

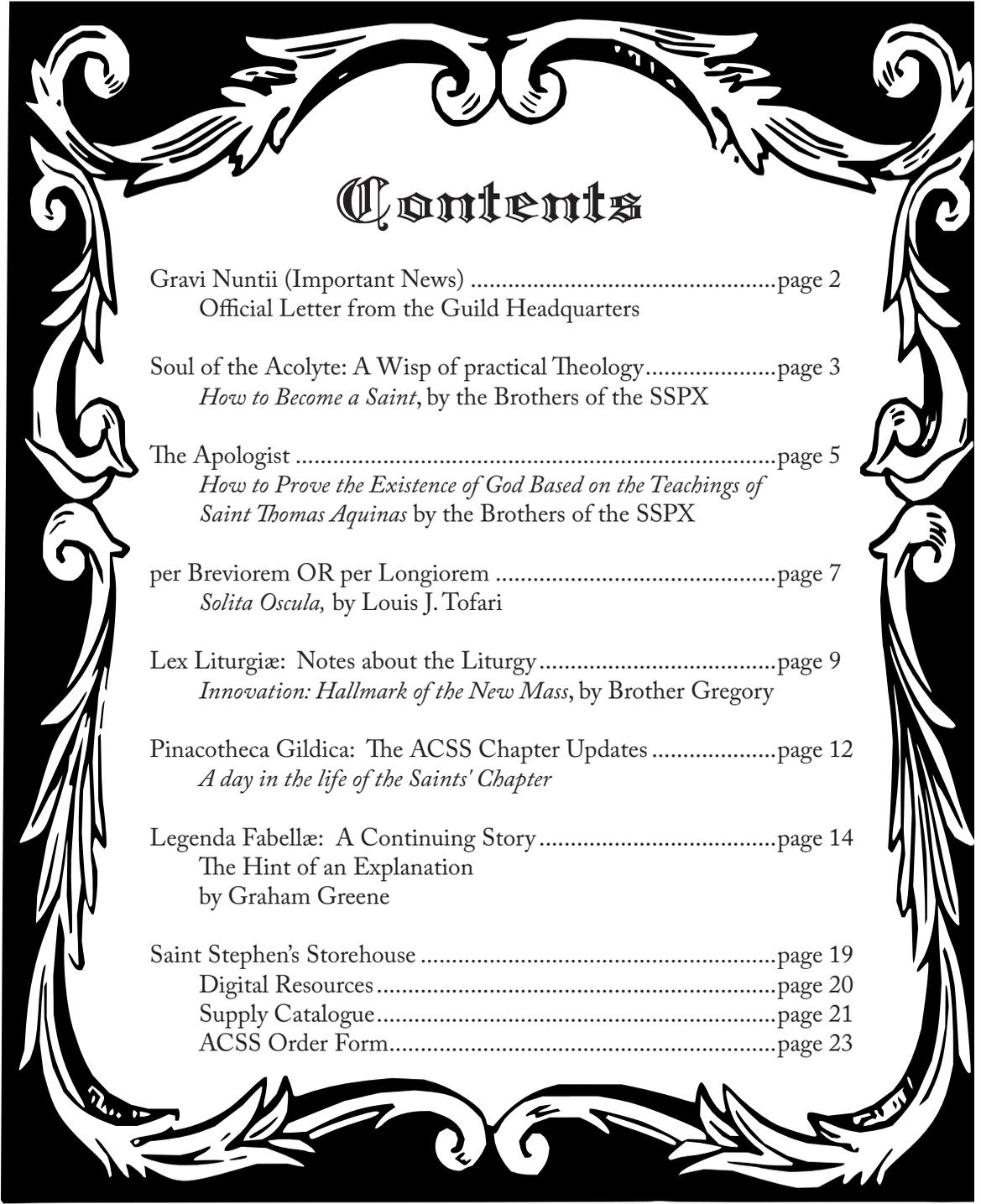
The **Acolyte**
Magazine



Issue # 8
Spring 2008

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by the ArchConfraternity of Saint Stephen
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⚡ GRAVI NUNTII ⚡

Letter from the Secretary,

Greetings to you in Jesus and Mary!

We present you with the newest Acolyte and we hope it serves to edify and instruct all who read it.

There have been several notable changes this year regarding the ACSS in the United States District. Firstly, the Headquarters has been moved to the Regina Coeli House in Missouri (it was formerly at Syracuse in New York). Do make note of the address change (see page 19). This is the place where you should send all your correspondence, questions, comments as well as *supply orders*. The Second notable change is a shifting of gears in organization: after many years of dedicated hard work, the load has been reduced (but certainly not lifted!) for the former National Secretary, **Louis J. Tofari**. He will now help the new Secretary, **Brother Rene of Mary** from behind the scenes. Therefore, let the Guild of Saint Stephen give a tribute to Mr. Tofari as one of its greatest promoters and benefactors! *Thank you, Mr. Tofari!!*

On page 12-13 is a section called, “*Pinacotheca Gildica*,” or, translated, “Guild Picture Gallery.” which is the new title for the *Chapter Updates*. Each issue of the Acolyte will host a “pinacotheca” of a particular ACSS Chapter. You will see in this present issue that no particular Chapter is hosted: this is for you to fill in. So please begin now to think of ideas and to snap photos to submit. Please include a short explanation with each picture.

You will find on page 21-23 a small catalogue and Guild Materials Order Form. The form can be photocopied and mailed or faxed (ordering information is on page 19). We also have some materials in digital form (pdf format) that we can send to you via email (again, see page 19-20) – these are free.

Having mentioned the subject of costs... it needs be for me to observe how over the years the Guild has accrued some copious debt through shipping costs, shipping losses, assisting of poorer Chapters that are unable to pay, and bearing the burden of other sundry things. To be able to keep supply costs low, I would like to ask you to try and locate sponsors and/or implement some fundraisers. This, by the way, would be an excellent opportunity for the *Pinacotheca Gildica*!

Finally, I wish to recall all members to a more rigid observance of the Guild rules in order to keep our standards high. So – especially you Presidents – be strict in enforcing all Guild rules, be meticulous in training your servers and in the upkeep of serving criterion. Bear in mind that Servers should be remarkable for their service, attitude and reliability.

In company of Saint Stephen,



Secretary for the ACSS, Brother Rene of Mary

Soul of the Acolyte

How to Become a Saint

by the Brothers of the Society of Saint Pius X

Sanctity consists in the perfection of Charity towards God, which is perfect conformity of our will with His Will in ALL things. We can easily see God's Will in three ways: Firstly through the Ten Commandments and the Precepts of the Catholic Church; secondly, and more particularly for each individual, by our duties of state and thirdly, by the circumstances of our life.

It is pretty easy to see God's Will in the Ten Commandments and the Precepts (laws) of the Catholic Church.

The duties of our state dictate what we must do each day to be in conformity with the divine Will. If I am a young lad my duties can be known through the commands of my superiors; for example my pastor, my parents and others put in charge over me. By your household chores— that is, when to mow, feed the dog, take out the trash, etc. By your duties



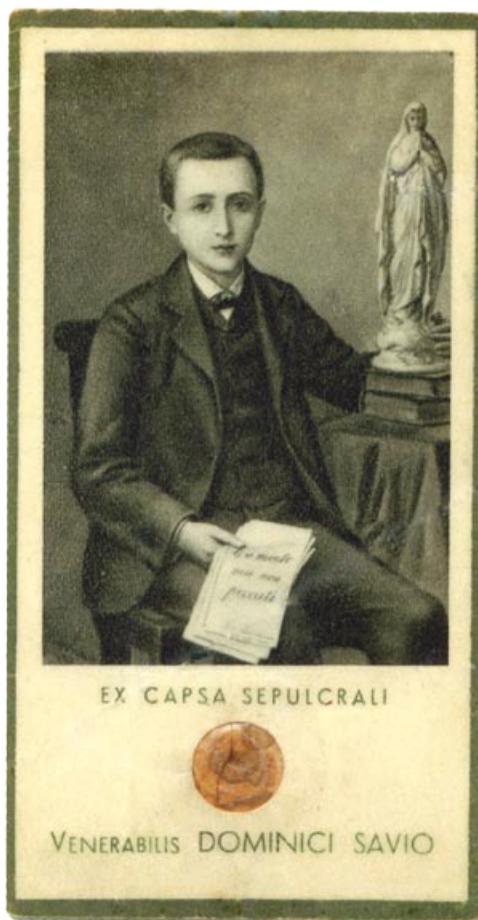
The Holy Crowning of the North American Martyrs

to society like church activities, schoolwork etc. And yes, even times to play. All these in their proper time and place. If I am a layman, my duties include those required by my family life, my occupation, my duties to society and so on. It is good to note that even though one has reached physical maturity, good wholesome recreation is still quite necessary.

God's will is also manifested in circumstances of our life no matter how trivial. Whether in health or in sickness, spiritual dryness or consolation, physical losses or gains and so on. Sometimes God will ask us to fulfill a task of charity, patience, detachment, submission, sacrifice; all that happens to us in a day is ordered by God for our sanctification. A simple example of a task of patience would be a fly that is buzzing annoyingly around your face and is starting to really drive you nuts-offer it to the Sorrowful Heart of Mary for a suffering soul in Purgatory and instead of complaining, thank God for the little opportunity to do so much good for the Church. God requires only the accomplishment of the present duty. He forbids all disturbing thought about the past, all preoccupation about the future. Remember that above all, God works in peace; He would change His order rather than cause a soul to lose tranquility.

Pope Benedict XV said, "Sanctity properly consists only in conformity to God's will, expressed in a constant and exact fulfillment of the duties of our state in life." This means it does not consist in doing extraordinary things, just the ordinary fulfillment of our daily duty-which translates to, anyone can become a saint.

Saint Don Bosco once asked some of his pupils while they were playing a game, "what would you do if God were to tell you that you were going to die in an hour?" Most replied that they would go to church and spend the rest of the time praying, others that they would go to confession, others that they would run to their parents, and some that they would meet all their best friends to say good bye; but Saint Dominic Savio replied, "I will continue playing over here". He truly understood his duty.



THE APOLOGIST

How to Prove the Existence of God

Based on the Teachings of Saint Thomas Aquinas

by the Brothers of the SSPX



Have you ever talked to an Atheist? Let us learn how to sharpen our wits with the sound principles and arguments taught by the Angelic Doctor, Saint Thomas Aquinas.

Most people conceive of God as: *that of which there is nothing greater.* The Atheist, however, will say, “Sure, it is easy to say, but you can’t prove it to me in reality. Besides, you can only prove the existence of God to someone who already believes in Him.”

But we can prove His existence, and without even mentioning “religion.” We can prove the existence of God by using simple logic and natural philosophical reasoning acceptable to any rational man.

First we must understand that God is infinite and all of his attributes are infinite. Since we are only limited, finite creatures, we *cannot* know God by thinking of these attributes because we *cannot* comprehend what they mean. But when we consider the *effects* of His existence, we can easily conclude that He is the *cause*.

FIRST METHOD: ARGUMENT FROM MOTION

This is the easiest and clearest method. We can see around us that things are in motion. Consider how it is that anything that moves has received that motion from something else that moves. For example: a tree moves when the wind blows it. The wind is moved by the convectual forces of a storm. The storm is moved by the heating and cooling of the earth. The earth is cooled and heated by its orbit around the sun. Now what moves the earth in orbit? Sometime we must come to a place where it is necessary for the movement sequence to have first begun. This means there must be something that moved without having first been moved. This is the First Mover - whom we call God.

SECOND METHOD: ARGUMENT FROM CAUSE

Things just don’t happen without a reason. For each happening there must have been a force which caused it. A tree doesn’t fall in the forest unless something *causes* it to lose stability. The fall was caused by termites - which was caused by the termites’ hunger - which, well, what caused

them to be hungry? When we trace the cause of the cause of the cause, somewhere we must arrive at the First Cause. Keep in mind that if we take away that First Cause, all of the following effects are gone away with it. Therefore, it is necessary to admit a First Cause, which everyone gives the name of God.

THIRD METHOD: ARGUMENT FROM POSSIBILITY

If we look at nature, we see that it is possible for things not to have existed (either they had a time when they did not yet exist or a time is coming when they will cease to exist). If we keep subtracting what we see, we may understand that at one time it was possible for nothing at all to have existed. If at one time, nothing existed, then it would have been impossible for anything to begin existing. As we can envision that it was possible for nothing at all to have existed, how did it come to exist? There *must* have been *something* that always existed that = existence itself. This all men speak of as God.

An egg cannot exist unless a chicken lays it. And as there was a time when the chicken didn't exist, whence came the chicken? The old question of, "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?" is moot! The question is really, "What came before the chicken?"

FOURTH METHOD: ARGUMENT FROM GRADATION

In nature we see that things have more or less of some quality: something may be good, or less good, or more good. A thing that is hotter is described so because it resembles more what is the hottest. If something is the best, or most beautiful, it is the epitome, or supreme model of that quality. Now fire is the epitome of heat. It is why anything is called hot. Likewise, there must be an epitome of all things that are good or beautiful. There must be an epitome of every perfection. This epitome we call God.

FIFTH METHOD: ARGUMENT FROM GOVERNANCE

Consider how things act which don't have intelligence - like a squirrel or a rock. A squirrel always gathers nuts in the fall; he always climbs trees. A rock never does anything. Now squirrels and rocks never act otherwise because these simple things lack the intelligence to direct their own course. An unintelligent thing cannot move toward an end* unless it is directed so by some being of higher intelligence: a rock cannot support a bridge unless it is directed to that end. A squirrel climbs trees because it is directed to do that in the first place. Therefore some intelligent being exists by whom all natural things are governed and directed to their end; this being we call God. Ω

*As humans are intelligent, they can choose the end for which they act. Their actions are still governed by God because the consequences of that choice can change or fail. All things that are changeable and capable of defect may be traced back to a first principle as we saw in the third proof.



The *Solita Oscula*

by Louis J. Tofari

The Latin words, *solita oscula* (pronounced *sob-lee-tah ohs-coo-lah*), mean “with the customary kisses” and refer to some of the ceremonial kisses made during the Liturgy. There are actually *several kinds* of kisses used in the liturgical ceremonies, for example those given to the altar, the book of the Gospels, the paten and chalice, sacramentals and even the Pax (kiss of peace), but to keep this article brief, here we will cover those made generally by just the inferior ministers (*i.e.*, servers).

Like the Roman custom of genuflecting, the *solita oscula* were derived from royal court etiquette, and rubrician L. O’Connell attests to the act as an “ancient sign of respect and reverence”¹ while Wapelhorst expounds that these kisses, given either to sacred things or the celebrant, signify respect *to the person of Christ they represent*² and the celebrant’s hands which are a symbol of power, protection, assistance and blessing.³ Callewaert also comments saying these kisses exist to give solemnity and signify joy,⁴ and we will discover later how this symbolism causes them to be occasionally omitted.

Before we cover what is kissed though, let us first examine *how* the *solita oscula* are made. First, they are given only to the celebrant and never to the sacred ministers (*e.g.*, the deacon or subdeacon), even if these positions are being exercised by a priest. When making the *solita oscula* these should be made inaudibly with closed lips, in another words, don’t smack your lips when making this reverential act!

The order⁵ of making the *solita oscula* is simple:

- ✦ **When giving an object:** kiss the object first, then the celebrant’s hand.
- ✦ **When receiving an object:** kiss the celebrant’s hand first, then the object.

There is however an exception to this rule: **when receiving a sacramental** (*e.g.*, a blessed candle during Candlemas or palm on Palm Sunday), **it is kissed first**, then the celebrant’s hand. The reason for this is that the sacramentals take precedence over the celebrant⁶.

Now the items (and to what part of each) that the *solita oscula* are given by the servers are the:

- ✦ **biretta:** on one of its four sides.
- ✦ **aspergillum:** on the end of the handle.
- ✦ **incense spoon:** on the end of the handle.
- ✦ **thurible:** on the disk (where the chains are attached).

You may have noticed that I left out the cruets, and this is due to some special considerations. First the cruets are kissed *alone* and only during the *Offertory* action⁷. They should be kissed on their sides and never on their spouts as this is unsanitary. Also, the cruets should be kissed between the bows made to the celebrant (*i.e.*, bow, kiss, present, receive, kiss, bow⁸). During the *Lavabo* and *Ablutions* however, no kisses are made whatsoever to the cruet(s), as the servers are simply pouring the cruets and not presenting them.

There is one other thing to note regarding the *solita oscula* for these items. As mentioned before, these can signify joy, hence they are omitted for the Requiem Mass, funeral rites and on Good Friday. They are also omitted under the condition of *in coram Sanctissimo*⁹ (as all reverences are given to Our Lord when He is exposed) and if the local Ordinary or a greater prelate is present (as a mark of hierarchical respect)¹⁰. Nevertheless, you will notice that some type of kisses are still retained (*e.g.*, the kissing of the paten and chalice) because these form “*an intrinsic part of the Mass ceremonies*”.¹¹

This covers the *solita oscula* made by the servers for now. In a later issue of *The Acolyte* we can discuss the other kisses used during the Mass, including the ancient use of the *pax brede* (the what?).

Footnotes

1 L. O’Connell, *The Book of Ceremonies* (1958), pg 40.

2 It should be remembered that every sacramental represents Christ in some fashion, *e.g.*, holy water as the regenerative water of baptism and blessed candles as the Light of Christ. This includes consecrated items used during the Liturgy, *e.g.*, the altar (or altar stone), the chalice and paten, as well as blessed items such as the vestments (which for servers, includes the surplice; so yes, you are supposed to kiss it before putting it on).

3 Wapelhorst, *Compendium Sacrae Liturgicae* (1931), pg 414; this is a paraphrased rendering of the Latin text.

4 Callewaert, *Cæremoniale in Missa Privata et Solemni* (1941), pg 38; again, a paraphrased rendering of the Latin text.

5 This general principle is mentioned throughout the *Cæremoniale Episcoporum* (1886; specifically in Liber I, chap. XVIII, n. 16) and legislated by the SRC’s rescript 3139.

6 L. O’Connell (pg 41, ff 25) gives this (“if the object is blessed”) as a general principle which makes sense. The two regular instances when it is enacted are for the aforementioned feasts and the following give this as a specific rubric: *Cæremoniale Episcoporum* (Liber II, chap. XVI, n. 9), *Martinucci (Manuale Sacrarum Cæremoniarum*, 1879, pgs 146 and 166), Le Vasseur, Haegy & Stercky (*Manuel de Liturgie et Cérémonial*, 1936, pg 127), Van der Stappen (*Cæremoniale*, 1935, pgs 355-356 & 366) and Stehle (*Manual of Episcopal Ceremonies*, vol. II, pgs 59 & 74), while other rubricians imply this rule.

7 This is a relic of an old distinction, now defunct, that the inferior ministers were to kiss the item but not the celebrant’s

hand when enacting the *solita oscula*. Callewaert (pg 37) explains that this distinction demonstrated the hierarchy of the liturgical offices. This distinction was gradually diminished as High Masses (*missa cantata*) without sacred ministers but with incense became more frequent (circa 1864 the SRC was already granting such an indult to various dioceses). Another contributing factor, was that during the 20th century a few rubricians (*e.g.*, Fortescue, *The Ceremonies of the Roman Described*; 1917-1962 eds.) and even the Guild’s *Handbook* (1962 ed.) had the lay-server render the *solita osculas* like the sacred ministers during Low and High Mass. However, SRC’s rescript 41932 and the *Missale Romanum* (1962 ed., *Ritus servandus*, VII, 4) still prescribe the original practice for presenting the cruets during the Offertory.

8 L. O’Connell (pg 160) and the Guild’s *Handbook* (pg 32). It should be noted however, that to properly and efficiently perform this action the acolyte(s) should in both instances raise the cruets to their lips and not lower their heads to meet the cruets.

9 *I.e.*, “*in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament [exposed]*” a condition that exists under particular circumstances which we can discuss in a later issue.

10 Regarding the four reasons for omitting, this is briefly stated in the *Cæremoniale Episcoporum* (Liber I, chap. XVIII, n. 16) and all rubricians agree on these points.

11 This is more or less the exact wording that the majority of rubricians give for this reason.



LEX LITURGIAE



"Innovation": Hallmark of the New Mass

by Brother Gregory, SSPX

In the Liturgical Section we will be dealing with the Novus Ordo and the Mass. Brother Gregory here provides for us a fitting introduction.

“Innovation”- What does it mean?

Linguistically, it comes from the Latin verb *novare*- to alter- which in turn has its stem in the adjective *novus*- new.

Many of us are familiar with this word used to describe the New Order of the Mass- *Novus Ordo Missae*- that liturgical rite of 1960 which the leaders of the Catholic Church used in place of the traditional Latin Rite.

It is no small blessing that many of you readers are members of a generation almost totally unfamiliar with this new rite of Mass. Those of us who were forced to grow up with nothing but this part-Catholic/part protestant church ritual with all its contrived, affectitious innovations over the past four decades were thereby at first deprived of a rich, beautiful, meaningful, and necessary spiritual treasure which many of you may take for granted.

We were told by the promoters of Vatican II that the New Mass was “better.” The experts were supposedly so “open-minded, balanced, and knowledgeable” that there seemed no need of ever giving us the opportunity to compare the two Masses and make that balanced type of judgment ourselves.

This article represents a brief, simplified attempt to do just that- and thereby arm another generation with the facts they need to defend their life’s commitment to the true Mass against the challenges, complaints, insults, ridicule, and condemnation from the other side.

To begin with, perhaps the most obvious difference between the old and new rites of the Mass is in the number of specific prayers left out of the new one. Those prayers are:

Psalm 42, the psalm verses before and after the *Confiteor*, the *Aufer a nobis*, the

Oramus te, Domine, the *Introit* (unless used as an “entrance song,” its original meaning, in their version of a Low Mass), the *Gradual*, the *Munda cor meum*, the first five Offertory prayers, the *Lavabo*, the *Suscipe, sancta Trinitas*, the first five prayers of the *Canon* before the consecration (unless condensed in various ways in their “Eucharistic Prayers”), the three prayers after the Consecration (or likewise condensed and altered), the *Perceptio Corporis tui*, the *Quid retribuam*, the Communion of the faithful (simplified to “The Body of Christ. Amen.”), the *Quod ore sumpsimus* and *Corpus tuum, Domine*, the *Communion antiphon*, the *Placeat tibi*, the *Last Gospel*, and if you will, the *Leonine Prayers* after Low Mass.

This exhaustive list reveals what so many bishops, priests, theologians, and journalists have pointed out over the last four decades: as many prayers as possible expressing the nature of the Mass as a sacrifice were deliberately left out. This was mainly because it was six Protestant ministers who publicly collaborated with Pope Paul VI and Archbishop Annibale Bugnini in composing this new rite so as to make it more “acceptable” to Protestants. Their idea of Sunday morning worship in church is basically a *meal* shared at a *table* by a *presiding minister*. This new rite was meant to give Catholics (more so than Protestants) the impression that they could have it one way or another, or both ways- a total delusion, as the past forty years of “ecclesiastical self-destruction” (Pope Paul VI’s own term) has revealed.

It is interesting to note what new prayers were inserted into the New Mass:

Galatians 13:13 (where Psalm 42 would be), the “first reading” (from the Old Testament), the *responsorial psalm* (an ape of the antiphons and psalms of the old Divine Office), the *homily* (their idea of a sermon), the *petitions of the faithful*, the *procession to the altar* (with men and/or women bringing the bread and wine to the priest), the Jews’ original *dinner prayers* over the bread and wine, the *proclamation* of the “mystery of faith” (used in one of four formulas), the “protestant line” at the end of the Our Father, and the “*sign of peace*” (a signal for anything from handshaking to embracing and kissing).

The *Novus Ordo Missae* is also characterized by physical and material innovations. This Mass is supposed to be celebrated by the priest facing the people, rather than facing the altar with his back toward the people. In the latter, the emphasis is laid on the pastor leading his flock to God; in the former, it is the community “interacting” with its leader. Therefore, the altar has assumed its ancient form of a simple table, usually with only one altar cloth, and one candle on each end; it is situated such that the priest can stand behind it, facing the people; and in some cases the church is constructed like a “theatre in the round” with seating in concentric circles all around the altar in the middle, ensuring that everyone can see “the action.” (If such a church is filled to capacity, however, it is difficult to understand how half of the congregation can avoid seeing the priest’s back to them.)

These very kinds of changes were explicitly condemned by Pope Pius XII in his encyclical letter *Mediator Dei*- twenty two years before the publication of the *Novus Ordo Missae*. Pope Pius could see how Protestants had already been doing these things over four centuries, but also that Catholic groups in Europe and America had been dabbling in them since the 1880's.

In addition to changes in the Mass itself, countless other changes have been introduced into the new liturgy by bishops, priests, religious and even laymen – innovations like allowing lay ministers to distribute Communion to their fellow faithful, receiving it in the hands rather than on the tongue, receiving Communion under both species (that is, receiving not only the consecrated host but also the consecrated wine), and holding and carrying the Eucharist in vessels made of materials other than those lined in gold or silver (for example, ceramic, glass, etc.).

Often those liturgical innovators cannot even use the word “Mass” to describe their services. They have excluded the notion of sacrifice, which at the very least puts in doubt the validity of their liturgies as Masses. But further, they have used all manner of secular themes as programs for their services- including socialist Masses, feminist Masses, foreign culture Masses, slide show Masses, puppet Masses, and clown Masses (the latter three of which could probably be categorized in turn as children's Masses). The music being played and sung as well as the prayers being said are all geared to each particular theme, no matter how distasteful and unworthy of Catholic worship. The banners, tapestries, flowers, and clerical vestments usually reflect the same theme - and accordingly the same distaste and unworthiness.

And why have they done these things? Mainly because the liturgical planners, whether among the hierarchy, clergy, religious, or faithful, were born during or after Vatican Council II in the 1960's; they were never familiar with the pre-conciliar Tridentine liturgy; they had never experienced it; they have been told to despise and ridicule it, in spite of their lack of understanding; and so, lacking any pre-conceived, pre-planned program of prayer, song, and decor from any ecclesiastical authority, they feel compelled to create something relevant to their people so as to fill the void - even if it means departing altogether from the original text of the *Novus Ordo Missae* itself. In a word, they *innovate*.

If today's generations of Catholics are really going to fulfill Christ the Lord's admonition to “worship God in spirit and in truth,” they had better prepare to do so publicly by rejecting originality, natural creativity, and antiquarianism; they ought to show as much humility and obedience as possible to Our Lord by accepting His Church's two-thousand-year-old standards in regards to the Mass. Our liturgy should only be “novus” -*new*- to each newborn generation which sees it as “ever ancient and ever new,” especially if vocations to the priesthood are to be reborn and the face of earth really is to be renewed.



Pinacothé

The ACSO

IT HAPPENED RIGHT HERE!

Presidents from all over the world eagerly sent in photographs and explanations of events that happened in their Chapters so as to aid in the unification of Chapters through a tangible knowledge of each other.

(THIS WAS
A BIT OF
ABOUT
CHAPTERS)



(YOUR
PHOTO
HERE!)



Here we see the President of the Chapter of Heaven leading a procession over the bodies of God's adversaries. Lacking virtue, the fallen angels are evicted from the Heavenly Sanctuary!

ca Gildica

apter Updates



WILL BE
F NEWS
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R!)



Above, a certain Chapter zealously answered the Secretary's call to alms, trying to raise some small amount of funds for the support of the ACSS National.



Left: A picture of a Chapter's Acolytes on time as usual and in proper attire.

LEGENDA FABULOSA



The Hint of an Explanation

By Graham Greene

From *Nineteen Stories* by Graham Greene. © 1949 by Graham Greene. Reprinted with permission of Penguin Books.

A long train journey on a late December evening, in this new version of peace, is a dreary experience. I suppose that my fellow-traveler and I could consider ourselves lucky to have a compartment to ourselves, even though the heating apparatus was not working, even though the lights went out entirely in the frequent Pennine tunnels and were too dim anyway for us to read our books without straining our eyes, and though there was no restaurant car to give at least a change of scene. It was when we were trying simultaneously to chew the same kind of dry bun bought at the same station buffet that my companion and I came together. Before that we had sat at opposite ends of the carriage, both muffled to the chin in overcoats, both bent low over type we could barely make out, but as I threw the remains of my cake under the seat our eyes met, and he laid his book down.

By the time we were half-way to Bedwell Junction we had found an enormous range of subjects for discussion; starting with buns and the weather, we had gone on to politics, the government, foreign affairs, the atom bomb, and, by an inevitable progression, God. We had not, however, become either shrill or acid. My companion, who now sat opposite me, leaning a little forward, so that our knees nearly touched, gave such an impression of serenity that it would have been impossible to quarrel with him, however much our views differed, and differ they did profoundly.

I had soon realized I was speaking to a Catholic, to someone who believed -how do they put it?- in an omnipotent and omniscient Deity, while I was what is loosely called an Agnostic. I have a certain intuition (which I do not trust, founded as it may well be on childish experiences and needs) that a God exists, and I am surprised occasionally into belief by the extraordinary coincidences that beset our path like the traps set for leopards in the jungle, but intellectually I am revolted at the whole notion of such a God Who can so abandon His creatures to the enormities of Free Will.

I found myself expressing this view to my companion, who listened quietly and with respect. He made no attempt to interrupt: he showed none of the impatience or the intellectual arrogance I have grown to expect from Catholics; when the lights of a wayside station flashed across his face that had escaped hitherto the rays of the one globe working in the compartment, I caught a glimpse suddenly of—what? I stopped speaking, so strong was the impression. I was carried back ten years, to the other side of the great useless conflict, to a small town, Gisors in Normandy. I was again, for a moment, walking on the ancient battlements and looking down across the gray roofs, until my eyes for some reason lit on one gray stony "back" out of the many, where the face of a middle-aged man was pressed against a windowpane (I suppose that face has ceased to exist now, just as I believe the whole town with its medieval memories has been reduced to rubble). I remembered saying to myself with astonishment, "That man is happy - completely happy." I looked across the compartment at my fellow traveler, but his face was already again in shadow. I said weakly, "When you think what God - if there is a God - allows. It's not merely the physical agonies, but think of the corruption, even of children. . . ."

He said, "Our view is so limited," and I was disappointed at the conventionality of his reply. He must have been aware of my disappointment (it was as though our thoughts were huddled as closely as ourselves for warmth), for he went on, "Of course there is no answer here. We catch hints . . ." and then the train roared into another tunnel and the lights again went out. It was the longest tunnel yet; we went rocking down it, and the cold seemed to become more intense with the darkness like an icy fog (perhaps when one sense - of sight - is robbed of sensation, the others grow more sensitive). When we emerged into the mere gray of night and the globe lit up once more, I could see that my companion was leaning back on his seat.

I repeated his last words as a question, "Hints?"
"Oh, they mean very little in cold print - or cold speech," he said, shivering in his overcoat. "And they mean nothing at all to a human being other than the man who catches them. They are not scientific evidence - or evidence at all for that matter. Events that don't, somehow, turn out as they were intended - by the human actors I mean, or by the thing behind the human actors."

"The thing?"

"The word Satan is so anthropomorphic."

I had to lean forwards now: I wanted to hear what he had to say. I am - I really am, God knows - open to conviction.

He said, "One's words are so crude, but I sometimes feel pity for that thing. It is so continually finding the right weapon to use against its Enemy and the weapon breaks in its own breast. It sometimes seems to me so - powerless. You said something just now about the corruption of children. It reminded me of something in my own childhood. You are the first person—except for one—that I have thought of telling it to, perhaps because you are anonymous. It's not a very long story, and in *a* way it's relevant."

I said, "I'd like to hear it."

"You mustn't expect too much meaning. But to me there seems to be a hint. That's all. A hint."

He went slowly on, turning his face to the pane, though he could have seen nothing real in the whirling world outside except an occasional signal lamp, a light in a window, a small country station torn backwards by our rush, picking his words with precision. He said, "When I was a child they taught me to serve at Mass. The church was a small one, for there were very few Catholics where I lived. It was a market town in East Anglia, surrounded by flat, chalky fields and ditches—so many ditches. I don't suppose there were fifty Catholics all told, and for some reason, there was a tradition of hostility to us. Perhaps it went back to the burning of a Protestant martyr in the sixteenth century—there was a stone marking the place near where the meat stalls stood on Wednesdays. I was only half aware of the enmity, though I knew that my school nickname of Popey Martin had something to do with my religion, and I had heard that my father was nearly excluded from the Constitutional Club when he first came to the town.

"Every Sunday I had to dress up in my surplice and serve Mass. I hated it—I have always hated dressing up in any way (which is funny when you come to think of it), and I never ceased to be afraid of losing my place in the service and doing something which would put me to ridicule. Our services were at a different hour from the Anglican, and as our small, far-from-select band trudged out of the hideous chapel the whole of the townsfolk seemed to be on the way past to the proper church—I always thought of it as the proper church. We had to pass the parade of their eyes, indifferent, supercilious, mocking; you can't imagine how seriously religion can be taken in a small town, if only for social reasons.

"There was one man in particular; he was one of the two bakers in the town, the one my family did not patronize. I don't think any of the Catholics patronized him because he was called a free-thinker - an odd title, for, poor man, no one's thoughts were less free than his. He was hemmed in by his hatred - his hatred of us. He was very ugly to look at, with one wall-eye and a head the shape of a turnip, with the hair gone on the crown, and he was unmarried. He had no interests, apparently, but his baking and his hatred, though now that I am older I begin to see other sides to his nature—it did contain, perhaps, a certain furtive love. One would come across him suddenly sometimes on a country walk, especially if one were alone and it was Sunday. It was as if he rose from the ditches, and the smear of chalk on his clothes reminded one of the flour on his working overalls. He would have a stick in his hand and stab at the hedges, and if his mood were very black, he would call out after one strange abrupt words like a foreign tongue - I know the meaning of those words, of course, now. Once the police went to his house because of what a boy said he'd seen, but nothing came of it except that the hate shackled him closer. His name was Blacker and he terrified me.

"I think he had a particular hatred of my father - I don't know why. My father was manager of the Midland Bank, and it's possible that at some time Blacker may have had unsatisfactory

dealings with the bank; my father was a very cautious man who suffered all his life from anxiety about money - his own and other people's. If I try and picture Blacker now I see him walking along a narrowing path between high windowless walls, and at the end of the path stands a small boy of ten - me. I don't - know whether it's a symbolic picture or the memory of one of our encounters - our encounters somehow got more and more frequent. You talked just now about the corruption of children. That poor man was preparing to revenge himself on everything he hated - my father, the Catholics, the God whom people persisted in crediting - and that by corrupting me. He had evolved a horrible and ingenious plan.

“I remember the first time I had a friendly word from him. I was passing his shop as rapidly as I could when I heard his voice call out with a kind of sly subservience as though he were an under servant. 'Master David,' he called, 'Master David,' and I hurried on. But the next time I passed that way, he was at his door (he must have seen me coming) with one of those curly cakes in his hand that we called Chelsea buns. I didn't want to take it, but he made me, and then I couldn't be other than polite when he asked me to come into his parlour behind the shop and see something very special.

“It was a small electric railway—a rare sight in those days, and he insisted on showing me how it worked. He made me turn the switches and stop and start it, and he told me that I could come in any morning and have a game with it. He used the word 'game' as though it were something secret, and it's true that I never told my family of this invitation and of how, perhaps twice a week those holidays, the desire to control that little railway became overpowering, and looking up and down the street to see if I were observed, I would dive into the shop.”

Our larger, dirtier, adult train drove into a tunnel and the light went out. We sat in darkness and silence, with the noise of the train blocking our ears like wax. When we were through we didn't speak at once and I had to prick him into continuing. “An elaborate seduction,” I said.

“Don't think his plans were as simple as that,” my companion said, “or as crude. There was much more hate than love, poor man, in his make-up. Can you hate something you don't believe in? And yet, he called himself a free-thinker. What an impossible paradox, to be free and to be so obsessed. Day by day all through those holidays, his obsession must have grown, but he kept a grip; he bided his time. Perhaps that thing I spoke of gave him the strength and the wisdom. It was only a week from the end of the holidays that he spoke to me on what concerned him so deeply.

“I heard him behind me as I knelt on the floor, coupling two coaches. He said, ‘You won't be able to do this, Master David, when school starts.’ It wasn't a sentence that needed any comment from me any more than the one that followed. ‘You ought to have it for your own, you ought,’ but how skillfully and unemphatically he had sowed the longing, the idea of a possibility. . . . I was coming to his parlour every day now; you see, I had to cram every opportunity in before the hated term started again, and I suppose I was becoming accustomed to Blacker, to that wall-eye, that

turnip head, that nauseating subservience. The Pope, you know, describes himself as ‘the servant of the servants of God’ and Blacker—I sometimes think that Blacker was ‘the servant of the servants of . . .’ well, let it be.

“The very next day, standing in the doorway watching me play, he began to talk to me about religion. He said, with what untruth even I recognized, how much he admired the Catholics; he wished he could believe like that, but how could *a baker* believe? He- accented “a baker” as one might say *a biologist*, and the tiny train spun round the gauge 0 track. He said, ‘I can bake the things you eat just as well as any Catholic can,’ and disappeared into his shop. I hadn’t the faintest idea what he meant. Presently he emerged again, holding in his hand a little wafer. ‘Here,’ he said, ‘eat that and tell me. . . .’ When I put it in my mouth I could tell that it was made in the same way as our wafers for communion—he had got the shape a little wrong, that was all - and I felt guilty and irrationally scared. ‘Tell me,’ he said, ‘what’s the difference?’

“Difference?’ I asked.

“Isn’t that just the same as you eat in church?’

“I said smugly, ‘It hasn’t been consecrated.’

“He said, ‘Do you think, if I put the two of them under a microscope, you could tell the difference?’

“But even at ten I had the answer to that question. ‘No,’ I said, ‘the—accidents don’t change,’ stumbling a little on the word *accidents* which had suddenly conveyed to me the idea of death and wounds.

“Blacker said with sudden intensity, ‘How I’d like to get one of your ones in my mouth—just to see. . . .’

“It may seem odd to you, but this was the first time that the idea of transubstantiation really lodged in my mind. I had learned it all by rote; I had grown up with the idea. The Mass was as lifeless to me as the sentences in *De Bello Gallico*; communion a routine like drill in the school-yard, but here suddenly I was in the presence of a man who took it seriously, as seriously as the priest whom naturally one didn’t count—it was his job. I felt more scared than ever.

“He said, ‘It’s all nonsense, but I’d just like to have it in my mouth.’

“You could if you were a Catholic,’ I said naively.

“He gazed at me with his one good eye, like a Cyclops. He said, ‘You serve at Mass, don’t you? It would be easy for you to get at one of those things. I tell you what I’d do—I’d swap this electric train for one of your wafers—consecrated, mind. It’s got to be consecrated.’”

...to be continued...

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Item and Description	Item #	Cost
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President's medal <i>(enamelled), medal only</i>	M-P	4.00
Master of Ceremonies medal <i>(gold), medal only</i>	M-MC	4.00
Junior/ Senior Acolyte medal <i>(silver), medal only</i>	M-A	4.00
Tasselled cord with bead <i>(for President, MC and Senior Ac.)</i>	C-SA	8.00
Plain cord <i>(for the Junior Acolyte)</i>	C-JA	4.00
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Master of Ceremonies' cord and medal	SET-MC	13.00
Senior Acolyte's cord and medal	SET-SA	13.00
Junior Acolyte's cord and medal	SET-JA	9.00
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Daily Prayer card <i>(cardstock)</i>	DP-C	.25
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Saint Stephen Holy Card <i>(has Guild promise prayer on back)</i> NEW!	SS-GP	.25
Special Guild Supplies		
The Acolyte Magazine <i>(please specify which issue)</i>	ACO	2.00
ACSS Server's Handbook	HAN	3.00
Certificate of Enrollment	ENR	.50
Official ACSS ranking Tests with Answer Keys* <i>(printed)</i>	TEST	FREE
Liturgical Supplies		
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...continued on next page...

SAINT STEPHEN'S SUPPLY CATALOG

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MC pin <i>(black & red & gold)</i>	PIN-MC	2.00
Junior Acolyte pin <i>(gray & red & silver)</i>	PIN-JA	2.00
Senior Acolyte pin <i>(gray & silver)</i>	PIN-SA	2.00
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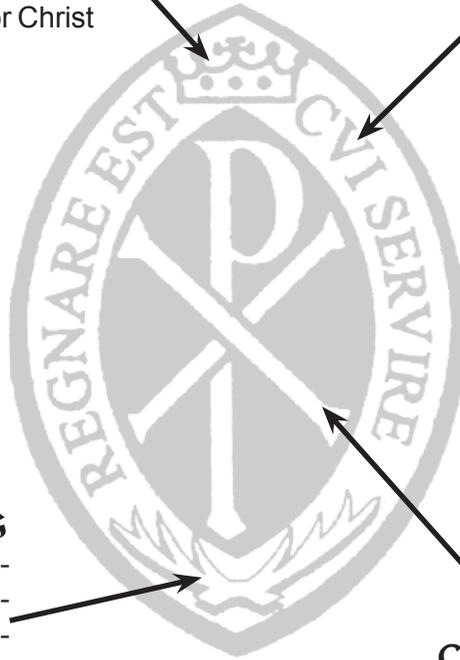
What does the Guild symbol mean?

CROWN of MARTYRDOM

One of the symbols of Martyrs. It is the crowning triumph of giving one's life completely to Christ. Saint Stephen has the distinction of being the Protomartyr, or first Martyr for Christ and His Kingdom.

CUI SERVIRE REGNARE EST

He who serves reigns or to serve is to reign.
The motto of the Guild. It is in imitation of Our Lord, Who did not come to be served, but to serve. Blessed is he who serves the Lord at His Holy Altar.



TWIN SET of PALMS

The Palm of Martyrdom: another common symbol attributed to Martyrs. Palms symbolize peace and the Martyrs died in the peace of Christ.

CHI-RHO

A Monogram of Christ, combining the Greek letters X and P intertwined and rounded off. It was the symbol of victory that Christ revealed to Constantine: *In this sign you shall conquer!*

What does the red cord symbolize?

The color red symbolizes blood which the Martyrs shed for Christ

