
"Beatus Vir..." - A Thanksgiving Reverie.

"Blessed is the man that is found without blemish, and hath not gone after gold, neither hath he put his trust in riches, nor in treasure. Who is he, and we will call him blessed? For wonderful things hath he done in his life." -- Ecclus. 31:8.

"John of the Cross was born of godly parents at Fontibere, in Spain.... So burning was his desire to suffer that when he was nine years old he gave up any softer bed, and used to lie on potsherds. In his youth he devoted himself as a servant in the hospital for the sick poor at Medina del Campo, and embraced with eager charity the meanest offices there, his readiness likewise exciting others to imitate him. He obeyed the call to higher things, and entered the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.... He declared war against himself as his own worst enemy, and carried it on by depriving himself of sleep and food, by iron chains, by whips, and by every kind of self-torture.... The salvation of his neighbors was one of his dearest longings, and he was unwearied in preaching the Word of God, and in administering the Sacraments...."

John of the Cross.... there are such people.... found without blemish.... they have not gone after gold nor put their trust in riches.... There's a story of a suicide in the poor house in the morning paper.... it isn't often you run across that.... plenty of brokers do it.... doctors, lawyers, judges.... bankers, no end.... they put their trust in riches, in health, in talent, in what the world calls success.... silly, but true... silly, but how tragic!.... the bank fails and their nerves snap.... their shrewdness goes out like a light... The poor have no gold to put their trust in.... they are free to "consider the lilies of the field...." they "have not here a lasting city..."

John of the Cross.... what a beautiful name! He knew what it was to take up his cross daily to follow Christ.... the sophisticates throw mud at him.... look at their dirty hands.... he is without blemish.... chaste as a lily.... Why should he load his frail body down with chains? Why should he deny himself sleep and food and scourge his tender frame? Because his Master was without blemish and He was scourged and crowned with thorns and nailed to the Cross.... and He said: "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me." The servant did not lay down the conditions.... it was the Master!

Godly parents.... what a world of blessing is packed into those little words. Poor offspring of ungodly parents.... what chance have they got these days? Poor kids! They can't take it.... their spines crack under the strain of a little depression.... and no one has taught them to seek God for comfort.... they haven't the dough for a night club any more, to drown their silly little sorrows.... they sit and moan and there is no one to comfort them.... their ears never trained for the voice of Truth, they cannot hear it now.....

Thank God for the depression if it will teach these poor kids something.... even if it only keeps the next generation from the perils of sophistication.... God might have chosen a plague to cure us of our love of the world.... the flu might even come back to scourge us.... Japan and Russia might yet marshall the hordes for the overthrow of civilization.... such things have happened in the past.... there comes a time when God says, "because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth." The poor are not suffering if they earn heaven by their patience; the rich will not suffer if they learn charity - and justice. Thank God for the depression if by it we stop trying to serve Mammon.

EARLY COMMUNION THURSDAY, Sorin, 5:15 on; church, 6:30 on. PRAYERS; Walter Johnson and Tony Grasso ask prayers for sick relatives. ANNIVERSARIES: Nov. 26, Wilbur Sheehan's father; Nov. 27, Jos. Deock's father.