

SODALITY OF CHARITY NEWSLETTER

In the soul, like sun, reigns Charity alone

1/2021 ▪ www.sodalityofcharity.net ▪ 4900 Rialto Road, West Chester, OH, 45069

Dear members and friends of the Sodality of Charity,

In June, some of our Sodality members hosted the annual SGG Girls Camp, thus continuing the work of Ms. Sharon Patton and Ms. Michelle Mikesell. We had 34 girls attending, plus couple of older girls who came and volunteered to help at the camp. Thank you to the camp committee for arranging everything. Part of the success was that this year the girls did actual camping on the church premises, after a few years' hiatus, and in this way were able to spend much more time with each other.

This year each of the older attendants was in charge of her own group (with their individually colored scarfs). This gave a great opportunity for the older girls take to care of the younger ones, and to see that everyone had fun.

Other camp activities included a baking contest, which was judged by Fr. McGuire and myself, and the puppet show, which was presented to the parents and families to end the camp.

You can see some of the fun activities of the camp in the photos in this newsletter.

Earlier in June we also celebrated the graduation of some of our members. Claire from St. Gertrude the Great School graduated from the 8th grade, and our home-schoolers Cora, Renee, and Cecilia graduated from high school. Congratulations to all our graduates.

June 28 was the golden (50th) anniversary of ordination of Fr. Peter Morgan. He was the first priest Archbishop Lefebvre ordained for the SSPX in 1971, and he was also the first District Superior of England. Fr. Morgan had big influence on

Fr. Daniel Dolan, and this way to the whole future apostolate of St. Gertrude the Great. Fr. Morgan was the one who developed the idea of Mass centers, independent from the modernist Bishops, where a priest would arrive to celebrate traditional Mass and give sacraments to the faithful.

June 29 was the 45th ordination anniversary of our pastor, Bishop Daniel Dolan. After his ordination in 1976 he spent some time in England,

helping and learning from Fr. Morgan. Fr. Dolan would have been happy to stay in England, but the superior of the SSPX in USA left the Society, and Fr. Dolan was called to serve in America. And when he arrived here, he followed Fr. Morgan strategy, establishing missions all over the country, including that of St. Gertrude's in Cincinnati in 1978. So you see, our parish and our traditional families are in great gratitude to Fr. Morgan. This priest still operates his small independent mission in England.

You can read the whole story from Bishop Dolan's interview from 2008, which was made by Stephen Heiner.

I will say the Mass for the Sodality members on July 7, First Wednesday of the month. Pray to St. Joseph for the intentions of our group and our families. Remember also July 6, which is the feast of St. Maria Goretti, that sweet and glorious martyr of purity and humility.

Our Sodality summer meeting will be on Saturday, July 24, after the second Mass. More detailed program will be posted later.

Yours in Christ and Mary,

Fr. Lehtoranta



Fr. Peter Morgan
SSPX English District Superior
First SSPX priest
Abp. Lefebvre ordained

ON THE CHARITY OF THE PRIEST

This is an excerpt from a letter of a priest to one of the boys of his parish who had entered a Seminary. It was published in the 1922 book "Dominus Vobiscum" by Bishop Francis Kelley (1870-1948), the Bishop of Oklahoma City.

My dear boy:

There is in every normal human being a craving for affection. The possession of the love of his flock is one of the greatest consolations of a priest. There is no denying that it is natural and legitimate to seek for the love of those whose spiritual interests we are set to guide and guard. I worry if I think I have lost the affection of the least among my people. I am never happier than when I feel the love of the little children for me. Their smiling faces when I enter the schoolrooms are the brightening of my day. I can chase gloom away by fleeing to them, or out into the country where I am always so sure of a welcome from the scattered ones of the flock. Yes, I know the value of affection. I am glad to have it. I even seek it as prospectors seek gold. It is my gold; and I am not ashamed of my weakness, if weakness it be. I never knew how deep-rooted this affection of pastor for flock could become until I had to go through the ordeal of parting from my first parish. Cold and indifferent as I had always thought myself, yet that ordeal was bitterly hard, even if no one knew of the hardness but myself.

Why is it that we priests do not realize much more keenly that this wonderful affection which unites the Catholic priest in bonds of love to his flock is but a yearning for something higher and nobler? Yet so it is. We desire affection as pastors of souls. We know that our people are better when they feel it. We are more useful to them when we have gained it. They are nearer to God when they are near to His ministers. It has an effect on us, too, that is all for our own good. It draws us closer to our work and our duty. It makes for a feeling of greater responsibility. It deepens the thought of our own unworthiness. It puts a guard over our lives that makes us fear to do anything to weaken it. The priest who is genuinely loved by his flock, and who knows it,

is jealously careful to keep himself as nearly as possible in a condition to merit it. Only one thing can imperil it. That thing is sin. No priest can win the love of his people who does not show by his every action that he is safe in the love of God.

Our people know all this, even without knowing that they know it. So they quite instinctively look first for charity in their pastors. It is not without significance that the kitchen door of the Catholic priest, often unpromising enough in appearance, is the most popular calling place for tramps. Have you not noticed how a poor old wanderer will deliberately pass a host of well-dressed men and women when he glimpses a Roman collar in the midst of a crowd? He knows the one who at least will find it hard to refuse him alms, even out of a slim purse. We sometimes get angry at these things, forgetting the compliment implied.

Once I heard a discussion on the life of Cardinal Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, by a group of Irishmen who had little sympathy with what they supposed were his political views. Almost all of them were unfriendly critics. They charged the Cardinal with being a "Castle Hack," no compliment to an Irishman. There was no defense offered by anyone present until a timid little man wanted to know if any of the party had read a story about the Cardinal that had appeared a few days before in a weekly paper. None of them had; so the timid little man told of a sick call that came to the house of this Prince of the Church instead of to the presbytery where his Cathedral clergy lived. It was the Cardinal who received the call. Without a word to explain that it would be attended at once if taken to the proper place, His Eminence, remembering that he, too, was a priest, went out to care for the sick person. When his ministrations were done, he had to listen to the thanks of the relatives, whose remarks were directed along the lines of a parallel between the supposed snobbishness of the Cardinal-Archbishop and the striking charity of their humble visitor. The Cardinal heard it all in silence. As he was leaving, one of the sick man's family asked his name, so that they could

remember it with gratitude. "My name," he said simply, "is Paul Cullen."

The effect of this story was marked. From hostility, the faces of the critics registered deep sympathy. The most ungracious remark that followed was this: "Well, after all, Cardinal Cullen was a good priest, even if he differed from us a trifle in politics." From experience I have learned that a priest's charity may not only cover up a multitude of faults, but that it becomes the magic wand that touches his every minor defect and turns it into the gold of true affection. I do not know who uttered it, but I am struck with the force of this saying: "Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven and hell a fable." Surely did it prevail, this earth would taste in advance the happiness of heaven; and as for hell, no son of Adam would inhabit it. What makes the world a place of misery and sorrow is neither sickness, death nor poverty. It is the absence of universal charity.

My dear boy, you have heard that famous saying about Justice, that if driven from amongst men it should by right find its last abode in the hearts of kings. Alas! even there, where duty assigns it to dwell as in a palace, how often is Justice an unwelcome guest. But Charity's palace should be in the hearts of priests. If it is not there, where shall it be found? Only two classes of people – priests and the poor – could not well be dispensed with, or Charity would wander about the world desolately seeking a home. The rich man patronizes in the practice of philanthropy; the learned one escapes charity with fine phrases and elegant dissertations on its merits; rulers are all for expediency, which has now become their one recognized "virtue"; the professions take no account of charity; big business measures it according to its profits; but for the poor it always remains the one great luxury they are permitted to enjoy. They practice it so much towards one another that, if their charity be measured in proportion to their possessions, they become the

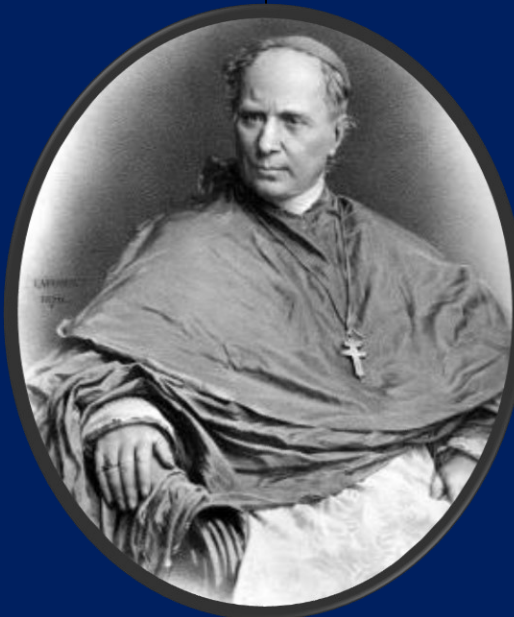
almoners of the earth. For priests, almost always poor, too, charity is the strong bond that makes them worthy of the love of the poor, and, therefore, of the love of Him Who loved the poor, enough to leave them as the precious legacy of His Church.

When you become a priest, my dear boy, try to avoid making excuses for uncharitableness. Never mind what your neighbor may have said in criticism of you. The thing that counts is what you may say in criticism of him. Never trouble yourself about whether a sick man or woman did or did not support your parish. Your charity shall be judged by the support you give to them in their hour of need. Be careful not to let your rules of order in parish government interfere

with a greater rule of order, the government of yourself. Be heedless of slights and injuries when charity calls on you either to forget them or to forget her. Never look upon your crucifix, and it ought always to be near enough to see, without repeating at least one of the Seven Last Words to your heart and soul: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." O my God, here hast Thou put the whole Christian message into ten small words. Here hast Thou, with a feeble dying breath, given a rule of life for Thy priesthood. Here hast

Thou, in a last whisper, proclaimed the secret of salvation for the world. Here hast Thou answered the question, "Who is God?" in the death rattle of Thine only begotten Son.

A life of many years in the priesthood has taught me these things: The purse of the charitable is never empty. The measure of Charity can never be filled. The answer of Charity is never ungenerous. The word of Charity is never unkind. The patience of Charity is never exhausted. The forgiveness of Charity is not bounded. The judgment of Charity presses hard the claims of Justice. The simple law of Charity cannot be codified on this earth, and still less in heaven. Charity is the secret of priestly success as it is the secret of universal salvation. Charity is peace.



WE GOT PICTURES!



← Claire graduated from 8th grade. The history of graduation dress goes back to medieval Europe when first universities were founded. Back then, most scholars were also clerics, who tended to wear a plainly colored garb, nowadays known as a cassock. The excess in academic apparel was not encouraged, so most academics, also those who did not belong to clergy, wore clerical dress to create unity amongst themselves. The graduation hat has its origin in priest's biretta, which goes back to early 1300's.



→ Cora, Renee, and Cecilia, graduates from high school, and the core of the Girls Camp committee organizers.



← The first morning of the camp was started with a delicious breakfast, meeting friends, and getting ready to take *lots* of pictures.



← SGG school classrooms offered great space for the girls to do their crafts, and occasionally, it was just like being in school!



↑ Outdoor activities, i.e. fun play, for the little ones.

→ Every Catholic girl should, if not love, at least *know* how to bake. But for our campers, the baking contest was a pleasure and happy event.



← It's dark outside already. Time for the little ones to go to sleep, and the older girls to enjoy the night out.

→ On one of the camp nights, our late-night campers watched a movie.







Camp is always a great chance to spend time with your friends, and also to show to the family and parishioners, how our girls truly love their faith, like they did in this year's puppet show, telling about the importance of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Want to see *still* more pictures? Go to our website
www.sodalityofcharity.net

