



Adsum

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LETTER FROM THE RECTOR

Dear Friends and Benefactors,

As we commemorate the 100th anniversary of the apparitions of Our Lady at Fatima, we should be convinced that her message to mankind is more relevant today than ever before.

If in 1917, the Blessed Virgin Mary said, "I have come to ask mankind to amend; it must cease offending God already so much offended," what are we to think of the world today? Measuring from God's standards, our society has become like Sodom and Gomorrha, the Old Testament cities destroyed by the divine wrath with fire and brimstone.

However, Our Lady came as a loving Mother with the grave concern at the loss of souls to hell: "So many souls go to hell because there is no one to pray and sacrifice for them." This is truly the bottom line of life here on earth. The immortal souls of men have an eternal destiny, and where they will spend eternity is what life is all about.

Like the three Fatima children, Jacinta, Francisco and Lucia, let us generously offer to God every day prayers and sacrifices for the conversion of poor sinners. As we pray our daily Rosary, let us in earnest pray the ejaculation, "O my Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fires of hell, lead all souls to heaven, especially those in most need of Thy mercy!"

Our Lady foretold, and her words were verified, that certain styles and fashions would be introduced which would gravely offend her Divine Son. Within a few years after her apparitions, the "roaring twenties" issued a radical departure of modesty of dress in women. Yet, as shocking as it was in the 1920's, that is no comparison to the horrible indecency of dress that has become so prevalent today. Let us not succumb to human respect in this area

of modesty. Pope Pius XII said that there is nothing wrong to dress fashionably, as long as it is in accord with proper morality.

After 100 years since Our Lady's appearance, her warning that "Russia will spread her errors" is verified every day with the continued spread of communism throughout the world and its threat of attack upon the free world.

Let us make no mistake that we need to live the message of Fatima today as never before. For we not only face unprecedented immorality and Godlessness in our society but far worse, we witness the great Apostasy within the

Catholic Church. It should be no wonder to us that the Blessed Virgin told Sr. Lucia to reveal the third Fatima secret in 1960 and why the enemies of the Church, after the death of Pope Pius XII, squelched its revelation. The great Apostasy was ushered in by the Second Vatican Council (1962-1965) which injected the poisonous teachings of religious indifferentism, false ecumenism, and religious liberty.

How blatant have the infiltrators within the Catholic Church become! Not only has it officially promulgated and inculcated common worship with non-Christian religions (Hinduism, Buddhism, etc.) and non-Catholic Churches, which is a type of spiritual

adultery as it violates the first Commandment of God, but also this past year Francis I has given his public approval for the administration of Communion to those living in adultery and to those who are openly living in sin without the commitment of marriage. It is unbelievable how far the Conciliar Church of Vatican II has pertinaciously defied the laws of God and the teachings of the Catholic Church.

These are indeed troublesome times; nevertheless, let us find hope and consolation in Mary's words, "My Immaculate Heart will be your refuge" and "in the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph."

With my prayers and blessing,

Most Rev. Mark A. Pivarunas, CMRI



Christopher Columbus: Devout Catholic, Great Discoverer

excerpts from *The Trials and Triumphs of the Catholic Church in America*

This great Catholic enterprise was now fairly begun. Columbus had attained his heart's dearest wishes. Eighteen years of toil, suffering, watching and waiting had passed away, and the snows of fifty-seven winters were on his head, when he thus began anew to battle with storm and danger on the bosom of the mysterious ocean. His choice was made and his Guide did not fail him. After ordering the sails to be set, this greatest of navigators entered his cabin, and, with pen in hand, began the diary of his voyage, the very first words he inscribed in it being: "*In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi.*"

Of the one hundred and twenty men on the three vessels there was but one clam brow, one heart that knew not fear, one mind "constant as the northern star. Though no longer young, this extraordinary man was convinced that his life yet lay before him, and felt within himself the youth of hope and an immortal future. But he was well aware that even then little was needed to ruin everything. If his men refused to sail forward, what could he do? In many breasts the old reluctance had been only smothered, not properly quenched, and the smoldering fire of disaffection might burst into flames at the slightest provocation.

The admiral shut himself up at stated times every day, to make his meditation and recite his office, as a true Franciscan. He was pretty nearly all the remainder of the day and night at his station on the poop, keeping watch. The weather was charming, the trade-wind steady, and the progress rapid. But the hearts of the wanderers sank within them. The fair wind itself now began to be the chief of all their terrors. They were driving along before the breeze gaily to their doom, for if the wind blew always from the east how could they ever sail back!

During all this long voyage the admiral held communion only with his own thought, the stars and Heaven, under whose protection he felt himself to be. Almost without sleep he spent his days in his cabin, taking note of the degrees, the latitudes and distance he reckoned he had passed, in characters no one but himself could decipher, and spent his nights on deck beside the pilots, studying the stars and the appearance of the sea. He was almost utterly alone. Like

Moses of old, leading God's people through the desert, his pensive gravity impressed his companions with a mingled respect, distrust and fear, which held them aloof from him. "The sea is always fine," wrote Columbus in his diary, "be infinite thanks given to God." But he was now fated to need all his strength and presence of mind. The hour of trial and fearful test was at hand. The illusion of land seen but never found, and the iron purpose of Columbus in pursuing his way without turning either to the right or the left, exasperated the officers who counseled a different course. Murmurings were changed into hatred. The crews daily grew more and more sullen—a mark of the greatest discouragement. Unknown to the officers the sailors would



gather in groups of three or four to console one another. These meetings grew more frequent. Discontent became general. Soon no pains were taken to disguise their pent-up feelings of fear and wrath. As Spaniards they naturally detested this eccentric foreigner, who had madly resolved, they said, to find what only existed in his over-heated imagination. In order to be able to speak ill of him—even in his very presence—they gave him the nicknames of "braggart" and "humbug." The old sailors whispered to one another that he was a fool. All agreed

that to push on further was to go to certain destruction.

Was it right, they said, that one hundred and twenty men—most of them Castilians—should perish through the whims of this dreaming Genoese? Never! He must be told to turn back to Spain; and in case of his refusal—why heave him into the sea he so much admired. This rigorous course was unavoidable. Necessity knew no law. Then, it would be easy on their return to publish that he fell of accident into the ocean, while observing the stars. There was even a secret agreement between the crews of the three caravels. This conspiracy had almost every sailor as an accomplice, while it had nobody as chief.

The evening of the 10th October—two days before Columbus doubled the size of the world's map—saw the crews in a state of open revolt. Their feelings, so long pent up, now burst forth like the roar of a cataract. Each night, according to the admiral's orders, the three vessels drew

close together; and, in the present instance, no sooner had they drawn near than the Pinzons, followed by their men, all armed, jumped on the deck of Columbus' ship, and with fury in their looks, and weapons in their hands, loudly summoned him at once to turn the prows of the caravels to Castile. His own crew and pilots had joined in the revolt. As he afterward wrote of the event, he was "alone against all!" He had exhausted words; besides terror-stricken men neither hear nor reason. Yet this great man, equal to every emergency, calmed the fury of those rebellious spirits; although far from yielding to their demands he boldly declared, in a tone of authority which only a hero of resolution can assume, that their complaints were in vain—that he had started to go to the Indies—and that neither man nor devil could turn him from his course until, with the assistance of Heaven, he would reach the shores he sought. Wonderful to relate, this surging mass of enraged Spaniards became suddenly hushed before a lone man—a foreigner whom they detested! Philosophy cannot explain such a phenomenon. It stands alone in history. The finger of God was there.

From the dawn of the next morning, the breezes were soft and balmy, yet the sea swelled, and the speed of the caravel increased. Numbers of petrels were seen. A reed, a green bulrush, a small plank, a branch of a tree bearing some red fruit, and a stick which appeared to be carved with a knife were observed on different occasions during the day. Such signs sustained the drooping hopes of the sailors.

The sun went down flaming into the vast and solitary ocean. Naught but the horizon on its pure azure appeared to the eye. No vapor indicated that land was near, but suddenly—as if by inspiration—Columbus changed his course somewhat, and ordered the helmsman to steer due west. As the caravels came together, all joined according to custom, in singing the *Salve Regina*—our familiar "Hail, holy Queen!"—at the conclusion of which the admiral made them a touching discourse. He spoke of the mercy of that good God who had enabled them to reach seas never cut by keel before. He asked them to raise their hearts in gratitude, and vanquish their fears, that the fulfillment of their hopes was near at hand. That very night, he said, would see the end of their memorable voyage. He finally recommended all to watch and pray, as their eyes would behold land before morning.

At 2 a.m., by the clock of the Santa Maria, a flash came from the Pinta, followed by a loud report—the signal gun. It was no false alarm this time. Roderic de Triana, a sailor on the Pinta, had sighted land. Columbus, at the sound of the gun, fell on his knees and chanted the *Te Deum*; his men responded with full hearts. Then they went wild with joy. The admiral ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to be put in a state of defense, for it was impossible to say what the daylight might reveal.

It was Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. Friday—the day of the Redemption—was always a blessed day for Columbus. On Friday he sailed from Palos, on Friday he discovered America; on Friday he planted the first cross in the New World; and on Friday he re-entered Palos in triumph. At dawn of this fateful day there was seen issuing from the mists, a flowery land, whose groves, colored by the first golden rays of the morning sun, exhaled an unknown fragrance, and presented most smiling scenes to the eye. In advancing, the men saw before them an island of considerable extent, level, and without any appearance of mountains. Thick forests bounded the horizon, and in the midst of a glade shone the pure and sparkling waters of a lake. Green willows and sunny avenues gave half glimpses into these mysteries of solitude, and revealed many a scattered dwelling, seeming by its rounded form and roof of dried leaves, to resemble a human hive, from which the curling smoke ascended in the air, greeting the glad sunbeams of that early hour.

When all was ready, the anchors were dropped, orders were given to man the boats, and Columbus, with majestic countenance and great recollection—as one who walked in the presence of God—descended into his own cutter. He was richly attired in the costume of his dignities. A Scarlet mantle hung from his shoulders, and he held displayed in his hand, the image of Jesus Christ on the royal flag. The captains of the Pinta and Nina, Martin and Vincent Pinzon, likewise put off their boats, each accompanied by a well-armed detachment, and bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross.

With mute delight, and all the elastic ardor of youth the admiral stepped on shore. Scarcely had he touched the new land, when he planted in it the standard of the Cross. His heart swelled with gratitude. In adoration, he prostrated himself before God. Three times bowing his head, with tears in his eyes, he kissed the soil to which he was conducted by the divine goodness. The sailors participated in the emotions of their commander, and kneeling, as he did, elevated a crucifix in the air. Raising his countenance towards heaven, the gratitude of his soul found expression in that beautiful prayer which has been preserved by history and which was afterwards repeated by order of the sovereigns of Castile in subsequent discoveries.

"Lord! Eternal and Almighty God! Who by Thy sacred word hast created the heavens, the earth, and the seas, may Thy name be blessed and glorified everywhere. May Thy Majesty be exalted, who hast deigned to permit that by Thy humble servant, thy sacred name should be made known and preached in this other part of the world."

Standing up with great dignity, he displayed the standard of the Cross, offering up to Jesus Christ the first fruits of his discovery. Of himself he thought not. He wished to give all the glory to God, and he named the island San Salvador, which means "Holy Savior."

Outlines of Moral Theology

by Very Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., S.T.D., LL.D., L.H.D.

THE EFFECTS OF THE MASS

Every Mass produces four effects—adoration, thanksgiving, satisfaction, and impetration. The first two are given to God, the other two are for the benefit of men. These last two are called the *fruits* of the Mass. That the Mass produces these four effects is an article of faith from the Council of Trent.

These effects are produced primarily by the Mass as the offering of Christ. The effects from this source are said to be *ex opere operato* inasmuch as they cannot be frustrated by the unworthiness of the other offerers. In addition, the Mass receives some value from the good dispositions of the other offerers—the Church, the priest, and the faithful co-operating.

The effects of the Mass from the standpoint of satisfaction and impetration (fruits) are merely the application of the benefits gained by the Sacrifice of Calvary. These fruits are fourfold, by reason of the recipients—the most special fruit (given to the priest), the special fruit (given to those of the faithful who actively co-operate in the Mass, such as the server and the choir), the intentional fruit (given to the one for whom the Mass is offered by reason of a stipend or other such title), and the general fruit (given to all the members of the Church, the souls in purgatory, and even in some measure to those who are not members of the Church).

Adoration and thanksgiving are always given to God by every Mass. The impetratory fruit of the Mass may be applied to either spiritual or temporal favors, and it is infallible in the sense that something—at least some actual grace—is always given to the person or persons for whom the Mass is applied. The satisfactory fruit of the Mass, as regards the remission of the debt of temporal punishment, is also infallible for a living person, if the one to whom it is applied has a debt of temporal punishment and is properly disposed to receive its remission. We do not know how much of the debt is remitted. A Mass said for a particular soul in purgatory may be accepted for this soul, or God may choose to direct the satisfactory fruit to some other soul. As far as the satisfactory value of the Mass for the guilt of sin is concerned, we can only say that the Mass obtains for sinners some graces that will aid them toward forgiveness, if they will use them.

MASS STIPENDS

For many centuries the Catholic Church has sanctioned the custom of the acceptance by a priest of a sum of money, known as a stipend, for which he binds himself in justice to offer a Mass or Masses according to the intention of the person giving the stipend. The stipend is not a price paid for the Mass, since the Holy Sacrifice is a spiritual object of immeasurable value; but the stipend is a person's contribution toward the support of the priest, in return for which he agrees to exercise his priestly function by applying the intentional fruits of the Mass to the purpose desired by the donor. When stipends are given in the form of the regular interest from a legacy the capital is called a Mass foundation.

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