

pressed by his courage, vitality and ability to adjust to a new life and culture."

Carl frequently expressed the need to be poor in order to serve the poor. One quote from a conference sums up his thought: "If you want to work among orphans you wouldn't go to the rich suburb, you would go to the slum section. And if you want to find Jesus, you will go among the poor—you will not find him among the rich. You have to find him among the poor. You have to become poor." (April 20, 1945)

The decision to leave Japan was not an easy one for Father Carl. He put it this way in his letter to Father Leonard Kosatka: "In very simple terms I see a need, in fact a great need here, and I would love to help in fulfilling this need. Actually I feel a very gut-level need to do what I can to fulfill this need here in the Philippines. That is it in a nutshell.

"My years in Japan, my commitment to this country? This is where it hurts. I know that if I am given permission to work here, I shall often miss Japan, our men in Japan, the many others and the Japanese whom I have grown to love. I also know that on occasion I shall have quasi-guilt feelings and wonder if I have/am doing the right thing. This causes me much consternation. Yet deep down, despite all this, I somehow feel that God is calling me to try it out here, and I feel that I should respond to His call."

As Carl left for the mountains of Mindanao we trust that Fuji-San smiled down upon him with a final blessing!

CHAPTER SEVEN

GAZING FROM AFAR ON THE MOUNTAIN OF JOY

In the remote mountains of Mindanao—1000 miles from Manila—Carl found his mountain of joy. Here he was truly fulfilling his ideal of a missionary among the poor, the exploited, the hungry. These are 250,000 of some of the world's poorest people. Certain tribes are only a generation removed from the stone age, the forgotten tribes of Mindanao. Passionists have worked among them for thirty years, especially Father Rex Mansmann at the Santa Cruz mission.

Father Carl would be working with the Bilaans at the Bolul Mission. Originally, these people were from Malaysia and had arrived here 1,200 years ago—in the year 800 A.D.!!! Long before Christopher Columbus discovered America. Until this mission was founded, they were illiterate and at the bottom of the scale—politically, economically. They had no social growth or integration into the larger picture of the Philippines.

Before going up into his "Mountains of Joy," Carl served as pastor of Our Lady of Peace and Good Voyage in General Santos City. It was in 1975. There were perhaps more than 50,000 people in the Dadiangas parish as it is commonly called. Here Carl was to serve while he patiently—or impatiently—waited to be sent up into the mountains.

Carl had also been waiting at the Manila airport for a plane to Mindanao, when he met his former Director, Father John Aelred Torisky. Father John was also going south to become

at long last a missionary. For three days the plane was delayed. John Aelred remembers how Carl was beside himself—climbing walls—driven to get to work among the Filipinos. At this time, the two of them were to be stationed only three miles apart, but John Aelred soon found out that the overriding desire of Carl was not to be a traditional parish priest in a well-established center, but to go to the mountains. Zeal is the one word, value, that John Aelred saw in his former student. Everything else was motivated by that.

Carl was to spend a couple of years in this “traditional” parish of General Santos. But it was obvious to John Aelred and everyone else that Carl felt called—as he felt the call in Detroit many years before—to go to the mountains—to the tribes of Mindanao. He wanted to bring them the church, Christ—but he wanted to bring them justice, human rights. John Aelred says he seethed with the injustices present. He was so outspoken. John adds with some awe this is what brought on his death.

Carl struck his fellow Passionists—and others—as a man who could care less about his health. Some nights he would walk the whole night through going to a hamlet in the mountains. He would sleep under a tree. He loved to rough it. According to John Aelred, once he went up the mountain, he felt totally free. He said to his former Director: I am so happy in the mountains! I wouldn't give it up to be a bishop!

Always he impressed John with his vision. For Carl, there were no Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos. He saw them all in what would be considered an outmoded, dated word today. He saw them as souls. This was the ultimate goal for Carl.

One year he was assisted by five Passionist Filipino students who were being trained in their pastoral year. One of them now ordained is Danilo Soriano.

Danilo recalls that although Carl really wanted to be on his own as a missionary, while pastor he worked for Justice and Peace. This was a definite program for him—he trusted more in faith that would bring about Justice and Peace rather than any trust in the military which he did not like.

He had a positive attitude to changes in the Church and loved the vernacular, Communion in the hand. He also became very proficient in the dialect which obviously was needed in celebrating Mass in the native tongue.

Carl was extremely pious and loved devotions to Our Lady especially the Rosary. He was always faithful to and fond of the breviary. Danilo says: He impressed me by saying—I want to pray. We must pray for everyone not just the Catholics. He especially prayed for non-Catholics when they were dying or had died.

People liked his simplicity. He loved the poor, was always at ease with them. He mixed freely with the poor and never had any airs of sophistication.

But he had great influence on the educated. He knew his need of them as well-trained catechists. Once he talked a teacher to come back to be a full-time catechist. She freely gave up her position to return to her native village due to the encouragement and pleas of Carl.

Danilo speaks of Carl as a very intense man. Probably the only form of recreation Carl took was to rise early each morning to jog. He also smoked. This was his way of relaxing. He never really entered into recreation for he was very work-oriented. Actually, he always seemed to want us to work and was not too pleased when we visited friends. He ate the food of the natives and as a result was often sick and at times had to be hospitalized.

One of Carl's favorite relaxations was swimming in the Sarangani Bay near the Passionist retreat house. He wrote to his sister, Marian, on February 16, 1976 as follows: “In

my last letter I believe I did mention that we have been having some fabulous swims during the past few weeks. I hope it will be the same tomorrow, my day off. I often think about you, John, as I am floating around, and how you would enjoy such swims. Usually I go way out where it is about sixty feet deep. Depending on the current, or rather the tide, there is about a six feet deep shelf extending out from our beach for about 300 yards, and then it drops off abruptly. As I am swimming out to the deep water it seems as if some of the coral is going to scrape my chest. That is how clear the water has been. And that coral is at least six feet deep. Floating out in the deep water I can see Dadiangas in the distance to the north, and the roof of our Church here. Looking toward our beach you see coconut palms and banana trees and bougainvillea bushes in a riot of color, with a small fishing village to the south. Very relaxing. Usually in the afternoon a strong wind springs up and makes the water very choppy. Best swimming is in the morning."

At Easter he wrote about the Passion Play and Good Friday: "Big thing is the Passion Play to be staged tomorrow, Saturday evening, and Sunday evening here at our Parish Center. Tremendous amount of preparation and practice. We did have the Passion Play last year also. A cast of sixty, plus stage managers, lights, costume, make-up people, et al. This year it is being staged for the support of our Passionist Seminarians, in place of the usual Sunday collection taken up for that purpose. Only two Pesos for general admittance, which is the equivalent of about twenty-five cents, U.S. currency. Of course we are hoping for some sponsors who will donate a larger amount: five, ten, twenty, and a few maybe even fifty Pesos. It is being staged by our Community Dramatics Guild, a non-sectarian organization of the Parish. The directors are Sister Danielle, one of the parish team, and Mr. Bing Santos, one of our men. They had the dress rehearsal the other night—quite colorful. Sound system will cost five hundred Pesos, and we hope it is adequate. Our parish center is just a big barn of a place. The

acoustics are miserable. And then there is the competition with all the motorcycles and broken down trucks that roar past the building, plus the noise of the kids, etc. We hope we will have a good turn-out. Lots of fear in the hearts of the people. Couple weeks ago another grenade thrown. This time into the midst of a group of people kneeling outside reciting the block-rosary. Luckily the grenade began to role down an incline, so the people did not get the full blast. One young girl, seventeen years old, was killed, and thirteen were wounded. We have been doing a lot of investigating, and it seems like it was the result of a labor battle. At first we thought it might have been rebel terrorists. But still in all, the people are apprehensive of gathering together in the evening in a public place. We will have a lot of security, and all will be frisked before they will be allowed to enter. But our numbers will most likely be affected."

"We are doing some painting in the Church. Very high Church. Right now the painter is working on the decorative wooden paneling around the big crucifix behind the main Altar. It is beginning to look nice. We also have to do some painting all around the back wall of the sanctuary. Before that, our Stations of the Cross will be taken down and the frames repainted. These are used in the Plaza for the public Way of the Cross on Good Friday late afternoon. Different families take care of each Station and decorate it for the occasion. Good Friday is a mob scene here. At least 20,000 or 30,000 come throughout the day and night—wow! In the afternoon the seven last words, general absolution service, and Good Friday Liturgy in the Cebuano dialect are in the huge parish center. The men handle this under the direction of Father Nonito. In the Church the services are held in Tagalog, which will eventually become the national language. Then around 4:00 p.m. all, or a great number of them, go across the road to the Plaza for the Way of the Cross. In the meantime other thousands are adoring the Cross in the Church and parish center, with the Knights of Columbus trying to keep order. This goes on till close

to midnight. After the Way of the Cross there is the public procession throughout the city. The people have their own statues which they bring for the occasion and put on extravagantly decorated carts: life-size statue of Christ crowned with thorns, the Man of Sorrows; life-size statue of the prone Christ in the tomb; and life-size statue of Our Lady of Sorrows. I often wonder where the people keep these statues during the year. Easter Sunday is an anticlimax, and just the ordinary Sunday faithful come. Lots of work to be done."

Nicholas Gill, another Passionist, was in the Philippines from 1973 to 1982 in the role of Master of Novices. It was his office to train the new novices. He, however, had met Carl in Japan years before while giving priests retreats. Nicholas also knew Carl when he attended the Asian Pastoral Institute while on his sabbatical from Japan. It was here that Carl became intrigued with Filipino Catholicism. He was overwhelmed with the devout, warm religion of the people which in time he came to love and revel in. After the years in Japan with their more formal and intellectual ways, Carl seemed to find a home at last—with memories of Ensley and his years with the out-going Blacks. The expression of Catholicism was certainly different from Japan and then again Carl confessed to Nick that there seemed less a need of God as that country became more wealthy reaching the rank of a first world country.

This intense desire to live a life of poverty caused great pain to Carl. He insisted on going to a Filipino dentist who had rather primitive equipment—in fact a foot pedal was used to activate her drill. As a result Carl's teeth were ruined. Later Carl said his tolerance level for pain was high, but the problems with his teeth went far too high even for him. He went to her to save money, but paid dearly for it.

Certainly the dynamic Catholicism of the Philippines fulfilled something in his priesthood that he needed. Yet at the same time he would tell the Filipino how well the Japa-

nese did things as compared to the rather haphazard lifestyle on his mission. This did not always sit well with the Filipinos.

Father Nicholas, like all who speak of Carl, recalls his ascetic way of life. He was rigid with himself, hard on others. He did not seem able to enjoy life. Whenever he took it easy, he deemed it necessary to give reasons, to rationalize his so-called weakness. Nick recalls that whenever he took the Jeep to town instead of walking he always seemed to have to apologize for this human indulgence.

In a letter of December 7, 1981, Carl relates the "horrors" of his dental experiences: "On Monday of last week I finally had the remaining five teeth, or three teeth and two imbedded roots, pulled. I figured I had some time because of our Presbyterium Meeting. The dentist always has a hard time pulling my teeth. She pulled all three or five at one time. Took a good hour and a half. Two of them were badly abscessed. Nobody knew I had these teeth pulled because I went right along with the entire schedule of the Meeting and subsequent activities. But I did beg out of a very difficult and rugged climb on Saturday of last week. Just did not have the pep. Actually the whole upper jaw and that side of my face and head have been giving me a bit of trouble. I have been blessed with a high tolerance of pain, but this had been getting me down. Then too I did not take the medicines prescribed by the dentist, thinking I was too busy and did not want to be impeded. Maybe Mother Nature has been kicking back because of that. On Monday, the 14th, I am supposed to go back (the dentist's office is in Dadiangas—she is good but she has only rudimentary equipment—what she lacks in this regard she makes up with TLC), leave my upper plate with her overnight and then pick up the completed full upper plate on Tuesday, the 15th. I guess I will have to live on baby food while I am sans upper teeth. Right now I am wondering if the gums will be ready. They are still swollen and very tender and open."

Carl would often come down to the novitiate for R & R—demanded by his superiors under the strictest orders of obedience. Over the years Father Nick found in Carl a soul brother. One of the most beautiful times for both of them would be in the early hours of the morning (before the novices woke up). There in the silence of dawn the two of them would sit outside with their coffee sharing the serenity and peace of the spiritual life. From this rich relationship in God and in the spirit of the Congregation, Father Nick came to see in Carl what was his dominant value: a Priest Missionary.

Father Robert Engle was in the Philippines from 1969 to 1975. His job most of the time was that of Procurator—he kept the mission going financially—paying the bills. As such, he was in a unique position to observe Carl's lifestyle. Father Robert recalls how Carl as pastor had 12,000 in his parish—there would be fifty baptisms a week all lined-up at the communion rail. To assist him five Passionists in training were sent to his parish with Carl as a kind of over-seer in introducing them into ministry. In itself, this was quite a responsibility. Carl was never known to show prejudice—one can almost forget that Carl was an American working among Filipinos, but was always fair and just with his students in formation.

In the midst of all his work at the parish, he was suddenly asked to give the seminarians' retreat for the Diocese. He dropped everything and went—only to find himself in a hornet's nest. Revolution was in the air. One way that Carl dealt with this was by having a day of prayer—with no discussion or social gospel planning. In fact the seminary was closed the following year.

Carl wrote of this retreat in his letter of December 10, 1976. "The director of these men and I were talking yesterday and he was a bit concerned about what he thought was a free and easy retreat spirit of many of the young fellows. So today, or rather at supper last night, we took up a con-

sensus of opinion and decided to have perfect silence all day. They did quite well. At 5:30 p.m. they make their Promise of Celibacy, and then we have our Mass, at which I will again give the Homily. Just spent at least an hour and a half combing the library books and periodicals. Was looking for something about the "Joyful Celibate." Came up with practically nothing. So I guess I'll have to make my own. Maybe because I at times get so tied up with our tremendous load of work and often feel anything but joyousness, the need for joy in our priestly life is a very big realization deep down in my heart. Hence at the sharing of Peace during the Mass I will invariably request the people—'with a very warm smile let us offer each other the sign of peace, joy and reconciliation,' and at the end of the Mass I exhort them, 'the Mass is ended; let us go with peace and joy to serve the Lord in our fellow men'."

Robert remembers once when he was in Chicago for fundraising he contacted Carl who was at home on rest. He asked Carl to help him in finding contacts in Chicago. Carl dropped everything taking time out from his own rest. Actually, Carl could have used these contacts for himself, but with great generosity spent the day with Robert going on the far south side of Chicago knocking on doors.

Carl always felt more at home in the mountains. As the result of his sleeping on floors, the result of years of life in the rugged mountains and the jolting of his land rover, Carl had to have back surgery.

As Procurator, Frank Robert was in charge of such emergencies and pleaded with Carl to go to Los Angeles for the operation. Carl would have none of it—he wanted to be treated just like any struggling Filipino. He ended up in a fifty-bed hospital in a room that horrified Father Robert. Bob set wheels in motion and at least got him an air-conditioned room with some amenities attached.

Blood was needed. Europeans in the Philippines had set up a blood bank for just such emergencies, since the blood