Saints Faith (with the Crucifix) and Hope, from our 2011 All Saints Day program
Light is a medium of knowledge. By it, we see things, perceive things, know things. The Liturgy of Holy Week puts before us the “Light of Christ,” when the deacon, bearing the paschal candle, thrice sings, “Lumen Christi.” Soon after, he chants the glorious Exultet, in which we find these words: “Let the earth rejoice, irradiated by such mighty beams, and, being lighted up with the splendor of the eternal King, let her feel the shadows gone from all her sphere.”

The Scriptures frequently speak to us of divine illumination: “Wherefore he saith: Rise thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead: and Christ shall enlighten thee” (Eph. 5:14). “The Orient from on high hath visited us: To enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace” (Luke 1:78-79).

But what is it that Christ’s light illuminates? What does it enlighten us to see? And why?

Christ’s light illumines divine truth so that we might know it, and thus be saved. Specifically, we must know the Trinity and the God-Man, else we will not have the beatitude of the saints.

Jesus Himself equated knowledge of His Father and Himself with salvation: “Now this is eternal life: That they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent” (John 17:3). Surveying the different interpretations of this passage by the Fathers and other Catholic commentators, we find that some (e.g., Saint Thomas) interpret the passage as speaking of the Beatific Vision (meaning, “this is eternal life, to know God as He is by a direct vision of His glory in heavenly beatitude”), while others (e.g., Saint Cyril, Saint Ambrose) say it applies to the way to salvation (meaning, “this is eternal life: to know God here on earth by a faith that works by charity, so that this knowledge can be consummated in the Beatific Vision”). Still others, like Saint Augustine, combine the meanings, identifying this knowledge of God as both the end (the Beatific Vision) and the path to that end (the life of faith that works by charity, in via).

Saint Thomas teaches that grace is nothing else than a beginning of glory in us. This means that the life of grace in via is the seed and the prelude of the life of glory in patria. So, too, the knowledge of God we have here by faith gives way to a direct vision of the Trinity. As Saint Paul put it, “We see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known” (1 Cor. 13:12).

The reader will see that this is an apologia for the necessity of the Catholic Faith for salvation. But my plan is to go beyond that, and invite the faithful to grow in their knowledge of God. We can always advance in our faith, and must continue to sanctify ourselves in it, as Saint John says: “he that is just, let him be justified still: and he that is holy, let him be sanctified still” (Apoc. 22:11). And Truth Himself prayed to His Father for us, saying “Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth” (John 17:17).

Knowledge of God, and of created things in light of the supernatural, are so important that we have one theological virtue (faith) and four gifts of the Holy Ghost (wisdom, understanding, counsel, and knowledge) that perfect our intellect in this knowledge. This divine treasury is not willed to us by Almighty God that we may rest content in a life of spiritual mediocrity. God gives us these talents that we may make good use of them so that they increase.
As we are now in the time of the Passion and Glory of Christ, it would be appropriate for us to enter into these mysteries a bit.

I have heard it pointed out that at the foot of the Cross, there was only one holy man but there were many holy women. This is true. Did you ever wonder why there was such a disparagement in the demographics? In this article, I will venture a guess.

The most important person at the foot of the Cross is Christ’s Mother. Here, standing by her Son’s Cross, she demonstrates, and even personifies, a very special virtue. That virtue is compassion. It was by her compassion during her Son’s Passion, that the Blessed Virgin Mary became the co-redemptrix. Compassion, the “suffering with” another, is the virtue most proper to all loving souls beholding the Son of God enduring His passion.

To “stand at the foot of the Cross” shows strength, indeed! But, it is the kind of strength that is not shown in learned discourses or muscular demonstrations. The difficulty in being compassionate can be found in the very word itself, which means to suffer with another.

In a woman, compassion is natural, but rare is the man who is known for his compassion. God wants men to shine with other virtues so necessary for the Faith and society. A compassionate man is as precious and singular as Saint John at the foot of the Cross.

As Saint John is rare among men in his compassion, Saint Joan of Arc is rare among women for her valor in battle. A woman, since she is gifted with compassion, will find herself at the foot of the Cross, if she but follows her nature and is compassionate. There she will demonstrate her true valor with the Valiant Woman. But, if a woman, in pursuing the virtues more natural to men, finds herself avoiding this virtue, which will transport her to the very foot of the saving Cross, she is to be pitied indeed in her unhappiness. Rare is the man who is known for his compassion and tragic is the woman who is not.

To a woman, compassion is natural. To a mother, compassion is essential. Ah, by compassion every woman is intended to be a mother, no matter how old or young she may be, no matter what her vocation in life. A mother gives, suffers with, forgives, nourishes, heals, encourages. In her compassion for the suffering members of Christ’s Mystical Body and those not yet incorporated into It, she dwells at the foot of the Cross. On Easter morning, she will have all her tears wiped away. Her faith, welded to her suffering, will then bring her to vision and to life. Most precious is the being whom we call “mother”! When she has the Faith, she joins the holy women in following our Savior though His life, passion, and glory.

I have heard it pointed out that at the foot of the Cross, there was only one holy man but there were many holy women. Did you ever wonder why there was such a disparagement in the demographics?

**Convent Corner**

**Holy Women**

Sr. Marie Thérèse, M.I.C.M., Prioress

continued on page 7
The Bible Was Given to the Church by God in Order to Make Us Saints

This piece is an excerpt from a lecture Brother Francis gave in the 1970s. — Editor

The Bible is the book that makes saints. If you have absolutely no intention of ever trying to become a saint, then leave the Bible alone, for this is the only purpose of its existence.

Holy Scripture is the most ancient volume you have in your possession. If you doubt this, try to find one on your shelves written before the time of Moses. The Bible is also the most up-to-date best seller; and what is more, there never was a time when it was out-stripped in this regard. It is the most available book, being found in every language of the whole world. Moreover, it is the most read, the most quoted, the most used. Yet it happens, at the same time, to be most ab-used of all writings.

How, then, do we make proper use of the Bible? To begin with, the saints teach us by their lives and by their writings. For they themselves made the very best use of it, and thus became saints.

Holy Church also teaches us how to make of God’s Book a means to sanctity and salvation. Indeed, it is principally for this purpose that Our Lord founded the Church. She teaches us by her use of Sacred Scripture in the liturgy of the Mass. She teaches us through the Divine Office (the Breviary), which priests and religious ought to read constantly, and ought to make the norm of what they hold and what they preach. And furthermore, the Church teaches us by means of many devotional prayers (the Rosary, the Angelus, the Way of the Cross, etc.), which bring vividly to our lives the Great Realities constituting the subject matter of Holy Writ.

But our best teacher in using and understanding Holy Scripture is the Bible itself. Let me explain what I mean.

You may have started to read the Old Testament and found it to be obscure, difficult, enigmatic, at times even shocking. The language of prophecy, to be sure, is necessarily enigmatic, for enigmas tease our minds, as it were, and rouse our powers of deep realization. They impress us with the mysterious and super-rational quality of religious Truth. Yet the meaning of prophecies was never intended to remain perennially hidden. To our great fortune, we have the mysterious utterances of the Old Testament interpreted by Our Lord Himself, as well as by His inspired Apostles and Evangelists. So let us go to the New Testament, where we are led with keys to the treasures of the Old.

At the direction of our great teacher and spiritual guide, Father Leonard Feeney, I made it a practice over a considerable period of time to copy, as part of a daily meditation, one passage a day from the New Testament where it was quoting directly from the Old. The number of these passages added up...
to 411. These can be easily found in any Bible, being prominently printed in italics in most editions.

The very first of my 411 copied passages is the following quotation from the Prophet Isaias, given by Saint Matthew to prove that the virginal birth of Jesus fulfills a Messianic prophecy:

*Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son and they shall call His name Emmanuel* (Is. 7-14; Matt. 1:23).

Now if this were not a Messianic prophecy understood by the ancient Jews as such, there would have been absolutely no point in Matthew — a Jew himself — using it, since he wrote the first Gospel in the language of the Jews of his time precisely to show how the prophecies of the Messias were fulfilled in Jesus. But if we do not heed the right teachers — the Catholic Bible, the saints, and the Church — then the “scholars,” those liberal scribes of our time, will certainly mislead us. For this same breed of “scholars,” using Hebrew dictionaries written by Jews already committed to reject Jesus as the Messias, and written centuries after Hebrew had ceased to be a spoken language, have convinced many, including some publishers of “Catholic” Bibles, that the word “alma” in the prophecy of Isaias does not mean “virgin” at all, but “a young girl.”

The matter brings to mind that notorious mistranslation in the English version of the *Novus Ordo* where *pro multis* (for many) is falsely given to mean “for all men.” This, too, is rationalized by the “authority” of a modern scribe, who has devised the absurd and ridiculous lie that the Aramaic language spoken by Christ fails to provide distinct terms for the words “many” and “all”; while in the very same formula for the consecration of Our Lord’s Precious Blood, the Aramaic word for “all” — namely, *kol* — is also used: “Take this, *all* of you, and drink from it” [Thank God, in 2007, this serious error in translation was corrected by the Holy See.]

But to return to the prophecy of Isaias, is it not remarkable that the Hebrew scholars — genuine scholars in this instance — who translated the Old Testament into Greek in the third century before Our Lord, rendered “alma” by the Greek word “parthenos,” which can only mean “virgin”? This appears in the famous Greek version known as the Septuagint, which had such high authority that it was usually from it that Our Lord and His Apostles took their words, whenever they quoted Scripture. This Greek Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was done by seventy-two Hebrew scholars, who were learned theologians and pious believers in the Christ-to-come. And they were equally as well versed in Greek as in their own Hebrew tongue, living in the Hellenistic world where Greek was the language for all educated people.

This is answering false scholars with true scholars. And it usually can be done — that is, by one who has the time and the learning to do it. But why should that ever be a necessity to a Catholic who has the Faith, who wants to become a saint, and who has for teachers the Apostles and Evangelists and even Our Lord Himself?

The Bible is also the most up-to-date best seller; and what is more, there never was a time when it was outstripped in this regard.
Spiritual writers insist on the importance of two kinds of knowledge: of God, and of self. Those, for example, who make the thirty-three-day preparation for Total Consecration according to the method of Saint Louis de Montfort are required to spend a week each on knowledge of self and knowledge of God (specifically, knowledge of the God-Man: Christ).

It’s obvious from reading Saint Louis Marie that the kind of knowledge he would have us cultivate is not the dry, academic sort. It is a loving knowledge, corresponding to Saint Paul’s “faith that worketh by charity” (Gal. 5:6). A survey of what Saint Louis Marie has us meditating on will affirm this:

“What is to be studied in Christ? First, the God-Man, His grace and glory; then His right to sovereign dominion over us; since, after having renounced Satan and the world, we have taken Jesus Christ for our ‘Lord.’

What next shall be the object of our study? His exterior actions and also His interior life; namely, the virtues and acts of His Sacred Heart; His association with Mary in the mysteries of the Annunciation and Incarnation, during His infancy and hidden life, at the feast of Cana and on Calvary.”

I have used the term “loving knowledge.” This is not a mere verbal artifice. The Biblical use of the word “to know” often goes beyond a simple knowledge of facts. When applied to persons, it often implies an intimate, friendly, or loving knowledge. When “Adam knew Eve,” she conceived a child (hence, Saint Matthew says that Saint Joseph “knew not” Mary). When the new Pharaoh “knew not Joseph,” it was not because he was ignorant of this great figure, who, after all, saved Egypt in time of famine — but because he didn’t like Joseph or his race.

With this background, certain New Testament passages take on richer meaning, like this one from Saint Paul: “I count all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord” (Philippians 3:8). The enormity of Saint Peter’s denial also comes into greater relief: “I know not the man” (Mat. 26:72). And the terrible words of Our Lord at the judgment of the wicked are even more stinging: “I know you not, whence you are: depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity” (Luke 13:27).

The virtue of faith is tried and perfected in the saints. Those who ascend to the greatest intimacy with God have come to the unitive way of the perfect. To do this, they must pass through the harrowing “dark night of the soul,” during which the theological virtues are purified of all alloy in the searing furnace of divine charity. In The Three Ages of the Interior Life, Father Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., gives a somewhat frightful explanation of how faith is perfected during this trial. Reading it will give the reader some very unsentimental insights into the sufferings of the saints.

The point is this: Our knowledge of God must progress, be purified of mere human motives and helps, and stripped naked to its essential motives. If we do not undergo this painful purgation on earth, where we can merit, we must be purified in the fires of purgatory, where there is no merit.

In fine, the loving knowledge of God that we’ve considered is necessary for salvation, that is, for being holy here and hereafter. Far from remaining static, however, it must grow. To be a saint in the essential meaning of that word, we must, by God’s grace, have not just knowledge, but “the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ.”

“To know Jesus Christ, Eternal Wisdom, is to know enough; to know everything and not to know him, is to know nothing.” (Saint Louis Marie de Montfort, Love of Eternal Wisdom)

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org.
A mother, worthy of the name, has dared to love. The very language of love, and its food, is suffering. But not just any kind of suffering — certainly not some kind of solitary, selfish licking of one’s own wounds — no, the suffering that is love is “com-passion,” suffering with another by loving them.

“In my tribulation, Thou hast enlarged me” (Psalm 4:2). And, the continual suffering she endures gradually enlarges her heart to love more and more. A mother knows no limits to her love and wants no boundaries to her suffering — only the strength to suffer more.

“Thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed” (Luke 2:35). She speaks continuously and eloquently from her heart of hearts. And so, as with our Blessed Mother, a woman’s compassionate love grows beyond the boundaries of her home and gradually encompasses all of suffering humanity.

In our effeminate society, a show of compassion must be balanced by a show of masculine strength, or weakness and compromise will be mistaken for compassion. Doctrine and morals are under attack and they must be defended virulently. At the same time, when a woman contemplates the truth of the dogma that outside the Catholic Church no one is saved, her heart should go out to those who are not yet in the Church. Yes, just as when the Woman thinks of that same dogma, she finds herself sacrificing her all so that none will be lost.

Easter finds the holy women “running with fear and great joy” to tell the glorious news of the Resurrection. They run back to the Apostles in the upper room, back to compassionate and encourage. Later, when the Apostles go out to tell of the Resurrection and to convert all nations, we get few glimpses of the holy women. They are doing what women do best: serving the Mystical Body of Christ and helping it to grow by their often hidden works of compassion.

Rare is the man who is known for his compassion and tragic is the woman who is not. Especially in this time of “diabolical disorientation,” may Catholic women effectively bring the message of salvation to others by their holy compassion.

*Email Sister Marie Thérèse at convent@catholicism.org*
James Edwin Coyle was born March 23, 1873, in Drum, Athlone, County Roscommon, Ireland, and ordained in Rome on May 30, 1896. Having heard so many inspiring accounts of the challenges the Catholic Church faced in America, Father Coyle asked for, and received, permission to offer himself to the American mission. He came to these shores the same year he was ordained. He was only twenty-three.

Father Coyle’s first assignment was to assist Bishop Edward Allen in conducting parish missions for the diocese of Mobile, Alabama. He was also appointed as an instructor, and later rector, at the McGill Institute for Boys. After serving eight years in Mobile, the bishop assigned him as pastor of Saint Paul’s Catholic Church in Birmingham. The state’s largest city, Birmingham’s population had grown rapidly in the early 1900s on account of its rich mine deposits and booming steel factories.

The young Irish priest’s unpretentious faith and genuine humility helped him ignite a dynamic and apostolic zeal within the parish. In just a few months the faithful began to take their Sunday obligation more seriously than they had, and a renewed devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary brought many back to confession and a Catholic spiritual life.

Economic opportunities and steady employment had been drawing many Catholics of various nationalities to Birmingham. Seeing this, the Protestant population, which far outnumbered the Catholic, was gradually becoming more and more apprehensive. Latent anti-Catholicism only fueled their mounting xenophobia. By the year 1916, their bigotry materialized into violence. Riots reminiscent of the Know-Nothing conflagrations of the mid-1800s broke out in Georgia, Kentucky, and other southern locales. A new anti-Catholic party called the True Americans was formed, allied with the goals of the more secretive Ku Klux Klan. A Catholic church and school were burned down in Pratt City near Birmingham. Father Coyle began receiving death threats. Federal authorities gave him information that forced him to hire armed guards to protect his church and rectory.

The anti-Catholic political parties swept municipal elections in Birmingham that year and all Catholics with government jobs were fired. Employers were threatened with boycott if they hired any Catholics. Those who did not comply were “visited” by a member of the vigilance committee. The general success of the boycott forced many Catholics to leave the city. Other Catholics refused, and had to get by through their own resourceful ingenuity. The fact that not all Catholics left Birmingham, no doubt accounts for the fact that no one laid a finger on Father Coyle.

That is until 1921. That year, Ruth, the daughter of a local itinerant preacher, converted to Catholicism. The preacher, Mr. E. R. Stevenson, was furious over his daughter’s conversion. I do not know if Father Coyle had anything directly to do with the conversion, but he was the priest who performed the girl’s marriage ceremony.

Well, it wasn’t just another wedding. For this couple to get married — and especially in Birmingham — it took a lot of courage. And, for Father Coyle to perform the ceremony, a priest whose life had been seriously threatened by bigots, it took even more courage. Why? Because the groom who married this white-skinned Anglo girl was a dark skinned Puerto Rican. Pedro Gussman had met Ruth while doing work for...
Stevenson at his house and had been a customer of Stevenson’s barber shop.

The marriage sent Mr. Stevenson over the edge. The crazed preacher showed up with a rifle at Saint Paul’s rectory. The pastor was sitting on the rectory porch in his swing chair. Stevenson walked up to the priest and pulled the trigger. Father James Edwin Coyle was shot in the head; he died within the hour.

After the murder the sad story turns even uglier. You see, at the preacher’s trial, the defense never denied that the accused killed Father Coyle; instead they argued, at first, that he committed the act in self-defense. It was a bogus caricature of justice, commandeered from the start by the members of the Klan. With secret gestures thrown back and forth between Judge William E. Fort, a Klansman, defense counsel Hugo Black, a Klansman, and the jury, all hand-picked bigots, most of whom were Klansmen (the foreman was a field organizer), it was a done deal. The jury acquitted the Methodist preacher on their very first vote. Stevenson was not acquitted on the self-defense plea, but on the grounds of “temporary insanity.”

Hugo Black would later lie about his Klan affiliation in order to gain a seat in the U.S. Senate. He ended up having a long career on the U.S. Supreme Court.

The outcome of this trial left Catholics in Alabama feeling totally helpless. It took a long time before the Klan’s influence died out, but it finally did. Enough Protestants of good will spoke out against the travesty of justice to make the whole episode an embarrassment to the city. By 1941, Helen McGough could write in the Catholic Weekly: “… the death of Father Coyle was the climax of the anti-Catholic feeling in Alabama. After the trial there followed such revulsion of feeling among the right-minded who before had been bogged down in blindness and indifference that slowly and almost unnoticeably the Ku Klux Klan and their ilk began to lose favor among the people.”

Postscript. One of the requirements to be declared a martyr is to offer one’s life for Christ at the hands of those who are killing you out of hatred for the Faith — in odium fidei, as the Church defines it. It would seem to me that Father James Edwin Coyle certainly qualifies.

Mr. James Pinto, Jr., a Protestant convert, is just one of the good fruits of the sacrifice of Father Coyle. Like E.R Stevenson, Mr. Pinto was a minister, not a Methodist, but an Episcopalian. I will end this account with a short and moving excerpt from his own personal testimony in gratitude to Alabama’s Irish martyr:

“I can vaguely recall hearing the story of Fr. Coyle’s courageous life and tragic death when I arrived in Birmingham some twenty-four years ago to begin my ministry in the Episcopal Church.”

Approximately two years ago, Mr. Pinto’s vague recollection of Father Coyle’s earthly life turned into a vivid encounter:

“I had been struggling for over a year, considering a possible return to the church of my infancy — the Roman Catholic Church — when I came across a Fr. Coyle Memorial Card at a local Catholic bookstore. I felt compelled to immediately locate and pray at Fr. Coyle’s memorial in Elmwood Cemetery. Within minutes, I humbly stood before the beautifully strong Celtic cross that honors this holy man and marks his resting place. I prayerfully introduced myself, prayed and gave thanks for his life, and asked his intercession that I might know if I should return to the Catholic Church. I will save the precious details for another time, but I will bear witness that my life was altered from that encounter onward. Shortly thereafter, I laid down my priestly garments and ministry upon the altar of an Episcopal Church and journeyed home to the church of my birth and baptism — the Catholic Church.”

Father James Coyle, pray for us.

Email Brian Kelly at bdk@catholicism.org.
I was born in Central Georgia. Like most families in my hometown, my family certainly held and practiced numerous Christian principles. Also, like most of these families, we were not Catholic. Both of my parents were raised in various Protestant sects. My mother later “declared” herself to be a Methodist and my father is still a Southern Baptist. So, you can guess that I received a confused blend of both as these are two different religions. However, my parents provided for me a decent Christian environment during my youth.

Then, in my later youth (age 17-20), I did not feel that it was necessary to attend church and I guess it could be said that I lost most of the spiritual direction that my parents had provided. During this time in my life, I always had a nagging feeling, but I could overcome it by telling myself, “God will understand.” Also in this same time frame, I began my studies at a university about two hours away from my hometown. You are probably thinking that at this point I became a raging atheist who thought that Charles Darwin was a god. Fortunately for me, just the opposite happened. After about one year in school, I met my future wife, Amanda. Yes, you guessed it; she was Catholic. Initially, I was skeptical of her as most Protestants are of Catholics. I don’t recall my wife-to-be ever being forceful or pushing her religion on me. When I had questions, she would politely attempt to answer them. I remember having questions about the Mass and the different prayers of the Mass. Before we were married, I would attend Mass with her, but would always sit in the back of the church. It took many months before I felt comfortable. Then, to add to the lack of comfort, Amanda began reciting the Rosary. (Actually, I believe that it was only a decade.) To a Protestant, this was a very odd way of praying; I could not understand the benefit of saying the prayer over and over. I knew that she was in much better place spiritually, without, however, understanding why or how, but I just knew.

Amanda and I were married in the Catholic Church. That was one of the requirements that my wife insisted on from our first date. Once we were married, my wife started to practice her faith with a bit more vigor. She would say the Rosary every day and I would sit there and watch her. Again, I didn’t fully understand, but I was beginning to appreciate her zeal. Over the next couple of months, she and I had numerous discussions about the affairs of the Church and the Mass. We didn’t have many resources to learn from at the time because we lived in a spiritual desert. Catholics who live in the South can attest to this fact. In the town where my wife and I lived, I believe that there were eighty-six different Protestant communities and only one Catholic Church. Nevertheless, we labored on and I began seriously to consider entering the Church, although I never really discussed my thoughts with my wife. Again, she never pressured me because I believe that she felt that I would eventually come to my senses. So, over a few months, I started talking to the priest at the local Catholic Church that we had been attending. He would spend hours with me answering my questions. But, somehow I got this feeling that he was liberal. At about the same time, my wife’s grandparents were constantly sending us material to read. To say the least, it was very traditional. I was attracted to the reading and it certainly helped me see the depth and beauty of the Church.

**Local News**

**The Grace of Good Example**

I was born in Central Georgia. Like most families in my hometown, my family certainly held and practiced numerous Christian principles. Also, like most of these families, we were not Catholic. Both of my parents were raised in various Protestant sects. My mother later “declared” herself to be a Methodist and my father is still a Southern Baptist. So, you can guess that I received a confused blend of both as these are two different religions. However, my parents provided for me a decent Christian environment during my youth.

Then, in my later youth (age 17-20), I did not feel that it was necessary to attend church and I guess it could be said that I lost most of the spiritual direction that my parents had provided. During this time in my life, I always had a nagging feeling, but I could overcome it by telling myself, “God will understand.” Also in this same time frame, I began my studies at a university about two hours away from my hometown. You are probably thinking that at this point I became a raging atheist who thought that Charles Darwin was a god. Fortunately for me, just the opposite happened. After about one year in school, I met my future wife, Amanda. Yes, you guessed it; she was Catholic. Initially, I was skeptical of her as most Protestants are of Catholics. I don’t recall my wife-to-be ever being forceful or pushing her religion on me. When I had questions, she would politely attempt to answer them. I remember having questions about the Mass and the different prayers of the Mass. Before we were married, I would attend Mass with her, but would always sit in the back of the church. It took many months before I felt comfortable. Then, to add to the lack of comfort, Amanda began reciting the Rosary. (Actually, I believe that it was only a decade.) To a Protestant, this was a very odd way of praying; I could not understand the benefit of saying the prayer over and over. I knew that she was in much better place spiritually, without, however, understanding why or how, but I just knew.

Amanda and I were married in the Catholic Church. That was one of the requirements that my wife insisted on from our first date. Once we were married, my wife started to practice her faith with a bit more vigor. She would say the Rosary every day and I would sit there and watch her. Again, I didn’t fully understand, but I was beginning to appreciate her zeal. Over the next couple of months, she and I had numerous discussions about the affairs of the Church and the Mass. We didn’t have many resources to learn from at the time because we lived in a spiritual desert. Catholics who live in the South can attest to this fact. In the town where my wife and I lived, I believe that there were eighty-six different Protestant communities and only one Catholic Church. Nevertheless, we labored on and I began seriously to consider entering the Church, although I never really discussed my thoughts with my wife. Again, she never pressured me because I believe that she felt that I would eventually come to my senses. So, over a few months, I started talking to the priest at the local Catholic Church that we had been attending. He would spend hours with me answering my questions. But, somehow I got this feeling that he was liberal. At about the same time, my wife’s grandparents were constantly sending us material to read. To say the least, it was very traditional. I was attracted to the reading and it certainly helped me see the depth and beauty of the Church.
One day, I walked in from work and told my wife that I was going to become a Catholic. Not only that, but four months after my conversion, I told my wife that after I finished graduate school we were going to move to Richmond, New Hampshire, where her grandparents lived. They had moved there some years before to be close to Saint Benedict Center and the traditional Latin Mass.

Living here among so many good Catholics and learning more and more about the one true Faith has been a growing experience for us both. Who would have guessed that a nominal Protestant from central Georgia would be going to Mass more than once a week and saying more than a decade of the Rosary every day? A little over six years has gone by since I converted to Catholicism. I consider Richmond our home and the Catholic Faith the best thing that has ever happened to me.

By the way, Amanda and I named our first child Mary Grace.

Brad Grinstead was born in Dublin, GA. From 1998 to 2002, he attended Georgia Southern University where he earned a Bachelors of Science degree in biology. In 2002, he entered graduate school at Georgia Southern University where, two years later, he earned a Masters of Science degree in biology with emphasis in parasitology.

At GSU Professor Grinstead was the president of the Biology Organization for Graduate Students and a committee member on the Graduate Student Advisory Committee. Past memberships include the American Society of Parasitologists and the Southeastern Society of Parasitologists.

Brad has dedicated himself to studying Catholic educational theory and praxis according to such diverse masters as Saint John Bosco and Doctor John Senior. Currently, he is on the faculty of Immaculate Heart of Mary School, where he teaches physical science, natural science, algebra, and trigonometry to students in grades seven to twelve.

More recently, he accepted the position of Membership Director for the Third Order of the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Grinsteads have three children.

Email Brad Grinstead at cbgrinstead@yahoo.com.

Who would have guessed that a nominal Protestant from central Georgia would be going to Mass more than once a week and saying more than a decade of the Rosary every day?

2011 Saint Benedict Center Conference

Where: Saint Benedict Center, 95 Fay Martin Road, Richmond, New Hampshire, 03470.
When: Friday and Saturday, October 7 and 8, 2011. Both will be full conference days, same as last year.
How Much: $125 with meals per person for both days before August 31, $80 without meals. $150 after that date with meals, $90 without. Single days with meals are $65, without meals, $45. No early bird discount for single days.
Who: To be announced… details will be posted on www.cat.catholicism.org.

There is a limited number of Saint Benedict Center community members who are willing to host conference attendees on a first-come, first-served basis. There are hotels in the Keene vicinity, but reservations should be made early because of tourism during the foliage season. Some area hotels include: Best Western Hotel & Suites (603) 357-3038; Holiday Inn Express Keene (603) 352-7616; Days Inn (603) 352-9780; and Super 8 Keene (603) 352-9780.

Register now — early bird discount until August 31, 2011!

Call (603) 239-6485 to register or for more information.
www.cat.catholicism.org
Special Feature:

Increasing in the Knowledge of God

The whole Christian life is designed to make us increase in the knowledge of God, and in the “excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ.”

Consider these luminous words that the Holy Apostle Paul wrote in his second epistle to the Corinthians: “For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus” (4:6).

St. Paul also prayed for the Colossians, as he told them, “That you may walk worthy of God, in all things pleasing; being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God” (Col. 1:10).

In continuing with the theme of walking in the light of God, which I wrote about elsewhere in this Mancipia, I will now consider just how we cultivate this loving knowledge. The following points are neither exhaustive nor systematic.

Devout Reception of the Sacraments — Each of the seven sacraments is a sacred action of Christ, who touches us with His Incarnate reality. In the Eucharist, this is most literally achieved by a body to Body contact. Like the disciples on their way to Emmaus, who “knew him in the breaking of the bread” (Acts 24:35), we must make our Eucharistic Communions moments of loving knowledge of Jesus. We should also hear Christ in our father confessor, who stands in persona Christi as Judge and Physician. “Let a man so account of us,” Saint Paul said, “as of the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God” (1 Cor. 4:1). (Yes, seeing Christ in the sacred clergy is sometimes a supreme test of our faith, but it is a test we must pass.) Also deserving of special mention is the sacrament of Holy Matrimony, which is a figure of the union of Christ with His Church, and by which the spouses are to sanctify each other until death, just as they administered the sacrament to each other on their wedding day. All of the sacraments are moments when Christ comes to touch us, and make Himself known, if we but know the time of our visitation.

Liturgical Worship — The Church is the Bride of Christ. Her official worship is the union of two chaste lovers. What better way to learn the secrets of the Sacred Heart than to make our own the Church’s sweet songs of adoration, love, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition? We ought to have a sense of awe in the presence of God. At times, a feeling of unworthiness should grip us, leading us to realize the inadequacy of our words. The Church, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, gives us words that are truly worthy of God. Too, the Church’s liturgical cycle of mysteries presents us with Christ under many aspects so we may know Him better: the helpless Infant, the obedient Son, the wise Teacher, the Suffering Servant of Yahweh, the Victim-Priest, the King of Glory, and the universal Judge. We ought to avail ourselves of the great wisdom contained in the traditional Missal (and Breviary) to know Jesus as only a spouse can know Him. Traditional liturgical worship employs all our external senses. We see, hear, taste, touch, and, yes, smell the divine realities. When we consider that all our senses are cognitive faculties — that is, they are meant to bring us knowledge — then we see that liturgy is a way of knowing God. This is in addition to the main function of liturgical worship: to render homage to the Blessed Trinity.

Mental Prayer — Intimate contact with Jesus in prayer can give us what theologians call a “quasi-experimental” knowledge of God. In the Beatific Vision, the blessed know God as He is by a direct vision of His essence. In other words, they know him experimentally, or by direct experience. In this life, all our knowledge of God is strictly analogical, not by experience. (We ascend to purely spiritual concepts by knowledge of material realities.) But by the “quasi-experimental” knowledge that comes to the mystics through the gift of Wisdom, the soul is brought almost to the Beatific Vision, if we may thus express it. This kind of sublime mystical knowledge stands between analogical knowledge and experimental knowledge. It is said of St. Teresa of Avila, that only a thin veil separated her from the Beatific Vision. While we can’t all expect to achieve such divine intimacy in prayer, those who persevere in mental prayer and are generous with God will have something of this “quasi-experimental” knowledge. At the very least, we will acquire a holy savoring of the mysteries of Jesus Christ, one that makes our faith more lively and our charity more ardent.

Closely related to mental prayer are Spiritual Reading and Lectio Divina. In mental prayer, we talk to God; in spiritual reading and lectio divina, God talks to us.

Obeying the Moral Law — The book of Wisdom (1:4) tells us, “Wisdom will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins.” Wisdom is but another name for the loving knowledge of God. If we wish to know the Eternal Lawgiver, we must unite ourselves to Him by “the obedience of faith” that Saint Paul proposes to the Romans (1:5, 16:26). Obeying the ten commandments of God and the six precepts of the Church is an effective sign that our knowledge is indeed loving, and not merely academic. Our Lord’s discourse to His...
disciples after the Last Supper and, later, His High-Priestly prayer (John 17) are filled with references to the knowledge of God, including this connection between obedience and God's deeper manifestation of Himself to the soul. Here are only a few excerpts:

“[John 14:15] If you love me, keep my commandments. [16] And I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever. [17] The spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him: but you shall know him; because he shall abide with you, and shall be in you. … [23] … If any one love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and will make our abode with him. [24] He that loveth me not, keepeth not my words. And the word which you have heard, is not mine; but the Father’s who sent me. [25] These things have I spoken to you, abiding with you. [26] But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you. … [John 15:14] You are my friends, if you do the things that I command you. [15] I will not now call you servants: for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth. But I have called you friends: because all things whatsoever I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you.”

Seeking Christ in our Neighbor — The Gospel enjoins us to love both God and neighbor. In loving Jesus, we fulfill both precepts, for He is God become our Neighbor, not just to first-century Palestinians, but to all who dwell near Him in the Blessed Sacrament. By virtue of Sanctifying Grace, the Trinity is present in our Catholic brothers and sisters “as the known in the knower and the loved in the lover” — to use the graceful expression of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is our union with each other in the Mystical Body of Christ that forms the highest principle of Christian charity. We ought to love each other because “we are members one of another” (Eph. 4:25). To do this for a supernatural motive, and, especially, when our neighbor is unpleasant to us, is not easy. But the saints recognize Christ in their neighbor, especially in the poor, the sick, the suffering. Jesus Himself tells us that He is identified with “these least of my brethren” (Mt. 25:40). If we are truly seeking Jesus, we will find him where He is, and He dwells in our neighbor.

The Lives of the Saints — Reading the lives of the saints is another way to increase in the knowledge of God. We know the artist by his art. The divine Artist uses the “joined instrument” of Christ’s Sacred Humanity, with the “unjoined instruments” of the sacraments, to paint an icon of Himself in each saint. (Saint Thomas Aquinas borrowed and embellished this lovely metaphor of Saint John of Damascus.) The brush-strokes of these instruments leave on the canvas of our frail humanity a resemblance to the Prototype of all saints, the Holy One of God Himself. This is why each saint is, in however limited a degree, a witness to the world of God’s glory. Reading their lives leaves us to exclaim, “Blessed be God in his saints,” and reveals to us a good deal about God’s activity in souls.

True Devotion to Mary — We mortals do not have the ability to choose our mothers, but God could choose His Mother. When He deigned to become Man, the Second Person of the All-Holy Trinity chose Mary. The choice is revealing. Mary — the Father’s perfect daughter, the Son’s worthy mother, and the Holy Ghost’s faithful spouse — reveals to us something about the Three Persons who call Her “my love, my dove, my beautiful one” (Cant. 2:10). Where Mary enters in, she brings Jesus. Where she is known and loved, Jesus is known and loved.

The Catholic Faith is a revealed religion. In fact, it is the only revealed religion, since it stands in continuity with the true religion of the Old Testament. The whole purpose of this revelation is that we might know the Blessed Trinity here by faith working through charity, so that we will know the Blessed Trinity hereafter by direct vision.

It is an axiom of Trinitarian theology that “knowledge of and belief in the Triune God is dependent on knowledge of and belief in the Son of God.” The faithful of the Old Testament did not know the Trinity. Only with the Incarnation, when the Son of God became the Son of Mary, did we learn this sublime truth. And we learned it, as Saint Paul said of his own preaching, “not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in shewing of the Spirit and power” (1 Cor. 2:4). That is, the miraculous conception and birth, the sublime life and miracles, the bitter passion and death, the triumphal resurrection and ascension, and, finally the wondrous sending forth of the Holy Ghost and perennial holiness of His Church — all these manifestations of Christ’s eternal glory have brought our race a knowledge of the Son of God, and of His Father, and of their Holy Ghost.

St. Paul simplified it all when he called Jesus “the image of the invisible God” (Col 1:15), using the Greek word εἰκόν (icon) where we have “image.” Let us grow in contemplation of this Icon not made with hands, that we may ever increase in the loving knowledge of God that is necessary for our salvation.

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org.
In previous issues of the Mancipia, the story of the fabulous le Moyne family was recounted. It is a sad testimony to my spiritual life that, given a choice of two books — say, one of the adventurous le Moynes and another of the saintly Laval, I would choose to read the le Moynes first while promising to read Laval later — maybe. Fortunately, the book recounting the le Moynes also contained the life of Bishop Laval. However, to be honest, the book, when recounting the early exploits of the le Moyne family, gave a brief summary as if to whet your appetite, then suddenly stated “more on this fabulous family later.” Very clever of the author, I thought, for he knows my tastes in literature and is going to make me earn this read — and I am thankful he did, for no account of the founding of New France would be complete without the story of Blessed Bishop Laval. However, to be honest, his life was one continuous Lent of fasting and mortification. His daily routine in Canada was strenuous and austere and never varied regardless of season. His life was one continuous Lent of fasting and mortification as the following depiction will relate.

He was born April 30, 1623, of the extremely wealthy Montmorency family. Laval was destined for the ecclesiastical life from the beginning and was only nine when he received the tonsure. At fifteen, being known for his devoutness, he was appointed canon of the cathedral of Evreux. When his two older brothers were killed in battle, his mother begged him to abandon his clerical intentions and return home to manage the estate. He not only refused, but he renounced all his titles and inheritances to follow in the footsteps of his Savior. His daily routine in Canada was strenuous and austere and never varied regardless of season. His life was one continuous Lent of fasting and mortification as the following depiction will relate.

He arose always at two in the morning and, after dressing, would stoke the fires in his house — a house that was frigidly cold in those Canadian winters — and the fire would be small, for he was frugal even in the matter of fuel for his personal life. His life was one continuous Lent of fasting and mortification. His daily routine in Canada was strenuous and austere and never varied regardless of season.
use. He would pray until four, then would promptly go out in the dark, lantern in hand, and proceed to the church where he would ring the bells for the first Mass of the day at four-thirty. Normally, these duties were for minor servants, but he assumed them to afford those in his employ better comfort. Much of the day was spent in the duties of his office as bishop but, once these were complete, he ranged far afield in finding menial tasks to do, such as making beds in the hospitals, washing and bandaging the sores of the patients, and visiting the ships in the harbor that he might bring comfort to the ill sailors. Always, he went to bed late and would not partake of the luxury of sleep until his work was complete. One of his contemporaries said of him, “There is no village priest in France who is not better nourished, better clad, nor [sic] better lodged than was the Bishop of New France.”

He had two meals a day, never indulging in breakfast despite the early hour of his rising. These meals were frugal, consisting largely of plain broths and, if he considered them too rich or savory, he diluted them with hot water. He never ate fresh meats claiming his teeth were too tender for such fare. Rather, he would cook the meat and keep it for over a week before he would eat it. In summer, it had to be washed with water to eliminate the worms caused by the heat. He had a stern rule never to spend a dime on his own comfort and, accordingly, over the years, his clothes became shabby and threadbare. Over the course of twenty years he possessed only two winter cassocks and, when he came to die, the last one was in tatters. Out of his small income, he purchased clothing so he could distribute it to the poor. His bed was a straw mattress spread over hard boards and he never indulged in the luxury of sheets. His furnishings were plain and simple with a small supply of books. Every day he read from The Lives of the Saints. He refused a carriage and so he was, perhaps, the only bishop in the world who walked about his rounds and this in the hostile wilderness of Canada. In later years he developed painful varicose veins (he bound them himself each morning when he arose) but his duties were never neglected. And I am sure there is so much more he performed that God only knows.

Here is a man that talked with King Louis XIV, with Cardinal Richelieu, and with other great personages of the time. He advised Blessed Marie of the Incarnation in founding her Ursuline convent in Canada. He himself founded the Seminary of Quebec where priests were trained to his specifications. He zealously protected the rights of the Church against the Gallican tendencies of the governors. And although he spent little upon himself, the church in Quebec was always adorned with the finest vessels, statues, and vestments that he could procure. As bishop, every daylight hour was spent in the duties of his office. One wonders when he could find the time to do penance, but one comes to the conclusion that to him life was penance and suffering, and doing anything else was lost time.

So the le Moynes led us to Laval — and their lives remain intertwined. In retrospect, I can envision those le Moynes camped in the wilderness, eating fresh meat, savoring fine trout, and staring at the stars in wonderment of God’s creation, little realizing that in a small, cold room in Quebec, praying for their success in the defense of the Church and the colony of New France, a mighty star was practicing his mortifications in his continual Lenten life.

Email Russell LaPlume at rlp@catholicism.org.
A PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA

O Mary, Mother of mercy and Refuge of sinners, we beseech thee, be pleased to look with pitiful eyes upon poor heretics and schismatics. Thou who art the Seat of Wisdom, enlighten the minds that are miserably enfolded in the darkness of ignorance and sin, that they may clearly know that the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church is the one true Church of Jesus Christ, outside of which neither holiness nor salvation can be found. Finish the work of their conversion by obtaining for them the grace to accept all the truths of our Holy Faith, and to submit themselves to the supreme Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth; that so, being united with us in the sweet chains of divine charity, there may soon be only one fold under the same one shepherd; and may we all, O glorious Virgin, sing forever with exultation: Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, thou only hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world. Amen.

Hail Mary, three times. (Pius IX, Raccolta No. 579)

EXTRA ECCLESIAM NULLA SALUS

Ex Cathedra: “We declare, say, define, and pronounce that it is absolutely necessary for the salvation of every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff.” (Pope Boniface VIII, the Bull Unam Sanctam, 1302.)

CALENDAR NOTES:

• The 2011 Saint Benedict Center conference will be Friday and Saturday, October 7 and 8. See the ad on page 11 for details. Mark your calenders and plan on coming to this event.
• The 16th annual Pilgrimage for Restoration is now planned for Friday through Sunday, September 23 to 25, 2011. See pilgrimage.stblogs.com for details.

Our Crusade:

The propagation and defense of Catholic dogma — especially extra ecclesi- am 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
Saint Benedict Center
Post Office Box 627
Richmond, NH 03470
info@catholicism.org
(603) 239-6485

Online only 30% off sale

Until May 31, 2011, get 30% off the following items purchased from our webstore, store.catholicism.org:

All audio CDs and CD sets by Brother André Marie and Brother Francis Maluf (MP3 CDs excluded), and the following books:

Father Feeney and the Truth About Salvation
Divine Alchemy
The Challenge of Faith
Gate of Heaven
The Loyolas and the Cabots
Philosophia Perennis — Introduction
Philosophia Perennis — Cosmology
Fish on Friday
Bread of Life

Saints to Remember from January to December

Go to store.catholicism.org and get 30% off these items