



# Seelos *and* Sanctity

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE  
PAID AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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Published monthly at the Seelos Center, 2030 Constance Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70130.

In conformity with the decree of Pope Urban VIII all statements contained herein are unreservedly submitted to the judgment of the Holy See and the decision of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Published with Ecclesiastical Approbation.

## The Blackest And Whitest Day

With shudder of despair and loss  
The world's deep heart is wrung,  
As lifted high upon His cross,  
The Lord of glory hung —  
When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms  
Stole forth in street and mart;  
But Calvary and Easter Day,  
Earth's blackest day and whitest day,  
Were just three days apart.

No one knows who wrote the above verse. Yet this unknown poet has uttered a profound truth.

**"Earth's blackest day, and whitest day, were just three days apart."**

In the lives of each of us we experience our black days and our white days.

Our black days are days of discouragement, anxiety, despair . . . . days when we are insulted . . . . days when all our plans for good receive no appreciation . . . . days when all plans seem to fail . . . . days when those whom we love seem to have turned against us . . . . days when pain strikes . . . . days when the props on which we have built our own little world seem to collapse.

These are earth's blackest days . . . . days when we have an opportunity to share in the cross of Christ.

You have heard the old phrase "every cloud has a silver lining." This means that behind every dark, dreary, gloomy cloud of sorrow is a period of joy and peace.

Thus it was with Christ. Good Friday was a dark gloomy day. The world had turned against Him. His friends had run off in His moment of distress. All seemed lost.

Thus it is with you. Have you not reached days when the world seemed to turn against you?

At such times you must always remember that there is a silver lining to each cloud. An Easter Sunday always follows Good Friday. "Earth's blackest day and



## BITS OF INFORMATION FROM



**Thanks  
To Father Seelos  
For.....**

... We urge the members of the Seelos Adoration program to persevere in making their holy hour in St. Alphonsus Church, even though St. Mary's Church is still closed.

... A prominent New Orleans ophthalmologist recently declared there was absolutely nothing miraculous in the cure of Clare Rita Helmstetter as described in the January issue of SEELOS AND SANCTITY. Other ophthalmologists feel that there is hope of a miraculous occurrence being declared in this case. All of the information will shortly be forwarded to Rome for final judgement as to whether the case has merit or not. We humbly await the decision of the Roman authorities.

... When Father Vaughn recently visited the hospitals to bless patients with the crucifix used by Father Seelos he came across a 32 year old man who suffered multiple injuries as a result of an automobile accident. As the man lay there with his body broken, Father Vaughn sought to console him with the reminder that God had been good to him since He had still given him his life. With an almost super-human effort the man struggled to reply "Yes, there are lots of people who are worse off than I am."

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**whitest day, were just three days apart."**

Following Christ's dismal crucifixion was a glorious resurrection.

Let those of us who find ourselves suffering the agonies of Good Friday always bear in mind that an Easter Sunday will follow.

Sometimes your Easter Sunday will take place here on earth. The pains and agonies of life do not always last forever. Things often get better.

Yet if the sufferings of life continue, you should still take heart. You have an Easter Sunday awaiting you in the life to come.

Therefore during this sacred season of Holy Week and Easter, bear in mind that the sorrows and miseries of life will eventually pass away. You, too, shall triumph with Christ. You, too, shall live a life of eternal glory.

... the return to the Sacraments of a friend of mine. She had been away from the Church for many years. I sent her the prayer when she was in the hospital. In a few hours she received the courage to go to confession.

... the recovery of my husband from an accident. His entire body was crushed and most of his bones broken. For a time he was delirious and appeared to have lost his mind completely. Although crippled, he is now able to get around.

... helping ease the pain of spasms with which I suffered. An operation which was performed for this trouble was a success. I am in grade school and during the night when the pain was worst I would pray to Father Seelos. Somehow the pain would then become less severe.

... giving me strength to bear the burden of a drinking husband with dignity and to keep my children as happy as possible under the circumstances. During my entire married life my husband drank and had us in debt which we were never able to pay in full. I finally left him and after a short time he was admitted to a hospital and given shock treatments. He has returned home and at the present time I do not know what the future holds as far as our marriage is concerned. My main concern is for my children.

... healing an ulcerated leg which the doctors felt could not be cured.

... helping me to secure some valuable property which it seemed impossible to obtain. This property was vital to the success of my business.

... healing a broken hip of my 90 year old mother and preventing further serious injury when she fell out of the bed.

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N.B. These reports of "Thanksgiving" are from the statements of our correspondents. Official judgement of the favors granted can be given only by the proper church authorities.

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**Please print your name when sending this enclosed contribution envelope. Handwriting is frequently difficult to read; thus slowing the posting of contributions.**

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## He Knows Where The Shoe Hurts

by Luana Jambois

"Oh my poor sinner, you are afraid to go to Confession." He would smile in the special winning way he had. A slight wiry man of pleasant features, he would open the black frocked arms as though to embrace them. Then Father Francis Seelos would fold his hands as if in prayer. "Please come anyhow. You will not have to say much. Bring nothing but good will. The priest knows where your shoe hurts you. Come. Let us make you well again."

The proud, the haughty, the poor, the humble . . . . All races, all professions, the people found in humble Francis Seelos the solace they craved. They came to stand in long lines beside his confessional. Behind the darkened screen they brought him their troubles and their sins. They found mercy, kindness, an all-embracing wisdom. Yet he wrote to his family, "It is much easier to talk about the things of God than to practice what one preaches. My life of virtue is like a wornout garment full of patches. Nothing is more humiliating than to find pride in me, a beggar."

Besides being a parish priest, Father Seelos worked as a missionary. Under the most difficult circumstances he found the greatest happiness.

At one of his missions he converted the father of a large family. So complete was the man's conversion that seven years later he was granted permission by his Bishop to become a Trappist monk! Father Seelos wrote him, "Your letter of acceptance was mailed on January 25, the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. My dear Brother Martin, to make a Trappist out of you no less a miracle was needed than to change a Saul into a Paul. Let us be grateful for this grace. The first sublime step is taken. Persevere with fidelity. Temptations will not be wanting. It gives me great joy to know that you have found what your soul was looking for.

On October 4, 1863, Father Seelos wrote, "I am in Loretto, Pennsylvania, a mountain town founded by a Russian, Prince Galletzin, who became a priest. On October 6, I shall see my dear smokey Pittsburgh for a day. Then to Chicago, Illinois and to Ohio. Only one thing grieves me. I am Superior of the Missions. When will I be a subject again? When may I simply obey? The love of my vocation makes everything easy for me. "Even in places where it is unheard of for people to rise at six o'clock, the Church is crowded at five. The good God blesses our Fathers in a remarkable manner!"

Everywhere great obstacles seemed to dissipate before the fervor of the missionaries. At Peoria, Illinois, perspiration streamed from the faces and bodies of priests and congregation in the intense summer heat. Yet twenty years later, the pastor of the Church spoke of it as the most successful of missions. In the winter snows in New York and Cleveland, the people waited in drifts of snow and ice for the mission fathers. At the most remote villages the people had waited months for the priests to come. Day and night the good Fathers worked. The confessionals were constantly filled, the Churches crowded. The people pressed to them to beg their last blessings, to hear their treasured sermons of forgiveness and redemption.

Father Seelos and his fellows repeated with the Apostle, "Christ is being proclaimed. In this I rejoice. Yes, and I shall rejoice!"

### HOSPITAL BLESSINGS

I was extremely delighted and pleased with the response to my offer to visit hospitals once a week and bless the sick with the mission cross used by Father Seelos. The people seemed genuinely delighted to see me and be blessed with the cross used by this holy man. I do hope that these visits will be a source of courage and an incentive to prayer to the sick and suffering devotees of Father Seelos.

Thus I repeat the program outlined in last month's SEELOS AND SANCTITY. I will visit sick people IN HOSPITALS IN THE NEW ORLEANS AREA and bless them with the mission cross Father Seelos used while he was living. Due to the limitations of time it will be impossible to visit private homes or nursing homes. These visits can be made only on one day a week - usually on Saturday.

If you have a hospitalized sick friend or relative, please phone 895-6176.

FATHER VAUGHN

### A PRAYER TO FATHER SEELOS

For your own intentions, and all the petitions placed before the tomb of Father Seelos, let us pause and say -

*O, MY GOD, I TRULY BELIEVE YOU ARE PRESENT WITH ME, I ADORE YOUR LIMITLESS PERFECTIONS. I THANK YOU FOR THE GRACES AND GIFTS YOU GAVE TO FATHER SEELOS, IF IT IS YOUR HOLY WILL, PLEASE LET HIM BE DECLARED A SAINT OF THE CHURCH SO THAT OTHERS MAY KNOW AND IMITATE HIS HOLY LIFE, THROUGH HIS PRAYERS PLEASE GIVE ME THIS FAVOR . . . .*