My darling Mother,

Sunday morning and a beautiful day again. We have had the most wonderful weather on this trip. How could you imagine. We all decided yesterday that we would go to Mass this morning. Chuck said something about it to that Brother Anthony, the Franciscan Monk. I was telling you about before, and he said he would give us a couple of the orations in English so that we would not feel altogether lost. That man is a peach in spite of the fact that he is a monk. He has more fun in him than any body else on the boat and he is broad-minded enough to admit that the final unity between us and the Catholics has got to come through Christ and not through the Church. Most Catholics, of course, believe that there is no unity in fact, no hope for you at all except through Their own Church.

But in as much as Brother Anthony is a new intellectual individual, he will admit the fallacy in that belief. Mass is at nine o'clock and it is about seven minutes of nine now. I did not go to breakfast this morning, as that is how it happens that I have a minute to write in the morning. Daddy actually wrote me up to-day at 7:20. I've decided I'm eating too much and ought not have eggs for a change. Mass is over. I turn it now. One last man could get as many clothes on as that bishop did today. He put on silk lining on after another and lace galore. Some things had all sorts of curious and some didn't. It took two men to get him all dressed up and he had to have some of the articles before putting them on and some he didn't. I wonder if he doesn't ever get mixed up and wear the wrong things. Some one got to me an English translation but the Bishop mumbled his Latin in such a rapid undertone that I

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could even guess when he was. But it didn't make any difference for I read the mass through as my leisure. It is very beautiful I think and I think all for the life of me why the priest take such beautiful thoughts and chew them over in a Latin monologue I suppose They think Latin a more dignified reverential language but to me a pleasant reading with some expression and meaning would be far more reverential.

They would all not miss us and didn't seem to mind our coming to their Church. One woman which upon giving me the chair and the stand on her knee for the whole service. I think I'd never been rude if I were a Catholic. In spite of their bad pace and monkey incense I found it quite possible to communion with them. The father was a very sensible and I might even call it inspirational walk after the part through fluffling around and I felt real moral just as though I were listening to a sermon and by the time they had sing a couple of very pretty hymns I felt almost as though I were in Church. After all I'm not nearly as prejudiced against the Catholics as I use to be because I really believe they some of them actually worship more than we do. All that's old does I suppose them from taking the service too much as a matter of course or at least unfixed to do. Their minds are fixed on worship by the various ceremonies they go through although not six to a few and think of all sorts of things before the sermon begins. Of course one thing is so lightly of that depicts? We can't think of anything much while it's going on.

Well Jones Lewis never giving me the dot called me wicked. I suppose for writing a letter on Sunday but she doesn't know that the whole letter is about Church. Poor Peter I'll write you a good letter some day.

Your penitent and affectionate
Teddy.