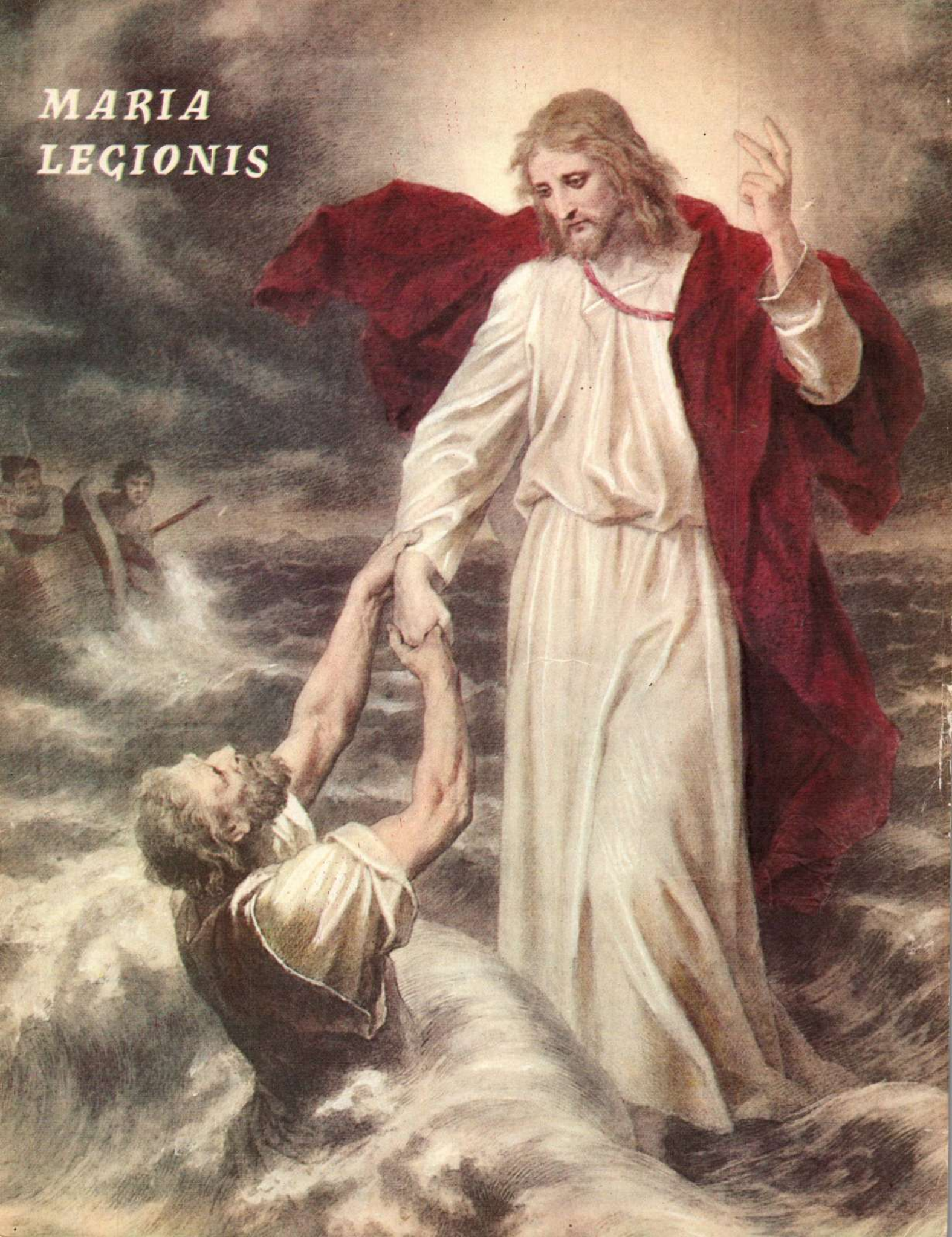


MARIA  
LEÇIONIS





# Maria Legionis

The voice of the Legion of Mary

Vol. 18 No. 3 and 4 of 1969

One Shilling



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His Lordship Bishop Margeot of Port Louis, Mauritius, whose connection with the Legion goes back to its foundation in Mauritius by Edel Quinn when he became spiritual director of the first Curia. Then a very young priest, he gave generous and enthusiastic service in encouraging and promoting the Legion of Mary. He first visited Dublin and the Concilium in 1950 and subsequently on several occasions.

In 1956 he was appointed Vicar General of Port Louis diocese and in the same year a Domestic Prelate. In the Spring of this year (1969) came the gratifying news of his appointment as Bishop. Throughout the years he has given devoted attention to the varied work of the Legion which he still continues to watch over, even amidst the many cares of his high office.

We offer our warm congratulations to Bishop Margeot and pray that Our Blessed Mother may obtain for him the blessings of a long and fruitful episcopate.

### EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers are cordially invited to send in contributions dealing with the work and mission of the Legion of Mary. Cameos and short narratives, based on Legionary activities and experience, will be welcomed for consideration by the Editor. All contributions must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender (not necessarily for publication). Anonymous contributions cannot be considered.

Well-taken glossy photographs of Legionary activities are also invited for consideration with a view to publication.

Editorial office address is: Maria Legionis, 2 Hardwicke St., off North Frederick St., Dublin 1, Ireland.

### Our Cover Picture

Our cover picture is another of Heinrich Hofmann's masterpieces. Really there is no artist who paints Our Lord so effectively as he. He is found giving proper place to the different aspects which must be rendered if justice is to be done to the Divine Humanity. What sort of magnetic personality had He who could say to men: "Come, follow Me," so that they put away their ordinary life and went with Him? Jesus possessed an elusive beauty which did not mask His essential quality of strength. We may be sure that just as people said: "Never did man speak as this Man," so did they say: "Never did our eyes gaze on such a one as this." We repeat: Hofmann goes well on the road towards portraying all that virile attractiveness.

The picture illustrates one episode in our article on Legionary Humour, that impressive lesson on the power of faith: Peter obeys Our Lord's summons to come to Him, and the waters grow solid as cement beneath his feet. But then he allows himself to think of the tempest and the passionate sea, and down he goes! If he had kept his eyes fixed on Jesus, he would not have weakened. So let us prevent our minds from wandering when we make our important petition: "Confer, O Lord, on us who serve beneath the standard of Mary, . . . faith."



# LEGION

# HUMOUR

FRANK DUFF

**I**T is imperative that legionaries should have a well-developed sense of humour. The reasons for this are various. One is that our work is usually hard and carried on in depressing circumstances. It must be relieved by an inner joyousness, which is equivalent to a proper sense of humour.

Moreover, humour is a wonderful balancer. People often dispute in a cantankerous, wrong-headed way, magnifying difficulties and raising obstacles—until something starts them laughing. At once the situation clears; the dark angel takes his departure.

But there is a higher reason than that one. Humour not only appertains to the legionary character but to the Catholic character itself. As the Puritan movement is the opposite to Catholicism, so is the spirit of the two radically different. The note of Puritanism is that of a grim repression. The note of Catholicism is that of an easy joyousness. Accordingly the Legion, which aims at the practice of an all-round Catholicism, must obviously seek to possess itself of *all* the notes of Catholicism. Incidentally, a mournful, woebegone apostle will shut doors against himself.

To be able to mix up fun with religion, it is necessary to have a real faith. Cardinal Newman has some thoughtful pages on this very subject. He argues that a weak faith requires to be bolstered up by formality, solemnity, dignity and propriety. A religion dependent on those supports cannot afford to be frivolous. Its faith at once wavers if one relaxes into merriment.

The other grand defender of the Faith, G. K. Chesterton, renders the same idea in his own price-less way: "It is"—he says—"the test of a good religion if you can make a joke about it."

To add to that: we encounter in the saints a fine sense of fun and humour. For instance, take St. Teresa of Avila whose Rule was one of great severity. She saw the need for seasoning this with plenty of humour. She wanted a light-hearted spirit in her Novices and she set a headline as a practical joker during the recreation time. Another example is that of St. Philip Neri, who is pictured to us as always up to comical pranks.

St. Thomas More, Chancellor of England, that master of the intellect and heroic martyr of the Faith, emerges as an inveterate jester. To the end he was incurable at it. You will recall that when he was

ascending the awkward step-ladder to the scaffold, the executioner offered him help. "I can manage the way up," he replied playfully, "but I may require some assistance when I am coming down."

Another would be St. John Bosco in whom humour was as a running river. Like many another saint he was accused of eccentricity. On one occasion he was put into the custody of two canons to convey him to a mental home. Arriving there, he got out of the vehicle first and formally handed over to the heads of the institution the two high dignitaries who were with him. He explained that they would probably be a little violent at being held—which certainly proved to be the case. All the excited expostulations of the two canons and their efforts to explain were not heeded. John Bosco, who was calmness itself throughout, finally took his leave and departed in the vehicle, leaving his former escort struggling in the hands of their captors.

Really one could go on in this vein in regard to *all* the saints. I must, however, quote one further one: It is St. Francis of Assisi. You will remember that quotations from his life adorn the Handbook references to the Annual Reunions. Joy was the very spirit of him. He radiated it through every gathering of which he was a part.

Not always are the biographies of the saints written in a balanced way. To the detriment of the lighter side of things, most biographers seem to think it necessary to assert the ascetic and prayerful sides of their subjects' lives. But this can do harm. Actually it is as important for the saints to set a headline of humour and light-heartedness as of the heavier virtues. Religion must be capable of appealing to every right-minded person.

It must not be thought, because we venerate Our Blessed Lady in the quality of Mother of Sorrows, that this was the only side of her life. Because equally we venerate her seven joys. It would be making a tragic mistake to imagine that she was ever gloomy or morose, a depressing influence in any company. It is most certain that the opposite was the case. Like her servants, the saints, she would be a source of happiness wherever she would be. This uplift could in some of the lighter spirits around her assume the form of extreme indulgence in humour. She herself would not be found straying into the more demonstrative paths of fun, that is laughter, boisterousness and the like. Such would



not be in keeping with her essential dignity and the general circumstances of her life. But do not think that she would not see and thoroughly enjoy the inner humour of every situation.

Here is obviously a deep mystery: the reconciling of that idea of calm and joy with the shadow of the Cross. For she lived in that shadow for thirty-four years, since the Annunciation. We might imagine that this would produce an agony of spirit which would leave her in a state of depression. Not at all. She knew she was the mother of the Saviour, the strong woman who would with her Seed crush the head of the serpent and redeem Israel and the world. The joy of this thought must have been almost the bliss of heaven, so that one might say she needed the corrective of the agony to keep her in balance. I would not think that the sorrow and the joy would drastically alternate in her, like darkness and light—though one or the other would gain ascendancy at times.

Her special characteristic was her tranquillity. This she maintained through all the anguished chapters of her life. This is not to be read as meaning only that she was stoical in the face of grief. That could be little. It might mean no more than a mere self-control. A lot of education proceeds on that line of teaching people reserve and the avoidance of any showing of emotion. Likewise, many persons possess this by nature. It could proceed from an absence of the softer qualities. It was none of these things in the case of Our Lady. She possessed all the emotions but in balance and under control, so that there was no need for her to deliberately restrain herself. In a particular way she could always be herself.



"... St. John Bosco, in whom humour was as a running river."

If joy and sorrow and the other opposites were not separate and distinct in her, then in what way do they amalgamate? Here is an example in the minor order of the saints: St. Lawrence, roasting on his grid-iron, must have suffered unspeakably; yet he must at the same time have rejoiced to the depths of his being at the thought that he was laying down his life for Christ. Therein, you will see an amalgamation of the extremes rather than an alternating of them. He was in the extreme of misery and yet would not for anything be rid of it! You know, too, his grim jest at the peak moment of his pain: "You may turn me over now; I am done on that side."

Gladness is one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit. It is to be noted that at Pentecost, when the disciples were filled with the Holy Spirit, He produced in them mass manifestations which had apparently some air of the extravagant. For some onlookers declared in mockery: "They are full of new wine". And St. Peter admitted that his followers' exclamations of joyful praise and overflowing of happiness required an explanation. He gave it, saying quaintly: "These people are not drunk, as you suppose, for it is only 9 o'clock in the morning".

Now let us have a look at this aspect in our beloved Lord Himself. Quite evidently there was nothing austere or remote or forbidding about Him. If there had been, the children would not have besieged Him as they did, pulling Him one way and another, probably tugging His hair, so that the mothers felt it was an imposition and interfered. You know the answer they got. We can be sure that the disciples treated Him in very much the same way, respectfully as is plain from their manner of addressing Him, that is Rabbi, Master, Lord—and yet with complete familiarity.

Had He a sense of humour? To ask this question is an unconscious insult to Him, because of course He must have had an exquisite sense of humour. He was the perfect man, and humour is part of that perfection. In referring that quality to Him, we have to make certain distinctions. He had humour in its perfection, whereas much of ours is a little out of line, verging on horseplay and crude merriment, oftentimes warped and malicious. Such would be an excrescence on true humour, a wart on its glowing face.

As I have already urged in the case of Our Lady, Our Lord's humour was not eclipsed or even shaded by His destiny. When He gathered together with His disciples at the end of a hard day, we can easily guess at the tone which would pervade them. Have a look at the kindred gatherings of Legionaries and draw a line from that.

Would Our Lord ever play practical jokes? Here we have to hark back to what has already been said,



namely that many such jokes are hurtful, even heartless. Of such He could have no part. The element of kindness and helpfulness would have to enter into absolutely everything which He would do. The Scriptures do not give us anything that would rank as a real practical joke on His part. One reason for that would be that we, reading it, would give it an undue and disproportionate place, run it to excess, and in the end create a wrong picture.

Moreover, He would not perpetrate a joke for the sole purpose of producing one. There would have to be a higher purpose as well. The humour would be there as an undertone and would sweetly and unostentatiously emerge, affording its own separate lesson.

Those provisos made, I contend that if we study intently the different episodes of the holy narrative, we cannot fail to find in many of His actions the element of the most delicate humour. May I take a number of instances.

You will recall the case of the lady taken in misconduct whom her accusers were proposing to stone (St. John VIII, 3-11). Knowing the mercifulness of Jesus, those accusers wanted to trap Him and they referred the case to Him. He did not contradict the order of the law in regard to that offence, but declared that the first stone was to be thrown by him who was without sin. And at the same time He proceeded to write the sins of each one with his finger on the ground. The plotters diagnosed correctly what He was doing and slunk away one by one. Then turning to the trembling woman, the merciful One addressed her: "Who accuses you?" "No one, Lord," she replied. Then He said to her: "Go away in peace and sin no more."

Surely there is the most delightful admixture of humour in that episode, put as it is like a jewel in a setting of the other Christian virtues! Summon up before your mind the detail of that transaction: The righteous ones all in a panic at the possibility of their sins being made public and hurrying away while the going was good—headed (we are told) by the eldest. Wisdom, it is said, comes with grey hairs. When you reflect, you cannot help being almost convulsed by the humour of it all. That humour did not enter into it when we took up the page to read; it must have been in the episode at the time it happened. It was Our Lord's contribution to it. We simply *must* imagine Him as chuckling over the expert way in which He had turned the tables on His would-be trappers.

Take another happening where no element of humour appears upon the surface. It is the case of the Tribute narrated by St. Matthew and St. Luke (St. Matt. XXII, 15-22; St. Luke XX, 20-26). Scrutinise it carefully. The Pharisees, anxious to ensnare Him, hatched out a most ingenious plan. They sent some of their tools (spies the text calls



The Tribute Money—an episode illustrative of Our Lord's ingenious sense of humour.

them) to Jesus to ask His advice as to whether it was right to pay the legal tribute to Rome. If Our Lord said that they should *not* pay it, His word would be reported to the Romans and He would be in trouble in that quarter. But if he said yes, it would undermine His position with the Jews. It would be repeated everywhere that He was sympathising with the invaders and supporting their authority.

It was a clever stratagem. Those who proposed the dilemma started off by telling Jesus how wise and wonderful He was. By thus flattering Him they expected His words would flow freely and that He would commit Himself one way or the other. See what happened. Jesus said: "Show me the coin of the tribute." They held up a denarius. He asked: "Whose image and inscription does it bear?" They replied: "Caesar's." So He gave them their answer: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Hearing thus the words that have since rung down through the ages as a proverb, the spies went away wondering. We might paraphrase this word "wondering" by saying that they cleared off discomfited and bewildered.

That transaction was a very solemn one. Our Lord's mission had been in gravest danger. But now the spies are in full retreat. How would you think that the disciples re-acted? Of course they thronged around Our Lord in jubilation—the way any body of adherents would in such circumstances. Imagining those rough fishermen, we can likewise imagine what their ejaculations would be like: St. Peter: "Oh, Chief, that shook them!" St. James: "That was a real stroke of genius; how did you ever think it out?" St. Thomas: "Our hearts were in our boots, but you turned the tables on them." St.



Andrew: "They could not get away quickly enough." St. Matthew: "Not one of them looked back." St. John: "Oh, Master, you were magnificent."

How would Jesus take all that delighted crowing? Do *not* imagine that He gave them a sermonette about their rejoicing being contrary to humility. Of course He enjoyed the affair as much as the disciples did—nay more! For was not His brilliant stroke a ray from the Holy Ghost? And was not that enthusiastic appreciation of the disciples really a praise of God?

That idea of embroiling Jesus between rival interests was a good one and worth trying twice. So His foes exploited the hostility which existed between the Jews and Herod. The gatherers of the tribute for the maintenance of the Temple came to Peter and asked if His Master was willing to pay (St. Matt. XVII, 23-26). Peter referred the matter to Jesus, who put to him the question as to whether kings should claim tribute from their children or from strangers. Peter replied: "From the strangers." Jesus agreed and added that they, being children, were free from the tribute. But He added that it would be well not to cause trouble by a direct refusal of the claim. So He issued the amazing order: "Peter, go to the sea and cast in a baited hook. The first fish that is caught, open its mouth; inside you will find a stater which will cover the amount of the tax for you and Me."

And so it worked out. Here again is that utterly subtle ingredient of humour which avoids both horns of the dilemma which had been cunningly presented to Him, and which at the same time startlingly endorses His Messiahship.

Take yet another case. You will remember when Our Lord came walking on the stormy sea to the boat in which the apostles were hard pressed. He bade St. Peter to leave the boat and come to Him. In the faith and enthusiasm of the moment, St. Peter set his feet upon the waters and made good progress. But then, in our poor, weak way, he took his eyes off the Master and had a look at the weather. At once his faith and courage failed him, and down he went. "Lord," he shouted with what breath he had left, "save me." Immediately Jesus pulled him up, with a gentle admonition as to his want of faith. Then the two of them walked over the heaving waves and up into the boat. At once the tempest collapsed into a complete calm.

Surely that is an awfully funny transaction, if you think it out! There is poor old Peter dripping like a drowned rat and probably feeling like one too. Must we not also imagine all the witnesses of that affair, their tensions relaxed, as simply bursting their sides with laughter over it? It would be doing them a grave injustice to imagine them as acting to the contrary, looking on with long faces. We may be

sure that for many a long day St. Peter had to listen to crude jesting about his heroic feat of walking on the waters.

Are we to visualise Jesus Himself as wearing a solemn countenance over it all? Of course not. He would have delivered His little exhortation as to faith with a face beaming with affection and humour. St. Peter, and the others through him, had been taught a vital, many-sided lesson; the storm was suddenly stilled; the Master was with His men; pent up feelings were released and exploded into riotous happiness. In no circumstances must we permit ourselves to dehumanise Our Lord and His friends, the Saints.

Neither must we let ourselves think that the only feature in that episode is the little lecture as to faith; that it excluded every other element including that of humour. No, because I have already insisted that into everything that Our Lord would do would enter kindness, helpfulness, wise counsel, *and* humour.

It is absolutely certain that God is the Author of humour, for humour is definitely one of the admirable human characteristics. It is the child of happiness and intellect. Thoroughly stupid people could have no proper sense of humour. With us, humour is the capacity to see the bright side in certain situations. But God sees such in *every* situation, for out of even the worst of circumstances He extracts a bright side. He makes heavenly profit out of everything.

The foregoing ideas have an importance, because it is essential that we should see Our Lord's life in true balance and in due perspective. It had to have naturalness for it was in part intended to be a model for us humans. So now I complete the little house, which I have tried to build for you, by putting on the roof.

The fall of darkness, which would be early in that southern land, would put a stop to the outdoor activities of Our Lord's mission. For large-scale artificial lighting was not available. Therefore the Master and His disciples would have to rest from the missionary labours of the day. They would spend the evening together—not in formal religious exercises but in happy relaxation. The events of the day would be discussed, including the lighter side. Stories would be told and there would be music and song. It is certain that spirits would be high and that the special note would be joy. Our Lord would not be foremost in the more uproarious amusement, but neither would He be a wet blanket on it. No look of His would signify a disapproval of their innocent tactics. In fact, He would be the opposite of repressive. If they glanced at Him occasionally to gauge His reactions, they would meet the gentle smile which showed that He was fully attuned to their mood.

At the end He would, as any leader would, give them a little talk to strengthen them for the morrow.







the lift for the purpose of bringing patients down to Mass on Sunday and to various meetings and functions.

One other work of mercy performed by the legionaries must be very dear to the heart of Our Blessed Lady, and that is comforting and consoling the suffering and the dying. In the hospital there is plenty of scope for this work, and the suffering patients and those who are dying have the special and loving care of the legionaries. The Rosary and prayers are recited by the bedside of the dying, and everything possible is done to help and comfort them in their last moments. In this work of love and mercy Our Blessed Lady is comforting and consoling her dying children through her legionaries.

And so the work continues. The new Praesidium took on a life of its own very quickly, and for every single member we found some sort of work to do. It does not matter in the least what their disabilities are—those who have one hand paralysed use the other hand; those who cannot speak do works of service with their hands; those who cannot move hand or foot carry on the apostolate by their speech. Our Blessed Lady has looked down with favour on her invalid legionaries and each one of them has had the great blessing of being able to work for her in some way or other. Some use their speech and their smile, others make use of their hands and their feet or whatever the good God in His loving providence has seen fit to leave them with—each one of them has something to give, something very important to give in the service of their Queen.

Now after 10 months has elapsed we have 28 full members and 13 probationers. The four officers have been appointed, the president and vice-president from outside, but the offices of secretary and treasurer have been taken on by two of the patients. The meetings are held every Thursday afternoon. About half an hour before the meeting starts great activity can be seen around the wards. The lift is working overtime bringing patients down from the

upper wards, and down the long passages you will see the legionaries hurrying along. Some are on crutches, others in wheel chairs, the stronger members helping the weaker ones—all heading for the chapel.

There is no age limit for membership. Among the first to join the Praesidium were two old patients in their nineties, they could be seen arriving half an hour before the meeting, the 93 year old wheeling her friend of 91 years—they said they wanted to be in plenty of time so as to get good places.

*The title of the Praesidium—Our Lady Cause of our Joy*

This beautiful title of Our Lady was chosen by the invalids themselves and surely no more appropriate title could have been chosen for the Hospital Praesidium. Our Blessed Lady has indeed brought joy and blessings in abundance to the children so close to her heart—her suffering children.

Some of the invalids who have joined the Praesidium had been members of the Legion of Mary years before entering the hospital. Never in their wildest dreams did they think that they could ever become active members again. They are now full of joy and gratitude as they march in the front ranks of the Legion. Some of the other invalids did not know very much about the Legion during their active life out in the world; they had very little or no contact with it. For them a door has been opened, a new way of life has been presented to them; a life of an extensively apostolic nature, of high ideals and endeavours starting with personal sanctification which overflows and reaches out to influence all those around them. And thirdly, joy has been brought to the invalids in the hospitals who are tended and waited on by the legionaries. In a spirit of humility and love the legionaries consider it a privilege to do works of service for their fellow invalids.



Look at it! Could anything more impressive be imagined than this meeting.



# THE PRAISES OF MARY

ACCORDING to St. Thomas, through the grandeur of her divine Motherhood Mary touches on the infinite. By reason of this title she occupies a place so near to God as to seem to be suffused in a manner of speaking with the uttermost being of the Blessed Trinity.—Philipon, O.P.

\* \* \*

Thus Mary "brought forth her first-born Son". First-born son is a typically Hebrew expression, with special legal significance because the first-born was to be presented to the Temple. St. Jerome in his reply to Helvidius says: "Every only-begotten is a first-born, though not every first-born is an only son. First-born does not mean him after whom came others, but him before whom no child is born." The Angels had heralded Him as heir to the throne of David His Father, but the royal chamber was a cave. His throne a manger, His canopy cobwebs, and His courtiers two homeless humans. And tradition has based His first visitors as the ox and the ass. I feel happy about that tradition, for the ass despite all the illtreatment meted out to him during the ages has an honourable place in the Bible. Balaam's ass, wiser than the soothsayer-prophet himself, by speaking saved his master's life. When Jesus entered the Holy City for His triumph, He came riding on an ass.—Hoade, O.F.M.

\* \* \*

On fixing our heart and mind on Mary most holy taken up into Heaven, a thought comes to our mind. It is the same consideration as expressed by the Council in the splendid concluding chapter of the Dogmatic Constitution of the Church, where the Blessed Virgin is placed at the summit of all the doctrine on the Church. Mary, the Council says, is the symbol, in other words the ideal, the example, the model of the Church.—Pope Paul VI.

\* \* \*

In this difficult transitional stage of Mariology, the pivotal points of treatment have been sufficiently set by the Council. They are: The return to sources, and the detouring of the disunity between Mariology and theology, between theology and practice. The position is that the Virgin is so intimately pre-



sent in the heart of Scripture, of Tradition, of the Liturgy, and is so closely bound up with the mysteries of the Incarnation, the Assumption, the Church, the Communion of Saints, that one cannot have any misgivings about the future. If one type of Mariology is on the wane, another type is developing. Even though the "radical theology" continues to be a disquieting phenomenon, it is only because its ambiguous propositions tend to deprive the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Resurrection and God Himself of real meaning. For all Christians who admit that Revelation surpasses human understanding, the Virgin presents herself ever more and more as a manifest principle.—Laurentin.

\* \* \*

Before applying himself to his studies, Olier invariably invoked Our Blessed Lady. As if God had wished to put him under a sort of necessity for thus having constant recourse to her, Olier was unable to learn anything until after he had addressed an Ave to her.—Icard.

\* \* \*

THE cave was unoccupied. How poor and uninviting it must have been is proved from this fact. Bethlehem was full to overflowing, yet no one stopped to profit by this rude stable. He who came to take the lowest place had reserved it for Himself and His Mother.—Hely Thompson.





His Excellency the Bishop of Coimbra is shown addressing the Legion pilgrims.

**MORE** than 60 priests and about 4,000 legionaries took part in the first National Pilgrimage to Fatima organised by the Legion of Mary in Portugal. There were legionaries present from all parts of the country. Most of them came in chartered buses, some having left home in the early hours of Saturday morning.

The event marked the 20th anniversary of the start of the Legion in Portugal.

The ceremonies in Fatima began at 6.30 p.m. on Saturday with a procession of the legionaries, grouped in Curiae, to the Chapel of the Apparitions in the centre of the Sanctuary. The Legion Prayers and Rosary were recited during the procession. At the Chapel of the Apparitions the legionaries were welcomed to Fatima by His Lordship, the Bishop of Coimbra. His Lordship gave an inspiring address, describing Our Lady's place in God's Plan of Salvation. He quoted from Scripture and from the Vatican Council's Decree on the Church. He said that many years before the Council the Legion of Mary had been teaching its members what the Council has now decreed about Our Lady. His Lordship's wonderful talk reflects his enthusiastic interest in the Legion.

At 9.30 p.m. all gathered in the Sanctuary for the candlelight procession. This was a most impressive sight. The procession wound its way around the perimeter of the Sanctuary, starting at the Chapel of the Apparitions and finishing up in front of the open-air altar on the steps of the Basilica. The legionaries formed a chain of light, right around the vast Sanctuary. During the procession, the Legion Prayers and Rosary were again recited and some hymns were sung.

The procession finished, the legionaries formed up in front of the open-air altar where a para-liturgical function was held. This included readings from the Old and New Testaments, a homily by Fr. Guerra, S.J., a Profession of Faith and a Prayer of the Faithful, with petitions for the Holy Father, the

## Legionaries of Portugal flock

By Paddy Fay

Brother Fay participated in this memorable Pilgrimage. He was Legion Envoy to Mozambique for three years.

Hierarchy and for the Legion of Mary in Portugal and throughout the world. This function finished at 11 p.m. with the singing of the Legion of Mary Hymn.

On Sunday morning from 9.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. a conference on the Congress model was held. There were two sessions. The first session was on The Holy Ghost and the Legion of Mary. The second session was on the Extension of the Legion of Mary. Unfortunately, only about 400 were able to take part in these discussions as this was the capacity of the largest hall available. The discussions were very good with quite a number participating. The contributions showed evidence of preparation beforehand. Several of the Spiritual Directors present, speaking from experience of working with the Legion, paid great tribute to it. For those who could not attend the discussions the Way of the Cross was conducted.

At 11.45 a.m. the legionaries assembled again in front of the open-air altar for Holy Mass, con-celebrated by 45 priests. It was wonderful. During the Mass, at the time of the sermon, the principal celebrant, Fr. Sousa, read a letter just received from His Excellency, the Papal Nuncio, Dr. Sensi. (Text of letter appears separately—Ed.)

At 3 p.m. the Ceremonies at the Sanctuary came to a close with a farewell procession to the Chapel of the Apparitions, in which the Statue of Our Lady of Fatima was carried. In the tradition of Fatima Pilgrimages the area around the Chapel became a sea of white handkerchiefs waving a farewell, while Dr. Lopes, C.S.Sp. called out petitions on behalf of the Legion and legionaries everywhere, including one that legionaries would always be loyal to the governing authorities in the Church and in the Legion.

When all had finished and before leaving for the long journey home many of the legionaries made further visits to the Chapel of the Apparitions, built on the spot where Our Lady appeared, and also to the tombs of Jacinta and Francisco in the Basilica.

The Pilgrimage was carried out in a most efficient and dignified manner and was a deeply moving experience. May Our Lady of Fatima shower down graces on the Legion in Portugal.

Sincere thanks are due to Dr. Lopes, C.S.Sp., to the Legion Envoy to Portugal, Sister Maria Senra, and to all those who organised the Pilgrimage.



# on Pilgrimage to Fatima

*His Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Sensi, D.D., Apostolic Nuncio to Portugal, writes:—*

*Dear Legionaries,*

*The Legion of Mary, of which you rejoice to be active members, will celebrate, beside the altar of Fatima, the 20th anniversary of the beginning of this movement in Portugal.*

*Invited to preside at so festive an event, I regret being unable to participate personally, but very willingly I associate myself to the sentiments which bring you together in that holy place and I unite my prayers to yours that your apostolate may always find favour with God and that it will be increasingly more abundantly fruitful.*

*If, on the one hand, it is sad to see so much religious indifference and so much ignorance concerning the higher interests of God and of souls, on the other, it is consoling to see good Christians, informed and dynamic, united by an apostolic ideal, working zealously in the Lord's vineyard.*

*However many apostolic movements there may be in the bosom of the Church, their opportuneness and their urgency show themselves in face of the disproportion between the number of workers and the present requirements of the Apostolate. Furthermore, it is to all the members of the People of God, in virtue of the Christian vocation itself, that the invitation is directed to be His collaborators in so sublime a work.*

*Therefore, I cordially congratulate your courageous Legion which, animated by the spirit of God and under the auspices of the Queen of the Apostles, with noble and youthful enthusiasm fulfils its role of a leaven in the world in which it is called to live and work.*

*The jubilee you are celebrating offers you the occasion to joyfully verify how the Lord has blessed the 20 years' work of the Legion of Mary, in the service of the Church in Portugal, and to draw courage for new undertakings in fidelity to the spirit which governs your organisation. This spirit is in the line pointed out by the Council Documents which refer to the Apostolate of the Laity, in such a manner that, living that spirit, you are true Christians and render to the Church the service which it expects from you.*

*The direct contact with your fellow-men which you seek within the family and everywhere; the weekly meeting, the true heart of the Legion, in which prayer is entwined with reflection and work; the obedience to the officers of the group, to the Priest, representative of the Bishop; your openness to the generous collaboration with the Parish Priest for any form of social or apostolic activity—make you authentic witnesses of Christ and sound instruments to penetrate society with the spirit of God.*

*Your deep devotion to the Most Holy Virgin, under whose patronage you form a pacific army, is a sure pledge of apostolic efficacy, because in her school, animated by the same faith, humility and love, you are the living elements, informed and responsible, of her maternal solicitude. This devotion will keep you united in a disciplined manner as the very name of your Association requires: an internal union, between you and your superiors, an external union, with the other organisations, which leads you to a prompt and unlimited collaboration and assistance, anxious only that good be done, by whomever it may be done.*

*It will be that union, so insistently recommended by the Holy Father, which will assure to you the presence of the Lord, with His grace, His strength and His blessing.*

*Dear Legionaries, it is with intense jubilation that I find myself present in spirit among you at this so solemn hour. Ties of particular esteem bind me to your movement. When I was Apostolic Nuncio in Ireland*

*I was acquainted personally with your admirable Founder, Frank Duff, and I had the opportunity to see the wonderful activity which the Legion develops in that Nation whence it radiates through the world.*

*Therefore, this is my wish, in the present happy circumstance: that the Legion flourish vigorously here also, and with even more reason, being the Land of Santa Maria; that it may expand its prolific branches to every corner of Portugal and that it may produce fruits increasingly more abundant.*

*\*José M. Sensi,  
Nuncio Apostolic.*





# Way of Life in Venezuela

By Rose Parsons

I FIRST became interested in the church in Latin-America when Pope John XXIII spoke of the great shortage of priests and the need for thousands of lay people to work there.

I had my doubts that I would be of some use as I always thought that only professional people could help on the missions. After some time I learned of "Viatores Christi" or "Travellers for Christ", which under the auspices of the Legion of Mary, is a training or preparation centre for lay people interested in serving the Church abroad.

Eventually I found myself in San Felipe, Venezuela, where the Bishop, Mgr. Thomas Marquez, promised to support me financially. I live with a Venezuelan family, who could not be kinder to me.

## *The Weather*

The weather is tropical, with, what we would consider, perpetual summer. There are some months in which it rains a lot but there is not a rainy season as such. The whole year round the days are the same length, with about twelve hours of brightness and twelve hours of darkness.

The food is quite a change from what I was used to, although I do get potatoes at times. The staple food is Caraotas, Rice, and Arepas; Caraotas being black beans which taste nicer than they look. Arepas are made by hand from maize and are eaten in place of bread. In many households the women will start making their Arepas at 5.0 in the morning. Spanish is the language of all the Latin-American countries except Brazil in which Portuguese is spoken. I had problems, of course, at first and for many months with the language but I had the advantage (or sometimes the disadvantage) of living with a family and of hearing only Spanish all the time.

## *First Holy Communion*

I attend the meetings of the Legion of Mary and work with the local legionaries—and work there is in plenty. The main work is religious instruction of children and visitation of the homes and hospitals. Mostly religion is not taught in the schools and for the majority of people, the only religious instruction they receive is their preparation in three or four months, for their first Communion. Last year I had the pleasure of preparing several groups of children for their First Holy Communion.

We are received kindly in the homes of the people. Although the majority of them will profess



to be Catholic, many of them do not know or understand anything about the faith.

## *The Sacraments*

In an article published recently it was reported that in Latin-America 70-80% are nominally Catholics but only an average of 17% practise their faith. Up to now the lay apostolic workers have been concentrating on the sacraments, recommending that children are baptised, confirmed and encouraging couples to have their marriages regularised by the Church. While this is very good work, it is also necessary and more important that they evangelise and instruct the people first. There is also great need for works for the community such as social centres, adult classes, etc. At present talks are being held in the homes in the evenings where a small group of neighbours meet. Subjects include, the Story of Salvation, The Sacraments, Faith, Charity and Social Problems.

As the Bishop is anxious to have the Legion extended and cultivated in the Diocese I travel to the outlying districts to work with the Legionaries and to set up new praesidia. Some parishes are so poor materially, spiritually and morally that the priests really depend on the support and encouragement of the active lay people—even if it is only a small group.

## *Apostolic Work*

In August the "Peregrinatio Pro Christo" came to our Diocese. This was a project of three weeks'



## Recommended for Reading

*What happened at Fatima?* J. J. Gannon, O.P.

Published by Catholic Truth Society, Dublin.

Price 1/-.

This booklet has a special merit in its direct and factual approach to the great events or the apparitions of Our Lady at Fatima from May until October 1917.

The emphasis is on the story of three privileged little children, Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco and their vital part in the drama of the Cova da Iria. Told without trimmings and with a sense of balance and good judgment, this readable pamphlet could be particularly useful in connection with Legion visitation.

It provides a different type of reading to that generally found in the hands of young people, and what more appealing to the impressionable minds of youth than the record of the conversations of the Queen of Heaven with these little ones, who risked even their lives in keeping their appointments with her. It clearly conveys the great message of Fatima—devotion to the Rosary.

Father Gannon, who spent many years in the Community of the Irish Dominicans, Lisbon, knows Fatima and the surrounding countryside intimately. This further enhances the value of his descriptions of the many interesting places en route to Fatima.



**Liverpool :** The new headquarters of the Liverpool Senatus at 32 Derby Lane, Liverpool, 13. Br. J. O'Gorman, President of the Senatus and Br. J. Radford, literature treasurer seen at the door.

intensive apostolic work in the Parish of Cocorate. Forty-three legionaries came from all over Venezuela to take part for one, two or three weeks. The Parish Social Centre was converted into living quarters. The day started with morning prayers and Mass at 7.0 a.m. At least six hours each day were spent in visiting and two hours in the evening for special activities. At 9.0 p.m., a meeting was held to report on the day's work and to assign the work for the following day. In the first week a parish census was realised and in the other two weeks many homes were revisited. Special activities at night included talks in the homes, processions in the streets, Rosaries in families, and conferences for youth.

Special attention was paid to the sick and old. A special Mass was held for them, all being taken to the church by car. Fifty of them received Holy Communion and of these thirty received for the first time. They were treated to coffee and cakes before being brought home again. Many of them had not

been outside their homes for several years. Some legionaries sacrificed all their holidays to take part in the project. The fact that many of them would be the only practising Catholic in the family will give an idea of the added sacrifice which it entailed.

### *One Native Priest*

The Diocese, which is only two years old, has about fifteen parishes and if there were priests enough these could be doubled and trebled. The shortage of native priests is acute. There is only one native priest in the Diocese of San Felipe, the majority being Spanish. Few of the lay people are trained in the apostolate and the lack of leaders is great. Prayers and active help are needed. Pope Paul has made the plea: "You too laymen come to the aid of the Church. Come, with your knowledge of social needs that surround us and with the ability to discover new ways of spreading the message of Christ. Come help us now—tomorrow may be too late."





★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ *The Queen* ★

★ *of* ★

★ *Heaven* ★

★ *takes a* ★

★ *Holiday* ★

★ *By Eileen O'Connor* ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This captivating article is from the pen of Eileen O'Connor who some years ago gave us one in the same fanciful strain dealing with Our Lady's visits to her dressmaker. There are a few anachronisms in this article due to the fact that items of two holidays have been brought together, one in the Autumn, the other earlier. The two illustrations are by Gustave Doré

**I**N the first chapter of his Gospel, St. John quotes Our Lord's words to the Apostles: "Amen, Amen, I say to you, you will see the heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man" (St. John I, 51). At that stage of their association with Our Lord, that promise must have been rather overwhelming to those who heard it.

The Legion Handbook devotes four pages to the Angels, likening their position to that of an air force in relation to a surface army.

As readers of the Handbook will recall, there is an Association called the Philangeli (which means the lovers of the Angels) which dedicates itself to the spreading of devotion to them. From communications with the directors of that Association we see that it is well on the march. Centres are coming into being; legionaries are enrolling members, and branches are springing up in all sorts of unexpected places.

Even the moderns have to pay tribute to the Angels. Those who have seen the gigantic figure of St. Michael on the Protestant Cathedral of Coventry, England, describe it with emotion, so magnificently does the artist depict the Archangel's majesty and terrifying power over Satan.

All that is just by way of introducing my subject

which is to exhibit the Angels in a more familiar role—that of our guardians.

"Once upon a time" a group of us who are accustomed to take our holidays on the bicycle were moving slowly along the Atlantic seaboard of Ireland. At a turn of the road we suddenly found ourselves confronting a spectacle of clouds so entrancing that the ten of us put on the brakes, and then stood gazing up at the ravishing sight. The sky was the bluest of blue with gigantic white clouds churning a unique pattern. Plain as plain could be, those clouds had formed themselves into two enormous wings which could only be borne by an Angel. Then, as we were gazing in wonder, one of our number declared the interesting fact: "This is the 2nd October, the feast day of the Angels." Truly it was a coincidence.

This coincidence sparked off an animated talk on the Angels, a miniature, roadside Patrician discussion to which each one of us contributed ideas more or less useful. One of those remarks was definitely of great value and I give it to you: "I have a great reverence for the Angels. I believe mine to have helped me in many difficult situations, but I find them impersonal. That is a great obstacle to a familiarity consistent with the fact that they are with us always, guarding us by day and by night. It is a



big barrier between us that they are invisible. It makes it almost unsurmountable that they should also be anonymous."

"I will rectify that for you," said one of the party with a smile. Then like picking cherries out of a hat, he bestowed a name on each of our ten Angels: "Balistra for you; Perlitus for you; Humila for you; Tendicula for you; Ultramane for you; Milvior for you; Termon for you; Macander for you, and Brenstar for you. My own is Eire."

That was a bombshell of knowledge! When he had finished, we had quite a job in getting them down on paper. Then we enquired who had revealed those names to him. He said: "I regret that it was no matter of heavenly inspiration. I just made up good sounds as I went along."

That amused us for it linked itself up with the contemporary mod allure for "sound". I have suggested above that this naming of the Angels for our own purposes represents an important idea, and daily I become more convinced about it. Because Balistra, my Angel, has now become very real to me. I find myself making conversation with him and giving him little jobs to do for me.

From this I proceed to my suggestion that everyone should select a name for his own Guardian Angel. Everybody and everything has a name, so why should those glorious friends of ours be left without one? It is the very nature of man to put a name on everything about him; except on the Angels. Our names have been given to us by our parents, but let us select our own names for our Angel friends. The name could come from a tree or a flower, or something else in nature, or from science or art; or it could be a made-up set of letters which are capable of being sounded. The Pop Groups have a fascinating array of names. And just look at the charm of the names which are being given to the arid regions of the Moon. Why not let us surpass them in beautiful inspiration.

A legionary in Hawaii, writing to her correspondent here, refers much to her own Angel Guardian whom she has christened "Shamrock". She has specified to that correspondent that the name of his Angel Guardian is "Eire". Furthermore she states that these two Angels frequently meet in mid-ocean to exchange news items about their charges. So that is why he included the name Eire in his list.

When those mighty Angel's wings in the sky had evolved themselves into a different pattern, and when that really significant discussion was concluded, we remounted our iron horses and resumed our delightful journey.

I cannot say how it was with the remainder of the party, but the subject of our discussion remained on in my mind. Those ten Angels, though unseen, were with us, all well and truly named. I addressed Balistra by name for the first time and said to him:

"Balistra, I should not have to tell you who are the guardian of a legionary that a very particular idea of ours is that we are always in union with Mary, your Queen and our Queen. Therefore we are supposed to keep close to our minds the fact that she is with us on this cycle trip. I think that it would aid very much towards making that notion more vivid to us if we could think of her as being on a bicycle like the rest of us. So what would you think of making a bicycle for her? You and the other nine guardians could do it between you as a sort of little private venture and then invite her to have a holiday with all of us in complete informality?"

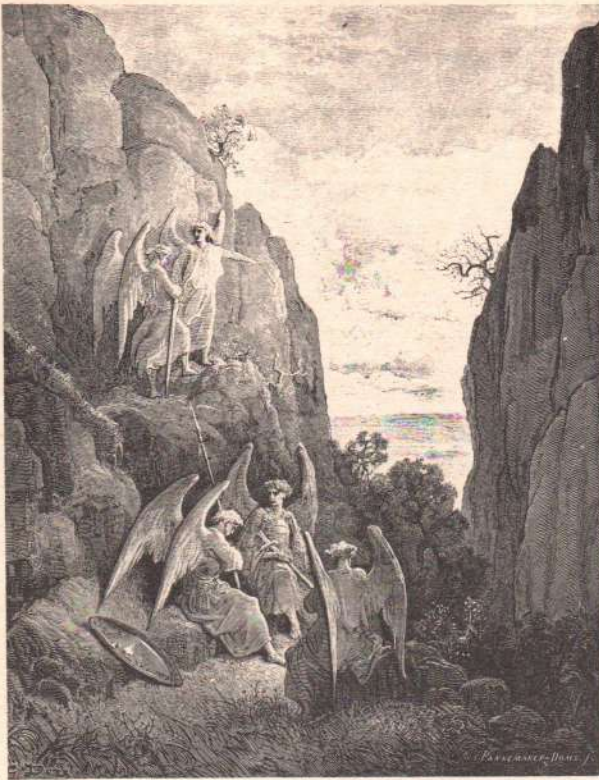
Balistra thought this suggestion was a most happy one. He had a consultation with his colleagues who agreed that there would be no trouble whatever about their manufacturing the bicycle but that there might be some difficulty in getting the Queen of Heaven off on a holiday for ten days. Did we realise how busy she was; that she was the Mother of the whole world and had to keep her eye on absolutely everything? Of course I did not dissent from Balistra in that but expressed the view that Our Lady had a right to a real holiday just the very same as everybody else had. I pointed out that we were all very hard worked and that we could not get along but for the refreshment and stimulation of our two annual adventures on the wheel.

So the ten Angels started off with the making of the bicycle. Of course an immense amount of ingenuity had to go into that machine because it would be a present to a Queen from ten Angels and their legionary charges. Every material and metal had to be brought into the gift so as to make it symbolic of everything good and beautiful. There had to be elaborate blueprints, wonderful welding and assembling. But all this did not take the time that the earthly operations would. It was as instantaneous as thinking. In a moment, as it seemed, the bicycle was ready. There was one feature to which I must refer. A red reflector was needed for it. Perlitus, the Angel of the youngest member of our party, saw the very thing which would do. It was a mighty ruby, two inches wide, so lustrous that it seemed to be on fire. It was deep in the rock at the bottom of a turbulent waterfall, but the Angels held back the water and levered out the ruby.

Oh what a beautiful object that bicycle was! For a second each one of us harboured an envious wish for it, but that vanished immediately in the thought that no one was worthy of it but Mary.

Now the important consideration was the inviting of our Queen and Mother to join the party. Balistra told me that there is a heavenly etiquette in such a transaction; that none of our group of Angels were what they would call top-notchers, and that they had to present their petitions through St. Raphael who had some sort of higher relation to our party.





"Our angelic escort told Our Lady that the time limit for her holiday had come."

So Raphael was approached and was happily found in complete agreement with the plan. He contacted St. Peter and was informed that just at the moment Our Lady was engaged in ushering a vast host into heaven. By reason of its being the feast day of the Angels, there had been a great liberation of souls from Purgatory. That joyful ceremony in which she would present them to Jesus would soon be over and then Our Lady would graciously avail of what she was good enough to call our thoughtful invitation.

In the supernatural order everything can accomplish itself rapidly. Accordingly a mile of the road had hardly been covered by us from the moment of the original idea until Mary was wafted to earth by a legion of Angels and placed in our midst, seated upon that elegant angelic bicycle which had been built for her.

At least the feminine portion of my readers will be all agog to know how she was dressed for this unusual employment of hers. Well, her sports outfit was begun long before that, when the newly born lambs were first seen dancing between the rocks and the beautiful wild flowers in the patches of green grass. The weaving of pure white lamb's wool was wondrously accomplished by angelic hands and then what a creation of a skirt emerged: It was of knife-sized pleats with an inch border of red above the hem which gave full play as the pedals went around. Her woollen knitted sweater was Aran Bainin wool of heliotrope colour with blue pearl buttons. Her

hair (light coloured as described in the Handbook) was held in place by a band of Limerick hand-made lace. Pinned behind her right ear was a posy of small coloured feathers tied together with a narrow silver ribbon. These bobbed about in the gentle breeze and added gaiety to the jocund ensemble.

Where the feathers were found makes an interesting little story. On a previous holiday we stayed in a hotel in Kinvara, Co. Galway. There in a large and beautiful antique mahogany case was a collection of stuffed American birds of all colours, perched on small branches of trees. We admired them so much that we took a coloured photograph of it. We were informed that the collection originally belonged to George Washington and that the present owners had bought it at an auction in a great house. I asked Balistra to slip into that case and take a few small yellow, blue, red and bright green feathers and insert them in Our Lady's head-dress. In a flash this was done; he undertook to return them to the right and proper birds eventually.

These holidays of ours are unparalleled. Gazing at the unspeakable scenery, talking and cycling and sometimes singing make an enchanting combination. It reached supreme heights when in imagination we contemplated the presence of our Mother among us and conceived her as taking part in all our pleasure. Nothing escapes our observation and we talk about absolutely everything.

I asked Balistra to enlighten me so that I could enter fully into the joy of Our Lady's being with us. Through my inner eye I admired the easy, graceful rhythm of her cycling as we sped along through the beautiful surroundings. It was made evident how great was her appreciation of the beauty of nature around us, marvellously canopied as it was today by the glorious blue sky with its islands of fleecy, luminous clouds—which had not long before shown themselves as Angels' wings. I knew, too, how much the cottages on the way meant to her, because they contained people, her children. Likewise, everything else fell into her domain, the merry rivers, the lakes and waterfalls, the tall and varied mountains whose colours kept changing like a kaleidoscope. I realised also that she could see the underground things, the precious stones and metals in the depths of the earth and in the heart of the mountains—hidden from the eyes of man.

The trees and flowers of multitudinous variety must have attracted her special attention, for all of them contain some special message about her, and the Angels who were in charge of all those living items of nature bowed low as their Queen passed by. Many of these growing things are named in Scripture and some are figures of her. In one place we found that the lilies were growing all over the place with the profusion of wild flowers.

Now it was about 1 o'clock, and our thought had



to tend to the question of our mid-day meal. On these trips it is always an al fresco lunch partaken of in some special beauty spot along the way. Care goes towards the selection of that spot. We like particularly to have it beside water, sometimes by the ocean, and sometimes by river or lake. In Ireland none of these things is very far away at any time. Today we found a place by the ocean so beautiful that we cannot but think that our lovely guest chose it for us and led us there.

We had a primus stove and all the materials for the meal with us. Our camping place was on the rocks overlooking the beating waves. As the preparations for the meal proceeded, I imagined Our Lady seated beside us gazing with delight on the small boats of many bright colours tied up at a boat slip. No doubt she was remembering the many times she sailed on the Sea of Galilee. Often she must have sat among the fishermen on the seashore, just as we were sitting. The meal must have reminded her of the way in which her divine Son had often prepared a meal for His companions. Moreover, though seated humbly among us and partaking of our modest fare, she was nevertheless exercising her tremendous role as Stella Maris to all the sailors of ships in the whole world.

Finally our simple but delightful repast was over. We tidied up, and this time with more than ordinary care because we felt that her maternal eyes were watching our behaviour in that respect. Then, according to our practice, one of our number read for a while from a book chosen in advance. Amazing to say, on this occasion it was Father Faber's Book on the Angels. The stories in it were not only appropriate to the moment but also of deep emotional quality so that all of us had a hard job to refrain from tears. Then up and onto the road again.

Another of our invariable customs is to say the Legion prayers in some church along the road. Today that would be a remarkable event by reason of our guest. We saw a church ahead and normally would have entered it, but this time we passed it with the declaration that there was another more suitable not far ahead. We had a sorrowful reason for that avoidance; it was one of those churches where Our Lady had been deprived of honour. I watched her carefully as we went by. She looked at me and her glance told me that she knew all. Of course she would have loved to visit her Child in that church but she knew our reasons and she respected them. In fact I read into her understanding look the tone of gratitude. Shortly after, we arrived at the other church which was fit to introduce her into. Mindful of the noble lady and her escort who were with us, I think that our devotion during those prayers soared to record heights.

Next on our programme was the visiting of a beautiful demesne which we had been recommended

not to pass. It was up for sale and we were told that the gardeners who were in possession would not refuse us entry. This latter favour was readily granted to us by those men. So into a human paradise we wended our way. A curved drive led us through trees of every colour, and by green lawns with flower beds glowing with a delirium of flowers. Our Lady must have been quite enchanted to behold so many of them which are specially linked with her, such as the lily and the rose. And many others which have some sort of reference to her.

The world of flowers is a world of wonder. They enter into every department of life; they are part of the wedding joys; they are in cemeteries; they are taken to the sick; they are offered in welcome to visitors; they form inevitable decoration. People have become famous for nothing else than arranging them.

I asked three persons the question: "What do flowers mean to you?" The first was a legionary brother who replied: "Flowers are God's way of talking to you." The next was a legionary sister; after some thought she said: "Flowers are Our Lady's way of looking at us." And then comes the statement of a Jesuit cousin of mine from Santa Clara University, California, who says: "Flowers are God's grace notes in His symphony of creation." And he went on to say: "There is no rose so beautiful as Mary, Our Lady of Flowers."

This brings to the mind the thought that probably the first legionary who will be canonised by the Church is named after a flower, Edelweiss.

But while we were still in that fairyland of flowers and natural beauty, a great blow had to descend upon us. There seemed to be a sudden wind stirring. Imagination lent wings to it and suggested that it might be the Angels giving signs. Right enough our angelic escort grouped itself around Our Lady and told her that the time limit for her holiday with us had come and that a function of special importance required her presence in the realm above.

Obedient to a claim so peremptory—especially as she had in such queenly fashion fulfilled her duties to us—her celestial bicycle sped along the drive towards the massive entry gates. But before she got that far, we saw the machine, now all aglow with coloured light, rise from the ground and ascend like a beautiful shooting star to heaven. The last thing we saw was the ruby's red gleam.

But before she had departed, Balistra had attended to his commission of taking the feathers from her headwear to restore them to Galway.

We should have been reduced to the depths of sadness by such a loss. But no. Though abstracted from the eyes of our imagination, she was still vividly present to the eyes of the soul. The rapture did not abate and it never will.



# THE PRESENCE OF GOD



VOICE *Slowly*  
 PIANO

*over higher* *lento* *mf* *mp* *ad lib* *Res.*

I see His blood — on the rose — And in the stars the glory of his eyes His body

*pp* *contabile* *sf* *seg.* *Res.*