



Seelos *and* Sanctity

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THE ART OF COMMUNICATION

by JOHN J. VAUGHN, C.S.S.R.

The sorriest and saddest marriages are those in which two acquaintances become roommates, bedmates and mealmates, but still remain strangers. In many ways they do love each other, yet somehow they still remain strangers to each other. Why? It is because they have never learned the art of communication. They fear taking the risk of loving.

Communication is the art of letting another person know how you feel and of understanding their feelings.

We here give a few rules on the art of communication. Though they apply primarily to married people, they also apply to all of our relationships.

1. **BE APPRECIATIVE.** When I was in the minor seminary one of the priests told us "You cannot overdo gratitude." How nice it is to hear a husband say "Honey, that meal was delicious." or "Thanks for ironing my shirt." And to hear a wife say "Darling, you work so hard." or to hear a mother or father compliment their children or children compliment their parents or brothers or sisters or neighbors. A compliment is a form of gratitude. By merely expressing the fact that you noticed a nice thing that a person did for you, you are by that very fact thanking them.

2. **MAKE YOUR FEELINGS KNOWN.** How often people explode in anger for no apparent reason. Friends ask "What's eating her (or him)?" The trouble started long before the explosion occurred. She needed to get something "off her chest." But she bottled up her feelings within her. One of the most important rules for married people is to always let each other know how you feel. Disputes and quarrels are always the result of two people not understanding the feelings of each other.

3. **WATCH YOUR TIMING.** When tensions arise between two people I often suggest that they have a serious talk with each other. Invariably, I hear the response: "I tried it - it didn't do any good." I always discover that they picked the worst possible time to approach the subject. When your wife is preparing dinner and the children are screaming their lungs out is no time to start talking about the tensions between your wife and her mother-in-law.

4. **HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.** As they get older many people read less and less. They become intellectually stagnant. It is important to be on the lookout for things to talk about. You can't communicate if you have nothing to talk about.

5. **AVOID NAGGING.** The bible says that a nagging wife is like a leaking roof. If the roof leaks continually it can become mighty irritating. However, I know many husbands who would far prefer a leaking roof to a nagging wife. Webster's New World Dictionary defines the word "nag" as follows: "to annoy by continual scolding, faultfinding, complaining, urging, etc." The trouble with nagging is that it never works because it always puts the other person on the defensive. If someone draws back his fist to hit you, you instinctively raise your arms to defend yourself, don't you? Well, when Mary Jane says, "I can't understand why you can't make more money," she is implying that Bill is inadequate as a husband. Instinctively he starts defending himself. Or when Tom says "Why can't I ever come home and find a meal on the table?" he is implying that Susan is inadequate

as a wife. Instinctively she quits thinking and starts defending herself. Nagging means that two people really do not understand each other. There is a lack of communication.

6. NEVER LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON YOUR ANGER. These wise words from the Bible should be a motto in your life. If you have a quarrel with someone do not hold a grudge. Be "man" enough to approach the person and say "I am sorry for getting angry." You will find the other person will be happy and relieved to hear you say this. No one really likes to be at enmity with his fellow man. There is an old saying "Show them you are bigger than they are." Even if the other person is at fault show them you are bigger than they are by offering your apology.

THE LORD HAD A LOT TO SAY ABOUT LOVE. "LOVE ONE ANOTHER AS I HAVE LOVED YOU." "LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF." "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD WANT OTHERS TO DO UNTO YOU." HOWEVER, TRUE LOVE CANNOT EXIST UNLESS TWO PEOPLE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER UNLESS YOU LEARN THE ART OF COMMUNICATION.

'SEELOS, THE STUDENT BANK'

by LUANA THIEL JAMBOIS

"Ask Seelos. He's our banker."

This was the rallying cry for hard-pressed students, who had spent their money unwisely. A new boy, listening to this, would think that Francis Seelos was the son of a wealthy man. Instead he quickly would learn that Francis Xavier was the poorest of the lot of them. If he had not earned a scholarship at the Gymnasium in Augsburg, he never would have been able to attend the University of Munich at all. Why then was Seelos called the "student bank?"

The new boy would soon find out the reason. Francis was willing to share his bread. It was as simple as that. He who had the smallest purse, who was the poorest of them, lived so frugally that when the others had spent their money he still had enough left to lend them.

It wasn't that Francis was somber or stingy. Seelos was the gayest, the happiest of them, they all agreed. He wore as they did the red cap and spiked heel boots of the philosophy student. He belonged as they did to the jockey club, the fencing club, and the dancing school. His nimble body was well suited to dancing and fencing; and he sat his mount well when they rode. He even had a quite passable singing voice; a voice which was loud and joyous when they sang their gay student songs. He was every bit as jolly as the rest of them; but his pleasures were simple. He did not require any money to enjoy them. So the money sent to him by the friends of his parish priest, he could use to help the others. He was so cheerful about lending the few coins he had saved that some of them would forget to pay him back. The other more conscientious ones would scold him and each other and joke about it. "Hey, there goes the Student Bank!" The blue eyes of Francis Seelos sparkled with laughter when they called him so and he enjoyed the teasing with his classmates.

As the years passed the comradeship between the boys deepened. By now, though, the differences between them were

marked. Francis Xavier Seelos and a few of them had donned the black garb of the theology students. The rest of them had put on the caps of the medical or law or business students.

As the years went by they were all scattered to various parts of the world -- perhaps never seeing each other again. No one really knows what happened. We like to think that in later years the example of "Seelos, the Student Bank" inspired some of his companions to a greater spirit of charity toward the unfortunate of the world. One thing we do know. The disbursements of "The Student Bank" were so many deposits of eternal glory in the heavenly bank account of the "Banker Seelos." He received his deposits with interest on the day he entered the heavenly kingdom.



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

. . .the recovery of my husband from a series of massive hemorrhages from the mouth, which necessitated 33 blood transfusions. He is home now and doing better, although the doctors say he will never be well.

. . .the recovery of my father from a severe heart attack. After two months he was back at work and hasn't had a recurrence. This was about four years ago.

. . .healing our baby who had suffered severe burns. The doctor feared it would be necessary to amputate her toes, however, very little grafting had to be done.

. . .protecting my nephew during his year of duty in Viet-Nam. He returned home to us safely several days ago.

. . .saving my niece's arm after the doctors had decided to amputate it. Her family prayed to Father Seelos. The doctors decided to take further consultation. In the end the arm was saved.

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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