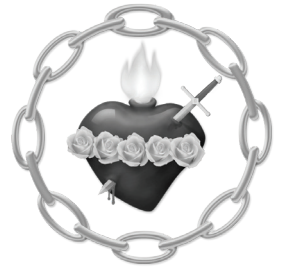


# MANCIPIA

THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



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Br. André Marie,  
M.I.C.M., Prior

## PRIOR'S COLUMN TO GOD'S IMAGE AND LIKENESS

**T**he internal counsels of the Blessed Trinity when He deigned to create man have been mercifully revealed to us in the book of Genesis: "Let us make man to our image and likeness" (1:26).

The passage, frequently cited, is not widely understood. In what way may it be said that man is in God's image and likeness? Is this likeness to God natural or supernatural? What is the purpose of man being so made?

The questions are worth pondering because they touch directly upon man's origins, his nature, and his ultimate purpose.

In Question 93 of Part I of the *Summa Theologiae*, Saint Thomas Aquinas considers "the end or term of the production of man" in nine articles. What I propose to do in this column is, first, to give a truncated summary of all nine articles, with the help of Father Paul Glenn, whose work I have used with my own embellishments; second, I purpose to dwell in more detail on some select points Saint Thomas makes regarding the nature and purpose of the divine image in man.

Here are each of the articles as Saint Thomas posits them, with a summary of what he says under each heading:

**1. Whether the image of God is in man?** YES. An image is a kind of copy of its prototype. Unless the image is in every way perfect, it is not the equal of its prototype. Finite man cannot be a perfect image of the infinite God. Man is therefore an imperfect image of God.

**2. Whether the image of God is to be found in irrational creatures?** NO. Of earthly creatures, only man has a true likeness to God; other creatures have a *trace* or *vestige* of God rather than an image.

**3. Whether the angels are more to the image of God than man is?** The angels are more perfect in their intellectual nature than man is, and, therefore bear a more perfect image of God than man does. In some respects, however, man is more like to God than angels are. For man proceeds from man, as God (in the mysterious proceeding of the divine Persons) proceeds from God; whereas angels do not proceed from angels. Also, the manner of the human soul's presence in the body has a likeness to God's presence in the universe. But these human resemblances lacking in angels are only accidental qualities. Substantially, angels bear a more perfect image of God than man does.

**4. Whether the image of God is found in every man?** YES. There are three ways that man is in the image of God (which will be considered below).

**5. Whether the image of God is in man according to the Trinity of Persons?** YES. The divine image in man reflects God in Unity and also in Trinity. In creating man, God said (Gen. 1:26): "Let *us* make man to our image and likeness."

**6. Whether the image of God is in man as regards the mind only?** YES. The image of God in Trinity appears in man's intellect and will and their interaction. In God, the Father begets the Word; the Father and the Word spirate the Holy Ghost. In man, the intellect begets the word or concept; the intellect with its word wins the recognition or love of the will. God's image is not in the body, where there are only to be found "traces" or "vestiges" of God (just as in brute creation), by virtue of God's being the cause of man's body.

**7. Whether the image of God is to be found in the acts of the soul?** YES. The image of the Trinity is found in the acts of the soul. In a secondary way, this image is found in the faculties of the soul, and in the habits which render the faculties apt and facile in operation.

**8. Whether the image of the Divine Trinity is in the soul only by comparison with God as its object?** YES. The image of God is in the soul, not simply because the soul can know and love itself or other created things, but because it can know and love *God*. And the divine image is found in the soul because the soul turns to God, or, at any rate, has a nature that enables it to turn to God. (More on this below.)

**9. Whether "likeness" is properly distinguished from "image"?** YES. The image of God is discerned in the acts and faculties and habits of the soul. The likeness of God is either a quality of this image, or it is the state of the soul as spiritual, not subject to decay or dissolution.

Essential to the notion of an image is "that it is copied from something else." Every image is a likeness, but not every likeness is an image. Saint Thomas gives the example of two eggs being *like* each other, but the one is not the *image* of the other, because it is not copied from it. For a copy to be an image of the original, it need not be equal to it; for instance, the reflection of a man in a glass, which is an image, is not equal to the man himself. Because the only-begotten Son of God — "who is the image of the invisible God" (Col. 1:15) — is the only image that actually equals God, He is a *perfect* image of God, whereas each man is an imperfect image of God. Of the only-begotten Son of God, it may be said that He *is* the image of God simply; of man it may be said that he was made "*to* the image of God," says Saint Thomas, because, "*to*" signifies a certain approach, as of something at a distance."

Saint Thomas follows Augustine in saying that "image" and "likeness" are not identical. Certain passages in the writings



of Saint Irenaeus of Lyons, of Saint John Damascene, and of Peter Lombard could lead us to interpret the word “image” to mean man’s nature as a rational, free-willed creature, and “likeness” as a closer resemblance to God by grace. This is not exactly how Saint Thomas views the question. For him, “likeness” signifies two distinct things, one lower, the other higher. First, a likeness is a “preamble” to image inasmuch as it is “more general than image”; but, in a higher way, a likeness is a “perfection” of the image. (It is to get ahead of ourselves, but “likeness” in this higher sense as a perfection of the image admits of degrees: Mary is more like God than the great Saints; those higher in heaven are more “God-like” than those lower; and on earth, the members of the Church Militant in a higher degree of grace and charity are more *divinized* or “like God” than their less perfect brethren.)

There are three ways that man is in God’s image. Saint Thomas’ explanation of this is clear and easy to understand:

Since man is said to be the image of God by reason of his intellectual nature, he is the most perfectly like God according to that in which he can best imitate God in his intellectual nature. Now the intellectual nature imitates God chiefly in this, that God understands and loves Himself. Wherefore we see that the image of God is in man in three ways.

First, inasmuch as man possesses a natural aptitude for understanding and loving God; and this aptitude consists in the very nature of the mind, which is common to all men.

Secondly, inasmuch as man actually and habitually knows and loves God, though imperfectly; and this image consists in the conformity of grace.

Thirdly, inasmuch as man knows and loves God perfectly; and this image consists in the likeness of glory. Wherefore on the words, “The light of Thy countenance, O Lord, is signed upon us” (Psalm 4:7), the gloss distinguishes a threefold image of “creation,” of “re-creation,” and of “likeness.” The first is found



in all men, the second only in the just, the third only in the blessed.

The image of God in man is not merely the image of the divine nature or the image of one or other of the divine Persons, but it is specifically the image of the Trinity. The proofs for this that Saint Thomas offers are very theological and would take too much space even to summarize here. But Thomas’ explanation of *how* man images the Trinity is within our grasp. He bases himself on the doctrine of the Trinitarian processions he has already developed:

As the uncreated Trinity is distinguished by the procession of the Word from the Speaker [the Father], and of Love [the Holy Ghost] from both of these, as we have

seen...; so we may say that in rational creatures wherein we find a procession of the word in the intellect, and a procession of the love in the will, there exists an image of the uncreated Trinity... .

The question Saint Thomas asks in article eight (“Whether the image of the Divine Trinity is in the soul only by comparison with God as its object?”) is difficult to grasp, but worth considering for its richness and how it perfectly corresponds to Saint Thomas’ teaching on grace. Indeed, it is a prelude to that beautiful doctrine.

I will try to simplify the article.

God knows Himself and loves Himself, and thence originate the Trinity of Persons. Is man in God’s image because he can, like God, know himself and love himself, or is he in God’s image because he can know and love God? The ability to know and love himself would make man like God in some way, as he would resemble God’s abilities to know and love. But, this would not make man attain a “representation of the species,” i.e., a resemblance to the form or mental idea of God, which is required for man to be in the “image” of God. “Wherefore we need to seek in the image of the Divine Trinity in the soul some kind of representation of species [i.e., mental concept, form, or idea] of the Divine Persons, so far as this is possible to a creature. ... Thus the image of God is found in the soul according as the soul turns to God, or possesses a nature that enables it to turn to God.”

Hard to understand, I know, especially if the reader is not familiar with the scholastic concept of “species.” The argument is Saint Thomas’ attempt at explaining why Saint Augustine said, “The image of God exists in the mind, not because it has a remembrance of itself, loves itself, and understands itself; but because it can also remember, understand, and love God by Whom it was made.”

What this implies is that, even in God’s *very creation* of man in His own (Trinitarian) image and likeness, God orients man toward Himself as the end of our knowledge and love. By nature, we have the capacity to know and love God as He is

naturally knowable, but, with grace and the infused theological virtues, we can know and love God *supernaturally*, as He has revealed Himself. We can thereby merit, and the reward of that merit is the consummation of our knowledge and love of God in Heaven.

Thus man’s final cause, or purpose — of which the philosophers say that it is “the first [cause] in intention and the last in execution” — was placed in him when he was created, being made to God’s own image and likeness. ■

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Sister Marie Thérèse, M.I.C.M.

## CONVENT CORNER

### AN EVOLUTIONARY ATTITUDE

Many years ago I heard a story about two gentlemen on an airplane. There is no reason for me to think that it is not true and so I will share it with you as a true story.

A gentleman boarded a plane with his son who was about ten years old. When they found their assigned seats, the father hefted the luggage into bins and maneuvered awkwardly to get his boy comfortable as passengers clogged the aisle. He made sure the boy had a place that was pleasant, near the window, adjusting the air and helping him to get his seatbelt. The boy could not have had a more courteous servant! The son, for his part, complained to prompt the service of his father, and responded to the service with a self-absorbed look accompanied by silence. When his father needed his cooperation to serve him, the boy sometimes sighed. In response, the father worked harder to make his son comfortable, even calling the stewardess with a request for a blanket and some refreshments for his son. The father asked him if he was comfortable and if he needed anything else. "I'm good" was the response as he looked out the airplane window.

While all of this hubbub was taking place, the rest of the passengers were boarding the plane, crowding the aisle. Finally, another gentleman and his son (about the same age) maneuvered to their seats which were just in front of our first father-son team. Now, this second gentleman was walking behind his son who seemed as though he was searching for their seats and clearing the way for his father. When they reached their seats the boy respectfully stepped aside and allowed his father to get into the row first. He asked his father if he might prefer the window seat, which he did. Having lifted the arm rests to make it easier for his father to get in and pushing the seat belts off the seat, he assisted his father as he settled in the seat nearest the window. The boy then proceeded to offer every courtesy to his father. When there seemed to be no other service he could render, his father sighed contentedly, smiling at his son, and thanked him, motioning him to the seat beside him. The boy politely sat in the indicated seat and buckled himself in with a smile.

No, the second boy was not a canonized saint! In fact, as the story was related to me, he and his father were not

even Catholic yet. Yes, the prayer curls and the yarmulke proclaimed to all on the plane that they were Jewish. But, that is not the end of this story!

The first gentleman was totally captivated by this vision of loving service which was the exact contrast to his own situation. He watched in rapt attention with knuckles pressed to his lips. After they were seated, and a pause, he remarked to the second gentleman that he was extremely impressed with how his son took care of him. He then gestured puzzlement with his hand and asked how he was able to get his son to show him so much respect. The Jewish gentleman smiled politely and asked his fellow traveler if he believed in God and His Creation account in Genesis. The first father responded that he was taught evolution and so didn't believe in God or creation. The Jewish gentleman then explained that the behavior of the two boys was easy to explain. "I believe that God created Adam, the first man, and from him have come all men. That means that I am one generation closer to God than my son, and so my son honors me. You believe that your ancestors evolved from monkeys. That means that you are more advanced than the generations before you. Therefore, your son is more advanced than you and worthy of your honor."

Do you find this thought provoking, Dear Reader? In today's milieu, the assumption is that our generation is certainly more enlightened and advanced than ancient peoples. And, at least with regard to ourselves, we are so much smarter and more advanced than our own parents. Well, aren't we? We have smartphones and our parents didn't, right?

But, unlike the first gentleman, we believe that Adam was created by God, and all men have descended from him. Therefore, we are bound to honor our elders and ancestors as well as our own parents. Right? Not because they might be smarter, stronger, more virtuous or better educated than we.

So, putting aside, for a moment, how the youngsters may treat us, how do you treat those who "came before you," Dear Reader? How does your Faith affect your life?

And — just a thought — the youngsters in our lives might notice how we treat our own elders. ■

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Mr. Brian Kelly

## KELLY FORUM

### INTRODUCING JOSEPH CHIHWATENHA: HURON MARTYR

Other than Saint Juan Diego and Saint Kateri Tekakwitha, the names of Catholic Indians who practiced heroic sanctity have not made it into the annals of North American Church history. That is tragic,

because there were many other Catholic Indians, to be sure, who were worthy of beatification and canonization. One of them, a Huron, who converted after hearing a sermon of Saint Jean de Brebeuf, is Joseph Chihwatenha. Joseph was martyred in 1640, which is two years before any of the Eight North American martyrs died, and nine years before the death of Pere de Brebeuf, the great apostle to the Hurons.

Joseph was born about the year 1602 into an Huron Indian tribe, in Ossossanë, one of their forty or so villages, which were located in what is today southern Ontario, Canada. I have an excellent little booklet about Joseph, subtitled *The Forgotten Martyr*, by Clement Anthony Mulloy, Ph.D.

#### Who Were the Hurons?

Huron villages at the time Joseph lived, and for more than a century later, had to be constantly on the alert against Iroquois war parties.

When Saint Jean de Brebeuf arrived among the Hurons in 1634, he estimated that their population, scattered among twenty villages, was about thirty thousand. The Hurons did not have large families, nor were they monogamous. The greater percentage of the children died in infancy and many of the young braves died in their frequent battles with the Iroquois. When the men went on the hunt they didn't walk, they jogged.

The Hurons had only a vague conception of an All-Powerful God. They were wildly superstitious and believed in spirits that animated everything from animals, fish, and plants, to the inanimate rivers and lakes. But they worshipped nothing by way of offering any kind of regular, idolatrous sacrifices — not to the sun, nor the moon, nor any man-made idol. The only thing that they did do that involved a calendar ritual was every ten years they dug up the graves of those who had died during the past decade and they reburied them in a common grave. This reburial freed the wandering spirits of the dead. If the Huron can be said to believe in anything preternatural, it was the messages in their dreams. The main job of the shamans, or medicine men, was the interpretation of dreams. Once your dream was interpreted you were obligated to act upon it, however terrible that act might be, even to the shedding of blood.

There was nothing extraordinary, exteriorly that is, with our future convert, Chihwatenha. He was not born into any blood-line of privilege, although he had an uncle who was a chief of high influence. At times the young Chihwatenha would be invited by his uncle to sit in on a council. He had no reputation as a great warrior or hunter. It would be fair to surmise that he was just an average brave, who fished, hunted, and labored in the fields of corn, squash, and tobacco.

#### The Black Robes and the Smallpox Epidemic

The Jesuit missionaries, with their white skin, black robes, and beards, must have been a curious sight to behold for these children of the forest. And they had these fascinating objects that they carried around: vessels for Mass, books, paintings, and — the most mesmerizing of all — mirrors and clocks. The Indians used to enter the Jesuits' cabins — there was no such thing as privacy — squat down in front of the clock and just stare at it while they waited for the sound of the chime.

With the arrival of black robes came the arrival of something else: smallpox. The source of what would become an epidemic between the years 1634-1640 is unknown. But the fact that the Hurons, in particular, were quickly being decimated by the disease, while the foreigners living among them did not catch it, gave rise to suspicions of sorcery. The bearded ones must be in league with evil forces and they have come to destroy our nation, they reasoned.

In the end, the chiefs decided that the source of the evil was nothing the strangers carried with them, it was the rite of baptism and the sign of the cross that the black robes were performing over their babies and over some of the adults who were dying, i.e. the catechumens. With those who had contracted the smallpox, the missionaries would immediately baptize them lest they die without the saving waters. When all of these died, and the un-baptized sick survived, suspicions turned into convictions. Baptism was the kiss of death.

#### The Conversion of Chihwatenha

It was during this epidemic that Chihwatenha's interest in the true religion was ignited. It came by way of one of Father Jean de Brebeuf's sermons, which the saint delivered during the villagers' "Feast of the Dead." After hearing the sermon, the young brave began conversing about the afterlife with de Brebeuf, and the seed of Faith soon took root. Yet, no sooner had Chihwatenha enlisted as a catechumen, than he, too, contracted the smallpox. Fearing a speedy death, Saint Jean de Brebeuf baptized the sick man, Joseph, on August 16, 1637. He was thirty-five years old. This time, the convert survived the worst throes of the disease, but he was not totally cured. Even in his debilitated condition, he absorbed the tenets of the

Faith with eagerness and ease, and would prove to be an inestimable asset to the Huron mission.

Joseph was filled with joy after his baptism and his enthusiasm for the Faith soon won over his whole immediate family and his wife's sister. These, however, were the only converts for Jean de Brebeuf — that is, for a period of about ten months. And they suffered for it in more ways than one. Watching his sister-in-law sicken and die within forty-eight hours of her baptism was the first of heavy personal crosses. Ostracized and mocked by the rest of the village, Joseph and his wife Maria lost every friend.

Suffering in this way, and fearing worse, Joseph was, at first, repelled by the cross. "My God," he pleaded, "I pray you, do not make a trial of my faith; you know my most secret thoughts, you know that it is in earnest that I believe in you; alas! Do not afflict me."

### Joseph the Catechist

When the Jesuits traveled throughout Huronia, Joseph would gladly accompany them. He was their interpreter. On one Christmas Eve, Joseph was asked to give a talk to the curious crowd that had gathered for the midnight Mass celebration. His wisdom was a marvel to behold. The black robes recorded his words:

"Ah, my brothers . . . what do these lights shining and sparkling in the midst of the night mean, if not that He whose memory we are now honoring, has through his birth dissipated the shadows and the ignorance of the world; having done this the first time so many centuries ago, He is about to grant us today, for the first time in these centuries, the same grace and mercy."

Clarity in the communication of religious truths was extremely difficult for the missionaries to achieve in a language devoid of the higher abstract concepts. How can you introduce the Trinity of Persons in one God when the simple people thought of God by only material images? How do you explain Person and Nature and Infinite Spirit? And so on with the other articles of the Creed. Having understood all of the principal doctrines of the Catholic religion, Joseph was able to find the proper words to use in preaching to the Hurons. He also



had the gift of eloquence. One missionary noted: "His sole recreation is to converse about the things of God, which enables us to make great progress in the language, for he pronounces distinctly and uses good words."

Then, too, Joseph would act as an interrogator with the missionaries who liked to employ the dialogue method with potential converts. The audiences

were often held spellbound by these exchanges. Joseph would often address the council when the chiefs of the various Huron villages would come together for discussions. In one of these, Joseph spoke about what he had observed of the French on his trip to Quebec with Jesuit Father Le Mercier. Thus far the Huron contact with the French, other than the missionaries, was only with the fur traders, and they left no good impression. So, when Joseph described to them the real culture of the Catholic settlers in Quebec, their churches, convents, schools, families, homes, and hospitals, they were amazed — especially about the hospitals and the sisters that serviced them. But, he won no converts at that time. He could not even convince his brother, Teondechoren, who was a hardened medicine man.

### His Embrace of the Cross

From Joseph, the smallpox soon spread to his whole household, and with a more deadly potency. Now he was being blamed for infecting his own wife, Maria Aonetta, and their children. The fact that he refused to call in the shamans, and let them chant their incantations to demons, caused the mockers to turn more threatening. The more his people persecuted him, the stronger Joseph became. His natural fears subsided, and the gift of fortitude began to forge in him a will of iron.

One by one Joseph's family succumbed to the disease, while his own condition grew steadily better. When his beloved son Thomas was dying, Joseph reminded the Jesuits of Abraham readily willing to obey God in the offering of Isaac. "Thomas, my dear child," he said, "we are not the Master of thy life; if God wishes thee to go to heaven, we cannot keep thee upon earth."

### The Martyr Dies Alone

From the beginning of his conversion Joseph had a premonition that he would suffer violently for Christ. On August 2, 1640, Joseph Chihwatenha was attacked while he was cut-

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ting wood in the fields. His head was split open by someone's battle-axe. The Huron chiefs held a council and decided that the deed was done by the Iroquois. Upon further inquiry, the Jesuits were later convinced that, in fact, he had been killed by his fellow braves. The accusation of sorcery had always hung over his head. The punishment the shamans laid down for this crime was to split open the skull of the sorcerer.

When one considers the courage it took for Joseph Chihwatenha to embrace the Faith, and persevere in it unto death, it could be argued that his fortitude was even greater than the missionaries who brought him the Gospel. I do not say this because of the difficult obstacles of the primitive paganism and the animistic customs of the Huron world, for grace can conquer the grossest obstacles. I say this because, rather than witnessing miracles from a saintly apostle, as did the pagan Irish and many other races, he witnessed what appeared to be a death sentence for anyone who believed in the words of his apostle, Jean de Brebeuf, a man who worked no miracles and who had to learn their language like a child. And that sentence of death, as to its first cause, was not from some crazed medicine man, but, to all appearances, from a disease. Joseph converted in the fire of affliction, with the truth itself of our holy religion offering the attracting grace.

After Joseph's martyrdom, the epidemic died, too, and so did much of the mistrust and suspicion that the Hurons harbored against the French. His blood was the seed for one immediate conversion, his brother Teondechoren. The reluctant

shaman became one of the most distinguished Huron converts. In honor of his martyred brother, he was baptized Joseph.

"I saw a pavilion, or a dome, descend from heaven and rest on the grave of our Christian [Joseph Chihwatenha]. Then it seemed to me that someone picked up the two ends of the pavilion, drawing it upwards, as if to take it to heaven. . . . The vision continued a very long time. I felt, at the time, that God wished me to understand the state of the soul of that good Christian." (Saint Jean de Brebeuf, S.J.)

Joseph Chihwatenha, martyr, pray for us.

Readers may be interested to read about another Huron whom I wrote about in an article on our website. His name was Eustace Ahatsistari. Just do a search for this name on our home page. Ahatsistari was the polar opposite of Joseph. He was a warrior, the most dreaded by the Iroquois. He was baptized Eustace on his own insistence by Saint Isaac Jogues before his final battle with the enemy. Warning: When you read about his gruesome torture and death you will shudder. He is not canonizable, but his baptism soon before death, may have won for him an immediate reward. ■

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## PREFECT'S COLUMN

### MY MOST IMPORTANT CASE

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**I**n the world of investigations, a “Locate” is an assignment to find someone. As an investigator, I received several such requests; they can be among the most difficult cases, especially if the need is urgent. The case I speak of required immediate attention: to locate

a traditional Catholic priest. I had no name for the priest, knew nothing of his background, nor even the state he lived in. The need was great as my dearest friend, Conrad Dupont, a fellow tertiary and a very committed traditional Catholic, was dying. The search began in June of 2012, but before we get to that, let me tell you of this gentle soul. During his life, he would not permit me to reveal some of these episodes.

My first contact with Mr. Dupont was in 1974. I was married, with three children at the time, going to law school full time. I needed a job that would not interfere with my studies. A hotel desk clerk job was open. The shift I sought, 11 p.m. to 7:00 a.m., was already occupied by Mr. Dupont; however, he immediately gave up that quiet shift for the busiest shift, 3:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. This decision was typical of Conrad, a humble, caring and charitable man. Conrad had a second job as a real estate salesman and broker. Nevertheless he would spend the entire shift with me and then we would leave for breakfast.

More than six years prior to our meeting, Conrad suffered a very serious injury which ended his construction career. He was shot in the heart. A construction gun that sent a spike into curbing had been taken off the job as unsafe. Someone put it back on the job, without repair. A spike came back and hit Conrad in the chest. Thank God the two fellow workers he was with got him to the hospital. No one thought he would live and it seemed miraculous that he was conscious to give the driver directions to the local hospital.

He was placed in an induced coma for weeks. Major surgery was performed by two excellent surgeons — a blessing. At one point, while still in the coma, he described an event that I will never forget. He awoke to the point of seeing a very bright light in front of him and a voice saying, “Come Thursday, you will be alright.” He never ascribed the voice as Our Lord, but my impression was that he, in his silent, quiet, and unassuming manner thought it was.

Mr. Dupont was a very handsome man. Young boys would gravitate to him. He seemed to have a special gift to influence them. He would have been a knight had he lived in earlier

times. After the operation, I discovered that he took a private vow of celibacy and would never marry.

From an early age, Mr. Dupont believed he had a religious vocation. In fact, he tried to enter several Orders. He was turned down by all the Orders. And why? Too Catholic. His last interview was with a diocesan chancery. He was asked what he would do if he found a fellow-seminarian was involved in impure incidents and refused to cease such activities. Conrad responded that he would have to report him to the superior and that would be just and charitable. The interviewer angrily attacked his response. Mr. Dupont told me, “At that moment, I knew I would never be a diocesan priest.”

On the birth of my fourth child, John Paul, I asked Conrad to be his godfather. When we moved to be near the Center, here in Richmond, Conrad was very excited to visit. During his visit, he completed the Consecration to Jesus through Mary and was admitted to the Order as a tertiary on February 24, 2000, a Thursday, taking the name Brother John Michael Mary.

The prayer life of this man was such that he would often retire to the woods behind his home and spend hours in praying, meditating, and speaking aloud to Our Blessed Savior. With heroic patience he would suffer the physical difficulties he was going through without complaint for the rest of his life and offer them up. While on road trips, for his employers, he would play Center tapes and pray the Rosary. He was driven to please God, although he never thought much of himself.

After an operation, he had to return to the hospital over and over for further surgeries. He never complained. He also suffered from a kind of hepatitis that only one other person in the country had. That person was also injured by some kind of missile. The doctors believed there was a kind of bacteria on the tip of the spikes.

Despite his condition Conrad was able to work. He landed a job that required traveling around the country. During that time I lost contact with him, on and off, but the Locate skills helped me to track him down. On almost every occasion, only upon my pointed questioning, would I discover he was suffering from another ailment.

In his younger years, while in the Navy, Conrad injured his hearing due to his work as a Landing Signal Officer on an aircraft carrier. This became worse as he got older. My friend had a sense of humor, however, and he used that disability to his advantage on one occasion. While at a traditional chapel, he encountered a man who attacked the late Father Leonard Feeney, our founder. This man had berated that holy priest on a prior occasion and refused to listen to Conrad’s defense of Father. I asked what he did this time. He responded, “I turned off my hearing aids.”



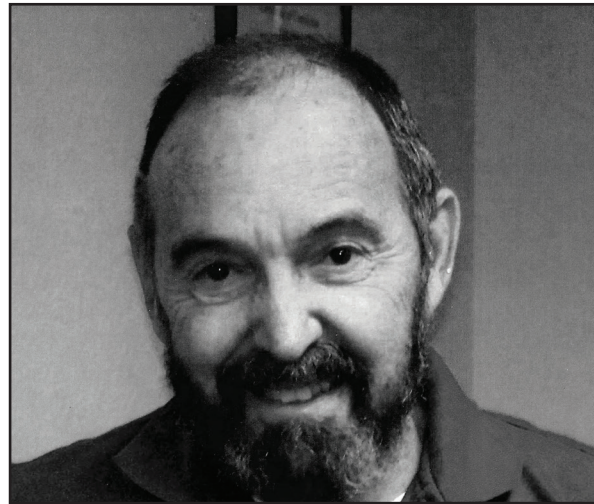
Wherever he lived, or worked, his daily focus was on converting people to the one true Faith. I knew something was afoot when I would get a call for Brown Scapulars, Miraculous Medals, Green Scapulars, books, etc. He sent several prayer requests to me. For several years, I have had a private email prayer apostolate. Many have credited the prayers of the list members as instrumental in helping them. My dear friend sent me requests for friends of his who were suffering physical and other problems.

The following episode showed the effect of Conrad's apostolate and God's Holy Will. Here is the email he wrote, with my additions, on September 17, 2010. "Thank you and God Bless all in the Prayer Group. They are deeply needed in these precarious times . . . Steve is back to work. He spent months in the hospital." Conrad brought him the Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel, the Miraculous Medal and the Green Scapular in the hospital. Steve was not a Catholic, but Conrad was working on him. "Diabetic for most of his life, his diabetes is no longer found in all the testing. The doctor told him he had never seen that happen before. Steve's wound in his foot, was so bad they told him they might have to amputate the leg . . . the bone could be seen . . . the wound healed and the foot became normal. The heart problems he had have been corrected." I later learned this man had five doctors treating him, two were Moslems. Those two doctors called Steve's recovery, "a miracle."

While Steve was in the hospital, Conrad wrote: "I'm told, the doctor and nurses wanted to remove his Miraculous Medal and the Brown and Green scapulars . . . Both he and his wife demanded that these sacramentals never be removed. His wife checked them constantly. They both believe his recovery is because of them, and the blessings received from the Prayer group. Many thanks to all in the Prayer group."

Around April of 2012, I learned my friend could no longer complete his duties at work. He had cancer. His co-workers pitched in to help him. While we were together in New Hampshire, he once told me that he had a premonition that he would die at seventy two.

It is rare that I ask more than one *Ave Maria* for each request on the prayer list. On April 12, 2012, I sent the following to the list: "I beg your prayers for my oldest and closest friend, Conrad Dupont. He is in a great deal of pain



Conrad Dupont

(offering it all up to Our Lord and Our Lady), awaiting a diagnosis on Thursday. He may have cancer of the spine. If at all possible, I ask a Rosary for Conrad. Please include his sister Eileen, who is now caring for him."

We were now in contact more often and by June, it was confirmed; he was dying. I asked if he had a priest. He was very weak and unable to find a traditional priest to come. He strongly desired the sacraments. I told him I would find that priest. The Locate began.

At the time, he was living in Fort Mohave, Arizona. I started by contacting my local sources, priests, religious, friends who might have a name, or a lead. I devoted myself to this for days, often having to wait for busy priests to respond. I tried parishes, orders — any outlet that I thought might help. Finally, one priest told me he could not go as it was too far, but he thought there was a priest who would go, a Fr. Finnegan. Fr. Bolduc, a well-known traditional priest, put me in direct contact with Father who was at Our Lady of Quito Church, in Phoenix, AZ, four hours and more than 230 miles away from Conrad. This meant an eight-hour round trip for the priest. He agreed to come, adding that he would have an assistant with him, as he was not well. Father had one kidney and was on dialysis. He visited Conrad on or about June 5, within a day or so of my call. He heard my friend's last confession, gave him Extreme Unction, Viaticum and the Apostolic Blessing. He called me right after the visit and said, "He is all set."

On June 25, 2012, I wrote the prayer list, "My best friend of thirty eight years, the Godfather of my son John, has been given forty-eight hours to live. He is dying of cancer. I beg your prayers for a holy death." I could not get a flight to see my brother-slave before he died. Conrad L. Dupont was born on April 30, 1940. He died at 1:39 a.m., at the age of seventy two, the same age as Our Lady when she died. He breathed his last on the 26th of June, 2012, the feast of Saints John and Paul.

"He was a devout traditional Catholic," I wrote to the Prayer list, "who wished the conversion of people more than anything else." His sister, Eileen and I had the Gregorian Masses said for him. My son John and I were on a flight to Arizona on June 27. It was a successful Locate; the most important of my life. ■

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Fr. Leonard Feeney, M.I.C.M.

## FOUNDERS' COLUMN

### FORTITUDO ET LAETITIA

*From the Leonard Feeney  
Omnibus*

**N**o army could be more fortunate than the one that enlists in its ranks the Catholic soldier.

The Catholic soldier not only fights for the right cause, he knows how to fight for it in the right way. The Catholic makes a good soldier. Every general will tell you that; every captain and corporal. So will every draft board. . . .

The call to be a soldier comes to every Catholic boy with less surprise, less shock, less need for psychological adjustment than it does to most. For even in the days of peace, he has always been a soldier, always at war. The bishop made him a soldier when he was a little boy. The bishop anointed him with oil, signed him with the Sign of the Cross, even gave him a slight blow on the cheek, to remind him firmly in this Sacrament that he must be — and had the grace to be — a strong and perfect Christian and soldier of Jesus Christ.

If anyone thinks this warfare of the spirit, waged to preserve the Christian certitudes and moralities in the face of a hostile opposition, is not a soldier's task, let him have tried it from childhood and see.

Nobody bothers very much with your Christianity if you confine it to a few pleasant, aesthetic opinions about Christ. But once you dare to phrase it in the adamantine truths of the Apostles' Creed, you find yourself under siege, a soldier, and at war.

Even the simple certitudes of a prayer as innocently and essentially Christian as the Hail Mary, will expose your theology to attack, turn you into Our Lady's defender, and surround you with foes. I do not refer to our small foes either: the skeptics, the sophisticates, and the snobs. I refer to our large enemy: Lucifer and the Powers of Darkness.

You may say: Are not all men — and not merely Catholics — at war with the Powers of Darkness? And the answer is: all men are. But what will you say of making a strong fight against an enemy you do not believe exists? Suppose the generals of the United Nations, deceived by the effectiveness with which Hitler sticks to his hideouts, should persuade themselves that no Hitler exists. How would they go on from there?

"Holy Archangel Michael, defend us in the battle!" is the prayer every Catholic boy says, on his knees, with his priest, at the end of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, He always knows he is at war, and with whom.

And even when the Catholic soldier falters — even when his sins are grievous — he takes both the shame for them and the blame for them. He believes that Heaven — God's beautiful home "where the forgiven meet" — is a city to be taken by storm. He does not believe it is a refuge for irresponsibles who are allowed no share in their own victory.

When he turns his energies from a spiritual to a material war, the Catholic soldier completely disavows in his heart those two well-exploited, but thoroughly unmilitary sentiments: hatred and fear. Hatred and fear are weaknesses. Hatred and fear are oratorical emotions. But wars are not won on the radio.

Let us put the matter in its simplest terms. Suppose you *do* make the enemy "bleed and burn." Suppose you even boil him in oil! Do you thereby unbleed, unburn and unboil the millions of innocent lives he has already destroyed?

Vengeance of such a kind were best left to God, Who alone is equal to the task of vengeance with dignity.

Hatred and fear are for the unconfident. The soldier's task is not a butcher's job. It requires a mind, and nerves, and a technique as clear, cool, and collected as those of a surgeon. The soldier's assignment is not to avenge his enemy, but to outsmart him by completely destroying his opportunities.

And when victory comes — as it is sure to come, eventually, to those who are without hatred and without fear — the soldier retires from his triumph as gloriously and gracefully as he entered it. He goes back to a civilian's life still civilized. His mother, his wife, his little daughter find him undegenerated by the sentiments of a savage: hatred and fear.

Bad nerves, hysterics, high blood-pressure — these may be the symptoms of epilepsy, but they are not the signs of patriotism. How many victories do they achieve, even when provoked by propaganda? A mouthful of expletives to hurl at your foe? Are these as fine — or effective — as a good gun in your hands and a good song in your heart?

*Fortitudo et laetitia.* Courage and gaiety. These are the soldiery emotions. Who tells us so? David, the royal prophet does, constantly in his one hundred and fifty Psalms, those divinely inspired songs written to motivate a soldier for any kind of war life has to offer.

*Fortitudo et laetitia.* I started to count, the other day, the number of times these two words, or their equivalents, go together in the Book of Psalms. And the number was so great, I stopped counting.

Courage and gaiety. The soul must have its resources in time of war, just as the body must have its food and drink. Courage and gaiety are the soul's best resources. They are — among the realities of the spirit — like brother and sister, full



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of striking resemblances. They are more. Courage and gaiety are like bridegroom and bride.

*Fortitudo et laetitia.* When they wed and become one, in the holy citadel of a soldier's soul, they bear fruits, not the least

of which is to give war — all war — a meaning and a memory. A meaning of what it is for. And a memory of — for whom. ■

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FOUNDERS-PASS-MEMBER-PLANS





By Brother Dismas Mary,  
M.I.C.M., Tert.

## GUEST COLUMN

### SAINT CHRISTOPHER AND PERSISTENCE IN VIRTUE

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If there is one thing that we all have in common with all the great canonized saints of the Church, it is that we don't know for certain that we will ever have the appellation "Saint" affixed to our name as a prefix.

For example, when Monica was praying for the soul of her son, Augustine, she was unaware that she would someday be known as Saint Monica; nor did she know that her son would be known as Saint Augustine. (Neither did he.) During those years that she spent in anguish and tears, praying for his conversion and laboring in the obscurity of faith, she simply knew that it was imperative that he convert, and that it was her duty as his mother to persist in doing everything she could to bring about that end.

Similarly, the man we now know as Saint Christopher had no idea that he would one day be a canonized saint; perhaps he did not even know what the term meant. But what he did have in abundance was the cardinal virtue of Fortitude, specifically as we can see in three of its parts: Magnanimity, Patience, and Perseverance.

According to the generally accepted accounts of his life Christopher (sometimes confused with St. Mena in the Eastern Rite Churches) was not named "Christopher" by his parents. In fact, he is said to have been known as Reprobis (or "Reprobate") before his conversion. The name Christopher, meaning "Christ-bearer," has been given to him due to the purpose he gave to his life, that of bringing Christ to others, which purpose should also be our own.

Our saint was a big, strong Canaanite who served the king of Canaan. Being of a magnanimous nature, and recognizing his strength and ability to be of service, he determined to go and serve another king, whom he had heard of as being the greatest king known in the world. While serving that king, on one occasion, he saw the man crossing himself at the mention of the devil. Realizing that the king feared the devil (but not at this time understanding why), Christopher decided to go in search of the devil and enter his service. In the desert he encountered a band of brigands, one of whom claimed to be the devil, and Christopher, feeling that he had at long last found the most powerful master there was, entered his service.

Fortunately for Christopher, his plans were unexpectedly changed. While in the desert serving the outlaw leader, Christopher saw that his master avoided a cross at the side of the road. Still determined to put his abilities to the highest use, and upon learning that his new master feared Christ, he abandoned the brigand's service and, undeterred by his previ-

ous failures, went in search of Christ. After making inquiries of numerous people in his quest, he encountered a hermit who instructed him in the Catholic Faith, and Christopher converted. When he sought to discover how he could best serve his new master, Jesus, due to our saint's size and strength, he was encouraged to do so by serving others in carrying them across a river which had claimed many lives.

Christopher then embarked on his new mission, helping others by transporting them across the river. After spending some time in this occupation, one day a young child asked Christopher to carry him across the river. Christopher agreed, but while crossing the swollen river, the child became heavier and heavier, to the point where Christopher barely made it across. After setting the child down, and inquiring about his weight, the child stated, "You had on your shoulders not only the whole world but Him who made it. I am Christ your King, whom you are serving by this work." The child then disappeared. It was thus that our saint received the name Christopher, by which we know him today.

Sometime later, (probably during the persecution of Christians by the emperor Decius, c. 251), Christopher went to Lycia to aid the Christians, and reportedly had great success in winning others to the Faith. Brought before a local king who ordered him to sacrifice to the pagan gods, Christopher refused and was arrested. The king tried to bribe him with money, then by sending two beautiful women to his cell, but Christopher, whose soul and chastity meant everything to him, wouldn't back down. It is said that he even converted the two women. He was then ordered to be tortured, but as his steadfastness under torture actually resulted in more conversions, he eventually was beheaded.

Saint Christopher spent his life in a spiritual quest, and he faced many detours, any one of which could have been fatal to his salvation. Like all men he received the graces to bring him to God, yet unlike so many who perish, our saint cooperated with the graces given him to the best of his ability at each of the key steps along the way.

He is a great example of the cardinal virtues which we need to serve God and to save our souls. One sees in him the virtue of Fortitude, as defined by St. Thomas Aquinas: "the deliberate facing of dangers and bearing of toils." The specific subpart of the virtue of Fortitude, which is the most striking in the story of St. Christopher, is his Magnanimity. That word is derived from the Latin words for "large" and "mind" and which, in a Christian, inspires us to do great things for God. Christopher, from the earliest time we encounter him, wanted to do great things. He knew he had talents and wanted to utilize them to serve the greatest ruler there is, whoever that might be. He also



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showed his humility, in that each time he made a wrong choice, he did not stick to it out of stubbornness, but rather, seeing his error, seemed grateful for the lesson learned and went about correcting his course, to the best of his ability at that time.

In doing so, he exhibited another of the subparts of the virtue of Fortitude, which we know as Patience. Brother André Marie, in his article “La Reconquistadora” in the Fall 2004 issue of *From the Houselops*, states as follows: “Concerning the virtue of Patience, Saint Thomas quotes Saint Augustine: ‘A man’s patience it is whereby he bears evil with an equal mind,’ i.e., without being disturbed by sorrow, lest he abandon with an unequal mind the goods whereby he may advance to better things.” How easy it would have been for Christopher to have given up at any point in his quest! Yet to have done so, he would have forfeited his immortal soul.

Finally, we see our saint as an example of that subpart of Fortitude we call Persever-



Saint Christopher

ance. Again, quoting Brother André (“La Reconquistadora,” p. 35): “Now we have arrived at the last part of fortitude: perseverance. Perseverance is a virtue which majors in assisting the other virtues because it inclines us to the continual practice of good in spite of difficulties...Saint Thomas notes that: ‘Properly speaking it belongs to perseverance to persevere to the end of the virtuous work, for instance that a soldier persevere to the end of the fight, and the magnificent man until his work be accomplished.’”

Our saint’s mission in life was to serve Our Lord and bring Him to others (hence Christ-bearer). This mission, which should be our own, is as important today as it was in his day. Likewise the cardinal virtues, if employed, will have eternal value.

Unlike Saint Christopher, we need not go in search of a power to serve; we know who He is, and what our mission is: to bring Christ to others, and, in so doing, like Christopher, to become saints ourselves. ■

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

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

## EXTRA ECCLESIAM NULLA SALUS

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

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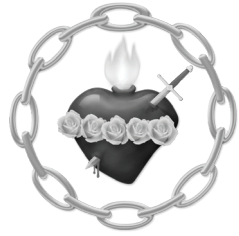
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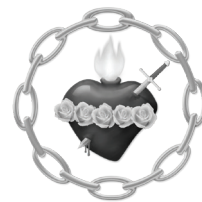
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