









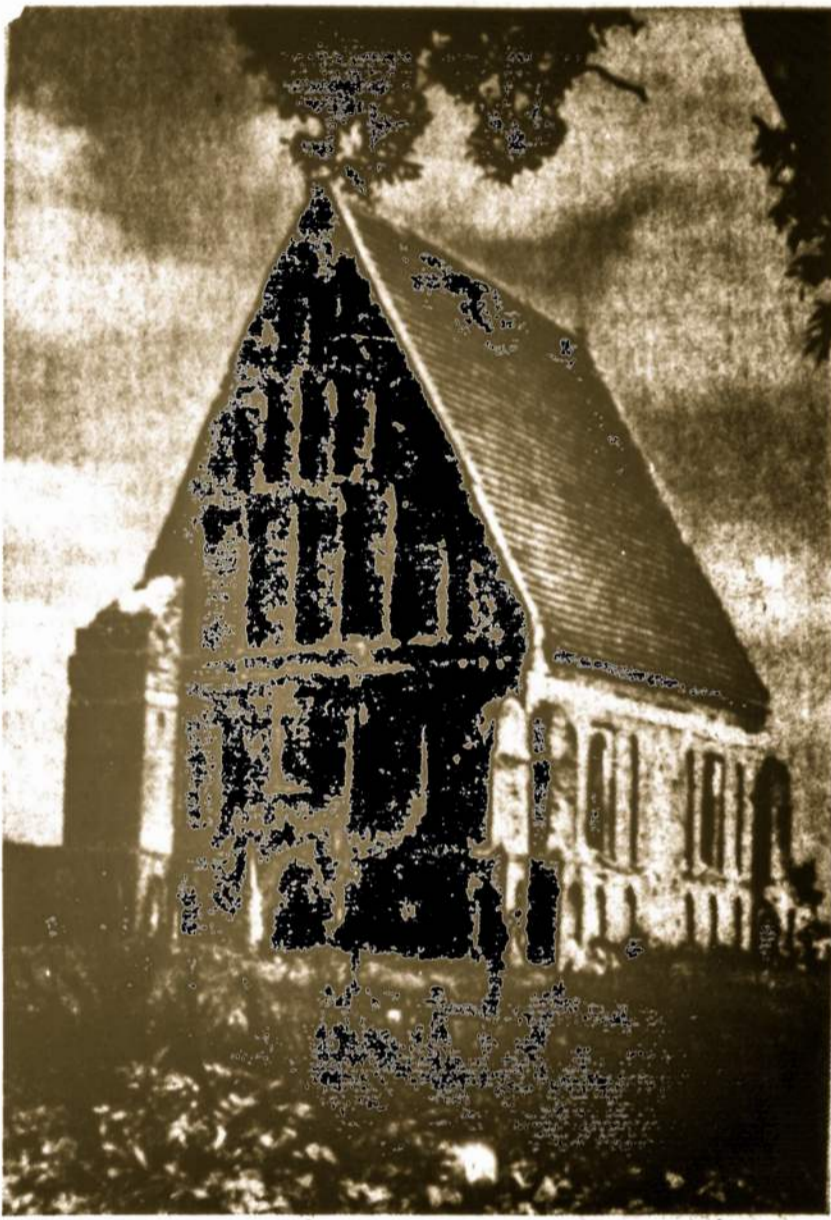
GARSAS • Lithuanian N.C. Alliance of America

English Section

Edited by P. P. CINIKAS, M.I.C.

THE CHURCH OF SILENCE

BY PAUL GABRIS



The oldest church in Lithuania at Zapyskis

"With a bruised heart, I Implore You (Holy Babe), cut short the days of our trials. If you wish a sacrifice, take it from me, but give me the courage and fortitude of the martyrs. Amen."

Those girls express the spirit of all Christian peoples of the present day Church of Silence, suffering the persecutions of the Soviets. Bishops, priests, enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain and you my dear listeners are resolved that those girls and thousands of other prisoners suffering in wastelands of Siberia will not give up their Faith. Today, we are gathered together to pray that the time of their suffering will be shortened and that

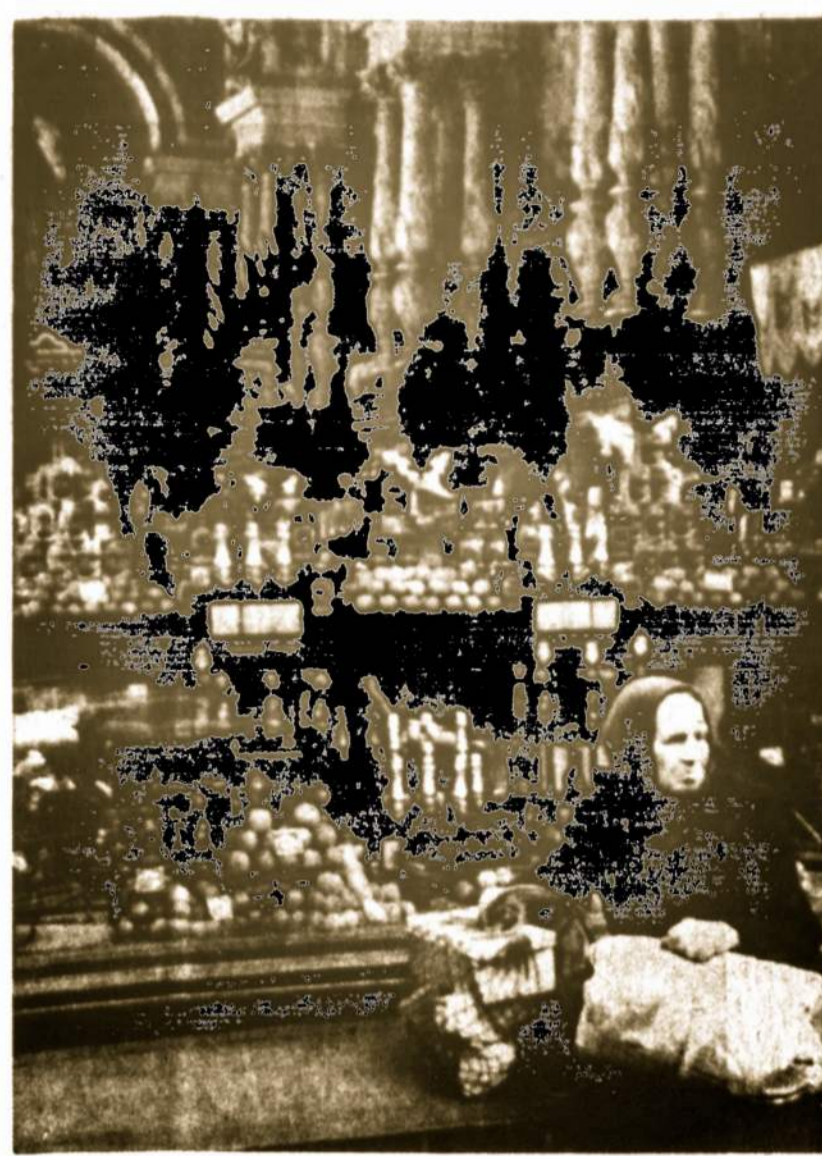
their persecutors will be banished from this earth.

This spirit of determination was expressed by the example of the saintly Archbishop Theophilus Matulionis of Kausedoriai. Of the 62 years of his priesthood, he spent 4 years under nazism and 28 under communism (24 of them in Soviet jails). And in those 24 years of suffering in Soviet prison, Archbishop Matulionis equaled and at times outdid those of Yugoslavia's Aloisius Cardinal Stepinac, Czechoslovakia's Josef Cardinal Beran and Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, a refugee in the American Legation at Budapest. Arch. Matulionis died in occupied Lithuania on Aug. 20th 1963.

Many things will be related to the Church of Silence in Lithuania. The Christians suffering for their religion behind the Iron Curtain are undergoing the same trials because the same cruel masters in Moscow give the orders and set the tempo of persecution throughout the Soviet world. No one occupied nation is treated more leniently than another. The Soviet hate for Christ is the same in all nations that they have conquered. The atheistical commands are the same for all nations in their Union of Socialistic States.

According to a National Catholic Welfare Conference news bulletin of June 9, 1963 from Berlin: "The priests in Lithuania are very active among the young people. They organize choirs, orchestras and athletic events. These priests also speak out as advocates of patriotism and national interests. They try to retain the frequency of pilgrimages to traditional shrines. The atheistic organ claims that the pilgrimages of these shrines, for instance to the chapel of Our Lady of Vainia, bring large incomes to the priests. Therefore the clergy try to organize new centers of miracles."

This same news source makes the report that in all of the Soviet Union there are but four Roman Catholic archdioceses: Vilnius and Kaunas in Lithuania; Riga, Latvia; and Mohilev, Belorussia. And the same source from the N.C.W.C. quotes makes this further statement: There is no Roman Catholic Episcopate in the Soviet Union, neither on a



Many of the churches in Russia have been converted into market places.

countrywide scale nor in the individual union republics. Apostolic administrators head the metropolitan chanceries. They participated in the first session of the Vatican Council.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1959, His Holiness, Pope John, issued a letter to the bishops of Lithuania upon the occasion of the 350th anniversary of the death of the saintly Merkeliis Giedraitis, one of the first and foremost bishops of Lithuania. In this letter His Holiness correctly appraises the situation of the Catholic Church in Lithuania and the other nations behind the Iron Curtain.

"We know well the difficult times you are living in and we sincerely appreciate your sufferings. For many years now, the Catholic Church in your beloved country is experiencing many severe difficulties: the bishops and priests cannot perform their duties and the faithful are not able to practice their Christian religion."

"The shepherds of your Church are exiled from their country or are not allowed to live in their dioceses; far from their faithful they are not able to work freely or to perform

their parochial duties. Many priests and more of the faithful have been exiled or thrown into prisons where they have died because of broken health and sufferings for their fidelity to the Faith and the Truths of their Holy Mother the Church. Your religious are dispersed, their properties and monasteries have been confiscated; Catholic Action societies have been banned, their schools have been closed and they have opened others that not only forbid the teaching of Christian Truths but extol and propagate atheism; civil authorities have burdened the freedom of the Church with many obstacles and difficulties; newspapers, magazines and Christian periodicals which the faithful edited so wisely and successfully have been silenced long ago and they are missed sadly."

What His Holiness, the late Pope John XXIII, stated in a general way can be detailed with the following figures: more than 700 priests were carted off to Siberia or suffered in Soviet prisons; about 800 priests remain in the country, but most of them are hindered in their work and cannot be active; at one time

there were 425 seminarians in the four seminaries, but now only 35 are studying theology in the one seminary allowed to stay open; 924 sisters have been turned out of their convents and their properties confiscated; 726 rectories and 149 churches have been destroyed and 572 others have been nationalized and are being used for other purposes. That is but a short list of the damage done to the flourishing Church of Lithuania.

During the past few years, newspapers in Lithuania have been mentioning the inroads of a few Protestant sects upon the population of Lithuania. To combat this influence, the official newspapers have been urging the Soviet citizens to use "methods of persuasion and by ideological influence". When parents are found teaching their children religion, the Department of Education in Vilnius sets out to sue the parents to deprive them of their rights as parents.

Then too, the Soviets are warning the people about the newest type of pastoral activity that is found in Lithuania.

They say: "Priests are using a new approach to the people. Now-a-days the priests can fashion a cap, plane a table, play music at picnics, paint pictures. There are others that can solder a pot, fashion a scapulary, repair petroleum cooking stoves, cure animals and boils, glaze windows, repair motorcycles and are regular jacks of nine trades. But the worst thing about these priests is this: they

make photostats of holy pictures and distribute them to the people."

During the 15th century all of Lithuania was taken over by the Calvinists. Where the people did not embrace Calvinism, the landed gentry of that date resorted to force: they attacked the Catholics, robbed them and even burned their churches or confiscated their properties.

In 1608 some young shepherds were watching their flocks in a field near the little town of Siluva, when they suddenly saw an apparition: it was Our Lady; she was standing there on a rock and silently weeping. The children told their parents about the apparition and after much doubt, the neighbors and a Calvinist preacher gathered at the rock. Our Lady again appeared and when she was questioned why she was weeping, she answered: "Formerly my dearly beloved Son was worshipped on this spot, now this soil is given over to the plowman and the sower."

That event sparked the return of Lithuania to Catholicism. The people never again wavered in their faith. They are being sorely tried in the ways of their Faith at this time by the persecution of the Soviets.

Lithuania has Our Lady as its protectress and she will not fail her people. The sparks of Faith will somehow remain alive and Mary will provide the incidents and the circumstances of freedom for the Faith of the People.

(Cont. page 6, col. 6)



Many shrines, graves and crosses have been erected in Lithuania in memory of the freedom fighters. Gradually all of them have been destroyed. The above is a picture of shrine before it was destroyed.

THE FLICKERING CANDLE

Jozas Gruzas

Translated by: F. JOHN MOTEIKIS

For a long time I wanted to write a diary and to enter but one event. At last, with trembling fingers, I picked up my pen and began to write this ridiculously short entry. That which I shall describe here was by no means an adventurous experience. Petty and indescribable circumstances made it a tragically depressing trial. This event represented the complete concentration of our tiny family's fate and character into one hour, one tiny iota of time. An iota of time more actual than my forty meaningless years of life. My father owned a two hundred fifty acre farm and had large sums of money. He was of average build, a stubborn character with an unusual propensity for riches. People used to say, "Rupeika has a head," but they feared him like fire.

My saintly mother, like some unearthly bird, had long flown from our nest. She was a very frail plant from a distant clime that had been transplanted into this hardy soil, but had never taken root. Soon she de-

parted again for heaven, leaving her shell to rot here in the earth.

Of the Rupeika family only the two of us remained. Rarely did both of us meet: rarely did we converse seated at the oak table in the old drawing room. However, after every meeting, after every talk, sorrow and darkness engulfed my soul.

When I returned to study, father would walk about the large farm, alone, heavy-hearted, hated by the servants and avoided by his neighbors. In the spacious rooms of the large house musty pictures cast long shadows and oppressive silence reigned.

Once I had to return to talk over some family matters. It was autumn — a rainy, windy and dreary day. On such a fall day as I listened to the wind, I imagined someone's fate, heard some being complaining, moaning, crying...

Father and I sat in the drawing room. The autumn wind howled and screamed in pain. The flames of the candles on the window sill darted about like yellow butter-

flies. Large striped shadows played in the drawing room. Outside darkness reigned — like eternal death.

Father was silent and thoughtful as he gloomily puffed on his pipe.

I was also deep in thought, immersed in myself, and gazed into the darkness outlined by the white window frames. In my heart a certain secret restlessness sprang up and played. In this silence fraught with an air of expectancy, I seemed to hear with spiritual ears vague, distant echoes and I felt lonely. It seemed as if someone would knock at the heavy oak doors, enter with a smiling face, with merry words of greeting that would clear the shadows of gloom, make conversation flow and free each one from self-depression.

"Such a night... fit only for thieves...", father finally spoke shaking his head as though talking to himself.

"Oh, yes... Such a night only arouses sadness..."

Again we became silent and listened to the ceaseless crying of the wind. The drawing room was gloomy and cold, although the large stove had burned half the day.

"On a night like this Petro-

nis storeroom was torn away.

Even dogs can't feel anything on such a night. If you meet a thief... shoot him on the spot!... worse than a mad dog!..."

"But there are the courts..." "Owls' naps, not courts. Shoot a thief like a mad dog!"

He squeezed his pipe in his hands, while his deeply sunken eyes flamed.

I became more uncomfortable and flushed.

We were silent. Deep wrinkles creased father's brow.

The wind cracked tree branches, whistled under the eaves, cried beneath the windows.

Like the crying wind, a deep sadness flew in from a distant place...

I was silent and thoughtful as I bowed my head. I tried to enumerate the virtues, but sadness weighed me down.

Father moved restlessly, he wasn't finished yet, he wanted to say more, to convince me.

Now more calmly, he explained:

"If you shoot a robber — you are not responsible either to God or to man. Honest people will only thank you and God won't punish you. God permits self-defense... And you must defend yourself, you must! How you sweat and worry un-

til you raise an animal or save a cent. You rejoice in it... It is your only comfort... Then, while you sleep, rest after the day's work, a thief sneaks in and steals your fortune, your only comfort."

He spoke sincerely, with feeling. Now, you could not disagree with him. He looked for me to agree, to confirm his words.

Each time he spoke, explained a thing, he longed very much for my agreement. That was his greatest desire. As if purposely, almost always I had to disappoint him. He would have begged my agreement, my moral support, had his pride permitted. But I could not... He was always alone, had no one to speak to... He gave only instructions, orders and accepted humiliations.

I was the worst son in the world.

"A thief can always be tied up," I said forcing this completely unnecessary conversation.

"Dolls can be tied up!" he cut me off angrily, dissatisfied with my thinking. "Look what happened to Simkus... He was a fine man... He tried to tie up a thief, but the thief stabbed with a knife and Simkus grabbed for his stomach.

There... Holding back his insides with his hands, he managed to stagger into the house... The next day he died..."

Suddenly he began to shake and grabbed his chest.

"My drops... There, over there."

Quickly I gave him the drops for his heart attack. After taking the medicine, he rested his head on the high back of the chair. With his eyes on the ceiling, he gasped for breath. He was amazingly patient.

I felt very sorry for father and wanted to help him, but I knew that each suggestion, each idea of mine would bounce off him like from the hardest rock. Even the suggestion that he seek good doctors was summarily dismissed. It seemed to him a senseless waste of money. He listened to the words of others only when they agreed with his own opinion.

"Why did you begin to talk needlessly of such awful things? It's bad for you." I decided to warn him.

He was quiet for a long time. Then, as if he hadn't heard my warning, he said:

"It passed." "I was afraid." "You are too fearful."

I just shrugged my shoulders. I felt deeply pained at the unfounded insinuations he made. I saw clearly how he always purposely tried to humble my tolerance, even my sympathy, if I had any. My tolerance was his greatest fear, especially since he did not know how to fight it.

Unable to bear his torturing dissatisfaction, his guile, I finally asked:

"Father, why are you so dissatisfied with me today?"

He paled at my sudden candor and two sharp furrows dug deeply into his forehead.

He looked at me for a while, thoughtfully, then said: "I did not expect my son to plot against me with a neighbor." And he laughed angrily.

"I don't understand." "You talked with Stankus today, didn't you?" "I spoke to him."

"I spoke to him." "Ah, so you wanted to defend yourself."

"Stankus asked to have the auction postponed." "And you promised?"

"I promised to try. A family with small children can't be thrown out on the street."

(Cont. next page, col. 1)

## LATIN IS NOT SO OLD

J. Aistis

The Lithuanian language, like the Latin language, is a member of the Indo-European family. It is noted for the fact that it has preserved the oldest known word forms and sounds. The oldest remnants of the Greek and Latin language are more evolved than the corresponding Lithuanian words that are in daily use at the present time. For example, let us examine some primitive word endings:

Lithuanian: — as; Latin: — us; Greek: — os; Sanskrit: — ah. We see that the Lithuanian language has preserved not only the original vowel of the ending, but also the consonant, which even in Sanskrit remains only in the form of an aspirate. For this reason, in comparative linguistics, Lithuanian word forms are of great importance because it is from them that we can reconstruct the parent Indo-European language from which flow all the living and dead Indo-European languages.

Language is a living thing and in a continuous state of change. This change is twofold — in words forms and in vocabulary. The word forms tend toward simplification while the vocabulary either becomes obsolete or takes on new meanings or connotations. At the same time new words must be borrowed or coined to express new ideas or objects.

The word iron will serve as illustration. Nearly every language of the Indo-European family expresses this term differently. The reason for this lack of similarity is that iron was not discovered until after the Indo-European nations had become dispersed and were living as separate groups. So we conclude that by the time that iron was discovered, the language of each of the members of the Indo-European family had evolved its own independent status.

Thus when we compare languages which arise from a common source we find some words which are very similar and some which are entirely different. The reason for this is that some languages either had no need for such words or, because of changed living conditions, lost the original words. When a need arose for such words, they either coined new

ones or borrowed them from their neighbors. Under such circumstances, even though the word was borrowed from a related language, often it was so deformed that only an expert philologist could recognize the relationship. In very early times — before the advent of written language — the common people had a tendency to corrupt the borrowed word according to their own fancy. That is, they adapted the borrowed word to the sounds and endings of their own language. Sometimes, too, this corruption of words was brought about directly by a so-called "popular etymology," since the masses had an aversion for using unintelligible terms. Such was the process in olden times and the same is true in our own times in respect to borrowed words.

Philology, however, attempts to reconstruct even the corrupted words and to find norms according to which these changes took place. By this method even the corrupted words and sounds are traced to their original forms and sounds. We notice, for example, that in various Indo-European languages the same words have different sounds: Latin — frater and fores; Lithuanian — brolis ir durys. So we conclude that the Latin f sound has evolved either from b or d. We can apply this same principle to other languages, even to the English language, but with this difference, that with the aid of the Lithuanian language we can reconstruct even the oldest word forms.

In examining the evolution of languages we pay special attention to the accented and initial syllables because it is these syllables which are pronounced with greater care and as a result best preserve the original sounds.

Thus, in comparing, the Latin and Lithuanian languages we find that the primitive a sound has become, in the open syllables, an o in Latin —

Lithuanian	Latin
avis — ovis	
ratas — rota	
naktis — nox (noctis)	
a(n)sa — ansa (handle)	
angstas — angustus	
edu — edo	
jungas — jugum	

better not to lend at all?" I added.

"Stankus kissed my hands. He needed the money."

"Yes, Stankus needed the money, because all of his buildings had burned down."

That was worse, much, much worse! . . .

Outside the wind sobbed miserably, great sorrow and fear were in the air.

Was there any honesty in the world?

There is honesty, there is! Many outstretched hands were shouting it.

There is honesty, there is!

My spirit was engulfed in a strange light, my face quivered as if buffeted about by the wind, my gaze was frozen and could not move. The flames of the candles spread out into a large circle of light. In deep silence, I felt time passing.

Then fear came upon me. A strange inner fear that grew and became stronger. I fell into an inexpressible gloom. It seemed that there just beyond the wall someone would laugh inhumanly, and I could not hold out.

The flames of the candles flickered and danced about.

The Most Reverend Anthony Deksnys, D.D., Bishop of the Lithuanian Community in Europe, is shown visiting with the children of the February 16th School in Germany. Bishop Deksnys has been visiting all of the Lithuanian communities of Europe and bringing them much needed help. His work can be supported through the offices of the Lithuanian Catholic Religious Aid, Inc., 64-09 56th Rd., Maspeth, N.Y. 11378, — where Fr. S. Raiba conducts the affairs of the relief activities. Bishop Deksnys was formerly pastor of Immaculate Conception parish, E. St. Louis, Ill.

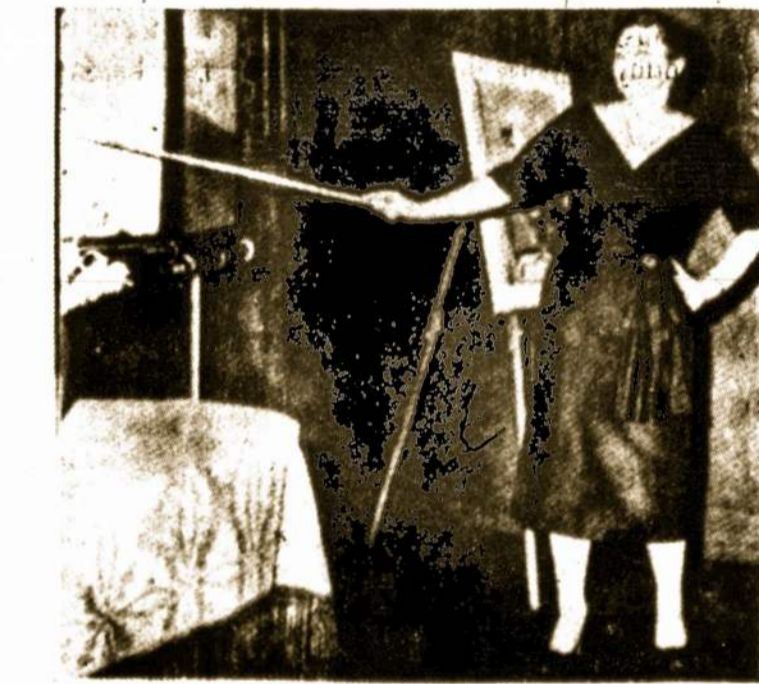


Richard Daley, Mayor of Chicago, presents the first Lithuanian Plaza marker to Frank Savickas, Illinois State Representative. These markers will denote the extent of Lithuanian Plaza in the Marquette Park area of Chicago, where thousands of Lithuanians reside. The presentation of the marker ends the serious campaign to have the area dedicated to the community.

barzda — barba
dievas — deus
kas — quis
mirtis — mors (mortis)
senis — senex
trys — tres
vyras — vir (vir)

These few points tend to confirm the following statements:

"The Lithuanian language is more ancient than Greek, Latin, German, Celtic and the Slav tongues. It belongs to the Indo-European and is the nearest idiom to Sanskrit. The resemblance, indeed, is so close that Lithuanian peasants can understand Sanskrit sentences pronounced by scholars. Hence philologists generally agree that Lithuanian is the most ancient of all the living languages. A remarkable feature of Lithuanian is also the fact that it has as much likeness to Greek and Latin as to Sanskrit."



Dr. Marija Gimbutas. Her story is in next column.

Father looked at me. His face was heavy.

I tried to stand up, but did not yet have the strength. I was silent for a moment as my consciousness steadily increased.

After some time in a voice that still shook, I said:

"Perhaps I should light the candle."

"No, it's not necessary. I'm going to bed now," my father replied calmly.

He arose and went out.

I regained my spiritual balance.

Now it seemed very strange to me that I had been moved by such a trifle.

I paced the drawing room for a long time. I tried to analyze my strange life, look at it, as it were, from the outside. I blamed this experience on frayed nerves.

And I would have forgotten all this, if not for another painful incident. That night I went to sleep with a foreboding of some strange secret fear.

In the morning, while still abed, I received some bad news — father was dead. He was found stiffened in bed. Apparently he died from a

sudden heart attack during the night.

All the events of the previous evening passed in review before my eyes. Father's unexpected death became still more painful and awful.

I went to town, told the pastor about father's death and asked that the bells be rung for his soul. Then I went to the bailiff and called off the auction of Stankus' farm and relinquished all claims to the debt.

Lo, I have completed my only composition, have set aside my pen and am deep in thought. Man's fate is so trivial — like a child playing on the edge of an abyss.

The Widener Library, Harvard University, sponsored a rare exhibit of Lithuanian and Latvian history and culture during the entire Christmas season. All books and exhibits were from the library files and showed many rare historical items. Valde Simis, from the Latvian community, Stase Cibené and Vida Margaitiené, from the Lithuanian community were responsible for the choice of exhibits. All are members of the Harvard University staff.

## DR. M. GIMBUTAS RECEIVES NEW HONORS

Dr. Marija Gimbutas, Professor of Archaeology in the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA), is praised again by one of the leading Los Angeles daily papers for her archaeological excavations in Greece and Yugoslavia.

This time it is the California Living Magazine section of the Sunday issue of Herald-Examiner (Nov. 23) that honors her with the article *Probing Civilization's Past*, written by Camilla Snyder.

Last summer at Sarajevo, Dr. M. Gimbutas unearthed a Neolithic settlement of the earliest farming cultures of Europe. Professor Gimbutas says: "We found grain on each level, we found graves, many ovens for baking bread". Some of the treasures which Dr. M. Gimbutas and her team excavated became the property of UCLA. Marija Gimbutas has done most of her archaeological work in northeastern Greece, Yugoslavia and Macedonia.

Almost everything found can be dated by the method of Radio-carbon dating. This method can be used to reach back as far as 60,000 years.

Concerning Professor M. Gimbutas' authorship activities, she has written five books and scores of articles all dealing with European pre-history.

It is only a great pity that her native country, so much in need of archaeological research itself, but owing to foreign domination and neglect of the studies of the Lithuanian past, is unable to have at its disposal more of the talents and labours of its eminent daughter. **A.M.**

## Church of Silence

(Cont. from page 5)

Despite the extreme means used by the Soviets to suppress the Church within its Union of "so-called-Republics", the bishops, priests and faithful are constantly struggling for the survival of the traditional Faith. They are fighting with all their strength to hold on to their Faith. The big question is: how will the Faith of the second, third and fourth generations hold up in this mighty struggle.

The prayer quoted at the start of this talk was written on little scraps of waste paper that were salvaged in the Siberian slave-labor camps; the four young girls composed the prayers, bound up the scraps of paper by hand into a little prayerbook and had it smuggled into Lithuania.

This little prayerbook is proof, if proof is necessary, that a cruel master can try to kill the body of the conquered people but they can never overcome the spirit to believe and love.

Amongst the prayers for the sacrifice of the Mass, the Lithuanian girls composed the following prayer to be said during the introit: "O Lord, have mercy on those that torment us; grant to them also to know the sweetness of Your love." Even there, no hate is expressed for the cruel master.

From the Siberian Prayerbook, written by the four Lithuanian girls, we know they are constantly praying and suffering for Christ. Their hearts are not full of vengeance and hate for their cruel persecutors.

Let us pray that the prayer of the prisoner girls of Siberia may be answered, when they prayed to Our Lady of Girkalnys: "O (Blessed) Mother,

Journal  
**People Events Places**

Monsignor Joseph Karalius, pastor of St. George parish, Shenandoah, Pa., commemorated the golden anniversary of his priesthood December 20th of last year. Msgr. Karalius has been pastor of the above parish for forty years. He has been most generous to Lithuanian causes during all that time. His latest contribution has been the financing of "Introduction to Modern Lithuanian," one of the best English books on the language. Years ago he sponsored a plan for the translating of English pamphlets into Lithuanian, for which he paid at least 25 dol. The plan helped many young students and introduced them to the study of the language.

Biruté Pukelevičius, formerly of Canada and now of Chicago, Ill., was named the winner of the annual "Novel of the Year Award," sponsored by the Lithuanian daily Draugas. The thousand dollar prize was awarded her for the novel "A September Saturday" (Rugsėjo Šeštadienis). She has won a similar award in 1956 for her novel "Eight Pages" (Aštuoni Lapai). She also won the World Lithuanian Community Award in 1961 for her drama "The Golden Goose." This drama was made into a film by her and her associates.

Msgr. Joseph Miliauskas, pastor emeritus of St. Joseph parish, Scranton, Pa., commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood December 21st, 1969, at the Sheraton Inn.

This is quite a line-up from Pennsylvania: **Frank Katilius** elected Justice of the Peace for the Lackawanna district of Scranton; **John Mockaitis**, mayor of Duryea; **Peter Brusokas**, member of the Edwardsville city council; **Vince Bonsevicius**, city auditor of Warrior Run, and **Paul Skiptunas**, county collector of Warrior Run.

**Msgr. James Shlikas**, pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish, Sheboygan, Wis., died Jan. 4th, in the rectory after Mass of a heart attack. Msgr. was pastor of the parish for thirty years and was raised to rank of Rt. Rev. Monsignor in 1964.

**Richard O. Garbus**, Holyoke Mass., was elected vice-president of Worthington Compressor and Engine International and placed in charge of engineering for the corporation.

The American Council of Learned Societies is awarding special grants for studies on Eastern European subjects, including the Baltic States. Applications for the grants should be mailed to 345 East 46th Street, New York, N. Y. 10017, before December 31, 1969.

look into our hearts that are sorrowing and burdened with loneliness; gaze upon our lips blue with cold and hunger. Return us to our country given us by the heavens, to the land of crosses and churches, to the land you have loved for ages. Let us again look on the pictures and the shrines, endowed with many blessings. Let us again sing the hymns of gratitude and love to the Merciful Jesus and to you, Our Mother of Mercy, who hast promised to intercede for a remission of all our faults. Amen."



