

# The Crib, Cross, and Crown

NEWSLETTER # 11

FRANCISCAN FRIARS OF MARY IMMACULATE (OFMI)

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ST. HYACINTH, DETROIT, MI.

WITAMY – WELCOME

With the start of a new Church year we have decided to launch our new format for our newsletter.

This is the eleventh newsletter set out so far. We have about one hundred people to whom to send our good news. We hope that this will be the beginning of a permanent publication which will present our community's views and philosophy.

The logo above is meant to convey our very incarnational point of view to all of the earth. The bottom of the crib is in the shape of an "M" to symbolize that it is through Mary that our Savior comes to us. The "M" supports the crib, symbol of the incarnation, in which Christ touched us with His divine presence as God and as perfect man. The cross emerges as the wood of the tree upon which Jesus hung I agony from the wood of the manger crib in which he lay in poverty. At the base of the cross is the traditional emblem of the Franciscan Order, that of the crossed hands of Jesus and St. Francis, both with the wounds of the cross clearly showing their close affinity. The crown which caps the whole of the picture proclaims the glory of the resurrection which is promised us through the cross.

We hope that this new symbol will express the theology upon which our community will be

founded: THE INCARNATION, THE REDEMPTION, AND THE GLORY OF THE RESURRECTION! All of Christian life indeed is bathed in the light of these three realities bound by the person and reality of Jesus Christ. Yet none of these realities could be possible without the one word which changed the course of history: "*Fiat mihi secundim verbum tuum* – Let is be done unto me according to you word."



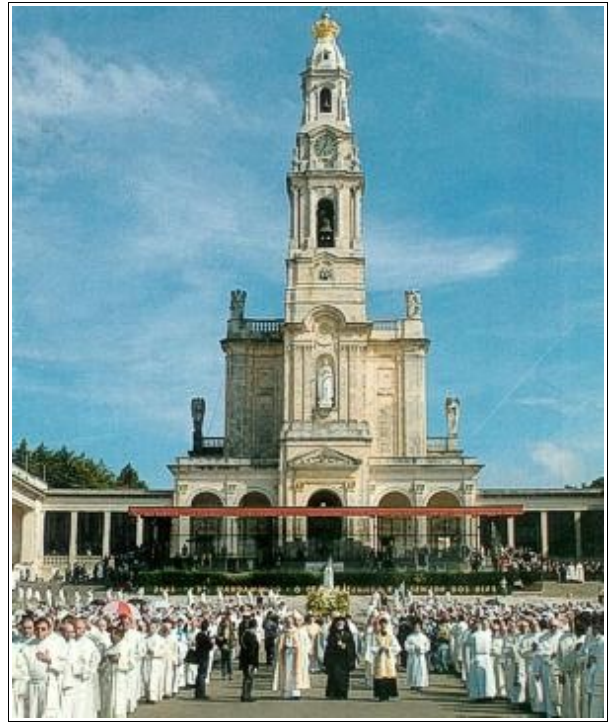
Our Lady of Czestochowa

## NEWSBITS

### NOVEMBER 20 – AUXILIARY KICK-OFF!

Under the capable direction of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tumina of Detroit, Michigan, our newly-established auxiliary will begin its activities functioning fully under the title of: Franciscan Friars of Mary Immaculate Auxiliary.

The official beginning of its many hopefully successful future projects will be at St. Cletus parish in Warren, Michigan. The program will be simple. We will begin with the celebration of Mass at 2:30 p.m., this will fulfill the Sunday obligation. After Mass there will be a short talk by Fr. David-Ladislaus on the Franciscan adventure. The talk will be followed by a question and answer session. The (the good part) refreshments will follow. The purpose of this event is fund raising for the financial support of our group.



We ask that all of you in the Detroit area volunteer your services to act as ushers and bearers of the statue of Our Lady of Fatima from the Marian Center in Detroit.

November 20, 1983 – Sunday 2:30 p.m., St Cletus parish, Warren, Michigan. (I-75 to I 696-Ryan Rd. two blocks south of 696.) Please report at least by 1:00 p.m. To help with chairs.

Pray for the success of our Auxiliary's big event! This is for you.

### NOVEMBER 21-22: VISIT WITH BISHOP HASTRICH

No sooner will the big kick-off be finished than Fr. David-Ladislaus O.F.M. Will be swiftly off to New Mexico of meet with Bishop Jerome Hastrich of New Mexico. We ask that everyone, EVERYONE!, be willing to spend at least one hour in prayer during one these two days for the success of our meetings. The trip will partially be financed by the O.F.M.I. Auxiliary. Members living near Detroit will be asked to come to a meeting to discuss the results of the meeting with the bishop.



### POSTULANCY PROGRAM – JANUARY 15, 1984

On January 15, 1984 we will accept our first postulants for our Third Order community.

Stephen Mudd of Louisville, KY. visited St. Hyacinth parish with his mother, Mrs. Gladys Mudd also of Louisville. Steve is so far the only candidate that had definite plans to enter our program. He spent hours with me discussing the program and his own projections for his future with us. Steve is very

talented too. He cooks, is a proficient builder and carpenter, and auto mechanic. Those characteristics, however, are not what will make Steve a valuable member of our confraternity. He is thoroughly Catholic, thoroughly Marian, and thoroughly loyal to the Holy Father. We will keep him in our prayers. On Friday, Nov. 4<sup>th</sup>, at the house of Loretto, we celebrated Mass for the repose of the soul of Steve's grandfather. We ask that you keep him and all the souls of the faithful departed in your prayers.

John Kirsch from Grand Rapids and Brian Maksymowski from the Lansing area will visit St. Hyacinth parish to discuss their interest in our confraternity. They will also participate in the events of the auxiliary kick-off as St. Cletus, Warren, MI.

Applications for O.F.M.I. will be sent to those who have requested them. If you have a serious interest in our community and have not received your application please get back to Fr. David and request one.

The pre-requisites for postulancy are the following:

1. Baptismal certificate
2. Application completed
3. Doctor's report completed
4. Insurance (hospitalization form – six month)
5. Pastor's recommendation
6. Two letters of recommendation not from family members.
7. High school and college transcripts of credits

A description of the postulancy program is now being prepared. This will be available within the next three weeks (hopefully) and can be obtained upon request by any interested member of the confraternity. Rome wasn't built in a day neither will our community be built overnight. Please keep in mind that all this while I have full duties and obligations here at St. Hyacinth which must be fulfilled until June of 1984.

Some of the questions which some of you have will no doubt be answered by the paper being prepared. What to wear? What to bring? What rules will be followed? Can you attend school while in postulancy? All these questions will be answered. If you have suggestions and questions which this description of the postulancy and novitiate program should contain and answer just write to Fr. David-Ladislaus O.F.M. At St. Hyacinth.

Pray for vocations!

OUR LADY QUEEN OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER, PRAY FOR US!

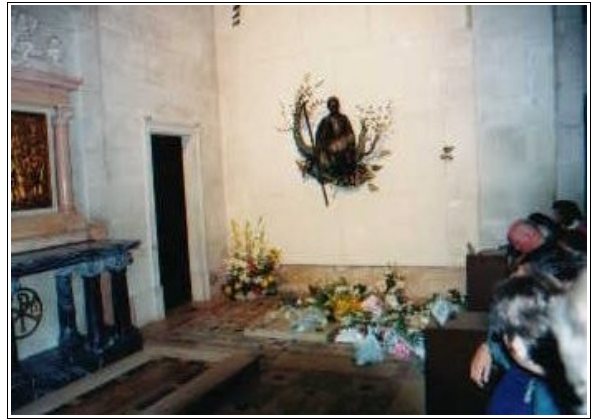
### OUR PILGRIMAGE TO FATIMA

The superfluity of pictures with which this newsletter has been blessed are focused on the highlight of our summer pilgrimage to European shrines of Our Lady in Fatima, Portugal.

We left for Fatima from Lourdes, France. It was a grueling journey winding through the rugged Pyrenees Mountains of Southern France. It was dark before we reached Portugal. We had the pleasure of meeting a Croatian priest whose parish is right across the river from Detroit in Windsor, Ontario. Our conversation was animated and did, at one point, circumlocute about the apparitions in Yugoslavia.

From a place at the very brink of France at Irún [Spain] we paused to change trains. We continued on our arduous journey until we finally arrived at a station entitled "Fatima".

We later learned that we were not in Fatima yet but rather far away from our destination. It was only entitled Fatima. It was a dinky but clean station. Yet we had to wait quite a while to catch a bus to the real Fatima.



We now found our way onto a bus claiming to deliver us to Fatima. Much to our surprise it did. After we disembarked, we met our friend, Armando Mendes, from Fatima – born and raised with the lustre of the magic of Fatima. Armand would, throughout the pilgrimage, be a source of true Christian love and brotherly affection. He wasn't able to spend much time with us that first hour in Fatima. But we later were reunited and he was the last to bid us farewell.

The first few hours in Fatima were anxious hours filled with the fright at not being able to find a place to stay. After a desperate plea at the Blue Army Pilgrim House ended in futility, we tried finding help



by contacting an American living in Fatima and operating Casa Del Jacinta Marto. He wasn't home. We looked forward to camping out like the rest of the pilgrims. Fatima was simply engorged with pilgrims who had journeyed on foot with their simple belongings, their humble knapsacks, their lunches, their mats for sleeping. They looked so poor, so humble. Their meals which they ate were so meager. We were a bit discouraged. We had been drenched since Lourdes, hungry, weary, and just looking forward to nothing but more deprivation. Yet, looking at these shabby pilgrims from the villages sometimes hundreds of miles away from Fatima, how could we feel so forlorn at Our Lady's shrine? Well, Our Lady sent a messenger to us in the person of an American brother who suggested that we contact the cloistered Dominican sisters who were all from English-speaking countries who established a monastery in Fatima for the reparation of sinners. These sisters took us in, dried our clothing, and offered us rooms (actual rooms!) and even prepared meals for us. After many days of not

having a warm meal or a comfortable bed we gave thanks to Our Lady for having found us this beautiful respite for our stay at Fatima by way of a messenger brother. I kept thinking as I plopped my head down on my pillow that night how discouraged I had been in Lourdes, having been rained out for three days and having been living in wetness. I thought about how discouraged, hungry, and forlorn we were on our arrival at Fatima. Then I thought about how that night we had been given something warm to eat by the kind sisters, given a warm bed, and comfortable rooms instead of railroad station floors. I thought “perhaps it was all those Hail Mary's I continuously recited on my trek up to that American's house and back to see our discouraged band propped up against the walls of the Blue Army's Pilgrim House. Those Hail Mary's paved the road for us to the doorsteps of those kind and loving sisters who cared for us with such sisterly affection. It was to Her that I owed this comfortable oasis of Christian warmth and friendship which made Fatima our most enjoyable stop along our pilgrim journey.

The evening of August 12<sup>th</sup> we trekked down to the basilica for the rosary, candle-light procession, and Mass. It was a moving experience to see all those myriad of candles flickering from their paper cups setting the piazza aglow with the soft hues of golds and yellows. When the procession began it was as if streams of fire were moving like the gentle flow of a rugged, uneven brook. The candle light highlighted the rugged and stony features of the Portuguese peasants. Although there were others from more sophisticated social positions, the majority of the human fire stream were those beautiful Portuguese peasants. Although I was taken up with the mystical experience of it all, I could not help but see the deep faith etched on those placid plain features. My heart gave glory to God to have been given such privileges to walk side-by-side with such dignified and aristocratic simplicity as was that of the Portuguese people. It is no wonder the Our Lady promised that Portugal would never lose the faith and piety now long grown cold in many other nations.

I was later informed that there were about 250,000 people there for that procession. Perhaps the number is a bit high but this certainly is about the capacity of the piazza in front of the basilica and we could plainly see that the piazza was filled to capacity. The focus of attention was, however, the statue of Our Lady of Fatima which you see in photo 11. She is supposedly carved out of the wood from that tree which stood near the original *capellina* (little chapel) before it was destroyed. The *capellina*, nevertheless, has been restored and is now protected by a glass enclosure to shield it from any desecration or hapless accident. She is used in processions only on the eve of each of the 13<sup>th</sup> of the month celebrations. She was carried proudly high above the crowds by specially designated assistants at the shrine. Her pedestal was overlaid with white carnations waving in the warm night air and still more occasionally jostled about by the movement of the bier toward the center of a lofty platform constructed at the base of the basilica for the celebration of Mass.

Needless to say, the whole experience was spiritually very moving. The lilt of the refrain of the Fatima “Ave” resounded over and over again in our ears. The people responded after several different languages were used. Latin was used for the “Glories” after each decade and a different language for every decade. The Mass was celebrated during which not a sound was heard from the thousands, indeed, tens of thousands of people standing patiently and reverently during the whole time except for the consecration of the Mass. Ushers made a path for Holy Communion distribution which was carried out without any disturbance and much reverence. All of the people present were of such proper disposition that it was difficult to conceive of there being so many people.

The next day, August thirteenth, the feast itself, was also the occasion of great celebration. It began with Mass and procession. At the end of the Mass at which I concelebrated the statue of Our Lady of Fatima was reposed back to the pillar on which she stood built precisely over the spot on which she appeared so many years ago (1917). At that reposition all the pilgrims begin to wave their white handkerchiefs in a gesture of farewell: "Until we meet again". This also was done with great reverence and silence. The flutter of the waving hankies was barely audible but a hushed swishing was heard. The white hankies resembled myriads of white carnations like those gently swinging on the base of the bier on which Our Lady's statue was carried. Never having seen so fervent public display, I was on the verge of tears to think of such piety. All theologians are muffled at the sight which defies description – for all reason – all human explanations are suspended. None can withstand the impact of such grandiose triumphal veneration of the Mother of God. Human hearts are silent and can only but seem arrested at the sight. This display dispels all doubt of Our Lady's most wondrous vocation to be the Prophetess of Peace for our times.

It is to none other that we have dedicated our work and our labors on behalf of the kingdom of Christ. The Patroness of our community, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, should with the same pomp and majesty triumph over our own hearts as we contemplate with silent stunned yet conquered hearts the glory which is God's through MARY!

**AVE MARIA GRATIA PLENA!**

We end with this final word wishing you a very blessed Thanksgiving.