

Miklas, Sebastian
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Sanctify

Your

Emotions

Rev. Sebastian Miklas, O.F.M. Cap.

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Sanctify Your Emotions

Four addresses delivered on the Catholic Hour from March 6, 1955 through March 27, 1955 by the Rev. Sebastian Miklas, O.F.M. Cap. The program is produced by the National Council of Catholic Men in cooperation with the National Broadcasting Company.

BY
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| Conquering Your Fear | 5 |
| Anger Can Be Useful | 12 |
| Lift up Your Love | 19 |
| Sense of Shame | 25 |



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CONQUERING YOUR FEAR

Address Delivered on March 6, 1955

If you can speak English, you can already speak two languages. You need no books or teacher for learning the other means of communication. Because the first language you knew was that of emotion. When you were born it was given to you by your guardian angel when he packed into your little heart a booklet entitled: "How to Live on This World." So let's brush up on the grammar and rhetoric of the language of emotion, in order to know when and how to use it, and how to sanctify it. We shall begin with the dialect of fear.

You often hear youngsters on the verge of fisticuffs taunt each other by saying, "you're afraid." In one such encounter between two boys, the more aggressive was pushing the other around and repeating, "Ay, you're just a sissy, you're afraid to fight." The boys never came to blows because the frailer of the two finally defended himself by saying: "I'm not afraid; I'd knock your block off if you weren't the Temple of the Holy Ghost."

Most of us do not have such a sublime reason for covering up our fear or denying it. In your case you may be camouflaging a thousand fears through laziness, lying, sulkiness, vulgar talk, shyness, secretiveness, hypochondria, stealing, defiance, or gambling.

Among these, hypochondria is a frequent symptom of hidden fear. Hypochondria means seeing diseases and illnesses when they do not exist. A very husky, robust-looking gentleman suffered ill health that kept him from any kind of work and sent him groaning to bed at times of crisis. One day his wife waylaid the doctor and asked point-blank: "Is there anything real about these illnesses of my husband?"

"There certainly is," he replied seriously. His shrewd eyes twinkled. "For forty years he has suffered agonies from imaginitis, scarecoma, apprehendicitis and general fearosis of living."

Whatever shape fear may take, be it painted vividly in the eyes or hidden in the heart, it is the common heritage of all mankind. Fear is an emotion; and emotion is the language of feeling. Long before an infant tries to speak with its lips, it is eloquent with its emotions, gurgling and smiling when pleased, fussy and crying when uncomfortable, in a tantrum when opposed, fearful when insecure. The emotion of fear is part of the protective instinct given by God to man. It is found in the coward who runs, the hero who fights and martyr who willingly suffers. It supplies the motive power for action, but does not tell you which

way to go. Normal fear is something good; it is akin to love; but love takes the high road and fear takes the low road. The unpardonable sin is not in fearing but in letting fear deter us from duty. For it is impossible to do away with fear as a motive as long as self-preservation remains our strongest instinct.

Years ago when I first entered the monastery as a novice I had a terrifying dream. The Communists had broken into the novitiate and ordered the friars to be beheaded. There were fifteen novices in the class; since seniority was the rule in all things, I was right in the middle. I watched the oldest of the novices place his head on the block cheerfully and die a martyr. My heart was throbbing and my head pounding with the question: "Do I have the courage?" I was number eight in line. One by one the heads rolled off. For some reason they skipped me; probably to add to my torture and anguish they put me at the end of the line. When the fourteenth martyr was created, I awoke trembling. That morning I was ashamed of my fear and cowardice as I saw the fourteen heroic friars in chapel. But St. Thomas assured me that even the martyrs have fear at the first thought of death. When they completely surrender their wills to God, the fear disappears. Even a man doomed to execution loses the feeling of

fear, because when there is no hope of escape, there is no fear, since hope and fear go hand in hand.

It is quite normal to have anxieties, apprehension and misgivings of a reasonable nature. A child should be afraid of falling; it should be taught to keep away from fire, knives and poisonous food. Everyone of you should have enough sense to be terror-stricken at the sight of a madman or a wild beast. This is a sign of sanity and good common sense. Conquering and controlling the sense of fear consists in using it in the right way on the right objects. Fear is like salt. If salt is not used at all on food, the food is flat; if poured on like rain, the food is inedible; if the right dash is applied, the food has spice, tang and appeal. Lack of fear in life can spoil man's actions; too much fear will paralyze him; moderate and proper fear spurs a man on to live a life filled with zest and goodness. If you have ever threatened your child into submission and obedience by saying: "The bugaboo in the closet will get you," you are abusing the emotions of the child making him fear unreality. You are conjuring up the wrong object for fear. It is much like telling the youngster to use his tongue to scrub the floor. Fear begets fear; and the immaturity of the parents, who are unwilling or unable to train their children intelligently, often produces

serious adolescent and adult emotional problems. You must teach the child to fear and not to fear.

Here's the way a wise mother handled a difficult situation. Her small daughter at the age of six was a pale, thin girl with straight, dark, unattractive hair. When she began to play with her cousin, Betty, who was very beautiful with golden locks, blue eyes and pink cheeks, she first became aware of her own physical shortcomings. It was the day they were at the doll counter that the crisis came. The two were surveying the dolls when an elderly gentleman came by and seeing the golden-haired girl said: "Would you like to have that doll?" Patting her head in admiration he bought the doll without so much as glancing at plain little Mary, whose eyes were burning with hot tears and her heart torn with sheer sorrow. That night her mother took Mary aside. "Look," she explained, "God has given to each one different gifts. To Betty He gave beauty; to you a pretty mind. It isn't how we look that counts, but what we do. Then putting Mary on her knee, she taught her this verse:

'Beautiful hands are those that
do
Work that is earnest, brave and
true.
Moment by moment, the whole
day through.'

Facing reality is half the cure for dispelling anxious feelings.

Why not admit that you fear something! Then truthfully tell yourself what you are afraid of. Ask yourself, "Is it reasonable to be so worried about this matter?" If you do this, you will discover that the reality never measures up to the exaggerated picture created by your imagination through anticipation. Fear has been defined as "pain of anticipated pain." An examination in school, an operation, the interview with the boss, opening a telegram, all these look like monsters before you really meet them. Later on you blithely joke about how you tossed off the exam, ripped through the operation, and how you told the boss a few things.

Your experience will tell you that there are three kinds of things that mean fear. 1. The Uncertain. 2. The Painful. 3. The strange or the unknown. Not long ago an x-ray technician was working with a small patient two years old. In professional fashion he said to the child in the dark room: "Now, sonny, take a deep breath and hold it." Bobby looked up puzzled. Again the technician begged him: "Take a deep breath and hold it." The youngster was frightened of the dark, confused about the directions since he had just learned to breath two years ago and now someone was asking him to hold it. Finally, the child looked pleadingly at his father in the room: "You hold my breath, daddy." The un-

certain and the strange are bewildering to all of us, especially to a child. If only we had the good spiritual instinct to appeal to our Father in heaven as the child appealed to his on earth.

We all dread a painful ordeal. Even Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane trembled in a sweat of blood when he thought of the hurt and pain to be heaped upon him. He fell on His face and prayed saying: "Father if it is possible, let this cup pass away from me; yet not as I will, but as thou willest." Our Lord felt the fear that human flesh is heir to. He did not flee from the task of suffering for us; He sensibly asked it to be removed. If not removed then, He would accept it as the will of His Father. The Divine example of Christ shows us how to bear with the inevitable hurt of loneliness, mental anguish, and physical suffering. Christ's fear in the garden was a preparation for the sacrifice on the cross. From then on he calmly walked before his executioners. It is God's will that we mainly endure the crosses and trials of life.

In this way religion tries to teach us the proper use of fear. It tries to make us practical in coping with our problems, and the uncertainties of this life. Will the marriage work out, will I get the job, will I live to be seventy, will I be poor, will I be lonely, will I be laid low with disease? To this Christ

says: Therefore . . . do not be anxious for your life, what you shall eat; . . . and as for clothing, why are you anxious? See how the lilies of the field grow; . . . But if God so clothes the grass of the field . . . How much more you, O you of little faith! This is the answer to all of your fears. Faith. Deep abiding faith; in God, in your neighbor; in yourself.

An old friend of mine here in Washington recently has been meeting the hazards of old age; namely: loneliness, being retired from work, creaky and stiff limbs, the thought of death. This conspiracy of handicaps was beginning to undermine the health of his body and mind. But with the help of Mass and Communion he managed to maintain his Irish sense of humor and good cheer. He watched me going in and out of the office repeatedly and then exclaimed: "You're young and active running in and out of here like a fiddler's elbow; but me, well, I'm slowing down; sure it must be terrible to go through this stage of life without any religion and help from above!"

The thought of death shakes the moral and mental frame of many an aged person. It is a strange and unknown horizon that beckons. And somehow strangeness is disturbing to everyone; and the unknown bestirs the imagination and feelings. Observe what happens when mother puts some new

dish of food before the family. All the eyes ask simultaneously, "What is it?" Then each one pokes, picks, smells, and tastes like the chief poison-detector for the King of Limitonia. Only faith in mother's cooking and assurance that she loves you make you take the desperate bite. So it is with the strangeness and the unknown of the world beyond. Death is a reality that must be faced and not feared.

When rumors were rife some years ago that the end of the world was near a very nervous woman called the monastery. "Brother," she screamed excitedly, "I just read in the paper that a large number of people were selling their homes in California because the end of the world is coming. What'll I do? What'll I do?" The brother who had been quietly saying his beads when the phone rang serenely and firmly answered: "Confessions will be heard on Saturday from 4 until 6 and 7 until 9."

Today more than ever before we are confronted with the cult of fear which advertizes that natural evil is the ultimate evil and natural remedies are sufficient for the cure, that we face death by prolonging life, that we encounter pain and suffering by killing it, that we must have a twentieth century dread of falling hair, shrinking gums, bad manners and fallen arches. The philosophy of the world inspires us to cultivate and waste

the emotion of fear on events and conditions that are ultimately inevitable. There are many grades of human values as there are grades of foods or kingdoms in the world of life. A stone should not be treated like a carrot; a carrot is not given the care a pet dog receives; a dog should not be loved more than a child; and the child's body should not be cultivated more than its soul. Did not Christ say "And do not be afraid of those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. But rather be afraid of him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

If the body has its instincts; so too does the soul. If fear is a protective agent for the body, how much more should it be so for the soul. But the world is topsy-turvy in its choice of values. So often the mineral kingdom with its diamonds, gold and silver command more attention and care than food, body or soul; so often animals are preferred to children; so often the soul is neglected for vanishing perfection of the body. The man who fears the loss of things that are perishable is doomed to disappointment; little wonder that his fear becomes abnormal.

There are both natural and supernatural remedies for fear that is vain, misplaced, exaggerated or suppressed. An understanding parent or friend, good sound thinking that analyzes the problem, or a wholesome

contrary experience can transform a person's fear to fortitude. Supernaturally, God in His goodness has given all of us spiritual assistance, through the example of Christ and His Blessed Mother, the Sacraments of Confession and Communion and the therapeutic virtues of faith and love.

The anomaly is this: That non-religious and non-believing persons accuse religion of stirring up and exploiting fear in people. They call religion "the opium of the people." If the comforting words of Christ: "Don't be anxious," "fear not," "have faith," and "peace be to you," are opium, then let us have more of this "religious opium." It is lack of religion in Communist countries that creates fear, terror and dread; and faith in God that dispels them.

A timid person's lack of confidence proves to be the first stumbling block on the road to healthy fear. There is a kind of magic in believing. Even as a child you saw this when you believed that your father and mother could do most anything. Faith in them meant security, happiness, contentment.

A blind man about to cross a street was inching his way to the end of the sidewalk. The traffic was heavy at the five o'clock rush hour. He paused at the curb and sensing a person nearby he asked: "May I accompany you across the

street?" "Why, yes," came the reply from an elderly lady as she took his arm. The two walked safely through the traffic of shooting cars and pedestrians. When they reached the other side, the gentleman doffed his hat to thank the lady-guide, when he heard her say: "Thanks for a safe crossing." She, too, was blind. But faith can work wonders; even to make the blind lead the blind successfully.

What fears could have stalked the minds of each of these persons, had they not believed this happened to the apostles when they clung to the sides of the boat tossed by wild raging waves? With Christ asleep in the stern, the apostles were alarmed. "Lord, save us! we are perishing." They had no faith in a sleeping Christ. Our Lord came to their rescue as he rebuked the wind and waves and then rebuked his followers: "Why are you fearful, oh you, of little faith."

It is the man of little faith who mistrusts, is restless, uncertain. Man's urge to find out for himself, to experience everything, has led him to lose faith in himself, then in others. In a world that is ashamed to show a love for God, there will be little faith. Man's world rocks the foundations of man's mind and soul. But God's world and universe erects a foundation infinitely deep beyond the stars. Look up at the sky at

night and behold the writing in the alphabet of the stars that says: "God holds you safely in His Omnipotent Hands."

The world's message is—fear death; Christ whispers: "Fear not."

The world's message is—fear suffering; Christ whispers: "Fear not."

The world's message is—fear

sacrifice; Christ whispers: "Fear not."

The world's message is fear one another; Christ whispers: "Fear not." Then suddenly the world shouts: "But don't fear God."

And Christ thunders back: "Fear God! and you will fear naught."

God be with you.

ANGER CAN BE USEFUL

Address Delivered on March 13, 1955

Good afternoon everyone:

Do you have a match with you? You'll notice that the power of a match is in the tip or head. If you hold it vertically with the head upward and strike it, the flame will be small and quickly die away. If you hold it vertically with the head downward, the flame will rage through the wood, devour it and possibly burn your fingers. A lit match gives most service when the flame is given a fair chance to catch the wood, but not too much wood, please. Like the flame of a match, anger should be in the head of a person; it should be reasonable. But if anger is permitted to rise from the bottom of the toes, go through the marrow and blood of a person, then like a lit match upside down, it consumes the body, overcomes reason and is dangerous and harmful. But let it catch hold of the human frame only a little, with direction from the mind, it can achieve great deeds. Anger, like fire, can be destructive or useful.

One day little Johnny came running down stairs sobbing, his eyes swollen with tears. "What's the matter, dear," his mother asked. He buried himself in her apron. "Daddy hit his finger with a hammer," he explained between sobs. "Now

you mustn't cry about that; it's nothing; be a little man like daddy." "But mom, I didn't cry;—when daddy hit his finger and fell off the ladder, I *laughed*; that's when he spank-me."

This is the old story of adding insult to injury. That's how anger is born.

In every explosion of anger there is a real or imagined injury, insult or injustice felt by a person who then desires to or actually does wreak vengeance upon something or someone. Anger contains the impulse of fighting back through words, thoughts or actions; it harbors the feeling of revenge, or at least deep resentment. Some people react by feeling hurt; others by wanting to inflict a hurt on someone else. This latter is called anger.

Before you ever press the button to set off an emotional outburst, you ought to make sure that the cause warrants it. As the announcer told you, I am a member of the Capuchin Order. Since it is the custom of Capuchins to wear a beard, I have a small black goatee and moustache. Years ago, one of my friends made a remarkable discovery and exclaimed to me: "Say, do you know, you look like the devil! Just like Mephistopheles." At first, I was

ready to get mad as the devil; then I tried to hide my embarrassment by saying: "Well, just so I don't act like the devil." Later that day, still stunned—and not a bit flattered—I looked in the mirror, and by gum, I did look like the devil. My friend's motive was good and the fact was there, so I am still waiting for middle-age plumpness to erase the devilish angularities of my face.

Allowance should always be made for the source of any irritation or fret that overcomes you. If your husband upsets you, remember that he loves you; if the children get on your nerves, well, they are young and don't completely understand; if a neighbor irritates you, maybe she is thoughtless or ignorant. Last fall I was walking down the street of a mid-western city. Three teenagers came toward me threading their way through the crowd. One of them spied me and nudging his companions, greeted me cheerfully with: "Hi, pop!" Through my mind ran the gamut of possibilities: an insult to the priesthood? disrespect for an adult? juvenile delinquency on the rampage. I chalked this one up to curiosity, imprudence and the outspokenness of an enthusiastic youth.

You needn't go too far to find the most common causes of anger. It is *yourself*. Pride, sensitivity, sensuality, selfishness, and impetuosity in your-

self often precipitate you into a state of fever and rage. It is unfortunate that you cannot accurately measure your boiling point in the way you do the fever of a patient by using a thermometer. Anger in different persons reminds me of a pot of home-made vegetable soup; I used to believe that the cook just took a basket of assorted vegetables, tossed them into a kettle of hot water and waited a few hours. But a culinary expert informed me that some vegetables cook more quickly than others; each has its own boiling point; therefore you put the cabbage in first, then the carrots, turnips, stringed beans, peas, potatoes, tomatoes and onions, in that order. Among people, cabbage heads take the longest to get perturbed; and folks as strong as onions, boil up quite quickly. We can all be subject to the same problem, be in the same hot water, but the reaction will differ according to our temperament and disposition. Temper and temperament go hand in hand.

On her first train trip a little girl was put into an upper berth. Mother assured her that God would watch over her. As silence descended over the coach, the youngster called out softly: "Mother, are you there?" "Yes, dear," she replied. A little later, in a louder whisper, the child called: "Daddy, are you there?" "Yeah, I'm here." After this had been repeated a

number of times, one of the passengers finally lost his patience and shouted: "We're all here. Your father and mother, and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. *Now go to sleep.*" There was a LONG pause; then in a hushed tone the child whispered timidly: "Mother—Was that God?"

What would you have done in a similar circumstance? That would probably have depended on how sleepy you were and on your temperament. There are four dominant temperaments: choleric, sanguine, melancholic, and phlegmatic. If I were to say to four different persons representing these four temperaments: "You're nothing but a punk." The choleric man would jump up immediately and bristle: "I'll show you who's a punk." The sanguine would reply jauntily: "Why of course I am; I light firecrackers with punk." The melancholic would hang his head and think to himself: "Maybe I am a punk." The last, the phlegmatic would look at you for a moment and say dryly: "Oh, I thought you said a 'skunk'."

A study of your temperament and that of others, will indicate how you are apt to react in a given situation. It will be very helpful in controlling your temper and teach you what to do with others.

Personality clashes and emotional explosions do not just suddenly happen. There is a

period of preparation and development. When people get angry they fall into two categories: either they get white with rage — pale, tight-lipped, tense, frozen; this is the smoldering type. Or else they become red with rage—erupting from head to foot with wild words and gestures. This is the volcanic type. Both types of anger need time to develop and grow. The steps to the mouth of the crater (erupting or smoldering) are annoyance, impatience, irritation, violence, fury and lastly hatred. Occasionally the smoldering type deceives the observer. This kind of person likes to bank the heat and fire of anger each night, adding a little fuel here and there. Outwardly he wears the air of martyrdom and patience. One such person came to me and made a feeble attempt to overcome her anger already blossoming into hatred. "Why don't you forgive and forget," I suggested. In a huff she said: "I'll never make the first move; if she wants to speak to me, alright, but I'll not go near her." After offering every motive and suggestion possible, I finally pleaded: "Will you pray for her?" The reply came like a poison arrow: "Indeed I will; heaven knows she needs it."

In itself anger is not evil. Emotionally it is an expression of displeasure. It becomes evil when the motive is bad; when excessive and extreme measures are applied; or when scan-

dal and harm are the result. When a child strikes back with words or its little hands, when forbidden to put ketchup on the wall, it is beginning to evince anger. This is retaliation joined to displeasure. To be displeased is not to be angry. The flare of temper is the mark of an angry man. The ordinary way in which the average person shows his temper is through sarcastic remarks, quarreling, nagging and pouting. This sometimes descends to blasphemy, bitter accusations, violence, acts of revenge and hate.

The most common "garden variety" of temper is the kind that never shows itself too strongly, but is released slowly, slyly, constantly in forms of nagging and ugly moods. Recently a gentleman commented to a friend of his that he couldn't understand why he had a reputation for being ill-tempered. "I've only had one really violent and serious outburst in my life," he emphatically announced.

"Yes," answered his friend, "but when is it going to end?"

In this day of enlightenment many parents practice a strange stoicism by not showing any displeasure at what the youngsters do. One can sin by the absence of anger in a situation demanding disciplinary action. Parents who neglect to correct and reprove when their children stay out late at night, associate with bad companions

and shirk their school tasks, are as much at fault as though they displayed unreasonable anger.

The method which the famous Father Thomas Burke declared was followed by his mother in educating him is an excellent one to imitate. When evening came, his mother took him in his bedroom, heard him say his prayers and then called his attention to the mistakes he had committed during the day; if they were of a serious nature, she gave him a whipping. She did it calmly, quietly, systematically; under that system he was never struck by an angry parent, never ignorant of why he received his whipping, and always felt he was getting "what was coming to him."

This is what I call "temper time." If you feel you don't relish showing reasonable parental indignation, then set aside some time of each day or of each week when you will hold *domestic court* to review the cases of misdemeanor on the part of your children. Mother can be the defense and prosecuting attorney; father the judge. It is important, however, when the father gives the sentence, that the mother must administer the punishment. In this way the gentleness of the woman will insure mild punishment as well as avoid pinning the name of bogey-man on the father.

Mary and Joseph exercised

this sort of disciplinary anger on the Child Jesus. They were hurt, worried, displeased that He would have left them without their knowing of His whereabouts. Very properly, like good parents, they reprimanded Him. Mary said to Him: "Son, why hast thou done so to us? Behold, thy father and I have been seeking thee sorrowing."

This is why Scripture says, "Be angry and sin not." We are hereby assured that there is a kind of just anger. Christ masterfully displayed this kind of wrath when He was tempted by the devil. First He answered the devil by exchanging reason for reason: "Not in bread alone doth man live." Then Christ matched the taunt of the devil with a threat from heaven: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God." Then in the climax of divine wrath He whipped the brazen tempter with the command: "Begone, Satan."

No man in his right mind enjoys being angry and perturbed. Those who show a just anger, those who heap abuse upon others and those who are the victims of violent tempers, all would seek to be free of the terrible qualities and consequences of this disturbing vice. The passion of anger can be destructive of life, property, mental health, family life and social peace. It should be avoided whenever possible. It can be justified only when the object is evil and must be destroyed;

when moderate punishment is used; and when justice and charity motivate the mind of the one aroused. The safety of one's person, the protection of the family, the integrity of one's soul, the defense of one's homeland, and the honor of God, these should be the objects to be protected by a righteous indignation and wrath.

Animals are guided by instinct; we by reason. A bit of reflection will tell you that hunger, fatigue, exacting occupations, unrealized ambition, frustration and constant opposition contribute to the growth of a violent and constant temper. Frequently by picking out the main reason for your vexed moods you can control them. A moment's thought over any conflict between parties will often dispel its tragic enormity. Recently a politician was infuriated at reading a slanderous editorial in a newspaper, which was aimed at his reputation. His adviser calmly analyzed the problem in this way. "Look, boss," he said, "there are 20,000 people in this town. One half of them don't get this paper; that leaves 10,000. One half of those who get it didn't see the story; that leaves 5,000. One half of those who saw it, didn't believe it; that leaves 2,500. One half of those who believed it, don't know you; that leaves 1,250. One half of those who know you are your friends; that leaves 625. One half of those felt that way about

you before they read the story. So there's nothing to be perturbed about."

It is the feeling and passion of anger which magnify an injustice in our own minds. Instead of letting feeling solve problems, reason, and common sense, good will and imagination should be used in rectifying an injustice. One hot day—some summers ago—a traffic jam occurred on the highway near the Holland tunnel. Drivers' tempers grew short and impatience gave vent to restlessness, when some vexed soul began to blow his horn to start an avalanche of horn-blowing. The police were at their wit's end when suddenly a tough-looking patrolman turned to the hooting line and grinned. He raised his arms like Toscanini and began to conduct the orchestra full of horns. The drivers got a laugh out of the performance and peace was soon restored. A little imagination can go a long way in tempering one's wrath.

There are many remedies for anger. They read something like this: Stop the first spark of temper, control your tongue, avoid the occasion or cause, use your head, your will power, your imagination, get a sense of humor, practice humility, patience and meekness. But all remedies are more effective if they have a spiritual center. If you are going to avoid what angers others—namely not calling your neighbor during the Jackie Gleason or George Gobel

show—then do it out of charity; if you are going to wait and count ten, why not count it on the decade of your rosary; if you're going to talk over the problem, why not talk it over with God; if you are going to write a strong letter, then address it: "Dear God;" if you are going to retire to your mental sanctuary, why not make it the church or at least a shrine in your home; if you are going to divert your anger to another channel, make it an act of kindness, helping the wife with housecleaning, the neighbor with mowing the lawn.

If you are bent on revenge, the sage advice in the Bible will tell you what to do: 1.) Think of the vengeance of God; 2.) forgive your neighbor; 3.) remember death and eternity; 4.) think of the fear of God; 5.) overlook the ignorance of others; 6.) think of your own sins; 7.) avoid rash and hasty judgments. These will give you the courage and vision to conquer ill-temper by the use of such practical phrases as: "You were right," "Just as you say," "I'm sorry," "I made a mistake."

If you must be angry, then imitate the perfect model, Christ. Christ's rare and dramatic display of anger occurred in the temple. It was reasonable, holy, divine. With knotted cords he drove the money-changers out, beating beasts and men, overturning tables, reproving priests and people:

"It is written, my house is a house of prayer and you have made it a den of thieves." At times nations make a display of military power; parents must show their displeasure; teachers must uphold the authority of their position; it is done to impress, to teach and to warn. That day in the temple, men of hardened hearts and rooted habits needed a display.

This was an exception. Ordinarily Christ's anger appeared as holy zeal, a steady flame, the Light of the World, that

was a beacon to others. A flame of fire can burn, destroy, blind, bring death; a flame of fire can give heat, give power, give light, cleanse, preserve life. Let the flame of your anger be holy, good, useful; let the flame of your anger be joined with the light of reason so that in imitation of Christ on Calvary you will seek revenge through redemption, which is not paying back, but buying back through patience, suffering and love.

God be with you.

LIFT UP YOUR LOVE

Address Delivered on March 20, 1955

For years I have had a hobby of collecting stories of how couples first met. On the occasion of their twenty-fifth anniversary one couple told me of their first meeting. Jim was an usher in church. Each Sunday he would take up the collection and spend the rest of the time prodding people to go up front. The resistance of a young pretty lady and her mother week after week became frustrating. So Jim tried pressure. "Alright, little girl, up front, please." Ann was nineteen and not just a little girl. The sarcasm was beginning to hurt. For two years she bore up patiently without a remark under the taunt of the usher. It paid off. One Sunday she and her mother broke down and took one of the front pews. As Jim passed the collection basket he smiled. After Mass, for the first time, he spoke to them outside of church: "Thank you, little girl," he said with playful sarcasm. "Since I've gotten you that close to the altar, maybe I'll take you all the way up and marry you." Furiously she turned on her heel: "If I every marry you, it will be to nag you for the rest of your life in payment for two years of nagging."

A year later they were married and lived happily ever after. Ever since that time, a collection basket has had a great

sentimental value in their eyes. It represented romance.

It seems that any couple that can survive a conflict in early courtship, can survive the hazards of married life. They learn to get beyond the stage of romantic love and mere sentiment. Love is a search, a craving, a seeking after that which is good. The mind wants truth; the senses crave beauty; the will through love is looking for good and goodness. We should all feel sorry for a young man, who, when he calls on his girl, and sees the dream walking down the stairs, doesn't know about the nightmare in her room, cluttered with stockings, shoes, skirts, blouses, open drawers, fallen hangers, yawning cupboards and other hazardous equipment needed for beautifying the young thing.

If newly-weds and not so newly-wedded persons run into serious maladjustments, it is due to the fact that they have been nurturing only a synthetic and artificial love that lived on blue eyes, our song, the silvery moon, curly hair and baby-words of endearment. Some time ago a person who had been married over twenty years told me, "I don't love my husband any more; maybe I never did." She probably did love her husband; but her love never devel-

oped; it remained the same immature feeling of attraction that stayed only in the emotions. Love is like a tree in its growth. First it must be as small as a seed; then it changes form like the seed which becomes a sapling; as the sapling grows into a young tree, so too love blossoms forth in a higher life; then finally love, like a tree with branches, leaves, fruit, bark and a troublesome vine, matures into a stature and shape that is so different from what it was as a seedling love. Immaturity in love is seen when a person wants to be loved more than to love.

The first thing we learn in life is to be loved. Your parents and mine showered us with kindness, affection, attention and care. It is necessary to be loved first in order to love. It is somewhat like learning a language. You cannot teach others to speak French, if you do not know French. You cannot easily love until you have been loved.

A young lady who had given many signs of being neurotic went to a physician for help. She couldn't sleep, eat or work well. Shattering feelings of insecurity and anxiety weighed down upon her. She was sent to a psychiatrist for further treatment, but to no avail. The psychiatrist suggested the help of a priest as the last resort. No one seemed to be able to restore her emotional balance which had been upset by unfortunate

and sad experience in childhood which robbed her of the rich gift of being loved by her parents and family. But she was cured. Her prince charming came along and whispered in her ear: "I love you."

Some people go through life always wanting to be loved and not trying to love in return. This is the first way of to lift up your love; making it rise from the state of passivity to activity. We must return the love shown us. Some parents do not give their children a chance to return the affection. They spoil the child by heaping and smothering the child to the point of emotional suffocation. It is this type of child that wallows in cheap romanticism and seeks ever to be reassured that he or she is loved.

Growth in love demands that one begin to realize that love is not merely physical attraction, a biological urge, a splurge of passion, a mere emotion. Youthful beauty and strength fade away and must give way to a higher plane of affection which is called rational or psychological love. This is the stage when partners begin to notice the differences more than the likenesses between themselves. Mary doesn't like to cook; Joe doesn't like to work; Mary likes to talk too much; Joe likes to be quiet; Mary likes company; Joe likes sports. This is where reason should step in to perfect one another's love.

A young couple married about six years asked me to be present while they renewed their marriage vows at home. It was their anniversary. Candles were placed on the mantle with a crucifix in the center. Devoutly they exchanged their marriage vows again. As they kissed each other, I remarked: "It's almost like your wedding day, except you have no-witnesses; maybe we should have brought the three youngsters down as witnesses." The wife burst forth laughing with: "They're not witnesses; they are evidence."

There are many other evidences of love which should be explored by the human mind. Essentially love should rise to the height of understanding, serving, sharing and sacrificing. These are the four basic qualities of reasonable affection.

First two people ought to make an effort to understand one another.

Many years ago I walked into a room only to hear the most irritating, screechy rendition of the song "Yankee Doodle," that ever assailed my ears. But wrapped in silent attention was a crowd of admiring listeners. "What's all the noise about?" I blurted out. With fingers to lips and dark looks they shushed me into a corner. I was bewildered. Then the announcer's voice came floating from the radio: "Ladies and gentlemen,

that was Adolf Zimmerman playing 'Yankee Doodle' on a tire pump." With that I understood the admiration of the group.

The home is the first place a person learns about practical psychology. You learn not only the defects, but the abilities and wants of an individual. If love must understand; it must also serve. Physically, men and women are different; psychologically they are different; emotionally they are poles apart; and then there are so many individual differences. These differences reveal aptitudes that make one person complementary to the other, so that one can serve the other better.

About twenty years ago, a man was lying in a hospital bed after an operation when he became delirious. Friends had made the mistake of mixing a recent anaesthetic with more recent "Four Roses" The patient was wild with frenzy and superhuman strength. Nurses, orderlies and visitors, all eight in number, tried to restrain the sick man. There was fear that he might break open the incision. The room was filled with excitement and noise; and as the man was ready to leap from the bed, Sister Margaret walked in. "What do you want, John," she asked softly. "I want to see my mother," he barked belligerently. She took John by the arm and walked down the corridor with him pointing to

each doorway saying: "Does she live here, or here, or here." Each time he replied "no." After making a tour of the floor and all the other rooms, she brought John back to his own bed. "Now take a good rest and tomorrow we'll look on some other street." The onlookers were amazed at the skill of the nun who calmed the frenzied man, with the magic question: "What do you want?"

Love at home should always ask: "What do you want?" "How can I serve you?" "What do you need?" "If you understand another, you will know what that person wants and needs. You will know what irritates, what pleases, what hurts, what delights. This is the way the mind will elevate the feeling of affection and give it a finer form. When you give what another wants you usually share what you possess; these two go hand in hand. But both sharing and wanting demand sacrifice.

Often has it been said that there is no love without sacrifice. It is a truism that needs deeper belief and practice. If you seek your own comfort and convenience and that is your philosophy of life, you will be doomed to disappointment. If you are spending your days avoiding responsibilities, chores, obligations and sacrifices, you are running from reality, you are ruining a real life. Most people do this in part; assuming

some responsibilities, shirking others.

One family that was trying to teach the children the spirit of sacrifice in Lent met with a minor violation, When Junior was caught eating a piece of candy. "Look, son," the father scolded, "you promised not to eat candy during Lent." The boy began to defend himself . . .

Perfect love is achieved through perfect sacrifice. And perfect sacrifice can only be rooted in a spiritual foundation. Lifting up one's love lastly means raising it up to God in prayer and dedication; making it supernatural. Love begins by being emotional, physical; then it rises to the rational plane and now it must seek its ultimate goal, the spiritual heights. Love is a search for God. And marriage is a school of love. All life is a school of love; this is the place where we are supposed to learn to love God. A child learns to love its parents; then a young man learns to love a partner; as a father he learns a new kind of love, that for a child; all these kinds of love accumulate within his mind and heart to show him how we must love God with our whole mind, heart and soul.

In monasteries and diocesan seminaries, this same goal of loving God is achieved in another way. A friar or a monk in his ascent to God, goes a little more quickly; he skips a

few of the steps that a married person usually takes. Like a man running hurriedly, the friar and the seminarian take two or three steps at a time. They give up their parents, friends, a family of their own to go more directly to God. But the goal is the same. God. Our love should be measured by the object. If the object of your affection is drink, it is weak; if it is money, it is cheap; if it is power, it is cruel; if it is pleasure; it is not happy. All the love of the world, the love in each heart is meant for God. This is how love should be lifted up to its fulfillment.

When little Susan was first taken to church, she was taught by her parents to place a coin in the collection basket. This one Sunday, because of her good behavior she was given two nickels, one for the collection and one for herself. Fascinated by this windfall of wealth, she kept taking the money out of her little toy purse. The inevitable happened when one of the nickels fell to the pavement and trickled through the grating. As it disappeared, Susan exclaimed: "Mommy, there goes God's nickel."

It just has to be God's nickel. It is always what belongs to God that has to go. Our human love, one for another, must teach us to erase our selfish inclinations. Our human love must teach us to love wholeheartedly. We must not deny

God his due. God has loved us first. He has given us so much, that we shouldn't bargain or cheat in paying back what we owe Him.

At the Wedding Feast of Cana, Christ worked His first miracle. When the young couple were married on that day, they embarked upon a search for God together. It was then that Christ embarked upon His public life to work for the salvation of men to raise their hearts and minds and lives to God. He changed the water into wine as a symbol that the water of earthly love should be transformed into the wine of Divine Love. It was Christ who made the difference at that wedding banquet. Christ always makes the difference in your love. Love should be restored to the heart of God whence it came and it is Christ Who through His love will help us with the restoration.

In Palestine there are two seas that are fed from the same river. The River Jordan flows into the Sea of Galilee, and then onward to the Dead Sea. The Sea of Galilee is fresh, clean, alive with life within its bosom and on its shores. Fish abound in it; and people and vegetation reveal the marvelous life that beautifies its margins. This is the sea that receives the water from the Jordan and then gives out generously of its own fullness into another river of water which forms the Dead Sea. The

Dead Sea has no outlet; grudgingly it keeps all the water it receives; but it is dead, stagnant, robbed of life within and without. Christ traversed the Sea of Galilee; not the Dead Sea. These twin bodies of water are a symbol of Love that is living and selfless and one that

is selfish and dead. Love must be like the Sea of Galilee receiving and giving and blessed with the presence of Christ that it might be lifted up to God. With your whole heart, your whole mind, and your whole soul, lift up your love.

God be with you.

SENSE OF SHAME

Address Delivered on March 27, 1955

If you were to hide a leaf, where would you hide it? If you were to hide a grain of sand, where would you conceal it? Put a leaf among leaves and the grain of sand among the sand on the beach and you'll never find them. That's how a lot of people hide their sins, in a heap of other sins.

There is a type of person who doesn't go to church because he has sinned. In Christ's estimation that is the person who has one added reason for being in church. No man who has sin on his soul should feel like a hypocrite because he is in church; but, once in church, he who is in church should feel like a hypocrite for having sin on his soul. (A hypocrite is like a straight pin, he points one way and heads another.) A man can easily overcome being a hypocrite if he admits his guilt and sin. Christ was accused of associating with sinners, both in life and in death. He was always waiting for a sinner to show some sorrow and repentance. "It is not the healthy who need a physician, but they who are sick—for I have come to call sinners, not the just."

About ten years ago a young serviceman came and sat next to me in the smoker of a train between Pittsburgh and Wash-

ington. "You a priest?" he said a little uncertainly. "Yes, I am." There was a pause and then: "You a Catholic priest?" with a good bit of emphasis. When I assured him I was he leaned closer and said confidentially: "You know, Catholic priests are the smartest people in the world." "They are!" I exclaimed with surprise. "Yeah and you know why—it's because people tell them everything on Saturday afternoon."

Just to keep the record straight, I would like to say that priests do not know everything. But there are a few things that they know quite well. They are especially sure of this fact; that a right sense of shame helps to get rid of sin and prevents one from sinning.

There is only one case where I heard of a priest being an amateur detective; that is in the Father Brown stories written by G. K. Chesterton. To some extent each priest is a spiritual sleuth trying to bring back to God prisoners of love. But in his work he depends upon the spiritual criminal to catch himself in the act of committing the crime, or later to give himself up. This is where the sense of shame comes into the picture.

Can you imagine shadowing

yourself? With flashlight in hand, (that's your conscience) you should do a bit of investigating, because there are some crimes of thought and desire that no one will discover but yourself.

A youngster of twelve ran into a drugstore, picked up the phone and said: "Mr. Schultz, do you need a good errand boy in your grocery store?" The voice at the other end was heard to say: "No mine son, I already have a good vun; he is doing goot job. Thank you." The druggist who overheard the call said to the boy: "Tommy, would you like to work for me; I need someone around here." "Oh no, Mr. Coleman," he said, "I have a job; I work for Mr. Schultz; I was just checking on myself to see if I am doing all right."

Various kinds of shame form a kind of check on our daily actions. There are five kinds of shame: 1. There is natural shame that arises from wholesome self-respect; 2. False shame that rises from human respect, what others might say. 3. True shame that arises from respect for God's will and a fear of God. 4. Shame of conscience that comes from the inner voice that tells us — "it's a sin." 5. Abnormal shame that arises from an exaggerated feeling of guilt.

Whenever a person talks of shame these days, most of you think of modesty. But shame is to be really associated with

guilt, shortcomings, or impropriety or some unworthy action; it is a painful feeling, emotion or consciousness arising from some act. When everyone is stressing self-expression and the accent is on freedom; it is not popular to speak of guilt and blame. This attitude is due to Freud in some measure, who wrote: "Even before the advent of puberty certain impulses have undergone the most energetic repression under the impulse of education, and mental forces like shame, disgust and morality are developed, which, like sentinels, keep the repressed wishes in subjection." What in heaven is wrong with the sense of shame and morality? Is it not a form of repression and inhibition to inhibit the sense of shame?

If you are obliged to do something like going to Mass, to obey your parents, why that is supposed to give you an inferiority complex or a compulsion complex. Some time ago a young newspaper boy came into a hospital room. "What are you going to be when you grow up?" I asked. "Oh, maybe a doctor, or a lawyer, or banker, maybe—but gee, you have to study so much and I can't read and spell too good."

"Why spelling isn't too tough," I said. "Why don't you do the way I did. Take the word 'rheumatism.' Just repeat it about twenty times and you have it down pat."

Billy looked at me disgustingly and waved his hand: "Ah, you're just forcin' yourself to spell *that way*."

That is the modern generation's attitude to life; you mustn't be forced to do things, and you shouldn't be made to feel bad. It's the world's way of running away from punishment, guilt and sin; — Sin is such an unprogressive idea and word; you must be practical and utilitarian; therefore deny sin, because without it you make things easy and get things done. So the modern mind teaches: it is not a sin to kill unborn babies — it's eugenics and race selection; it is not a sin to kill off old people — why that's an act of mercy euthanasia, to make is sound good; it's not a sin to take away people's money in questionable ways — that's just good business.

And as for guilt: Well, do you want everyone to have a guilt complex? Why a child is too young to be blamed; and an adolescent is too mixed up and ignorant to be responsible; and a mature person is too busy and under too much pressure to be guilty of wrongdoing; and old people are too senile, too feeble-minded to commit a crime.

And when it comes to punishment, do you want to hurt someone's personality? Actually if the person is hurt more than the personality, the personality wouldn't feel it so much.

The world is so good, so kind;

it has its own kind of confessional which whitewashes sin by denying its existence or by not admitting the guilt. No one is to be accused; only excused. This is a world of saints without guilt, sin and punishment.

Let us put aside irony and sarcasm and face the facts. Let's be practical. Pick up your daily newspaper, and its front page will read like a page out of the Catechism telling you of original sin and its consequences. Murder, rape, divorce, juvenile delinquency, robbery, perjury: Are these virtues or vices? The desire for notoriety, fame, popularity, attention that grips this nation makes one wonder. What this country needs is not a good five cent cigar; we have enough smoke and dust in our eyes; this country and the whole world needs a wholesome moral sense that will make one recognize sin for what it is; a sense of guilt that will make one feel sorry for what he has done; a sense of guilt that will make one feel responsible for his actions.

Shortly before His death Christ spoke lovingly to His apostles. He began to map out their work; "It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you but if I go, I will send him to you. And when he is come, he will convince the world of sin, and of justice and of judgment."

To know that you have done wrong is not the road to an inferiority complex. It will reveal that you are inferior. But you are. We are all inferior to the angels; inferior to what man should be. If you do not know or cannot see the dirt on the window; the window will never be cleaned. If you don't acknowledge the wart on your nose, you will never have it removed. If you don't admit your faults, you will never improve. "If you think you have no faults, that is probably the worst one you have."

I would like to tell you about how I once robbed a bank. I was in desperate need of money. Armed with a screw driver and pen-knife I quietly sneaked into the building, found the drawer with the strong box. My screwdriver did the rest. I pried open my piggy bank and stole 5 cents from myself. I think it was licorice candy that was my weakness. Later this same act was repeated; my mother, while dusting, noticed the run on the bank since it was getting lighter. So, one day she said to me: The bank's getting lighter. With great surprise I said: "Is that right?" "Well, maybe it was the plumber or someone around the house." "You never can tell who it might have been." As the years rolled on, the thought that maybe mother believed that the plumber did it, worried me. She might have leaned over the

fence and told the neighbors. So I broke down and told her. She laughed and said—"I knew it all the time."

That's the way it is with wrongdoing and crime, large or small. Everyone, God, your neighbor, all about you know; only you keep yourself in the dark. With an ostrich-conscience you bury your spiritual sight in the worldly sand to hide from yourself, while everyone else sees and knows so well. Murder will out. It is better for you and God to know it, because God is a kinder judge than man.

People usually react in one of three different ways to the sins or crimes they commit. They have an exaggerated sense of guilt; no sense of guilt; or an adequate sense of guilt. If a person attends a dinner and accidentally dips his coat sleeve in the gravy and then feels deep shame at having stolen some food; that is an exaggerated guilt. There is no sin but a scrupulous sense of shame. If that person steals a hundred dollars from his host and walks out of the house blissfully without a pang of conscience and has no regret or sorrow, he acts abnormally. The normal reaction appears when a man who has stolen a hundred dollars from his host and realizes the crime and feels sorrow and shame for having committed it. Shame is natural to man and universal

to the human heart. Else there exists an abnormality.

Conscience can become hardened like water becoming ice. The first film of ice is scarcely perceptible. Keep the water stirring and you will prevent the ice from hardening it. But once it films over and remains so, it thickens and at last becomes so solid that a wagon might be drawn over the frozen water. So it is with conscience. It films over gradually, and at last becomes hard; and then it can bear a weight of iniquity.

Many people do not like to awaken or disturb their conscience. They run from it like the man who read so much about the bad effects of drinking, that he gave up reading for the rest of his life.

A Capuchin missionary went up into the mountains to take a census among his parishioners. It was a warm climate and a hot day. As he entered the humble and poor dwelling a child of two came running to the door attired in nothing but a hat. "Johnny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," the mother scolded him—"take off your hat when the priest comes in."

It is a case of misplaced shame, which is better than no shame at all. Adam and Eve felt shame after they had sinned. They tried to hide it, to transfer it. Adam blamed Eve

for his crime; Eve blamed the devil in her confusion; but the devil with no shame or sorrow, only delight, received the blame and took pleasure in it. Show me the man without shame and I'll show you a beast instead of a human. It is most natural and human to err and to admit the error and repent. The dodge of blaming others is usually a sign of guilt. The woman taken in adultery was about to be stoned. Christ intervened: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." There came a time when these same accusers gathered stones to cast at Christ. Shame and blame are native to fallen man who seeks God. Let us not convince others of sin, Let us convince ourselves of sin.

A three year old theologian and myself were engaged in discussing such childish things as the universe, God, and philosophical questions like: Why are you here and what are you doing? Christ had just asked me why I wore a dress, was I married, did I have children, and what did I do. "I explained that I was trying to help people and trying to change the world."

He looked at me solemnly for a moment and shook his head. "You can't do it," he said seriously. I said—"Can't do what?"—He said—"You can't change the world." "The world won't like it." "People won't like it" and "God won't like it."

The more I thought over his

remarks the more I realized how difficult it is to change existing patterns and habits unless you change the person. Or better still, unless the person changes himself. Self-reform is the answer to — world-reform. We shall lessen the sins of the world and its institutions when personal sin will be realized and confessed by each individual.

When anyone denies the existence of sin in his personal life or in the world at large, there is always some hidden reason or motive. A defense mechanism is set up within the mind. Either you blame your teacher, parents, heredity, environment, institutions or the weather; sometimes you blame your neighbor or your poor weak body; frequently you start to rationalize like this: "Others are as bad as I am." You did it, too." "Others are worse than I am." "I couldn't help it, I was sick." One of the most common causes of a lessening sense of shame and sin is that standards and ideals are permitted to change and lower.

A woman called in painters to do her apartment while she left for a two-week vacation. She pointed to an ash-tray. "Now paint the whole room just that shade of green on that ash-tray." With that she left. The painters mixed their paints but could not match the color of the ash-tray. After two days of experimenting one of the tobacco-chewing experts said —

"Look, let's paint the ash-tray our own shade and then paint the apartment." They changed the standard when they couldn't meet it.

If a man changes the standards and ideals he has lived by, usually he changes them for the worse. He becomes a law unto himself, and only human respect can shame him into some practical pattern of living. "What will the neighbors say," becomes the measure of action.

Saint Peter became the victim of this kind of shame. Human respect, that vicious monster, more cruel than the justice of God, made Peter deny Christ not once, but three times. A simple maid-servant made Peter flinch and shrivel before others, so that he swore and denied his Master: "I know not the man," he shouted with an oath. Then Christ passed by and looked upon Peter. When Peter saw Christ, human respect gave way to the respect for God. The noblest of all shame, the only shame of having sinned and denied his Lord and Master gripped the soul of Peter.

The shame of Peter stands in stark contrast to the shamelessness and brazenness of Judas. There is no more dangerous man than one without a sense of shame. An alcoholic, a profligate, a murderer, a thief, who has lost all respect for God and others has lost his sense of shame. Judas was a thief; he

had stolen from the common treasury of the apostles; if ever he had a feeling of shame, it slowly vanished with each evil deed. Human respect could have helped him; but he cared not what his fellow-apostles thought; he cared not what the high-priests thought. Respect for God was buried beneath a monomania for gold and silver. Self-respect had long been routed by a hardened conscience. He went to confession, but in the wrong place; he returned to the high priests, flung the money down and screamed: "I have sinned by betraying innocent blood." Everyone confesses his sins somewhere, many without sorrow and contrition, through boasting and brazenness, through despair and hate.

Judas should have confessed to Christ whom he offended. He hated his sin only because he hated himself.

A little girl hearing for the first time the story of Judas' betrayal of Christ, sat in wrapt attention as the parish priest described how Judas finally went out and hanged himself on a tree. The story ended, she jumped to her feet: "Father, I know what I would have done if I had been Judas—I would

have hanged myself about the neck of Christ."

The heart of this child and the heart of every man should fill with true sorrow and repentance at the sight of Christ on the Cross. No man can look at Christ on the Cross and say—"there is no sin." Christ died between two sinners; one with shame in his heart; the other without shame. The Good Thief rebuked the other for his lack of respect and shame and guilt. "Dost thou not ever fear God?" Dismas, the good thief, who acknowledged his sin and guilt and punishment, was saved.

Like the Good Thief — the world must face its sin and guilt. The place where Christ was crucified was called Calvary, which means the skull. As the cross on which Christ died was planted deep and imbedded in the earth, so too must the cross with its shame and suffering be deeply rooted in our minds and thoughts, so too must sin and guilt be rooted in the mind of the world, to convince the world that the Cross of Calvary had its roots in the guilt and sin of the human mind and heart.

God be with you.

THE PURPOSE OF THE CATHOLIC HOUR

(Extract from the address of the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes at the inaugural program of the Catholic Hour in the studio of the National Broadcasting Company, New York City, March 2, 1930.)

Our congratulations and our gratitude are extended to the National Council of Catholic Men and its officials, and to all who, by their financial support, have made it possible to use this offer of the National Broadcasting Company. The heavy expense of managing and financing a weekly program, its musical numbers, its speakers, the subsequent answering of inquiries, must be met . . .

This radio hour is for all the people of the United States. To our fellow-citizens, in this word of dedication, we wish to express a cordial greeting and, indeed, congratulations. For this radio hour is one of service to America, which certainly will listen in interestedly, and even sympathetically, I am sure, to the voice of the ancient Church with its historic background of all the centuries of the Christian era, and with its own notable contribution to the discovery, exploration, foundation and growth of our glorious country . . .

Thus to voice before a vast public the Catholic Church is no light task. Our prayers will be with those who have that task in hand. We feel certain that it will have both the good will and the good wishes of the great majority of our countrymen. Surely, there is no true lover of our Country who does not eagerly hope for a less worldly, a less material, and a more spiritual standard among our people.

With good will, with kindness and with Christ-like sympathy for all, this work is inaugurated. So may it continue. So may it be fulfilled. This word of dedication voices, therefore, the hope that this radio hour may serve to make known, to explain with the charity of Christ, our faith, which we love even as we love Christ Himself. May it serve to make better understood that faith as it really is—a light revealing the pathway to heaven; a strength, and a power divine through Christ; pardoning our sins, elevating, consecrating our common every-day duties and joys, bringing not only justice but gladness and peace to our searching and questioning hearts.

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