

MANCIPIA

November/December 2009



THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



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Brother Francis, M.I.C.M.
July 19, 1913 — September 5, 2009

TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

GOODBYE, O GENTLE, JOYFUL, AND WISE!



Br. André Marie, M.I.C.M., Prior

Our beloved Brother Francis went to his reward on September 5. What follows in my column are some reflections on his death and funerary rites. Our other writers will also pay tribute to him in this issue of the *Mancipia*.

A Quiet Passage. Brother Francis had received Holy Communion at about 6:40 a.m. the day he died. Shortly afterward, I gave him some fruit juice to drink, since he had eaten nothing the previous day. We wanted him to have nutrition and hydration right to the end. He was alert at that time. The other brothers and I went to mental prayer and Mass. When we returned, I gave him more liquids, and he was alert enough to say, “Enough!” After that, I went to breakfast with the other brothers. We could all hear him clearing his throat a few times — anyone used to his recorded lectures will know the sound! I remarked to the other brothers that he still sounded strong. After breakfast, the other broth-

ers all went off to their respective chores while I went back to give Brother Francis more to drink. As soon as I walked in the room, I knew he had left us. I cannot say what his last words were, but a few days earlier, he told Brother Louis Marie he hoped they would be, “Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you!”

Brother Francis left this world much the same as he entered it: on a Saturday, without noise (he did not cry when he was born, a sign that alarmed the midwife so much that she baptized him straightaway), and, curiously, the day after a full moon. We are consoled that he died on a First Saturday, a day especially dedicated to her that is “fair as the moon.”

Fitting Obsequies. The Mass and other ceremonies were offered in the traditional rite by our local pastor, Father Daniel O. Lamothe, a priest who has shown the Center — and particularly Brother Francis — much kindness. The funeral was a sung Requiem Mass (*Missa Cantata*), which took place at Saint Margaret Mary Church in Keene, where one of the Manchester Diocese’s regular Latin Masses is offered.

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A shot of Brother Francis taken in 2005.



There were eight priests in choir at Brother's traditional funeral Mass.



The choir at the funeral Mass was augmented considerably.

CONVENT CORNER

MY ODE TO BROTHER FRANCIS



Sr. Marie Thérèse, M.I.C.M.,
Prioress

This is Brother Francis,” he said, as he introduced the lady guest to Brother. “What a sweet little old man!” she cooed sugar-sweetly. Bending over with a grandmother-smile, she patted Brother on the head. Brother nodded and continued to smile graciously as she proceeded to seat herself beside another guest for a visit. After several hours, she excused

herself and slipped out of the conversation. In hushed and surprised tones, she confided to a sister how amazed she was at just “how smart” Brother was!

Knock on his door;
He is always there.
Call his name: “Brother Francis?”
“Yes! Come in” cheerfully greets you.
Turning from his desk he is delighted it is you
And welcomes you — there is always time for you.
Yes, you who are unique and special to God,
Are unique and special to him too.
Do you have a question? His face shows delight!
His eyes close,
His fingers move slowly and methodically over his forehead
As though to help the thinking process

While he listens carefully to your perplexity,
And formulates an answer that is both wise and brief,
Carefully fitted to your understanding and need.
Yes, he truly knows all the answers . . .
And though never pretending knowledge,
Rarely gives the answer “I don’t know.”
This man loves Truth and his life beams it!
The ring of his voice when he speaks of Truth
Is strong and clear, joyful and lovingly challenging.
How about a problem?
No need to worry as he shoulders in fatherly fashion
The care you lay before him.
This too shall pass.
Our Blessed Lady is in charge.
What wise counsel then comes forth from his lips — his soul.
His love for God and Mary,
Enkindles love for souls.
Is there a hindrance to their happiness?
A deliberate hiding of Jesus’ Truth?
Crusade! God wills it!
Take up arms and fight!
Take the Rosary and the Truth!
Cry out, “From the Housetops”!
Not a minute to spare, it’s Our Lady’s time,
Go with haste into cities and towns.
Bring — on foot — this loved Truth to loved souls.
Look into their eyes, into windows, look inside
Where they hide from the Truth, and you find them.

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The Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the 1950s. Brother Francis is to the right of Father Feeney, Brother Hugh is behind Father.

FEASTDAY SPEECH FOR BROTHER FRANCIS

DECEMBER 3, 1981



Mr. John McManus

It is certainly my pleasure to be a part of this tribute to our wonderful teacher. I'm sure I speak for all in saying that we know the one, true Faith better because of him. And for that we are all deeply grateful.

You may wonder why it is that I am up here speaking on this wonderful occasion. Well, I've been wondering about that too. I've come up with a possi-

ble answer. It is that I was chosen because I'm the only person in this room – other than Brother himself – who has ever been to his native country of Lebanon. But that was in 1958 and our good friend had already been gone from his homeland for about two decades.

After graduating from the American University in Beirut and then teaching physics there for five years, he left Lebanon in 1939 at the age of twenty-six to accept a scholarship at the University of Michigan. And it wasn't a football scholarship! On his way to America, he stopped in Paris to meet the brother of his philosophy teacher and close friend, Charles Malik. Malik later became a high official at the United Nations, serving as Secretary General for one year, 1958-9. Gabriel Malik, Charles' brother, had converted to the Catholic Faith and at that time he was studying to become a Jesuit priest.

Gabriel Malik took our Fakri Maluf to Notre Dame Cathedral and other religious sites in Paris. We have to remember that Fakri was not yet a Catholic. Gabriel Malik was concerned about his friend's eternal destiny and made Fakri promise that no matter where he was, he would seek out and

become friendly with a Catholic priest.

On the boat to America, Fakri found a Mexican priest with whom he spent some profitable hours discussing the Faith. Once at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Fakri became friendly with a priest named Father Barry and a Monsignor named Babcock who later became the bishop of Grand Rapids. He also benefited from some of his students who were urging him toward the Faith. It was on November 30, 1940, that Fakri entered the Catholic Church on a day that he said was the happiest day of his life. Becoming a Catholic was a big event for him, as it certainly should be for anyone.

The year 1941 saw him receive his Master's Degree in Philosophy. In 1942, he earned a doctorate with a dissertation on the Philosophy of Science. With his work finished in Michigan, he accepted a fellowship at Har-

vard University in the fall of 1942. A Harvard student named Father Vincent Flynn brought Fakri to Saint Benedict Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on a Thursday evening, shortly after he arrived at Harvard. Father Leonard Feeney was giving a lecture. After hearing Father's talk Fakri remarked, "Father Feeney is exactly the priest I have been looking for. It is simply amazing."

Some of us have heard Brother recount the story of Father Feeney seeking this young man out of that audience and calling him to his office. Obviously, Father felt that Fakri was also the kind of Catholic layman he was looking for. That first encounter, almost forty years ago, began a bond of friendship that was broken only by Father Leonard's death a few years ago on January 30, 1978. Fakri lectured every Tuesday at the Center; Father Leonard gave a talk every Thursday.

Within a short time, Fakri was teaching at Holy Cross College in Worcester, a forty-five mile trip. But he lived in Cambridge so as to be near St. Benedict Center where he taught, studied, counseled, and grew in the Faith. He also lectured and taught navigational astronomy to military

A Harvard student named Father Vincent Flynn brought Fakri to Saint Benedict Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on a Thursday evening, shortly after he arrived at Harvard. Father Leonard Feeney was giving a lecture.



Father Feeney, Catherine Clarke, and Dr. Fakhri Maluf, in the 1940s, at the Center.

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A WORD OF GRATITUDE



Mr. Daniel Guenzel

Daniel Guenzel has been a friend of Saint Benedict Center since the mid-1970s. Dan was also a friend of the brilliant Catholic apologist, Hamish Fraser, who visited SBC soon after he did. The following is a personal letter that Dan wrote to Brother Francis in December, 2004, soon after Brother was released from the hospital after a near fatal bout with congestive heart failure, the same disease

that would take his life nearly five years later. He has given us permission to share it with our readers. The Editor.

Dear Brother Francis,

It is hard to say when next I'd be able to visit with you at the Center so I wanted to try to put into words some expression of gratitude for all that you have done for me and for my family.

You restored my Catholic faith fully and entirely. If it had not been for you I would no doubt still be arguing fine points about the traditional Mass, or spinning my wheels in a dozen other directions, instead of focusing on the prime cause of the current spiritual catastrophe, the denial of the *extra Ecclesiam* dogma. You restored sanity to the yearning souls of myself and my family.

You opened for me a whole new world of Catholic thinking, something I will be forever grateful for. Through you I discovered the joys of Belloc, Chesterton, William Thomas Walsh, James Walsh, Dom Guéranger, Abbot Marmion, Archbishop Goodier, and many others. Thank you for that, Dear Brother.

Had it not been for you I would still be confused over so many things, even the old Mass, which I love and cherish and will never abandon (just as I will never, rightly or wrongly, ever sit through another *novus ordo*).

Were it not for you I would still be confused over the Middle East situation, the Christian (not just Mohammedan) presence, the assault upon Lebanon from forces within and without, and the plight of the Palestinians. Your straightening me out on these issues has resulted in a political understanding I could never possibly have had otherwise. How I wish I lived now in New Hampshire where I could hear your lectures on this and so many other subjects.

Your insights and your erudition on everything Catholic has been, to our family, a bless-

ing from Almighty God.

Dear Brother, it has been a source of happiness to have had the honor of knowing you. You have done immense good for the Church and the world. That great and wonderful mind of yours has been put into the service of the only thing that matters: the true Faith. Without you (and I have not the slightest doubt that this is true) the Church would have been far worse off now. Do not look upon this as empty praise; I believe it completely.

I know you, Dear Brother: I know how you hate praise and the slightest hint of flattery. But I'm speaking from my heart here. I am speaking in earnest. I wouldn't say it if I didn't believe it.

Your knowledge and understanding of events has always been astonishing. I hope to God that those who have been with you have drunk in as much of that knowledge and understanding as they could have. How I regret not being able to hear you often, as they have.

You are to be thanked, too, for showing me that the United States of America is not necessarily the greatest thing since sliced bread, that true patriotism is a virtue, while nationalism is the fruit of arrogant extremism. Thanks to people like you, and Belloc, and Hamish Fraser, I have been able to see historical issues and problems from a *Catholic*, a universal, religious point of view, under the eye of eternity, rather than through the rose-colored glasses of an exaggerated Americanism.

You have helped my family a hundred times, even when it put burdens upon your time, patience and, I dare say, your finances. Never was I treated more graciously than those times

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Br. Louis Marie and Br. Maximilian on the day they entered the novitiate.

KELLY FORUM



Mr. Brian Kelly

MY TEACHER

The first time I met him was in early September, 1973, at Saint Benedict Center, Still River, Massachusetts. I was twenty-one, he was sixty. Even though he had been in America for over thirty years, his Arabic accent was — well, Arabic.

I was just visiting Saint Benedict Center that September.

My mother had spent a weekend there with a friend the year before while I was away at college, and she was very anxious for me to meet Father Feeny and the brothers and sisters before I went back to school. When she first told me about the doctrine, No salvation outside the Church (while handing me a little fold-out pamphlet titled *The Only Way to Heaven*), I recoiled and protested. That was about a month before my visit. The Church couldn't have defined such a doctrine, so I thought. I had never heard of it, not from the Sisters of Charity in grammar school, and certainly not from the Irish Christian Brothers who taught me in high school. My mother handed me three books to read: *Loyolas and Cabots*, *Bread of Life*, and *Gate of Heaven*. I devoured them. Actually I was convinced even before reading these books. *The Only Way to Heaven* pamphlet was the initial grace.

I remember Brother Hugh, whom I had met first, introducing me to Brother Francis. He asked Brother Francis to show me around the grounds and answer the rest of my brain load of questions. We took a long walk, after which he showed me his bookbindery. He had bound a good number of his favorite old books. In fact, like a child, he seemed more excited about the beauty of the book itself, which he had restored to a work of art, than about the wisdom inside the book. Yes, that was definitely Brother Francis, brilliant as he was, he was always very much the child. Why was I not surprised when his daughter, Sister Anna Maria, M.I.C.M., informed me at the funeral that her father's nickname back in Lebanon, even while a professor of physics at the American University of Beirut, was "the child"?

My visit to the Center was too short because I had to be off to college. I returned to the Center in June and I joined the brothers on July 5, 1974. From that day on Brother Francis was my teacher.

For the next fourteen years of my life I sat with Brother, listening to his lectures every day, even Sundays, after Mass, when he gave a talk on random Catholic subjects to a crowd of the

faithful. More than that, I had the additional privilege of being privately tutored by Brother, for an hour every morning, six days a week. That was after our regular morning community class, which always included Church history and holy scripture along with other Catholic subjects. Brother taught me Greek and Latin. He expounded to me the scriptures, focusing primarily on the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, which we also read in Greek and Latin. That was the first half of our class. The second half hour was spent reading the *Summa* of Saint Thomas, in Latin; this was where I learned both dogmatic theology and philosophy. We completed the entire opus.

No one loved Brother Francis' lectures more than Brother Hugh. I remember well that when guests would come to the Center, Brother Hugh would greet them with his huge smile (if he was not on the road bookselling) and, soon afterwards, he'd send them to Brother Francis. My teacher never tired of talking to guests. He was definitely of the spirit of Saint Benedict. The guests would have lunch with him, then listen to his stories and lessons while he did the dishes (he loved doing the dishes), then he'd sit with them all afternoon, and the same thing would be repeated at supper time. Of course there'd be a break for Benediction and Rosary. If the guests stayed overnight in the guesthouse, in the morning, after Holy Mass, breakfast could be added to the same routine. And, if they were not yet exhausted by nightfall, Brother would take them outside and teach them the constellations. He loved the night sky.

It was Father Feeny who gave Brother Francis his Catholic mission. Brother first heard Father give one of his Thursday night lectures at the Center in Cambridge before he actually



When they first met, Dr. Maluf told Father Feeny, "Father, I will be your first disciple."

met him. Hearing Father speak about whatever the holy topic was that night, Fakhri Maluf (who had only been baptized a Catholic a couple of years before), knew in his heart that this was the priest that he had been looking for. Anyone who knew Brother Francis knows the story. Father's first words to the visiting Lebanese professor, who had earned a doctorate in philosophy at the University of Michigan, were something to this effect: "I saw how intently you were listening to my message. Others listen and move on to other things, but you were taking every sentence to heart, I could see that in your eyes." Dr. Maluf responded — and this is verbatim, as I remember hearing it from him many times — "Father, I will be your first disciple."

Loyalty. That first meeting was on a Thursday night in 1942. Brother Francis stood by Father Feeney ever since, through thick and thin; even when he disagreed with Father, he stood with him, just as he first promised he would. Soon after that, Father asked his disciple if he would teach philosophy on Tuesday nights at the Center. Brother Francis accepted the assignment — for a request from Father was an "assignment" in the mind of Brother Francis. He continued giving those Tuesday night lectures ever since, even if, as was the case for many years, he had a class of one.

Once, in the early days, when Brother mentioned to Father that he was reading Venerable Maria de Agreda's *Mystical City of God*, Father sat him down in his office and took a book off the shelf. It was the New Testament with Greek on one page and Latin on the other. He gave the book to Brother Francis and said: "Maria de Agreda is fine, but this must be your favorite book." "But, Father," Brother replied, "I don't know Greek or Latin." Father Feeney just smiled and told him to learn the languages from this bible. When Brother Francis sat me down to teach me Greek and Latin in 1974 he had this very same New Testament in his hand. Another "assignment" Father gave Brother Francis was to write poetry. When Brother humbly tried to wiggle out of this one by objecting that a poet cannot compose verse except it be in his native language, Father just said, "Write some poems, in English." So Brother did, and he produced some gems. You can order his poetry book, *Divine Alchemy*, on our website.

Besides being his student, I was also for many years his bookselling partner. He and I would go door to door in the commercial thoroughfares throughout the Northeastern U.S. selling our *Housetops* magazine and giving people the challenge of the Faith one soul at a time. He was in his seventies back then and, no exaggeration, he would sell twice as many magazines as I did and raise a lot more money for the cause. His secret: "Keep moving; let the book do the work."

He was one of the purest men I ever knew, having acquired a very manly custody of the eyes. He would look at the women to whom he spoke, but never fix his gaze, no matter how physically beautiful. He was extremely sensitive about sins of impurity or off-color remarks. It is a fact anyone who knew

him would testify to, to wit, that he never spoke to anyone about anything that was not related in some way to the Faith. If a topic came up in conversation that wasn't, he'd managed somehow to elevate it. He and Brother Hugh did that so naturally. In fact, the virtue Brother Hugh most admired in Brother Francis, was his Catholic single-mindedness.

Brother had a very subtle sense of humor. He appreciated a funny story, or an absurd happenstance in a serious setting, more than a joke. I think that's why he loved Father Feeney's witty humor and unconventional playacting. They were on the same page. Actually, he couldn't even finish a joke that he liked; he'd end up laughing before he hit the punch line. Usually it took several attempts before he finally was able to get the ending out.

On the other hand, he was very capable of delivering a corrective reflection by way of a dry retort to some established tradition that seemed to him to compromise a higher truth of revelation. Such, for instance, was the cherished Irish tradition that Saint Patrick, while praying on top of his holy mountain (*Croagh Padric*) won from God the privilege of judging the sons and daughters of Erin at their death. When an Irish guest mentioned this promise that Saint Patrick had wrested from the Most High, Brother Francis listened politely, but I could see he was not at all impressed. "Well," he said to the guest, "that may seem very comforting to you, but I would rather be judged by Our Lord Jesus Christ." And he was very serious. I'll always remember that.

I will end with a "Thank you" to God for giving me Brother Francis for a teacher. He always gave; he never took; and he never counted the cost. He taught me how to think and how to define and how to put things in order, which is to put first things first. He taught me the meaning of words and their etymology so that I could better understand the great classics of Catholic literature. He taught me my holy religion. He opened up the Gospels to me. By so doing he became God's instrument in leading me to know Jesus and Mary far better than I deserved and, by the grace of God, may I learn to really love them as I ought.

I have on my desk a gift that Brother Francis gave me, which I will always cherish. It is a New Testament in Greek and Latin published by the Vatican's Pontifical Biblical Institute: "This is your book," he said as he handed it to me. Thank you, Dear Teacher.

Email Brian Kelly at bdk@catholicism.org.

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TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE: GOODBYE, O GENTLE, JOYFUL, AND WISE!

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Present in the church were many clerics and religious, including eight priests “in choir,” seated close to the altar during the entire Mass, and assisting with candles in hand at various times. One of these was Abbot Gabriel Gibbs, O.S.B., of Saint Benedict Abbey in Still River. Three other monks were present in choir, two from Saint Benedict Abbey, and another from Saint Anselm’s Abbey in Manchester, New Hampshire. Two were Maronite priests, both long-time friends of Brother Francis: Father Anthony Weiler of the Saint Rafka Retreat Center in Vermont, and Chorbishop Joseph Lahoud, of Our Lady of the Cedars of Lebanon Parish in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. An old friend of ours, Father Carlos Cassavantes, FSSP, was also there, all the way from Texas.

It was a wonderful display of the Church’s Catholicity to behold: Roman Rite secular priests in cassock and surplice, Benedictine Monks in habit and *cuculla*, and Maronite priests in their distinctive Oriental *exorasons* and iconic stoles.

The display of the Church’s catholicity was wonderful to behold: Roman Rite secular priests in cassock and surplice, Benedictine Monks in habit and *cuculla*, and Maronite priests in their distinctive Oriental *exorasons* and iconic stoles.

In the loft, the choir of our brothers and sisters was supplemented by priests and layfolk who, with little time together to practice, sung the Gregorian chant and some sacred polyphony most beautifully. The servers were our boys who serve at the Center regularly. The Master of Ceremonies was your humble servant, a detail which makes me conclude that the angels must have been with us, for the ceremony went off virtually flawlessly.

Who is Next? Because we have a chapel and graveyard, we are on familiar terms with the funeral directors. In our conversations surrounding the arrangements, one of them mentioned to me that the same time he was preparing Brother Francis’ body for the wake, he had in his funeral home the remains of a young lady who died in a car accident. A few days later, I was informed that a man from my high school graduation class had also died. He was thirty-nine. When struck with this news, I could not help but think of Brother’s poem, “Who is Next?”

Pray for Brother. Brother Francis revealed to Brother Louis Marie only a few days before his death that he was afraid nobody would pray for him. The piles of Mass cards that have come in tell me that Brother’s fears were unfounded.

However, I would urge our friends to pray for him daily. It is our duty in piety to do this for a man we love.

The Best Tribute. With the funeral now quite behind us, and resolved to pray for his dear soul, we think the best tribute we can make to our father, mentor, and teacher is to continue the work which he did, and which he inspired us to do. I mean, of course, our Crusade in all its facets: missionary, academic, and devotional. I’ve already made a promise to a dear friend that, on the anniversary of Brother Francis’ death, we will all be holding in our hands his logic course in book form. Brother considered the study of philosophy integral to the work we do. We have the recordings of all of his lectures on the eight courses, plus his handwritten notes. It will be our duty in the coming years to turn the materials he left to us into the complete set of philosophy books he envisioned. There are other gems in his personal notebooks, too.

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Around 400 people attended Brother Francis’ funeral Mass.

Christmas Special on Brother Francis Books: 10% Off and Free Shipping



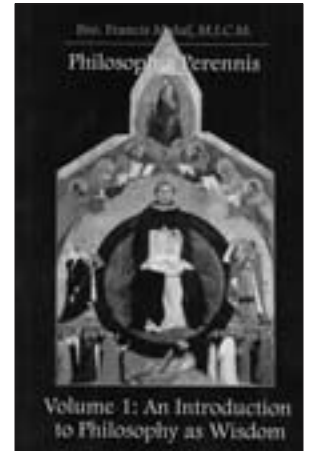
The Challenge of Faith

This is a book of seventy-two concise meditations, each one pondering a different subject. Whether it is an event, as the Day; or a virtue, as Gratitude; or a ravaging infidelity, as Islam; or a person, as Our Lady, our author zeroes in on the topic and, with an amazing depth of understanding, simplifies it in relation to time and eternity. The salient theme throughout Brother Francis' daily reflections is that every challenge one experiences in this wayfaring state has the capacity to elevate our human frailty to supernatural heights if we engage it with the magnanimous attitude of confident sons of God. Hardcover, 104 pages. **\$13.45**

Philosophia Perennis: Vol I - Introduction to Philosophy

The author applies his fifty-plus years of teaching philosophy to give the student an appreciation for sound thinking as it was understood by the best Greek minds of antiquity and the

best Catholic minds of the Ages of Faith. This introductory volume on Philosophia Perennis (Perennial Philosophy) familiarizes readers with the foundations of Logic, Cosmology, Psychology, Epistemology, Ethics, and Ontology, as well as Greek and Medieval Philosophical History. Softcover, 178 pages. **\$8.95**



Philosophia Perennis: Vol III - Cosmology

After opening this book you will see why any educated person with a disciplined mind should have no problem apprehending this fascinating subject matter which, on account of its proximity to our everyday awareness of reality, is so easy to savor. With his background in physics and mathematics, the mind of Brother Francis, the philosopher, ambulates, quite literally, on very familiar turf in this extraordinary voyage of wonder and discovery. The realm under investigation is right in front of our eyes, it is the world of matter, the domain of what Aristotle called *ens mobile*, being in change. Brother Francis launches his course on solid ground with a defense of common sense. Obliterated is the insane notion of order arising out of chaos. There is no chapter in the fifteen which comprise this book that is not riddled with references to sacred writ. God is the Creator of this universe. All things are ordered to His ends. There is purpose in everything God has created. All matter is at the ultimate service of man's supernatural vocation. This course in cosmology is as much a refreshing adventure as it is an intellectual challenge. It was given in the spirit of Saint Thomas, who, besides his title of Angelic Doctor, has also been called the Doc-

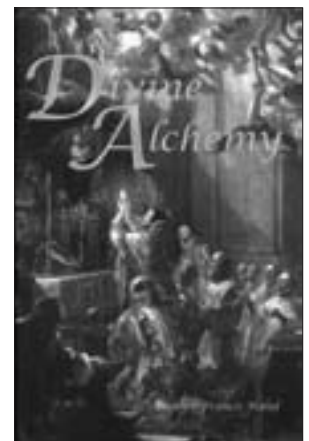
tor of Creation. Nature and the fidelity thereof, matter, space and time, substance and accidents, wisdom and the laws of nature, unicity and the four causes, and finally, the culminating chapter on the final cause, or teleology (purpose) of things, make for a fascinating study for every man and woman who wishes to be childlike and repose in the contemplative embrace of wonder. Softcover, 390 pages. **\$16.15**

Divine Alchemy

One can detect a definite influence from the priest poet, Father Feeney, in the rhyme and rhythm of the philosopher poet, Brother Francis. The former, however, has that Irish flair for painting with words; the latter that Semitic gift for impressing with similitudes. Brother Francis Maluf wrote these fifty-nine poems for leisure. Those of us who know him would have a hard time imagining him sweating for too long over a verse. When he was deeply moved, whether it be by a devotional grace, by wonder at something beautiful to behold, by a gospel story or character, or even by astonishment over some mystery of iniquity, his contemplative heart would seek a poetical means of expression. Hardcover, 96 pages. **\$11.65**

Buy all four and you will receive a free CD of Brother Francis reciting his poetry. Free shipping on these items. Sale ends 12/31/2009.

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BROTHER FRANCIS' OBITUARY

AS IT APPEARED IN THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Brother Francis Maluf, M.I.C.M. (July 19, 1913 – September 05, 2009), founding member of the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, superior of Saint Benedict Center in Richmond, New Hampshire, philosopher, college professor, and published author died on Saturday, September 5, at the age of ninety-six.

Fakhri Boutros Maluf (his name before entering religion) was born in the town of Mashrah, Lebanon, about thirty miles from Beirut, in 1913. His father, Boutros Maluf, was an educational pioneer in Lebanon, and young Fakhri was educated at a school for poor children run out of the Maluf home. He would later teach there.

Fakhri graduated from the American University of Beirut with a Bachelor's Degree in Mathematics. From 1934 to 1939, he taught physics at that same university. In addition to his academic career, Fakhri was also involved in Lebanese statecraft, being the philosopher, and later, president of the Syrian National Party. He was, during this time, a friend, disciple, and associate of Dr. Charles Malik, the noted Lebanese philosopher and diplomat.

In 1939, he moved to the United States to attend the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, where he received first an M.A. and, in 1942, a Ph.D. in philosophy. He then undertook post-doctoral studies at Harvard University and Saint Bonaventure University.

From 1942 to 1945, Dr. Maluf taught mathematics and science at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts. From 1945 to 1949, he taught philosophy, theology, and mathematics at Boston College. In 1942, the young professor met Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., and soon became involved in the activities of Saint Benedict Center, a Catholic center operating in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dr. Maluf married Mary Healy, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1943.

In 1949, Dr. Maluf became one of the pioneer members of Father Leonard Feeney's religious order, the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. As has happened in rare cases in the Church's history, by mutual consent, both Dr. Maluf and Mrs. Maluf took religious vows and lived separately in the monastery and convent, where they were known respectively as Brother Francis and Sister Mary Bernadette. Both participated in the publishing and missionary work of the fledgling congregation.

For the rest of his life, until overtaken by illness while in his nineties, Brother Francis taught Sacred Scripture, philosophy, theology, science, and mathematics at various levels. For almost twenty years he was the Superior of Saint Benedict Center in Richmond, New Hampshire, teaching in the Center's high school, overseeing the Saint Augustine Institute of Catholic Studies, and the Center's publishing apostolate. He authored four published books of poetry and philosophy, pub-

lished scores of articles on various Catholic subjects, and gave thousands of lectures, many of which were taped and professionally produced. He has also left to posterity many notes for future volumes.

Besides his philosophical and poetical wisdom, Brother Francis was well known for his memory. He memorized all four Gospels, being able to recite the entirety of Matthew, Luke, and John each in Latin, and Saint Mark in Greek. He could name all the popes from Saint Peter to the present, and had numerous other lists of persons, dates, and facts equally at his command. But he was best known as a teacher.

On July 19, 2009, Brother Francis marked his ninety-sixth birthday. Although his order is of the Roman Rite of the Catholic Church, Brother Francis was a Melkite Rite (Byzantine) Catholic.

Brother Francis is survived by Sister Mary Bernadette Maluf, M.I.C.M., of Richmond, N.H.; by his children, Mariam Maluf of Leominster, MA., Peter Maluf, of Worcester, MA., Leonard Maluf, of Leominster, MA., Sister Anna Maria Maluf, M.I.C.M., of Vienna, OH, and Agnes Malouf-Hood of Halifax, Nova Scotia; and by one granddaughter, July Anne O'Brien, of Los Angeles, CA. The religious brothers and sisters at Saint Benedict Center also regard him as their father in God, and will mourn him accordingly



Brother Francis after a morning class with the brothers.

A WORD OF GRATITUDE

BY DANIEL GUENZEL

continued from page 5

You have restored my hope in the Church and supplied me with the infallible reasons why it will inevitably triumph over its enemies.

when I was a guest at the Center. I remember all of my visits with fondness, even that first “retreat” in the 70s, when you really opened my eyes to things.

There are happy, cherished memories of you when you visited Milwaukee back in 1988. How could I not forget you watching, for relaxation, on my television an episode of the old “Honeymooners” TV comedy with Jackie Gleason? I had never seen you laugh before, not

really laugh. But you laughed that evening; you laughed so hard I couldn’t believe it! That memory always brings a happy joy to Cherri and me.

I could not forget the visit I had with you when Father Malachi Martin first came to see you. I sat silently in the background just listening and watching you and how you responded to his assessment of the state of the Church and the causes of its current crisis.

You were always so patient with me when I couldn’t grasp a point you were trying to make. You always laced your criticisms with kindness. You have helped me to understand the Faith, to see its beauty, its long and glorious history, and the reasons for the “crisis of Faith,” which even Cardinal Ratzinger bemoaned in his book, *God and the World*. You have restored my hope in the Church and supplied me with the infallible reasons why it will inevitably triumph over its enemies. Whatever Catholic sense I possess I owe entirely to you. And I miss you terribly. Thank you for helping me to be a *Catholic*.

You are a good man, Dear Brother. You are the inspiration of my heart, and I will never stop praying for you.

With affection,
Daniel Guenzel



Brother was buried in our cemetery at the Center, directly beneath the Crucifix, in the place of honor. There was a large turnout at the burial.

FEASTDAY SPEECH FOR BROTHER FRANCIS

DECEMBER 3, 1981

continued from page 4

enlistees but, when the war ended in 1945 and there was no more need for navigation instructors at the Holy Cross V-12 program (soon to become the NROTC), Fakri began to teach philosophy at Jesuit-run Boston College.

In 1946, the Center began a publishing venture called *From The Housetops*. In September 1947, the magazine published Fakri's "Sentimental Theology," which stirred up a fuss that has yet to die. Shortly before the publication of that article, Father Leonard had called Catherine Goddard Clarke, the founder of the Center, and Dr. Maluf into his office and, in a very somber tone, he told them that he believed he had put his finger on the root cause of the liberalism in the Church — its denial of the dogma "Outside the Church, there is no salvation." Fakri's rousing article caused the Center to become the eye of a storm of theological controversy.

Of all the praiseworthy attributes of this man that could be mentioned – and there are many – I find myself most in admiration of his perseverance. He has a willingness to stand alone if need be. That is unique, and it should serve as an inspiration to all of us.

In the years ahead, Dr. Maluf and three companions from St. Benedict Center were dismissed from their teaching positions at Boston College and Boston College

High School for defending the salvation dogma. Father Feeney was dismissed from the Jesuit Order. The whole world was made to think about salvation, and a persecution of anyone holding the dogma about salvation was begun by the Church's authorities. Consequently, the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary came into being, the Center relocated to Still River, Massachusetts, and a courageous few held fast to the foundational teaching of the Church.

Throughout those years, the Center and the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary had Father Leonard as the leader, with Catherine Goddard Clarke (+ 1968) and Fakri Maluf as co-founders of a school and a doctrinal crusade. In 1949, with the founding of the order, Catherine Clarke became Sister Catherine and Fahkri Maluf became Brother Francis.

Father Feeney was always solicitous of souls. But even Sister Catherine said of him that, for all of his early years of writing, speaking, and glad-handing, "he had delighted all and challenged none." When he perceived what was happening to the Church, and why, he started challenging everyone.

So, too, did our Brother Francis begin challenging everyone. As you all know, the price he has paid for doing so, in material terms, has been very high.

Of all the praiseworthy attributes of this man that could be mentioned – and there are many – I find myself most in admiration of his perseverance. He has a willingness to stand alone if need be. That is unique, and it should serve as an inspiration to all of us. He is not alone, of course. But don't we all know that if every one of us would fade from the scene, he would keep going and keep challenging others.

The occasion for this special event is the feast day on December 3rd of the great saint who is his patron, Saint Francis Xavier. They surely are alike in their zeal and unshakable constancy. Saint Francis Xavier issued challenges in his missionary work and he baptized three million pagans. He destroyed forty thousand idols and built over one hundred churches.

Our friend can claim no similar accomplishments. But I have often wished to liken him to another saint, Athanasius, whom I feel he resembles even more than his patron. That great saint, and Doctor of the Church, lived in the fourth century at a time when the Arian heresy took hold of most of the Church. Later historians would note that ninety-five percent of the hierarchy was infected with the heresy during that period. But the Arians were wrong and Athanasius knew them to be wrong. His contemporaries repeatedly told him that everyone disagreed with him and he was too stubborn. His response: "If the whole world is wrong and Athanasius knows it to be wrong, then Athanasius stands against the world." That sentiment has been memorialized as *Athanasius Contra Mundum!* (Athanasius against the world!)

Saint Athanasius fought on because refusal to defend God's truth was unthinkable. In the end, he saw his cause vindicated and his enemies routed. He persevered. We are fortunate to have met and to have known a modern Athanasius.

We thank God for sending Brother Francis to us, and us to Brother Francis. So much of our beloved Church is into wandering around aimlessly today. Her roots have been damaged; her sons and daughters have been befogged; and she seems at times to have become determined to commit suicide.

But, for us, there has always been refuge in orthodoxy in this modern storm-tossed world. Just a few who stood firm, against – it seems – the whole world. For that we thank you, Brother Francis and, in thanking you, we also thank Father Leonard, Sister Catherine and Brother Hugh, who have gone to their reward, and all the brothers and sisters whose sacrifices made this crusade what it is.

We wish you, Brother Francis, many more years of good health because there are many more who need to be challenged to save their souls. We plan to help you issue those challenges. I ask now that all of you join me in saluting our teacher, our friend, our inspiration – Brother Francis.

CONVENT CORNER

MY ODE TO BROTHER FRANCIS

continued from page 3

“Why do you weep? He is risen!”

You encourage.

“Get up from your bed and walk!”

You challenge.

“See the lilies of the field, see the birds,”

And see God.

Cast the seed of Faith!

Kindle the Fire of Love!

Carry with you that Lord

Whom you received in the Host.

Lend Him your feet and lips.

Crusade! God wills it!

Plead with the shepherds of the flock

To do what they alone can do

For souls — whose value is yet unmatched.

“Please tell them that Truth

That will bring them to Him;

Fulfill the desire of His Heart.

Save them from fire, eternally.

Salvation of souls! God wills it!”

To Rome, the Eternal City, clearly focused on Our Lady’s cause

Minding the pain she bears in her Heart

The price of those children she loves.

Man to man — with great reverence —

Brother presents this beloved cause,

Most dear to his heart and to Theirs

Pleasing God

And maybe not men.

Don’t forget us Brother!

You promised to remember!

Yes, close to Jesus, Mary and Joseph,

And, of course, your Little Thérèse.

Help us as we continue this battle

Not compromising the challenging Truth!

The battle will only be won

When the Shepherd in Rome

Takes up the Crusade’s banner,

Joined by his shepherd generals,

And leads the crusaders in battle

To victory! to victory!

For souls! For Jesus! For Mary!

Crusade! God wills it!

And then . . .

PEACE. . . .

As the Immaculate Heart finally triumphs.

Peace to men of good will.

In Heaven we’ll be quite surprised

At “how smart” Brother really was.

Email Sister Marie Thérèse at convent@catholicism.org.



TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE
GOODBYE, O GENTLE, JOYFUL, AND WISE!
continued from page 8

Hopes for Unity. Present at the wake and funeral were religious from Saint Benedict's Abbey, Saint Benedict Center in Still River, Saint Ann's House, and Immaculate Heart of Mary Convent in Vienna, Ohio. Not present, because unable to be — but most solicitous in sending condolences and prayers — were the brothers with Brother Leonard Mary in Arcadia, California ("Saint Benedict Center West"). Brother Leonard Mary, one of the founding members of the M.I.C.M., has been very ill himself. It is no secret that there have been various divisions among Father Feeney's disciples. Brother Francis always desired, prayed for, and worked toward unity. Personally, I hope that he is now in light eternal with Father Feeney, Sister Catherine, Brother Hugh, and all our deceased brothers and sisters, asking Our Lady for a greater unity among her Slaves. Ours would not be the first order riven by strife (read Church history if you don't believe me: Franciscans, Redemptorists, and many others were afflicted with this). But old wounds are healing, and it appears that a unity of purpose, and of charity, is shared by all these groups — each of which has its unique

gifts to contribute to the Crusade for Catholic truth and the conversion of America.

Memory Eternal! I have heard that the Arabs say, "Whoever does not have an old man should buy one." Having the privilege of being close to such a sage "old man," I very much appreciate this Oriental wisdom, which leads me to my conclusion. I think the following three verses aptly describe Brother Francis, the gentlest, most joyful, and wisest man I've ever known. Two of the verses are from the Old Testament's Wisdom books. The third is from a book that relates wars and memorializes the virtues of warriors. Those who knew Brother will get it.

In the ancient is wisdom, and in length of days prudence
— Job 12:12.

The just shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow up like the cedar of Libanus — Psalm 91:13.

His memory is blessed for ever — Maccabees 3:7.

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org.



Father Feeney and Dr. Fakhri Maluf outside the original Center.

Who is Next?

By Brother Francis Maluf, M.I.C.M.

It need not be the one,
expecting to depart,
The one with the ailing lungs
or failing heart.

Not always one engaged
in a bloody strife
Or one embracing danger
in a ventureful life.

It could be you or I,
by night or day
It's often one with plans
for a good long stay,

For even angels do but
guess at best
On whom the hand of God
is about to rest.

THE SAINT AUGUSTINE INSTITUTE OF CATHOLIC STUDIES

Christmas Special: 15% off all Brother Francis recordings

In honor of Brother Francis, we are discounting a number of his classes for the rest of 2009. Please visit our online bookstore at store.catholicism.org or call Brian Kelly at (603) 239-6485 if you would like further descriptions of these items. These would make great presents for Christmas or other occasions.

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PRAYERS FOR THE HOLY FATHER

V. Let us pray for our Pontiff, Pope Benedict.

R. The Lord preserve him, and give him life, and make him to be blessed upon the earth, and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies. (Roman Breviary)

Our Father. Hail Mary.

V. Let us pray.

R. Almighty and everlasting God, have mercy upon Thy servant, Benedict, our Supreme Pontiff, and direct him, according to Thy loving kindness, in the way of eternal salvation; that, of thy gift, he may ever desire that which is pleasing unto Thee and may accomplish it with all his might. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen. (Roman Ritual)

CONTRIBUTE TO THE BROTHER FRANCIS FUND

The religious at Saint Benedict Center have established a fund for the purpose of publishing Brother Francis' works. The first book in line is Logic, from Brother's philosophy series. We plan on publishing the entire course as funds allow. In addition to donations, we will use the revenue (after expenses) from all of Brother's works to publish future volumes.

If you would like to donate to this fund, please note "Br. Francis Fund" when you make your contribution by mail, phone, or online (catholicism.org/donations).

Call Russell LaPlume for more information or to donate (603) 239-6485.

OUR CRUSADE:

The propagation and defense of Catholic dogma — especially *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* — and the conversion of America to the one, true Church.

For more information:

Our congregation website:
www.catholicism.org

Our bookstore website:
www.store.catholicism.org

And our conference website:
www.SbcConference.com

Slaves of the
Immaculate Heart of Mary
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Join the Saint Augustine Institute

The Saint Augustine Institute (SAI) was established by Brother Francis as the primary method for creating and promoting the particular "school of thought" that will assist our Crusade. SAI is a program of study leading to a diploma. Its syllabus has nine prayers, twelve memory items, and twenty-four books to read. Every SAI student submits a brief book report on each of the twenty-four books before the diploma is awarded.

The course of instruction is basically the same as that which had been offered in the early days of the Saint Benedict Center in Cambridge. The instructors are the popes, the councils, the saints, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and, most especially, Holy Scripture and Catholic Tradition. By learning from these unchangeable foundational sources, we continue to keep our eyes fixed on the narrow path to salvation, no

matter how distorted and distracting the world around us becomes, and no matter what is taught by self-proclaimed "experts" — wolves in sheep's clothing.

Visit sai.catholicism.org or send an email to Bob Carbone at toprefect@catholicism.org for more information or to join.

