
Gindri.

Artificial life sterilizes thought. The pseudo-culture of modern British and American materialism has produced a horde of false prophets, writers and lecturers, who salute each other as "great thinkers." One wearies of the flatness of their ratiocinations and longs for the bygone simplicity which had depths. Readers suffocated with the hot air suffused by Bertrand Russell, Shaw, Wells, Barnes, Fosdick, et.al. ad infinitum, will welcome a cool breeze from the depths of the Congo jungle. It comes to us by way of the little missionary magazine, "The African Missions," edited by the White Fathers, of Cleveland. (An African, Tertullian, was the father of the science of Apologetics.)

Father Van Den Bosch, of the Apostolic Prefecture of Lake Albert, tells us in the current number of the above-named magazine, that in 1923, while attempting to revise an earlier catechism in the Badha dialect, he searched the vocabulary of the natives for words that would convey the meanings of Christian mysteries. His quest led him to investigate the abodes of the Dra, a local god; the quest ended when he found that Dra was one of the lesser deities of their sorcery. Then, through the chief of another village, he sought out three ancients who knew the traditions of their people, and from them he learned of Gindri. The chief spokesman of the three was Ndeni. Father Van Den Bosch gives us an account of his dialogue with this pagan:

The Father: Do the Bali know where all things come from -- all that we see around us and above us?

Ndeni: Certainly; my father told me that all things come from Gindri.

F: Who is Gindri?

N: Gindri? He is the only one who lasts, who goes on and increases. He has no end, he sees without being seen, and above all he does not know death, he shuts the mouth of death. When I am going to measure my strength with my enemy or with a wild beast, I cry: "You are not Gindri, I shall kill you with a single blow from my lance. You will die, for you are not Gindri, who can never die."

F: Come, come, Ndeni! Who is supposed to have made or begotten this Gindri?

N: What are you talking about, Baba? Gindri was not made or begotten, he made himself! Gindri existed before the heavens and the earth. Then he was alone. His being was lost in the immensity of his isolation, for there was nothing around him: there was no sky, there was no earth, there were no men.

F: But tell me, Ndeni, is this Gindri a man like the Bali?

N (jumping to his feet and gesticulating wildly): Gindri is nothing like a man: he has no eyes, he has no ears, he has no nose, no mouth, no arms, no legs...Ah! No!

Father Van Den Bosch goes on to tell us that Ndeni sat down, indignant, after this outburst. We may well imagine the feelings of the missionary, who had thus stumbled onto the relics of the primitive revelation, the fulness of which he had come to teach these simple people. He continued his questions calmly, and learned that Gindri is the creator of all men and all animals; as well as sky and sea and mountains; he learned that man is different from the animals; that man has a soul which lives on after his body dies; that the soul of man, according to some, is judged by Gindri. And finally he learned why Ndeni was unwilling to have the whole of the revelation -- and the reason was pitifully like the one that keeps so many Americans out of the Church. But we must have the words of Ndeni on these truths -- and that required another Bulletin.

PRAYERS: Edw. Cannon's father was killed yesterday; Chas. Schwartz lost his father yesterday (five fathers have died since the announcement of the Novena for Father's Day. --Are you making the Novena for your father?) Chas. Guthrie, former student, died recently. A deceased relative of Maurice Garland. Five special intentions.