

CONTENTS

From The Editor's Desk: <i>You Decide</i>	3
Forgiveness in Our Families - Jeanette Brimmer.....	4
When Plan 'B' - Melanie D'Souza.....	8
Salesian Saint: Ven. Simon Rugi (1877 - 1943).....	10
Witnesses In And For Our Times: Bl. Pedro Tarres.....	12
Lectio Divina: My Help Comes from the Lord - Gianni Sangalli.....	16
Quietspaces: A Resounding Silence - Pope Francis.....	18
It's A Deal - Fr. Ian Doulton's Collection.....	20
Facets of His Life: Don Bosco and Games - Natale Cerrato.....	24
Reflecting on Mary: Gazing at Mary - Maddalena di Spello.....	28
NewsBits.....	30
Walking With the Church: Evangelists' Symbols, Luke 12, The Bible Canon.....	31
In a Cheerful Mood.....	15
The Devotion of the Three Hail Marys.....	33
Loving Children to their Loving Mother.....	34
They Are Grateful to Our Lady & Don Bosco.....	34
Thanks to Dear St. Dominic Savio.....	35



***We beseech
your mercy,
Lord our God,
that we,
who honor
the Assumption
of
the Mother of God,
may be freed
from every threat
of harm.***

*From the Prayer after Communion
of the Solemnity of the Assumption
of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

From The Editor's Desk

YOU DECIDE

Life is full of decisions, some big and some small, some exciting and some boring, some complicated and some simple, some between right and wrong, but where do we imagine God is while we decide?

How can we make better decisions? What happens when we make poor decisions? Many of our prayers are requests for help in making decisions. We plead for clarity. We really want to know what God's will is so that we can do it. 'Just show me the way, God.' 'Let me know which way you want me to go and I'll go.'

When should we turn to God for help in making decisions? When we're choosing between spinach and bitter gourd? When we're choosing a career? When someone in our family needs our help?

It is true that God accompanies us in all our decisions, even the little ones. But it also seems true that God leaves many decisions to us and extends his promise to be with us always. Sometimes we imagine God awaiting our choice of the right path which will lead to him or the wrong path which will take us away from him. We tend to think a little too proudly of the decisions in front of us, as if our choices are the only things which determine outcomes. If we make the right choices, we think things will go well. And if we make wrong ones, poor results occur. Alas, sometimes we make the very best decision available and torturous pain is still ahead.

We seem to agitate over our future: When I turned to God to ask him what he wanted from me, in a moment of tremendous clarity, I heard him say: *I DON'T CARE*. It wasn't that he didn't care about me. What he wanted from me was more than just that one decision. What he wanted from me was to be fully devoted to him. I came to learn that I could do that in a variety of ways. His call was not merely to a way of life - a career, but a way of relating to him. I felt that the way in which I was called was more in a question back to me than an answer from God.

Life is full of decisions. Each day we have to decide many things. These times are not riddles for us to solve to gain God's favour. They are places for us to struggle and then take the next step. Few decisions cannot be changed. Many, in fact, must be altered repeatedly. God is not so much the mountain we ascend by our decisions as he is the ground upon which we decide. He does care: he cares about our relationship with him.

Too often we consider decisions as things we must make in order to bring peace in our lives. Usually, however, we come to hear that we must first find that peace and then the decisions will make themselves. We gain the peace in our daily relationship with our Lord, not in the occasional decisions we face. Rest in the Lord and face your decisions. You are well equipped to decide. God is well equipped to carry you through.

Fr. Ian Doulton sdb

FORGIVENESS IN OUR FAMILIES

Jeanette Brimmer

Several years ago Thanksgiving Day came disguised as a sunny spring day, and our whole family was here to enjoy the festive occasion. The boys and their wives and my daughter and her boyfriend brought special food for the occasion and the grandchildren played outside, which helped to rid them of their frenetic energy. Later the grandchildren came inside and made drawings depicting things and people they were thankful for which I proudly displayed on the refrigerator. Everything was going smoothly until I said something that upset my daughter-in-law. This occurred after I had taken something she had said the wrong way. We both seethed silently during the rest of the dinner.

A Proverb states "A quarrel is like buttermilk: Once it's out of the churn, the more you shake it, the more sour it grows." I dealt with my childish mood not with words but with actions. I became irritated enough to raise my eyes to heaven at such mundane things as my youngest grandchild spilling something on the freshly cleaned and ironed tablecloth and looked upset at the children's outbursts of giggles after a joke. Normally I loved to hear the grandkids laugh!

Since I have often had difficulty hiding my feelings, my son leaned over while passing the squash and asked "Is everything

alright mom?" His concern made me aware that my sulking would affect everyone if I didn't cheer up. I tried to be pleasant and positive for the rest of the evening.

I apologized to my daughter-in-law by sending off an e-mail the next morning but she ignored it. I resolved to treat her better in the future and began recalling all her positive traits including being a loving mother, an excellent cook and a hard worker at her job.

"Love is an act of endless forgiveness, a tender look which becomes a habit," said Peter Ustinov. This is very true. Our lives are so frenzied and fast paced today that our interactions with others can often become void of compassion. Being civil to loved ones during ordinary days can be tedious at times. We are often kinder to strangers we meet on the street than our relatives.

I'm glad to say that during the next week, my daughter-in-law and I mended our differences and tranquility was restored to our family. That's great because no one in our family can stand being at outs with each other and if a rift begins to mar a relationship, it's usually mended before any real lasting harm is done.

A friend of ours was married to her husband for six years before she learned that he had a sister who had been shunned by his parents because she married a man who was of a different

ethnic origin. She came from a loving family and was surprised to learn that a family member could be dismissed so cruelly. Another friend feels badly because her parents won't talk with their married son after they argued with him about something that wasn't of great consequence during a family reunion. It takes humility to mend a quarrel or a difference of opinion, but once harmony is restored, the parties involved will find the effort was worthwhile. The fractured families I've mentioned will continue to lack peace until loving relationships are finally restored. It also takes courage to forgive. Mahatma Gandhi said, "The weak cannot forgive. Forgiveness is the attribute of the strongest."

E. C. Chaplain, a 19th century preacher stated "Never does the human soul appear so strong and noble as when it forgoes revenge and dares to forgive an injury." How true! Families that resolve their differences reap the rewards by finding more pleasure and joy in each other's company and display more compassion when a member is in pain because of a tragedy or crisis. Love is truly evident in a family that forgives easily and treats each member with empathy and respect.

A young woman I once met would not let go of her anger when her husband had an affair. She was determined to divorce him and take as much as she could from him including not just money but the children as well. She and her husband were both advised to refrain from talking to each other for six months in order

to cool down before making any rash decisions but they were both stubborn and refused to do so. Consequently their anger continued to fester and her husband ended up taking his own life.

Another woman dealt with her husband's affair in a different way. It took courage but she had a strong faith in God. With His strength, she forgave her spouse even after learning that a child was one result of the affair. When the husband was granted visiting rights she even accepted the child into her home. She refused to hold onto her anger or play the victim and looked to the future. I really admire her! She had to rebuild trust in her husband who now realizes how precious the person he married really is. And their love has grown since the life-changing event.

I imagine this couple received counseling to deal with such an event. And the extended family supported them along the way which helped. But I doubt that I could have dealt so smoothly with a situation such as this even with God's help. We may forgive but often we will not forget the pain someone has caused or the upheaval that resulted from another's selfish behaviour. But as Thomas Fulton wrote, "He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself: for every man (or woman) needs to be forgiven."

Refusing to let go of anger can lead to hatred. Sometimes when our children or grandchildren fight with each other they may blurt out, "I hate you!" but this is said in the heat of the argument and the so-called hatred dissipates once the quarrel is

over. But after the disagreement, children must be taught to say, "I'm sorry", and really mean it. I was the youngest in the family and it seemed I was saying, "I'm sorry!" to my sisters so often they began to suspect I was only saying it to ease my conscience for I didn't really think of changing my behaviour. Yes! I was a bit of a brat. The result was a lecture from my oldest sister that explained that if I was really sorry I would not do it again and would try to make amends. The result was fruitful. I stopped slapping my sister, hardly ever took the biggest dessert and tried not to yell at my older siblings when my parents were out. I wore my halo with pride...for a while that is until I did some more things that needed forgiveness!



Forgiveness is harder if the people who have hurt you have caused your father's death and your sister's demise in a concentration camp during WWII. This happened to Corrie Ten Boom, a wonderful Dutch woman and devout Christian. She had lived with their elderly father and fifty seven year old sister in Holland and kept Jewish people in a hidden room in their

home. A traitor revealed this to the Gestapo and the three were charged with hiding the enemy. Her father died shortly after they were sent to a concentration camp and Corrie's sister died several months later. Corrie had smuggled a tiny Bible into the camp and when she found a chance she would teach the prisoners about Jesus and His love which gave them courage and hope. It was a miracle when she was allowed to walk away from the camp. One day months later, she spotted one of the cruel guards from the camp after the war. Anger surged in her heart but with God's help she forgave him. She explained this later as she travelled the world spreading God's love for all. "Forgiveness is an act of will, and the will can function regardless of the temperament of the heart." She said.

If Corrie could forgive a seemingly unforgivable person then surely we can forgive each other in our own families. Moms and dads can show by example, forgiving even the little things their spouses do including being testy or saying something insensitive. If we lower our expectations such as expecting a teenager to never get angry at us or keeping their room neat, especially when the grandparents visit, we will have less to forgive. More serious things might happen in the future such as crashing the family car or shoplifting; when parents will find it harder to forgive even though they will insist on the perpetrator dealing with the consequences. If we find it very difficult to forgive we can examine our own selves and re-

member the bad things that we did when we were young, yet our parents forgave us. Playing the victim can also become a habit when a family member hurt us. We might accuse our adult child of not loving us because they don't phone often enough or unwittingly forget our birthday. Being less stubborn about forgiving someone and even being the first to ask for forgiveness is a

trait that will keep peace in the family. Sometimes the smallest things can irk us the most in the family and hard work is required to keep things peaceful.

Pope Francis gave us good advice when he said: "May each family rediscover family prayer which helps to bring about mutual understanding and forgiveness." We would be wise to take his advice. □

CORRIE TEN BOOM ON "FORGIVENESS"

"It was at a church service in Munich that I saw him, the former SS man who had stood guard at the shower room door in the processing centre at Ravensbruck. He was the first of our actual jailers that I had seen since that time. And suddenly it was all there – the roomful of mocking men, the heaps of clothing, Betsie's painblanched face.

"He came up to me as the church was emptying, beaming and bowing. 'How grateful I am for your message Fräulein', he said 'To think that, as you say, He has washed my sins away!' His hand was thrust out to shake mine. And I, who had preached so often to the people in Bloemendaal the need to forgive, kept my hand at my side. Even as the angry, vengeful thoughts boiled through me, I saw the sin of them. Jesus Christ had died for this man; was I going to ask for more? Lord Jesus, I prayed, forgive me and help me to forgive him. I tried to smile, I struggled to raise my hand. I could not. I felt nothing, not the slightest spark of warmth or charity. And so again I breathed a silent prayer. Jesus, I cannot forgive him. Give me Your Forgiveness. As I took his hand the most incredible thing happened. From my shoulder along my arm and through my hand a current seemed to pass from me to him, while into my heart sprang a love for this stranger that almost overwhelmed me. And so I discovered that it is not on our forgiveness any more than on our goodness that the world's healing hinges, but on His. When He tells us to love our enemies, He gives, along with the command, the love itself." (Corrie Ten Boom)

I would like to share with you the following. I was born in Germany in 1950, after the war and all its atrocities were well and truly over. When I was 11 years old my family migrated to Australia. As I grew up and learnt about the war and what happened I was filled with hatred and anger against the Nazis. One day someone told me about Corrie Ten Boom and I got hold of a copy of "the Hiding Place" and read it. I was so touched by the way she had handled herself both during and after her ordeal. I realised that if Corrie, who had SO MUCH to forgive, could find it in her heart to forgive even her captors, then I too must forgive.

Contributed by Inger Danaher, 2007

WHEN PLAN 'B' FAILS

by Melanie D'Souza

It's Day 8 after college graduation as I write this. Up until a few months ago, I presumed this day would see me holidaying with my family on an exotic post-graduation vacation, after having so 'labouriously' moved to the exciting city where I would begin my post-college career. Little did I know at the time, that my perspective of 'laborious' would be challenged again and again.

So plans can change (we know it). Drastically. So drastically, to the extent that you're tempted to think that you're taking a few steps backwards. Several things can happen when even your back-ups fall through - you either give up right away or you keep your head up and keep working away. Then again, you can either face failure or success in a climate so uncertain. Regardless of the outcome, you are exhausted and drained through the ordeal.

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore", says the inscription on the ever-so-iconic Statue of Liberty, a reminder of the American Dream of prosperity to thousands of hopeful immi-

grants. As a young international student who wound up in the American heartland five years ago for a higher education, with already a mixed international background, never did I dream that the year that passed would open my eyes to the struggles of another supreme: the immigrant struggle!

Just as our faith is a testament to countless great ones from Old Testament's Job to St. Augustine, who face ultimate success after miserable failure, our Scriptures closely follow the sickeningly immeasurable ordeal of 'second-class citizens' in search of their Promised Land. Whether you're a refugee fleeing desperate situations or a young professional starting out a career in a foreign country, the challenges are clear: alienation, lack of understanding and/or misunderstanding. But the gifts of the Spirit within us are also prominent: bravery and a persevering faith.

In other words, our ambition - even though in these desperate Catch-22 situations, comes with a cost; a cost that seems hard to bear only because it is hard to control the ramifications of situations,

and therefore harder to not take the result personally. And though we know that situations like these make us diamonds in the rough, our patience and determination is tried and tested. It is then we remember that not only our desired outcome requires such perseverance, but also a graduation of faith. Milestones of the world like: attaining a college degree, a promotion at work or a scholarship or even just a well-deserved vacation, help reward us on the surface, but it is ultimately spiritual satisfaction that we can rely on, when these worldly milestones don't seem to go the way we initially intend for them. Our relationship with our Lord - even if it can seem like a Lord-who-doesn't-talk-back-right-away - is a constant reminder of our purpose and drive; why we work hard for the things we need in the first place. So, we must take it upon ourselves to remind ourselves about the other God-given gifts (of family, friends, special talents, opportunities, human rights, nature) that make us happy to be alive, even when things seem stagnant close to a much-expected/desired milestone.

While checking one's own mood, thoughts and satisfaction through spiritual re-prioritising, is one way to keep up with the uncertain race, we cannot deny the indispensable presence of a strong support system. Plenty of times when your situation mimics that of an immigrant struggle where the factors are out of your control, you may not be the only one in the quicksand. Of course, knowing that others suffer as much as you do in that situation

doesn't help, but it is a good reminder that we can all collectively reach out to uplift one another as models of God's grace as well as networking. Pope Francis very recently stated the following in his TedTalk on "Why the only future worth building includes everyone": "The future is made of you's, it is made of encounters, because life flows through our relations with others. Quite a few years of life have strengthened my conviction that each and everyone's existence is deeply tied to that of others: life is not time merely passing by, life is about interactions. As I meet, or lend an ear to those who are sick, to the migrants who face terrible hardships in search of a brighter future, to prison inmates who carry a hell of pain inside their hearts, and to those, many of them young, who cannot find a job, I often find myself wondering: "Why them and not me?"

So I urge you to continue to reach out to your networks - even those who you might assume aren't going to be resourceful - as there is no telling who God can use as an instrument for us. Navigating situations like this always require heavy, measured steps (more to follow next month) on our path as much as our openness to revisions with what we perceive to be His Will. Let's keep enrolling in these courses of hardship and well-earned success, because even when the plans keep dissolving, God's grace is the plan!

Plans fail for lack of counsel, but with many advisers they succeed (Proverbs 15:22 NIV).



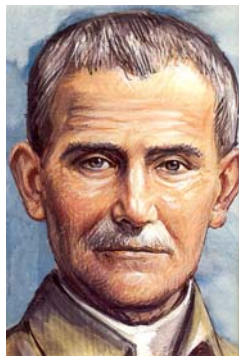
SALESIAN SAINTS

SIMON SRUGI 1877 - 1943

Simon Srugi, the youngest of ten children was born in Nazareth on April 27, 1877. He was baptized fifteen days after his birth and according to the Eastern rite he was also confirmed. We have little information about his childhood which he spent in the town of Nazareth where he lived much like God's own Son. After both his parents passed away he was looked after by his grandmother. Poverty was very common in Nazareth and Simon lived there till he was eleven. He frequented the elementary school run by the Franciscans. The few witnesses we have from this period of his life describe him as extremely calm, reserved, submissive, and recollected, always in the presence of God.

In 1888 he was taken to the Bethlehem orphanage founded by Canon Antonio Belloni (who later became a Salesian) who was better known as "Abuliatama" – father of the orphans. Here Simon spent four years completing his studies and learning a tailor's trade. Those were important years for his religious formation. From Nazareth to Bethlehem – these two places and their respective mysteries found a place in the heart of this ponderous youngster who was extremely docile and religious by nature.

In 1892 he was sent to the Salesian house of Beitgemal where he would remain until his death. When he set foot there the charm



of his goodness immediately began to bear fruit. The conduct of this fifteen-year-old immediately drew the attention of everyone. "That youngster does everything so perfectly; he's not like the others. He is extraordinary!"

In a short time he felt in his heart soft stirrings to become a Salesian. He went to the house for aspirants and then proceeded to the novitiate where he continued to perform the various tasks entrusted to him. Work and prayer, just as Don Bosco wanted! He used to carry out his duties and then he helped others; when there was no one left to help, he would go to the church.

He made his first vows in 1896 and his perpetual vows four years later. He was now ready to live his life as a Salesian dedicating himself completely to others. Among his first responsibilities was to be the assistant of the orphans. Here he demonstrated

the commendable skills of an educator thanks to his goodness of heart. He was later appointed to look after the mill which was the main source of income for the Beitgemal house. He worked, as always, in the background and in silence. It is significant that there is no mention of his name in the chronicles though his services were richly appreciated.

But where he really exercised his apostolate, his school of charity and his love for the suffering; and where he spent several hours for several years until he died, was the infirmary. It must be mentioned at the outset that he had no qualifications at all, but several witnesses testified that "the patients had more trust in him than in all the doctors." The reason for such esteem was his exceptional goodness. He would spend himself to his very last ounce of energy.

The work was tremendous because within a radius of 15 kms there were no doctors for about fifty villages and so everyone came to the Beitgemal clinic.

His services were mostly free. Certain statistics found in the chronicles of the house speak for themselves: In 1928, 8500 patients were treated; 10,200 in 1931; 11,400 in 1932; 7,250 in 1933 and his charity never distinguished between Christians and Muslims. The esteem for this poor infirmarian grew increasingly and people came because of his sanctity.

Among Simon Srugi's acts of charity there was one that gave him particular joy. When he spoke about this he was visibly moved. It was when he administered baptism to the children who were

about to die. These "Little angels" – as he called them – were baptized by him.

In 1939 the Second World War broke out. The British took all the Italian confreres prisoner, incarcerating them first in Jerusalem and then at St. Joan of Arc. Among them was Simon Srugi, even though he was an Arab! For several days he suffered from malaria and he looked pitiful, all skin and bone. When he was asked how he had ever reached such a state he calmly replied: "Don't worry, this is the will of God and He knows. Jesus suffered more than us. To go to heaven it takes more than this."

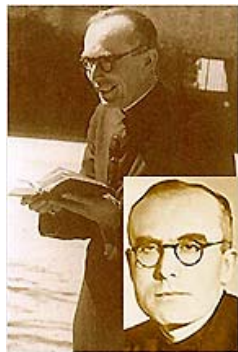
When he returned to Beitgemal he took up his duties immediately but now in visibly poorer health. In May 1941 he had a serious relapse and was admitted at Bethlehem. When he returned to Beitgemal he was no longer able to return to work but his presence continued to be a shining witness. Although very weak, as long as he could go to church he would spend long hours before the Blessed Sacrament. A chair was placed half way up the staircase where he would rest, and another in the playground, where, during the recess he would watch the youngsters play. He used to take the opportunity to say a good word to the young confreres and the boys. He realized that the end was near, but he wasn't afraid of death. The day he received the Anointing of the Sick he thanked all those around him and said: "Now, it's time to go." He then recommended himself to his "little angels" the unique witnesses to his death. They took him on the night of November 27, 1943. □

Witnesses in & for Our Times



BL. PEDRO TARRES (AUGUST 31)

Pedro Tarres was born in May 1905 in the town of Manresa, in the heart of Catalonia, Spain. This ancient city is also the spiritual home of Saint Ignatius of Loyola. The newborn was baptized on June 4th in the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. His father was a locksmith and mechanic in a textile factory. Later, after a period of unemployment he would be employed as a driver and mechanic by a rich widow in the town. In 1908, Pedro's first sister, Francesca, was born, followed in 1910 by a second, Maria-Salvacion. Seeing that Francesca was receiving all the affection, Pedro was overcome by terrible jealousy. One day when the little girl had been lifted onto a high chair, Pedro pushed her forcefully to make her fall. Without her father's swift intervention, the little girl's fall would have had serious consequences. But the jealousy did not last, and Pedro became a deeply loving brother. He kept a host of affectionate nicknames for his sisters, telling them: "We will not be like siblings who, when they are grown, no longer love each



other. We will love one another always and will try to be saints."

A thunderbolt

Pedro began school with the Piarists, but around the age of 10, he was hired as a delivery boy for the town pharmacy. It was not long before the pharmacist noticed the child's intelligence, and secured a scholarship for

him to attend high school.

A gifted student, our school boy made it a point of honour not to disappoint those who had made it possible for him to study. His secret was diligence and methodology. He was also intensely pious. He said the Rosary with his sisters and gently scolded them when they were distracted. When he was fourteen, he received the scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The Virgin Mary became his confidante: "When I leave the house, I tell her where I'm going, and when I come home, I tell her how things went." He was very attached to the Jesuits in the town, in whose church he served as a choirboy. The desire came to him to become a priest. "This one will end up a Jesuit," those around him guaranteed. His father, who did not want to lose him, was afraid and asked him to change spiritual directors. But at the age of 16, Pedro began medical studies in Barcelona, because he had been told that the practice of medicine was much like the priesthood. He looked for a new spiritual director. "The human soul," he thought, "is like the body. It needs someone to take care of it, some-one who knows how to lovingly dress its wounds, which are nothing but unbridled passions, selfishness, and pride." He found this spiritual father in the person of Father Serra, an Oratorian and future martyr.

At the beginning of July 1925, Pedro went to the bedside of his father, who was suffering from typhus. He died peacefully. Five months later, Pedro learned that his mother had been knocked down by a cyclist. He hurried

back to Manresa and found her immobilized by a fracture of the thigh-bone. He stayed with her and cared for her with admirable devotion. "Poor child," she would later say, "how I made him suffer during those terrible nights!"

An extraordinary impulse

Pedro was a dedicated member of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, and led the Catholic Action in Barcelona. On Christmas 1927, he consecrated his virginity to the Lord forever: "Christmas night" he said, "I felt a strong movement, an extraordinary supernatural impulse. God was asking of me a perpetual vow of chastity." When he told his spiritual director about it, his director confirmed that it was the will of God.

On June 26, 1928, after six years of brilliant success, Pedro Tarres earned his doctorate in medicine with highest honors. Immediately thereafter, he climbed the holy mountain of Montserrat to thank the Virgin, then opened a medical office in Barcelona. His mother and little sister Maria-Salvacion joined him there. His eldest sister, Francesca, had become a religious with the Sisters of the Conception; Maria-Salvacion would join her there in 1930. Pedro built up a good practice. In spite of all the service he gave for free to the city's poor, he made a good living and bought himself a beautiful car, in which he took his mother for drives to entertain her.

His presence won over the most difficult patients. He would later assert, "I assure you that during all the time I practiced

medicine, I did everything possible to enable patients to receive the sacraments. Death is the moment when God's mercy descends upon a soul, and the doctor can help to channel it. I have witnessed truly comforting cases." His kindness and consideration towards his patients were boundless.

Apostles in jackets and trousers

One day, Pedro went to a poor part of town where he had to fill in for a friend, when he was surrounded by a group of men and women who robbed him of everything he had. Not disconcerted in the least, he asked, "Tell me where to find the free clinic, because I am the doctor filling in for Doctor X." Dumbfounded, his assailants apologized wholeheartedly and gave him back what they had stolen. Then he asked if they knew the house where a sick person was. They led him to a cellar where a woman with tuberculosis lived, surrounded by three children with rickets. This pitiable scene would later bring Pedro to found the Our Lady of Mercy sanatorium for poor tuberculosis patients. Doctor Tarres also taught courses at the university as an adjunct professor, and wrote powerful articles for the weekly *Flame*, the organ of the Federation, of which he had become the real leader. "We need apostles," he declared, "apostles in jackets and trousers to evangelize workshops, factories, offices... to sow with love the seed of our faith, the reason for our lives, the truth of our doctrine."

Pedro himself drove in his car throughout the city with other

young adults to speak about Jesus and His Gospel. "We are strong because we are free," he said, "and we are free because we are chaste. The purity of youth is the salt that prevents the corruption of people... It is the guarantee of the most solid family peace."

Civil war broke out in Spain, and the situation in Barcelona became untenable, the city having fallen into anarchy. Pedro Tarres went into hiding at the home of some friends, where he suffered from not being able to receive Communion. "My God, if I were able to receive Communion!" he wrote in his journal. "If You would grant me the grace of bringing me a priest!"

He spent his last Holy Week preaching a retreat to the women of the Sanatorium he founded. "It is in prayer," declared Father Tarres, "that my soul is strengthened. "With prayer, I have enough strength to walk." Nevertheless, in April 1950, exhausted by a lymphosarcoma (cancer), he was received in "his" Our Lady of Mercy sanatorium. Countless faithful came one after the other to his bedside, and received there a grace of comfort that emanated from his person. On August 7th, a telegram from the Vatican arrived: "The Holy Father sends his affectionate blessings to Father Tarres." Father Tarres exclaimed, "If His ministers are happy with me, it means God is also happy with me!" On August 31st, around 11 o'clock in the morning, he entered into a mild agony and, shortly before 6 o'clock in the evening, he entered into eternal life. □

IN A CHEERFUL MOOD

He understands me all right

"Oh, mamma!" Jennie rushed breathlessly into the sitting room. "A great big brown bear chased me all the way home from school!"

"Oh, Jennie!" said her mother in a scolding voice. "You mustn't tell a story like that."

"But it isn't a story!" denied Jennie vigorously. "If you don't believe it, you can look yourself it's still right outside our yard. I was most scared to death, for fear it would eat me before I got in!"

The mother walked to the window. "Jennie Gomes," she said sternly, "go into the bedroom, and kneel down and ask God to forgive you for that story. I saw the big dog that chased you."

A few minutes later Jennie came out of the bedroom, smiling amiably.

"Did you ask God to forgive you," inquired her mother.

"Yes, I did; and God said, 'Never you mind about that, Jennie. I thought that big dog was a bear myself, until I got another good look at him.'"

Bread and Breakfast

"You don't seem to realize on which side your bread is buttered."

What does it matter? I eat both sides.

Not so fussy about cleanliness

"If you are good, Danny, I'll give you this bright new rupee coin."

"Haven't you got a dirty old ten-rupee note?"

They better watch out

Old Gentleman (to little boy eating an apple): "Look out for worms, sonny."

Little Boy: "When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves."

More Specific Likes

A man in a restaurant complained to his waiter: "I don't like all the flies in here."

"Very well sir," the waiter said helpfully. "Just point out the ones you dislike, and I'll put them out."

Mistaken Identity

Three Men were repairing telephone wires. As Betty drove along in her car she saw all three men climbing poles.

She said: "Look at those nuts! You'd think I had never driven a car before."

The Widow's Mite

A newly-made widow called at the insurance company office for the money due her late husband's policy. The manager said, "I'm very sorry, Madam, to hear of your loss."

"That's just like you men," she snapped, "Always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

You Bet They Do

"Dad," asked the small boy, "which can go faster, horses or buses?"

"Buses, of course," answered the father impatiently.

"Then why," asked the small boy, "Don't you bet on the buses?" □



MY HELP COMES FROM THE LORD

by Gianni Sangalli

The mountain is a symbol of excellence, of closeness to God. The Psalmist says: *"I lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help? My help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth"* (Psalm 120, 1).

The liturgy calls us to look up, to climb the mountain (maybe go on a retreat?) to move away from your everyday world, from your worries and tensions and put yourself into a mode of prayer, and listening to that voice that is heard on Tabor leading you to Jesus, "Listen to him."

God draws near to us in Christ and has commanded us to listen to his word. He has enlightened us with his light: *"That voice - writes St. Peter - that we heard coming down from heaven while we were with Christ on his holy mountain is a voice that you would do well to pay attention to, as a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawns and the morning star rises in your hearts"* (2 Pt 1.18-19).

Here you don't listen out of curiosity but to obey, to do what he tells you. But is that how it always



is for us? Who do we permit to illumine our thoughts, our lives? Who do we listen to, the Gospel or the media?

And if, by God's grace we can say that we listen to Jesus, are we ready to follow him? You cannot remain in contemplation on the

mountain.

Peter said to Jesus: *"Teacher it is good for us to be here. Let us make three tents."* Peter understood the vision as a pause for rest, while it actually hinted as a signal to go forward with new vigour.

To listen is the quality of the follower. Jesus does not ask us to pitch a tent, but to follow him, to walk with him. The disciple is not a visionary, but a follower of Jesus: *"Whoever wants to be my disciple must take up his cross daily and follow me."*

Many don't like descending from Tabor. It becomes more difficult than climbing up, especially when we know that the next climb will be Calvary. Too many Christians prefer to find the Lord at home, on Sundays, rather than to hear him on weekdays and often on Good Friday.

Too many Christians prefer to remain kneeling or sitting and listening to the Lord, but once they get up and come down from Tabor; once they leave the church they try to make their own way which is not always what the word of God has in mind for them.

In fact it remains true that *"only through the passion can we come with him to the triumph of the Resurrection"* (Preface of the Mass). The way of the cross is the way of death but it is the way of love; the way of faith in a Father who will not forsake His Son in that moment of extreme struggle which is the moment of his unconditional obedience.

So Tabor is beautiful, the mountain is beautiful, but the place where we live our daily lives is on the plain, with its boredom, banality, fatigue, contradictions and worries.

We need so much to climb up

the mountain, but only to catch the light and gain the strength to face the heat of the plain where someone is waiting to see what happened to us, what became of us after our Tabor experience. If our face is transfigured, there will be no need to talk to bear witness to our faith.

So, not only do we have our goal but the path to get there too.

The Transfiguration tells us that we have to walk with Jesus even if we encounter dark moments. Let the austere mystery of the Transfiguration illuminate us.

At his last Angelus message from the window overlooking St. Peter's Square, Blessed Paul VI, who died on August 6, 1978, the very day on which the liturgy celebrates the feast of the Transfiguration, said: *"Your Transfiguration Lord, throws a dazzling light on our daily lives and makes us turn our minds to the immortal destiny which that fact foreshadows..."*

We are called to share such glory because "we are partakers of the divine nature." An incomparable fate awaits us, if we have genuinely lived our Christian vocation; if we have lived the consequent logic of the words and the attitudes that we were committed to by our baptism." Only then will we see the face of God.

Therefore let us climb the mountain and pray: "Lord Jesus, even though I do not know when you will reveal your face to me in the fullness of your divinity, I adore you and love you Lord my strength, O Lord, my rock, my fortress and my deliverer, my rock in whom I take refuge" (Psalm 18:1-3), it is your face Lord, that I seek, and I will continue to seek it as long as I live." □

Quiet Spaces

A RESOUNDING SILENCE

*L'Osservatore Romano, in its weekly edition in English n. 25 of June 2016 reported this homily of Pope Francis.
The following is the report of the Pope's homily which was delivered in Italian.*

Pope Francis said this in the Mass he celebrated on Friday morning at Santa Marta. These three attitudes, he explained, encourage and revive the lives of all those who feel overwhelmed by fear in the most difficult moments.

"We know that faith is neither a theory nor a science: it is an encounter. Faith is an encounter with the living God, with God who lives, the Creator, the Lord Jesus, with the Holy Spirit, it is an encounter." He explained that in the first reading, taken from the First Book of Kings (19:9, 11-16) about the prophet Elijah's encounter with God. "The prophet 'Elijah had a long history, he is a victor: he struggled so much, so much for the faith, because the people of Israel had turned away from faithfulness."

Moreover, the Pope added that "the people of Israel wanted to worship God and on the other hand to worship idols." There is "a phrase that the prophet Elijah said to the people: 'how long will you go limping on two feet?'" He uses the example of "limping with two feet: not standing firm with either God nor with idols, having one foot in one place and the other foot in another, or as we might say in everyday speech, 'this person is well with God and with the devil.'"

Pope Francis pointed out that "Elijah struggled greatly against this situation the people were in, and he won: he won an arduous fight against the 400 prophets of the idols, he defeated them on Mt. Carmel and he killed all with the power of God: he is the victor." But then Elijah "went down from the mountain and heard the news that Queen Jezebel, a cruel and unscrupulous woman, wanted to kill him for this, because she was an idolatress." And so Elijah "was afraid." Indeed, he, "the greatest victor, was afraid of that woman and departed: he fled." It was a fear that "made him feel downhearted." So much so, the Pope explained, that Elijah asked himself why: "I have done so much yet in the end the story is always the same: escaping and defending myself from the idolaters." It seems that he "no longer steps up: death is better, and he sinks into deep depression. Lying on the ground, in the shade of a tree, he wants to die; he enters into the sleep that comes before death, that depressed sleep."

But then, the Pope said, "the Lord sends an angel to wake him: 'Arise! Have a little bread and water.'" And Elijah obeys him, but "then goes back to sleep." The angel "came again a second time," again inviting him to rise to his feet. Once he arose, the angel gave him "the next word: 'Go!'" Therefore, Pope Francis noted, "in order to encounter God it is necessary for man to return to his position at the time of creation: standing and walking." Because "this is how God created us: at his

height, in his image and likeness, and on a path." In fact, the Lord says: "Go, go forward, cultivate the land, make it grow, and multiply." He also says: "Go forth, and stand upon the mountain before the Lord." And so, the Book of Kings tells us, "Elijah stood up and, getting up on his feet, he went out."

Therefore, Elijah, the Pope continued, "went up the mountain to meet the Lord and, behold, the Lord passed by." In what way "did the Lord pass by? How does the Lord pass by? How can I encounter the Lord in order to be sure that it is he?" asked Francis, re-reading the page from the Old Testament: "Before all else a great and powerful wind tore the mountains apart, and it shattered the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind. The Lord was not in the noise, in the majesty, he was not there. And again after the wind came an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; after the earthquake came a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. Elijah watched and waited for the Lord: there was so much noise, so much majesty, so much movement, and the Lord was not there. Finally, after the fire came the whisper of a gentle breeze, or, as it is in the original, *'the thread of a resounding silence'*. And there was the Lord."

Pope Francis pointed out: "To encounter the Lord we must enter into ourselves and feel that *'thread of a resounding silence'* because he speaks to us there." "What happens?" the Pope asked. The answer is in that "Go!" because the Lord "gives us a mission" as he did to Elijah: "Now, retrace your steps, do not be afraid of the queen, retrace your steps, into the wilderness and anoint this one as king, another as a king, and Elisha as a prophet and your successor." Elijah knows "this is the mission he must fulfil."

Elijah's mission suggests "three clear things" the Pope said. "In order to go and find the Lord, standing, going out of ourselves, on a path," the first clear point is precisely to be "standing and on a path." The second point is "to have the courage to wait for that whisper, that *'thread of resounding silence'*, when the Lord speaks to the heart and we encounter him." The third point is the "mission," the invitation to retrace his steps in order to go "forward."

In conclusion, the Pope prayed "that the Lord may always help us: he is always there to help us to get back on our feet." Even if we fall, we must have the strength to "arise" and go "on the path, not to be closed in the selfishness of our comfort: to be patient, waiting for his voice and for the encounter with him, and then to be brave in the mission, bringing the Lord's message to others." □

IT'S A DEAL

From Fr. Ian Doulton's collection of stories

A good day for Brighton Wheeler was winding down. He reached home after a full and fulfilling day at the office. He felt pretty good; opening the door he got the aroma of cake baking... Oh that was a very welcome smell. Amy, his wife was in the kitchen Dropping his briefcase near the coffee table in the drawing room he walked into the kitchen.

The house was pretty quiet and that was good. There was nothing like being home to relax without the kids walking all over him with this and that. They were over at Mrs. Wilson's place at Larry, her son's birthday party.

He let out a sigh and walked slowly back to the drawing room and to his favourite chair by the window. He slumped into it as he loosened his tie and leaning back to catch his breath and a wisp of breeze that came through the palm fronds outside the window.

Amy came in to sit with him for a while "Brighton Wheeler, the big, big dealer! He wheels them and deals them; those big, big deals in those good, good cars at those low, low prices" - that was how she always teased him.

He kissed her on the cheek as he said: "Ok, that puts food in the kitchen and the time when most of the other dealers are hollering, 'no sales.' This is sure the business that separates the men from the boys."

Amy went back to the kitchen to check on the cake. It was time to start dinner. She knew that Brighton was hungry. "And don't take all night with the dinner, I'm hungry." He heard her from the

kitchen: "Well, I'll hurry as much as I can."

So, Brighton picked up the paper. A picture in the first column caught his eye. He was sure he knew the man. He started reading the story: *'Local Stationer, apparent suicide.'* John Derry 37, was found... John Derry? Of course he knew him. He was talking to him only last week. He came into the office about that car he'd bought from Brighton. Now he's dead... he read on: "John Derry 37 was found dead this morning of gunshot wounds in the chest, apparently self-inflicted. Mrs. Rose Derry, wife of the deceased stated: 'her husband had been nervous and depressed in recent weeks. She said that he was heavily in debt. Brighton was sure he was in debt. He owed him plenty... heavily in debt and worried about meeting his financial obligations. In addition to his widow, Mr. Derry is survived by three children: James Junior 9, Patricia 5 and Donald 18 months.' This felt odd to Brighton. This was the first time he ever knew anybody who committed suicide. It was a terrible thing; a guy killing himself and leaving all those little kids. Poor old John...! Too bad, but that's life. He turned to the second page of the paper: New Freeway link opens Tuesday...but his mind swung back to John Derry. He remembered that he saw him in his car lot about two years ago walking round and round an automobile. Brighton was following him: "John you cannot go wrong on this one. Take it from me

this is your car. We're practically giving it away, part of our quarter-busting drive; nothing down, not a cent from your pocket for a whole month - 30 days!" For John it was a deal. He went on to ask: "Well, how much will a monthly payment run?" "65" That was high for John: "that high?" he asked.

Brighton had to tell him that was as low as he could make it. John looked down at his shoes and then was a little embarrassed. Looking at Brighton he said hesitatingly: "You see I just moved out of the valley. I'm trying to get the business established there. Things have been pretty slow. But the doctor said the climate and the valley would be good for my oldest boy. He's been in bed for two years." Brighton was saddened by the news. John went on: "Oh, he's great, never complains. But the doctor's bills...keep me strapped. I thought if I could find a car for say... 50 a month. I have to get one; the old one is running me into the poor house with repair bills."

Brighton's face broke into a smile: "John, I'll tell you what I'll do and this is because I know what a spot you're in. I'll give you this car for 50 a month."

John was thrilled. He couldn't believe it. Brighton went on: "50 a month...of course, with a lower monthly installment you will have to carry on for a little longer and there will be a final payment of 995."

"That will be OK and thanks a million, Mr. Wheeler. You're a real pal." John was thrilled and they both walked into Brighton's office to sign the deal.

Brighton's mind came back to the living room and he looked

once more at the picture of John Derry in the paper; it's a smiling picture. He wasn't smiling when you saw him last week. He looked.... Well, thought Brighton, it's all over now... no use thinking about it. It won't do anybody any good now. He turned to the sports page: *Baseball officials say nation needs three big leagues.* He went down the whole column before he realised he didn't know what any of that meant. He was just reading words. His mind was back on John Derry when he came his office last week.

John came into Mr. Wheeler's office with a confused look on his face: "Mr. Wheeler, I'm afraid your billing department got a little mixed up here." Brighton was not sure what that meant. John went on: "It's this bill I got for the payment on the car. The last payment on the car, it's due today."

Brighton asked for the bill: "Let's see the bill John." Looking it over he said: "This is right, the figure." John was breathing hard, nervous, confused and anxious: "It couldn't, the last payment was supposed to be \$9.95. This says, nine hundred and ninety five dollars!"

Brighton was shocked that John thought it meant nine dollars and ninety five cents. He smiled and said: "You're kidding."

John raised his voice: "That's what you said.... You said..." He told John that didn't make sense since he had come down significantly on the car and for which reason the payments would last a little longer. That was why the final payment had to be "pretty substantial."

John was nervous and was wringing his hands: "Nine hundred,

once more at the picture of John Derry in the paper; it's a smiling picture. He wasn't smiling when you saw him last week. He looked.... Well, thought Brighton, it's all over now... no use thinking about it. It won't do anybody any good now. He turned to the sports page: *Baseball officials say nation needs three big leagues.* He went down the whole column before he realised he didn't know what any of that meant. He was just reading words. His mind was back on John Derry when he came his office last week.

John came into Mr. Wheeler's office with a confused look on his face: "Mr. Wheeler, I'm afraid your billing department got a little mixed up here." Brighton was not sure what that meant. John went on: "It's this bill I got for the payment on the car. The last payment on the car, it's due today."

Brighton asked for the bill: "Let's see the bill John." Looking it over he said: "This is right, the figure."

John was breathing hard, nervous, confused and anxious: "It couldn't, the last payment was supposed to be \$9.95. This says, nine hundred and ninety five dollars!"

Brighton was shocked that John thought it meant nine dollars and ninety five cents. He smiled and said: "You're kidding."

John raised his voice: "That's what you said.... You said..."

He told John that didn't make sense since he had come down significantly on the car and for which reason the payments would last a little longer. That was why the final payment had to be "pretty substantial."

John was nervous and was wringing his hands: "Nine hundred,

ninety five dollar...I haven't got it"

Brighton simply looked down at his desk, not wanting to embarrass John any further but he said: "I'm awfully sorry old man, but you made the deal. Oh, don't worry, you'll get the money some place. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give another week, a whole extra week to raise that final payment."

That was how Brighton remembered their last meeting. Now he's dead - killed himself. Well how was Brighton supposed to know he was so near the bottom? Suddenly he tossed the paper on the floor. What was the use of hashing it over? He tried to help John. He gave the poor man a break; a whole extra week. Anybody else would have clamped right down on him. Anyway, he stuck his neck out letting him have that car for 50 a month. Nobody else would have done that. He lit a cigarette; a minute later, he crushed it out in the ash tray. He was nervous. He told himself that he was working too hard. He was home and so he should forget all this ...forget business...lean back and close his eyes. He should shut out the car lot. Maybe catch forty winks before dinner. His mind was still racing and he thought suddenly of another customer: Mrs. Stewart.

He remembered how she came into the showroom; a modestly dressed lady. She had bought a car through Brighton some time earlier. She tapped on his glass-front door and came in: "Mr. Wheeler, I've never in my life heard of anybody charging a rate of interest like this. I asked the man I work for, and he said that there's a law in this state that says you can't charge more than four percent

interest. He says...you..."

Brighton smiled at her and said: "Mrs...Stewart you don't think for one minute that I'd break the law? It's a good law and I'm all for it. But this amount you're concerned about is not interest. This is a financing charge."

Now Mrs. Stewart was upset. She simply thought it was another term for extorting more money out of her. "I don't care what you call it. It comes out to the same thing, \$ 1144 on a principle of 2200 dollars, that's 52%. When I bought the car you didn't say anything about any interest charges..."

Brighton told her that he didn't blame her for being confused. It was really very technical. He thought that she understood that every credit operation had a carrying charge. Then he added: "After all, I let people drive out of here with cars worth thousands of dollars. How do I know if I'll ever see them again? I'll have to do something for my own protection or I'll run myself out of business. That's why the law in this state doesn't set any limit on the amount of carrying charges. There's a big difference between that and interest Mrs. Stewart...a big, big difference..."

Mrs. Stewart saw the point but she hadn't understood the contract. That was the bottom line. Brighton added: "And according to the contract that you've signed..." She simply got up...took a tissue out of her purse and dabbed the perspiration from her upper lip and awkwardly left Brighton's office. He could still see her leave and it upset him. He didn't know why.

But it made him angry...angry

with himself for even remembering that. He had told her the truth. He was taking a risk every time he sold a car. He was actually doing people a favour. Some couldn't make a down payment while some couldn't pay anything at all and he was making it possible for them to get the car they needed when they need it. He shut his eyes and thought that he too had a right to some protection. Obviously he didn't make the rules of the game but he too had to follow them. Something in his mind whispered: "So...forget the whole thing...wipe it out of your mind. Don't bring the unpleasantness home with you." That could not be right...his mind was racing on like a runaway train. Suddenly there flashed before him the face of Bill Wallace. Oh and he remembered their meeting. It wasn't pretty.

He came into Brighton's office without so much as a knock on the door:

"Mr. Wheeler, I'm a salesman, I have to have a car...if you repossess this one how am I going to make a living? I've a wife and four children!" Brighton shook his head apologetically: "Bill I know how you feel. I have 2 children of my own. But my hands are tied. I don't have your contract anymore." That stunned Bill.

"Who has it?" He asked. "The ANS finance company. You see the way this operates ...we just sell the cars and the finance company takes over from there. You go over there and talk to them. Tell them I have sent you. I'm sure they'll be glad to do whatever they can." Bill seemed to feel better about that.

"Well, I'll go over there right now. I feel a lot better. Thanks Mr. Wheeler."

That was the way he always handled those things. But that light of hope that came into Wallace's eyes, for some reason that upset Brighton. He began to get uneasy so he got busy quick with other work. He knew what was going to happen. And sure enough ...half an hour later Wallace was back.

"Mr. Wheeler I don't get this at all." "Bill what's the trouble now? Didn't you go over to the finance company?"

"I just came back from there. They say they can't do a thing for me. They say they just buy contracts from you."

What was he supposed to do? How was he supposed to keep his car? Of course he was just one payment behind. But he assured Mr. Wheeler that he could make that up.

But Brighton shook his head sadly: "I'm awfully sorry Bill. You know I'll give you a break if I could. But it's this way after I sell the contract to the finance company. It's their baby I don't know...I have no idea why they told you to come back and see me again. My hands are tied."

Brighton thought to himself. That was the system. The customer thinks he's getting the run around but he just doesn't understand. There's no use trying to explain. It just gets more involved. Anyway he had heard those hard-luck stories every day. If he started getting soft he would end up going broke himself. Then what would happen to his wife and child-

DEAL Continued on pg. 32

DON BOSCO AND GAMES

by Natale Cerrato

From his early childhood Saint John Bosco entertained his companions with games and acrobatics; the child acrobat that he was, he was able to bring them to prayer and catechism. He already realized how important it was to use games as a means to attract youngsters. Later recreation became for him a prime means of education. Not for nothing was Don Bosco proclaimed the patron saint of games and sports.

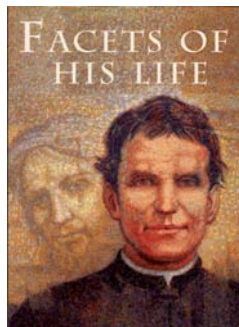
But it is not the importance of games in the pedagogy of Don Bosco that we wish to primarily address here but what games he played as a boy at Becchi, a young student at Chieri and a priest at the Oratory of Valdocco. Ours will be simply a brief description of the games that today have largely fallen in to disuse, if not are totally despised by today's teenagers for other forms of entertainment.

Games of skill and dexterity

In the public markets and country fairs of old, jugglers, acrobats and fortune tellers were a spectacle. We know how many secrets little Johnny Bosco stole from them with his keen eye and precocious intelligence.

"By the time I was eleven I could juggle, do midair somersaults and the swallow trick and walk on my hands. I could walk, jump and even dance on the tightrope like a professional acrobat" (MO 28).

As you know, "conjuring tricks" were known as magic tricks and



the sleeve was nothing but a wooden container, mainly of boxwood that magicians used to store, conceal or to pop out dice, balls, ribbons and colourful handkerchiefs.

What about "somersaulting"? A somersault consisted in making a complete turn on oneself before touching the ground and jumping down from the rope that was stretched between two trees. A much more complicated feat was "doing the swallow" (in Piedmontese: *fè la rondolin-a*). A pole was firmly planted in the ground vertically. It was gripped firmly with the left hand to one's chest. The pole was then grasped a little below with the right hand. Now, pointing the elbow towards the hip – in order to get a foothold – the acrobat stretched out his legs into a dovetail. While the body remained taut and perfectly horizontal he was able to thrust himself twice or thrice around the

pole. Seeing is believing!

Playground Games

The periodical "*Il Conciliatore Torinese*," written and managed by Canon Lorenzo Gastaldi, in N. 42 of 1849 described the recreations at Valdocco, mentioning above other things, "Within (Valdocco you saw youngsters playing divided into small teams. Others were jumping and playing ball or bowling (*bocce*). Some were swinging and tumbling around playing 'The Oak' (*la quercia*).

"Making an Oak" (in Piedmontese: *fè l'erbo forcù* = Making a forked branch) meant sitting with one's head on the ground and the legs spread in the air.

Other games that were played in the early days Valdocco were described by Don Bosco himself in his famous letter from Rome in 1884:

"I thought I was in the old Oratory at recreation time. It was a picture full of life, full of movement and merriment. Boys were running, skipping and jumping. Some were playing leapfrog and others were playing ball. In one corner, there was a cluster of boys avidly listening to a priest who was telling a story. In another corner, a cleric was playing flying donkey and trades with another cluster of boys. People were singing and laughing everywhere and there were clerics and priests with cheerful boys gathered around them. It was obvious that the utmost cordiality and familiarity existed between the boys and their superiors" (EBM 17,86).

"The frog game" probably consisted in leaping over or soft-footing a checkerboard path made on the ground following a certain

pattern and keeping the score. "*Barrarotta*" was a very common game even played by our students. It is a game in which two sides stage a kind of mock battle. The losers are those who are reached by their opponents before they manage to reenter a refuge (*bara*).

"The trench game" (*il gioco della trincea*) was slightly different kind of "hide and seek," where you look for hidden companions. "*The ass flies*" is a well-known game in which the leader points to an animal by raising his hand and after repeating the animal's name adds "fly." Participants must only raise their hand when the leader mentions the name of an animal that can really fly, for example if he says "the donkey flies," the one who raises his hand is at fault and is disqualified.

"*The craft game*" is a mime game wherein a player is assigned a 'craft' while the others are assigned to guess what it is. The game can be played in a more complex manner with an interchange of mimed crafts (trades). The one who makes a mistake is obviously punished.

Other games of this kind in Valdocco from the first years were "hot hand," "blind man's bluff," "leapfrog" and the like. The 'hot hand' is a game where a blindfolded youngster must guess who has struck his hand with an open palm. In "blind man's bluff" also in the "blind cat" a blindfolded boy must go around trying to grab his mates. "Leapfrog" (in Piedmontese = *Cavalin-a*). It is a game where players skip over one after another bent as if on the back of a horse.

Don Bosco speaks of this last game in his "Memoirs" citing the

example of his friend Luigi Comollo who was forced to participate in it in Chieri. Not wanting to take part in it because of the dangers he perceived. He left not without being jeered at, to which he didn't react. Interestingly, noting the example of Comollo on that occasion John Bosco was greatly edified. "From that moment on," he later wrote, "he became my close friend, and I can say that from him I began to learn how to live as a Christian" (MO 79).

Table Games

Even as a cleric in the seminary, Don Bosco played card and tarot games but this affected his studies so much that he wrote in his "Memoirs" with regret, "There was another game called tarots which was permitted on certain days, and for a while I also played this game. Even here sweetness and bitterness intermingled. I was not a great player, but I was rather lucky and nearly always won. At the end of a game my hands would be full of money, but seeing how distressed my companions were at losing made me more miserable than they. I should add that my mind would become so fixed during a game that afterwards I could neither pray nor study; the troubling pictures of the *King of Cups* and the Jack of Spades of the 13 and the 15 of tarots filled my imagination. So I resolved to give up this game as I had given up the others" (MO 132-133).

Everyone is familiar with card games. Maybe some aren't aware that the Piedmontese tarot cards consist of 22 symbols and 56 numerals divided into four sets of 14 cards each. Among the symbolic ones there is the number 13 (in

Piedmontese = *ël quindès da taròch*) which corresponds to death (in Piedmontese = *braje bleu*). Hence you can see why Don Bosco claimed that his imagination was troubled by the 13 and 15 of the tarots.

The young priest of Turin found youngsters along the city streets sitting around a deck of cards and playing desperately for 15 or 20 lire. Once he stopped, seeing a kerchief full of money. With one quick swipe he took up the four corners of the kerchief and took off. The youngsters, stunned, ran after him shouting: "the money ... give us back the money!" But Don Bosco kept running...to the Oratory. He went into Church with the youngsters in tow, where Fr. Borel was preaching to the kids. There he instantly struck up a conversation in the local dialect: - Hey there, you urchin, get out of the church. This is not a market place! - said Fr. Borel.

- Oh good, I will make it my business. I saw so many youngsters here and so I thought I'd sell my toffees! - commented Don Bosco

And the dialogue went on amidst much laughter from those present and to the surprise of the new comers to whom Don Bosco finally returned the money inviting them to come to the Oratory. But he was never known to play cards at the Oratory. Table games were mainly checkers and chess because he said young people need to release their tension with movement and running...That was why he never wanted to see benches along the playground.

Games requiring implements

Already in the early years of the Pinardi shed - Don Bosco recalls

- "At one o'clock in the afternoon, the recreation began with bocce, stilts, rifles, wooden swords, and our first gymnastics equipment." (MO 267) These implements improved over time and one day Duke Amadeo of Savoy came to lay the foundation stone of the church of Mary Help of Christians - it was April 27, 1865 - "Having also heard that Don Bosco's boys were fond of gymnastic exercises, he donated part of his gym equipment to them. Set up in the Oratory playground, it was put to good use for a long time and gave occasion to all visitors to admire the prince's goodness (EBM 8, 62-63).

To those who might be shocked at some military trappings turning up at Valdocco, must only remember that they were the result of the climate that existed in 1848 when all of Turin was in turmoil. What annoyed Mamma Margaret was when the defeated troops of the ex-artillery officer trampled her garden in a disastrous retreat. That good lady, believing that the ravage was the result of trying to make the whole exercise more interesting, complained disconsolately to her son: "*Varda, varda, Gioanin, lòn ch'a l'ha fait 'l Bèrsalié; a l'ha guastame tut l'ort!*" (= Look, just look, Johnny, what the artillery have done; they have destroyed my entire garden). And Don Bosco with a smile said: "*Mare, còsa veule feje? A son giovo!*" (Mummy, what can you do? They're just kids!)

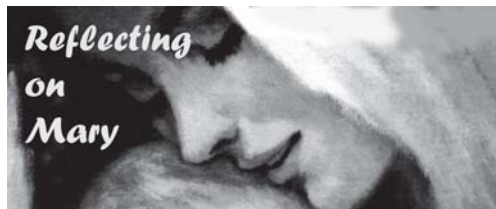
We cannot end our list of games without mentioning the pots and the greasy pole that thrilled the boys immensely on either Carnival or the Feast of St. John causing an atmosphere of celebration and plenty that the poor could enjoy only once a year.

Valdocco so noisy?

Boys are boys and they need freedom, joy and games to express themselves, a safety valve. The fun in the playground, the chaos, spontaneous and genuine, was the first ingredient of Don Bosco's pedagogy in the playground of Valdocco which was so full of life and action.

Not all noise seemed appropriate, but Don Bosco went along with it. One day, Fr. Eugenio Reffo, co-founder of the Josephites, accompanied Fr. Leonardo Murialdo to Valdocco. Don Bosco stood in the corner of the room pretending to have a conversation. Meanwhile, surprised and shocked by the noise that the boys made in the playground which was enhanced by the devilish sound of the brass band, the humble cleric thought in his heart: "If I were Don Bosco I wouldn't stand such a pandemonium in an Oratory, not even during the hours of recreation...*Deus non est in commotione* - God is not in a commotion." He thought about this secretly giving no evidence of it externally - or so he thought - not the least sign of dissent. Don Bosco, who was in the opposite corner of the room broke off his conversation and turning to the cleric said: "Yes, yes," imitating with hand gestures the clashing of pots and pans to mimic the sound of the bass drum, "Chin, chin, boom, boom, and this is what the Lord wants, noise, fun, clamor, chin, chin, boom, boom, at the same time!" (cf A.V. Audagnotti, *Le Feste della Chiesa*, Pinerolo, 1930, p. 232)

Those loud outbursts thrill youngsters, distract them from sad thoughts and lead them to God. □



GAZING AT MARY

by Maddalena di Spello

The Virgin Mary is very close to us simple human beings. The Early Church was so very modest; it lived in the throes of constant danger. It understood what being incarnate meant and that was why it could speak of its daily suffering and uncertain fate. At anytime, at a powerful whim, a Christian could lose his life. Nonetheless they were real witnesses to the point of death. Thus we could never depict the Virgin Mary like some sort of quiet senior citizen, surrounded by doting relatives.

Cradling Like a Mother

Mary is a courageous mother who teaches us by her silence. The Gospel repeatedly says that she pondered in her heart all that was happening around her Son and what she didn't understand. The text states that Mary "kept all these things in her heart;" (the Greek word is: "συνιβαλλασουσα ε τε χαρδια αντες", which is simply translated as "treasured and kept all these things, pondering them in her heart") the term actually and more precisely refers to the precise movements of rocking a baby's cradle. We may therefore

translate this as: "Mary cradled it (these thoughts) in her heart."

The Madonna silently and meditatively bore in her heart and consequently in her daily life all the day-to-day events that surrounded the birth of her Son! Let's not forget that she was a woman and the most important event of her life was her motherhood, which took place in a very unique and wonderful manner. But I am convinced that she also knew how to remain a simple woman of Nazareth, known to everyone as the wife of Joseph.

A Mistaken Devotion

If there is one thing that amazes me in many people today, is the deformation, so to speak, of the cult of Mary.

People who seem so normal in their social life suddenly turn alien when you see them with only a rosary in hand. Even when Mass is being celebrated they stubbornly continue to pray the Rosary, their eyes downcast and focused on their effort to shut out any other distraction. If asked what they are doing they say that Our Lady wants them to pray the Rosary continuously.

They become quite aggressive if they see that you do not approve of their devotion, convinced that they are saving the world in obedience to Our Lady who has said 'this' or 'that.' In short they know so much of the Gospel but have quite forgotten what is really said. Mary said: "How can this be possible? I do not know man." (Lk 1:34). She said: "Behold I am the handmaid of the Lord, let it be done to me according to thy word." (Lk 1:37) She said: "My soul magnifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour, for he has regarded the humility of his handmaid and from this day forward all generations will call me blessed." (Lk 1:48). Then at Cana: "They have no wine" and at the end, her final and eternal words: "Do whatever he tells you." (Jn 2:5)

We repeatedly read in the Gospels that Mary did not understand the words of Jesus, much less his behaviour. In short, she was neither a visionary nor a witch and never demonstrated any strange behaviour to draw attention to herself. She always and only followed her Son Jesus.

A Double Love for Man

Then it was all over and we had to wait for ages to hear once more the Madonna's voice. Both in the Gospels and in the various apparitions, recognized by the Church, she has never sought to divert the faithful from her Son Jesus and the Church! She has always asked for the same thing: To pray for sinners and to make sacrifices.

She has asked that the Rosary be prayed but not at the cost of the Holy Mass (*by reciting the Rosary during its celebration!*) or out of a lack of concern for others.



Beneath the Cross in her immense sorrow at the death of her son, innocent and without sin, Mary gave birth to us becoming the new Eve, Mother of renewed humanity.

Re-reading and reviewing all these events it seems that Our Lady always reminds us to be led to and associated to the Son of God, Jesus; to help our brothers be it materially through almsgiving and works of charity or secretly, agreeing to offer ourselves to God, accepting our sacrifices and the Cross for the salvation of everyone. This takes a special grace and heaps of courage that can only come from a Love for God and a correspondence with that singular grace.

This means obeying the Lord's command: "*Do this in memory of me,*" not just being "consumers of the Eucharist," but being people who offer their life as a sacrifice for everyone in union with Christ.

That is what the Madonna calls for in every apparition: to become true Christians. Our prayer to her, therefore, should give birth to Jesus in us. And with Mary, our eyes must be fixed on the blessed face of her Son, the Lord of joy and glory. □

NEWSBITS

WASHINGTON D.C.

On April 5, 2017 First Lady Melania Trump, honored 13 extraordinary women with the Secretary of State's International Women of Courage Award. This award recognizes women around the globe who have shown exceptional courage and leadership in advocating for women's rights, empowerment, and justice, often at great personal risk.

Natalia Ponce de Leon, a Colombian survivor of a chemical acid attack that burned her face and body, underwent some 50 surgeries to get her life back.

When **Sandhya Ekneligod's** husband, a well-known political cartoonist and journalist disappeared in January 2010, she resolved to seek the truth about his fate.

Fadia Najib Thabet, a child protection officer and reporter on human rights violations in southern Yemen, risked her life to protect the region's children from Al Qaeda and Houthi militias.

Veronica Simogun, founder of the Family for Change Association and advocate for women and girls victimized due to their gender.

Sister Carolin Tahhan Fachakh, a Roman Catholic nun living in Aleppo, has worked tirelessly to support the needs of Syria's most vulnerable populations, particularly internally displaced persons and children. During a period of intense bombing around a neighborhood school, Sister Carolin selflessly ensured that the children were brought safely home to their parents. She has been a beacon of hope to both Muslims and Christians alike, while putting her own life at risk.

These women, just a handful of the remarkable stories of courage and resilience we heard today, serve as an inspiring reminder of how individuals can make a difference. Each of these courageous women are dedicated to issues high on the list of global challenges we currently face. *USSD*



August 2017



walking with the Church

Evangelists' Symbols, Luke 12, The Bible Canon

From St. Martin's Messenger, Ireland

Q. I would like to know the different symbols by which the four evangelists are recognized?

A. The four evangelists are known by the following symbols: St. Matthew by a winged man; St. Mark by a winged lion; St. Luke by an ox and St. John by an eagle.

Q. I have problems about a part of the gospel I read recently. It is a part in St. Luke's gospel (Chapter 12) where Jesus tells the parable of the rich man who decided to build bigger barns for all his grain and to live the rest of his years eating and drinking and having a good time. First of all what is wrong in making sure his future needs are looked after? Secondly I cannot believe that God would call anyone fool, as Jesus is quoted as saying in the parable when he says "Fool! This very night the demand will be made for your soul!"?

A. The problem about the rich man is that he was greedy for more. He was already rich. Now our greed for more may well mean that someone is left hungry, that those with real needs have to do without.

This gospel reminds us that we are only stewards of creation, not owners of what we possess. We can and should be prudent in looking after ourselves and our families. Providing for their future in case of old age, death or sickness is a good thing. But we must not amass wealth way beyond our present or

future needs exclusively for ourselves. There is an old slogan which is 'live simply that others might simply live.' It is one we could all keep in mind.

Neither do I think that God would call anyone a fool in the sense we use the word today. God was telling the rich man that he had gotten his priorities wrong. He was 'storing up treasure for himself in place of making himself rich in the sight of God.' That was being very foolish.

Q. I found recently that Catholic and Protestant Bibles are different. What is the difference?

A. Catholics and Protestants accept the same 27 inspired books as making up the New Testament. But there are differences when we turn to the Old Testament.

In the Council of Trent the Council members decided on the exact number of books accepted as inspired Scripture for Catholics. The Council fathers accepted 46 Old Testament books following what appeared to them as a firm tradition of the Church from ancient times. The leaders of the Protestant Reformation, on the other hand, rejected some books agreed upon at Trent and only include 39 Old Testament books. The Catholic Bible has 73 books. The Protestant Bible has 66 books. □

DEAL Continued from pg.23

ren? Business and sentiment just don't mix. But here he was looking at Wallace again as he faced him accusingly across the office desk.

Now Wallace was fuming: "Wheeler you can call it whatever you want to. I call it a rotten deal. You take my car I lose my car and five months of installments and now you send me a bill for \$ 445. Just how do you figure this anyway?"

Patiently Brighton explained it to him: "No, Bill, it's very simple. You're repossessed car has to be sold at auction. It had to be. \$445 is the difference between the price we got and the original price of the car."

Wallace was upset, very upset: "You set the price. Why try to stick me?"

That was the contract Brighton told Wallace. But Wallace wasn't buying that: "You didn't tell me about any agreement like that. You said those papers were just technicalities about buying the car and I didn't even have to read them."

True, Brighton had told him that he wouldn't understand those terms and conditions anyway.

Wallace wasn't backing down: "It's a dirty low down jip, that's what it is. Well, you're not going to put a raw deal like this on me. I'll get a lawyer."

With a wry smile Brighton simply added: "Listen Bob, you don't scare me. No lawyer in this town would touch the case. You don't have a leg to stand on. All I have to do is to produce your contract all signed and legal. Now what are you going to do?"

Now Wallace began to panic:

"You...God help me...what can I do?"

Brighton looked down as he sat in his chair and thought about this last meeting with Wallace. Then he remembered the way he stumbled out of his office that last time; the slump of his shoulders, the despair on his face. His mind jumped, he saw Mrs. Stewart's face and then another woman's; then a man's, another man's... face upon face; different features but the one same expression: the look of despair that he had stamped on them all. Automatically he picked up the newspaper from the floor where he'd tossed it. The face of John Derry stared out at him. When he saw him last, his look wore that look of despair. And now John Derry is dead. Brighton simply slumped in his chair. Somehow he didn't feel good...

Amey came in and shook his shoulder: "Brighton... Brighton... dinner's ready."

"I'm not hungry" was all he could mumble.

This story is taken from life. There's a Brighton Wheeler in every town. There's a little of Brighton Wheeler in most of us. We stoop to dishonesty of one kind or another and then we invent excuses which let us walk around feeling that we are up-standing citizens and God help us - even good Christians. We need the courage to see ourselves as we really are and to lay aside the excuses spawned by sham and self-interest, or someday in a moment of quiet we shall be gripped as Brighton Wheeler was with the terrible realization that our life has been a lie: that we are, after all, hollow men. □

THE DEVOTION OF THE THREE HAIL MARYS



The devotion of the THREE HAIL MARYS is a very simple yet most efficacious devotion. Everyday, recite Three Hail Marys, adding the invocation: "O Mary, My Mother, keep me from mortal sin." Many people recite the Three Hail Marys as part of their morning and night prayers. To practise this devotion in time of danger, stress, special need or temptation, is a sure means to obtain Our Lady's help.

My sincere and heartfelt thanks to Jesus and Mother Mary for all the favours received through the faithful recitation of the 3 Hail Marys. Six months ago my husband was operated for a clot in the brain, he was in bad shape. With everyone's prayers he recovered wonderfully. He had two falls after the surgery. He is in good health. He is able to walk with the help of a walker. I questioned Jesus a lot and said: 'no more hospital'. When I go out I leave my husband in his care. For the last 25 years I have a blood related issue. I have an artery block. My WBC is very high. I'm in good health. I'm told to check my blood for 3 months. If it does not go low I may have to do a bone marrow implant. I know Jesus and Mother Mary are looking after us.

J. Paes, Goa
Mother, thank you so much for protecting Sweeny's eyes from an operation. Keep them always under your care.
A Devotee
My heartfelt thanks to the Divine Mercy, Mary Help of Christians, all the angels and saints for protecting my grandson Aaron Stewart from injury when he was playing cricket and the ball hit him in the eye. I pray the three Hail Marys in the morning and in the evening for Our Lady's protection. Mama Mary Help of Christians, please continue to watch over me and my wife and my children and their families and protect us from danger, evil and sin.
Malcolm Howse, Australia
My sincere and heartfelt thanks to Jesus and Mary Help of Christians for saving my husband's life from a severe lung fibrosis problem and a heart attack. Forgive me Jesus and Mother for delaying to publish this miracle. Again I thank you Jesus and I praise you for loving me and my family.

Mr. W.G.C.
Ever grateful thanks to the Divine Mercy of Jesus, Mother Mary and the Saints for granting us great favours, especially our younger daughter's marriage through the faithful recitation of the Three Hail Marys. Please continue to bless us and keep us all in good health.

Leon A. D' Couto, Cochín
Our thanksgiving to dear Blessed Mother Mary and Don Bosco for recovery from stones in the kidney. I prayed the three Hail Marys fervently and I received a miraculous healing without having to have an operation.

Mrs. Maria Dias, Goa

LOVING CHILDREN TO THEIR LOVING MOTHER

Thank you dear Jesus and Mother Mary and my three patron saints for interceding with God that I receive mercy during the year of Mercy. Thank you dear Divine Mercy.

A Devotee
My heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and his precious blood and Our Lady Help of Christians for the removal of a bladder tumor of Wilfred John and for all the other graces and blessings granted to me and my family. May the Lord Jesus and Our Blessed Mother protect and cure my brother Wilfred John completely and and bless and protect us all.

Juliet John, Mumbai
Thank you Jesus and Mother Mary for the favours received and for answering my prayers.

S. Rodrigues, Dubai
It was February 1st, 2017 that my husband had to go for an angiograph which he had kept putting off for 2 years out of fear. I had no one to be by my side except the statue of Our Lady which I carried with me. After the 'angiograph' was done the doctor told me that everything was OK and there was nothing to worry. I thanked the heavenly Father, the Holy Family and all the saints. For me this was truly a miracle in protecting my husband. I thank Our Lady also for the countless other favours received.

Mrs. Rodrigues, Mumbai

THEY ARE GRATEFUL TO OUR LADY AND DON BOSCO

My belated and sincere thanks to Mary Help of Christians and Don Bosco for interceding for me and answering my prayer.

Jeanette M. Gomes
My sincere thanks to Our Lady and Don Bosco for blessing my daughter with a good life partner. Many thanks to Our Lord and Mother Mary for all the blessings bestowed on us and our family.

Mrs. Correia, Goa
Our heartfelt and sincere thanks to Jesus, Mary Help of Christians, St. John Bosco, St. Anthony and St. Dominic Savio for the safe delivery and the gift of another baby boy and for all the other favours received.

Danica, Ferdyn and Joel Lobo
Thank you Divine Mercy and Mother Mary for your love, bestowed on my children. My daughter who was suffering with a severe chest infection and my son with a severe pain in his hand which made it very difficult for him to work. I was in distress and I prayed to Jesus and Mother Mary and they heard my prayers and my daughter and my son are completely healed. Thank you Jesus and Mother Mary.

Mrs. W. Costa Correia
Sincere thanks for the blessing received by my son Alloys D'Souza who passed with good marks in Std X exam through the intercession of Mother Mary, St. Dominic Savio, Don Bosco and all the saints.

Maggie j. D'Souza

THANKS TO DEAR ST. DOMINIC SAVIO



Thank you dear Mother Mary Help of Christians St. Dominic Savio and Don Bosco for a quick recovery from my illness and for the gift of a healthy and normal baby boy. *Charmaine Fernandes, Mumbai*
I am grateful to St. Dominic Savio for the gift of a healthy baby boy after 10 years. I wore the scapular throughout the nine months.

Dominica D'Souza, Goa
I was working in the UK and I had two miscarriages and was depressed and lost hope. With a lot of prayers both my husband's and my reports were normal. I conceived on February 23rd, 2016 naturally. I decided to have the delivery in

Goa. We came in the month of May and the doctor said that all my reports were normal but my cholesterol was high and he started injections till the eighth month. A neighbour advised me to wear the scapular of Dominic Savio. I contacted my sister-in-law and she brought me a scapular, a statue and a prayer of St. Dominic Savio and the same day I saw him glowing. He appeared to me in a dream and promised me that he would protect my child. I prayed the prayer until my delivery and I delivered a healthy baby boy on December 2nd, 2016 and on February 5th, 2017 I named him Savio. Thank you and praise you Jesus.

E. Oliveira, Goa
Our sincere and heartfelt thanks to dear Mary Help of Christians, Don Bosco and St. Dominic Savio for the safe and normal delivery of my daughter and the gift of a sweet baby girl. Thanks to St. Dominic Savio for the gift of his beautiful scapular which my daughter wore throughout her pregnancy and during the delivery. Please keep showering your blessings on our family.

L. Lobo, Mumbai
My grateful thanks to Our Lady, St. Dominic Savio, St. John Bosco and all the saints for the many favours granted to us. Besides, my nephew's son, who had met with a very serious car accident, in Dubai in November 2016 who is still in bed in hospital is feeling better day by day. We place him under the protection of Our Lady and St. Dominic Savio. We pray for his full recovery. Only miracles are curing him. Thank you for giving his parents strength and courage.

Effie Cabral, Goa

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

AUGUST 2017

Artists

That artists of our time, through their ingenuity, may help everyone discover the beauty of creation.

Regd RNI no. 9360/57;
Postal Regn. MH/MR/North East/089/2014-2017
posted at Mumbai Patrika Channel Sorting Office
on 1st & 2nd of every month

Subs: (one copy Rs. 20/-); **Inland Rs. 200 p.a.; Airmail: Rs 500 p.a.**

MARY WAS THERE

On October 14th, 2016 we were returning from Veilankanni Shrine. We had reached Salem. On the National Highway our Bolero's tyre burst with a loud noise. My husband who was driving lost control but Mother Mary was there to rescue us. It was a miracle that he could immediately apply the brakes and pull the vehicle to the side of the road. I have no doubt that Jesus and Mary were there to help us. There was a puncture repair shop on the service road. The man at the shop was so helpful that he helped my husband to buy a new tyre from a far-off shop and helped him to replace the old tyre. Thank you, Jesus and to Our Lady for many other favours especially resolving a court case and the cures we experienced.

Grace, D. Bangalore

Don Bosco's Madonna, has developed to its present form from a folder published in 1937, by late Fr Aurelius Maschio, on behalf of the Salesians of Don Bosco, Bombay.

The magazine is sent to all who ask for it, even though there is a fixed subscription (*Rs 200/- India & Rs 400/- Airmail*). We trust in the generosity of our readers/benefactors. Whatever you send us will help cover the expenses of printing and mailing; the surplus if any, is devoted to the support of orphans and poor boys in our schools and apostolic centres.

To help a poor lad to reach the priesthood, is a privilege

You can help by establishing a Perpetual Bursar with:

Rs 5000/-, 10,000/-, 15,000/- for a boy studying for the priesthood;

But any amount, however small, will be gratefully received.

Send your offerings by Payee cheque or Draft on Mumbai banks;

MO/PO/INTL MO/BPO/Bequests, Wills, Perpetual Burses, all favouring Don Bosco's Madonna or Bombay Salesian Society or Rev. Fr. Edwin D'Souza, (Trustee).

Please address all correspondence to:

**Rev. Fr. Edwin D'Souza, sdb.,
SHRINE OF DON BOSCO'S MADONNA,
Matunga - MUMBAI - 400 019 - INDIA**

Phone/Fax: 91-22- 2414 6320, email: dbmshrine@gmail.com