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FAITH AND THE HEART OF MAN

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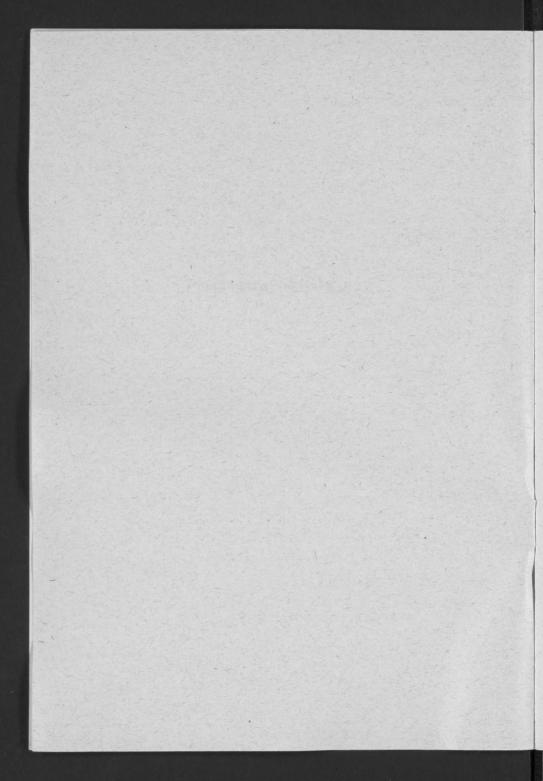
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"When I was a child, I spoke" as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child." (I Cor. 13: 11) When I was a child, I feared as children fear. "Now that I have become a man. I have put away the things of a child." (ibid.) I have put way childish fears, but I have not put away fear. Fear is part of me. It is part of the human machine. Philosophers list it under human passions. I cannot cast out fear any more than I can cast out love. Love, the passion of pursuit, and fear, the passion of escape, are like the heart and lungs standard equipment for mortals. Fear does not make us abnormal. We would be abnormal without it. Do not be afraid because you are afraid of the atom bomb. It is something that normal and wise men fear. But I think it should not be your first fear. The first fear of Christians is not for survival, but for salvation. Regarding your fears I think these two questions are important: What things do you fear most? How desperate are vour fears?

Human passions are problem property. They are an asset and a liability. The animal fears and controls his fear by instinct. Man fears and is expected to control his fear by his mind. Fear can become so great that it sweeps away the controls of the mind, tears down the very walls of reason, and there is a swift flight from the world of reality through the broken gates of the mind. Pray for the mentally ill, and pray that a cold ruthless world that destroys so many minds will learn mercy and be kind.

Fear is the passion of flight, and how violent the passion and how headlong the flight depends upon the size of the evil in itself or in our minds. The loss of a mother is seen as an immeasurable evil by the little boy, who cannot imagine his room, his house, his world without his mother. He cannot imagine playing without mother to come home to, or praying without mother to straighten him out when he mixes up his Our Father with his Hail Mary. The boy become a man still sees the loss of mother as evil. but not the immeasurable evil it once was. For now his world has grown larger. His room is now shared with another who is mother to his children, his house is filled with the running of their laughter and the tripping of their prayers. His world is filled with people, places, and things and mother, and he sees death differently now. His love has not altered, but his fear is changed, for his vision of God and heaven have grown too.

Why do you fear? Your fears will help you determine your values. If you fear the loss of health, money, friends, beauty more than the loss of God, then God has taken second place in your life, and there is disorder at the heart of the matter. If your first fear is sin and the loss of grace then you are a Christian. Why do you fear? That question helps you to answer a more important one: What do you love? All of us do not fear the same things, for all of us do not love the same things. Your fears are the other side of your loves. The fears of mothers are for their children. At five they are afraid they'll fall, at fifteen they are afraid they'll fall in love too soon, at twenty-five or fortyfive they are afraid they'll fall into sin. Soldiers fear for their lives for they are young and their lives are dear to them. Saints fear sin. They love God

so much they fear to lose him even for an instant. The passion of fear sleeps until the danger is imminent. A mother's passion of fear burns bright when the night hours lengthen and her girl has not returned from the dance. The soldier's fear bursts into flame when the battle flares and the air is filled with swift hot steel. Fear is a movement of fleeing. and all within flees as he advances toward the danger of death, and the greater the fear the nobler his courage. Wise men fear for themselves, afraid of their weaknesses and the threat of loss in them, the loss of esteem, of honor, of self-respect. These are more valuable than silver or success, and a wise but weak man fears for them.

Fear is not evil, no more than love is evil, or hunger or thirst. Fear is human. Fear can lead us to good, and long ago God inspired the words, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." (Prov. 1:7). In one of his letters John the Apostle wrote, "He who fears is not perfected in love. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casts out." (1 John 4:18). He means that the fears of saints are not the fears of earthly men. The man who has perfect Christian love sees one thing as supremely evil, the loss of God. Your loves determine your fears. Listen to St. Paul: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or hunger, or nakedness, or danger, or the sword? (Rom. 8:35). Tribulation. distress. hunger, nakedness, the swordthese are things that men fear. To love Christ like Paul is to cast out the fear. And what of the little people who fear to be saints and martyrs? If perfect love casts out fear, surely a little love will keep fear from consuming us. "Let us therefore love, because God first loved us." (1 John 4:19). Let us make a beginning of love, that we may be a little less afraid.

Since fear is part of man, Jesus met it in the men He knew. He accepted fear as a reality, and in His preaching He strove to give it direction and control. He told us *what* to fear. He said, "Do not be afraid of those who kill the body, but cannot kill the soul. . Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And yet not one of them will fall to the ground without your Father's leave. But as for you, the very hairs of your head are numbered. Therefore, do not be afraid; you are of more value than many sparrows." (Matthew 10:28-31) How thoughtful of the Son of God! How kind of Christ to compare us to the birds, that each time we see a sparrow we might be reminded of his words and be lifted up by faith in them. We are worth more to God than many sparrows. The very hairs of our head are numbered. How often do we fear that we do not really matter to man or God? The fear that we are imperceptible even in the eyes of God in the vast fog of frightening men. It is a thought that we have no value to anyone, that we are nothing more than a name in the phone book, a number in a census, as little as a sparrow and as unnoticed. If even that fright assails you, remember the words of Our Lord, "Do not be afraid. The very hairs of your head are numbered."

At times the world around is inhospitable and hostile, the world of hurricane and flood and tidal wave, the world of auto accidents and plane crashes, of polio and cancer and the atom bomb. There are a thousand things to fear in our world, and only the fool has said in his heart, "There is nothing to fear." Wise men are afraid of the future, and Christ seems to be asleep. He seemed to be asleep that night long ago when the sea was hostile with wind and storm. "There arose a great squall, and the waves were beating into the boat, so that the boat was now filling. And He Himself was in the stern of the boat, on the cushion, asleep. And they woke Him and said to Him. "Master, does it not concern thee, we are perishing. . . Then He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there came a great calm. And He said to them, 'Where is your faith?'" When nature or man turn hostile there is the sudden upsurge of fear in us, the violent passion to escape, and the impassioned plea, prayer, complaint to Christ, "Is it no concern of yours, we are perishing!" In the midst of the panic perfect love casts out fear, but so few have perfect love. Above the wind and storm of fear again the voice of Christ is heard. "Where is your faith. Fear not them that kill the body and have nothing more that they can do."

This is my first and greatest fear, the fear for my soul. This is a fear deep within me, as elemental as hunger or the longing to live. This fear is seen when man lives on human level or tries to. When one lives on purely animal level he may not see it, or, if he sees it, call it a mirage. A thinking man is concerned with the interpretation of this anxiety within himself. He is concerned with the question of his destiny, if only because so many good men before him have been anxious about it. The man who puts his faith in Christ has a far greater reason. When Jesus told us not to fear them that kill the body, He added, "Rather fear Him that can destroy both body and soul in Hell." (Matthew 10:28) The Christian's fear is not panic, but a deep anxiety within. It is so bound to his nature as to be part of it. a condition of its existence. He cannot escape it. The fear of the unknown is linked to the fear of the known, the world he lives in, in which he must save his soul. He is anxious lest his soul's life be crushed out in the world, anxious lest the world force itself between his soul and God and effect the great divorce, the disastrous endless separation that is Hell. In that anxiety he strains again to catch the sound of the voice of Christ in answer to the deep fear within his heart,

and then it comes across the world from the Supper Room: "Take courage, I have overcome the world. Father, I pray for them . . . for those whom thou hast given me, because they are thine... I do not pray that thou take them out of the world, but that thou keep them from evil." (John 16:33; 17 passim)

Why are you afraid?

LONELINESS

I know of no loneliness like the loneliness of a man hanging on a cross between the earth and the sky "stripped and bleeding and alone." I know no prayer in all the history so lonely as the cry. "My God. my God. why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matthew 27:46) What loneliness to hear. as you die, the taunts of your country-men. "If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross." (Matthew 27:40) "Let him save himself, if he is the Christ, the chosen one of God." (Luke 23:35) "He saved others. himself he cannot save."

There is a loneliness like it. now that I remember. It is the loneliness of Jesus in the olive garden that night with only the soft shadows cast by the moon as companions-and sleeping disciples: the loneliness of the plea, "Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass away, yet not as I will but as thou willest": (Matthew 26:39) the loneliness of the hoarse whisper of Jesus, "My soul is sad, even unto death"; (26:38) the loneliness of the mental anguish that made Jesus sweat blood: the loneliness of the complaint to his disciples. "Could you not watch one hour with

me?" (26:40) This was the first surge of the flood of loneliness of the Son of God; on the cross they pierced his hands and feet; in the garden his soul was pierced—by our sins.

Loneliness is the emptiness of the heart, the hunger of love. Like the heart of man. the heart of Christ was capable of loneliness. His heart could be filled with the companionship of his Father in heaven and of his brethren on earth. Always it was overflowing with the joy of those who behold God in man and in things, and more-the joy of the Son of God, who beheld always the infinite beauty of the Father. On that night and that day, in the garden and on the cross, the sin of the world choked off the joy of the vision of God, and the heart of Jesus was as lonely as a man. Since that night and that day the loneliness of man has taken on a meaning. Now we have a reason for accepting loneliness, and this is it: the heart of the Son of God was lonely. God, who made the human heart with the burden of loneliness. bore that burden himself, that we might believe that it was given to us not in harshness but in kindness, that we might know that we are lonely on earth because earth is too little to fill our hearts, that we might see that the deep loneliness of the heart is a hunger for God, that we might pray, "Thou hast made us for thyself, O God, and our hearts are lonely till they find companionship with thee."

There is loneliness very much like to Christ's, the lovely loneliness of Mary. She missed him when he left at twelve and was lost for three days. She missed him when he set out at thirty to begin his mission. But that loneliness was bearable, for she would see him once in a while. They would meet at the marriage feast at Cana, or at the lake town of Capharnaum. Then suddenly came the loneliness of the cross, the three long lonely hours, when her heart broke and her arms yearned to hold him. What loneliness filled her when he said. "Woman, behold thy son," (John 19:26) and she knew he was giving her John for a son because he was going away. How lonely was Mary when she saw the stone roll across the tomb and the darkness embrace her son!

The measure of loneliness is love, and since there was no love like the love of Christ for men. there is no loneliness like His. The measure of love is goodness. and none was so good as the sinless Christ Never was there a son like Jesus, and never was a son missed as Mary missed Jesus, But why do I recall these things today. We are approaching Christmas, not Good Friday! Is it not out of season to speak of loneliness? This is the season of companionship. It will be out of season to speak of loneliness when there is no more, that is, in heaven. For some Christmas is the season of supreme loneliness. for the sound of Christmas bells and the fragrance of holly can do strange things to the heart. I speak of the loneliness of Jesus and Mary because we are inclined to think of our own loneliness first. That is understandable for we think of our own pain first because it is ours. If you are lonely at Christmas, remember the loneliness of Jesus and Mary. If you are lonely, put on your hat and coat and take a walk to the nearest hospital, or the nearest orphanage, or the nearest cemetery, and you will see that many are lonely. If your Christmas is filled with the companionship of children's laughter and parent's love and friends' affection, do not forget the childless parents, the parentless children, and the solitary stranger in your midst, or the boys who are strangers in Korea.

Widow is a lonely word. Orphan is a lonely word. How deep the loneliness only widows and orphans know. If widows and orphans alone were lonely, there would be enough loneliness in our warring world, for they are many. But no! I have seen the loneliness of the old in the homes for the aged, as mothers spoke of children who never came to see them. I have seen loneliness in mental institutions. where the look in men's eyes saddens you more than the bars on the windows. I have seen the loneliness of the children of divorces, their little minds mixed up with fear and confusion. But loneliness is not limited to these. It knocks on the door of every human heart. Sometimes it surges up within you without apparent reason. You are surrounded by family and friends and laughter, and suddenly there is a sense of loneliness. There is a loneliness that comes to actors after applause, loneliness that comes to people after a party, loneliness that comes to sinners after a sin.

Since loneliness is as much a part of the human heart as blood, we should make some serious effort at interpreting it. Sooner or later in life every man "awakens to the consciousness of his unavoidable, ultimate loneliness." (R. Allers, The Psychology of Character p. 299) Whether he is married or single, practical or poetic, prominent or plain, rich or ragged, he comes to recognize "his final dependence upon himself." (Ibid.) Loneliness is an essential condition of the human heart. You can't get on without it. In reverse it becomes one of the drives of our nature, that makes us run after someone or something that we hope will fill the emptiness. There is the escape that sends a chill through us every time we read it. the escape of self-destruction. The awesome thought is: what do they escape to! There is the escape, or-better-the surrender, in the abnormal behavior of the recluse who cuts himself off from the community. Escape is sought in alcohol, but when the alcohol leaves the body there returns a new and greater loneliness to the mind. Some confuse the loneliness of the heart with the hunger of the body and seek escape in sex excesses, but after the sin comes the strange loneliness of the sense of guilt. Some compensate for loneliness by domineering and antagonistic attitudes, some by feverish activity, by working or playing at the pace that kills, some by insatiable greed, some by applause, or adulation, or infatuation. Ι think there is a fallacy common to all these escapes, the illusion that the inner condition of the human heart can be altered by something outside it. It's like curing cancer of the blood with cold cream.

Loneliness is not the same thing as being alone. I remember a house on the Aventine Hill in Rome that bears above the door the inscription: O Beata Solitudo-O Sola Beatitudo, O Blessed Aloneness - The Only Blessedness. Solitude has been sought by man as far back as Buddha, and as recently as Thomas Merton. The Trappists live solitude. They do not even speak. Consecrated women in the Carmelite convents across the world live solitude. These men and women seek aloneness: they do not seek loneliness. It is the deep loneliness within them that drives them into monasteries and convents. They interpret it aright. They see it as a depth too deep for any mortal to fill, as a hole in the heart cut to the size of God, the infinite depth of the divine. Augustine felt it when he wrote, "Thou hast made us for thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in thee." This is the interpretation of loneliness. Our hearts must be lonely on earth because they were made for heaven. God made our hearts lonely because he made them for Himself.

"But." you sav. "Father. you've scotched the snake, not killed it. We will accept the proposition that God is the answer to our elemental loneliness. but the problem is with the here and now. A religion that postpones all its solutions to the hereafter may find itself devoured by a philosophy that deals with bread and blood in the here and now." I confess that sounds like a reasonable objection but underneath it, I believe, there is a misunderstanding. I think that God recognized better than my objector that the problem is with the here and now. That's why there was an Incarnation. The Son of God came into the here and now to do something about it. For that

reason I began these remarks by talking about the loneliness of Jesus. I think that human loneliness is a spiritual condition, and that it becomes reasonably bearable by a spiritual life. I believe that Christ came to give us that life. He said. "I came that they may have life, and have it more abundantly." (John 10:10) He meant the divine life of grace by which a man is able to bear loneliness, fear, and all the shadows of the valley of death without the artificial escapes of superficial stuff. I believe further that this life that Jesus promised is not something vague and abstruse like the will to win, respectability, or middleclass morality. I believe it is an intimate personal relationship with the living Christ, an I and thou relationship. Jesus promised, "I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you . . . you will know that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you . . . Abide in me . . . Abide in my love." (John 14:15 passim)

What prayer can I pray for the lonely heart of the world? The prayer of another John: "Come, Lord Jesus!" (Apoc. 22:20) Come!

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Love does a lot of damage and a lot of repair. It is at once the most constructive energy in the world and the most destructive. People die for love and kill for it. It drives men to drink, and they have been known to starve for it. Women dress for love or put on sack-cloth for it. You find it in the funny fuzzy people in Uganda and in the pretty precious people in Paris, in abbeys and in alehouses. So much folly is perpetrated in its name that it is talked of as sort of blindness. and so many wondrous deeds are wrought by it that it seems to give a sort of supersight. It is at once the most perplexing and profound, disturbing, baffling, wonderful and exciting problem of man. Like the pituitary gland, we may not know much about it, but it does a lot to us.

There must be a reason why love is the root of so much misery and so much ecstasy, and the reason must be in man rather than outside him, because the misery and ecstasy are proverbially independent of how much you have or how little. Since love is in a person we may get some light on it by seeing what a person is. We often call a person an

individual, and that tells us more. A person is separate from others and self-enclosed. Secondly, a person is human, that is different from an animal, different because a person has the power to think and choose freely. These are spiritual powers and reside in the spiritual part of a man, his soul. The other part of a person is his body, and he is therefore a composite of matter and spirit. The parts of a person do not operate separately and singly like the radio and television in your combination-set. Rather are their actions interlocked like light and heat in your electric bulb. Body and soul influence each other mutually. People have ulcers of the stomach because they have worries in their minds. It is the third thing about a person that gives rise to the real problem. He experiences in himself a condition of conflict between matter and spirit. Paul the Apostle was no exception. He wrote, "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind." (Romans 7:23) And at another time, "The flesh lusts against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, for these are

opposed to each other." (Galatians 5:17).

I am sure you will find these things confirmed by your own experience. There are certain experiences arising out of the fact that we are self-enclosed and separate. Have you found it difficult to talk to another about vourself? I do not mean the surface chatter about where you have your hair done, or your golf score, but your inner self. Do you find it difficult to tell the whole story of yourself to your confessor, your doctor, or your wife? And when you have tried, do you have the uneasy feeling that you really have not got all of yourself across to the other, like a 'phone conversation over a poor connection? You are experiencing your solitariness, the reality that as a person you are set apart from everyone else. I am sure, secondly, that you have had experiences like these: turning pale at hearing bad news, finding it impossible to restrain a tear, blushing against your will. These are signs of the interaction of the mind and body. Thirdly, I point to one experience of the conflict within us: Gauge the distance quickly between what you are and what you want to be in the sight of God.

Now love is tied up with these three aspects of a person. First, there is self-love. Because you are separate and self-enclosed by nature, it is natural for you to love that independence and autonomy. It is necessary and natural to love yourself. Proper selflove is the foundation of selfrespect and personal dignity, the drive to self-realization, the root of a sense of responsibility regifts. garding personal Bv reason of it you grow and become more a person. Our Lord took that for granted in an oft quoted commandment. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Our Lord set self-love as the ideal to aim at in loving others. He knew proper selflove was not evil, but good. It is self-love with disorder that is evil, self-love blown-up and misshapen.

Although you are separate and self-enclosed, your existence is violently marked by a pull toward other persons. Your whole person experiences this pull, your body and your soul. As a person you need response in both of these, and you need to give in both respects. Because marriage is a union of two persons, it requires more than the giving of the body. It requires the mutual giving and receiving of self. Without such giving it will be an incomplete and unhappy rerelationship, and lead sooner or later to mutiny or to shipwreck. Humans need human love. I think this demands emphasis, for I fear that too many look upon love as primarily, or even exclusively, a matter of sex. Such love is traveling under an assumed name; its real name is lust. It is the love of the male. It is found in animals as well as men, and is therefore not the mark of a man. It is a good, God-given power ordered to the wonderful and mysterious reality that is life. God asks humans to look upon it with reverence, and to subject it to the control of the mind and of law. It is anarchy to abuse it. As a person a woman requires the love of a man, not merely the love of the male. And the same goes for man. Physical love in marriage is the natural and good expression of the love of man for woman. It can keep human love alive, or it can kill it. A person may need it to live, but it is not enough to live on. For the body may be satisfied and the spirit starving. A person needs not only to be satisfied but to be loved. The need of a person is for a person.

It is in the marriage relationship that we witness the dramatic clash of loves, the love of self and the love of another. When a person begins loving another he does not stop loving himself. He cannot. Love of another is not intended to choke off self-love, but to balance it and help it. When either partner in a marriage forgets this, and the dignity of personhood that underlies it, and stops treating the other as a person he will kill her love for him before he will kill love for herself. This is the law of life. I think it merits some thought.

Take another example of disordered self-love. There is love of self in a mother. The child is the response to her proper love of self as a mother. With all love there is the desire to belong to another, and this is in the child and the mother. So far so good. This self-love can become disordered when that sense of belonging turns to possessiveness. This is an ugly distortion of natural love. You can own a car, but you cannot own a child. A child is a person, and no person can be owned by another; nature has placed them beyond ownership. You cannot own a friend or a wife. You may call them yours, but they are always and ultimately their own.

So the conflict is twofold: the war of the flesh against the spirit and the war of self-love against the love of another when it is threatened. In both respects, as far as I see, it is an unfair fight, the odds are against us, we are not equal to the opposition, we can't win—alone.

There is no conflict in God, and there is no victory in human conflict without God. The law of my members fights against the law of my mind, and God takes up arms on the side of my mind. God fights on the side of the spirit and *He* never gives in. He does not fight from a distance but within us. Grace is the divine energy within us, the sharing of the divine life. This is possible because of the Redemption of Christ. The Son of God became one with humanity, and by that oneness made it possible for us to become in some-way one with divinity. This oneness was expressed by Jesus when He said, "I am the vine. You are the branches. He who abides in me, and I in him, he bears much fruit. For without me you can

do nothing." (John 15:5) It was expressed by St. Paul when he wrote to the Corinthians, "You are the body of Christ," (1 Cor. 12:27) and, "You are the temple of the living God." (2 Cor. 6:6) Christianity is a matter of union and union is a matter of love. Paul could say, "In all things we overcome because of Him who loved us." (Romans 8:38)

The second conflict is the clash of love of another with love of self. The sign of defeat in this battle is selfishness. The sign of victory is altruism. This is the second love of Christianity and its second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ showed us the way in this commandment from Bethlehem to Calvary. Lest we forget it, he said, "Greater love than this no one has, that one lay down his life for his friends." (John 15:13) And lest we forget it. he did! To this example he added another motive. He identified himself with the other he asked us to love. "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, vou did it for me." (Matthew 25:40) John the Apostle could say bluntly. "If anyone says 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar." (1 John 4:20) Christianity is primarily a matter of love of God, and the surest test of that is the love of neighbor.

It all comes down to this: Persons cannot live human lives in themselves or towards another without divine help. Paul wrote to the Romans, "All have sinned and have need of the glory of God. They are justified freely by his grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus . . . the charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who has been given to us." (3:23 5:5)

Charity is the Christ-life in us. It is the life and love of God in us. Without it we are lost. Our loves have consumed us. I am helpless to tell you how necessary it is, and so I turn to Paul again. "If I should speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but do not have charity. I have become a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal . . . and if I have faith so as to remove mountains, vet do not have charity, I am nothing. And if I distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I deliver my body to be burned. Yet I do not have charity, it profits me nothing." (1 Cor. 13:1-3)

Look at what you are doing! Giving gifts for Christmas. How do you feel about it? Happier than you have felt in months? If it brings you joy to give at Christmas, it may bring you joy to give on the Fourth of July, and on Sunday through Saturday from January to December. There may be a connection between joy and giving. There may be a vital connection between them. It may be a law of life that joy is the fruit of giving. Look at what you are doing. When you finish wrapping your gifts, fold your hands, bow your head and look at what you are doing in your heart. Why are you giving, and what does giving do to you? Are you at your best at Christmas? Was Dickens telling the truth when he had Christmas unfreeze even Scrooge? What do you see in vour heart? This truth: Christmas is a season of joy because it is a season of giving?

But someone may say it is a joyful day because the shops have rolled down their shutters, and the money changers have locked their boxes, and the flame and the blast of the furnace is still, and men have escaped to the fairyland of the home, where the competitors do not compete, and bosses do not boss, and merchants do not haggle, and crowds do not push and bruise. Someone may say that Christmas is twenty-four hours of a magic cottage, a brief sweet dream of a magic world that man can keep alive only for a day, a mid-winter night's dream that vanishes like the frost with the new day's heat. Do we have to disguise the air with holly and fill the air with carols to make men different? Or does that make them different? Are they different because of convention, because of a social custom that has enslaved us so that we go through motions without meaning, giving with the hands and withholding the heart? God forbid! I think there is no cynicism so cold that the warmth of a Christmas carol cannot melt it, no scepticism so sharp that Christmas prayer cannot dull it, no blindness so black that it cannot catch the white glow of a Christmas candle beside a Christmas crib. All of us are living a truth at Christmas. We are preaching a sermon to ourselves that we forget too soon. The truth we are living is this: Man is at his best when he gives; he is most human then; and when man is most human he is most happy. Joy is the fruit of giving of gifts, but I would tell you of a greater joy, the giving of self, and I would tell you on Christmas of one who gave himself as no one ever gave before or since.

This story begins in heaven before time began. It begins with God the Father giving divine life to the Son. He that is born of the divine Father is rightly called the Son. Since God is Spirit it is a spiritual birth, and the divine Son is the living likeness of the Father. He is the expression of the Father, and hence may be named the Word. So in your Christmas Mass you will read the lovely words of St. John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." (1:1) The beginning of time marked God's first giving to man, the preparation of a world for him, the gift of creation. All this was given through the Son. So John reads: "All things were made through Him, and without him was made nothing that has been made." (1:3) And when the fullness of time had come the Father's greatest giving came, the gift of the Son himself, the gift of the Incarnation. As John wrote it: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." (1:4) Mary called her Son Jesus, which means Savior, and when He told men why He had come, He said it was "to give his life as a ransom for many." (Matthew 20:28).

He began that life of giving at the first moment of His existence in the virginal womb of Mary but made it manifest to men in a miraculous way for the first time when Mary told Him of a simple need of people at a wedding feast. They needed wine, and amid the music and fun of a wedding the glory of God was seen as Jesus began His life of giving. His giving was not a thing to be measured out cautiously. The gaiety of men and their laughter was sufficient reason for his giving and the request of Mary, who said, "They have no wine." There was to be no end of the giving then begun. You might see Him each day in the towns of Judea or Galilee giving His words to all who came to hear Him, especially to the poor. He gave not only of His light, but of His power as well. The blind came to Him and He gave them sight, the sick came and He gave them health, the crippled came and He gave them power to walk, sinners came and He gave them release from their sins. When the crowds followed Him across the lake and had nothing to eat. He gave five thousand bread to eat with a few loaves. There was no end to His giving. Mothers brought their children and He gave them blessing. He gave life to the dead, to the son of a widow He had never seen before and to the brother of a friend. He gave His time, His energy, His wisdom, His power, His love, His mercy, His tenderness. And when the world was asleep He gave His night hours in prayer to His heavenly Father.

Then came the day when the world of evil and the power of darkness tried to bind the hands of the Giver. They did bind His hands with nails to the cross, as if to say, "We'll put an end to your giving." But even as they bound Him He praved, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Luke 23:34). Forgiving is the hardest giving of all. There was no end to His giving. On the cross He gave Paradise to a thief, He gave Mary a son, and John a mother. He gave His blood to the last drop "a ransom for many." The night before He gave us "a remembrance of His wonderful works." (Psalm 110:4). He left us the eternal symbol of His everlasting giving from the heights of heaven to the depths of Calvary, the Eucharist. He gave us His flesh to eat, and His blood to drink. And at that same moment He shared His priesthood with His Apostles and their successors, who would through the Mass, extend His Incarnation to all times and places.

Joy went where the Giver went. Imagine the joy of the paralytic when he took his first step and walked. Imagine the joy of the blind man when he first beheld the color of the earth and the sky and the eyes of Christ. Imagine the joy of the sinner when released from Sin. Imagine the joy of the Giver of these gifts. The Gospel is marked from beginning to end with a note of joy. Gloom is an alien body in Christianity. The very word Gospel means good news. Mary's Magnificat in the Gospel of St. Luke is a song of joy: her spirit rejoices in God her Saviour. When Mary came to visit Elizabeth who was also with child Elizabeth greeted her with the words, "The moment that the sound of thy greeting came to my ears, the babe in my womb leapt for joy." (Luke 1: 44). John the Baptist was that child, and later he was to say, "I am not the Christ, but have been sent before Him . . . the friend of the bridegroom, who stands and hears Him, rejoices exceedingly at the voice of the bridegroom. This my joy therefore is made full." (John 3:29).

Jesus often spoke of joy. We meet it in His parables of the kingdom of heaven. "The kingdom of heaven is like a treasure hidden in a field: a man who finds it hides it, and in his joy goes and sells all that he has and buys that field." (Matthew 13:44). It appears in the lovely parable of the lost sheep. The shepherd leaves the ninety-nine in the desert to go in search of the one that is lost. "And when he has found it, he lays it upon his shoulders rejoicing. And on coming home he calls together his friends and neighbors, saying to them, 'Rejoice with me, because I have found my sheep that was lost.' I say to you, that, even so, there will be joy in heaven over one sinner who repents, more than ninety-nine just, who have no need of repentance." (Luke 15:5-7). What

is there to compare with the joy of the father in that loveliest of all parables, the Prodigal Son. Remember the father's excited words upon his son's return. "Fetch quickly the best robe and put it on him, and give him a ring for his finger and sandals for his feet; and bring out the fattened calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; because this my son was dead, and has come to life again; he was lost and is found." (Luke 15:21-24). Picture the joy of the people as they listened to Jesus and beheld their kindly Father in heaven through the thin lovely veil of the story of the Prodigal Son. Picture the joy of Jesus as He told it.

In the Upper Room the night before Calvary Jesus spoke to His disciples of joy. "These things I have spoken to you that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full." (John 15:11). He prayed that night that His joy might be theirs. "But now I am coming to thee, (Father); and while I am still in the world I am telling them this, so that my joy may be theirs, and reach its full measure in them." (17:13). He reassured them with these words: "Your gladness will be one which nobody can take away from you." (16:22).

It is Christmas Eve and the time opens a door to merriment and mirth. Merriment is a bubble that is moist for a moment. iov is a well-spring that never runs dry. I speak to you seriously not to restrain your merriment, but to enrich your joy Merriment can be a mask that wears thin in a day; joy is as deep as the heart of man. Merriment is not a thing to be scoffed at. It is a human response to a human need. It is the expression of the human heart that needs company, song and laughter sometimes. We do right to wish men a merry Christmas, for human hearts are made to be merry at times, especially at Christmas time. It is right to wish men a merry Christmas. but it is not enough to wish them. Add to that wish a prayer that they may find joy. A prayer is necessary because joy is not a thing that men find easily. We find merriment with a jolly company, or with the aid of cakes

and ale. Joy is not born of such trivial parents. It is deep down within a man rooted in the fiber of his soul. It comes not from a good time, but from the good life. It too needs companionship. the companionship of Christ and His grace. It thrives on exercise. the exercise of giving. More than a giving of gifts it is a giving of self. This self-giving does not so much consist in doing this or that, but in an attitude of mind and a disposition of heart, a likeness to Christ, Who said, "Learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart." (Matthew 11: 29).

All these words of mine are but the introduction to a wish and the preface to a prayer. I wish you all a merry and a joyful Christmas. My prayer for you now and in my Christmas Masses tomorrow is this: May you learn the art of giving and the joy of living from Him Whose birthday we celebrate, Blessed Mary's Son. And I shall ask you for a gift. Please say the same prayer for me.

Religion is not a substitute for common sense. You need common sense in a church as much as in a grocery store or a service station. In far too many cases religious beliefs of some persons are a substitute for sound judgment, particularly in matters dealing with prophecy and the future. The Bible is one of the most difficult books in the world to understand and interpret. The oldest parts of the Bible were written more than three thousand years ago, and all of it was written over eighteen hundred years ago. It was written in a distant land and in ancient and alien tongues. To interpret the Bible with some sort of authority one needs education in history, language, and theology. Wishing will not make one a biblical interpreter any more than it will make one rich. Prophecy is the most difficult phase of Old Testament interpretation, and in the New Testament the Apocalypse, the Revelation to John, is the most difficult book to understand and explain. For many texts we can arrive only at probable interpretations and conclusions. To take these texts and to deduce from them with mathematical precision predictions about the future contradicts not only the nature of prophecy but common sense as well. And it does harm to the cause of religion among thinking people. There is much too much private interpretation of the Bible, and it is a most unfortunate situation.

Man is religious by nature. He is not educated by nature. Man is emotional by nature. He is not self-controlled by nature. He acquires education by effort and self-control by grace. In the meantime we can exploit his ignorance and his emotions in the name of religion or in the name of anything else. This is not only a possibility, but an all too frequent actuality, particularly in the field of religion. I attempt no estimate of responsibility in the matter. I point to the fact and lament it. In this most critical year in the most critical of centuries I appeal to all religious leaders for a greater sense of responsibility. I appeal for it in the name of honor, honesty, and humility. I carry that appeal beyond religious leaders to those who mold public opinion in the press or on the radio, to those who shape the minds of the young through television and moving-pictures. I appeal to parents and educators, to everyone who is responsible for anyone for a fuller sense of responsibility, a greater awareness of the awful seriousness of the hour and a courage to match the overwhelming proportions of the crisis. I appeal for a clear head and a humble heart, for that minimum of unity without which America as a nation cannot long endure.

All that is preface to my remarks on hope. Hope is a man's act, not a child's game. Hope is conditioned by reality. In a burning house you do not hope the house will not burn; you hope to get out alive. Let us reason together about hope with faith and common sense.

A Christian lives in two worlds, the City of God and the City of Man. He is a citizen of the State and a member of the Church. He considers both worlds important, but he holds the spiritual world supreme. He believes that "heaven and earth will pass away" (Mark 13:31), that is, this visible world of earth and sky. This is not news. You may read it in St. Paul or in Sir James Jeans. But this question is news! Will man destroy the City of Man before time does? That is an altogether reasonable question in 1950, undreamed of in 1900. The Christian believes that the City of God is eternal, for it is a city not built with hands. Christ said, "My words will not pass away." (Mark 13:31). He said, "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there you also may be." (John 14:2) I believe in everlasting life with Christ. That will not pass away.

These beliefs condition my hopes. A Christian is a man with a hope in each hand, a horizontal hope and a vertical hope. The vertical hope runs upwards toward heaven. He hopes to go there where "neither moth nor rust consumes." (Matthew 6: 20). The horizontal hope points across the face of the earth. He has hope for the City of Man too, for he believes in God's providence as well as in God's predestination.

Let us look at the horizontal hope first, the hope for the world that man has built, the world that is in such imminent peril. This is the hope that needs the hard and fast control of balanced judgment. It is the hope for America stretching between the shining seas, where more than ever before on earth the hopes and dreams of man have been realized, a world that is not all good but in which there is more good than evil, a world which makes its share of mistakes but knows how to forgive, a world that is truly worth saving because it is the hope not only of Americans, but of all lovers of freedom, a world that has might and the responsibilities of might.

What is our hope for it? Our hope is conditioned by the monstrous regiments that surround it, by the dreams our foe dreams by the hopes he harbors, by his vision of a world to be undone and of his power to undo it. Do we dare hope to sit out our days by the quiet fires of compromise? Is ours the feeble hope that will accept a desolation and call it peace? I think we are confronted with a choice: slavery or battle! The first is not hope but despair. My humble and honest hope on this last day of the year is not for peace but for victory. The reason for my judgment is all the reasons you know and this is one: evil does not die; it must be killed. Communism will not compromise any more than Satan.

The present conflict is not new. There are new names and new weapons. Do you remember this question and answer? "What leads to war? . . . I will tell you; the appetites which infest your mortal bodies. Your desires go unfulfilled, so you fall to murdering." (James 4:1) Does that sound like an excerpt from this morning's paper? It was written by St. James almost nineteen hundred years ago. Do you recall who said, "Do not imagine I have come to bring peace to the earth; I have come to bring a sword, not peace." (Matthew 10:34). Jesus of Nazareth. Even the peace of the first Christmas was conditioned peace. "Peace on earth to men of good will." (Luke 2:14). The peace that Christ brought was not political but personal, a peace that remained whether men turned their swords into ploughshares or their ploughshares into swords, a peace that neither the world nor war can take from you.

The hope that the world that man has made will know no more war is perhaps an unfounded hope. There is nothing in the past to give us reason for it. Historians date the beginnings of military imperialism with

Tutmoses III in Egypt about thirty-five hundred years ago. From Babylon to Moscow man learns ever so slowly that peace is the fruit of justice. Only when justice prevails on the earth will there be an end of war. Some fear that perhaps we are approaching the last war of the world, the battle of Armageddon. the apocalyptic struggle between Christ and Anti-Christ. I do not think so, although our foe bears many of the marks of the beast. I think this is one of the wars between good and evil, the greatest man has known, but not the last. A war between good and evil does not mean that all those who oppose us are evil. Many follow leaders without knowing where they lead. Many have lost the will to resist. Many are too hungry to resist. Many too much afraid. Many love bread more than freedom. Many are befuddled by words. words. words. Many are benighted. many bewitched. We are not all good. Many on our side think that goodness has little or nothing to do with the case. We have our share of confusion, stupidity, and vice, but our cause is the good cause. Our banner is white although the hands and hearts that bear it are

soiled. In this is our hope that we fight for the right, that we love freedom and hate tyrants. Christians are convinced of victory. They believe that Christ is stronger than Satan, and there is much sacred blood to be avenged.

The Christian remembers the victory hope of his ancestors written in the Apocalypse in the figure of the white horse and its rider, who "rode out victorious and to win victory." (6:2) The rider "bore for his title, the Faithful, the True; he judges and goes to battle in the cause of the right . . . the name by which he is called is the Word of God . . . And the title is written on his cloak, over his thigh, The King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords." (19:11-16)The Christian confidence is in victory of the cause of right because it is the cause of Christ. His praver is that all who fight in that cause will share in the whiteness of Christ, for then the victory will be swift and sure.

The vertical hope is that hope for the hereafter. This is the hope that is sister of faith and charity. It is the hope that St. Paul speaks of in Romans 5. "We are confident in the hope of attaining glory as the sons of God: nay, we are confident even over our afflictions, knowing well that affliction gives rise to endurance and endurance gives proof of our faith, and a proved faith gives ground for hope. Nor does this hope delude us; the love of God has been poured out in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, whom we have received." (5:2-7). The hope of Christians is to come to the raven of neace after storms of this life the to find rest after turmoil, to behold light after the darkness. Therefore the Church prays for her departed: "Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace." The Christian hope is not for a Utopia here below bought with other men's blood, but for a heaven beyond purchased by the blood of Christ.

As the first half of the twentieth century runs out tonight I think the Christian hope for our world is like the hope and the certitude of Christ, the hope for an Easter after a Good Friday, the hope for the resurrection of the world after the tomb of war. This hope, and only this, gives the Good Friday we face a meaning: victory for our cause and glory for our dead! May God be with you.

THE PURPOSE OF THE CATHOLIC HOUR

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

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

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

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

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

127 CATHOLIC HOUR STATIONS

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Alabama	Mobile		1410 kc
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