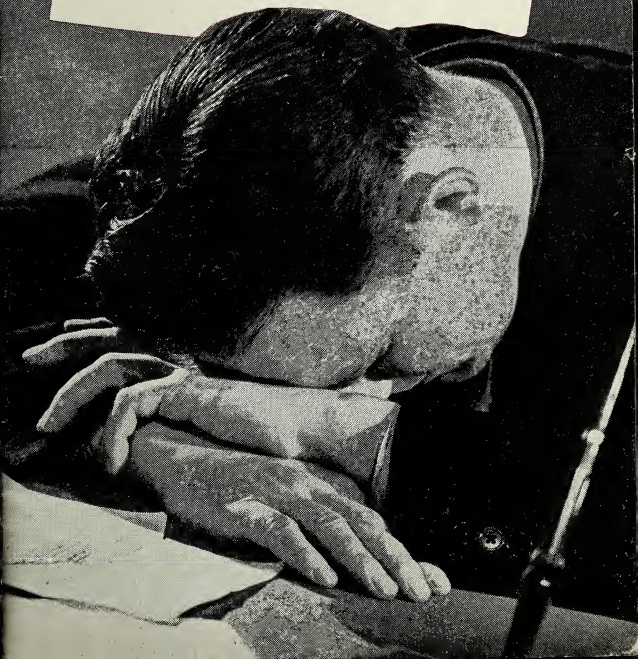


1005142

*Come On  
Back In*





AEQ 6324

---

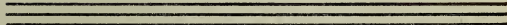
---

COME ON  
BACK IN



*by*

**RICHARD GINDER**



*Published By*

**THE CATHOLIC INFORMATION SOCIETY**

**214 West 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.**

**(OPPOSITE PENN TERMINAL)**

**Deacidified**

---

---

# *Come On Back In*

*by*

RICHARD GINDER

---

---

**H**AVE YOU QUIT THE CHURCH? Then you must find it pretty chilly out there. Why not come back in where it's warm? There's not a thing you've done that can't be cleared up in the confessional. You have no idea of how good you'll feel after a good confession.

Just look at all you've given up. You've thrown God over your shoulder. You can't turn to Him with a good heart and expect His help as long as you're not doing what He wants you to do: "He that loveth Me keepeth My commandments." He hasn't stopped loving you. No, He loves you a thousand times more than your own mother and dad. It's you who've stopped loving Him. You've given your

love to something else. I don't know what it is, but *you* do. Ask yourself what's holding you back from confession—and *that's* what it is you're loving more than God.

### *Those Good Parents of Yours*

Do you remember when you were just a "kid," and your mother taught you your first prayers? Those parents of yours were good Catholics. They did their duty perfectly. They saw that you got training in the catechism, whether in or out of Catholic schools. And when it came time for your First Holy Communion, they fixed you up with white clothes and, maybe, a little rosary or prayer-book. How proud of you they were that morning, when you walked up solemnly to the Mystery of Faith and received Our Lord. And how glad you were that now you could take your place with the grownups in the congregation. You were old enough to go to Communion!

They'd never let you miss Mass on a Sunday, either, and they saw to it that you went to Sunday night Benediction and to Stations every Friday afternoon during Lent. You can

see now what the faith meant to them, and how they meant to see that you grew up with the same consolations.

The faith is a precious thing, you know. It comes to you sealed with blood and fire. You were baptized by a priest, who was baptized himself by another priest, and so on all the way back to one of the Apostles. But all the Apostles gave their lives for the faith, excepting one, and he escaped alive from boiling oil. For almost 300 years the Church was bathed in blood. Christians had to burrow underground and dig out chapels for their services. Mass was offered on the coffins of those who had already paid the price. Sometimes they were trapped in their cubbyholes and cut down to a man.

### *Mass in a Salt-Mine*

Some of them were once sentenced to the salt-mines of Palestine, just for being Catholics. Before they were sent down, each had his leg half burned through with a hot iron, and one eye reamed out with a hot poker. They were chained underground in the dark,

damp cold. Still, they managed to have Mass. One of them was a priest, and while the guards were away for a little time, he managed to have an offertory, consecration, and communion. But the guards discovered them, killed the priest, and tortured the rest of the congregation. Those were Catholics!

In England until 1830 Catholics were persecuted. During the 1500's and 1600's a priest would be hanged, drawn, and quartered if he were found saying Mass; and heavy fines were laid on Catholics who were discovered assisting at the Mass.

In Ireland things were ten times worse. The people weren't even allowed to have schools for their children, much less to come to Mass on Sundays. But do you think no Masses were said?

Ask the Irish why they love their priests. Mass was said in hedges and closets. Priests were smuggled in and out. They tramped the roads and crossed the fields in disguise, staying with their people, comforting them, educating the children where they could, and



doing everything to keep up Irish "spunk." If Ireland has the faith today, it's because every last man of them was willing to go to the gallows for his belief in the Sacrament of the Altar.

### *The Faith Keeps Us Free*

The same thing has been going on in Russia since the last war. Those people aren't really Catholics, but they're Christians and closer to us than most Protestants—and they've been beaten from pillar to post by the government because of their religion.

German Catholics have had it, too, to some extent, and the Austrians. Wherever the Nazi hand holds sway there is pressure against Catholics, and poor Poland, Catholic Poland, stands between atheistic Communism and pagan Nazism.

But why all this persecution? Because tyrants realize that one's faith in God makes one strong—keeps one free in spirit. Had the Irish lost their faith, they would have become what the Protestant English lords hoped to make them: a slave race. As soon as you begin

to believe that your bread comes from the government instead of from God, then you're a slave.

### *You Need God*

You're lucky to have the faith. A chain of suffering and sacrifice binds you to Christ. At times you may have been unworthy to be called a son of the martyrs, unworthy of the Catholic blood boiling in your veins, but you can come back in right now and make up for lost time.

Can't you see that, while God may not need you, you certainly need God? What can the world or the devil do for you even in this life? Can they answer your prayers? Can they help you in sickness? Can they look after your family when you're away? CAN THEY PREPARE YOU FOR DEATH? This life is short, remember, but the next life will never end.

### *Afraid to Die?*

With God you can do everything. You need never be "yellow." Why should anyone be afraid to die, unless he has a bad conscience?

A good Catholic knows that God is his Friend. If his heart should stop beating this very moment, he would be with that Friend forever. A bad Catholic hates to think of God. He stakes all his chips on that frail muscle, beating away in his chest. When that stops, all is lost.

But no, he thinks God will allow him time for a good confession. And why should He? What is he doing for God, that God should do anything for him?

You're not happy now, or you wouldn't be reading this. The very fact that you picked this up shows that you're worried. And you've reason to be.

Do you think your mother's proud of you? There isn't a minute that she's not praying for you, even though she may be with God—praying that you'll be a good boy again, or a good girl, like the child whose arm she used to guide through the Sign of the Cross.

### *It's Up to You*

Just think of all the persons anxiously waiting, at this very moment, for your decision.

Your guardian angel is praying, (yes, you still have one). Your patron, all the angels and saints, the Blessed Mother herself is praying for you. Even Our Lord is holding His breath. He certainly wants you back, but He won't force you. It's up to you.

As a Catholic, you can go right to confession and receive the forgiveness of Christ for your past foolishness. That's what it's been, really, and you might as well admit it. Then you can start back to Mass again, and bend your knee once more before Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. You'll see the consecrated host raised over your soul, and the golden chalice lifted at the elevation. You know what these things mean. It isn't as though you were to be a stranger at Mass. Your faith would return in a burst of grace, the present would be linked with the past, and that ugly interlude would drop forever from your life, like the spotted pages of a diary.

We have Our Lord always with us on the altar. Perhaps you've forgotten the comfort you used to get from dropping in for a visit

and lighting a candle at the Blessed Virgin's altar. We can tell Him our troubles and *know* that something will be done about them.

What's more, we can actually go up to the altar and receive God into our hearts, to talk with Him, and adore Him, and thank Him.

### *Our Blessed Mother*

We have the Blessed Mother. Ours is the only Church which loves and honors her. Only a Catholic knows what that means. She's a member of everyone's family. Maybe you have kept on praying to her through all these years, but it rather puts her "on the spot," don't you think, to expect her to ask favors of her Son for you, as long as you keep turning your back on Him?

We're the only Church which believes in Purgatory. Only a Catholic will grant that there's any hope for a dying sinner as long as he has just a little love for God left in his heart.

You know, and there's no use in my repeating it, you know that if there's a God, then

His Church is the Catholic Church. Maybe you've tried the sermons and hymns of other churches. But your home is the Catholic Church, with the well worn pews and the good hard kneelers on which you can kneel up straight; the candles, the statues, the side altars, the vigil lights, the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph and, maybe, St. Anthony; the stations, and the stained glass; the confessionals; the lamp burning forever before the Blessed Sacrament; the trace of last night's incense in the air, the vestments, and the altar boys with their little cassocks and surplices.

You just don't fit in any place else, and it's all waiting for you to come back.

### *Constant Service Everywhere*

We're the largest church in the world. In fact 400,000,000 people are praying for your return every day, just on this earth. We're the most influential and the most powerful of all the religions. Every Catholic Church everywhere throws its doors open to you. There's a sacred host waiting for you in every tabernacle on the face of the earth. The Pope is

your Holy Father, yours to be proud of, yours to pray for, the 262nd successor of St. Peter.

Every Catholic priest in the world is your friend. Think of what that means! They're all educated men; they've all spent twenty years in school, after being picked first for character and brains—just so they'll be able to hand down the faith and give you intelligent advice. You can trust any priest and talk to him as you would to your mother and be sure that he'll hand you advice straight from the shoulder.

### *What to Do?*

How should you go about straightening things out? First of all, start praying. Get on your knees, close to the ground, so that you'll be better able to rid yourself of pride and self-love. Tell God you've made a mess of things, but with His help you'll do better. Say the Our Father and the Hail Mary and whatever other prayers you can remember. Say them slowly. Say the Act of Contrition. If you can't remember it, make up your own: "My God, I'm sorry for having turned away from

You because You're so good. With Your help, I'll never sin again."

You may feel that you've lost faith in one or another of the old beliefs. Ask God for an increase in faith, and put aside these thoughts as temptations. You believe. Of course you believe, but the devil will try frantically to shake your belief.

Next, go to confession and tell the priest about yourself,—how long since your last good confession, why you've stayed away, and what you've done since then. There's just a slight chance that he may preach you a sermon; keep your head down, if he does, and take your medicine. Thank God someone's still interested in the state of your soul!

### *Come on Back In!*

Don't stay out in the cold, then, away from your family. Come on back. You're not getting anything out of your present attitude—a lot of worry and grief, and the promise of hell in the next life. Come in where it's warm, where you can be at peace again with Our



Lord and the Blessed Virgin. You'll sleep better nights, and be sure that if anything happens—stroke, heart-attack, traffic-accident—you'll go right on into everlasting happiness with your family in heaven.







