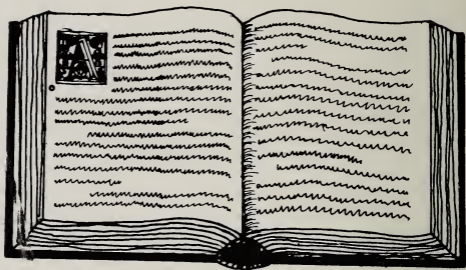


~~Trappist, A. Raymond, Father, 1903~~  
Do want life and love?  
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A  
TRAPPIST  
ASKS

*Do You  
Want  
Life and Love  
?*

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*Do You  
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?*

NIHIL OBSTAT:

FR. M. ALBERICUS WULF, O.C.S.O.

FR. M. MAURICE MALLOY, O.C.S.O.

*Censores*

IMPRIMI POTEST:

✠ FREDERICUS M. DUNNE, O.C.S.O.

*Abbas B.M. de Gethsemani*

NIHIL OBSTAT:

MSGR. HENRY F. DUGAN, J.C.D.

*Censor Deputatus*

die 8a Julii, 1941.

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✠ JOSEPH E. RITTER, D.D.

*Episcopus Indianapolitanus*

die 9a Julii, 1941.

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*(Third Printing, 1946)*

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TO  
*FATHER M. MAURICE, O.C.S.O.*  
of the Priory of  
OUR LADY OF THE VALLEY  
who as  
“CENSOR DEPUTATUS”  
has always been a  
MOST GENEROUS BROTHERLY  
COLLABORATOR.

*“Quam bonum et quam jucundum. . .”*

*“A brother helped by a brother. . .”*

## FOREWARNING

Herein you will find medicine that is needed, but medicine that is not easy to take. The pills are not sugar-coated, nor are the bitter draughts disguised. But if this medicine is taken the individual will profit, both as an individual and as a member of the great Mystical Body of Christ.

The prescription has been written for all Catholics but especially for those who are in the maelstrom of modern worldiness and are caught in the vortex because they are too close to the whirlpool and not close enough to Christ.

It is an earnest effort to make clear in a simple and reasonable way the need you have of Christ in the Eucharist in your daily life as an antidote to the paganizing influences all around you. It is planned to build up a healthy spiritual resistance to such and to enable you to live the robust Catholic life our Faith calls for.

Again I say it is strong medicine and bitter, too; but if you take it, it will make you well! Try it!

*Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani*  
*Feast of Our Lady's Visitation*  
*July 2, 1941*



## **Do You Want Life and Love?**

If so, be true to yourself! Know what you are, why you are, and where you are going. Then make proper use of those means which will enable you to arrive at your real destination.

If you want life, beware of imitations. If you want love, avoid love's base counterfeits. But to do either, you must first know yourself.

What are you?—Merely a human being?—Never! Your origin was not merely human and your destiny is something divine. From human parents came your body, but your soul is a breath of God. And once you were baptized you were incorporated in Jesus Christ, the God-Man. You are an inhabitant of earth, it is true, but your real home is heaven. That is why one may call you a being who is "human and divine," and say that if you would be perfectly natural, you must be supernatural, and if you would be true to your complete self, you must be more than human, you must be partly divine.

Do you see what that means?—It means that most people's concept of life is inadequate and their notions of love untrue. It means that if you want to live you must feed yourself with Food Divine, and if you want real love you must lay hold of grace and open your arms to God. But to do either, you must beware of imitations and

### **Avoid The Common Catholic Heresy**

"What is that?" you ask.

Just this: that RELIGION is only an *appendage* to life, a mere *plus* to life's other activities.

That is the 'heresy' that many practicing Catholics are actually living, although they would never acquiesce to its bald statement. Ask them, however, who are the successful Catholics and you will listen to a litany of governors, senators and mayors, of doctors, lawyers and judges, of successful writers, speakers and radio-artists who were baptized in the Catholic Church. These people think that success is measured by the material; and that Catholic success consists in money, fame, power or position *plus religion*. That is what I call 'heresy.'

Why, you will even hear some who hold high office in our educational institutions speak of the successful Catholic school as the one that teaches "all that the secular institutions of learning teach *plus religion*." And that is rank heresy!

You see the type of mind these people have, and you recognize their error. Avoid it by realizing that Religion is NOT a mere appendage to life. IT IS life! And he alone is really alive who is living religiously. He alone has true love who is clinging to God. You can be the same and you can have the same if you will always

### Look For The Genuine

It is not just life that you want. No. You want success in life. And that is perfectly licit and laudable. But to attain to real success you will have to be absolutely *orthodox*.

Do you know what that means?—It means avoid the common Catholic heresy alluded to above. It also means that you will have to change your idea of success.

Here comes some strong pabulum now, and it will call for hard swallowing; but I trust that you want life and love, and I know that there is only one way to both. It is by looking for the genuine!

Tell me, whom do you call a success in life? Is it not the captain of industry, the master of men, the individual who has fought his way to the top? Certainly. But what of the captain of his soul, the master of himself? What of him who has done fierce battle with pride, covetousness and lust, with anger, envy, gluttony and sloth? What of him who has fought his sinful self down to the very abyss of self-annihilation. Why, in the hurly-burly of your mad, materialistic, modern world you hardly notice such. A John D. Rockefeller, an Andrew Carnegie and a J. Pierpont Morgan you understand, and with such feel some sort of kinship. Why, you even understand the vaulting ambition of a Stalin, a Mussolini and a Hitler. But a Cure of Ars, a Little Flower, a Benedict Joseph Labre—these are beyond your ken. Why?—Because you have not been looking for the genuine and the true!

Come now, and tell me honestly, who was the real success in life—was it Benedict Joseph Labre, that vermin-ridden vagabond who spent his years as an unclean beggar shuttling between the shrines of France and Rome, but who died a saint, or the fastidious dandy of the same day and age who won the respect and subservience of his cringing contemporaries because of his fame, position or wealth, but who to-day is “unwept, unhonored and unsung”? Who was the real success in life—that little French girl who buried herself alive in a convent of Carmelite nuns so as to be nearer and nearer to God, and who to-day is loved by millions who call her “The Little Flower,”

or the beauty of the same day and age who captured the eyes, the minds and the desires of men, but who is now not even a memory? Or strike a more startling contrast by asking: Who was the real success in life—Herod Antipas, Pontius Pilate or the Man who died as a criminal on Golgotha's hill with the mocking inscription over His head, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews"?

You know the answer. And you know who had the genuine and who the mere imitation. Now ask yourself which of the contrasted parties made Religion their lives, and which made it some sort of an appendage. Which of them gave God a chance? Certainly not Pilate who sneeringly said, "What is truth?" Certainly not Herod who robed the Son of God as a fool. But most assuredly He who said to God, "Not my will, but Thine be done," even though that resignation bathed His Body in the crimson dye of His own Blood and nailed Him to the Cross.

Do you begin to recognize real success? It is found in doing the Will of God. And what is the Will of God in your regard? St. Paul tells us plainly. He says, "This is the Will of God—, your sanctification." Holiness! Sanctification! That is life! That means love! That also means that you and I must be like the babe in

## **The Modern Madonna**

Some two months ago, my little sister, (I call her 'little' since she is my junior) made me an uncle for the second time. A short while ago she sent me a picture which I title "The Modern Madonna." In it my sister is mother, and my nephew is child. This Twentieth Century

masterpiece differs from those of the earlier centuries in accidentals only, the coiffure and the dress are changed; but all else, all the essentials, the high lights, the love lights, are the same as in a Raphael, a Dolci or a Bellini. And therein is our lesson. . . . If you want life and love, cling to the Source of your life and love! My little nephew, by an instinct which is the law of his being, is clinging to the source of his life. He wants life and love, and his instinct tells him where to get both; so he clings to his mother.

Learn that lesson and you have learned wisdom from one who is as yet unwise, and how to be rational from one who is as yet only potentially so. The lesson is obvious: If you would become all that God intended you to be, if you would have life and success in life, if you would have love and not love's base counterfeit, you will enter into a union with God as intimate and as vital as that which exists between a mother and the babe in her womb; in very brief, you will *cling to Jesus Christ* in Holy Communion! He is your only hope for success, your only means to sanctification, your one way to true life and real love. Cling to Him and

## Stop Puzzling Heaven

As the Seraphim look down on earth to-day, puzzlement fills their eyes. Not because of the wholesale murder that goes on in Europe; not because of the ceaseless, heartless, relentless struggle between man and man in the economic and political world; no, nor even because of the awful slaughtering that takes place on the very foundation stone of civilization—the union of husband and wife. These things grieve but they do not puzzle the Seraphim,

for they have intellects that pierce to the very heart of things. They know that the greatest sin of society is not the sin of the flesh, not the sin of man against man, or of man against woman, or even of man and woman against mankind. These sins cry to Heaven for vengeance, it is true; but the sin that is at the root of all these, the sin of all sins is the *neglect of God by man!*

That is the sin that puzzles Heaven. And I dare say that that is the root cause of all other sin. And understand me! I am not talking about Atheists, Agnostics or gross Materialists; I am not talking about Bolshevists, Nazis or Fascists; I am talking about Catholics! You are the ones who puzzle Heaven. Angels can understand the totalitarians. Germans, Russians and Italians are no enigma to Seraphim. No. They are only people following a right impulse in the wrong direction. But the Seraphim cannot understand Catholics who are not totalitarian Catholics. Seraphim cannot understand divine-human beings, who have been vivified by a divine Blood transfusion called Baptism, and saved again and again by another divine Blood transfusion called Penance, neglecting the only Food and Drink that will sustain their Catholic lives. Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones, Dominations, Virtues and Powers, Principalities, Archangels and Angels are bewildered by *your neglect of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar*. Can you blame them?

Look! They saw their leader, Lucifer, sin just once. They saw many of their fellow angels follow him in that one sin. And they saw them all hurled from the threshold of Heaven into the deepest pits of Hell. It was a lightning stroke. It almost blinded them; but

they saw in it the Justice of God, and adored Him for it.

They saw our leaders, Adam and Eve, sin; and they looked for the thunderbolt of Justice to flash again and blast these two first human beings into Hell. It would have been divine Justice in operation again, and they could have adored God for it. But instead, they heard the condemnation of the serpent, the banishment of the man and woman, and the promise of a Redeemer. When they caught their angelic breaths and recognized this marvel of divine Mercy, they rejoiced.

Centuries then fled to the night when a whole host of them left Heaven to brighten the fields outside Bethlehem with their splendor and set the night air ringing with "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis"; for a Babe was born who was Christ the Lord. If Angels could envy, they would have envied the human race that night; for God had caught it up and pressed it to His Heart as never Angels had been pressed. More! God had entered into so close a union with humanity that the actions of this tiny human Babe would be the actions of God.

The Angels understood the reaction of the shepherds that night; for they went over to Bethlehem to see these things which had come to pass. But from that night to this, mankind has puzzled Heaven. Angels frown as they see man's lack of appreciation of the closeness of God, and a light of bewilderment fills their eyes as they watch men

## **Spurning The Divine Beggar**

Heaven saw all that happened in Judea those three and thirty years. Angels welcomed

an army of little babes "two years of age and under" to their midst, babes who had been slaughtered because the Divine Babe had been born. And from that moment Angels knew that men were mad. Angels saw the God of life and love become a beggar for life and love. They saw Him beg for a virgin womb in which to be conceived; and Gabriel trembled as Mary asked, "How can this be?" They saw Him beg for a place in which to be born; and their hearts failed them at Bethlehem's closing of doors. They saw Him beg for a place in which to live; and it was one of their number who in anxious fright awakened Joseph and said, "Fly into Egypt." Then came the years at Nazareth, years of begging to be unknown, years that had only one break in them, and that a heart-break for Mary and Joseph, when a Boy of twelve astounded the Doctors in the Temple. It was His first begging to be heard, and as far as we can gather, Angels had reason to be puzzled at the obtuseness of learned men. Nazareth was followed by three years of intense begging. He wanted to be listened to and recognized. He wanted men to know that He was the Son of God, their Messiah; so He begged with that divine beggary of miracles, pleading with men to acknowledge their Redeemer; and Angels wept at the result! One of their number winged his way to Gethsemane to comfort the Divine Beggar who was in a sweat of Blood begging the father to "let the chalice pass." Even that begging failed; and the whole host of Heaven hid behind their wings as man in his madness crucified God.

Down through twenty centuries of time those three and thirty years have had their counterpart as man has turned a deaf ear to the God who begs for his love. No wonder Angels



frown. Jesus Christ so loved man that He died for him; and "greater love than this no man has!" Ah, but Jesus Christ is God and He has a greater love for man than man's love. He gave man's proof of love by dying; He gives God's proof by living. Jesus Christ died; He arose from the dead; He ascended into Heaven; and yet, He would not leave the earth! No. He loves man too much! He must be near man. That is love's way. Nearness is not enough; love craves union! So Jesus Christ became Food and Drink that He might live in man and man might live in Him. The Divine Beggar has beggared Himself. More He cannot do. Omnipotence is important. Infinity has found a term. Inexhaustible Love is exhausted.

Christmas night rocked Heaven. Angels were aghast at the Incarnation. But Holy Thursday night struck them dumb. That God should become a Babe in swaddling clothes was cause for overwhelming surprise; but that God should bury Himself in Bread and become the very Food of man dazzled and stupefied the nine choirs of Heaven's court. And yet, great as was God's action, they were not completely bewildered by it. No! It took man's reaction to do that! Heaven was not completely bewildered until it saw man's coldness to God's condescension.

Bethlehem closed doors—but Bethlehem did not really know who Joseph was or whom Mary tabernacled. Roman soldiers scourged Christ and hammered Him to a Cross while High priests howled and frenzied Jews mocked;—but none of these fully understood what they did or who He was. But you!—you have made profession after profession of your belief. You say that you know that God is on your altars; that He is there with His Body and

His Blood, His soul and divinity under the guise of Bread and the appearances of Wine. You proclaim to believe that God is Emmanuel—God with us—and yet, you leave Him alone! No wonder Seraphim frown and choir after choir says, “Man-hu”—What is this?

They expect Christians to be paradoxical; for Christ was such. But they do not understand Catholics who are contradictory! They do not understand men and women and even growing children who say that they want life and love, and then deliberately neglect the only Food and Drink that will give them life and love, preserve them in life and love, and augment their lives and their loves! Heaven cannot understand *your neglect of Christ in the Holy Eucharist*. Can you?

### Aren't We The Wise Fools

We gather information on a multiplicity of subjects, become experts in countless lines of endeavor, and neglect the one thing necessary—the life of the soul!

Moderns who can tell the biological function of almost every corpuscle in the body, are so learnedly ignorant that some of them deny the existence of their own soul. Indeed Puck was right! “What fools these mortals be!” But if Puck knew modern Catholics and their neglect of the Eucharist he would say, “What mighty fools these Catholic immortals be!” Why?—Because you are neglecting the only means you have to immortality. Jesus Christ has said, “I am the living Bread . . . if any man eat of this Bread, he shall *live forever* . . . he that eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood hath *life everlasting*.” You believe Him, don't you? He also said, “Amen, amen I say unto

you: Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood *you shall not have life in you.*”—In the face of these quotations what do you say to my original question? In the face of these two solemn assertions of the Son of God what do you reply as I ask: *Do you want life and love?* Behind the white veils of the Eucharist is Life! Behind those white veils is Love! Do you want either?—Then why not approach those white veils more often?

If a babe fed at its mother's breast only once a year, once a month, or even once a week, would it have life? If roses stretched out leafy arms to the sun only once a year, once a month or even once a week, would they grow? If unfledged robins opened wide their baby beaks only once a year, once a month or even once a week, what would happen? Isn't the analogy plain to you? If you are going to feed on the Body of God only once a year or once a month, if you are going to drink His Blood only once a year or once a month, if you are going to establish intimate contact with your sole source of life only once a year or once a month, can you expect to be otherwise than half dead? Do not wonder at the anemia so prevalent in Catholic ranks. Do not marvel at the low-vitality in Catholic Action. Undernourished people will always suffer from inanition! Marvel rather at the infinite patience and the almighty mercy of God! Sacred history repeats itself: "He comes unto His own and His own receive Him not!"

My heart bleeds for what you are doing to God, but it bleeds more profusely for what you are doing to yourself—

## You Are Neglecting Yourself

When you find yourself physically run down, you consult a doctor; and he prescribes something to tone you up. Usually he will have you take the tonic three times a day saying, "your system needs it." Why not be equally prudent regarding your soul? I think that it is at least of equal importance! Why not follow the prescription given by the Divine Physician? It was written for *you*. "Come to Me all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." That is what you need—refreshment! a general toning up of your soul's system! a complete renovation obtained by Food, Drink and Rest.

Father LeBuffe, S.J. in one of the series of his priceless little books, "My Changeless Friend," tells of a person who said, "No, don't call a doctor; I'm too sick. Doctors don't want to see really sick people; and I am really sick." Of course we consider such a man as mad; and yet, does not that express our attitude toward the Divine Doctor of our souls? Do we not seem to say: "No, I won't go to the Divine Physician. My soul is too sick"—or what is much worse—"My soul is in good health." The sicker I am the more I need His healing. The fouler I am the more I need His cleanliness. The weaker I am the more I need His strength. The more cowardly I am the more I need His bravery. The more impure I am the more I need His spotless innocence. Why is it that we forget His own words? He said: "I have come to call not the just but sinners." Why do we fail to heed His invitation? He said: "Come to Me."

It is those who are ill that need the Physician; and you and I, because of the world, our own flesh and the devil, are in constant

danger of contracting a deadly disease and falling into a mortal sickness. Father LeBuffe would not have to fictionize about soul-sickness if he knew us. In writing, "No, don't call the doctor; I'm too sick," he has touched us off to the life!

We know that we came from God, and we know that we have to go back to God. That is life's cycle, and no matter how few one's years may be, that is a mighty journey for every soul. Speculatively, you admit this. But then you go out and act as if it were only idle speculation. Of what a neglect of self you are guilty no matter how great your selfishness! You need food for your journey! You need "Viaticum," and God has become just that—our journey's Food, our Viaticum. And we? We go hungry, then wonder why we faint on the way.

Have you ever read the Third Book of Kings? If not, read it today. Read the seventh verse of the nineteenth chapter. It tells of Elias and how "the angel of the Lord came and touched him and said: Arise, and eat; for thou hast yet a long way to go. And he arose and ate, and drank, and walked in the strength of that food . . . unto the mount of God. . ." When you have read, lay the lesson to your heart. Take those words as spoken to yourself, for you have yet a great way to go. Indeed you have! You have to go to the grave, then cross the great divide, then on and up to the Throne of God, and finally, down the infinite stretch of eternity. So, arise and eat! Arise early in the morning and eat and drink the Bread and the Wine that God has provided for your journey. Take your Viaticum, and I promise that in the strength of that Food you shall walk unto the Mountain of God! Don't neglect yourself any longer. It

may prove fatal. Remember that God is your Emmanuel not so much to be adored as to be eaten! He is your Viaticum, your journey's Food. So, **ARISE AND EAT**, then you will be

### **Able To Do Battle**

Life is a journey; that, no one can doubt. But it is a journey taken through an enemy's country; and that is why holy Job could say: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare." For the most part it is guerrilla warfare, and the relentlessness of the struggle coupled with the isolation of our combat positions tends to make even the bravest of us falter. To fight shoulder to shoulder with men of bone and muscle is comparatively easy; to go "over the top" with the rest of the company or to charge the enemy stronghold with the rest of the battalion is not so terribly difficult; but to fight on alone! to battle day in and day out with Hell's uncanny enemy; to have to walk steadily onward, expecting every thicket to be an ambuscade and every turn in the road, an enemy trap; and to do all this alone—that calls for stamina that is superhuman. And yet, that is life! It cannot be done alone! No. It can only be done successfully by walking shoulder to shoulder with the All-conquering Christ.

Face the facts. The world is massed against you. They tell me that the combined forces of fashion and mass production have set up a dictatorial tyranny regarding dress that has robbed the world of decency, womanhood of modesty and youth of its sense of shame; that the blatant vulgarity of prurient advertising militates against anything like a chaste mind, a pure imagination and a clean heart; while the profitable pandering to what is low in

recreation and reading promises to despoil our entire country of the very idea of personal purity. It is a day of naked bodies and naked souls! How can you keep the Catholic ideal of spotlessness before you when highways are bill-posted and street cars are placarded with incitements to sin? How can you do it when over the air, from the stage and on the screen comes smut? How can you do it when your smart newspaper columnists and your feature writers for magazines give you sophisticated, foul suggestiveness? How can you do it when your bathing beaches, your board-walks and even your Main Streets have become show-places for indecency, along which there is a constant parade that is an open invitation for you to be impure. How can you be clean of heart in the midst of this merciless and unrelenting attack? From what I hear one might well suspect that a conspiracy against chastity has been hatched in which all the cunning of Hell and all the lasciviousness of earth have joined hands to drive the very idea of personal cleanliness and public decency from the universe, and that our present generation is seeing its most concerted and concentrated barrage. Let me tell you that you will not be, for you cannot be, clean in this your day unless. . . unless, I say, you eat the Bread that makes strong and drink the Wine that germinates virgins, and do it frequently!

Paganism, with all its immodesty, indecency and impurity is all around you; and the only One who has ever combated and conquered Paganism is the Man who one night "took bread and blessed and broke and gave to His disciples and said: Take ye and eat. This is My Body. And taking the chalice, He gave thanks and gave to them saying: Drink ye all of this. For this is My Blood." It is the

same Jesus who opened His Public Life by saying: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." At the close of His Public Life He gave you and me the means! Do you want to be blessed? Do you want to be clean of heart? Do you want to see God?—Then, "take and eat!" and "drink ye all of this!"

Do be good to yourself! Remember that during His life on earth the healing touch of His Body gave the rapture and revelation of sunlight to those who had become blind or were born so;—and let me tell you that there is such a thing as *soul blindness*! Remember that the touch of His Body opened the wondrous world of melody to ears that had never heard;—and *souls* can become *deaf*! Remember that it was the touch of His Body that gave soundness of limb to the lame and set the feet of the halt dancing;—many a *soul* has become *crippled*! Never forget that it was the touch of that same Body that struck off the scales from hideous leprous flesh and brought back again the ruddy glow of health to those who had to go through life calling out "Unclean! Unclean!"—and the world is full of *spiritual lepers*! Never forget that it was the touch of His hand and the call of His voice that lifted the son of the widow of Naim from his bier, the daughter of Jairus from her couch of death and brought Lazarus stumbling forth from his tomb;—humanity is replete with weeping widows, grieving parents, and sisters who sob: "Hadst Thou been here. . . ." Indeed humanity needs that life-giving Humanity of Christ! And humanity has It in the Eucharist. So, be good to yourself! If you want life—take Him! If you want health—touch Him! If you want happiness, holiness, real love—they are yours! Jesus Christ, the



Wonder-worker of Galilee, the world's greatest Miracle-Man, Jesus Christ, your God, can be touched daily. And the point is that His Humanity, now glorified, has lost some of its power to transform! If you want real life and love, prove it. . .

## Be A Practical Catholic

The Church is crowded with speculative Catholics, those who gave an intellectual assent to all the truths of our religion; but the Church is not crowded with practical Catholics. The truths of our Faith call for more than intellectual acceptance; they demand external execution. They are dynamic entities, not static facts. They call for energy and action even more than assent. Most of us *know* the mysteries of our religion; but few of us *live* them. If we did, they would exercise a dominant influence on our whole make-up; we would feel them penetrate, rule and regulate the whole realm of our judgments, decisions, acts and desires; if we did, we would soon cease to be anemic Christians and become red-blooded, full-blooded, fiery-blooded Catholics; we would cease to look at everything from a purely egoistic and earthly viewpoint and begin to view them from an eminence, looking on all things in their relation to our attainment of God. If we lived our religion, our lives would be religious; that is, we would be God-conscious, God-centered, God-absorbed souls; we would be men and women bound by the indissoluble bonds of religion to the Infinite One; we would be lovers hurrying back to the Beloved!

Let us be brutally honest with ourselves. Do not most of us look upon Heaven as something to be accorded us if we ascent to certain

propositions and perform certain definite acts of religion at definite times and periods? Do not most of us feel that we have discharged our duty toward our Religion when we say our prayers, go to Mass on Sunday and perform our Easter duty? Have we not made some sort of a queer distinction between The Church and God, between our religious duties and the homage we owe the Deity? To be harshly bald about it all, do we not think of Heaven as something we can snatch if we manage to receive the Sacraments in the proper dispositions just before we breathe our last

Of course, we are orthodox in such a belief; and yet, it is a way of looking at things that is perilously close to being false. The Good Thief is not our model. Jesus Christ is! God meant us to purchase eternal life by **LIVING** in a certain manner, rather than by **DYING** in a certain manner. His Church is not so much a Bona Mors Society as it is a Bona Vita! Calvary is the focal point of our Religion, but let it be remembered that of the three crosses on Calvary, only one is a model death-bed—the one in the center! For that was a consummation of a good life.

St. Bernard has a very apt remark about the Good Thief. He says “there was *one*—lest we despair; there was *only* one—lest we presume.” But apart from that, let us be practical. We were born to praise, reverence and serve God from the dawn of reason, not to acknowledge Him only with our last breath. We were made to the image and likeness of God, but Original Sin defaced that marvel, making our life’s work a work at restoring the Original, repairing the ruined Masterpiece, bringing out every line and subtle shadow of this work of Omnipotence in all its beautiful relief.

All of which is but another way of saying what the Catechism says to the basic questions of life: Whence? Why? and Whither? We learned the answers long ago. We have not lived them. If we had, no one need tell us that there is only one success in life, and that, sanctity; no one need tell us that there is only one means to that success, viz., giving God a chance; no one need plead with us to be good to ourselves. If we had lived those answers, no one need tell us that as roses come from roses and robins from robins, so sanctity can only come from Him who is substantial Sanctity—God; no one need tell us that God is an engraver who uses His Sacraments as tools with which to retrace His image on our souls, or if it be already there, to cut its lines more deeply and more clearly. If we had lived those answers, no one need cry: why are you so ill at ease? why are you unsatisfied with life? why do you fear death?

Is not the one answer to all these pointed questions—Because we have not stayed close to God?

Ah, there is a terrible logic to Catholic living; a logic of sweet fierceness and kindly severity. It is the terrible logic of holy living! It is violent, inexorable, unbending. It knows that not those who say "Lord, Lord" will enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but only those who "do the Will of My Father who is in Heaven." It knows that victory is only to the brave, and the bravest are those who know themselves to be cowards and so put their hand into the outstretched hand of the All-conquering Christ and with Him march on to triumph. It is a logic that knows that "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and only the violent bear it away."

That is the logic that must be lived. Life comes only from the living; and Jesus Christ is deathless! Love comes only from the loving; and Jesus Christ had His Heart spear-driven that you might find a way therein. Bread is the staff of life and "wine rejoices the heart of man," hence, bread and wine are transubstantiated "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," that you might have life and love.

Did it ever strike you that your one work in life is to be *transubstantiated*? It is literally true! Just as, by the words of consecration, bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Christ, so that only the appearances remain, so to your life, your soul, your self, your very being is to be *transubstantiated*. If you are a practical Catholic your life is a continual act of consecration; you are always saying "This is my body, this is my blood. Take it, God, and all that goes with it. Take it, for it is wholly yours. Take it, and *transubstantiate me!* Transubstantiate me so that, like the bread and wine, nothing may remain but the appearances. Let the accidents be—my name, my appearance, my specific rôle in life—let these remain; but the substance—change! and change completely. Transform and so completely transubstantiate me that I will be no longer mine but thine; that I may no longer live unto myself, but unto Thee; that I may become another thank-offering to God the Father, another Eucharistic victim to bring life and love, real life and love, to the world!"

That is being a practical Catholic. And that these words of dedication and consecration be not idle words, the practical Catholic goes to the great High-priest, the only One who can, by His own power, transubstantiate. The prac-

tical Catholic goes to Communion wherein a Food is given which, instead of being assimilated, assimilates; instead of being transformed, transforms; instead of being changed into our substance, transubstantiates us into other-Christ. Be a practical Catholic then and

## Be In Tune With The Times

To this point my whole appeal has been personal. I have been begging you to be good to *yourself* by giving God a chance through His Sacrament of life and love to make your life a success and your loves satisfying. Such an appeal strikes a strident note in the song of the day. It falls harshly upon ears that have been attuned to nothing but pleas for a better brotherhood of man, a more animated community spirit, a more vital expression of our social-soul; pleas for a more united living in our local, state and national spheres, a greater consciousness of our oneness as men, our intimate union in the one great human family; altruistic pleas for "a better world of tomorrow" and an unselfish caring for "the generation yet unborn."

You have heard these pleas day in and day out. Nor have they remained in the realm of empty oratory. No, indeed. We have seen them translated into action in every sphere of human endeavor, economic, political, industrial, social and civic. So universal and effective has been this movement that our age is in every way comparable to such epochs as the Fall of the Roman Empire, the end of the Feudal Age, the Reformation and the Renaissance. Ours is a day of change, vast, grave and universal. Revolution has swept the world and the individual has become of little worth.

Unionism, collectivism, totalitarianism have become household words. Solidarity of the group, be it social, civic, industrial, national or racial, has been the endeavor of our times; and a rather successful endeavor. From as seemingly innocent a thing as a Rotary Club we have seen this movement to mass, unite and solidify, sweep to the extreme of the wholesale regimentations of entire peoples. In this revolution the individual has become so totally submerged as to be entirely unthought of. And in that fact lies the strength and the weakness of the revolt. The individual must be thought of first, last and always. For if you are to have a successful united action you must have *individual strength*. And when the masses wake up to the fact that they as individuals, mean nothing to the leaders of these mad modern movements, then we shall have the deluge!

But let me not wander. I have pleaded with you as an individual and for your own individual good. I have shown you your errors in thought and action, and I have shown you the one remedy—Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. But in pleading with you as an individual and for your own individual good, I have been pleading for the masses, the mighty masses of over four-hundred millions of men, women and children, of every age, race, clime, and condition of life, those mighty masses who are united as no other group is or can be united, those masses that have a solidarity in comparison to which Gibraltar is loose and shifting sand. I have been pleading for the *Mystical Body of Jesus Christ!* And in doing so, I have been pleading with you to be in tune with your times.

For let it be known that the movements of our day are correct movements; but they are under false auspices and have been given a

wrong direction. I want revolution. You want revolution. Every Catholic thinker and leader of the day wants world revolution; for our whole life's story from the Birth of Christ until the crack of doom is and will be a story of revolution. We are, have been, and ever will be insurgents. We cannot be otherwise; for our King and Captain is the world's only real revolutionary Leader—He is Jesus Christ. His doctrine is one that calls for complete, universal and world-wide revolution; a rebellion against all that the world hugs and holds up as desirable. He, by His preaching, His Life, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension and Sending the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, overturned every recognized human hierarchy; and His Church has always lived that life and preached that doctrine! But note well that it is a revolution of the masses, for the masses accomplished by the individual, through the individual and for the individual; for it is a revolution based on the primary truths that *the world is reached only through the individual, and that if individuals fail, nations perish!* And let me tell you that individuals will inevitably fail unless they, as individuals, keep in close and constant contact with the greatest Individual who ever lived for, died for and loved the world's countless masses—Jesus Christ!

Mankind must unite. We have heard its groanings for years; and of late have seen these groanings accompanied by violent stirrings. Birth is near. But will it be the birth of a monster or will it be the birth of the Mystical Body of Christ in all its fullness? That is the all important question of our day! The only important one.

The impulse towards unshakable solidarity has manifested itself in a series of "isms" that

have torn the world. The impulse is good. Every Catholic thinker knows the instinct. Mankind wants to become one. It is but following the urge of its being. But as yet it is blind to the proper means. The informed Catholic knows where, and how, complete and absolute solidarity is to be had, a solidarity and a totalitarianism that leaves the movements of Russia, Italy and Germany looking like amateurish efforts to attain an external coherence. The well-informed Catholic knows that we all may be and should be *one*—in Christ Jesus! And the really well-informed knows that the modern movement of the Twentieth Century is just twenty centuries old. It is beautifully expressed, showing the means and the end, in the words of St. Paul, he who had been Saul of Tarsus but who became Christ's firebrand. He said, "The chalice of benediction, which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ And the bread, which we break, is it not the partaking of the Body of the Lord? *For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of one Bread.*"

St. Augustine followed him some four centuries later and said: "The faithful know the Body of Christ, if they do not fail *to be the Body of Christ*. Let them become the Body of Christ if they wish to live. . . . He who wills to live has here the place to live, has here the source of life. Let him approach, let him be incorporated, *that he may receive life*."

And we, in our own humble way, echo these giants of God as we ask you: *Do you want life and love?*—If so, receive your God; for as St. Thomas so succinctly says, "The effect of this Sacrament is *union with the Mystical Body of Christ*"; and you yourself know that



a member not joined to the body dies! Be in tune with the times then and cry:

## Give Us Something White

We have had too much of red and brown and black, too much of false unionism, too much despair, hatred and death. Give us something white, that we may live and have love.

The world's salvation does not lie under red, black or brown. No! Never! Christ was white on Calvary—bled white by the sins of men—and in that whiteness was our salvation. Christ was white on Thabor—whiter than the snow, more shining than the sun. Christ was white on Easter—white with the glory of a glistening triumph; a triumph that came only through surrender, the surrender of the rich red of His own Blood. Christ is white on our altars—that you and I, and all the world may have whiteness of soul, whiteness of conscience, whiteness of hope, whiteness of life, and a love that has been heated to a heat that glows white. That is what the world needs, and needs badly—the White Christ! And when I say “the world” I mean YOU—for *the world is reached only through the individual!*

Our sorry world needs whiteness—a union of all colors! Our sorry world can have whiteness if the individuals of all colors will fuse themselves in the White Christ; if all men will become vital members of the Mystical Body of the shining white Jesus. O, how we need that whiteness! Red as we are with Communism, brown as we are with Nazism, black as we are with Fascism, we can become pure white with Mysticism, the mysticism of Christ. Look at our sorry old world! It is red with deadly hate, yellowish brown with the jaundice of murderous envy, and black with the ugly

black of despair; and yet, it can be converted to the living of all living, fused in the Body that will never decay, and glow with the brilliant white glow of the glorious Christ! The Holy Eucharist can do it! But man must do HIS PART!

For decades now the world has been crying for political leaders and economic leaders; today it is crying aloud for military leaders; while all the time what the world has needed and yet needs is *Eucharistic leaders!* There is only one Savior of the world and only one means to world salvation. He is Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, today and forever." The Jesus Christ who nineteen hundred years ago became incarnate, and who for nineteen hundred years has remained "incarnate" on our altars, for the sole purpose of giving all men life and love by allowing them to become "incarnated" in Him! The salvation of the world lies in a radical revolution—the total incorporation of all mankind in the Mystical Body of Jesus, the complete transubstantiation of the body and blood of every individual through the Body and Blood of the world's greatest Individual, into a single luminously white Body that will breathe with a breath divine, live with a life divine and love with the Heart of God! The world's revolution is a success and the world's regeneration accomplished when the myriad millions of hungry men and women, who now stand outside the doors of the Church crying for the Bread of Life, are taken in by the other millions who are in the Church and made one bread, one body, because partakers of the One White Bread which is the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

So surfeited have we been with passionate appeals, that we instinctively distrust any-

thing that has a rhetorical swing to it. I am cognizant of that reaction and yet, cannot refrain from becoming passionate as I think of and write about you, the world, and our Mystical Body. When I give you that trinity I am naming a unity; for I am thinking about and writing about our Christ; because there is only ONE Jesus—the WHOLE CHRIST—He, the Head, and we, the myriad members. And when one thinks of Him, one cannot be cool. But lest I seem too generic as I cry and ask you to cry for something white, let me tell you that I am only begging you to be a tiny white corpuscle in the flowing blood plasma of the Mystical Body of Christ. That is how the world's salvation

### **Depends On You**

You know what the blood stream means to the human body—it means its life, its growth, its preservation and its repair. In that blood stream are red and white corpuscles; tiny things, but they contribute tremendously to the well-being of the whole. The analogy, then, is obvious. You are small. You are a lone individual, lost in the surging masses of the world. Though tiny you can contribute tremendously to the well-being of the whole Mystical Body of Christ. If you become white with the whiteness of the Eucharistic Jesus, then you can go out into the sweeping tides of men and bring them life and love as you bring them the health-giving whiteness of Christ.

If you are a Doctor, you will be a Catholic, Christ-like doctor; administering the sacrament of healing after the manner of the Divine Physician and the Good Samaritan. You will know that certain operations are illegal, not because the State forbids them but because

God forbids them. You will know that mercy killings are sinful murder, and that certain practices of Eugenics, purporting to be for the good of the race cannot be performed because they are outrages to the sanctity of the individual. In a hundred and one ways you can preach by your practices! In a hundred and one ways you can prove yourself a priest of God, consecrated to minister unto the needs of the soul's garment of clay, the temple of the Holy Ghost. In a hundred and one ways you can be like unto the God in whom you live and move and have your being, provided you take advantage of the One who said: "I am the Way!" Be Eucharistic and you will be a Catholic Doctor, a white corpuscle in the Blood Stream of the Mystical Body; and like the Christ, you will "go about doing good."

If you are a Nurse, more avenues are open to you. You can be all that the Doctor is and more. You are a woman, and to you women will come to talk of womanly troubles. They will play on the sympathy that is yours because you are a woman; and they will ask your information and cooperation in things that should not be! You will be a white corpuscle of Christ by denying the information and refusing the cooperation. Then you will go further. You will lead these tried souls to the truth that Ethics are above Economics; to the truth that an inviolate soul is much better than an intact body; to the truth that selfishness for the sake of God is much better than satisfaction for the sake of man; you will lead them to Him who said: "I am the Truth!" You will tactfully lead them to Him who came forth a Baby from the womb of a woman, and show them that their greatest glory on earth is to be a mother to a member of the Mystical Body of Christ. You will do all this wonder-

ful work of nursing under one condition—that you become whiter than the uniform you wear, that you become as white as the Host that holds your God! You will do all this wonderful work under the one condition that you become thoroughly Eucharistic!

If you are a Lawyer, you will be a Catholic lawyer, an advocate for the world's great Law-giver. You will know that the law of the land is only law when it is a clarification of and in close harmony with the law of God. You will plead for a white righteousness. You will live your legal ethics, remembering that Christ said: "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." You will argue and plead in such a way that those who hear you will say of you what was said to Peter; they will say: "Thou also art one of them, for even thy speech doth discover thee." And though a cock should crow, you will not deny the Galilean. You will hunger and thirst after justice because of the Just One who spoke the eight beatitudes. You will be a white corpuscle whose one work is to bring truth and light and justice to the other members of Christ's Mystical Body.

If you are an Educator, you will glory in bringing light to the minds of youth, and the minds of youth to Him who said: "I am the Light of the world." You will know that there is but one science—and that the science of the saints; that there is but one art—and that the art of living the life of all living, the life of the Mystical Body. You will know that every branch of learning must lead to the trunk and contribute to the one great knowledge—the knowledge of God and of Him whom He sent—Jesus Christ! You will know that education, to be education, must be Christian education, and that means the methodical re-

formation of the child deformed by original sin, in order to conform him to Christ. You will therefore, give a Christian training, and that means a gradual restoration in the soul, heart and mind of man of the Divine Image which has been defaced by sin. You will labor to form Christian characters by purifying the imaginations, strengthening the wills and ennobling the emotions of all that come under your care. You will be wise with the wisdom of Don Bosco who said: "I know but two educational instruments—Holy Communion and the rod; and I have given up the rod!" You will be a leucocyte in the Blood stream of Christ's Mystical Body as you reproduce the Teacher of all teachers, who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

If you are a mother or a father, need I tell you that you can make the world white? Of all the many urgent problems that clamor for attention and demand a correct solution, the most urgent and most clamorous is *the preservation of the family*. Let me tell you that I have many things for which I thank God; but for nothing do I thank Him more heartily than for the father and mother who taught me from earliest boyhood to be a daily communicant, and who insisted that the family break its fast every Sunday morning at the altar rail!

It is very laudable to forbid the filthy newspaper to your home and command the avoidance of the immoral movie; it is highly commendable to watch over the recreations, the associations and the companionships of your young; but let me tell you that you will be laboring in vain to make them clean, keep them clean and raise them right, unless you make them most intimate associates and closest companions to Jesus in the Eucharist.

Mothers and fathers, the healthiness of the Blood stream in Christ's Mystical Body depends almost entirely upon YOU!

But why should I further enumerate? No matter what our walk in life, we all have but one rôle—it is to be militant Catholics, life-giving members of Christ's Mystical Body; it is to

## Be Different

It is the desire to do what others are doing that kills devotion and cripples anything like real Catholic Action. It is human respect that keeps us from becoming divine. It is a cowardliness, a being afraid of what others will say or think, that keeps us from being heroes after the pattern of the Hero of Gethsemane and Golgotha. It is a conformity to the ways of the world, a conformity to its way of dressing and thinking and acting, that keeps us from conformity to Christ. What a shame! We were not born or baptized to ape the world. We were stamped as Christians to be followers of Him who said of His disciples: "I have chosen you out of the world"; who said: "Fear not; I have overcome the world"; who said: "My Kingdom is not of this world." How traitorous of us then, to be in the world, of the world and like the world! We have failed in our specific mission to the world up to this moment; and why?—Because we have not been different from the world!

I say all this conscious of the fact that on the opening day of the Twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress there were over a million who received the Eucharist in the single city of Chicago. That was once. Why not similar multitudes every Sunday and in

every city? It is the same Christ! He longs for the same homage and devotion. And we need His same life and love!

I have said all this conscious of the fact that during that same Congress 62,000 voices of children sang the Mass of the Angels and changed Chicago into a city of angelic song. I know, too, that 230,000 men joined in a vesper pledge to their Eucharistic King that shook the city; I know that they then lit candles in honor of the Light of the world and the onlookers gasped: "Isn't that beautiful!" It was. It was inspiring. It was tremendous. And I also know that half a million people were at Mundelein for the close of that Congress. But you see, my question is: Have those children continued to sing to the King of Angels? Have those men lived their Eucharistic pledge? have those countless worshippers who thronged to Mundelein been white corpuscles in Christ's Mystical Body? Were those closing prayers of praise: "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name," meant? My question is: Why only once?

And I am not forgetting the Seventh National Eucharistic Congress at Cleveland. No one could forget that Midnight Mass when the Municipal Stadium was crowded and overcrowded; when, after a Holy Hour spent in prayer and adoration by almost 200,000 men, the Apostolic Delegate went into the little house of glass that sheltered the altar, to bring the White Christ into the White Host that He might receive the white-hot love and fealty of the hundreds of thousands of men, and that the hundreds of thousands of men might receive the white life and the white love of their White-hosted God. No, none can forget that Mass, nor the moment when all the floodlights were snapped off and then here, then there,



then everywhere tiny candle glows appeared. That was being different! And out over the waters of Erie's Lake went the self-same sentence that once travelled over the waters of Genesareth's Lake: "It is the Lord!"

And who could forget the close of that Congress? Half a million people sang litanies and answered prayers as a parade through Cleveland's streets turned into a procession, swung into a crowded Stadium, and on the floor of that vast arena formed a human monstrosity of gigantic proportions, symmetrical, beautiful, breath-taking. Then under the gleaming swords of the Knights of Columbus, who formed the jeweled stem of that monstrosity, marched our late beloved Cardinal Hayes, holding in his hands the Eucharistic Christ. In his wake the Knights fell into place, and as the Eucharistic Christ was placed on the altar, the human monstrosity went to its adoring knees. For once Jesus was monstrated as He longs to be and as He loves to be—monstrated in the flesh of man!

It seems to me that the whole Congress was symbolized in that one ceremony; and that our whole life is expressed in that one symbol. Have you or I any other business in this world than to be Christ's human monstrosity? And it is the memory of Cleveland's gigantic and authentic symbol that prompts me to ask you today: Are you monstrating Christ? Are you showing forth the White Jesus to the reds, the browns, the blacks and the colorless ones of the world? Are you showing forth the Jesus of life and love to our own America?

My question is pertinent and practical. You are a social being. Your life and love affect the lives and loves of the whole Mystical Body, and the Mystical Body in America needs

greater life and greater love! My claim is this:

A PERSONAL DEVOTION ON THE PART OF EVERY CATHOLIC TO OUR EUCHARISTIC KING WILL, WITHIN A GENERATION, CHANGE THE WHOLE ASPECT OF THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

We are great. But we should be, and we could be, and we must be greater! Souls, more souls, into intimate contact with Christ is my cry. Stop our Catholic leakage and swing the drifting millions of Protestants, Indifferentists, and Atheists into the Blood stream of Christ's Mystical Body. We have nothing to boast of in our converts. A Church that has, here in America, over 35,000 priests, over 22 million members, a school system that is second to none, a rosary of charitable institutions that reaches around the world, a Church that has centuries of tradition and scholarship behind her, and, above all, a Church that has upon her altars and within her soul the Eucharistic King, should blush to boast of the 76,700 converts of the past year. It is paltry!

America is *not* a Protestant country, despite the repeated lie of the secular press. If one wishes to designate the religion of our country rightly, he must say that it is more Catholic than anything else; for the Catholic religion is the *majority* religion in America. Protestantism is practically dead. Here then is your practical challenge. There are a hundred million and more non-Catholics surrounding you. Five-sixths of your fellow countrymen neither know nor honor your Eucharistic Christ. What are YOU doing for them and for Him? What are you doing for yourself? For remember, you do not go to Heaven or to

Hell alone! No. You are a social being, and you always drag down or lift up others with you. That is your terrible responsibility and your thrilling inspiration. You can feed hungry men; you can lead the lame, the blind and the halt. You can convert souls to Christ.

There is your social vocation! Live in the strong, health-giving sunlight of faith, train yourself to intense Catholic activity, feed daily on the strong meat of the Eucharist, then you can talk to your neighbor about the Christ who is your life and your love. Then you can take the hands of your daily companions in the office, shop or store and bring them to your Changeless Friend and their Divine Redeemer. It is the opinion of the thoroughly informed and widely experienced that the vast majority of American non-Catholics need only a friendly hand to grasp their own waiting hand and say, "It is YOUR Father's home as well as mine. We are brothers, children of the same God. Let us go together into our home, to the life-giving, love-filled Banquet prepared by our Savior!"

You have been called to the Royal Priesthood of Christ. Do not leave all the work to a few consecrated clergy. Be different from what you have been! You must be different, for today, you have to answer one of

## Two Voices

The call of the world or the call of our Eucharistic Christ. In this day of upheaval the lines are strongly drawn. You will become a member of the Mystical Body of Christ or you will become a member of the mystical body of anti-Christ. There is no fence to straddle, no island on which to stand. It is for Christ

or against Christ. You either gather or you scatter. You will be a totalitarian Christian or you will be a totalitarian anti-Christian (whether that be called Communist, Fascist, Nazi or material Atheist).

Our late Holy Father, Pius XI, hesitated not to say that seemingly anti-Christ had arisen in the bold, brazen movement of materialistic atheism. Monsignor Fulton Sheen shrinks not from labeling the world-wide movements of collectivism—the mystical body of Anti-Christ. Hilaire Belloc uses no coloring adjectives as he says: “The last generation could talk of ‘the Churches.’ The present generation cannot. There are not many Churches. There is only one. It is the Catholic Church on the one side, and its mortal enemy on the other. The lists are set.” That is why I unqualifiedly say: You must answer one of two voices. It is either the paganistic, atheistic, materialistic, animalistic, “Eat, drink and make merry”;—or the Catholic, divinely human and humanly divine call of Christ, “*Eat—Drink—and make—holy!*”

It is the call to Catholic Action that is sounding. But let it be remembered that the essential action of Catholic Action is the action that we call “The Mass.” Let it be further remembered that the great Sacrament of Catholic Action is the Sacrament of the altar, the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

To stand steadfast in the white ranks of God against the multi-colored masses of the godless, annual communion will not do, monthly communion will not do, weekly communion will hardly suffice—**DAILY COMMUNION IS THE NEED!**

Busy men may plead their work, their cares, their worries, their bodily health, as their excuses for neglecting daily Mass and Communion, when, in reality, these are the very things that should drive them to Him who is both Mass and Communion; for He has said, "Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." Excuses are admissions of lack of Faith, lack of appreciation, lack of love, and an open confession of laziness!

I know that if you could call on the President every morning, you would do it. I know that if you could ask for what you wanted from this dispenser of patronage and ruler of millions, you would never pass him by. I know that if the White House was open to you any hour of the day and night, you would be a frequent visitor. There would be no excuse. Don't you believe that God is as powerful, as generous, and as ready to help YOU?

I have brought you up to the present moment with that last comparison; let me now take you back over the years as I list for you the effects of the Eucharist as they stand in our little catechisms. They read: The Holy Eucharist

- 1) unites our body and soul to Christ in the *intimate union of love*;  
—Do YOU want LOVE?
- 2) increases Sanctifying Grace for the *nourishment of our souls*;  
—Do YOU want LIFE?
- 3) *cleanses* from venial and *preserves* from mortal sin;  
—Do YOU want to be CLEAN?
- 4) weakens our *evil inclinations*;  
—Aren't YOURS strong?

- 5) is a pledge of the resurrection of the body and of *eternal life*;  
—Don't YOU want that?
- 6) *lessens temporal punishment* due to sin  
—Aren't YOUR debts HEAVY?
- 7) gives *strength* to carry out in our lives the principles of *Catholic Action*.  
—YOU need that STRENGTH.

\* \* \*

Friend of mine, yours is a glorious opportunity. The fields are white with the harvest, the skies are white with the dawning, our hearts are white with hope, for Christ is White in the Eucharist. He can transubstantiate individuals; individuals can transubstantiate families; families, the communities; the communities, the cities; the cities, the states; the states, the nations; and the nations the world. No matter how dark the day or night, all is white for those who know, love, serve and daily receive Christ.

He converted a world more pagan than ours. His Church survived worse times than ours. She survived a Diocletian and a Henry the VIII. Why then should you or I fear a Hitler, a Stalin or any of their breed? We need not! . . . . PROVIDED . . . . Provided, I say, we, like the early Christians, feed on the Bread that makes men strong and drink the Wine that germinates virgins!

The Voice for you and me to answer is the Voice of Christ. It says: "Come to Me!" For on the day of the Final Assize, when all the world will have gathered for judgment, when the white veils of the Eucharist have been parted and we see Him 'face to face,' we want to be in that mighty mass of humanity which will be held in the paten of His pierced

hands and lifted up to His Father as He says:  
"THIS IS MY BODY—MY MYSTICAL  
BODY! MY BLOOD WAS NOT SHED IN  
VAIN."

Friend of mine, do you really want life?—  
Then lose it! lose yours in the life of Him  
who said: "I am the Life."

Do you really want love?—Then give your  
heart away! Give it all to Him who pleads:  
"My child, give Me thy heart."

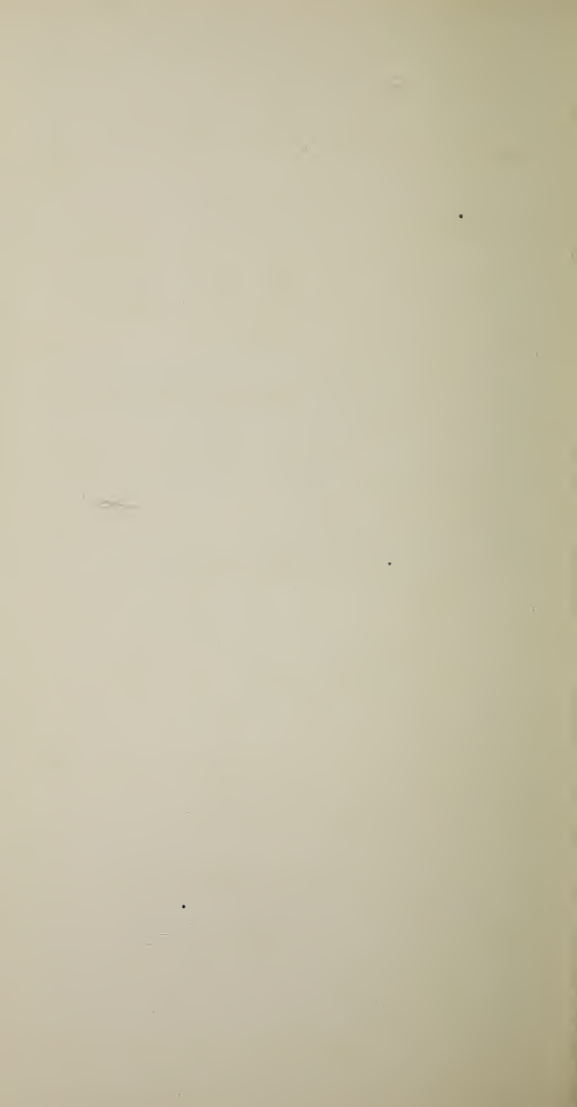
Do you know how to do both of these things?  
—Allow a priest to place upon your tongue the  
Body and Blood of the Deathless and love-filled  
Christ and pray, "MAY THE BODY OF OUR  
LORD JESUS CHRIST GUARD YOUR  
SOUL UNTO LIFE EVERLASTING.  
AMEN."

If you want life and love—be a daily in-  
timate of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist!









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