

Mediteranean

March 22, 1925.

My darling Mother,

Sunday morning and a beautiful day again. We have had the most wonderful weather on this trip you could ever imagine. We all decided yesterday that we would go to Mass this morning. Hutch said something about it to that Brother Anthony, the Franciscan Monk I was telling you about before, and he said he would give us copies of the mass 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 very intelligent 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 so that is how it happens that I have a minute to write in the morning. Buddy actually woke me up to-day at 7:20. I've decided I'm earning too much so I cut out ham & eggs for a change. Mass is over. I never knew one lone man could get as many clothes on as that bishop did to-day. He put one silk thing on after another and lace galore. Some things had sleeves and some did not. It took two men to get him all dressed up and he had to kiss some of the articles before putting them on and some he did not. I wonder if he does not ever get mixed up and kiss the wrong thing. Some one got for me an English translation but the bishop mumbled his latin in such a rapid undertone that I never

(2) could even guess where he was. But it didn't make any difference for I read the mass through at my leisure. It is very beautiful I think and I don't see for the life of me why the priests take such beautiful thoughts and chime them over in a Latin monotone. I suppose they think Latin a more dignified, reverential language. But to me a decent reading with some expression and meaning would be far more reverential.

They were all very nice to us and didn't seem to mind our coming to their mass. One woman insisted upon giving me her chair and she stood on her knees for the whole service. I think I'd wear knee pads if I were a Catholic. In spite of their glad rage and monkey business I found it quite possible to worship with them. The bishop gave a very sensible and I might even call it inspirational talk after he got through fiddling around and I felt real natural just as though I was listening to a sermon and by the time they had sung a couple of very pretty hymns I felt almost as though I were in church. After all I'm not nearly so prejudiced against the Catholics as I used to be because I really believe they (some of them) actually worship more than we do. All that soldiery prevents them from taking the service too much as a matter of course as we are unflinched to do. Their minds are pinched on worship by the various ceremonies they go through while we sit in a pew and think of all sorts of things before the sermon begins. Of course our choir is a big help in that respect? We can't think of anything much while it is going off.

Well Honey Bunch. Harriet going by the door 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.