



## *Rev. P. Marc Lindeijer, S.J., Assistant to the Jesuit's Postulator General in Rome, visits Father Walter Ciszek Center*

Taken from article *Wanderin' Around* by JOHN E. USALIS

Within the past year, the cause for Father Ciszek's canonization got some help with the formation of a historical commission by the Most Rev. John O. Barres, bishop of Allentown. The documentation on Father Ciszek's life is at the Vatican, but there was a need to gather more information about him from those who knew him. The commission is led by the Rev. J. Michael Beers, Ph.D., S.S.L., former pastor of Annunciation BVM, St. Ann and St. Joseph parishes in Frackville. The other members are the Rev. P. Marc Lindeijer, S.J., Netherlands, who is at the Jesuit Generalate in Rome, and the Rev. Victor Bilotas, a Russian priest from the Diocese of Novosibirsk who is also serving in Rome. Father Bilotas has a personal connection in the cause since his own father was in one of the camps with Father Ciszek.

About a month ago, Father Lindeijer was in the United States and visited the Father Walter Ciszek Center, located next to St. Casimir Church in Shenandoah to review some documents in the archives. He was assisted by Sister Doris Burkot, OSF, who manages the center for the Father Walter Ciszek Prayer League, which got the ball rolling in the canonization cause in 1989.

Father Lindeijer is soft spoken and speaks English very well.

"The task of the historical commission is to get more material to fill in the gaps in the process," he said. "There will be a report written on all of the material we have found that will be presented to the bishop (Barres), after which it will be given to the Congregation for the Causes of the Saints. Since that is the only thing they (Congregation) are still waiting for, and if the Congregation is satisfied with our work, we can finally after 10 years close the diocesan phase of the process and start with the Roman phase."

Since that time, the material has been given to Bishop Barres, who has taken it personally to Rome during a diocesan pilgrimage.

When Father Lindeijer arrived in the United States, he stayed for a time at St. Elizabeth Church rectory in Whitehall with Monsignor Anthony Muntone, pastor, a Shenandoah native who is the co-postulator in the canonization cause. The other co-postulator is the Rev. Thomas J. Sable, S.J., who Father Lindeijer also met during his time in America. He was in the United States in 2008 as part of his formation as a Jesuit, spending two months each in Washington and Los Angeles. He was ordained in 2002 in Holland.

"They are very nice people there. Very welcoming and very warm," he said. "I think that when I get back to Italy, I'll have to lose several pounds because of all the food they've been serving me. It's a joy to be here."

His main duty in Rome is the assistant to the Jesuit's Postulator General, the Rev. Anton Witwer, S.J. The postulator general oversees the processes towards beatification or sanctification of Jesuits or people who have been commended to the Society of Jesus.



*Father Lindeijer reviewing Prayer League archives*



*Father Lindeijer and Sister Doris*

**REPORT FROM THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS  
SEPTEMBER 7, 2011  
MEETING**

The meeting began with the prayer for the cause of canonization of Father Walter Ciszek.

The Board was privileged to have present Father Marc Lindeijer, SJ, who is assistant to the Co-Postulator General in Rome, and was visiting here to research the archives of the Ciszek Prayer League.

Kathie Palubinsky motioned to accept the minutes and the report from the Board. Sister Mary Ann seconded the motion; the rest of the Board gave their approval.

Monsignor Bocian will write a letter to Bishop Barres asking him to be present at the 2012 Father Ciszek Day celebration on October 21. Sister Mary Ann Spaetti will write the letter asking the bishop to be present on December 7, 2012.

A discussion took place on rising costs of heating oil, and the suggestion that the Prayer League might help defray expenses.

The meeting was closed with a prayer.

**“For/From the Friends of Walter Ciszek, S.J.”**

A Publication of the Father Walter Ciszek Prayer League  
Official Organization for the Promotion of the Cause of  
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*By Rev. Thomas J. Sable, S.J.*

A breaker boy was a coal-mining worker in the United States whose job was to separate impurities from coal by hand in a coal breaker. Until about 1900, nearly all coal breaking facilities in the United States were labor-intensive. The removal of impurities was done by hand, usually by breaker boys between the ages of eight and 12 years old. As a child Father Ciszek was spared this fate, but as the irony of history would have it, this son of the coal country would experience the flood of coal in a place thousands of miles away.

Dudinka is a port in the lower reaches of the Yenisei River in Russia, accessible to seagoing ships .It was founded in 1667 as a winter settlement, and became part of the Gulag Archipelago, as Alexander Solzhenitsyn dubbed the Soviet prison system, in Stalinist times. To this day Dudinka still processes cargo for and sends it to the Norilsk Mining and Smelting Factory and ships non-ferrous metals, coal and ore. Part of the prisoners’ task was to make sure that the coal was distributed evenly in the cargo holds. As Father Ciszek narrates in *With God in Russia*:

“In the afternoon as the ship’s hold began to fill, the brigadier would send four of us down into the hold to scatter the coal around so that the rest could be loaded. It was dark in the hold; there was coal dust everywhere. Still the coal kept roaring off the conveyor belts and flying down the chute. It was hard to see or to breathe, even harder to work, but our overriding anxiety was to avoid getting killed by the flying lumps of coal, some as big as a man’s head...When it finally got too bad, we would shout as loud as we could and bang on the deck with our shovels. The belt would stop for a minute. We’d scramble out...” (Pp. 137-138)

Matthew Arnold wrote:

“But often, in the world’s most crowded streets,  
But often, in the din of strife,  
There rises an unspeakable desire  
After the knowledge of our buried life:  
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force  
In tracking out our true, original course;  
A longing to inquire  
Into the mystery of this heart which beats  
So wild, so deep in us--to know  
Whence our lives come and where they go.  
--Matthew Arnold, “The Buried Life”

America, which has been long esteemed a culture and a nation of life and celebratory passion, is degrading itself into a nation of death. It’s not enough to wake up and realize that something is wrong. It is not enough to see and hear the coal coming down the chute all around us. We must take a pragmatic step toward stopping the wrong and exacting a right in its place. If we really cared, we’d speak up. We’d actually do something, even if it’s as simple as hosting an event for single mothers to equip them with the tools they need to set their child up for adoption, or the resources to raise the child themselves. It can be as simple as expressing your opinion in the social venue. Or making a vow to honor the sanctity of life. Do something.

# “He Leadeth Me”: A Journey of Simple Grace

by David Romero, SJ

*“Every moment of our life has a purpose, that every action of ours, no matter how dull or routine or trivial it may seem in itself, has a dignity and a worth beyond human understanding... For it means that no moment can be wasted, no opportunity missed, since each has a purpose in a person’s life, each has a purpose in God’s plan.”*

~ Rev. Walter J. Ciszek, SJ

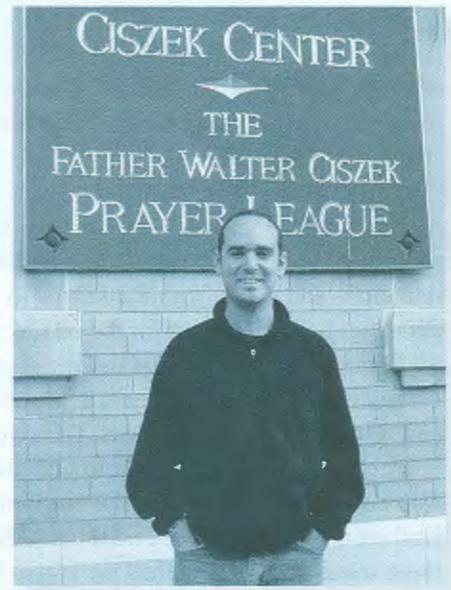
I began my novitiate pilgrimage (April 18-May 9, 2010) with something I had never done before and what seemed like a pretty big challenge: taking a two and a half day bus trip across the country to Pennsylvania with only \$40 and needing to make my way back in three weeks. Leading up to the departure date everybody kept asking me how I felt and I could only respond with a resounding “everything!” I didn’t know what to feel, exactly, or if I should have felt some way in particular. Looking back, it turned out to be a good thing because those feelings coincided with the grace I was seeking: deeper friendship with Christ without expectations of what that should be or look like. After the Thirty Days’ Retreat, where I had experienced incredible prayer and a much deeper friendship with Jesus, I began to have higher expectations of what the novitiate experience “should be” and of my own novice brothers. I went through a period in which I would become more frustrated with them and what they were doing, or what I perceived they were lacking in. As a result, I was feeling a bit desolate – continually disappointed and wondering where God was in any of this. Then I had a moment during a prayer period in which I realized that something was indeed wrong and that maybe it wasn’t them, perhaps it was I who was trying to impose what I thought was God’s will in how things should be.

It was then that I realized that in order to get rid of those unreasonable expectations, I needed to continue to deepen my friendship with Christ, knowing that freedom comes about in true relationship. Now what place symbolizes that grace for me? Tough question to answer at first! I was staring at my bookshelf one night and saw a book that

was crucial to my experience during the First Week of the Thirty Days’ Retreat: *He Leadeth Me* by Walter Ciszek, SJ. He spent 23 years in Russian prison camps and his cause for canonization is being looked at. It hit me in an instant: he’s buried in Wernersville, Pennsylvania, so that is where I must go. In his book, he speaks very honestly and eloquently about surrendering all trust to God each day when he would not know if he would make it back to the U.S., let alone survive another day. The relationship he had with God deepened enormously, especially with not being able to have expectations set for what the relationship should look like.

After 61 hours, I finally made it to Wernersville! The Jesuit Retreat Center/Infirmary once served as the novitiate for the Maryland Province and so it was a big, beautiful place to be for the first few days. It’s located in a small town in the middle of nowhere, which was a nice departure from the craziness of Los Angeles. I was blessed to have a mini-retreat there in which I would pray and read in front of Ciszek’s grave for most of my time. The older and infirmed Jesuits were absolutely wonderful! It was great to be able to listen to stories of their days in the novitiate when one of their responsibilities was to read Fr. Ciszek old newspaper clips and articles to catch him up on what he had missed while he was imprisoned. Many of them also had the pleasure of having him as a director on one of their retreats. The greatest surprise came when one of them, Sal, told me that he could take me to Ciszek’s hometown where a museum was set up in his memory. Only one hour outside of town, we made the quick drive and I got to see tons of pictures of him, as well as the chair he died in and the kneeler he would use for prayer. The Sister there even let me pray to Ciszek on that very kneeler! It was a very memorable experience, indeed.

Now, since Wernersville is a very small town, I kept wondering how I was going to get enough money to buy



Father Romero in front of Center



Sister Doris giving a tour of Center to Father Romero

*continued on page 4*

bus tickets to my next destination. The day that I began to seriously worry, the living sign of God's love and generosity stepped in to help. A retirement community was at the very edge of the 200 acre Retreat Center and those members were allowed to use the grounds to walk. As I would take my afternoon walks, I would bump into many of them. Surprised at seeing a young fellow they would ask me what my story was. They were so incredibly generous in wanting to support my endeavors! Between their donations and some from the Jesuits living at the house, I ended up having enough for the rest of my travels.

I bought a bus ticket and made my way to New York. Ciszek had spent his last years at Fordham University and so I felt called to go there next. Thankfully, I was able to make it to Fordham one night to visit the campus and have Mass & dinner with the scholastic community at Ciszek Hall (of which now I am a member!). Hanging out with them was a good experience for me, as well as having a really good conversation with one of the scholastics, JT, about how expectations limit true interior freedom. Knowing that Ciszek had also spent a good amount of time living and working there was very consoling, making me feel that this would be a great place for me to do my philosophy studies.

Overall, my pilgrimage was very simple; nothing revelatory happened. This was a very good thing for me to experience. The grace I was seeking was to deepen friendship with Christ without any expectations of what that should be. Months before leaving for the pilgrimage, I had begun to expect that every moment at the novitiate should be comparable to a "light bulb moment". My time away was good for me because I was able to experience God's gentle love and grace without it having to be a big production with fireworks. Most of my days were very routine, humdrum, and normal. Aside from the excitement of visiting places I had never been and seeing some friends, most of my time was spent in great simplicity; to be okay with that was the challenge and grace.

My first glimpse of grace in deepening my friendship with Jesus happened when I was praying in front of Fr. Ciszek's grave. As I started reading his book again, I came across this part that struck me as I prayed over it:

"It is the temptation that comes to anyone who has entered religious life with a burning desire to serve God and him alone, only to find that the day-to-day life in religion is humdrum and pedestrian, equally as filled with moments of human misunderstanding, daily routines, and distractions as the secular life he left behind in the world... God granted us the grace to see the solution to our dilemma, the answer to our temptation. It was the grace to quite simply look at our situation from his viewpoint rather

than from ours."

In that instant, I had realized that I had been too preoccupied with looking at the novitiate and my novice brothers with my own scrutinizing eyes, telling me what I should see, instead of looking more closely with God's eyes at what actually is and discovering God's will for me in that. It was, for me, a greater call and invitation to look at the mundane and routine of the daily life as a religious, and to love and take delight in them as God does, trusting that each moment and person is fitting into his will for me. Experiencing those moments, aware of Jesus' presence, helped me to realize that those things are okay because we were going through them together.

An additional time of grace was the conversation I had with the scholastic, JT. We were talking about my grace for the pilgrimage and he began to tell me how he experienced a deep lack of interior freedom whenever he set expectations in his life – good or bad. Once again, I immediately realized how I was depriving myself of the true interior freedom I was claiming to feel this whole time by imposing expectations on people and experiences.

Another point of difficulty was letting myself be taken care of and asking for money. I hate asking others for money and, because I love to be hospitable, I usually feel like an imposition on people who take care of me. Even still, I felt that God was guiding me, helping me to understand these challenges more clearly through my time spent with the many volunteers. One of them from Chicago had remarked that if I had been so hospitable before this trip, then it would be most likely that I would continue to be hospitable afterwards, and so not to worry about others being hospitable towards me. It was as if God was telling me to relax and enjoy the many ways he can love me, knowing fully well of my desire to live my life taking care of others.

All in all, I felt Ciszek's presence throughout those three weeks, helping to bring me closer to Christ, and spent a good amount of time with people I would not normally hang out with on a regular basis. These people became living signs of Christ's love and friendship in my life and it consoled me to remember that, as a friendship deepens, you don't come to expect or even desire "aha!" moments, but come to deeply value each moment as it is – for what it is – because you have faith that God is just as present in those moments as at any other time. This has helped me to be open and free to take a loving look at the real more often, and not spend my time or energy frivolously expecting something that I think is better. As God says in Isaiah: "For my ways are not your ways." Thank God this is true... I always end up liking his ways better! AMDG

**2012 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL  
FOR FATHER WALTER CISZEK  
PRAYER LEAGUE**

Name.....

Address.....

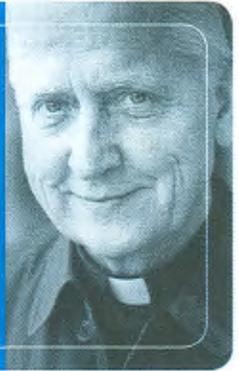
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## *Communication from Mimi Lembo...*

This is a follow-up note to my memorable visit to the Father Ciszek Center in September. At that time I was asked to write a little something about my interest in Father Ciszek's life and spiritual legacy, so here it is.

I mentioned that I pray to Father Ciszek each morning, almost without exception, along with some other "heavenly friends" who are canonized saints. Asking Father Ciszek's intercession for helping me to know and do God's will with total trust in his Divine Providence is a special need I continually bring to him. Father's growth from self-propelled to God-reliant was a long, arduous journey and his absolute assurance of and dependence on God's love, no matter what circumstances unfolded, is one of "a core of seemingly simple truths" (*He Leadeth Me*, p. 13) he imparts to readers of his books.

One of the spiritually compelling aspects of Father Ciszek's ordeal for me is how he grew in faith, hope, and love when he was stripped of all exterior and even interior comforts and consolations. He had the humility to know that only God, the Source of supernatural life for us, could be the One who was sustaining him. Gratitude was Father's response.

As a priest, he was determined to minister to whatever flock was given him by God. The gifts of the Holy Spirit seemed to operate in him more and more as he strove to care for others. The Gift of Fortitude strengthened him to endure psychological and physical sufferings; the Gift of Knowledge kept him mindful of the place of created things; the Gift of Counsel certainly helped him deal with interrogators, prison officials, and bullies without succumbing to resentment; and Wisdom enabled him to see the eternal significance of all the suffering for himself and others—he was able to help others find peace because of it.

I first read *He Leadeth Me* about twenty years ago and was really impressed by Father Ciszek's desire to serve God and then accept the suffering involved in that service. About five years ago, I made an "at home" 30-day retreat using Father John Hardon's book on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. Before I began, I went up to the Jesuit Center in Wernersville to visit Father Ciszek's grave and ask his intercession. I borrowed a rosary someone had left on a small wrought iron hook next to his grave and prayed with that rosary daily during the retreat, while asking Father Ciszek's intercession in a special way. (From his book I had learned that Father Ciszek gave retreats with the Exercises to many people during his work in Russia, so I figured he'd help me, too.) That retreat bore wonderful fruit for me spiritually and renewed my commitment to living my Catholic faith more deeply. (I returned the rosary at the conclusion of my retreat!)

Thanks to all the good people involved in promoting Father Ciszek's cause for beatification/canonization. The heroic virtue that Fr. Ciszek lived in his service to others is really a wonderful example for the whole Church to become aware of and so to praise God for His loving Providence. May God bless your efforts to bring Father Ciszek's story and witness to many people.

## *The Hungry Train Ride* by Kathy Prieto

Through the years, there is one event in Fr. Walter's life that has always come to mind providing me with fruitful meditation. It took place in the beginning of his time in Russia. He was being transferred from Perm to Lubianka. He was given a small loaf of bread before he got on the train. Of course, he was new at being a prisoner and ate half the loaf in no time, not realizing it was his ration for the whole trip. In *With God in Russia*, he writes:

"The next morning, I was starved. One of the guards brought in from the station a breakfast of rye bread, butter, cheese, and some cups of coffee. The aroma was overpowering, and the saliva began to run down my throat as if someone had turned on a faucet. I couldn't keep my eyes off that food all the time they were eating it, and I would have given anything to have a bite.

As we pulled into the station at Uren, one of the guards jumped up to get off the train. As he did so, he knocked a piece of bread and butter out of the lieutenant's hand. It fell to the floor half-eaten, the butter side up. The lieutenant swore at him briefly for being a clumsy ox, kicked the half-eaten bread under the seat, and followed him out of the compartment.

The temptation was too much. For the rest of the afternoon, I kept fishing under the seat with my leg, trying to make my movements as inconspicuous as possible so the guard sitting opposite me wouldn't notice. Whenever he'd turn to look out the window or into the corridor, I'd swoop my leg around more violently until I began to get a cramp. That piece of bread now occupied all my thoughts; I spent the whole afternoon trying to retrieve it. I don't think I ever worked so hard for a meal in my life.

At last, I felt the bread with my toe and kicked it forward. Then, when the guard would look away, I'd bend down and try to pick it up. When he'd look back, I'd pretend to be scratching my ankle, pulling up my sock, or tying my shoe. Finally, he looked back quickly and saw me reaching for the bread. I caught his eye and, in desperation, said, "Pozhalusta!" (Please!). He didn't say anything one way or the other, just looked at me, so I snatched it up.

Just then, the lieutenant came into the compartment. I clutched that piece of bread and butter in one hand, tucked it under the elbow of the other arm, and tried to look nonchalant-at the same time wondering what the guard would say. He said nothing. When the lieutenant went out again and the guard turned to watch him go, I jammed the whole half-piece of bread and butter into my mouth and finished it as a gulp. At last I had my meal." (The Beginnings, pg. 76).

Here are some of my points for meditation related to this passage. I see clearer in hind sight when I pray and look at situations in a supernatural light!

Oh man, God! Fr. Walter is doing your will, and you can't even let him have that piece of bread! He is so hungry, it is not fair! Why do you make him struggle like that to the point of getting a cramp in his leg? He was so hungry and that piece of bread was so close and yet so far! Boy, I am a little angry now. God smiles with empathy toward me. I, as his little child, do not understand that this challenge was there to help prepare and condition Fr. Walter's body, mind and soul for upcoming challenges. This incident helped him grow in character and virtue in spite of the ache in his belly. In hind sight, I see this as God inspires my thoughts. This was part of the foundation and grace granted for his fruitful apostolate in Russia and later in the United States.

Lord, help me to trust in you and that what you are permitting in my life can bring good!

What about the lieutenant and the guard? What suffering he endured by smelling and seeing their food! Lord, how can you make them so mean? I would not blame Fr. Walter for holding a grudge or even physically attacking these two guys out of hunger! But he did not. Fr. Walter has reported in his writings that he forgave all those who kept him imprisoned and never harbored hatred in his heart toward them. During the train ride, Fr. Walter may have gained graces for the guard. What actually looks like a minor thing was actually a big risk, an act of mercy, on behalf of the guard. If he was caught allowing Fr. Walter take the bread, harsh punishment would have come to him. In hind sight, I see that Fr. Walter may have been praying for these two. Maybe they could feel Christ in his heart or see Christ in Fr. Walter's actions.

Pray for and forgive those who you think have harmed you! Offer your sufferings for others! Even in hard times, be the face of Christ to others!

We need to pray and ask for the grace each day to accept all events in our lives from God as part of our apostolate on earth. Going through suffering and challenging events can make us angry with God. This is ok, but we need to pray and ask for these glimmers of hind sight to be able to cope with the current situation in the best way. At times, we may doubt that God exists or wants what is best for us. We may doubt that he only permits what can bring good. Pray to help you with your doubt. Think about what your reality would be like if your doubt was true!

Fr. Walter, please help us to trust in Our Lord and to take each incident in our life as a gift from God, an opportunity to do good!

# Praying Where Father Walter Ciszek Once Lived and Worked

In Ciszek Hall, 2502-06 Belmont Ave, Bronx, NY, a room immediately off the entrance foyer has been transformed in the “Ciszek Chapel”, a little oratory with many memories of the great Jesuit who once lived in the building.

Before becoming Ciszek Hall, the residence for Jesuit scholastics, the building was used as the New York Province tertianship for a few years. Before that it was a Fordham University residence for religious women who were students at the Graduate School of Religion and Religious Studies. Before that it was the home of the John XXIII Ecumenical Center where Father Ciszek lived and worked until his death. This Center was devoted to the promotion of Christian unity especially between the Latin Church and Eastern Churches.

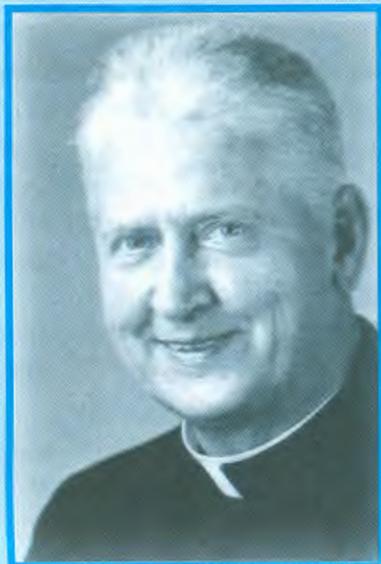
This residence was gutted and re-built when it became a scholastic residence, approximately five years after Father Ciszek’s death. The room that was his at the time of his death was destroyed and the space where that room once was now makes up part of our community dining room. His corner room was in the corner of our dining room. On the counter in that corner is our bread box.

In the chapel we have given primary place to a Byzantine icon of Mother and Child. It is above the altar upon which Father Ciszek celebrated Mass. We had his chalice and paten sitting on the altar, but now they are in storage awaiting the construction of a glass-framed cover. Once it is ready, we will place the vessels on the altar under the cover.

On the left wall is the crucifix and closer to the door is a framed picture of Father Ciszek, vested, celebrating Mass at this same altar. On the right wall, framed, is his final vow formula written in his hand. As the document states, his vows were professed in “the Byzantine Chapel of the John XXIII Center”, as this residence was then known. On the window sill we have a framed copy of a letter he wrote to his sister from Siberia in 1959. On the wall facing the icon we have a framed painting of Blessed Pope John XXIII, the former Patron Saint of the house.

The Ciszek Chapel is a relatively small space, with some seven chairs in it. The members of the community use it for private prayer. Especially in the morning and at night one would find someone in the chapel at prayer.

Here we are honored to reside in the same building where Father Ciszek once lived and worked. Each arriving scholastic is given a copy of his book, “He Leadeth Me”. We count on his prayerful support in our mission today.



*Rev. Walter J. Ciszek, S.J.*

## PRAYER FOR A FAVOR THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF FATHER WALTER CISZEK, S.J.

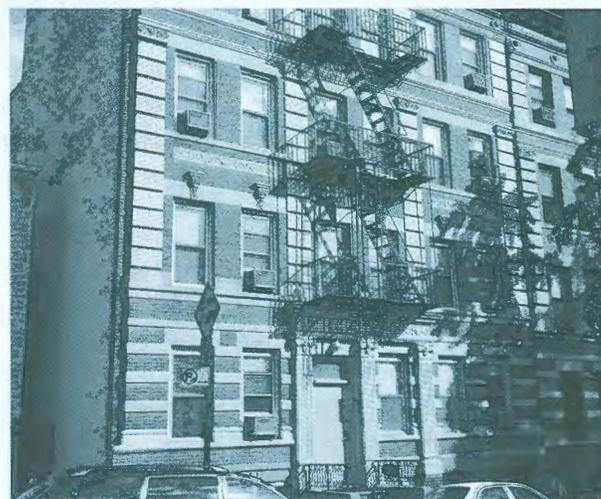
Almighty God, we love, adore and praise You as our Creator and Loving Father. Look with compassion and mercy upon us. Hear our prayer in this time of special need and through the intercession of Father Walter Ciszek, grant the following favor if it is Your Holy Will.

*(Mention the Request)*

Most loving God, accept our gratitude for hearing this prayer. May the knowledge of the virtues and holiness of Father Walter be recognized and known to provide a lasting example to draw sinners to reconciliation and to lead souls to sanctity.

For You are our God and we are Your people and we glorify You, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, now and ever and forever. Amen.

*Please inform the Prayer League of any special favors from Father Walter Ciszek.*



**Father Joseph Sands, SJ**  
**Rector of Ciszek Hall**

# Father Walter Ciszek's Spirituality as seen by his sister – Sister Mary Evangeline (Seventh Installment)



Because he lived in complete abidance with God's will, Father Walter developed an animated humaneness which, as I had mentioned before, gave this as a first impression to those who came into his presence. Nevertheless, in a short time one began to note that Father Walter possessed much more than a mere human personality. His sincere sympathy, his habitual kindness, his most attractive gentleness, his sacrificing generosity in aiding the needy, his unruffled patience, and finally his engaging presence raised him above the ordinary human so that one was able to deduce that he was one who lived in Christ and even personified His virtues. It was Father Walter's "warm love," open to all, which accented the human in him at the outset but then always reached a level of showing that the Divine was at the head of the human stern.

Even the guards at the concentration camps had noted some presence in him and they explained it in their own way, and despite the fact that they were often merciless in their treatment of him, yet in their own hearts they respected him. Those very guards, though imbued with the false principles of Communism, felt their own lack of God in their contact with Father Walter. Two groups manifested this but with unlike reactions. One group felt a reverential regard for this priest in whom God's presence was so prominent, and they respected him, even though because of fear of those over them they were forced to impose on him many an unfair treatment. The other group, disturbed by their own emptiness caused by casting out God from their hearts, retaliated by being most brutal in all their dealings with Father Walter. Only in eternity shall we learn the truth to how many souls his example brought the light of true faith.

No one can reach a stage of perfect human relationships, and such was the case of Father Walter; however, he made every effort to be most sensitive and understanding of the feelings of others. In fact, in the evil of the world he saw hope and not hopelessness. More than once he said to me, "God can draw much good from every evil." He saw value in every person that he counseled.

Father Walter simply instructed his clients to do their "lousy" best. This advice he also gave to me when I told him of my deficiencies in effort. He held great trust in the feeble efforts of his clients. He did strive with every resource that

he had to offer to have sinners do penance for the past, entrust the future to God, and to live peacefully in the present moment.

With the very sinful who showed much disturbance and hopelessness, he used simplicity and kindness to reach them. Father Walter often remarked that he did not belong to the "intelligentsia" and that his counseling coffer was a humble one, but he used it in full measure for he was assured that it was given to him by God and it held genuine strength of healing for needy souls. Yet, in his simple instructions, he was helping souls to think out hurts and sins in a Godly fashion instead of relying upon themselves.

Again, Father Walter advised his clients to do their "lousy" best in all their varied circumstances in life and then leave the success or failure in God's hands. He said that if anyone makes a habit of leaving all in God's hands then, without doubt, one will soon discover that he is leaving himself completely open to God's way of providing, and that is a basic requirement for making progress in holiness. He was able to convince others on this score for he carried his sanctity wherever he went, whether he was alone, in company, or in a large crowd. In fact this was most evident and spoken of by many. Each time he visited at our Villa here in Reading, PA, the very atmosphere was charged with his presence and even remained so for several days. Those nuns in particular who were more advanced in spirituality felt this in a more poignant way.

In his own case, Father Walter also realized how this complete giving of self into the hands of God freed him from the illusions he harbored prior to his conversion. This total dependence on God gave increase to both his faith and his love for God.

I was always edified by his freedom from anxiety. It was no smugness of an ever "all is well."

Attitude so I can let go of the reins to some extent. No, he struggled on from moment to moment, so completely surrendered to God, that he met success or failure with admirable acceptance. Faith kept giving him the conviction that love is the basic factor for every action. As Hosea (6,6) says, "It is steadfast love, not sacrifice, that God desires."

DECEASED – Nathan Hearn, Joseph Mills, Most Rev. Basil Schott, John Sekellick, Sr., Joe Paterno, Frank Russo, Sr., Stella Bayster, Dennis Cashion, Michael Yaroma, Rita Boran, Barbara Zampogna, Dr. Anthony Saraceni, Francis Muraczewski, Espn Murphy, and Gerald Oravitz.

HEALTH – Stanley Grabish, Theresa Buyarski's grandnephew, Larry Pryzblick, Dolores and Matthew Reeder & Family, Sandra Dierkes, Henrietta Wiktorowicz, Eugene and Joseph Chovanes, Robert Remauro, Victoria and Lindsay, and Grace Deissler.

SPECIAL INTENTIONS – Poslosky Family, Alicia and Frank Kyle, Eileen Poslosky, Mike Rauer and Family, Intentions of Ginny Rauer, Adelaide Sprague, Santini Servagno, Joanne Yaroma, Maria Moura, Benjamin Reiley, Danny and Veronica Auger, Albert/Kathleen and Amanda Nastasi, Lambert Haupt, Betty Richards, and Ainsworth Family.

*For all whose names were previously on our list, but who are still in need of our prayers; for all those who have requested prayers of the League; for all prayer league members, for all those who are praying through the intercession of Fr. Walter Ciszek; and for all who need our prayers.*

**MEMORIALS:** In memory of Gerald Oravitz by Rita Sherakas, and by Charles Gummey  
In memory of Matthew Sherakas by Rita Sherakas  
In memory of Barbara Zampogna by Joanne and Bob Frank  
In memory of Msgr. Francis Urbanowicz by Elizabeth Ziolkowska  
In memory of Frank Russo, Sr. requested by Nancy Santers Braddell

Happy Birthday Memorial in honor of Adelaide Sprague by Audrey, Frank, and Connie Kielbasa

In thanksgiving for Alicia Kyle and for the birth of Timothy Joshua Kyle requested by Frank and Krys Kyle

## Notes from Sister Doris

In this issue, we are pleased to present to all of our members a copy of John Usalis' article and pictures about Father Mark Lindeijer's visit to the Prayer League archives—where he found much valuable and helpful information.

We are lucky also to present articles by David Romero, SJ and Father Joseph Sands, SJ, and the letter from Mimi Lembo. And, happily, we can offer another meditation from Kathy Prieto. These certainly help to make our newsletter more interesting for you and relevant to our purpose of promoting the cause of Father Walter J. Ciszek.

In our last newsletter of 2011, we had urged all members to check your mailing label to update your membership for 2012 by April, if you wish to remain on our list and to continue receiving the newsletter. Rising costs of fees regarding the mailing of it have made it necessary to weed out the names and addresses of those we are not sure of because we have had no word from them.

May your Lenten season be profitable to your salvation, so that a truly happy Easter may follow.