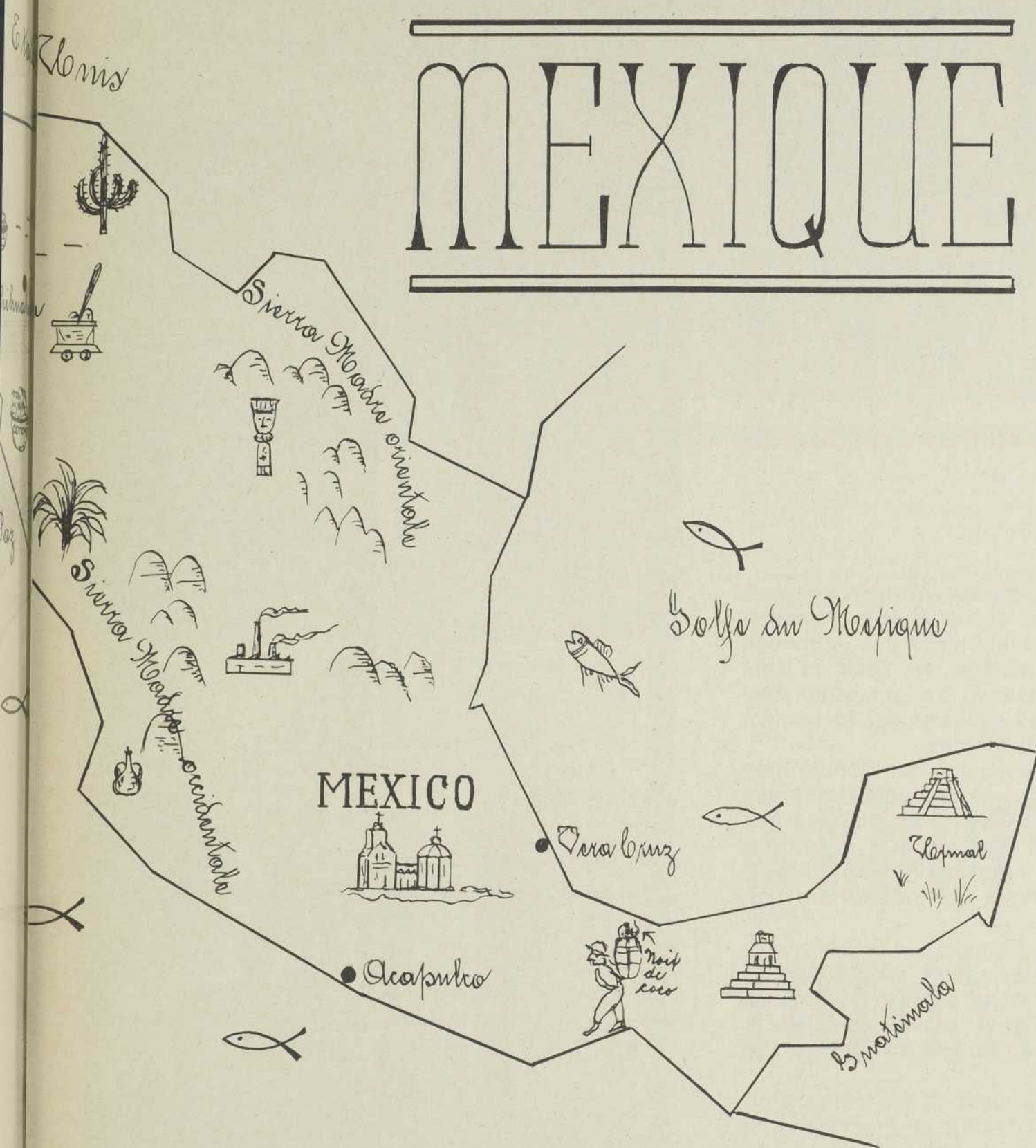
What are you doing to help others?

We grasped the fact that our discovery of Christ entailed a responsibility. None of us could remain passive. To us, God signified the urgent exigency of loving others as he himself loved them. This was the main point and the most difficult to translate into practice.

We began by organizing several youth social days in order to create a collective conscience of the reality



MEXIQUE





Young Mexican girls.

in which we live in Latin America. Workshops were conducted on subjects such as capitalism, communism, the social doctrine of the Church . . . Although we could not hope to find solutions, we could at least quicken our knowledge. Besides, we organized sessions of group dynamics and endeavoured to contact youth in marginal sections of the city.

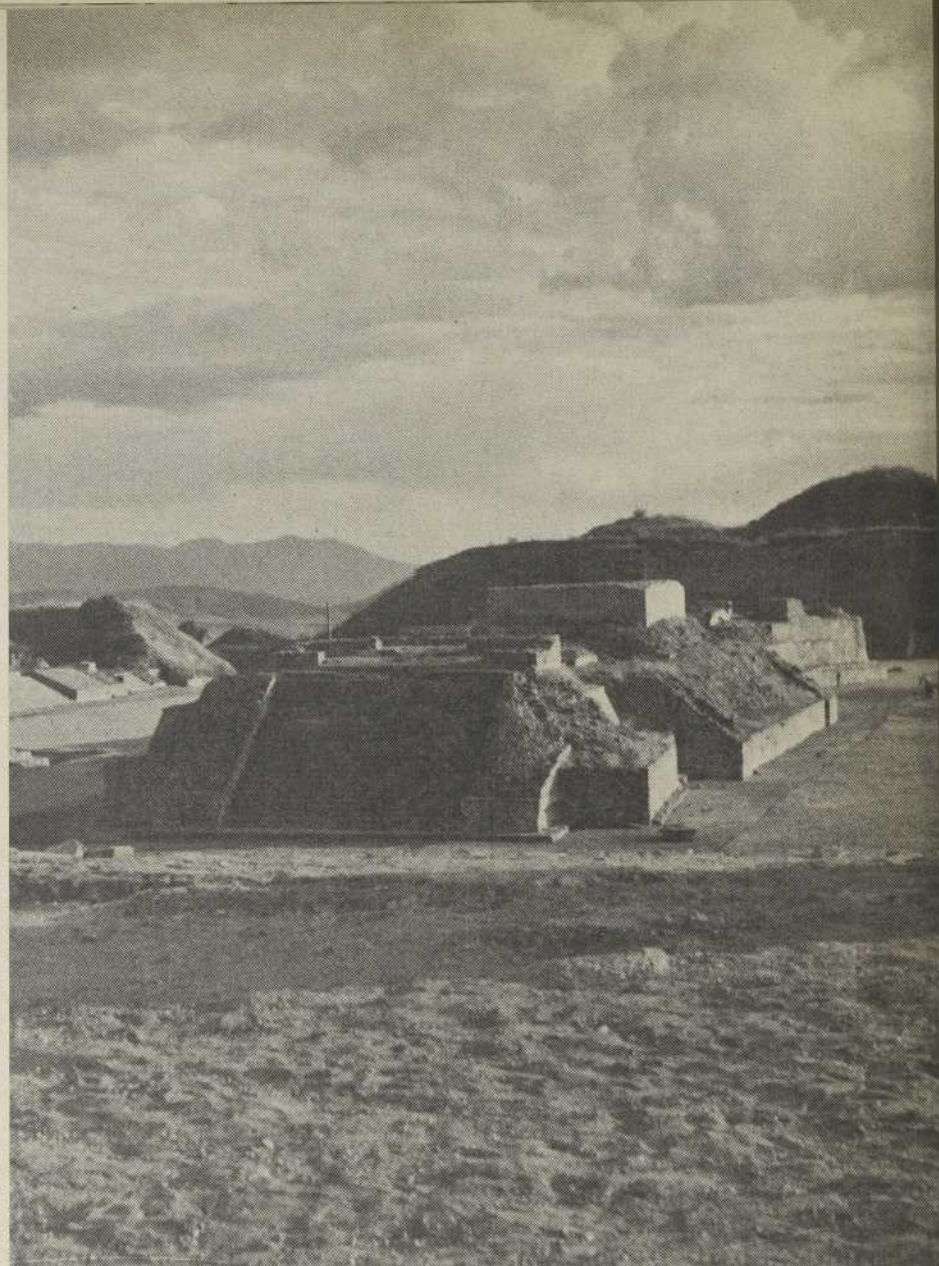
Our group has been functioning for about three years. A few among our members daily meet at quarters placed at our disposal by the Sisters. We decorate the place as we like. One wall, for instance, is entirely covered with photographs representing the themes: love, hate, peace. Some of the illustrations are typical . . .

As we are all university students — in law, political sciences, chemistry, architecture, electronics — we meet to discuss our activities, to plan our organizations. But, as "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" we also play chess, dance, or sing to the tune of our beloved guitars.

Other groups of students meet at the convent on Saturdays, between 6:00 and 11:00 p.m. From 60 to 70 youths divided into teams animated by the Sisters prepare their weekly programme.

What helps us most is to know that we are perfectly free to consult the Sisters at any time. They are always ready to share our problems. Even if they cannot solve them, they can give us advice and encouragement towards working out an eventual solution.

This is how the Mexico Helpers of the Holy Souls have helped and continue to help Mexican youth to reach Christ.



A Classical picture of Mexico: Zapotec.

University library.



GUATEMALA

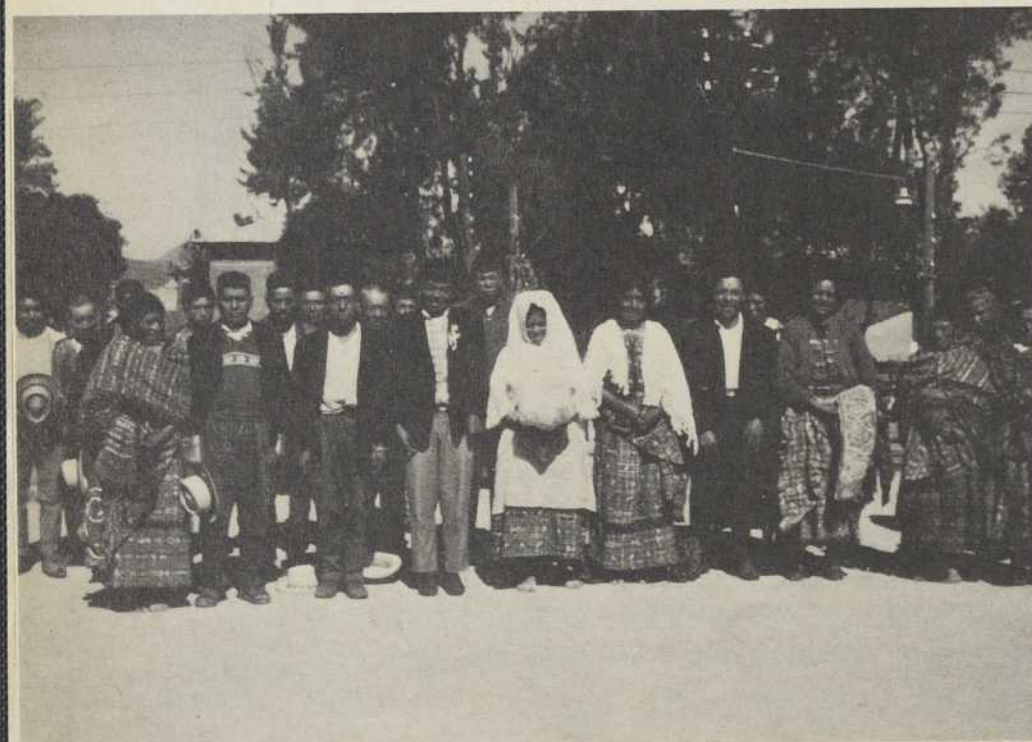
On her wedding day, the Guatemalan bride exchanges traditional head-dress for a white bridal veil.



The golden chain thrown about their shoulders reminds the wedded pair of marriage's unbreakable bond.



WEDDING IN TOTONICAPAN



Photos: Céline Trudeau, M.I.C.

As soon as the church doors had swung open, at 6:00 a.m., we heard the noise of shuffling feet, and muffled whispers, as groups of Indians crowded in, to be present at a nuptial Mass.

The bride, a mere fifteen, and the groom, seventeen, were escorted to the altar by proud parents, godparents, friends, acquaintances, and neighbours. Indians marry young for to them youth is an element of happiness.

According to a time-honoured tradition observed in all public places around here women are placed to the right, men to the left. The bridal couple knelt at the altar railing while the assistants stolidly did so on the tiled floor. Benches found few occupants.

Nearly all the women, including the bride, were barefoot. Although shoes for women are becoming fashionable in certain parts of Guatemala, Totonicapan sticks to old familiar customs. Why pinch one's feet in cumbersome gear? The men, however, usually wear shoes or at least crudely made sandals.

The groom wore a ready-made, ill-fitting suit. His partner was a study in colours. She wore a wide ballooning skirt over many-hued petticoats, and a scarlet blouse. To complete her outfit she had a colourful towel thrown over her shoulders and a white veil over her raven hair. I was puzzled to see that she carried in her hands a bouquet of artificial flowers wrapped in cellophane. Why not natural flowers which grow in such abundant variety in this region? I suppose artificial blooms are considered more fashionable at rural weddings . . . In urban areas, I have been present at Guatemalan weddings where the altar was banked with real lilies, carnations, and roses, and where the bride wore a satin gown and a corsage of orchids.

Godparents have an important role to play in Indian weddings. They act as masters of ceremony. They first lead the couple to a place reserved for their use, close to the altar. From the sacristy, they then fetch candles, a veil, and a chain which they hand over to their godchildren.

To my surprise, the Eucharistic Celebration was brought to a close minus the nuptial blessing. As my companions prepared to leave the church, I ventured to ask the reason for this omission. They replied that the blessing was usually given only at the 7:00 or 7:30 Mass. I decided to stay in order to witness the ceremony to the end.

I was puzzled to see a bouquet of artificial flowers wrapped in cellophane in the hands of the bride.

During the 7:00 Mass, I noticed that the godparents brought in lighted candles which they handed to the betrothed pair kneeling close to the altar railing. After the prayers of the Offertory, the priest received the vows of the couple and gave them the nuptial blessing. Then took place the exchange of rings, and the priest gave the bridegroom a handful of thirteen coins, symbol of the financial assistance he must bring to the new home about to be established. The groom, in turn, handed the coins to the bride who must see to household expenses; she immediately wrapped them up in a handkerchief and put them away. This custom of the thirteen *arras* (earnest) is not proper to Guatemala alone. It may be found observed in many other Latin American countries, and can probably be traced to the Spanish invaders who used it in order to intensify the symbolism of conjugal union. Another custom going back to the Spanish colonial era — a custom observed in Spain until recent times — consists in twining about the wedded pair a large gilt chain, doubtless to remind the latter of the indissolubility of their union. As if all this symbolism was not enough, the godparents wrap a large veil about the kneeling two who remain thus linked to each other until Mass is over. The Indians who were present at the ceremony as well as the wedded couple all went to confession and received Holy Communion with lively faith.

After Mass, the bridal cortege made its way to the church entrance and, through the grounds, to the rear. The young couple stood facing the group of relatives and friends and humbly apologized for any pain or trouble they might have given them. The parents also apologized, then everybody congratulated the wedded pair, loading them with good advice, urging them to put up patiently with the inevitable trials of married life, and to remain faithful to each other until death. This palaver lasted forty minutes or more.

The wedding reception was held at the groom's house, where guests were plied with *guaro* (a local alcoholic beverage), rolls, and hot cocoa. After the meal all danced gaily to the tune of the *marimba*, the men together, and the women likewise. When everybody was bored with dancing, the godparents extended an invitation to their own house where festivities lasted until the wee small hours.

On the second day, a visit was made to the bride's home. Then, the latter returned to her in-laws' house where she spent a few days helping with household chores.

A new life is beginning for the young wife, a life which will spell much labour and scant pleasure. To her will fall the heaviest part of the work around the house and in the fields. But, today's young Indian girls may look forward to a happier fate. Communications allow for better schooling. Higher education will enable them to convince their mates that they are no slaves, but wives, the mothers of their children. A new era of freedom and prosperity will no doubt be eventually ushered in for the long suffering Indian woman.



Indians marry young for youth, to them, makes for happiness.

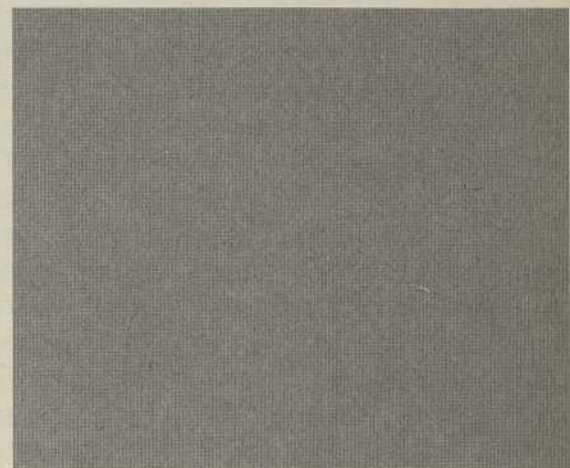
Pauline Pageau, M.I.C.

GOD IS NOT DEAD IN GUATEMALA

by Roger Brien

One of the fondest of my life-long dreams came true when, in 1968, it was given me to spend a fruitful missionary year in Guatemala. Thus, one by one, my youthful ambitions are being realized. How true Saint Exupery's saying is that in our childhood and in our youth are sown the seeds of our future maturation. Not a crumb should be lost if we want to grasp the Gospel's deep, hidden significance. For my part, there is an evangelical saying which has marked my entire life as a man, a Christian, a poet, and an artist — Christ's words to the woman of Samaria, "If you knew the gift of God. . . ." Every human being instinctively craves for the Living Water welling up to eternal life. If our life is to be a success, in accordance with God's will, we must forever run the risk of rediscovering our childhood and our youth enriched by the power of an adulthood which has preserved all its capacities for wonder and its dynamic energies intact.

In these troublous times of ours we would do well to keep in mind that *truth* cannot change — *God's message of love* to the world through *Mary*, Mother of the Church, through the Church itself, *Mater et Magistra*. Too many human beings, too many Christians, hold pessimistic views regarding rampant atheism, the negation of the divine and of the history of salvation. Nietzsche's blasphemy, "God is dead", seems to have sapped all their energies. For the past twenty-five years I have been telling the world that this is far from true. God is not dead. He is more alive than ever as may be inferred from the metaphysical anguish today gnawing at the vitals of mankind. We are living through the aftermath of the whirlwind raised by the Encyclopedia, the materialistic philosophers — Voltaire, Diderot, Nietzsche, Marx — and their followers,





Gide and Sartre, to mention only the most influential. The Vatican II Council has set the right tempo, just as the Council of Trent did in its own times. Helpful inspiration may be drawn from Saint Paul's epistle to the Philippians (4:4-7): "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, rejoice. Let all men know your forbearance. The Lord is at hand. Have no anxiety about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God which passes understanding will keep your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."

Closing up, for a time, my house in Nicolet I was happy to spend one year of arduous mission life in Guatemala, among a wonderful Christian population. Anthropologists aver that the Guatemalan nation is the most pure-blooded Indian nation in the world today (90 per cent). Its origins go back to the Mayas whose civilization was one of the world's greatest. Its priest-scholars devised a calendar long before western savants ever thought of doing so. Contrary in this to the Aztecs, and to nearly all ancient pagan nations, they refused to offer human victims in sacrifice to their deities. True, the people's religion like that of many other peoples in Latin America, is at present a curious mixture of Christian and pagan practices. Nonetheless, their essential faith is sound, much sounder than the spurious creeds of the West which accept the dictates of astrology, a false science spawned by exploiters.

At least once a month, during my stay in Guatemala, I visited the capital and enjoyed the hospitality of its unfailingly courteous and highly cultured citizens. Libraries abound in this city of 700,000, more so perhaps than in any other city I have passed through. Churches are filled with devout worshippers. It was a pleasure for me to see that

GOD IS NOT DEAD IN GUATEMALA

by Roger Brien

here at least no iconoclasts had swept away statues and holy images, under the false pretext that such was the desire of the Vatican II Council. This question of the holy images was settled once for all at the beginning of Christianity. The Council has freed the universal Church from all colonialism of the mind, judgment, and attitude. If it is true that Europe must remain European, it is equally true that Africa must remain African, that Asia must remain Asian. In a word, each and every country has a right to maintain its own way of life. Unity in diversity will enrich our human heritage.

The structures of the Guatemalan Church are admirable. I was privileged to make the acquaintance and to enjoy the friendship of Cardinal Mario Casariego, archbishop of Guatemala, who dedicated his *Cartas Pastorales Y Discursos* (lectures and pastoral letters) thus, *Al amigo Brien sincera y cordialmente* (to my friend Brien, sincerely and heartily).

I was astounded at the impressive ruins of Tikal, the most imposing of Mayan ruins which can easily stand comparison to those of Egypt, Rome, and Greece. Roaming over the world, one realizes that men of all times and climes have always been deeply religious. The missions in Guatemala have been exceptionally meaningful. I had the good fortune to meet, in this area, missionaries from everywhere, men and women who cheerfully spend themselves for the poorest of the poor, for Christ and for his Church. A political leader in Central America once remarked, on this subject, "The Church has done so much, and the missionaries are still doing so much, that we cannot praise them too loudly as this would amount to admitting the frequent failures of certain policies. . ."

Genuine Christian charity is at work in remote mountain villages which lack the amenities of life.

However destitute the villagers may be in material goods, they are rich in spiritual values. With what enthusiasm they act out the Passion during Holy Week! I have known adolescents who walked barefoot five or even ten miles in order to be present at Mass on Sundays and to receive their Lord in Holy Communion.

All these villages, some situated at an altitude of eight thousand feet, have built their own rustic church or chapel even when no priest was available. Villagers meet regularly in these makeshift sanctuaries to pray and to sing divine praises.

Some people may sneer at the fondness of these people for processions. For my part, I prefer them to the morbid rallies spouting hate and defiance on all the parade grounds of the world, or to the huge meetings where youth, made for heroism, wallows in drugs and vice. The words of Christ, "I have pity on this multitude", re-echo in my heart today. Truly, the deep discontent and the resentment of universal youth points to untold metaphysical anguish. Youth craves for the Absolute. Its tortures today are a mighty cry of love of God for whom it is unconsciously searching.

I love Guatemala passionately, and all Latin America as well. Once the forces of love will have triumphed over the forces of evil, hate, and injustice, a decisive reign of peace for the Church will follow. This is the firm belief of Brazil's great archbishop of love, Mgr. Camara.

WORDS IN FASHION

A mainland Chinese magazine ran a recipe for mooncakes that had serious consequences for anyone who followed it.

A month later the publication printed a correction. Because of an "unfortunate error," it said, one of the ingredients for mooncakes was given as caustic soda (lye) instead of baking soda. The difference between the two is too frightening to think about.

What's in a recipe? Only words. At first glance the ingredients of any recipe may seem innocent enough. But sometimes changing a small word or quantity can be a matter of life and death.

By "defusing" words, we may get at their true message. With the help of God, we may also grow in understanding of other viewpoints and in willingness to cooperate with those who hold them.

Dialogue

Ours has been called the Age of Dialogue. In all parts of the world and in every sector of society, groups that were formerly distant or even hostile to each other have begun to communicate.

From the Greek *dia* (through) and *logos* (word), a dialogue is a "conversation between two or more persons, an exchange of ideas and opinions."

De la Rochefoucauld, the French writer, put his finger on one major hindrance to true dialogue. "The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation," he remarked, "is that each is thinking more about what he intends to say than about what others are saying, and we never listen when we are eager to speak."

Remember, about half of any conversation should be listening. If you strive to be open to the honestly expressed opinions of others and to share your own insights with them, you will make a start toward mending some cracks in a breaking world.

Who is my neighbour?

Neighbour is a familiar word that we ought to give some attention to.

Derived from Old English "neah" (nigh or near) and "gebur" (dweller), it refers primarily to a person who lives in proximity to someone else.

But in another sense, neighbour means: "a fellow creature, especially a fellow human being; one that evidences true kindness and charity toward his fellow-man."

This last meaning has its roots in the Gospel of St. Luke (chapter 10) in which a lawyer asks Jesus: "Who is my neighbour?" The Lord's reply was the unforgettable story of the Good Samaritan.

According to the philosopher Marshall McLuhan, the world has become a global village. We are all neighbours, every last one of us — whatever our language, race, colour, religion or politics.

If we strive to be good neighbours — overcoming hate with love, and fear with the courage to aid the defenseless — our "global village" can be a fairly decent place.

You can be a philanthropist

The word "PHILANTHROPY" merits more than passing attention on the part of us all.

Its origin has real significance. "Philanthropy" is derived from the Greek words "philein" (to love) and "anthropos" (man).

The dictionary definition of "philanthropy" expands on its basic meaning "to love man" as follows:

"the disposition or effort to promote the happiness or social elevation of man as man, or of mankind on a large scale;

"the desire or effort to mitigate social evils and increase and multiply social comforts based on broad and sound views of man's nature and condition."

No matter what our circumstances may be, each of us can strive to be a philanthropist or "lover of mankind" and seek in practical ways to benefit all people. In short, as the Lord Himself said: "You shall love your neighbour as yourself." (Matthew 22:39)

Christopher Notes

PICTURE REPORT



Mrs. Williana, an expert in ceramics, lives in Makunje Village, an outpost of Kadikira, in the territory of Paramount Chief Kunthembwe.

Here is how she proceeds to fashion pots, vases, and other earthenware out of a special kind of clay called *ulongo*.

This clay is proof against cracking when it dries. Mrs. Williana begins by putting lumps of *ulongo* inside a hole dug close to the door of her house. In order to render it flexible, she moistens the clay often, and covers it up with large leaves to protect it against the heat of the sun. On the third day she takes it out and rolls it firmly over a polished stone surface to make it compact.

She then breaks off a portion, giving it the form of a circle according to the size of the vessel she wants to make. Other circles are superposed until the right dimension is reached. Then, she presses the circles together using a wet ear of corn. Slowly, the vase or pot takes on the desired shape. The surface is smoothed over and small decorative designs are made with a sharp stick around the opening. Such utensils often bear the trademark "Made in Malawi".

On the following day, Mrs. Williana sets vases or pots upside down and works over the lower portion, always using a wet ear of corn. Finishing touches are given and the utensils are ready for drying and firing. Such pottery is fashioned minus a potter's wheel.

The firing process is as rudimentary as the fashioning, vases and pots being wrapped up in bark and a match being struck into the pile.

After several hours, Mrs. Williana carefully fetches out of the ashes lovely red pots or vases which she sells up to 10 shillings a piece.

*"Moni",
translated from Cichewa
by Armand Garon, W.F.*

MALAWI

POTTERY



PICTURE REPORT

La Boule is situated in one of the loveliest spots on earth. Throughout the year, its inhabitants enjoy a mild climate and mellow sunshine.

Farmers busily till their patch of land, banana plants being given priority. Even the wide supple leaves can be transformed into works of art. A good number of adolescents enjoy attending *Banico*, a workshop opened two years ago by Sister Benoîte Labelle, M.I.C.



1 — When full grown, the banana plant attains a height of 7 to 8 feet and is surmounted by a crown of large broad leaves with a strong fleshy footstalk and midrib. A stalk bears but once, then dies down and is replaced by new sprouts.

3 — According to the varieties grown, the stalks may be beige, brown, or black in colour. The boys are here selecting the varicoloured stalks they will use in their handicrafts.



2 — The broad green leaves are cut and the stalk is hacked into two parts, lengthwise. Overlapping stalks are pulled apart and spread out to dry in the sun.



4 — Thin useless stalks are



5 — A pattern traced beforehand is applied to the leaf and carefully trimmed with a sharp-edged tool.

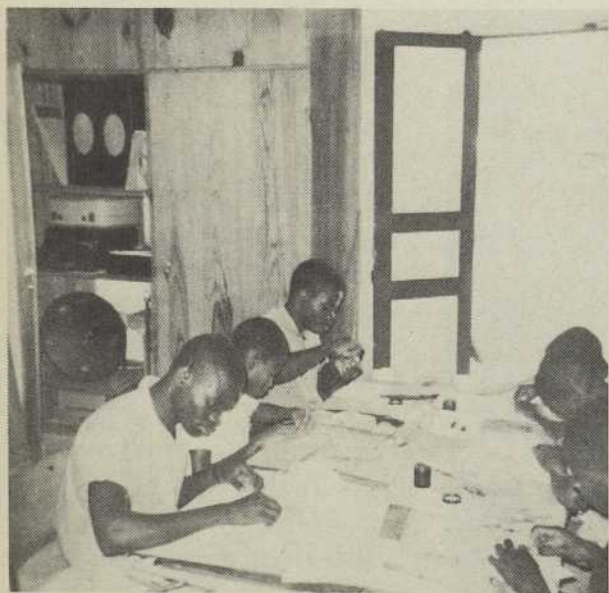
HAITI

BANICO



first of all eliminated.

7-8 — Pictures composed of banana leaf motifs in various hues of brown. Left: Sister Labelle, M.I.C. and the monitor; right; visitors who sponsor Banico's handicrafts.



6 — Young artists ply their art; pasting motifs onto jute or linen background.



9 — Cards for all occasions sold at the workshop: \$0.20 apiece or \$2.00 a dozen.

If you are interested please contact:
Sister Marthe Desjardins, M.I.C.
C.P. 1085
Port au Prince
HAITI, Les Antilles

KYOKO DISCOVERS LOVE

I came to the Philippines in May, 1968. I am presently living at the Provincial House of the Immaculate Conception in San Juan, Rizal, with my fellow scholastics. In this house there are about fifty sisters: thirty-five of our own and fifteen boarders from different congregations belonging to six nationalities — Filipinas, Chinese, Canadians, Americans, Pakistanis, and Japanese.

When I speak to my friends about this, many of them tell me, "You must be lonesome in that house because you are the only Japanese". "Never", is my usual answer. I am very



happy in this big family for they are my sisters. Another surprise for my friends is this. One year ago when I arrived here I could hardly speak or understand English. With my sisters' constant help, I now understand most of the ordinary conversations. Best of all, I enjoy my life very much. I am really living in joy and happiness in spite of a dearth of words for communication.

What gives me this joy and happiness? Why am I here in the Philippines? You might be interested in the story of my vocation which originated in a place quite far from here.

My home town

I was born in a small town in Hokkaido, the remotest northern island in Japan. It is a vast territory with a small population. Snowcapped mountains, sparkling lakes, golden fields of rice and wheat, green pastures, and forests can everywhere be seen. We have flowers in spring, fresh air in summer, splendid contrasts of red and yellow leaves in autumn, and the purity of snow when it covers the whole town and the mountains. In winter I love the landscapes of my home town. When I was small, my father used to take the whole family on outings to the mountains, lakes, or hot-springs. In winter, we often went skiing. We had good times, and thanks to these trips I became more and more fascinated by the mystery of nature. Who was the Creator of all this beauty? This question came to my mind at a very early age.

My family

Another reason which led me to God, the most important one, is love. When I encountered this love in the smallest things of daily life, I could not help thinking that the Maker of souls must be Beauty itself, though I did not know whether this was Someone or Something.

Tender love reigned in my family which I did not find in other families. When I saw someone complaining of having misunderstandings, I suffered very much. Why did people have to hurt one another? Why did they oppress the weak? Why did they not help one another? I was too young then to help those who did not know about love. On this point, my grandmother gave me much consolation. Her devotion to the poor and the suffering was remarkable. Many people came to consult her about their difficulties or about their trouble in their families. She always welcomed them and gave them the help they needed. Although she is now 73 years old, she is still working for the welfare of the people in our community, and she continues to be a devoted Buddhist, leading a life of prayer and dedication.

My family's religion is Buddhism. Like the majority of Japanese, my people do not practise their religion except on special occasions. But my grandmother never missed her daily prayers. I think that because of her prayers I became aware that there was Someone or Something that surpassed men. Her great love for prayer and for people deeply impressed me and developed in me the desire to lead a missionary life.

Baptism

When I was twelve years old, I enrolled at the Mission School of the Franciscan Sisters in Sapporo, the biggest city in Hokkaido. I studied there for six years, during my junior and senior high school. It was my parents' desire that I would be given a good education: physically, mentally, and spiritually. Since my home was far from this school I stayed at the dormitory. Within a short time, the school atmosphere struck

as being ideal. The Sisters' kindness, the students' unity and well-disciplined manners in everything, the big, modern school building, the green lawns, and many other things impressed me. I studied hard and I became interested in religion, because it introduced me into the wonderful world I was looking for. My happiness in knowing about the invisible world increased rapidly. I prayed hard and attended Mass every day, asking God to give me happiness and peace of mind. Because I was so happy, I wanted to share my happiness with others. I began to make up my mind to become a Sister so that I could teach students not only knowledge of all academic subjects, but also the more important things in human life.

After five years of preparation, I was to be baptized. My parents agreed, without raising any objection whatever, because they were satisfied with my doing well in school and at home. Besides, they were glad to see that I was aiming at something higher in life. In 1957, on the feast of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, I was baptized and was given Theresia as baptismal name. My confirmation took place on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the same year. I think the Immaculate Mother and Saint Therese, who is the patron saint of missionaries, were already guiding me to this congregation in spite of my dream to become a Franciscan Sister.

Entrance

My last year in high school and the following four years in college in Tokyo were very precious and meaningful years. To have a strong faith, I had to be tested. I was sure my Christian knowledge was not mature enough yet. I thought that there was no true love in Christian and religious life, because we Christians have sometimes been pessimistic and negative. I believed that we should be more alive and positive in life. I thought it was nonsense for me to love my parents less, and leave them to become a Sister. Had God not made them and did he not love them? Did he not command me to love them? I eventually lost my interest in the Church and gave up the idea of becoming a nun. I started looking for love which would make me live fully as a human being.

Though I was walking in darkness as a Christian, I enjoyed college life very much. I majored in Japanese literature through which I learned a lot about genuine human love. Recalling the beautiful memories of my childhood with my mother and grandmother, I made up my mind to become a mother. I recalled how mother had handled all the daily happenings and difficulties. She always tried to change them so that they would benefit her family in one way or another. I began dreaming of having the best family in the world. This happiness I compared with wealth such as: money, diamonds, a car, a big house. I definitely chose the former.

The last year of my college life came. Due to several reasons, I had to look for another boarding house. It was hard to find one in such a big city as

Tokyo. One of my friends who was boarding in a dormitory conducted by Sisters invited me to stay with her. I was hesitant because I had by then decided not to become a Sister. But as I couldn't find any other place to stay, there I went. This was how I met the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

While a boarder at the dorm I had the opportunity to study about Christian life again. I noticed the Sisters' great joy and happiness. Why were they so joyful? This question was answered when I read the biography of our Most Reverend Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit. She had once said: "I was afraid to lose my happy life at home, if I entered religious life. But one day I realized that in becoming a nun, I would not be losing the happiness I enjoyed in the midst of my family. This happiness would be multiplied because I would thank God for all the good things he had given me, above all for my family."

Gone was the big cloud which had been hovering in my mind. The meaning of religious life became completely new and alive for me. But when I made up my mind to answer the Lord's call, another problem cropped up. My heart seemed to break at the thought of inflicting pain on my family. It would be hard for them to understand me because they were not Christians and they do not know the meaning of religious life at all. Besides, I wanted to have some experience working in the world for at least three years before I gave myself to God. Despite my desire, my spiritual director recommended that I go back to Tokyo and enter the convent after one year spent at home. I decided to stop thinking about excuses and I followed his direction. It was not easy, but I felt I should not delay answering God's call, as His disciples had follow-

ed Him right away. I had found something precious, and to possess it I had to "sell" everything I had — my desires, my attachment to my family . . . My mother was especially sad because she had been waiting for the end of the school year so that we could be together. I trusted in God that he would give her more consolations than I ever could. My grandmother who deeply loves me also felt very sad, but she encouraged me to follow my decision. She firmly believed that my choice was serious and good.

The day of my departure came, a day I can never forget. I felt sad and at the same time I experienced deep joy in offering such a big sacrifice to God. My mother prepared everything I needed and she cooked my favourite dishes without telling me beforehand. I could not even say "Thank You", but tears filled my eyes out of gratitude. On the way to Tokyo my tears continued to flow.

The happy days started in the novitiate. I never missed offering prayers for my family, and I wrote them often about my wonderful life. Three months after my entrance, I received a letter from my mother in which she said, "Your happiness is mine."

God required me to make many a sacrifice in order to become a Sister. However, he also gave a "hundred-fold" in peace, happiness, and joy, not only to myself but also to my family. The more we give, the more he gives us. I keep on trying to be a good mother through religious life, a mother of souls, spending myself completely for the service of God and men.

Theresia Takahashi, M.I.C.

<i>Running waters</i>	193
<i>Catavi — mountain seamed with tin</i>	198
<i>Greatest of the tin Barons</i>	203
<i>Cepac in Mejico</i>	207
<i>Wedding in Totonicapan</i>	211
<i>God is not dead in Guatemala</i>	214
<i>Words in fashion</i>	217
<i>Picture report</i>	218
<i>Kyoko discovers love</i>	222

IN THIS ISSUE

DIRECTION: Gisèle Villemure, m.i.c. — **EDITORIAL BOARD:** Gabrielle Ouimet, m.i.c., Lina Bourassa, m.i.c., Madeline Maillet, m.i.c., Agnès Lavallée, m.i.c. — **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT:** Rita Ready, m.i.c., Anna Ready, m.i.c. — **ARTISTIC WORK:** Anita Julien, m.i.c.

SUBSCRIPTION:

The Precursor
2900, St. Catherine Road
Côte-des-Neiges, Montreal 250
Canada

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

\$2.00 per year
\$40.00 for life

In case of change of address, please send both: the old and the new.

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

NIHIL OBSTAT:

Rev. Jean-Charles Valin
December 10, 1971

To communicate with the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

ASIA: *Hong Kong, Japan, Taiwan*, Provincial House, 125 Waterloo Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

CANADA: *The Generalate*, 314 St. Catherine Road, Montreal 153

CENTRAL AFRICA: *Malawi and Zambia*, Regional House, P.O. Box 47, Mzimba, Malawi.

GUATEMALA: Colegio P. Betancourt, Totonicapan, Guatemala, C.A.

LATIN AMERICA: *Bolivia, Chile, Peru*, Regional House, Pedro Murillo 963, Depto "F", Pueblo Libre, Lima, Peru.

MADAGASCAR: Regional House, Tsaramasay, Tananarive.

PHILIPPINES: P.O. 3400, D-404, Manila.

UNITED STATES: 207 Pleasant Street, 01752 Marlboro, Mass.

WEST INDIES: *Haiti*, Regional House, Novitiate, Cité no 2, C.P. 1085, Port-au-Prince, Haiti.
Cuba: Apartado 21, Colon (Matanzas), Cuba.

Cochabamba, Bolivia. Mamma wears an elegant white straw top hat. Baby blissfully rides pickaback wrapped in the traditional striped shawl.



Photo: Gabrielle Ouimet, M.I.C.