

"I Was Marked With The SIGN OF THE CROSS"

"I knelt with others in a half-circle about the altar.

"My hands were anointed with holy oil by the Bishop and wrapped carefully in new linen.

"The ancient prayers of the Church were being recited over me. The hands of the Bishop were laid upon me just as the hands of St. Peter and St. James and St. Paul were laid upon the young disciples they sent forth to labor, to teach, and to die.

"The chalice with wine and water and a small dish holding the unconsecrated bread were entrusted to me. The priestly vestments were placed upon my shoulders.

"I was being consecrated to God and to the service of souls. I was being marked with the Sign of the Cross.

"I was receiving the Sacrament of the Catholic priesthood, usually referred to as Holy Orders... instituted by Christ, conferred by the Apostles, and continuing in unbroken succession nearly 2,000 years since the time of Our Lord."

Some may scoff at the solemn ceremonies that attend the Ordination of a Catholic priest, and question the good sense of a man who surrenders many of life's material pleasures for such a calling. Others may doubt that the Catholic priest possesses any Christ-given office or powers which others do not possess.

Perhaps you have heard someone challenge the authority of the priest to forgive sins, and his power to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. You may have been told that you can deal directly with God and don't need a priest or any mediator other than Jesus Christ.

It is a fact that many do hold these beliefs. But can you be sure,

deep down in your heart, that they are right?

Holy Scripture tells us plainly that Christ did establish a priesthood to represent Him... that He did command His Apostles to "go forth and teach all nations"... that He did say: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them"... that at the Last Supper He set the example for an unbloody sacrifice, and said: "Do this in remembrance of Me."

God is, certainly, the ultimate source of everything. But He works through many "deputies." He uses the farmer to supply us with food... our parents, teachers, and scholars to educate us... physicians to treat our physical ills. Even in the creation of our life itself, He manifests His power through our parents. And in matters concerning the salvation of our souls, He tells us: "Hear the Church."

An interesting pamphlet, which explains the significance of the Sacrament received by all Catholic priests... explaining the priests' ideals, powers, and responsibilities... and giving a glimpse into the life of an average Catholic priest, will be sent in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Write for Pamphlet No. FM-37.

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As You Were Saying...

Actions Speak Louder. Recently I came home, after the briefest stay in the hospital, with our fifth baby. The days that followed were a nightmare with which most mothers are familiar. Besides four active youngsters, an upset infant, and an endless array of diapers, dishes, and bottles, I was confronted with the usual assembly line of relatives and friends who piously called to say, "If there's anything I can do, dear, let me know," then hung up, their duty done.



One friend, however, herself a busy mother, came to help, not just to offer. She lent a comforting hand at a time of real need, and she did it unassumingly. I'll always be grateful, not only for the help, but for the lesson she taught me. Never again will I, in someone's time of need, utter the empty words, "If there's anything I can do, just let me know."—Mrs. R. B., Jefferson City, Mo.

Cute Cutup. Recently, my first-grade daughter came into the kitchen with a fistful of short pencils in her hand and explained, "A lady came to school today and asked us to bring pencil stubs for the people in the hospital."

I thought that was a nice way to dispose of used pencils, but it never occurred to me to ask where she had collected her batch until I went to the desk drawer. I found that our supply of new pencils was missing and there was a small mound of shavings on the desk.

Yes, 10 long pencils, plus a sharp scissors in the hands of a first-grader, equals 20 small pencils.—Mrs. Cloteen Johnson, Cooper, Tex.

Doggone Mystery. You hear all kinds of stories about how dogs can sense when something is wrong, then something happens and you wonder even more.

My husband had a light stroke recently and was in bed several weeks. He had always taken care of the livestock on our farm, but now I had to take over. When I went to the barn at feeding time, Butch (our dog) went out for the cows, rounded them up, and drove them in.

That night I casually mentioned this to my husband, remarking that it must have been a great help to him to have Butch around. But my husband looked surprised, and said, "Butch never did that for me."—Mrs. Bertie Jones, Bowling Green, Ky.



The Odd-Shoe Lady. The National Odd Shoe Exchange was founded by Miss Ruth C. Rubin, a polio victim, who was worried by the waste encountered by some crippled people. Amputees, for instance, have to buy a pair of shoes and throw one away, and those with deformed feet have to buy two pairs of different sizes to get one pair.

She has established a clearing house for odd shoes to enable these people to find what she calls "solemates." She keeps an extensive card file, recording the exact shoe measurements of each one who registers. Then she matches up those who can exchange their odd shoes to their mutual benefit.—Hannah Miller, Sarasota, Fla.

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