

ÚTITÁRS  
ELMÉLKEDÉSI GONDOLATOK

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# TRAVELER

THOUGHTS ON REFLECTION

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Waukesha, Wisconsin  
1980

Author's release

Made in the catholic Hungarian Sunday newspaper printery  
1789 Mahoning Avenue - Youngstown, Ohio 44509 - USA

Hope for a better country  
and in him the triumph of virtue...  
(Gold)

I offer this little book to my Hungarian brothers, the stateless, exiles. Those who lost their homeland, their homes. Those who were hurting that they had to leave their country, but for reasons, goals and sacred ideals took the traveling task into their hands.

Those in the alien world with questions and problems but try to stand their ground with honor. Those who are out here with their work, with their example, worthy of recognition.

Those who believe in divine justice hope for a free Hungarian country, and who, for this great purpose, do everything possible.

My writing was not intended to be a poetic work. It's not a novel, emigration is not a history. It's not a political indictment or a defense document.

It's not the story of my own migration. It's about all the anonymous stateless. When the sentence refers to me, it means you, too. The book names are sometimes real, other times they are aliases.

This article is the thoughts of wandering Hungarian immigrants, spiritual conversations. Simply, honestly, not with the intent to break up even more, but to bring closer together. — Reflection, journey pocketbook.

That's why I recommend the little book for quiet evenings, or the days of trouble, to make it a consolation, encouragement, direction, and strength for further journeys.

(originally page 5)

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# Introduction

You, too, who are reading this book, might be you are a depraved man who once set off for unknown places. Together we went towards statelessness. We have been living in the hide-and-seek shacks ever since, bitter bread, even if it is sometimes a scone, and "we listen to the murmuring of a foreign sea alone," It was written about Mikes Clement in Rákóczi's time.

We left in 1945, 48 or 56. It is all about beautiful Hungary, from which the song says: "You are beautiful, you are beautiful Hungary, most beautiful of the big world...". For the home country that is indeed the case.

Leaving on the road always means something exciting. Sometimes joyful excitement, sometimes sad. Depends on what caused the departure. If you are just going on a trip, we know we're coming home again, and we are happy to go, but if we have to travel under duress, and we don't know where we're going and when we're going to be back, then we start with a heavy heart and say goodbye sadly.

Life itself is a constant journey. Depart, farewell, goodbye, return home. There's never an end. This is how we already know from experience. Therefore, we now see and understand our situation, a new way, of life differently.

In every trip, there is something or someone who is with us from the previous location. We also feel alone during the whole of our wanderings, through there is someone invisible who is also watching our journey.

Migration and its staging can sometimes be exceedingly difficult but there is something encouraging on the way, because

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we learn that we control our destiny, and everywhere we go, our journey leads us to Him.

But why did we go from our beautiful country to the great new world?



When we look back now, many years into the past, we still dare to ask this question, and experience disappointments or lucky results of statelessness. We can now weigh ourselves on this issue, and answer to ourselves honestly; Why did we leave? Was it worth it? If we could start over, would we do it again?

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## The Road

YEARS, new years: 1900, 1910, 1920... according to who and when he was born. And again, anniversaries years: 1914, 1945, 1956 and... who knows for how long? Who knows how many New Year's Eves? And how many new years? — And all these years they mark the path of life. The beginning of a life journey and the end of the road.

New Year's Eve is celebrated by people with a grin or with sad recollections, depending on what nature, or who likes it. However, we begin the new years that are repeated again and again. In all of us rises the lingering question: What kind of life path do these years mark? I wonder where we're headed. What road are we on?

The frivolous, superficial man provides you this statement: “What will be, will be”. The sober, wiser man tries to answer himself: Where am I going? Am I on the right track? — And for man's happiness it is absolutely necessary that with this question, at least in the year approaching, adjust accordingly at the beginning of each day.

Every created in the world has its own purpose. The Creator dictated, such are the celestial bodies designated orbit of the universe, schedule of the sun in the sky. The earth orbits the sun, and the moon orbits the earth.

Such is the journey of all things on earth in the form crystallizing a brilliant diamond. Seed sown in the ground, grows up toward the sun's rays. The creation of the lion's family, the annual migration of the swallow and the stork. Chameleon's change color and the sumptuous, inimitable

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floral changes provide splendor. Both designed by the Creator following a prescribed route, if it so orders, even for millions of years...

Our poet Berzsenyi wrote about this wonderful work and its Creator:

*God, who his wise genius is worth,  
Only his secret-sentient soul suspects:  
Your existence is lit up like a burner  
Sun, but our eyes can't look at it,*

*Uranus of the highest heaven and subspace,  
Which revolve around you one by one,  
The invisible worlds of you  
The masterpieces of your wise hands. .*

Every creature in the world has its own imposed purpose. To man, to all of us, to you, we have to proceed.

Our journey begins when our mother's womb is touched by the Spirit of God. That is when we start our lives, which is unique to our individual, own journey. This is my journey, no one else in the world gets it. God gave this to me, he ordered it, he brought me to life out of nothing, and that's how I became me. Not my parents, not the human race in general, but only me, a separate creature.

It is worth considering this for the first trip departure. What a big secret, what a great miracle. In this great universe, among the millions of stars, between millions and millions of people God designated a separate path for me. Because there will never be another path that would be the same as mine. And for this I am the only one who can walk the road for myself. No one else.

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My parents and friends cannot go for me. It is just my way only.

This road for me can be smooth, pleasant, happy ride. It can also be a bumpy tiring ride, on dead ends, detours, crossroads. But it's definitely my way.

And this path, which he has only marked out for me all along, I have to go with it. You cannot escape him; you can't get away from it. It's like a journey that was destined for me. No matter how bumpy, no matter how hard the road, I'm not going to be able change that, I must go down this road.

If we would see everything on this road, we might be scared, we would be afraid to go. But if we think deeply and honestly about the wonderful secret of this journey, then hope, and confidence fills our souls. Because who gave me this, why? He is not human; I didn't choose myself, the Creator ordered it, the God I call: Heavenly Father! A father just doesn't send his child on a road that ends badly. . . .

To follow the path, I have been assigned at the beginning of the year, I must turn to the Creator: Lord, why did you choose me for this trip? What was your plan? Me? What do you want with me?

And if sometimes my path goes dark, and there are doubts I encourage myself with the poem:

*I will fall in front of you, Glorious!  
Almost, when you come out of the locks of my soul,  
You can come closer to him, you can  
After you fail, you reach,*

*In the meantime, I'll wipe away my tears and go  
My purpose career,  
On the way to the better and nobler souls,  
Which way do I have strength and ins. take you. . .*

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## Happy roads -- crossroads

Did God create man for happiness, or unhappiness? — If we take a look at the path of our own lives, the troubles, the illnesses, the family problems, homelessness, loneliness, and the deterioration, debacle, robberies, murders, political tragedies of today's life, then we would be willing to say that we were created for unhappiness.

But when we consider that the Creator is also our Heavenly Father, sent Jesus to the earth for our salvation, and if we consider that one of Jesus' most majestic speech was about the eight happiness's— then we must acknowledge that god's intention was to make people happy. Yet there it is so much unhappiness? — Why does man not want to be as happy as God had planned?

And where does our life lead? Happiness or unhappiness? — Our mother must have done the same thinking about the big question when she brought it to light, will this child be fated? Maybe it was still a world of war, full of trouble and suffering. Perhaps she too involuntarily heard the aching song of our long-suffering Szekler people. Who knows which way fate will take us, on a bumpy road, on a dark night? . . .

Yet, if we are honest, we must say that our lives have been on many happy journeys. If we count happy days and years, the number of them would be greater than the unhappy days.

Just think of the months when we enjoyed the first light, the ray of sunshine, on our mother's arms and laps,

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the first food, the first warmth of love... Then the cradle, or in a playpen to get acquainted with the games; teddy bear, baby, kitten, Bode... The first stand-alone steps between the furniture, in the yard, in between the garden flowers... Getting to know the children next door; the old the precautionary carelessness of the distant years. Friendships of student years, young, innocent flames, dreams... and finally, with diligence, won graduation pride in the beautiful hours of parental love, trip with the father, confidential sympathy between girl and mother ...

If there were also stumbles, inconveniences, paternal or teachers chastises, some child diseases, all the amount would be much less than the happy days from the start of our lives. The first part of our journey could not be called happy roads! — Another orphan and poor Hungarian compatriot, who grew up in poverty mentioned his youth in his song:

*Have a good childhood, come back. one word;  
Asters, white asters.*

And the paths of our later years? — There were happy people along the way, and there were crossroads. Let's think about it. Think only of the good years and count the happy journeys and separate the crossroads . . .

The first job after school. Tiredness, sweating, but the joy, pride, joy of the first work, the independence of life, the search for a life pair; loves, and disappointments. Starting a family: Troubles, but our own family home was warm with the sight of our first child.

Even if there were hard days in our family, struggles, diseases, yet we usually had the right with Guardiola approval to mention it. Happiness becomes the father of two children. To be a mother! — Let us write them all down on the happier list

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and then we will see that God is indeed with man. We should be happy and acknowledge that many, many years in our lives made a happy trip.

Maybe our youthful plans, our dreams, may not be as we had hoped. Of a great career, only one workbench, only a small damaged desk from the boss's office. It may be that the very happy family life has only become a robot for grey everyday life. Problems with lawn mowing, the washing of dishes and fueling the stove is permanent work. Still, so many happy hours and joyous family reunions if we wanted. Because the sink looks like gold, too, if we wash the dishes in it for the people we love...

László Mécs wrote about this simple, struggling, but happy journey so beautifully:

*I'm in the glory of the Little Road.  
The Little Road goes from bed to the groove,  
and back to the many children and care-women kiss.  
From cramped breakfast to workshop door,  
from a lot of work, from problems to very little good.  
There are hundreds of millions on this Little Road,  
and they build life's great coral wonder of life...*

There have been and there are more crossroads in our lives, smaller ones and more painful. Especially if we must say good goodbye to one of our own from illness....

One of the most painful moments in our lives was when we were at a crossroads: To stay or to migrate to a new country? The choice is in our hearts, we had to choose a walking stick, but we said it in tears, and let's say today:

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*I left my beautiful country,  
From Sweet, little Hungary,  
And I looked back halfway down the road,  
Tears swelled up in my eyes....*

looking back on this crossroads, we have to be grateful to God, for he is always with us. In this way the crossroads was easier with him.

— Lord, teach me in all my journeys the way into your hand, I cling to and trust in your leadership!



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## The Wanderer

Birth — youth — starting a family — old age — departure,  
Transylvania — Budapest — Transdanubia — Austria —  
America and...?

The fate of man here on earth is to be a wanderer. It's the fate of every created being, no exceptions. There's no rest, even if we go cocooned, locked ourselves in our room, we would cover our heads between pillows, we cannot stop the course and passage of life; we are wanderers, the Apostle Paul expresses: “We're not staying here, we are wanderers”.

We stateless Hungarians know and felt this itinerary twice. With us, life runs with greater perspective. Home would have remained in the pine forests of The Stripe. In our small village on the Tisza coast or in our small apartment in Budapest. And since we, unlike everyone else, lived the wandering life more than once, so, we have to face the question more deeply: How should wandering life be lived correctly?

In this word: wanderer, there is something sad and there is something uplifting. It's sad that we can't hold on to earthly happiness without dying. Neither to the joys nor to our loved ones; all of this will go away. — But the uplifting part about migration is that the bad events and days of life pass, we wander away from them.

In order to be happy and balanced as wanderers, we need to know exactly what it also means being a wanderer. Who's the wanderer? What's a wanderer? Who made us wanderers?

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We all need to know that, because we are all wanderers: you, and I.

Is a person a wanderer precisely because of the passing of life, he wants to enjoy every minute? He lives only for the minute, looking for pleasure, chasing him to eat, drinking, physical, wealth, fame. And in this constant crazy chase, he is less able to enjoy the moment, and at the end of it he is dismayed. This kind of wanderer in reality did not understand that he is a wanderer, and the meaning of migration aims.

The other kind of wanderer is the one who, precisely because of the impermanence of life, uses every minute, every occasion, in a way to reach the true purpose of the itinerary. This is the man also looking for happiness, but not in a place and not in a pursuit that would divert him from the right direction. This kind of person will find the real happiness. That is when we say, happy wanderer.

But what could be the value of a journey? The unbeliever, and the pessimist say “nothing”. The sober man professes he knows that the itinerant journey launched by the Creator has meaning, everything. The wanderer: he starts from his Creator and returns to his Creator. And in this there is something wonderfully beautiful and uplifting!

I'd think so, just consider: between the millions and millions of celestial bodies, the millions and millions of created beings he set man on the road, including me! How shocking, the knowledge that the seventy billion people who have lived on earth so far. he thought of me in the early 1900s, and he brought me to life. I was nothing that didn't exist, and yet he thought of me!

And there's another shocking fact in this. There has never been and will not be another me, who would be the same as me. I am because of God, I've become a unique, separate creature. . . , My parents of millions

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and from a million cells, God could have made up a million different kinds of me, and then I would not have existed, but the point is he created me and set me on the path of life as a wanderer.

If we think about these things deeply, we ponder them, then we understand what and who we are, the wanderer. And if I understand that and accept it, then for the rest of my life, I'll find the meaning. Whatever fate I have to go through, my imposed path: from God to the earth and from earth to God. With this guiding thread, I can find the relative happiness here on earth, and then the ultimate, my happiness with him.

If the problems of everyday life are sometimes overwhelming, if the troubles, illnesses make me sad, then in the evenings after work I find myself a quiet place, and take it to myself, these thoughts... Not the Blind, accidental fate, I am not the result of mere chemicals, but the separate, unique creation of God. His love brought me to life and sent me on my way. . . . This between the troubles and the adversity, I walk as he planned... And I know that he is the Heavenly Father, it leads to a good and happy purpose. If I have to travel temporarily on difficult roads, also crossroads, I will eventually reach the happy goal...

This is what our poet Berzsenyi so beautifully expresses:

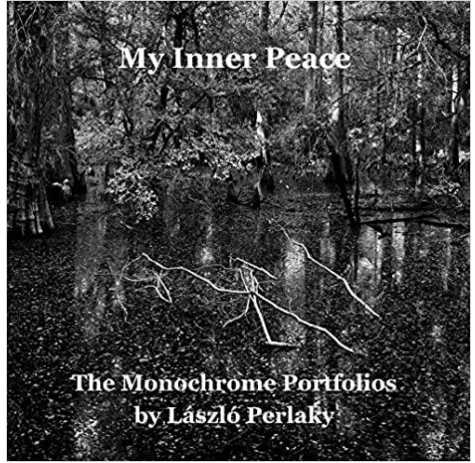
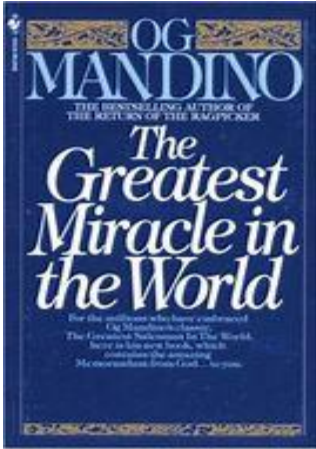
*Until then, I will wipe away my tears and go  
In the careers of my destiny,  
On the way to the better and nobler souls,  
Where my strength and tenderness can take me.*

And to lift my sometimes disheartening spirit, I give myself a quarter of an hour to quietly meditate from the Bible on Jesus' Sermon on the Mount, the eight happiness's,

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in the scene of the calming of the surging sea,  
or Kempis: A few  
encouraging words from  
Perlaky' book:My Inner  
Peace.

And I can still read  
Mandino: “The Greatest  
Miracle in the World” his  
little English book.



I often think about such thoughts  
that I am a wanderer, but God's special  
love makes it easier to travel. Jesus: I  
am on the way.

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*Jesus: I am the way,  
the truth  
and Life*

## The wandering herds

When our ancestors and grandfathers went on the road, a sewn-on, shoulder-to-shoulder case containing what you carried out from the family. Today's man starts with big suitcases, stuffed in such a way that it is necessary to consider that the weight at the airport is limited to 40-60 pounds. Because of this, some people buy themselves a full moving house, camper, and they take everything with them, from the kitchen cooking utensils to television. But the question is rightly the question: Do the many journeys make the wanderer happier?

When we embarked on the road of statelessness, most of us were couples, suddenly set off with necessity. We started with the need... In the big escape of 1945, in upper Turkey, on the grounds of Burgenland, we saw a woman-runaway who was dressed in a fur coat and she wanted to go into the world with her caged canary until her neighbors talked her out of it.

One is afraid to go with bare hands, and it is in your nature that you do not want to leave your home. From our past we take as much as possible on the journey, but life often pulls pranks on us, and we must learn to be deprived of everything but one's bare self. Such as those that have fled prisons to a freer world in search of a new one. And many noble examples show that they also walked down the road in a frayed dress and have achieved an honest bright career in the foreign world. "There was nothing in their flock of wandering stanches," he said.

There was nothing — in terms of earthly values.

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Most of us didn't have Swiss bank accounts, gold-silver, an accepted diploma for our foreign degree, or even a well off American uncle. And yet most of them went through the hard work. and achieved a good result.

Why? How? Even when our wandering funds became empty, there were no beggars, There are values that are worth more than any amount of gold, for example, God gave us common sense. In American neurology institutions, Millionaire neurotic wouldn't give away all his jewelry in exchange for getting rid of his sleepless nights?

But sometimes we get frustrated on troubled and have gloomy days, that God does not take us on a comfortable, rich journey, nor start our life in a palace. Even that he sent me on a heavier, alien journey, it is a welcome to take stock of the treasures that he put in our box.

One of our most precious treasures in our purse, the belief, the knowledge that God has set us on the road, stays with us throughout, our journey filled with ineptitude, worry, problems and questions. Who could help us with these things, is the best solution Danielle? It is not human reason, nor our own contemplation, just the Creator who foresees our journey. He launched us and we know that he loves us and will always leads us.

Faith in the Creator is the “Rosewood”, which is blind and surely leads people down dangerous roads. Therefore, with a psalmist we can safely say:

*The Lord is my shepherd, I have nothing to lack.  
Even if I walk through dark valleys,  
I'm not afraid of anything because you're there with me. .  
(Psalm 22)*

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In addition to faith in God, there is much more than spiritual, he also put treasure in our wandering. How wonderful the treasure of hope! Anyone who can hope will always start again. We can love, rejoice, think and want. He gave the animal kingdom instinct, us humans choice and will. Double-edged talent, but good we can rise above the angels.

And the Creator has provided us with the precious treasures of the body. You have eyes, you can see. There is no such thing as the perfect camera, which is as wonderful as our eyes and fully automatic. Given the ears so that we can hear the good word, nice music, and let's appreciate the noise of danger... A specific language, a tool to communicate our thoughts, wishes, and our love. We have hands, feet, we can walk.

How good it is to think about our priceless treasures often, to put them in order. Because there are people, who did not accept it at the beginning of the journey, are lost. — Think deeply: Can you think, talk, see, hear, walk... Not everyone can! We-you should be grateful for all these wonderful treasures he put in your wandering box.

And if sometimes, especially towards the end of the road, these treasures some of them wear out, and you see less and your feet are no longer as brisk as before. Look at those who are in the hospital bed or in a nursing home lying paralyzed, or blind, deaf, for years. Don't complain, be grateful for what's left. If you keep track of your remaining treasures, say with a full heart of gratitude:

*Thank you, Lord, thank you for your gifts,  
which are for me. you gave me the long journey!*

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## About ourselves — to ourselves

When we go on a longer journey, especially into an alien world, we seek to gain as much knowledge as possible about the country: maps, directions, habits. It is especially useful to know all this.

But there is a more important problem: My own full knowledge of guilt, because we can't handle it right with strange people, if we do not know our own benefits, mistakes and the ripples of our moods. That's why the great Greek Sage has warned me: "Know thyself".

It is good that we often consider these questions about ourselves. Our treasures, our absences, and our goals. Where did we start? How did we get here? Why are we here?

We used to be people who lived at our family home:

In 1945, in 49 or 56; when, at the time we still felt the atmosphere of the home. We knew why we had to leave home, but did we know what we wanted? Our aim was also to be a little freer. Since then, a lot of things have worn off about us, faded plans, wishes, vows, Why? What was wrong? Are we disappointed? Are we old? Or are we out of road? Our spiritual journey?

To go on a journey to an alien world without preparation, frivolity, temptation of God. But in those bloody days when the enemy at our home trampled our people, or when we fled from tyranny to freedom, we had no

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time to make an itinerary and a travel pack, we set off when we needed to as soon as we could.

Only when the danger was left behind us, when we had crossed the border and got our hands on even a handful of domestic soil as a souvenir. Then we discovered the lack of a road map and travel plan. Maybe somewhere at the Lajta or Andau, when the alien-sounding village sign commanded a sudden stop and realistic reckoning: *Ouo vadis?* Where are you going? What is the path?

In one of the quiet clearings, you may have stopped, rested. When the excitement of persecution subsided, then came the sober thoughts, line of common sense thoughts, questions, .. What I had was lost, I'm standing here with a stranger in front of the world. I'm wearing worn clothes, also some lost on the way. In my handbag are some papers, school certificates, journals, or diplomas that I may never be able to use in the new country, and some photos of our precious family and abandoned home... In the backpack is a change of underwear, shoes, half a loaf of bread mom put in.. In my pocket a couple pengo or forint coins and my watch. That's my whole fortune. It's not much. It's not enough for a long trip for the strange new world...

Then in the evening quiet of the refugee camp, I'm sitting under one of the trees, and I look up at the stars, where is home? And I think of mother, father, loved ones, whom I had to leave, Oh, if you only knew, mom, how little I knew about journeys prior to embarking on this great journey. . . . And it's as if she's answering when I reached into my pocket, I feel the little Bible, and rosary, which she pressed into my grasp at her last hug..

... I don't have much to do, I'm poor. But there are those who accompany me in prayer... And for me I also have faith in the Caretaker. They raised him in me, and later, often, I felt it, I knew there was God above us

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who watches our ways: . . . And that's why, I strongly hope that one day it will get better again, And I can see them again. And I hope that the world will be nicer again someday...

. . . Physically, mentally, I'm intact. What a great value when on the road! . . . There's a young soldier in the camp, one leg is made of wood; shot at the front line, there's the mother who was nervously shattered because her son at the border stepped on an explosive device and stayed there, torn bloody... I'm a lot richer with an intact body, a soul intact, and I'm not a deceitful or treacherous person.

It is true, though I've had my obstacles while on the road I've been traveling. I've seen people around me who are together with a full family. And it's with a sore heart, I have been torn from a lot of loved people when I left there alone.

But if I compare my values to the deficits, I always have to be grateful. And this sense of gratitude is along the way, I have a lifetime of accomplishing the should be. I have abilities, physical and spiritual values, so I do not despair, I hope, I hope. But this confidence in my powers does not turn into conceit, pride, for I know that these are the gifts of the Creator,

Who values himself too much, is too self-destructing. The devil loves it, being cocky, vain, and selfish. Such a man is in constant danger to its environment and therefore can never be happy. — And if you don't value yourself enough, with your own abilities, and dissatisfied with yourself, then it's going to be depressing, awkward. You can't be happy with self-loathing. to be in a good place. And you can't get ahead, especially at a strange place.

I had this realistic self-worth when I began my journey. Do I still have it? I know I must appreciate the foreign country, and the people? My passing years? Am I going to stress myself?

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*I only have to hit it for three minutes  
one of the pages of the Bible, —  
and the day will be easier.*

## Sober confidence

Wherever we live in the world, our happiness is not so much depending on circumstances or luck, but first and foremost, our own sobriety, our spiritual attitude. Because we can be happy with wilderness, woodland, and you can be unhappy with the dollar in America, too. Many happy inhabitants of poor huts and many unhappy in the golden palaces confirm this.

When we left home for our long journey, we needed to know soberly that the streets are not paved in gold in America. But even if they were, happiness would depend primarily on our own spirit. Our will and happiness do not depend on what we do or what we see around, but rather from how we see.

Among the people there are over-optimists and there are darkly sighted, but there is a correct middle ground, a Christian ideal of realism. We are confident in God's direction, it gives us our idealism, but we soberly consider human frailties, sins, troubles, and that makes us realistic.

In Széchenyi Square in Győr in the thirties there was this saying among the students: “Sprout in your grasp!” There you could hear such succulent expressions, not only from the vegetable shop, but also the basket vendors approaching students who spent ten minutes of free time there. — Sprout in your grasp! — One of the Benedictine teachers

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used that expression when he wanted to say, “if you're after something, but you're not sufficiently prepared, it will only germinate in your hand”.

And his math teacher brought the sober saying “Hungarian royal peasant”. It was his attempt to recognize and royalize the Transdanubia village man. This sober spirit of Transdanubia produced many excellent leaders of the country, starting with Ferenc Deák, from “the wise man of the country”, to Cardinal Mindszenty, the martyr of today's times.

Our Hungarian nature, taken from the Far East, Asia or Sumerian, is prone to poetic, often straw-flame enthusiasm. This has caused many bitter disappointments not only in our individual lives, but also in the history of our nation.

. — In our emigrant lives, such a tumultuous spirit may be caused more by inconvenience than failure. The foreign country we now live in thinks, feels, and acts differently than what we are used to. This is our integration, in the name of our children and our politics, we rescue activities. If we make a mistake, there is a lot of spirituality fracture, and resulting tragedy. — This explains why some of us, after the disappointments, become cold and dark-eyed, pessimistic, for two extremes: the straw flame is overconfidence, and the dark vision is, in fact the same flaw: Lack of a true Christian way of life, idealistic realism.

Integration into a stateless life is not an easy task. It is often a serious problem and often causing sleepless nights. To endure good health and calm nerves, most need especially high doses of faith. Some of us take it easy, others stoop beneath. Some people are sober minded.

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In the new alien world, they will soon find not only their place, but their spiritual balance. We find great examples, dadians, life artists, real heroes are found stateless among our travel companions who stand up superbly. Officials, teachers, lawyers, soldiers, gendarmes have achieved amazing results, but they have had to redo their life completely. It starts by moving to a different orbit. Wives, mothers, gentleman from homes, castles or simple country houses, in this unusual new world, and in factories, hospitals, cleaning work, they struggle with spiritual balance to maintain their families, build a new family nest, and provide their children's Christian Hungarian education... Heroes of everyday life. . .

But we should also consider the people who broke down, who have failed. If we are looking for the cause, we will find excessive, unfounded hopes, millions of desires. They went on this journey with dreams, or already arrived in the dark without confidence, and all of them lacked Christianity, hopeful sobriety...

What is my worldview? How do I look at the world, events, and my life? Does the atmosphere dictate the mood? Do I trust blind luck, like at a card table? Does the news media control the trust in myself and God?

Important questions: I have to answer them myself, because the fate of my life, my family, my loved ones depend on this. Can I see the world and people soberly? And believe in divine providence so strongly that this faith can make me hopeful at all times, along happy roads, and crossroads as well?

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## My walking stick, support, and shelter

Surprisingly, an interesting finding made by a professor at the University of Vienna, who researched the history of religions from ancient nations to the present day. He said: Since we have known the behavior of man, there has not been on earth, anyone who would did not believed in something or someone. Believed in God or gods, believed superstitions or in evil spirits, but everyone always believed in something.

If we look at our current world, today we can take that finding as true. It is worth saying that according to the census, for example, the people of America have only about 60 percent believers, the rest infidels. The reality is that there are infidels that believe in something, someone, spirits, devils, superstitions, or the walk of the stars according to fate.

It is in our human nature to believe something greater than us exists. Why is it like this? Because we feel, we know that we humans are only finite beings. There are times when we can't save someone else. It is an instinctive search for something stronger than us, a greater being who can help us. No one on earth, can recuse himself of this natural law?

The fateful question is, who are we clinging to? Some people do not recognize the creator, they do not recognize that they say the world has become itself, from scratch, some people, with a more scientific-looking idea, argue that the world is a conformist protein and a foremost chance to happen. Sad type of such a person who prefers to believe in “nothing”? Or a

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chance protein-enzyme encounter, myth in an infinitely powerful Creator.

There are those who seek to exclude the Creator at all costs and claim that man was not created by God, but evolved from the fore world, emerged, from a fossil became the fossil rock and then became the stem rock, the stem protein, the plant, the animal, and finally the People. — There is a certain historical evolutionary process, but still, who started that process? Who else could start it, it could only be one God! — And it is precisely the evolutionary steps that prove there is a power higher than man, for there is only silly human arrogance, pride can say that man is the ultimate and most perfect form of development. Today's world is a dead end, man's bankruptcy today proves, how we're not perfect. It's just sober science requires that the human staircase must be followed by, a higher spiritual level (angels, souls of the dead) and an Infinite Spirit must follow, God. He started the universe, and all returns to him.

A clearly sighted, sober man does not have to prove God's existence. It is all evidenced by everything around us, from atoms of flowers making amazing beauty, to the thousand-faced fauna to the infinite star systems. Who, considering the mysterious wonders of nature, capabilities of the star systems and the clockwork accuracy, dares to say that all this is creation by chance? The very unfortunate man, we survive in this world because of the existence of an infinitely wise, and powerful eternal God.

When we set out to go on the road to life, and especially when we have entered the path of statelessness; we have had to decide for ourselves whether to wander in disbelief or living faith? It's a crucial choice.

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I choose faith, the living faith in God. This is my wandering stick, my support, my refuge, my strength. Life is full of troubles and dangers. With trouble man seeks to cling to anything. What is the interest in finding things more fabulous to hold on to? In disbelief? For nothing? A blind coincidence? A superstition?... I choose the Creator of the world, whose power can effect and create a hundred worlds, “and measure the river of great times one by one” (Berzsenyi)

As my refuge, I choose the God the great masterminds of history felt and professed to be the creator. It may have been called differently, perhaps imagined in a different form and with different characteristics, but God thinking. Abraham, God of Moses, Buddha of Muhammad, or the god world of the Greek wise men... They are all believers, though initial ideas of the Creator to whom Jesus taught us and encouraged us was to call him Father. Scientists also believed in paralysis and confessed from ancient times to Paskal, Newman, W. von Braunig...

I choose that God for myself as my wandering stick, my sanctuary, who are great artist, writers, poet professed and praised by Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vincin, Danten, Chesterton, Beethoven, Berzsenyin, Vorosmartyn and many, many others. until now, and others will continue to preach as long as there are sober men on earth.

Only this faith in God gives me hope, and strength for the troubles and struggles of life. And I say words worth gold from John:

*Because faith is precious to the poor,  
Tolerance and hope will teach you,  
And until the grave breathes upon him,  
You always must tolerate and hope...*

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## Life goal

Why is it day and night? Why is the earth spinning around the axis? — If it did not rotate, the sun on one side would be scorched and the other side would be cold. Why is the sea evaporating? — To give a cloud to the mainland. Why are there leaves on the trees? — They breathe through the leaves giving us oxygen and process food absorbed from the ground.

And the bird has wings to fly, fish gills so that they can breathe in the water... Why does man have sense? — In order to do things, see and understand, this from that, everything in the world, reason, and purpose. All natural, physical, and chemical laws have a purpose, a purpose as defined by the Creator.

Would only human life be meaningless? Just us people wouldn't have a goal?

What's the purpose of man? - Some people say: Born, eat, drink, live well and die, others say: Collect, collect, collect. Or: Enjoy and even more to enjoy, according to the arrogant: To rise to power, to trample others.

As a sober, Christian wanderer in this life, what do I consider the purpose of my life? — Before I answer for myself, think about the writer Jørgensen's "Tale of Mindless spider!".

. . In the early autumn days you often see in the air floating cotton fiber messes. Back home, we called them ox saliva, in fact, these are spiders that wander in the fall. Their airships, they weave little blimps and then the winds



carry them to other parts of the country. When they get stuck on the branch of a treetop, they tie the supporting thread, and they descend into the bushes... That's the spider's story, which on a bright morning descends from the top of the tree to one of the blackthorn bushes branches. There he sees with caution the place is perfect for netting and catching prey. Immediately he starts making the net, and in this work a great deal of the central strong thread which descended from above, is stretched out from all directions to form the net, and by the time the sun is in decline, he has retracting to a hiding place in a leaf, watching the arrival of prey from this hideaway. The net proved excellent, and the little spider lives a quiet life in the shadow of the large tree.

One foggy morning, however, he wakes up in a bad mood, and as soon as he performs his usual control of the net, his eyes caught on the long thread leading up. Pointlessly looking at it; has long forgotten that he descended from above on this thread. Sees the end of the other strands, but this one that has come to the height, he didn't understand. He is in a bad mood anyway, and in anger this senseless looking thread is cut.

The fate of the little spider is sealed. Because in that moment the main guidewire of the holder is cut, the whole net shattered, collapsed, and he himself fell to the ground, he writhed helplessly. He could start the whole thing again...

In the little spider's life, he may have been given the sail again and another main support thread built. In our lives, however, we can no longer start again. It is therefore a crucial question, what is the main

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purpose of life and is our whole live directed to that purpose. What is my guiding line of life, my main goal of life? — If with pure intellect, with common sense, God, the world. I have recognized the Creator as My Lord, my wandering stick, my support, then I must consistently accept that his plan, the fulfillment of his will, is my life goal in the first place. As I say so many times in “Our Father”: *Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!* — And this is not only with my lips, so I say, but with my actions, my behavior, I must justify it for the rest of my life.

That doesn't mean enchanted, just being compelled to be a spectator. The threads of my life, by myself, lead me in many directions. I have to take care of myself, my body, my livelihood. The threads are directly and firmly assembled with my family, relatives, friends, and my kind. I have ties between my village, my city, and my nation. I am part of the great family of my faith, of my religion, and part of the race of man.

These are all goals, tasks, they fulfill my life but none of them can be tied down, none of them can compel so much that I could forget the main guiding thread that leads to heaven to God,

*But people are so strange,  
seek the key to happiness,  
and they'll rebuke law, order,  
they finally realize,  
that happiness  
oh, but they go far...*

*(Csighy S.: I'm with God)*

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## Life tasks

When someone goes on a long journey, they should know what they want, what the purpose of the journey is. Who does not know, is just going to be a stray tramp.

Life on Earth is our longest, most important, and dangerous journey. Who can see the end? Who would know? What else is in store for him? For us stateless people, the road may be filled with surprises and difficulties, because we are on foreign roads, so we are even more at risk. We must know what the purpose of our lives and our stateless journey is. What do we want? What are our life responsibilities? — This is absolutely necessary to ensure that our lives are not wasted.

Today, most people can't live right. They just randomly drag themselves through life, day after day. Sometimes enthused, chasing wealth, joy, pleasure, and mostly only aimlessly, often in a depressed mood, sometimes passed out on the ground.

Today, there are many who are not happy about their beautiful past, who do not appreciate the present and are terrified of the future.

A neurologist said recently that three out of every five people in his district are taking something to endure the troubles of the day; they are drinking, smoking or taking a nerve agent. — Well, this would be the human life to which the creator created?

True, there are serious situations in life, adversity, when we have the right to tremble, to cry, to worry. Nobody can deny that we have plenty of situations like these. But today, there are a lot of people collapsed, by the way, in the grace of fate.

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A few years ago, a world-famous young actor poisoned himself. He had health, millions in wealth, many admirers and great reputation. Still, in one of his depressed moods, he touched the poison. He left a few lines, explaining his actions: "I'm useless, my life as I see it is pointless". . .

We sometimes hear that kind of outburst in our own circle. But we can clearly see that we have life responsibilities, we have our goal of life. We owe it to the Creator, we owe it to ourselves, our family, our friends, and mankind.

As long as everything goes well around us, we usually see plenty of life tasks. Sometimes we're too busy and we take on more tasks than we can handle. We often feel that there is not enough time for everything.

A goal loss usually begins when a calamity strikes, our health is weak, financial problems or the illness of loved ones. A disease that is said to be incurable, old age and a permanent disability, or the loss of our precious family, shakes me so much that we too will burst out: I no longer have a purpose in my life! I don't have any more life responsibilities!

Yet life always has a purpose, in all circumstances, and we have many important life tasks in every situation, in every place.

Always see the goal in front of us, always correctly like the greatest science in the world. This human foundation of life, to live — under all circumstances! Good or bad. To live in a situation which is being given.

It's a pity that the science of living is not taught in any school. They teach us to read and write, they teach us to count, they teach us to speak, they teach some to lead, to make a fortune, to have fun. Everyone has their own life,

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and needs to learn how to live properly. And we often must learn this through difficult sufferings.

But there are also great teachers of the knowledge to life. A lot of us, grandmother, who also feeds and cares for the family when the children are in need. A grandfather who retires, is steadfast in his resting years, raising his grandchildren to the good and the noble. — Widows who, after the departure of their loved ones, deal with the burdens of life, also help to comfort . . .

Yes. Life always has a purpose. Our life responsibilities will not be terminated until the very last moment. My main task is to ennoble my soul. Not with an imperfect soul can I enter the upper step, the Kingdom of Souls.

And I am bound to pass on as much of my knowledge, experience, and spiritual treasures as possible to my family, children, grandchildren. All the words I spoke, and my life examples are good seed.

Especially the resting retirement years, are the last times I can spread my spirituality, because it's the only way I find happiness in Life. — I confess my obligation to Laszlo Mécs:

"You will inject a rose seed in the wild, that the earth may be more beautiful!"

*Even the unluckiest people have happy times in their lives.  
Therefore, it makes it worth living.*



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## Carnival, fasting

Every person wants to be happy. Happiness is sought by everyone. Even suicidals. But not everyone knows how and where to find a blue bird of happiness.

A happiness has many props. One of them is the knowledge. Of rejoicing. Without joy, there is no complete happiness. Man's basic nature is that he loves joy. Only a few dark-minded people thought to seek pleasure in sadness.

You have to be happy. If in the difficult days we forget to rejoice and give up, then we have to do it again! Learn.

If you can't be happy about anything in life, it has lost its purpose. A man like that had his fleeting purpose in life. Who professed the Creator's plan for his life, with this hope, he could keep the joy of his purpose in difficult days.

Joy is worth more than sadness. Joy is the encouraging light of expectation; sadness is the dark shadow of resigning pessimism.

It's easy to be sad, it doesn't have any spiritual value. But to be cheerful and joy, it takes spiritual integrity and strength. Therefore, the joy of serenity is great spiritual value.

He is not the real rich man with a lot of money, that has a great wealth, but rather even a poor man who can be happy in every situation.

Some claim that Jesus, according to the gospel, never laughed. But we know that he was happy.

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Joy doesn't equal laughter. Laughter can be physical giggling, gallows humor or sarcastic laughter. The joy, even if he shows only a gentle smile, he has a great spiritual treasure.

How would the children have been attracted to Jesus if it had not been the smile of the serene soul?

Joy is one of our finest heritage that remains for us from the lost Paradise.

If the joy doesn't come from itself in our lives, our inner happiness, because we may have too many problems, our responsibilities, we must search for the remnant our little pleasures, and we must nourish and nurture them in our souls, like our windows, our beautiful flowers.

These preserved, nurtured pleasures can help you process crossroads. Because we need to know that with joy there will also be sadness. There is no carnival in life that doesn't include fasting.

This dichotomy has been man's destiny since we lost it at the Creator's Paradise Garden, since we have learned evil, sin, harm to ourselves and to our fellow men. But we must bring farcing and fasting, joys and sorrows, into peaceful harmony in our lives.

It's one of our life's tasks. The sadness and the joys of pleasures ennoble and perfect our souls, that we may be worthy of the Spiritual Kingdom.

The contrast between joy and sadness is reconciled by our religion with the idea of carnival and fasting, Let there be time for joy, and time to fast and sorrow. A grief is the preceding or mitigating of sadness.

If I repent, I misuse the spiritual burden,  
which may have caused my psychological and often physical  
wounds, I'll lighten up the sadness,

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that's why he warns, the Transdanubia priest poet at the end of a song:

*It's time to take off our merry masquerades,  
and face our tears,  
Brothers and sisters, the ball is over!*

Ashes Wednesday isn't just a reminder that we have become dust, we are turning to dust. We know that enough as the years progress. Rather, he urges that while we are, let's be perfect.

In our stateless lives, we don't have many carnival costumes and masks to take off. During a large part of life, there are plenty of mistakes we need to get rid of.



An interesting symptom for those preparing for the last trip is that they pity not so much for their personal sins, but rather for the sins they should have prevented of others and their families. And a lot of people feel it painfully, that they have not done enough for their country and their religion. It is a very painful wound in the souls of many that they have failed to pass on strong faith to their children.

My conscience, about myself, not of others: How would I answer to the Creator if I could, what would I say?

*Life has taught me to appreciate what God gives—  
as long as he gives —and if one day takes it back,  
thank you gratefully, that in the meantime it could  
have been mine*

*(Guardiola)*

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## The secret of happiness

From our young years, we have known the film of the beautiful world of Oz. The story of a little girl who is always happy, longing for more. Then in his serious illness, in one of his fever dreams he traveled many places in the world; the fairytale land, the world of games, magical places, treasure riches and the wonders of human science and technology.

But during the long migration, he learned that happiness can be found not in faraway countries, not in the treasures of the world, not in science, but only in ourselves. The blue bird of happiness is there in our own garden.

We stateless people, are usually not after happiness, we did not go far away to countries out of a desire for adventure. It was the enemy, prison, bondage and suffering that drove us to the itinerant journey. We didn't so much run after happiness, but rather for saving our lives and free air.

But once we got to safety, we had a sense of happiness. Why is it human nature to long for happiness? We're all looking for happiness.

But now we know that perfect happiness can't be found in the richest country, and not in snow-covered mountain areas, and not in the shade of the palm trees. Perhaps it is also because our hearts always pull us back to the lost past, the broken family nest, and the precious Hungarian land.



Yet we have the instinctive desire to at least be somewhat happy as possible.

How can a stateless, emigrated or immigrant be happy? Is there a prescription for this?

So that we can obtain happiness ourselves, we must first see what true happiness is. Because I don't believe all the happiness is what people think it is.

We must once again tell ourselves that happiness is not the same as wealth. There are lots of unhappy rich people. Happiness doesn't come from just wealth and good health. There are unhappy people among the healthy. Happiness is not age-bound. there are unhappy young people.

So what is true happiness? What is the happiness that I can feel at all times, under all conditions, poor, rich, sick or in health, young or old age and persecuted?

To the philosophers of the world, to the know-it-alls of the human soul and according to the teachings of the Saints, in short summing it up: Happiness harmony, spiritual harmony with ourselves (with our bodies and plots), harmony with our environment, and harmony with the Creator. — That's the secret to happiness.

If we have this three-way harmony, then we can always be happy, in all circumstances. If only one of these is missing, our happiness cannot be complete.

We need to learn this harmony, and when we have learned, we must nurture ourselves, the art of happiness. It doesn't come naturally; we have to study; we have to practice.

In today's modern times, there are more unhappy men, because of the materialistic perception, children are taught to be selfish. Do what is physically

your pleasures, your promotion! — We don't mention the spiritual values, and we do not teach them to honor others, to be valued. And when life itself has difficult lessons given them, they'll collapse, they'll be unhappy. Because there is no harmony with themselves, with their surroundings, and with the Creator.

It is a hopeful sight, however, that more people begin to come to their senses, and also care.

How can you be happy?

1. I have to regulate my behavior. I have to appreciate my talents, my physical abilities. Even if I get ugly, I'm going to get crippled, I'm going to have to love myself. After all, God has made me a separate creation.
2. I have to settle my relationship with my surroundings. My family, relatives, friends and opponents to appreciate them correctly and honestly, and to behave soberly towards them. Let me accept them as they are. This gives me a balanced, peaceful atmosphere. It's also the foundation of happiness.
3. I must settle my relationship with the Creator, Do I believe in it? Do I trust your care? Do I love him or just afraid of him? Am I trying to follow your instructions, your laws.

Without sincere faith in God, there can be no feeling of belonging no real happiness.

This triple harmony, the foundation of happiness, give the world nothing and I will not find happiness anywhere, alone only in myself. If I want to, I can be happy.

*A man who can stand up to trouble is happy. Thus he proves himself worthy and wins life crown.*

*(Bible, James. 1,)*

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## The seed of unhappiness

God created man for happiness. His plan is to make everyone happy. How to do it, yet most people are unhappy? Has God's plan not been realized? I mean, he sees everything, and is almighty. If he wanted us to be happy, he could have made us happy.

The explanation for this mystery is that God happiness was tied to the free will of man. — You must be happy to live as Planned!

And man of free will, chose the wrong path. According to the teachings of the Bible, Adam and Eve brought upon us knowledge of sin, and thus sickness and death. And man also learned to make others unhappy.

But even if it wasn't for Adam and Eve, man he could have chosen differently. If we look around the world today, we will see that a greater part of unhappiness is caused by people themselves, actions to their fellow human beings.

It is true for example, disease is not a choice of our individual free will, it is a consequence of general human mismanagement, starting with prehistoric parents to the present day. The great causes of man's suffering and illnesses, such as heart and cancer, are not what nature brings to us, but also by ourselves, dictated chase, and the increasingly lucrative manufacturing, industrial capital. We're poisoning our own air, our lungs.

The consequences and unhappiness of this general human mismanagement have been difficult for us individually to



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avoid. We must suffer with humanity.

But there are many unhappiness in life, the reasons for which we are ourselves responsible. Just consider honestly to ourselves.

How is it possible to be a reasonable person, who prepares his own unhappiness? After all, this seems to be contrary to our nature, our commonsense.

Why does unhappiness come into our lives? Is it the kind that depends on us? What's the reason? What is its germ?

One of the psychology experts, in a psychological journal, states that, 40 percent of housewives are periodically depressed and unhappy. And there is a big number among schoolchildren as well.

How is it possible that they are young, healthy, still have the future ahead of them, feel depressed and unhappy? What is the cause, the germ of our unhappiness?

The doctors have been researching it from the old days to answer that. Several opinions and theories have emerged. For example, health reasons, anemia, lack of vitamins, family relations, a depressing environment, — but the most common and acceptable thing was that the starting point for most unhappiness, is dissatisfaction.

The discontent? Is that possible? Is the reason for our unhappiness really being dissatisfied?

Think of Adam and Eve. They had everything; they could have lived happily ever after. But they weren't satisfied with what was, they wished for more, and became unhappy.

Why are so many of the housewives depressed? Because today they want more from life than our grandmothers, who still considered the care of the family, the household, to be a great, sacred task.

And why are today's young people unhappy? Because they got used to the always more and more. Not raised and educated to evaluate existing situations.

And once on a quiet evening, we'll take a look at our own dissatisfactions, we realize that yes, it often provokes our unhappy feelings, we always want more, always better, always better in all things, and in the end unfulfilled desires unhappiness.

The starting point for unhappiness is that we are not happy with what we have. We're trying to get out of the situation. As we try to take off the clamping shoes.

We have a right to look for the better, but if the better is not in view, opportunity, we have to be satisfied with the existing. If we allow discontent to overcome, we're on our way to unhappiness.

Discontent is mostly due to unrestrained pursuit of longing dreams. There is happiness among the poor who are satisfied. And even on the sickbed, there is contentment when satisfied with the upbeat.

That's why an Arabic proverb says: Satisfaction the silky pillow of happiness. — The degree of satisfaction determines our happiness.

*To be able to resign— if necessary; It's the best deal tied to fate.* (Hall Caine)

*My principle: live happy! — if, I have so little reason. still be satisfied.* (Lessing)



## To the brood

MICHAEL REDMARTY

*Where did the world of your beautiful eyes go?  
What is it, what are you looking for in dubious distance?  
Maybe the dark flower of the past,  
What are the tears of disappointment?  
You're facing scary pictures,  
And you cannot trust in the prophecy of your destiny,  
Because once you searched for it?  
Look at the world: so many millions,  
And among them real happiness so few,  
Disappointment is the spoils of life,  
Which, squinting, looks into painted skies.  
What, what could make a man happy?  
Treasure? News? Delight? Let it be, though, as it was,  
The insatiable can be immersed in it,  
And he won't know there's a heart break.  
Who needs flowers does not wear roses;  
He does not burn his thirst for life,  
He loses lust, who chases me with a lot of pleasure:  
Only the humble has no desire to cause pain.  
Who is good in heart, who was noble in spirit,  
Who did not burn his lust for life,  
Who is unenchanted with pride, greedy desire and light,  
You can only find your home on Earth.  
Don't look, don't look in the distance your desires:  
The whole world is not our property;  
As much as the heart can comprehend,  
All we can say to ourselves is,  
Past and future are a burden of a bosom,  
It is unsuitable on such a small farm.  
On its waves, dead light and fog castles float,  
The solitude of the heart scares me.  
If you have something to trust in the present,  
If you have a feeling, think and love,  
Stay close to the fun,  
And maybe look for more beauty, not more deceitful future.  
Don't sell what you can do with dream money,  
Which you hold in your hand unless:  
The treasure of your awaited salvation will come at a price of sorrow,  
If you open an arm to flattering fantasies...  
Those hours are the most precious thing in our lives,  
for which we paid with suffering. (Perlaky)*

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## Why?

Life pictures from our time. — A family escapes the horrors of war, the devastating bombings, survives the starvation of refugee camps in Austria or Germany, the emigration authorities are overrun. In the New World, it will be starting the construction of the family nest. Husband, wife, work, cleaning, washing dishes in factory kitchens, - restrooms. They've been standing next to a conveyor belt, stooping for years. They spend carefully on second-hand clothes worn by someone else, all in order to survive into their old days. Their small pension, their own home and some hassle-free years.

But fate wants it differently. One of them has only a years' worth of retirement, and after suffering from an embarrassing illness, leaves his partner alone. And the one who is alone, asks the heavens, "WHY?"

Somewhere in the world of refugees, a baby is born. After losing the old world, he'll be the joy of the family, comfort and hope. Then, when he was seven. he is attacked by a pathological disease and goes away, disappears from their lives. Smitten and meaningless act of fate: WHY?

In another immigrant family, father and mother for years provide their children everything they need. They spend money on them and send them to the best schools. Expect that they will be the mainstay in their old age.

But the alien-spirited world arranges it differently, the boy will be taken to Vietnam, and he will never return. She joins a group of travelers, and who knows

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where we are going? The two parents stay there on their own, not leaving. They also ask, “Oh, my God, WHY?”

In life, we all run into adversity, into suffering, sometimes pre-conceived, waiting, terrified, sometimes unexpectedly, and in this case, seen as pointless, for the rest of our lives, we are shocked to ask: WHY? OH, MY GOD, WHY?

Someone once wanted to answer, and explain the suffering, and he said it thoughtlessly. We must suffer because we are sinners.

He didn't grasp the mystery of suffering, because for example, Stephen's story a young monk with a holy life. In goodness, and modesty he only asked help for life to be good as a monk. But instead when he was young, he went to bed, suffered and left.

And then there are the millions of saints and innocent people, who have gone through all the scales of suffering. WHY?

There are sufferings that we cause ourselves for ourselves or for others. And there are sufferings that are caused by bad people. But there are sufferings that just appear, and we don't know why.

With earthly cleverness, there's no response for these whys. With an earthly assessment of this nonsense, there is no explanation.

Why man must suffer, the good, too; why families need to flee, to be an alien wander, or break away, and why it is necessary to be in a Christian nation and suffer in bondage, to walk calvary— There's no explanation for that with earthly eyes.

There is only one answer: FAITH. Faith in that all this suffering, however meaningless and seemingly cruel now, is done according to a certain plan, with which God wants to remove sin

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to re-lift, ennoble, and save mankind. And this cleaning process grinds out all people, regardless of whether someone is individually more or less guilty.

Because of this it sounds strange there's a good result in every suffering. Man's life also, that's how it starts. The mother suffers from the pain of childbirth, but it will give you a new life, and there will be joy from suffering.

That is the whole nature. The cold of winter plucks trees, but fallen leaves make way for new buds. Fallen leaves wilt and give the new plant soil. The rain clouds obscure the life-giving sun, but they give moisture to the ground. The windstorm is destructive, but it refreshes the air. Good result often comes from unpleasant events.

And man's suffering? He teaches me to be smart, careful, temperate, he teaches me to be modest, to be attentive to others, to be forgiving. The toddler would never know that he would be hurt by the burn of the stove's fire if he didn't experience it.

And the great suffering? When suffering is such that it is not possible to do so by ground assessment. Tell me there's good in that? Then the answer remains: Through suffering, the Creator lifts us to the higher, spiritual place. After all, this is man's ultimate journey and purpose!

Why the path of suffering? For man, by falling into sin, stepped on the path of suffering, and lost the happy way to God. God could make it easy for us to get back to the spiritual world. But would man follow God's plans with his giving us free will?

All these thoughts do not eliminate our sufferings, but if we understand God's plans, then sufferings become easier. We can say it calmly in great pain; "Lord, thy will be done".

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## About suffering:

With or without Christ?

The whole universe, the earth, the sun, the stars, and planets were all created with terrible shocks.

The whole earthly nature starts to wake up in spring every year through winter freezing.

Man, and animal are born in agony. Pain is suffering, and suffering hurts; suffering is not Good. We want to escape suffering, but we cannot.

Suffering is part of our lives, because life ends with passing away, and the passing is suffering. We begin to pass away from the moment we are born.

Signs of passing, diseases, most selected torture tools in our lives. We struggle, even when we suffer on our own, and even when we see our loved ones suffer from illness.

We not only suffer from body damage, but in spirit, too. We can cause these sufferings ourselves, or others give the spiritual wounds. If we get it from the one we love, they're doubly sore.

There never was, there never will be a man on earth, who, in some form, does not encounter suffering, There is no escaping suffering, no escape.

The big question is: How do we endure suffering? Are we giving suffering meaning or meaningless purpose?

This is where Christ comes into the life of mankind. The creator, one person of God, the son of God, took a human form, but God remained, and he suffered with us.

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His suffering was most horrific: they betrayed, mocked and crucified.

For God's sake, he could have been saved from suffering, but he wanted to undertake. Why?

With his suffering, he showed us the great secret, mystery. After every labor, after suffering, everything goes one step further. The earthly man reaches the spiritual man, the Spiritual Kingdom, through suffering.

The whole life on earth and all its joys and sorrows, his smile and tears make man's ultimate purpose and journey his way forth: To become spiritual, to reach, to return to the Creator.

Only Christ gave an acceptable expectation for suffering. Neither kings or tyrants nor rich nor the pleasure-seekers were able to give advice, answers to suffering, for they are no longer able to achieve that objective. Why let one man die, reassured by any means. If it is done for us after we have passed away it has no use, meaning?

The greatness of Christ's redeeming work is that he taught me good, that he proclaimed the most perfect social program with his command: Love thy neighbor as yourself. It's not that he's healed patients, he has performed miracles, he has made sense to suffering on earth. Pick up your cross and follow me. "He who believes in me will live, and not die forever!

The greater our grief, the more we suffer, the more we need to understand this mystery of Christ, suffering, sickness, passing does not lead to destruction, but to the resurrection, back to the Creator.

Today, the Christ less and the anti-Christ advise the sufferer to use his last strength, come away with pleasures, intoxication, music. Then there is no more. But suffering with Christ means to suffer for a while, and then in the kingdom of God to be happy forever.

One can choose between these two paths. The choice makes it easier to see people suffering. We go to the hospital inpatient rooms, and you can see the difference between those who suffer without Christ or with Christ.

Not only did the martyrs and heroes suffer with serene calm, but also many, many people who called, we find those who feel the most pain and leave this land with a smile on their faces.

To suffer is bad, suffering hurts, but we cannot avoid it. We must bear it, we must learn to suffer peacefully, and we can only learn this difficult art with Christ.

That is why our Lenten song is so profound:

*I'm going to the cross,  
because I can't find anywhere else  
to rest my soul...*

One of Jesus' great pains was seeing his mother suffer at the base of the cross. —

In our suffering, it is a great consolation that in addition to our mother, the Heavenly Mother can hold you in her arms.

With Christ, we are resurrected.



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We are resurrected with Christ

## Let's rejoice

About Easter, many beautiful, colorful poems have been written. It was painted in silvery words as the awakening of spring, and it was enshrined in the melody of great musicians.

We could remember a happy childhood, red eggs, giggling, laughing sprinkles. The Easter holiday is still beautiful for the infidels, who see only spring splendor, budding trees, and outside celebration.

But for us, the wanderers of life, the wanderers of foreign roads, Easter means more; much more. Who calvary, those Good Fridays are after the resurrection of Easter as a cause for hope and comfort.

And this comfort is our faith: We will rise! This is the bedrock of our religion. That is the meaning of our lives. It gives us the strength to endure the crosses and sufferings. It gives hope even if everything seems hopeless. It gives us a life goal when all earthly goals are lost in the fog.

Faith in the resurrection does not take suffering out of our lives, but it gives it meaning, purpose, and thus facilitates.

Are you sure we're going to be resurrected? We take evidence of our faith primarily from the Scriptures. All four evangelists clearly and convincingly state that Jesus is risen. The apostles were simple, well-nerved people, since they lived largely in free nature as fishermen. Man does not imagine and judge soberly. They all testified that Jesus was resurrected. The skepticism of the Apostle Thomas, and then his creed further proves the resurrection of Jesus.

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The apostles preached the resurrection of Jesus, despite the fact that unbelieving Jewry, and especially the high priesthood were persecuted, tortured, and killed by infidel Judaism.

In the surviving literature of the enemy there is no trace of anyone disproving the apostles' teaching of the resurrection of Jesus with facts.

Because of the faith of the resurrection, not only the apostles, but hundreds of Christians have pledged martyrdom. Would they have done it if they were not sure of their faith?

Another shining proof of the resurrection is Holy Paul. Previously his name was Saul, and the Jewish high priests persecuted on his behalf, Jesus followers sent him to prison. Then Jesus appeared to him on the road to Damascus, and the persecutor Saul became the Apostle of St. Paul.

He writes so well about the resurrection: “Brethren, know we want you to be ignorant of the fate of the deceased. so that you don't grieve like you don't have faith. Because we believe that Jesus has died and been resurrected, we must believe in the same way that God, with Jesus, together, brings out from the dead those who died in Jesus.” (1 Thess. 4.)

And once again, he openly professes the resurrection: “Christ has died for our sins. He was buried and, on the third day, arose. He appeared to Peter, and then to the twelve (apostle), he appeared to more than five hundred brothers at once, most of whom still live today... After he appeared to James, and then to all the Apostles. — And after all of them, he showed up to me. “

So, if we proclaim that Christ was resurrected how can some claim that there is no resurrection? If there is no resurrection, then Christ has not been resurrected. And if Christ is not resurrected, our preaching is in vain, and your faith is in vain. But Christ rose from the dead, like the dead

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tender... As soon as they all die according to Adam, so in Christ we all come back to life.

“Don't be fooled, the perishable body must take on the integrity, immortality to the mortal.” (1 Cor. 15)

In addition to Scripture, sincere science and common sense calls for the continuation of life. If we also accept evolving science, then we can continue to develop, to become spiritual, only the conceited fool can say that man on earth is the ultimate stage of development, and after that, there is no more.

Sober mind and our hearts can tell you that those who have died, they're out of our circle, they have not become nothing. It would be impossible for a selfless, self-sacrificing mother to think there would be only a handful of dust left for her children? The lot of love just can't go away permanently! The soul, as the bearer of love, must live on.

Yes, awaken, as Christ rose, we are also resurrected and continue to live in the spiritual kingdom. This strong faith, sure conviction, and our Christianity stands or falls on whether we believe in the resurrection with conviction.

This faith gives us a decisive path to our earthly life. This strength to crossroads and sufferings. It gives spiritual peace, a sense of security in uncertainty.

And faith in the resurrection gives us the joy of life. That's why it's so profound that the prisoner is in his homeland and with the stranger we sing with faith at Easter: “Christ has risen on this day. Let's rejoice! Alleluia.”

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## With the hope of resurrection

It was 1945 on the calendar of history. Holy week, crossroads, calvary all around the country. Highways crammed with cross-carriers, escapees.

In a wagon of the caravans, in the carousel a woman in a frail, tired, crumpled dress. One of many, out of a thousand.

When the carriage line stopped on the edge of one of the woods for a short rest, the lady said in a few sentences about her life story:

--- I'm a widow, I lost my husband a long time ago. I'm running for the second time in my life. First, from the Highlands in the first war, and now the Russian front: Who knows where?

--- I've lost everything but a little bundle. I'm running away with my son's family. My other son is in the military. Who knows where?

--- But I will not leave feeling sorry for myself; I will not allow the lack of faith to break me down. We Hungarian women have already gone through a lot of sorrow; we don't surrender. That is why I hold myself strong now, she said, for we are in the Holy Week, and Christ has suffered more than we have suffered. The savior's cross gives strength to believers. But I have been so optimistic already since I was a child because that is how my parents raised me. Even when we did not yet know the great teaching symbol of our faith, life has always been accustomed to whatever happens. The bad and the poor also succeed in something, hopefully one can always start over!

--- My mother used to say that life it is like wreath weaving from dandelion.

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The blossoms are weak, fragile, and when the links are connected, many of them are torn. No problem let's find another one.

--- Such is our life, we have many plans, many dreams, and many of them are torn apart. It's okay, there's a replacement. Let us not despair let us find another wreath and weave it further into life for ourselves, and we shall continue to braid life with it. That is why I believe there will always be alternatives. After all the trouble you can always start again.

That widow said wise words. But to learn more of her wisdom, someone risked the question:

--- What if you lose more of life, for example, you lost your sons?

--- Well, that would be a blow, it would hurt a lot. But life must go on, widows would still be left with many tasks, many things to do in life... Millions more dandelions in the world that we must continue to string, according to God's plans!

— And when everything is completely lost, then cling to the last dandelion blossom, believing that we will be resurrected!... In the other world then we can start dandelion spinning again in the company of those who have already gone ahead.

How wonderfully simple and nature-loving vision: Our lives are like a continuous dandelion-spinning. Over the years, so many links have been ripped out of our hands.

Whether we emigrants will try to pick up fresh dandelion grains again and again to continue our hopes? Because every single new thread is a new hope; and without hope, it would not be worth a lot to live.

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The faith and spiritual peace of the resurrection gives us this hope. The hope of our resurrection is the wonderful treasure that God has left among the people. He left the spirit accompany, encourage, heal and escort.

For us to remain happy as stateless people, hope is the most important prerequisite. Of course, not the baseless, dreamy hope that draws only puppets before us, but the hope on which it is our faith in divine Providence and our own ability and determination.

What is the hope? The spiritual trait, custom, attitude with which we trust in divine Providence. We believe that in every situation, even at worst, God is above us, and because God does not want badness, we are hopeful of a better future.

Hope is a virtue; it is not free; we have to practice within ourselves. We have to learn; we have to get it! We have to be trained; we have to get used to it as with good nutrition, behavior.

Hope does not mean we expect all good from life, but that “God is everything”, position gives us an opportunity, a way out from evil.

Hope is, in fact, the art of always starting over. If a thousand tries go wrong, you start again because hope of getting out is always there. And even if everything is lost here on earth, there will still be a fresh start later in another more beautiful, spiritual world.

When we celebrate the Resurrection of Christ, this feeds our own spiritual peace and hope.



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## My family, my citadel

It may seem like a long time ago, but it was. . .

In one of the detention camps in Austria, Hungarian refugees await the culling and the hoped-for emigration permission. The noise of war, the perils of wire hedges and mines are already behind them, the external excitement is already quiet, only the pressure of a long wait settles to the soul.

It's nice to have a conversation with someone. John, Joseph, Stephen and several others fled with their families, stayed together, are together, they talk in an intimate ensemble after the lean camp dinner, "they look at the stars in the sky, we come from," they say, "and perhaps we will go in that direction."

But Ervin or Zoltan, and others, left home on their own. They're on their own in this alien world, and maybe they'll be even more alone in the sea too. And away, you're sure a nightmare can be better. They feel it and look at themselves with envy around those who are with their families.

That's what those who were put on the General Taylor ship in Bremen on a foggy dawn in November felt. They said goodbye with overwhelming emotions. Europe's far-off shores. In a depressed mood, only in the cabins in the family, on decks 2-3 B to C were not it's so painful, Dad from the kitchen service carried the leftover oranges for the kids in his pants pocket, mom continued to hum the home songs to the little ones, and grandma told them about distant



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countries while crocheting the warm scarf for the American winter.

There was a striking difference in mood between family and unique emigrants. And so, it was later on the transport planes. The Polish emigrant priest on the ship also observed: How much better for those who emigrate as a family?

You told me a great truth. My family is my home, even if the home is lost, my family my island, my refuge, where in the storm, in trouble where understanding, compassion and I find love, my family is my citadel.

It's the natural order. That's how the Creator thought, when he made man and woman. Dad, Mom and the new generation form the basic cell of mankind, thus it was from the beginning; So it was in the era of the patriarchs, in the pagan and Christian world, and so will it always be. That's not changed by modern divorce mania, the immorality proclaimed with the whistle, the artificial insemination.

The importance and value of the family we, the stateless, in the difficult days, we felt very much. In the escape, before an uncertain future, we clearly saw what an incredible treasure the family is. The single, the detached. Painfully, they felt the wounds of solitude in the storm. When everything is lost, then the foreheads of fathers, mothers, and children were radiant in the prescribing: My family is my castle. They were happy who did.

Since then, unfortunately, the world has changed a lot between us and our children. No war, there's a little money in the bank, children are going to grow up anyway, some say, so we're going to have a little doggy, we've been through the hard days together, it's wrinkled faced. Maybe he's sick, let's find some new fun.

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And it's astonishing how much more family disintegration is among our children. We were defeated by the new immoral perception of the world? We were not able to pass on to our children one of the greatest values of life on earth, the appreciation of the family together?

If, freed from the alien spirit that keep our country in handcuffs, we were unable to teach our children to honor the family sanctuary here in the free world, then we gave them nothing. Diploma, house, bank deposits, cars that were supplied with them, nothing if they do not know the value of a clean family a combination of life,

A happy family life is a prerequisite for a happy human life. And that's what gives the nation security. As Berzsenyi says, is the mainstay of all countries, the foot of pure morality, which, if it is lost, will fall to Rome and you stooped.

Considering life soberly, if the family breaks up, then it's not worth much to all the earthly comedy. Some people with loneliness, they take up the vocation as priests, scientists, or who have been judged by fate, but the natural order of life is still the family band.

When the harmony of families is broken, only because we are now in a better fate, because we have the means you have to choose partners, then life loses its meaning and purpose. Because the only reason we're working our ass essays is to spend it on fleeting entertainment?

When the time for disability comes — and this is everyone's life — the occasional partner he's not going to put a pillow under our heads if we're bedridden. We're going to be, we're not going to be able to care for our self, only the consort can do that.

My conscience test: Is my family a strong man?

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## In the protection of our Lady

Our family is the most precious asset in our stateless lives. It's our joy, our comfort and our citadel.

All reasonable people try to secure their values. It's all about our family. So that the storm doesn't take it away, and the bad environment doesn't spoil it.

What could be our family's best guarantee? Youth, wealth? These can go away; parents, friends? They can leave you. I need something durable, permanent which encourages, lifts and sets an example.

Such protection is the nice custom of our religion when the bridal bouquet is laid, at the end of the wedding, on the altar of the Virgin Mary. Her protection is sought for the new family. Nice, uplifting thoughts.

True, there is something beautiful and uplifting about every religion, for it points to God. The Eastern religions seize mystical reflections. We understand the rhythmic dances, although they differ from our lifestyle. We are deeply affected by the faces of Muslims in Arab cities, overturning when the muezzin speaks in the tower. The Orthodox Church is delightfully beautiful chorus of choirs. With the eyes of the calm man from the north, we are in a serious mood with the puritanical simplicity of Protestant services, and their ancient hymns are seized upon.

But it's a heartwarming feeling in our Catholic religion that in our temples our redeemer's mother and we will give it a greeting and a flower.

That's what one of our Fellow Protestants once said: I really like the church of Calvinist

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and our ancient psalms. But maybe because I'm not a woman, I have always looked with a certain envy at Catholics who wanted the mother of Jesus, the maternal, female delicacy brought into the their church. I'm sorry that for this reason some short-sighted they are accused of loving Mary and are lost. Out of respect for Jesus. Why would it hurt for Jesus to respect his mother? . . . "I often think about how good it would be for us to hold onto his maternal patronage".

Mary! — So much debate, faith and doubt, true religiosity and uncertain ideas. Just as Jesus was a contradiction and cornerstone, the Messiah, as was Mary, was a debate in history. The reason for the contradiction is that in the Paradise Garden, God said, there will be a contradiction between you and the woman; You'll be lurking after the corner, but he'll crush your head. ( Gen.)

If Mary could have been Jesus' mother, why not are we mother's advocates in heaven? She is a doer was involved in the nourishment, upbringing of Jesus and, finally, crossroads. So you are part of redemption and our fact. Why shouldn't we turn to her more?

This confidence was expressed by the mother of Jesus in one of our Protestant brother, who, during his severe surgery, hooked the rosary of his Catholic relative on the back of a homemade bed.

For us stateless wanderers, the heavenly Mother can mean a lot, many of us are separated from our mother. This was the most painful moment when he last hugged me. Since then, he may have left the ancient dwelling, we couldn't even walk him to the cemetery on his last journey.

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How comforting to know that he prays up there and can help us with the great patronage of the mother of Jesus.

To the persecuted, the prisoner, what a strengthening it felt, when he saw this on the wall of the AVO prison: Ave Maria. One of his predecessors must have scraped it on the wall in agony. It is also good to think of a heavenly mother who can help — or embrace her at the end of the journey.

Why do we have such respect for the Virgin Mary? Because she's the mother of our Savior, and because she's a whole life, suffering, is an example of motherly love, women's virtues and spiritual purity.

Our religion insists on his respect. For by her example she gives direction to our daughters and mothers, happy times when our country daughters grew up, and our Lady was a role model instead of the movie stars.

In today's darkening, boiling world, Mary continues rescue work through her warnings and warnings. Lourdes, Fatima, Guadalupe and other messages admonished the world for repentance and conversion.

In the difficult history of Hungary, we have always come to her with hope for help, because. Our padre, lady, has been a woman since in our ancient song St. Stephen he calls her:

*Our mother, our old great Padres. . . . .*  
*In great interest, our country calls me:*  
*From Hungary, sweet country,*  
*Don't forget poor Hungarians.*



## Our Mother

It is no coincidence that we dedicate the most flowery birdsong month of the year, May, in honor of the mothers. They are entitled to the most beautiful bouquet of flowers, the most beautiful melody to express our love and gratitude.

From the lost Paradise Garden, one of the remaining, our most precious treasure is the secret of motherhood and the sacrificial love of mothers.

The noblest biography ever written, "The life of Christ in the Bible". If someone following the bible would not write the noblest of our mothers, the biography of our mothers would. Sometimes it's just a simple story. Washed cooked, cleaned — and loved. Always loved me and forgave me.

Cardinal Mindszenty, Mother?" The question he asks is: Oh, Mom, the great secret of life, who could properly explain you?

Great writers, poets, scientists have attempted to draw the most dignified vocation of a woman, motherhood. But no picture, no poem. expresses it as perfectly as when her child falls on her mother's bosom and says only: Mother!

Even more favors when we grow up, perhaps after years of prodigal boyhood, the disappointments of life after that, we return again, and we say to her; Forgive me, Mother.

Scientists, saints, generals, and famous statesmen, but also sinners and gallows murderers, they often felt the majesty of motherhood, and looked with respect to the one who gave them life.

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An old pagan general is said to have entered his mother's tent only after taking off his commanding badges and sari. Bishop of St. Augustine mourned and wept for his mother as a small child, even though he knew that they will only break for a short time, and then up there again met.

The journey of our lives begins in our mother's lap, and many people, at the end of their lives, never express their feeling along the way.

Addressing the mother in all languages sounds like: Mama, Mammy, Mutta, but our Hungarian language say the most beautiful: Mother.

What is it that triggers a mother's respect and love?

One of the reasons is that the mother is our life-giving we're going to start this life. The Creator gives our souls, but our father and mother give our bodies, and we develop in our mother's womb enough to begin our independent lives. Our parents Are also, co-creators" with God. From here is the divine command: honor your father and your mother.

Another reason for our love for our mother is that she is the first expression and mediator of care and love.

Do we not forget that love is the most effective, miracle weapon? To win the world. Love is the perfect bond between people. And when the mother cares for her child with your love, you will forever be appreciative.

Love is not a material thing, it is not a human invention, but god's gift to man. Love is a divine spark within us. Love is proof that we're more than material. And this surplus, this divine gift, is made felt and inoculated by the mother first.

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Our mother is the first, our missionary in life, with love to God.

For all this, it is our mother that we respect, cherish and love, and to whom we trust in distress and sorrow. That's why the poet says, how happy is a man who still has a mother!

On our journey, most of us wander like an orphan who is a fatherless and motherless. Our mother either stayed at home when we left home, and now, more than twenty years later, all we have is a worried, furrowed face, tears in her eyes. It remains in our memory, the last time he waved goodbye from the door of our home.

Since then, we have probably been saying it to ourselves a lot. Petöfi's poem: My beautiful country is going to acquaintances, good What should I tell my mother?

Or maybe she came with us to escape. Our hearts hurt because we could never give comfort to her out here. All that she left at home, friends, and spiritually.

Whether she's still here with us, in the distance, or already up in the Spiritual Country, in May, On Mother's Day a warm prayer for her: God Bless you, Mother!

The day is only appreciated by the People once you've gone down. —. Their mothers are also some when the two cooled, hugging arms go away under the roots.

With all mothers, the simplest mothers should also be treated like a queen, (Perlaky)



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## Fathers, husbands, men

There must be some truth in the fact that fathers day is celebrated like Mother's Day. In maternal love, there's more emotion, more mood, and it is therefore easier to write and sing poetry about him. But paternal love is also deep and sacred, of course there is a difference between motherly and paternal love, which follows from the different nature of the woman. But it does not their value. And when we celebrate mothers, we must also not forget to celebrate fathers, because this is part of the family happiness.

Both loves are sincere and precious, but different. She loves her child from a different point of view. That's why they say, the mother forgives even her gallows son. The father is not always. He feels more deeply about the mistake, and for him sin hurts more.

If we understand this inner, different motif of paternal love, then we can celebrate Father's Day in a worthy way, unfortunately Father's Day has become fashionable simply with a box of cigars, bottles of drink, fishing rods.



But that's not what the paternal heart expects. Not a devotee but he hopes and desires to approach and to show love. This can happen with a warm handshake, good words and honest conversations. Not only between father and son, but between father and daughter.

Despite our denying it, there is a big gap between father and son in many families today. Not to mention the fact that their daughters, their upbringing, their school or evening programs

it's miles away. Sometimes it's like there's just strange girls living in his house and it hurts.

And the greatest heartache of fathers is when their sons move away from the worldview for which he took the walking stick into his hands. What was true history, a sacred religion, was often left to the sons today, an old concept, Because falsified history in schools and communications and they were taught a mocked religion.

This applies not only to the countries of the eltiport but also to what's called a free world. And if the father is not wise enough to compensate for this, he will do so until you wake up. That a stranger lives in his house. Or the enemy's spy.

If you have a balanced family life on your journey we want to, then the members of the family, the wife, understand the individual traits of the male soul.

Way. the wife must be measured according to the rules of female nature, so the father and the husband must be measured by the if the family is owned by a husband and wife. They do not learn this, and children are not raised there, the peace of the family is easily overturned.

Some people believe that the task of a man's life is the visible achievement, the financial and public success. How much do you make? What kind of job did you get? The man also fights the drudgery to be a happy man. and the wives must understand this.

The wife's conscientious ness is to understand, support, comfort, especially in statelessness, where in the foreign environment, at work, struggles for the family's livelihood.

Today, the question often arises: Who should be at the steering wheel in the family? Today's world echoes the, liberal movement, the female sex, the slogans of the liberation. That's what the enemy has been doing.

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In Scripture we read that the woman should follow her husband, but the husband may love his wife. This means that there are areas where the husband's ideas or more useful for the family, and there are tasks, in which the wife is the preferred. It is not a priority debate, but a division of responsibilities based on the characteristics of male and female nature. There can be no debate in a sober, Christian family. about who's the main one. Rather, this is argued by those who do not love each other.

As we celebrate our martyrs in our religion, we commemorate the heroes of our country on our national holidays.



It is very correct and important, because respect for heroes is important for upbringing of youth. Without role models, he's stunted in the new generation. We can't miss the respect of our heroes because otherwise they will imitate movie stars and dance figures.

But among our heroes are fathers and husbands who, on the stage of grey everyday life, in a bench, workshop, offices or machining of earth and materials to keep their families. Our Hungarian emigration abounds in such heroes. We respect, respect and love them.

*I encourage you to get better,  
He's wagging his head, he doesn't believe my word.  
"That's right," he says later, "my fate will turn for good,  
Because my legs are already on the edge of the grave.  
I'm sad. And I will bathe his face with tears in my eyes.  
Because my father is this old bartender.  
May God bless him with both hands. (Petöfi)*

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## On the feast of the soul

One of the deep- and neglected celebrations of our Christian religion is red Pentecost, the Day of the holy spirit.

Historically: on this day. the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles who wept and frightened Christ, and lit a storm in their souls that ordinary fishermen have become world conquerors armed under a pagan world power and the Messiah. Among the hatred of non-receiving Jews, these eleven simple men boldly proclaimed the teachings of Jesus, the Christian way of life, the New Testament, the most perfect religion. And for the past two thousand years, the gates of hell have not been destroyed.

How could this amazing transformation have happened, apostles? What could have brought this astonishing turn of events to the disciples who were locked up in fear, and then Saul — in St. Paul? And what gave the fiery flame of the thousand and a thousand followers? Hero raised martyrs in frailty women, children; saints of sinners; from cowardly adaptors, this changed the pagan world we knew at the time.

How did this happen? What's the explanation? The Holy Ghost! What do I know about the Holy Ghost?



If only that it's Pentecostal, and nothing else, then I am guilty of the fact that the current world in such a tragic maze, even though Christianity you could save him.

The Holy Ghost is the third divine person. If I had forgotten from school catechism: God is the world

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Lord and the origin of everything, unit of three persons: Father, Son, Holy Ghost. We call it the Holy Trinity. With our human minds, we cannot understand this as just as we can't comprehend what's outside the boundaries of the system, what's infinite? Jesus taught us to God. the Trinity. Jesus, the Son, the second person to take a human body and come among us. He said that after his departure he would send us the comforting Holy Ghost, who would guide and teach us until the second coming of Jesus. We say this: The Father created it, the Son redeemed it, the Holy Ghost sanctifies the world.

If all I know about the Holy Ghost is that it is at Pentecost, sanctification? How much have I accepted Jesus' instruction to listen to the Holy Ghost?

If I am only baptized but do not live Christianity, I am free: When, how does the Holy Ghost speak to me? Can I hear what a useful Spirit says? Read the word and command of Jesus in the Bible, but where is the word of the Holy Ghost?

Here is the deepest meaning and majesty of Christianity, and therein lies the crisis of today's world, the pagans God spoke with signs of wonder, with celestial fascination, e.g. star of the Three Kings. The Old Testament Jew by the prophets. Jesus made us a direct connection between Creator and creature, God Father and his children. And this childlike relationship with the Father is spiritually we can keep it— with the help of the Holy Ghost.

The Christian religion wants to turn us into spirituals. This is the work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore it should be this the era of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost speaks to us in our souls. How many times can I hear the word of my conscience? Speaks to me beautiful

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in the sermon, in the sermon, in worship, in good people, in trees, in flowers, in heaven, in stars, in all nature. He speaks to me in pure joy, sorrow and sickness.

Can I hear him? Only evil, spiritually blind and deaf Not. you can hear him or you don't want to hear him! According to the Bible, the greatest sin is to fight the Holy Ghost, I will listen. him, and obey his counsel?

One of the main causes of today's ruining world tragedy, that we did not accept the Holy Ghost, even the Christians We accepted Christ, we were baptized, we wore cross insignia, we built cathedrals, but in practice, we are hardly Christians. Jesus remained a temple adherence, prayer, but to which he admonished us to follow the Holy Ghost we are no longer following the instructions.

For how Christian, how sanctified is the Western world that may have spent an hour on Sunday in artistic-style churches, and then throughout the week, he bites each other, rushes for pleasure, and bombs against Christians with other policies?

How sanctified are Christians, when we take our children to the seminary once a week with a bitter persuasion, but let them stare at, the roughness, murder and ugliness of television and grime literature five to six hours a day?

And as the teaching of Jesus remains a word, celebration remains in our religious lives, our Hungarians, our Christian politics, there is only words and advertising left until now. Straw flame, word it doesn't bring a new world, it's just deeds and sacrifices.

Cross-mail, church social gathering did not keep us and our children from the enemy. What Christians, when are we going to wake up? Come, Holy Ghost, collect the hearts of your believers.

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## Old trees

It is a wise Hungarian saying that old wood is difficult to transplant. It also applies to humans.

To fit into an alien world, language and customs, without any mental health, is a difficult task even for younger people. Friends at home, the familiar surroundings and the sweet mother land cry back into statelessness even after years of motherland.

It's so much more painful for the elderly to transplant into a new land. That's why older parents, grandparents did not take the wandering stick into their hands. More in the occupied, transformed country, an uncertain future.

I wonder if the people who came with us to the new land are better off, were they happier? Are grandma and grandpa happier among us? The one who came with us at the beginning of the journey and the one who's been here since then?

She deserves to be happy. For she is the spiritual size of the family; and encouraging conscience. She is the home of the past! She is the balance between youthful treachery, dollar-chasing, and calm experience, spiritual value.

She's no longer fits into the new way of life. She's preserved "old-fashioned", she is the old tree that has already been transplanted. She, with the greater part of her soul, continues to live on an ancient nugget of her home, and a crying conscience towards the easily oblivious.

She's a problem, but— let's face it — God-given, blessed Problem. If it weren't for grandma and grandpa, we would have been lost a long time ago in this alien sea.

When you return from work and bring peace, peace

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you wish, you just have to sit next to her in her room and feel the comforting peace that is above her in the day-to-day chase... If she has her own room, she's comfortable, in your big house, and none of them are anxious. Cheap rental house loft. Or if you might have put her in one of the nursing homes. You'll get everything, but she lives sadly because she misses your love.

Grandma and grandpa are sometimes a hot problem, too, for example, when you want to spend on more luxurious things, but they makes a salient reference to a poor relative at home or for noble Hungarian Christian. And sometimes there's a more unsettling problem for grandchildren. They no longer knew the beautiful Hungarian homeland. They don't know the value of a simpler, but calmer, more human life in your former home. Where the family was almost a shrine. Father wise control and a barrier to the right path. Mother, her love and her sacrificial work are safe, well-served, a well-fed family nest, where children can live order, honesty, diligent lifestyles and feelings of gratitude also learned.

The grandchildren are the sapling trees transplanted when they were young. They take over the atmosphere of the new environment; the good, the bad. In the family, they may still speak Hungarian, but between buddies and each other you are already in the new language lips.

To them, grandma and grandfather, I'm not just admonishing you anymore, but dam stalag sometimes. They love him, but sometimes they're afraid of him. When the granddaughter appears one day in fringed jeans, grandma, pulls out an old Hungarian Women's Journal, and it shows her what tasteful women's dress is.

Grandma and grandpa sometimes get angry. When they started dating, boy and girlfriends early. Or when it comes to Hungarian history, about our religion

grandchildren say things that are lies, slanders, and if they refer to the TV or the school. Then grandma, grandpa are even more angry. Oh, blessed holy wrath! I wish there was more families like them. I wish there was such grandmothers and grandfathers in every Hungarian family of long ago. Do we have any regrets about the way we treated and cared for the grandparents who came with us? We helped, have we encouraged, comforted— or neglected them? We dived into the pursuit of wealth, and we forgot about them and thought only of ourselves? Maybe we're treating you like that, with them as a useless piece of broken furniture? And if we're grandparents ourselves now, grandpa, what's our fate? Do they love you, appreciate you? If we're the old tree now, we are gesturing, do we encourage, reconcile, and set a good example?



Because the next generation desperately needs the shade of old, safe oaks.

*That today's children. they often get a big head.  
From the age of outcast parents that today they are not so  
much exposed. The reason is for the lack of old father  
strong hand and punitive love. (Perlaky)*

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## Our joy, our worries: our children

When our stateless lives are most precious, we want to reflect on his treasure, the child, perhaps best placed to be László Mécs: Command, your highness. Take the thought from Mecs poem:

*There's a fight for bread and power out there;  
cloudy floods run under your window;  
Life with naughty, adolescent hands  
draws obscene figures on the walls:  
You don't. you know nothing about it.*

*Your father, your mother is washing it on the doorstep  
sweat and blood from your hands  
and bring unto you the flowers caught from the floods  
and the bread, the bread, the bread, ...*

One of the most abundant sources of happiness in man is the child, the offspring. Even the ferocious beast is teaming with tenderness and motherly joy. Man can also find his most beautiful earthly pleasures in his children.



Can there be more joy on earth than if someone we can say this is my Son! My daughter!

I mean, you work your ass off, you work your whole life, to give his children everything he can to make their lives happy, and that is why it is, writes a German poet— that the father's heart power and the mother's tears are largely caused by child care.

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Even in the old peace world, it was said that a child is god's blessing, gift, and the eyes of parents, happiness— but — can also be the mother's cross.

In our current stateless lives, the child, the grandchild happiness, but it can also be pain. And that's why we have a problem When, in our last years, earthly values, joys of life, and joys of life are gradually slipping away, will our greatest treasure be preserved, the child? Where will he be at the farewell so we can hold his hand?

Once upon a time, the Hungarian Church in Cleveland: Nearby acquaintances surrounded a mother who was then widowed with her son. When asked how she can stand the loneliness and the troubles, she replied calmly and confidently: It is difficult without my husband, but here is the support of, my loyal son. A happy mother who could say so.

The child. eternal joy for man, a truly happy family life can only be where Children are. Says a Writer: The child's eyes are more beautiful than the most beautiful flower. The face of the sleeping child is beautiful, like the eyes of God resting in his face.

Who can deny that we were largely on the run to save our children. Also in our old age, we're working hard to give them everything.

Why is there a bad child? Why does one of the other children become father's worries, mother's crosses? Why the fact that he poured all his love into them, many times and get nothing back?

What's real? Are our children better or worse today?

They say the apple falls not far from its tree. — Sometimes it falls very far, sometimes it's very

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good parents sometimes have very bad children, although everything they did was good.

Why? There are several reasons. Family and external causes, One family reason: the wrong order of value in our love — over love. Anyone who unreasonably loves their child, really doesn't love them, he or she is an orphan.

There's a lot of problems out there. The biggest is that family upbringing nowadays can not balance Satan and the destruction of the world in the souls of our children.

Even if we don't accept the predictions, we can still see them in today's world, Satan's reign is very prevalent. Many henchmen, have many followers. Starting with the political trends, from news agencies to school and entertainment. Today, much of all of this was taken over by Satan. Today, many evil hands reach after our children, they know that whoever owns the youth has the future.

Today, all parents are educators, vigilant guards, protecting their children. They must be a lion to save their child from the enemy.

Most of all, you are a character, a Christian, a faithful Hungarian and must be a perfect, attractive role model.

And when we have done all this, and yet our child is lost, he slips; Then don't be hurt by conscience. You did the best you could. Leave it to divine providence, and pray, pray. Just like St. Monica did prodigal son, and — St. Augustine.

*In today's society, first of all, vertebrate characters  
and only then do you need smart people...*

*Love badly is similar to hate!*

*In the heart, no matter how small, there are great desires.*

*And every cricket man thinks he's the middle of the world.*

*(Greguss)*

## Someone's in charge. . . . .

*... there are depraved young people,  
who will not become a saint.  
These children didn't have a nursery  
where the shutters hide a fairy tale source...  
They don't learn anything about the Bible,  
if so are mocked, Faust, soul squads!  
And all they know about the son of God is,  
to condemn all the rich!  
who has bayonets and gold: the strong!  
. . . Someone's responsible for these children!*

These gloomy words of László Mécs from the "Plea and Defense" apply almost all the time but reading the crime statistics of the youth of today, they are perhaps the most appropriate for our day. As one of the police reports that even children of wealthy parents are plotting burglary, gangs to do more as, fun. In some places, 40 percent of high school students do drug and 60 percent are in sex clubs; More like 20 percent are child mothers, Dark picture? Dark but that's right.

Thank God the youth of stateless Hungarians are not in the statistics above. Parents' faith, prayers, their zeal and love saved them, it helped them a lot. Refugees and the deprivation of the itinerary, because in the simple way of life there is no mold for lust. There was a saving for scouting, church associations, choirs.



We've had and have many young people of great character. This

demonstrates that most of them are excellent, responsible where the Hungarian name is recognized. But — and we must consider this well — the struggle for the souls of our children.

Today, the Enemy uses all means to win youth for your own purposes. Today, the theatre, cinema, TV, radio, music and literature — much more school and church's serve the enemy's goals consciously or misled.

How can we defend ourselves?

No full education system, can be accessed by a single misdeeds. But some thoughts need to be brief to take a heart.

1. Raising my children at the cradle and at the first steps. Pestalozzi, the famous educator, testified, that the child's character develops from an early age. The way the 3-4 year old child treats his mother is spirit with his parents and fellow human beings, spoiled child having tirades becomes tyrant for the rest of his life.
2. There is an infinite need for constant, vigilant monitoring parents, but not having the child feel sheltered. If we sit on the neck all the time it develops no "defiance". We must allow its autonomy but to monitor their reading, friends, etc.

In order to understand our children, we need to know that youth was always rebellious, we were little revolutionaries.

Youth — windiness as the old ones. Goethe says youth drunkenness even without wine. Youth is undeveloped likely adult.

Where there were young people, there were always banged-up windows,  
Singed chicks and banged noses.

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Every young person thinks they're heroes. He thinks he's the smartest guy in the world. Therefore they make so many mistakes, and that's why they hurt good parents, often unwittingly. All of this should be known that we are not bitter if our children sometimes do not behave as our upbringing deserves.

3. A common mistake in our upbringing is that we give them only negative directions. Don't do this, don't do that. Not like this, behave yourself, don't say that!... Instead show with our example. To show our example, that Hungarian and Christian behavior is more beautiful, more useful, more social and just. This is done by aliens revered and respected.
4. We were suffering only to fit in with the gen world, . because we were in other soils when we were adults. Our children are growing up here. without a spiritual bump, i need to find the right way to alien world. Our own spiritual fractures, our disappointments should not be so insistent that they too only live with one foot. They can only stand their ground with their spirit, and only so are they able to Christian Hungarian their heritage.
5. The Enemy knows the human soul very well and therefore, with a picture, over and over again bombard our children's souls with evil. Password: Say and say on television, in writing, in advertising.

If we want to raise the child for good, we're always going to be repeating and setting an example!

Every child is the individual property of God, only loaned them to the parents for care and education. What a huge responsibility! We have to answer for them. Therefore let us often: For these boys, for these children someone is responsible!!!

## To my son

*Thank God! It's evening again.  
We've lost the agony of earth.  
Inside, a lonely, orphaned candle burns;  
Outside, it's dark.  
For so long, son, why are you awake?  
Cast your bed soft and warm.  
Your little hands, together,  
Pray, my dear child.*

*See, I'm a poor poet;  
I'll leave little inheriting,  
At the very top, the name is sleazy:  
To the crowd, a dismay,  
Your innocent heart in the spring garden  
That's why I water religion.  
Your little hands, together,  
Pray, my dear child.*

*Because for the poor, faith is precious,  
Toler and hope will teach you;  
And he, until the grave breathes upon him,  
You always have to put up with it and hope it.  
Oh, if I, as I once did,  
Faith would live, as a consolation to me!  
Your little hands, together,  
Pray, my dear child.*

*When you play one from  
Work my call, as it may be, early,  
And a stranger. you serve as a tool,  
Who might love... but on the other,*

*Wander on faith fly fly  
In the silence of silence,  
Your little hands, together,  
Pray, my dear child.*

*When you see it, you can feel the misery,  
Worn by the shoulder of honor;  
Crushing the virtue, the Estonian,  
While the transgression made me envy,  
And the fate of the stupid is earthly Eden:  
Let religion be on the scales.  
Your little hands, together,  
Pray, my dear child.*

*And when you grow up,  
That your father's land is notional.  
And the gap between your cradle and your coffin.  
It served as a tale for the centuries:  
Find solace in the holy word:  
"We hide in these earthly spaces."  
Your little hands, together,  
Pray, my dear child.*

*Oh, hope for a better country.  
And in him the triumph of virtue:  
For otherwise your fate and this land  
He's spending a murmur against God.  
Walk with joy in the skies of your dreams,  
Let me have this kiss.  
Your little hands, together,  
Pray, my dear child.*

(Arany Janos)

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## Fellow travelers

Anna and Maria lived in one of the better tenements in downtown Pest. Next door. Their age and their circumstances were roughly the same; all basics they had the time to be good friends. But they shunned each other. Maybe it's because the other one dressed better, or your husband made a little more money. For years, lived side by side like strangers,

Then came the time for the bombings, and the shelter they saw each other more often. But that didn't bring them any closer... One of the night air strikes near-depletion of bombs to their shelters so that the walls they trembled, and people pulled together. Some crumbled rosaries, and some cursed.



Anna, after one deafening explosion, instinctively. clung to Mary, and then, in tears, they felt how reliant they were on each other, How cold, their former amities have been so far in each other's neighborhoods.. . ,

That's how we all felt interdependence in the days of the siege, and the beginning of statelessness.

You can't go through your life completely alone, private. The tasks, responsibilities, suffering, dying must be worn alone, but someone — loving or indifferent person — there will always be someone around you, unless it's on an abandoned island or in the jungle.

You may have a family without relatives and friends we left without and were left alone,

but some people will always be around us. And these are our fellow travelers.

Among our fellow travelers, there are good, bad, indifferent. There are people of our kind, Hungarian speakers, and there are other breeds, aliens.

And we always must find the right fit different travel companions. If we miss, we will be tense, nervous, unhappy, spiritual revolt, spiritual fracture, even physical illness can end.

What is the right fit for our fellow travelers?

If we're honestly good people, we're good Christians, then we instinctively behave right with people. But sometimes our individual interests, our frailness and our flaws our prejudice may cause confusion. It is therefore useful to we take some basic truths before our eyes.

1. All human beings are human, and as such, has such a right to life, like us. We can't draw the right to human life from anyone, and we can not hate him. We can't subdue him just because he's different than us.
2. That all kinds of people have the right to human life, this does not mean that all people love, help, protect as much as me. It doesn't mean I'm obligated to be with everyone, befriended, coordinated, and to be in a relationship socially.

As in nature, plants and animals they can only thrive in certain selection groups, even as well, people are the same. Similar family, race, nationality, cultural and religious are most appropriate development in the environment.

This, of course, should not mean that other types of people Are excluded in general, because

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Social and racial mixing can also be beneficial.

But not social mingling. can be raped by laws. Such a law benefits one, but at the same time would distract from the right of the other to live his own way of life.

3. In our Christian Hungarian view, we respect we keep all. man's right to human life, regardless of origin, gender or religion, but at the same time, we demand the right to ourselves in our to live our Christian way of life.
4. As far as other ethnic groups and communities of interest they fight, they work for their ideals and their prosperity, we also use the right to fight for the interests and happiness of our community.

So how should we behave on our journeys against our fellow travelers? Under the former rules in general. And we add it to this rule individually our understanding of Christ. Christ gave it to the world the most beautiful law, the command of love, he taught the most perfect sociology, social respectively... What you do not want them to do to you, don't do onto others.

Capitalism, communism, and all other new and old system falls far short of what Christ proclaimed 2,000 years ago, and we were followers and adventurers, because we want a nicer, nobler world.

Indeed, I travel according to the teachings of Christ life-long journey between my travel companions? ... I represent Christianity on the road.

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## Thoughts of fellow travelers

TRAVEL COMPANIONS? —. Why do we often use this phrase: travel companion? — Because it expresses everything most accurately the point of all Hungarian stateless, refugee or immigrant status of Hungarian to others. It does not matter if you escaped, you fled with a passport, you are a travel companion to all Hungarians out there. Because your ancestry, your name, your language, your way of life betrays you, it blatantly proclaims that you are Hungarian. The alien world ranks you among the Hungarians including; Ungar, Hungarian, Madzsar or whatever also with a marker.

However, you behave, no matter how you change your clothes, you twist the names of your ancestors and imitate the new language, for many years, maybe your whole life as Hungarian.

Anyhow, you would also avoid Hungarian groups, clubs, the Hungarian Church, and your Hungarian compatriots. You will be seen by public authorities, employers and society treated as one of the Hungarians. If not, you'd want to be our countryman, even if you wanted to willingly, you will remain our travel companion in the fight with the dollars you've sprinkled on your journey in this new world.

So if we are definitely travel companions, at least for a long time, years, this situation should be for the benefit of ourselves and our fellow travelers. Because only the mindless man will cut the tree limb out from under himself.

An old childhood experience remained in my memory, One spring, the Little Danube in the vicinity of Győr. One of the small houses was very close to the

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river and the sudden flood caught up in a small chicken coop from the yard. There was no time to escape, the coop floated on the river. At the top, the couple crouched down. and next to them is a small predatory animal. He was hunting prey at the time, and as the water carried him they, clung to the coop, and they were well side by side. I suppose, at least until they realized common danger. Because he's still an animal. you also know that we can't hurt each other in real life. People, Hungarians, even Christians, more than that we could help each other.

### The WANDERER

*The wanderer hides far away,  
Everything you see is so unknown,  
Different underground, different sky above it,  
His country was far behind him.*

*From the depths of his soul, there is a cloud of sorrow,  
Even if you look back, you can't see through it,  
It hardly breaks through the tower of his village,  
It's like he's just a burst ingenious heart-crusher,*

*That's how I hide in the wilderness of life,  
In my heart with sorrow, abandoned, orphaned.  
The tower of my sorrow extends up to the sky,  
It's like a statue of my life.*

*In the wanderer's soul, memories awaken,  
As soon as he goes further to the far stranger,  
In a sweet voice, the memories are withdrawn,  
Broken into life, flowery spring, . .*

(Margaret Szabo)

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## The spell

"Sesame, Sesame, Open Up!" — and our childhood according to one of his tales, the treasure finder's desire has been fulfilled. But it's not just the Arab Ali doll and the forty robbers believed in the power of a magical word, but also of humanity history of almost all people.

Because it's not a fairy tale that the spoken word has a big and sometimes it has mysterious powers. In a kind word, the wrath can be tamed; the sad can be comforted, Strangers, indifferent songs with beautiful words you can win and be forgiven for your hurt.

Animal tamers also use words to train, In today's computer age, a word, sound switch, you can start, open a padlock, or control a machine.

But did we ever think about the word to control, shape, tame, and improve ourselves as well?

Should we use the word, the spell, on ourselves? As we try to win over others, shape whether we do this with us?

Because it's a fact: the way we can interact with others, we can regulate ourselves with words. Today we know that the word is not only for our minds, but especially the subconscious, the instinctive part of our understanding. From here there is brainwashing, and the enemy uses it skillfully on the TV, radio, etc. Influences millions and you.

Can we use the word on ourselves? Are there magical words that we ourselves

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can tell ourselves and use them to improve ourselves?

Yes, there are words like this. And for those of us who are away, we wander among many uncertainties. We understand the necessity to bring the power of words to use spiritually and remain intact therefore physically.

The words we've said to ourselves and repeated, the amazing effect of passwords on many scientists, doctors and soul-knowers when, for example, in the morning you feel bad I wake up and see the new day as pointless, just repeat I need to be myself: I'm also making a nice and useful day today! And it changes my whole mood, and I'm going to have a really nice day. It's not conceit, it's magical power words.

Where can I find myself words like this? The most powerful, most effective, word? prayer. Not only is it because it consists of beautiful words and lifts my soul, but also because behind him is God who listens.

We can find wonderful words in the Bible, in suffering: Thy will be done. At St. Paul's: Everything with God is for my own good... Blessed are the peace-tolerant.

So much magic. there's Madach: Man, fight, and trust me. Or Gold: Hope for a better one Homeland!

The famous French medical scientist Coue prescription: Never mind, and repeat it many times, then it goes away from bad to better!

Modern medicine today keeps the tension, the cause of many diseases. Professor Selye's book of stress theory everyone should read it. Today the M.D. doctors increasingly insist on the need for their patients to discover the word: Relax! Relax! Let it go.

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Relieving tension! It's healing to the body, blood pressure, nerves and souls.

Relaxation, dissolution can be achieved in several ways. Relax from work, walk in a quiet place, peaceful music, relaxed company, beautiful countryside, etc., can promote nervous dissolution.



There are elaborate relaxation forms. There are Eastern, Hindu methods, western, sometimes mechanistic, hypnotic forms. Carmelite contemplation is excellent.

Everyone can choose for themselves the nature of conditions, but modern man, especially for all stateless people, they need at least once a day for a few minutes of relaxation from the rush, the troubles, because otherwise, may collapse spiritually.

*Don't demand too much from life.*

*Do not impose conditions on him; do not require him to you've never given it to anyone before!*

*No one and nothing else can give us happiness, just our own spirit.*

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## Relax... Relax.

Relax. It's a word these days, not just in English speakers, but almost everywhere, Because in today's fast-paced life, the hard-pressed nerves have a great deal of need for relaxation, and rest as possible, Since we are not a robot, it's the only way we can keep going.

For us stateless people, it's even more important to be hardened, calm nervous system, otherwise, we could become amok.

But since we have a Christian past and basic education before the current trendy dissolution process. Get to know each other — think first one of the most effective praying of our Catholic religion, the rosary.

What they are teaching in the neurologists' private rooms today with excessive money, practiced in its natural form, more abundantly in the prayer of the rosary. Silence... Instead of having trouble, thinking of something beautiful, noble, to draw joy from the beautiful, and this joy repeated, repeated ten, 20 times. Back there is a more beautiful and blissful thought than our heavenly Mother to think, to look at his patronage, his smile? And we say this, repeat ten, fifty times.

That is why one of our compatriots said, I'm exhausted, I'm crumbling in the garden. slowly the rosary, and with 50 Hail Mary's, I'll save a lot of \$50, which I should pay. the neurologist.

It happens in life that you are nervous, tired, spiritually you are exhausted... Too much physical work, too much

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pondering, worry, worry to exhaustion, muscles, and nerves. This surge is harmful to your body, your whole being. Anxiety, anxiety, may also cause desperation. And it can make your body and your soul sick.

The machine cannot operate endlessly at full load. Man is not capable of rest and relaxation when constantly energized. The machine is not working without oiling, one can't live to rest, without the oil of pleasant pleasure.

That's why you need to stop, relax, even for a short time, but often. For relaxation and pleasure, you need to stay healthy and useful.

You must be able to relax, relax, relax. If you do not know, you have to learn.

How? (The following method is found in several health Books. Extracted from the published report. It's not medical advice, it's just prospectus.)

Find a quiet, quiet place, a pleasant temperature, and fresh air, if you can! But you have to learn that in a situation and in an environment, relax where pleasant conditions are lacking. (There are factories where workers have 10 minutes each half-day, so that, in addition to the machines, off the bench.)

If you are in a position, sit in a comfortable chair or more it is better to stretch on the floor with a low cushion under your head.

Now your arms are stretched out by your side, palms up, close your eyes. Then squeeze your fist right your hands, squeeze it. Can you feel the tension? — Now slowly open your fist, relax your whole arm; you can feel the difference between tension and progressive relaxation? — With a peppy quartet of repetitive motion for pleasant relaxed, resting condition...

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Do this tension and then relax the rest of your body: left arm, legs, neck muscles, facial features. With a little practice, you'll soon learn that, you realize the relaxation, a great feeling of it. So, stay completely submissive for a minute, with your eyes closed.

Now take a deep breath and then breathe it slowly. Exhale, that is the most important part. One more deep breath and exhale, exhale! Deep breaths in and out. breathe, breathe out!

Then breathe naturally, but deeper than normal. And learn to breathe deeper under any position, circumstance! Deeper, fuller breathing provides more life-giving oxygen, more energy, and calms the nerves. The elimination of agitation one of the best means of natural, deep breathing.

And tell yourself often, repeat: The deep breathing eliminates nervousness, worry and fear. Deep breathing eliminates nervousness, Deep breathing eliminates nervousness.

Now try to smile. The smile is pleasant nerves, much less muscle tension for the smile like a face with no smiles. Therefore, the smile smooths the face, too. A smile also eliminates nervousness, anxiety and fear. Smile! And say it, repeat: A smile eliminates nervousness, anxiety, and fear. A smile eliminates nervousness. Smile! Breathe freely, completely and smile!

*The secret to prolonging life is largely in  
The fact that we don't shorten it with our mistakes.  
(Feuchtersleben)*



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## Spiritual weight

Probably wasn't wrong with the statistics of one doctors' offices in the big city. The numbers indicate that 70% of patients complained about psychological, cause of nervousness. The symptom was physical, although it was real, but its cause was not an organ defect, it was not a disease, but lack of spiritual balance.

The way it is, the mood, the bad mood makes not only the soul, but also the body sick.

When we are looking for relaxation, relaxation, how to keep up, we need not only to relax but we must also restore the balance of the soul.

We put our bodies in a state of rest and encouraged: relax, relax, breathe calmly, deeply, and smile! Our bodies will calm down.

But the agitated soul would not let our bodies rest. So, we must also soothe our souls, how?

The soul's restlessness is caused by thoughts, emotions. So, if your body is resting, then your thoughts rest your emotions. Because you have problems, unattainable desires and worries will make you anxious and make one unhappy. Only rested brain and soul can make one useful and happy.

A balanced soul is happiness. Therefore, you should rest your brain and soul now.

You may be full of worry, problems, Questions. Think about it: Who else could solve these for you? The light ones, yes, but there are situations, which man cannot solve, neither you nor others.

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What can you do at a time like this? Think of the Almighty, the creator! You know it exists. He created the world. He can help. Only God can help. And this God loves you. If God did not love me, he wouldn't have created me. Better he loves you more than you think.

So he can solve your problems—if you ask. Love him, trust him and place all your thoughts, your feelings in his almighty fatherly hands. He can take care of about everything. He is infinitely wise, and he loves you infinitely You... Think about that. Feel his love. Putting all your burdens in God's hands is calmer. You're at home with God... So get out of your mind every unpleasant thought, feeling, anger, fear! Forget the mistakes of the past, too.

Breathe deeply, calmly, smile and say: I'm not alone anymore, God is with me. Smile! God is with you, greet him into yourself and let him control your life. Things that you and no one can handle, he'll take care of, because he loves you so much.

Do you feel god's closeness? What good, reassuring, and happy feeling. Pass yourself up unreservedly for the wonderful love. Accept his will with full confidence! God knows better than you what you need, what becomes your benefit. And say: Let it be your will! And trust him.

Relax. Breathe calmly, freely. Relax your body and soul! If you give yourself to him, it is infinite you feel peace in your life, take over the loads.

Quietly take stock of the fact that God has already miraculously did you good! You can think, talk, walk, see, hear, breathe, love, and do good. Not everyone Can. Think of the skunks, the blind. You can see the

blue skies, green foliage, flowers of a thousand colors; you can hear the singing birds and much more. wonder of nature. He's given you so much good.

Then: you have those who belong to you, loved ones; Be Friends. And when they're not here with you, they pray up there.

Think of all that God's love has given you, and fill your soul with gratitude for God. A sense of gratitude makes it easier to take care of today.

Faith, trust, gratitude and love lift your soul, and you can be calm, satisfied and happy, how wonderful Feeling! Heals, lifts, fixes. Your body-soul is refreshed.

Breathe calmly, trust, smile. Smile to yourself and your fellow Human beings, to your loved ones!

Think about all this in the hard days of life; Repeat several times! You gain strength for your body and soul.

*He's a healthy soul in an intact body. (Hippokrates)*

*The art of life consists in the art of being explored by man.*

*Off to the slightest joy,  
and he can take suffering with patience.*

*Let's not forget that God never makes it harder  
a crosstree, as our shoulders can bear; do not beat  
more than you can heal.*

*Struggles, disappointments, difficulties are not for  
to be discouraged, but to give strength  
into us. — Suffering and trouble are often just disguises  
dressed as a blessing. (Perlaky)*

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## Peace of the soul

One of the most shocking of the Russian writer Dostoyevsky Novels is from the old world, Sin and Punishment. Movie and in darkened cinemas, even in the adolescent viewers were also shaking when they saw that the sin always comes with punishment.

When we're thinking about how to improve our physical and spiritual strength through statelessness, we must also face this issue: Sin and punishment.

Not only priests of religions, but also doctors, soul-knowers also strongly claim that causal guilt is the main causes of nervous breakdown the broken will.

Even those who don't believe in God, the moral order of the world, even in his subconscious he fears the punishment of his crimes.

From Greek playwrights to the present day, world literature often write about this, Dante writes about the fall from hell, Victor Hugo to avenge the sinners, and Goethe on the wrath of the spirits summoned. And we know János Arany's ballad about Mrs Agnes, who is confused, wash and wash your clothes in the stream.

Even a toddler instinctively senses when something is bad. Even a dog is ashamed if he offends his master.

Yet — nowadays, some people proclaim that there is no Sin. Even in our religion, some of the new prophets? I also do not to speak of sin, for it is unnecessary to make you feel guilty, and it's bad for your nerves,

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sober soul-searching, psychiatrists at the time. Say, that it is the suppressed, muted guilt that harms the nervous system.

Is there a crime? — We don't have to prove to a sober man that is, we felt it on our own skin when we suffered the horrors of war when we were innocently imprisoned taken into captivity, when the refugees were not accepted. When our consort is let down or our child refuses.

Would someone dare to deny that there is a sin?

And what is sin? — The natural and moral order of the world demolition of the product. Is there a penalty? — If I open the order of nature it has consequences. If I am eating bad, I am going to get sick. Who else suspects what will be the consequence of the resolution of atoms?

In the same way, if I do spiritual harm to myself or other people, e.g. with anger, hatred, I will be spiritually damaged. Hate not only harms the other, it poisons the soul.

Every sin has consequences, punishment, but in the relationship between sin and punishment, even we Christians are also often wrong. We mistakenly believe that for all sin, God personally punishes us. It's unfortunate that we believe in God's only role as a police officer as if he would do nothing but watch, when we do good or bad and reward us for good. He'd punish me for the bad.

This misconception is mostly formed in us when we do not love God with heart and soul. Afraid but we do not like it. How poor, incomplete knowledge and faith about God! After all, God our Heavenly Father, who invited us to life that is here on earth and will be in the Spiritual Land we should also be happy children.

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Oh, it's true that here on earth we suffer a lot, partly through our own fault, partly through the guilt of others. This suffering is not God's personal natural consequence because of our sins, but also a broken moral order.

If we have thought about all this well and understood it, the mystery of sin and punishment would not unravel peace of mind, it would not cause a nervous breakdown.

It is a fact that this spiritual restlessness is our sins, our mistakes. We all have it, even if externally we deny it, but if you truly believe and love God, as My Heavenly Father, this restlessness is minimized.

How? — With repentance, apology, reparation. If there is a minor error, I will say to the Lord myself. If the sin is more serious, I ask the spiritual doctor for help. Christ gave to the Apostles and priests the mediator power to forgive sin: they are the spiritual doctors.

As in a more serious physical illness, to the doctor I turn, even in the spiritual error of the minister, confessor, I need control, help.

The problem with today's world is that it avoids apology from God, the spiritual comfort and peace that confession gives you that God has forgiven me!

The consequences of failure are awarded it removes the guilt, spiritual spat.

My peace of mind is based on an orderly conscience. As such peace of mind is a prerequisite for happiness.

*Leave everything, and you'll find everything.  
Put down your greedy desires and you'll find peace.  
(Kempis)*

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## Just one nape

You can read about these things on medicine bottles and vitamins prescribing: One per day.

There's one benefit of it: if you would be taken from it, if unused it would be difficult for our medicine producers to exist.

It is also good for spiritual, spiritual nourishment and refreshments only with a small dose. If you take a lot at a time it could be wasted, because only superficially it would pass through us.

It is better than spiritual and spiritual nourishment, than the mass superficially, we see proof of this in today's school education, which fills a library of data but a student, but does not make it through.

Our spiritual food, our vitamins are the noble, beautiful dollar. Therefore, prayer is the best nourishment for the soul.

Strengthening, exhilarating food outside prayer is wise, smart and the word, the thought of the holy people, and the proverbs,

We collected some of these. Read one of them, when we are tired, in sorrow. You are just feeling depressed as a spiritual booster, a vitamin! But only one a day, and that thought should accompany us. all day long!

*When Adam asks archangel Michael,  
what is the secret of longevity, you get this answer: Not  
too much!*  
— *Don't be exaggerating.* (Milton: *Lost Paradise*)

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It is better to have a modest way of life with God's fear than great wealth with anxious fear. (Bible, Prov.)

Mystery of Suffering: If I voluntarily bless God what do I have to lose, it will be ease my suffering.

If someone asks you for a favor, do more for them, than you ask;  
So you make yourself a friend.  
(Mondino)

*Fate, open me a convert, let me do  
Something for mankind.  
Do not cremate without profit from this  
It's a noble flame that heats me... (Petőfi)*

*Happiness is like a butterfly.  
If you chase him, he'll always be out of reach.  
But if you stay in your place,  
maybe it'll go over your shoulder." (Hawthorne)*

*The happy man who knows  
what to remember from the past,  
what to be happy about in the present  
and what to plan for the future." (Glasgow)*

*Happiness is direction, purpose. in our lives,  
— not a place to stop, (Sands)*

*In the stormy water, pray to God,  
But paddle towards the shore. (Eastern proverb)*

*If you're not connected to God,  
it's like denying Him. (Holland)*

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*Compassion never. unnecessary waste, —  
Unless you're wasting it on yourself. (Martin)*

Some people pray, but they do not struggle to work, and he expects everything from God. And some people are stretched at work, he expects everything and does not pray. — These distortions and degeneration. (Shaka)

Work as if all the results are from your work and pray as if everything depended on God. would depend on it!  
(Proverb)

Worry and fear aren't just in our minds, but also in our brains, hearts, intestines, and harmful also manifests itself in the organs of the body. (Crile, orvos)

Everyone's worried, but not everyone carries long-term worry, but also seeks to resolve or defeat. — How? — First of all, you must believe that we can defeat him! Some people will defeat him,  
why not, would we know?

Serenity and cheerfulness is the ray of sunshine in which everything becomes easier. (Paul, J.)

The troubles of old age are real: let us finally realize that this land is not our ultimate goal. — If you are still here, we must await God, and we must aim towards him.

Joy is the greatest resource — The grumpy awakening it could ruin the whole day. Learn from the bird: Sing, whistling when you wake up.

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*"There's never been a time when it hasn't been,"  
"Even after the darkest rain, the sun shines."  
(Proverbs)*

"The blue bird of happiness is in vain to chase from the North Pole to the South Pole, the earth is racing in vain.



By car, plane, boat, ocean, jungle, true happiness is not sold in Kamchatka, not in New York or London, which is where everyone lives in his own soul — if that's okay"

Gems, spiritual vitamins— To fight today's life we need as much spiritual nourishment as possible. Such gems give us the power which lived in the heroes, the wise, and the saints.

A noble, beautiful thought is the best spiritual nourishment. He raises in sorrow, exhorts me in fatigue, directs me to the good.

Let's lift it up every day.

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## Bravely, without fear

Left alone, elderly woman Writes: "When my problems pile up, when I have frailness, illness and when the streets are very dark in my solitude—. That is when I envy brave, tough men... What I wouldn't give if I could get rid of fear."

If we asked those brave, tough men if they were truly free from fear, I'm supposed they say they're scared, too.



Because everyone, every man, and all animals are afraid. There are some that do not show it, on some you can see it, but in everyone there's fear. — I asked a young, powerful, well-earning man once, just by accident, how it is your health? He said, "Great." — but yet, he knocked on wood (the bottom of the table) just in case, he is also afraid.

What is fear? — Dread or at least worry that something bad. Fear is an inner, spiritual movement, passion that is born with us. You do not have to be ashamed; no one is denied. A sense of fear is actually a person's self-defense, alarming structure. If not for fear in us, we would be reckless, irresponsible, sensory, and we'd be in a lot of accidents.

Natural fear triggers the complete resistance of our body, so it often protects you in difficult situations. Failure begins when fear grows beyond normal and becomes a constant dread. When in this form our organization is constantly on standby and it is very damaging.

One of the pernicious forms of fear is when you are not arrogant. We are afraid of real trouble. When there is no serious reason for fear, — In recent months, the fear among women that they may have breast cancer has become almost panicky, as reported in the news What to do in such fear? — A medical examination, and then forget about worrying. For our part, we will do our best to make sure that no trouble is done, the rest must be entrusted to God, and indeed trust him!

What is the cause of excessive fear? — You may be innate neurasthenia. Poor nutrition, lack of vitamin B, weak body, physical disease. During the war, the Germans strengthened the nervous system with lecithin (soybean extract). There may be consequences of improper upbringing when parents cause the child to be fearful. Fear is often a consequence of guilt and lack of trust in God. Is there a way to make sure that if you are already of a fearful nature to change that, get rid of that? — There are several ways.

One is that, with fear, namely, the worst possible form. I mean dying, because according to human saying, the worst thing that can happen to us in trouble is that we die. So, when someone is afraid of being seriously injured, or for example you are afraid to cross a road or bridge, because you may be unfortune there, think about what could happen. The worst thing that could happen is to end this life on Earth. But sooner or later, because this is the natural schedule, if this is the worst I acknowledge and accept, then the intervening troubles will be visible as only a minor nuisance

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It's like a soldier coming home from the front. After the horrors of war, he will not be afraid of being at home on the steps of his house and breaking a leg. He will party but being careful. What is it compared to what, has he has experienced? — This is how they form those brave men. And that is how they form those heroic women, mothers, and wives, who have very much got a cross on their shoulders. They have already learned not to fear small troubles, crosses.

This courageous exercise is the second way to get rid of unnecessary fears. Practice the need for courage. We also need to teach this to our children. There are people who, for example, for no reason at least in normal countries are afraid to go to the office to "take care of their affairs" because they are nervous. How do you adapt so that, you can go to the offices of our neighbor, our friend without fear? Practicing courage in small things, frequent attempts take away our fear, it also hardens our souls to greater dangers. — He who broke his leg, is afraid to step on it for the first time after recovery. But after all the little steps, he is running and jumping, without fear.



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Let us all accept that we are afraid of trouble to a certain extent. But let us not let fear become a ruler over us or become a terror to break us down. — The method for this: ready to be the worst; to exercise courage, from small trials to great ones— and to trust, to trust with all your heart, the Caretaker, who is our Father.

*A courage does not mean that we do not take notice the danger, but also that seeing the danger, we are trying to defeat it." (St. Richter)*

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## I need joy.

More faith! More love! More light! — Great approach, but you need more than that for life.

At the post-World War I low point, the German Christian movement was in lethargy. Brought up this approach: More joy! — Because without joy it is exceedingly difficult to endure life.

It was the biggest day of the announcement of joy the birth of Jesus, when the army of angels spoke to man: I preach great joy to you, Savior!

And to live our stateless lives, I need an oil of joy. It is not enough for a healthy body, a clear head. I really need a soul to be happy.

After one of the Hungarian celebrations held in the greater center of America, several stateless friends chatted together at the table for a conversation. There was talk of shared past in Austrian refugee camps, in the scarce, starving days and total uncertainty at the time.



Yet at the time, we had more in us a desire to act, life courage. The question agitated: Why did we have braver plans then? Some people said that because we were younger. There is some truth to that, but there are old people who are more hopeful than many young people. The correct answer was given by the person who said that we began the trip to the new world with confidence, for we still had the joy of being freed, as recovering from a major illness, it rejoices in its health and hopes. When we forget about health

or freedom joy, we will diminish our desire for action.

Those who cannot be happy will lose their battle in spirit. If you cannot be happy, your job is half-work. He who cannot be happy about anything, his life is just dragging overnight,

But how can we be happy when there are so many problems and troubles When we are stateless, abandoned, widowed or sick? What is the joy at this time of year? It is what there is still to come from life, and we should be glad, for otherwise we will make our situation even more difficult.

Joylessness is also a ingratitude to God. He who is not happy, does not appreciate God. Even in the biggest trouble, there is still plenty to be thankful for.

Joy does not mean laughter, although laughter is very good and healthy. The essence of joy is the serenity of ourselves, in our entertainment, in our work, in our families and in our relationship with others. Let us just look once at the happiness and peace of the family where they can be happy!

The joy means accepting the living conditions I am in. If possible, I will improve it, but if I can't, I'll take it and I'll like to accept it, even I'll try to be happy, because it's so much easier to bear.

There is, for example, a woman who lives in a wheelchair, have been for several years. Its a big cross, heavy weight, dark shadow in the patient's life. But this woman is not a dark shadow but a challenge, a test, and when you want to keep rolling in it, sometimes you slap the wheel. And he says, "Giddyap, my horse, let's go forward."

You must be happy, believe and say it to yourself and say it out loud; You must be happy

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ten, 100 times and a thousand times! Say it until you learn to be happy, at least a little bit. You will see, your life will be so much easier.

A reason for pleasure does not always come naturally. We must look for it. Just when there are a lot of bad Things lined up in front of me, I am going to have to find what can still bring joy!

In my morning prayer, I do not count, my complaints, where it hurts, where it stings, what troubles can happen today, but to illuminate to my Creator the things he has yet to provide.

And during the day, I look for an opportunity to smile at myself, my spouse, my children, my friends, flowers, trees, birds, sunlight. If I have forgotten to smile, learn again. Initially it may not succeed perfectly, only will be a grimace, but slowly you are going to do it again. And the joy is contagious, spreads to others. Just notice how much more they will love you if you will be smiling. Do not learn the fake, polite smile but the one from the heart, from the serene soul it comes from,

*"God himself is a joy, for he only gives, presents.  
If you surrender to God, you have given it to joy  
transform yourself. The joy begins when you stop:  
you let yourself look for happiness in order to try to make  
others happy." (Ouoist)*

*"If a saint were sad,  
that would be a very sad saint."  
(St. Francis of Salezi)*

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## It's got humor in it

The newly arrived immigrant does not yet know the composition of America's population. Not thinking about how 150 years ago, it was still a large area where Indians lived. Nor does it always occur to you that there are cities where today they speak all kinds of languages, e.g. Hungarian.

This is how the Cleveland Buckeye street event happened. On the way, two newly arrived Hungarian girls found themselves in a humorous situation, but they were not very happy. As they walk down the street, they are approached by a priest. One of the girls quite loudly, of course, in Hungarian, says to her partner: Look, Magdi, how big a cucumber nose he has to the priest! — The priest turns back and says with a smile, but in Hungarian: still home grown!

There is also a humorous part of a stateless life. And this life-giving salt can be among the problems of everyday life. We should be able to see the happy, humorous side in the tears.

Even in the escape from the front, there were events that could be revealed, such was the time when a section was abandoned in one of the first Austrian villages. Armored SS men stood guard, and watching the escapees, including the men, one taunted him, and said: well, heroic Hungarians, tight pants, and running? — Then, for about 10 km, the same SS on his motorcycle, loaded with luggage, tries to move forward in the crowded crowd.



When our Hungarians recognized him, they said to him: What is it, Austrian brother-in-law, do you need the pants?

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It was a difficult time, but so was gallows humor, it came in handy, because it eased the excitement,

Somewhere around the lake Attersee, there was a serene case with the newly arrived refugee priest.



He knew a few words of German, but not much. As the lake has cool winds and his ears were sensitive, he wanted to buy some warm earmuffs. He didn't know his German name, but his Hungarian acquaintances told him it was *ohrschütze*. So he wouldn't accidentally ask for *ohrfeig*, because that means slapping... He went to the village towards the shop and said to himself, *ohrschütze*, *ohrschütze*,.. But in the meantime, he met with another Hungarian group, and they stopped him, to talk.

When he continued his journey, he was no longer sure, is it *ohrschütze* or *ohrfeige*. He chose the latter for himself, and when he entered the store, and says to the Austrian: Bitte eine Ohrfeige (please slap in the face). The thin little Austrian shopkeeper, looking at the mighty Transdanubian priest, trembled behind the counter, and pleaded: Nein, Hochwürden, nein! Um Gottes willen, nein!... (No, High dignity, no, not for God's sake!)

There was also a good amount of humor in the Hungarian boys' pranks, when they were hungry to excoriate food from the German villagers. They took a kidney, painted it beautiful yellow, and as a canary they traded for a piece of bread and bacon. — The Austrian was not modest, and for a kilo of bread, a piece of bacon. full horse-drawn tooth.

I'm sure we remember from the blacker days the famous case where the MP (Camp Police) smuggled into the camp, a dead pig and hid it in the restroom. They dressed her in loose women's clothes, put a gauze hat on her head, and put her on the seat.

That is what they say. And they also say that a police officer searched this toilet and half-opened door into that cubicle but seeing dressed pig quickly closed the door, while, muttering "Excuse me, sorry".

If, in those days of lack of food, and in the hopelessness, there would not have been humorous scenes, and word of mouth, sometimes faithful, sometimes magnified stories, then maybe we'd all become nervous wrecks.

But, thank God, in trouble, even in the dark days we always had a little bright sky, a little humor, and it kept us in favor of faith and hope.

And we have always found such little smiles and serene humor in the foreign world.

They're telling me about Cleveland... One ear-catching hot in the afternoon, our stateless travel companions clung to the crowd of sweating factory worker, so that you could get home to rest, He got on one of the buses on Buckeye street but there was no seating available. The bus takes off with an older Hungarian, clinging to the hanging handle.

At the same time, someone from the corner says in Hungarian: - Come here, we will squeeze some space for you. He goes over there, squeezes in, and says; But how did you know I was Hungarian he asks? I did not know, replies the other. Then why did you speak to me in Hungarian? — Well, because I cannot do it any other way, HUNGARIAN.

And we could go on with the serene, humor which comes to us on our journey. But it takes eyes and open spirits to see the humor.

Blessed, happier are those who still notice

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on the sunny side, it is the art of life when we can see the fun on difficult days.

I wonder if I can see and enjoy the humor, serenity? Can I still smile?

A Chinese nurse from Taiwan sent a letter writes that in all the troubles, suffering, persecutions, and in the days of escape he learned that the smile, the rejoice knowledge is such a great help. A little poem, from an unknown author.

Learn to smile, to be upbeat.  
If you smile even a little,  
It'll lift your heart,  
calms your mood.  
It brings peace to your soul,  
promotes your health,  
beautiful your face...  
Smile! First and foremost, you.  
In the meantime, smile at yourself,  
as long as you like yourself,  
broken form.  
Smile at yourself until  
until your lethargy disappears  
and your whole being is filled  
with a hopeful, serene light...  
Then go with your friends,  
and spread this light around you...  
Smile often. To God, too!  
Smile at him without fear.  
And take with confidence all that  
which he will send in your path.  
He'll return your smile  
here on earth and in all eternity.  
Learn to smile.

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## Birds of a feather

(OUR INTEGRATION INTO FOREIGN FASHION)

One rainy afternoon, some young men from the refugee camp in Austria were on their way to the city.

The bus had not come for a long time, and they were getting impatient, and finally one of them says to his friend, "You can speak a little German, ask that Austrian guy, when does the bus come?".

The "Austrian dude", a well-dressed man with a chamois feather, before they could speak to him with broken German, he took out his pocket watch and replied with perfect Hungarian, and smile: Please, you have 10 minutes.

Our young Hungarians were in a state of disrepute, but who would have thought that a Hungarian refugee would be so perfect. Can you dress like an Austrian? — But if they had thought straight, they would have expected to be among us he is a quick fit.

Because it is a particular law of nature that all living beings strive to adapt to the environment in which you need to live. — The rainbow trout, for example, in the forest stream has sharper colors than the same trout in the sunny lake.



RAINBOW TROUT

Let us not even talk about the chameleon changing color, the bending helps with life support.

Our sober human mind dictates that certainly we have to adapt to the place, the country, the people in which we have to live, so we did this at home, when we adapted to Hungarian forms in habit, dress, fashion. Who did not follow

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the brand name or gingerly sensible man was not very extravagant.

If it is right and sensible at home, then a similar item has to be right here in the new place also. Today we dress according to the customs of the country. However, this does not speak against the use of wear and clothing for celebrations, we gain news and recognition for our artistic Hungarian people, which can stand up to the people of any nation.

In everyday life, however, it is right to follow the general dress fashions. When we started our insatiable journey, many of us did not understand this problem and have either not followed the general custom, or and they aped to be aliens in the extreme. For both extremes, let us imagine that someone dressed in baggy Hungarian pants would carry home the food purchased in the shop in the pockets. Or at the other extreme, if an over 50 men would dress up as beatniks. Both excessive examples, but to a lesser extent, each of us make mistakes against the right middle ground.

It is not enough to adapt correctly in clothing to look at the fashion papers, because in many cases there are misleading advertisements, brainwashing, but also, we need to know the common sense of the host country and the people. Decisions also depend on the climate.

We learn about the bird from its feather, not only about her boyfriend, but also about her dress.

For us strangers in clothing, too, we need to go down a commonsense path. Otherwise. distorted figurines become cancer, they look out of place quickly, and this sometimes adds difficult psychological pressure.

As we would find it ridiculous if a

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foreigner visiting Hungary would want to skate on Pest street in search of hortobágy foal sundae at all costs, and not speaking a word of Hungarian.



It must be just as strange for the people here to dress up as a Texas cowboy with broken English.

There is something about the dress code for our old age. Tired or sometimes because of our down-to-the-world mood, we tend to dress more sloppily. Simple clothes are not wrong, but the crumpled, unclean dress is hurtful. Not so much for others, but it makes worse our own self-esteem, our appreciation of ourselves.

Modesty, as they say, is a simplicity of St. Francis, a gentle purity, a physical and spiritual order.

It is true that clothes do not make you, but the appearance is partly a mirror of our insides.

In the new land, this is a particularly important requirement, if we want to achieve our goals.

*Can't you see what the man is?  
Worm that will form an angelic butterfly,  
and he will return to judgment without his shield. (Dante)*

*Only when we realized that one person  
neither is as black as the devil, and that no one  
as innocent as the angel, but all of us  
we are more or less white-black striped than  
the zebra, or grays like ass, only when we  
understand all of this well, only then will we be able to  
understand our fellow human beings (Kinkel)*



## Like a parrot

(OUR INTEGRATION INTO THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

It took place on a farm in the Middle West, America. the following dialogue between the farm owner and Uncle Józsi, the immigrant Hungarian. The farmer comes into the kitchen, where Uncle Yogi sometimes had to help with cooking.

Farmer: One coffee.

Uncle Yogi understood it as: "there is coffee?", and he replied: There is. Then, for the sake of accuracy, added: "most forr" would translate to "It's brewing now".

The farmer understood it sounded to him: Four (4). But he only wanted one, and wanted to correct it: "Not four, one coffee".

But Uncle Yogi could not let it go, because everyone could clearly see that coffee brews and so he insisted that "most forr" (it's brewing now).

At that point, the farmer showed with fingers that they were not four, just one....

The end of the debate was not told by Uncle Yogi.... He added that the world would not accept this beech tree language, it is for parrots.

At the beginning of our immigration, many of us were like this with the foreign language, and perhaps we did not think what Uncle Yogi told was not a great truth, that language for parrots. Because if a parrot can do it, then a sensible Hungarian can do it. Add a lot of practice, just have to say it and say it again until you get it.

Emigration is perhaps one of the most difficult events in our lives

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to cope with language difficulties. After all, the language is the means by which we communicate our thoughts, wishes, moods, opinions. If we cannot tell you what we want, we are like a silent child: his mother does not understand his.

Only the good God can tell you all the sorrows and despairs that were caused by the inability to speak the foreign language. How important for professional, machine operator, lawyer, engineer, chemist, teacher Etc. forced into a different job and sometimes broke down nervously, spiritually, because he could never learn the language enough to express his expertise.

Excellent surgeons, internists, lawyers, and teachers could start again here— if while learning from young students the language that has long been in their little fingers.

How many of our top professionals have failed to examination, primary school children's questions simply because they did not understand the foreign language question.

We even had to swallow the poison that people have disparaged our teaching at home because due to a foreign language, an exam could not be passed there. Because the stranger cannot comprehend that someone does not understand his world language. What he does not realize is that he doesn't know his own language perfectly, and they only understand each other. Sometimes, if words are misspelled, or the pronunciation rules are incorrect, it can be humorous.

If we have a serious view of our emigration lives, we must acknowledge that the reason for our initial failures have a great bearing on the fact that we did not learn the foreign language perfectly.

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In our own profession, or we have lagged behind progress. —

We do not mean the elderly, but younger people who never want or cannot learn a foreign language perfectly. 95 percent of immigrants could learn it because Hungarians are generally talented at this.

According to Uncle Yogi, it is just a saying, like a parrot. Every day, on the road, working, repeat 5-10 new words 100 times. (And excellent help in foreign language is learning from a tape-recorder, because you can hear the difference in pronunciation.)

There is an obstacle or a secret to learning languages from a spiritual point of view, you must not be proud, shy, be yourself. Hungarians like to look flawless. When learning a foreign language, we must accept that we make mistakes, and sometimes they laugh at us for it. If you are shy, it will be difficult to learn a foreign language. We should therefore be confident to win over ourselves.

Question of reflection: Do I avoid the alien language because I am afraid that it may lose my language? If so, there is a problem with my humility. There is a lot of pride — and it's not helpful.

*Let's be clear about the speech, not just the dress.*  
(Perlaky)

*Who discloses someone else's serious sin without cause it is a grave sin itself. Who keeps others. imperfection, betraying your own imperfections.* (St. Ignatius of Loyola)

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## Social framework

(Our integration into the emigration population)

Hi Joe. — Hi John, — Greetings flew through the air at the big party hosted by the factory before Christmas. Everyone from the cleaner to the president was present. Of course, only the insider could tell, because from the hi and hello salutations and trousers that look equally sharp in ironed trousers. It became difficult to tell who is what.

Janos Horvát, the newly arrived and employed operator was present and looked at it wide-eyed, as soon as factory employees, white shirts and non-white collars were bragging at each other as if they had eaten cherries from a shared bowl in their nursery.

John drew a conclusion from this, and when the next night, in front of a bright dining room, met one of the big shots, he tried his skills in democracy. He said hello to a loud Hi Ed. The result, however, was different from the atmosphere of the party the night before.

For John's conclusion was flawed; seemingly large uniformity, but here, too, there is a certain bulkhead and caste system, and as is customary in the workplace, it is not always customary in private life.

The bulkhead is even more prominent — although everyone according to its origin, there are groups of people from which to come from distinguished things, such as descendants of The English and Scots; they are almost predated, they are for political careers; Irish origin as if there were more would surround the offspring with holy light, and this

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advantage e.g. on the church track for higher achieving. Central European origin almost forces the immigrant into the working class. We Hungarians and although some of the lucky or astute are also on a higher ladder—for God has blessed our kind with many talents— yet most of us are forced to stay in the culture layer. This is because of the partition of origin, the general prejudice against us — and to a large extent our own unfitting behavior.

In the old Roman Empire, it had a great effect if someone could declare himself to be, “Civic Romanus sum?” — I am a Roman citizen. Likewise, the Romans were proud. Heating up the pride, sometimes conceit to this western Babylon citizens. They are the first people to be a member of the World War II winners of the world and from this it is concluded that even lower-class individuals, can be successful. They are masters of the world, and as such, they know everything best. Superman or, if you will, superman is not a German invention: it has existed since the world exists. This arrogance is a realistic consequence of the situation of world power and is fueled by public mood, television, the press, and education.

That's why there's a big conflict when a fresh immigrant does not acknowledge their omniscience if he wants more know they can't stand it, and if we look at the spiritual problems of emigration, the first and perhaps most important reason for breaking: they treat us from the world power shelf like greenhorns, eastern barbarians (even the gypsy character smeared upon us) and we don't. We respect their fresh authority of the world, and even for communism, Yalta and much more

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we feel like we would be on top. (Let's leave the truth of the curse to another time!).

All of us would remember the changed mood of a tram when the former Belarusian immigrants took off at the adventurous settlement in Budapest? In the morning, the tram took us to our school; well engraved with the image, shy-eyed skinny, poorly dressed group of people. Some of us may also have their own thought of our superiority, seeing them, even though we know that many guards, engineers, artists and graduates were among them.

Now we are the startled-eyed, worse-dressed emigrant, at least in the early years, and the stamp is left on us even after we have already bought the first Buick or Cadillac. This does not change if we forget our native language very quickly, dress in more flamboyant clothes than they do, and if we say hello, we're going to go and go.

It means we have an immigrant stamp on us, the Hungarian or Central European group, and that the people of the host country are the individuals of a world power, this fact, and all that follows, we must take note of.

It would be a mistake to say that we should put up with it. In fact, with generally spiritual superiority. we must gently fight for the recognition of Hungarian values, it is our duty, but we must take note of this emigrant stamp. This began when we crossed the borders of our old country. When there is incomprehension or disdain, neglect at work or socially, do not think too much of it. It has been so since the beginning of the world, Abel's offspring are scattered all over the world.

Our spiritual peace, happiness, and exile

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the fact is simply, realistically taken into account, and we measure our actions according to the facts.

*I would be a good dog because a man with the same hair.  
I'll smell it right away in the company.*

*To love each other with their mistakes, —  
is the great thing!*

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## Temple life

(Our integration into the temple life of the new residence)

It was a sunny, nice Sunday morning. The green trees they spread their exhilarating shade over the houses with flower gardens in all their glory. From the gardens it was impossible to tell which one. Hungarian, Slovak or German-born immigrant. In the street we were going to, it seems like mostly Hungarians lived, and that's what a lot of Hungarian gossip and a lot of familiar faces have been saying.

The two of us and my escort came to Cleveland from the Midwest. In our country, several Hungarians in the group, my travel companion noted: and how different it feels to walk the streets; some even Hungarian to see the inscription; I feel as if I am in a Transdanubia, or at least in a highland village or small town.



How much happier can those who live here be, just like we are in finding a home.

I did not say anything in advance, but I did enjoy the idea that I might wake up and live at the nearby Hungarian church, because that is where we were going to the Hungarian mass. It was advertised as a Hungarian singing mass. We have not prayed like this since the Hungarian masses in Linz, Salzburg or Wörgl have fallen behind us. Not to mention the usual favorite churches at home in Ferenciek Square or anywhere on beautiful Hungarian land.

Such thoughts marched through me as we were on our way to the Hungarian church. My partner must have had these memories because he never spoke again on the road.

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At the entrance to the church we saw many Hungarian preaching's and advertisements. The equipment is usually similar to the home Hungarian passages in murals, the stations, the Calvary of Christ, and the statues of Hungarian saints known from the sanctuary encouraging us.

I breathed a sigh of relief for minutes: I felt like I was back home. I did not even have to close my eyes, to believe in my new home.

Then the Hungarian singer's mass began. The mood seems to have changed sharply. I noticed the silence: there was a lot of template likeness that we did not know at home in the church. God do not take me the wrong way, but instead of a deep prayer, I began to watch people, because I felt like something was missing from this church.

On the side door, I could see into the lobby, where there are advertisements, posters from door-to-door they are unusually distracting. Surprisingly, I saw many people who had retreated there, both men and women. Oh, not the kind who are part of the temple. Smoking and talking a little during the long sermon. These are largely people who are deep in their praying, you could feel that many of them were closer to God in spirit than those altar boys kneeling at the altar. Then why are they pulling away? They can't be part of the Hungarian singer's mass?

I share the great value of the common sacrifice, but with respect taking into account the individuality of the Hungarian variety. I'm not a fan of forced, outward appearance, often only for show.

But that was not the case, all these praying people back in the lobby is not a logical issue. It is something else, there's a different reason,

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and during mass, I was left uneasy by the thought: why is it that we immigrants are still in the temple? We can't find our place? Because in the workplace, in the new world in bible language barriers, strange now we feel we are in a straitjacket because of habits. This is spiritually explainable; but why not feel at home with ourselves in the house of God? God is the same here as back home; Christ's cross sacrifice here is the same, redemption in their torments is the same as at home. — One of the questions of poetry came to mind: "Say, My God, where did we make a mistake?"

For sacrifice, a man came out of the gloom of the lobby a quiet-walking, bent-backed man. When I think back, I recognized him. One of the former apostles at home; Credo ("I believe") member; a piler of his ward; raised in the Prohászka and Bangha era, I wonder where we missed it.

At the end of the Mass, I waited for the singing of the Anthem or the vivid creed in the singing of our mother as during the suppression of the Mindszenty pilgrimage, the repressed word emerged in the song on the lips of believers; as before the Mary picture of Attnang-Puchheim together with the inhabitants of the Earth Barracks of Regau... But I waited in vain for all this.

After Mass, I rushed to catch up with the sacrifice man I recognized. My friend, I wanted to know the secret, I have the feeling that the problem is around our faith; we are devastated, we are broken. Our faith was low and weak, and now we cannot handle racing with fleeting memories, days, and the entertainment mania of the new world?

On the small bench in front of his apartment, was very refuted when told his fate. As through calvary, physically and spiritually, and in addition to the wonderful faith and trust in Providence, it is only for the Saints

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can be read in the syllables of the way. I felt, exceedingly small; this "lobby" believer is closer to Christ than many of us. It would be a Pharisee thought to deal with the question in such a way that such men are. Today up, tomorrow down. — This receding man has a living faith; it is mute bored, template Christian, — But then why did he withdraw from the liturgical unity, from parish life, the parish? — I wonder where he made a mistake?

*Jesus to the Woman of Samaria: There will come a time when God is not in Jerusalem or on Mount Garizim they worship but only in spirit.*

*Who doesn't admit me in public to people  
I will not confess it before my Father: . .  
(Jesus)*

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## Prosaic experiences away

When we set out on our long journey from Hungary to a foreign country, we brought with us the education, customs, and decency of our home. Being here, we wanted to use it in our way, we realized that those forms often put us in a strange position.

So, it is in most remote, foreign countries, but the examples are mainly taken from our American experience.

When John arrived with his family and possessions from a small town, received temporarily assistance from the sponsor church, a furnished small apartment. He rushed to see the priest after unpacking, the visit had a different atmosphere than the ones at home. More forms, membership registration. At home, John was a ward president, Secretary catholic relief services, etc.

This visit has made me think a little bit. But still, on one of his later free afternoons, he went to visit the schoolteacher. He thought it was appropriate.

But he was wrong, he was later told clearly, the newcomer could not begin social relations with the locals. They will decide if they want to associate. If he approaches without a call, that would be an intrusion. And this issue also applies to the neighbors.

Francis had a strange experience, too when the boy next door once came to them looking for his son. He just walked in and did not even say hello.

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Ferenc did not speak to him either, because he thought if the child was so impolite, then he does not take him into account.

The boy was not to blame, but the social custom here. A son once told his father: the custom here is, that the elderly greets the young, if you want to see him. It is not polite for the young person to say hello, to disturb him, it's the same at school. When the teacher enters his class, the students are silent, only the teacher wishes them a good morning. In the hallway, it is not polite to greet the teacher, to disturb him.

This is also the case with employers in general.

It's hard for us to get used to, but we have to because we immigrants cannot change the habit of an entire country. Of course, we can improve it gently. We can teach our children's friends that when they enter our apartment, the cap should be taken off their heads, their feet should not be barefoot (although this is supposed to be healthy), that the television is not switched on without permission. After 10:00 p.m., it is appropriate to go home, and the radio should not be inappropriately loud.

Immigrants have plenty to learn and get used to. It can't be written together; it should be experienced in practice.

For example, men do not usually shake hands with women. And between them when it is just the beginning and the end of the first meeting. Only after that, the greeting Hi! Hello! See you! But on the first introduction, the educated man does not say hello, but "how do you do" for example.

Cuddling and kissing is an almost unknown concept, even when saying goodbye to family members, if they see something like this, they will know that the person is foreign, mainly Polish, Russian, and the handshakes are Hungarian.

It is interesting, however, that even in a great democracy,

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women are visibly happy to take hand-kissing from Europeans.

Dominating isn't very fashionable. Mostly first names but the president is Mr. President and the famous actors, singers include Mr. X, Mr. Y. — But if you wanted a job, we ask for a favor or a loan in the bank we're just using Mr. or Sir addresses, it is a recognition that we depend on them.

In U.S. cities, there's mostly phone "spiritual counselling". One of our most newly immigrated compatriots, thinking wisely, called the number. What do you advise an immigrant to give a code of conduct? — And the answer was this: If you chose this country as your new homeland, then do not disparage, don't scold. Try to get to know it, and then explain it. but after that, just mention the good and the good, it saves you a lot of headaches.

Wise advice. Because since you are here, in this country, we have immigrated, at least do not give the wrong advice about it. We are just making enemies for ourselves, and we're going to hurt our own mood. True, many of us did not leave home on our own but because I had to; but we owe goodwill to people of the host country.

There are good and bad people in all countries; Good habits and bad things; smart politicians and ill-intentioned ones. We cannot hurt good people with generalizing criticism. But we can do it gently, tactfully. to guide them, to convince them of the right and nobler.

*The world of life school  
where embolism many flow.  
Because the road is so bumpy, so hard,  
You go to so many deserts... (Petőfi)*

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## Correct men

(Men: in a situation of urgency — realistically —with idealism)

"It's a forced situation," the teacher Faragó used to say at the Quarry school, "when they strip you naked in the 20 degrees cold, hang upside down, back tie your heels, beat your feet with a cane, water cold water on your head, and face you with a cheering enemy with a machine gun, and he asks: Where are the women hidden? —if any of these missing, that's child's play."

As you described the emergency situation, it was about 10,000 years ago a perfect psychological definition — and if only one of the conditions is no longer a real emergency, it is just a breeze.

The men of our current emigration often feel forced, and rightly so. For some, all the constraints of the emergency are classic almost as the teacher Carver described it; others only have some idea of the emergency situation, but emigration life, to a certain extent, gives us a sense of compulsion.

Because we feel compelled to be a stranger in a country when we do not speak our mother tongue. The native people have habits, fashions, a kind of job that is not our profession — often only because we are strangers to experience, professional knowledge, possibly a degree, greenhorn, ignorant. Often just because your boss is not one of our ancestors, and so on.

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If these emigration disadvantages are serious, we take it to our hearts, we can get into the state of mind when the mosquito becomes an elephant and forget that the real hard part, as teacher Carver described, is over, the rest is just a children's game.

Of course, emigration with regard to integration problems is not "child's play?". Often it is a serious problem that represents sleepless nights, which is cause of physical, nervousness and psychological condition. One does not answer, the other stoops underneath. We know high-ranking military officers who whistle while shoveling coal, and there are others who become reclusive and melancholy due to language difficulties. Some people had huge wealth, high positions, they have lost their whole family, and yet they are handling it. Some people stayed with the family, they did not lose much in the job difference, but they do not forget the porcelain left at home and still lament the former tablemates.

Our emigration is grouped in many ways: they talk about old Americans, DPs, 56'rs, new ones; could be classified according to the profession:

On the basis of spiritual integration, however, three groups divide them: 1. emergency situations; 2. realistic, 3. idealists.

A teacher foraging emergency situation would surely call them straitjacketers, because they are the ones that cannot spiritually escape the life of emigration, who cannot forgive the need to adapt to the cosmopolitan politics of the West. Have destroyed one after the other, the Christian countries of Europe, that have made us stateless, etc. — Those who hate everything here, they see everything as bad (on what basis,

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is another matter), but they bring their anger into their workplace, family peace, the souls of their school children, their complete disposition in politics, etc.

If you are going to wear this straitjacket for a long time, in ourselves, there will be some kind of spiritual distortion. First, we forget to smile, and then we become distrustful of our own kind. We also see malice where there is none, poison the whole family atmosphere and we will be bitter people, — Only our doctors could tell us about sleeping pills or the amount of forgetfulness that we are forced to collect in this case.

This group also includes those who have a degree they too throw themselves into the pursuit of the dollar. Those who desire family togetherness, harmony, friendship, rest, country, religion, who find the narcotics in the constant pursuit of forgetting their sorrows, their being an immigrant, which they do not, cannot realistically face.

It is the group of the realistic that I could say with the caveman's instinct, he took note, what it means to be an immigrant or a newcomer. He is not stunned by the seductive fog of skyscrapers. Even starved when the Austrian or Bavarian camp kitchen served black bread. It's not expecting miracles of the promised land only a decent living. It does not take personal insult if you just give him "hi you" attitude, but doesn't the luxury car with a diamond tie pin boss in a sudden political change hurt? He does not watch the sudden political change on the radio and does not regret the other Hungarian's brother is not "Democrat" nor "Republican"?" Tricks because it measures common sense, with realistic common sense things and all that is conducted from behind the scenes.

He thinks, judges, and acts realistically, calmly,

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he is going to grab the dollar because it's necessary for life. Calm in the family; filtering the TV and bad books, influence of teachings on children, but always wise calmness. He casts the onus on the Hungarian case, and gives it to the emperor, which belongs to the emperor, and to God, which belongs to ' God"— This group is the soberly thought-out majority of emigrations, and thank God, their numbers are large.

The idealists, the third group, are described by the poets and writers, the prose pen does not provide enough. This includes those who are not only realistic, but also idealistic realists. Thank God there are many of them.

These are the people who, for the sake of the Christian Hungarian often forgo their own individual problems in such a way as to passed on ideas to help others, who look into emigration problems, but also keep a watch for the problems at home, "let the world be a holiday again"? —. Danube on one side, Tisza on the other.

A poem about correct men could be written, (And it would be necessary to capture them, because otherwise, writing a history that is trying to distort everything will be included in the "revolutionaries" Western, democracy, "enemies" line.)

Nevertheless, it does not fit into all the many valuable people who have been exemplary abroad, have remained patriotic, and, with their work and morality, gained recognition of the Hungarian name abroad. Their names could be listed in a thick lexicon.

"We have to mention some groups and occupations to express our appreciation for them,"

One of the huge Westinghouse factories where navy planes were made, a small ceremony after the lunch break the other day, for one of their retiring colleagues. It was a touching

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to see that not only did the workers of the lathes hug their departing Hungarian colleague but acknowledged in a separate speech the Hungarian industrialist's conscientious work and discipline. "I wish we had a lot of these workers" he said.

If you are always healthy and do not need a doctor, you do not know the difference between the Hungarian doctor who has immigrated with us and the foreign doctor who has not emigrated with us. New York and Cleveland's Hungarians don't really notice, because they have Hungarian doctors. But when the immigrant is referring to the foreign doctor, we know what it is about.

It is true that the candidate for the doctor here has better training in well-equipped universities, and modern hospitals. But the most perfect laboratory and library is not worth much if the student does not use them with serious diligence. Of course, this statement is not universally accurate for all students. But our home family upbringing and the thoroughness and discipline of our old schools doctor. And these are the aliens that are infinitely large help for the immigrant.

A great advantage is that the patient is able to describe his complaints. It is not that easy to talk in a foreign language about all our body parts.

There is one advantage our doctors have, which the best vocational training cannot even out: the compassionate heart. Our doctors fled with us, fasting in the camps, wandering with us. They are familiar with the physical and psychological problems and the troubles of a stateless life.

They are therefore rewarded and commended when they deal not only with well-paying richer strangers in their doctor's office, with love and understanding they also specialize in the illness of their Hungarian compatriots.

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“Faithfully, with honor, valiantly!”... If someone could compile statistics on which of the Hungarian stateless members of the professional group would return to their place, you should mark the royal gendarmerie most of all, is probably the former Hungarian. Emigration role models of life encourage our lives. The sometimes tired, frail exile groups rise always as an encouraging example. Their diligent work, the strength of their honest, moral conduct in groups, church, and cultural associations. This is not coincidence, it is how they were taught that they were the people protectors of peace and order, impressed into them, that they can stand like a tree in a tight area when others are already stigmatized.

Sad symptom and meaningless logic that after the travel, the Hungarian gendarme turned so much to hatred against friends of the people and the feel of the village. This also applies to the former city police, our gendarmes and our policemen that were sons of the people, they came from their ranks. Every government, every law, here and even on that side, you need to enforce the law.

It was the reliability of these gendarmes, who were also correct in statelessness, which was recognized as they were ranked among the best in Canada by mounted Policemen.

Whoever has the youth has the future! . . . Separate books should also be written about the noble, character work carried out by stateless Hungarian scouting organization in the education of our youth. There is not another organization, which is so effective, tenacious and would be more comprehensive. The "Scattered Orphan's Hair" one of the shining pages of history.

If you look at the data scattered in foreign countries,

Hungarian men's precious work and achievements, with common sense, must be stated: our national tragedy is to always be attacking each other, chase each other away, and always for the sake of foreign ideals.

If all these precious people could build this country at home in peace, what a happy country it could be.

How sad to see so many precious leaves falling off the Hungarian tree and drifting away from foreign land because Hungarians are less likely to carry on their heritage

*"Misfortune in the eyes of cowards is a giant,  
in the eyes of the brave, dwarf... Who trusts his own  
skills and diligence, it is never a  
lost man. (Goethe)*

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## The heroic women of emigration

Aunt Maria, who is sick in a hospital bed, yet seeks to comfort and encourage; Don't be afraid, Aunt Maria, Good God is with you here at the hospital.

The reason for the encouragement was that the disease seemed serious, and Aunt Maria lay on the white bed, with her eyes closed, as if she is no longer very interested to the surrounding world.

But on the words of encouraging, she opened her eyes and, forming a smile on her face, whispered back: I am not scared. I held not only her hands, but her whole arm so firmly. It is going to be hard for her to leave me, even my eyes I close. I'm going to experience it also; the neuritis doesn't know I'm interrogating about what's actually also with me.

And Aunt Maria really held on to God, because today, after years of hard-working hands, she helps her family, fellow human beings.

This little episode is only a small part of the great and a strong soul that dwells in her. Common sense and her great faith in the Caretaker helped her to escape and on her own. in the end, continue she is got the courage to live.

Aunt Maria is just one of thousands and thousands of women who are the hero guide to our emigration of our lives and a great model of the Christian worldview.

This is what you see in the morning masses at the Cleveland Church, Aunt Teri with shaky hands, grey hairs and broken shoulders show its difficult crossroads. The collapsed family, her husband, who was killed in the siege of the Budapest, and

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carried on with their only son, if only straw flame idealism occurred she would have crumbled long ago. But realistic life command gave her the strength to live in the Austrian camp. She is from new world emigration, and the wonderful lifestyle, which here gave a glowing example to all of us.

A novel could be written about Aunt Etelka's home based care package operation, Aunt Rózsi's faithful hospital visits, Ilonka aunt's grief, which she reassured. wearing Aunt Maria often exploited goodness, etc. About the many, many blessed mothers who, even in difficult situations, are great at raising their children to a pure, noble Christian religion. May the many aunts, grandmothers, and mothers live long, for they are the true heroes of a stateless life.

A cross-bearer with such a hero's soul once wrote in his letter: If there are others among us who complain, but we try to carry our cross without resentment, and although life is difficult in the away country, yet I say plainly I'm happy!

I was surprised by the letter because we rarely hear it in today's world. So, I asked what is the secret to being happy? — She replied: Happiness pillars: 1. Pray and work! 2. Look for the good and love the beautiful. 3. Take care of your health 4. keep your heart clean and your conscience good. 5. be faithful to your friends, the Hungarian nation and to the goal you have set yourself to achieve!

Someone would say: These are nice principles, but difficult to be achieved when man goes the long way of the bitter calvary. I wonder how much that letter writer could have suffered and still be happy?

Without telling the letter writer in detail I can tell you that not many have suffered and struggled in life as much as she has.

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Telegraphic style, this is Klara's life path, as she herself described:

I have lived through the horrors of the serious bombings. I was having an operation during one of the bombings. There was a major general, and the last time I saw him was at the clinic, then there's just the grave in the cemetery. I was half-healed when they took me to the western border during firing of cannons. We went through Komárom, where my parents lived.



My mother came with us, but my father stayed; Then he was driven out of his house at night by hordes of gargantuan swarms. We were terrified on the last refugee train in the bombed-out Sopron Germany. In the USA I got a job at a farm, I learned how to roll hay and mow. I pushed my arm too hard, and it was tied up for six weeks, and then we got transferred to a refugee camp. I took a job with a shoemaker. I learned to make shoe uppers. God has given me the strength to persevere. On days off, I walked 14 kilometers through the farmhouses, to get food from the peasants. Only in the USA, I could go alone. I had to leave my mother, while I was able to send her assurance from outside... I started as a cook in a parish; 7 days of work per week. Then I managed to get a job at a steel mill, a dusty, hard job. I fought there, all the way through 14 years. Meanwhile, a heavy crate crushed me. I really asked God to keep me crippled. During that time, my mother got sick, and I took her to the hospital. I was kneeling by her bed, praying until her precious life was gone, and in her I lost everything... But with persistent prayer and work, recovered.

Such was her life,' she wrote today: 'How Happy I am!? Because in these difficult situations, she also kept her faith in Providence. She prayed and worked. Prayer kept the soul in her, and the hard work insured, eventual retirement,

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and found the spiritual calm that allowed her to say, I am happy!

When we started talking about Christ, followers wrote: "Yes, this is the power that comes from above and leads me, too. I am never alone, and I do not have feeling of loneliness in my garden. Beautiful red roses open in honor of the Holy Heart of Jesus. The special pink one for Our Lady, the pale yellow for little Saint Teresa, the snow whites for St. Anthony.



I also offered rose bees in happy memory for my mother and Saint Judas Tade. In such an environment which I live, I am in the best company. In addition to this spiritual company, I have 12 piano students, who I must teach every week, I am always busy".

She did not write in her letter out of modesty that livelihoods, household, disciples, etc. in addition to it is good for you. Where you can help, encourage, advise.

Through hard suffering, many years on her shoulders, all alone in the world — and she says of herself: I am happy! She is a life artist. The pillars of her happiness: Pray and work!...

The Christian way of life is a harmony of idealism and realizing our spiritual talents, family and each other's faith in God, trust in the superiority and ultimate victory of goodness. Our idealism — and realism teaches us adaptation. To accept life the way it is, even if life steals everything from us. Idealism, you should still insist on the realistic reality that God is above us.

Our heroic women in emigration realistic idealism, and there is no poetic

fantasia, there is no poem or painting that can approximately depict their heroic sacrifice.

In our emigration literature, several people have written about our lofty Hungarian values, pastor's work, youth saving of schools and scouting. I miss the singing of our heroic mothers and women, and we live in times when Ilona Zrínyi, heroic women of Eger live among us, now national emigration. We are in this time, when our mothers and fathers leave us, one after the other. Admiring their courage as they set out with the family for a freer world as they sought to rebuild their homes. When it comes to leaving soon, hats off and we must look upon them with respect and admiration, and absorb their example. In particular, the younger generation should be as often as possible role models. Instead long-haired, twitching stage figures.

The American Aldrich's book describes the wild west struggle of the first settlers and says of their heroic women, "That the Lord had given them a lantern..."

*The beginning of the wisdom of life that you must not expect too much for a long time and demand too much from life, because life did not give anyone what she dreamed in a young girl's head. . ,* (Perlaky)

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## Happy even in poverty

Since most of our readers live in American conditions, and thus have the opportunity to work diligently to achieve a better lifestyle. Some may think that there is not a problem of poverty and it need not be addressed. However, those who know the number of immigrants who have migrated or are sick know that poverty can exist as such immigrants live. Even if the city gives you a \$1,000 a-month allowance, and if the kitchen has an ice box and there is a small television in the room.

POVERTY is not happiness, neither in the life of the family nor in the life of the nation. When you do not have food on the table, and cloths to ware, we can't talk about happiness. When Christ spoke of happy poverty, he meant spiritual poverty when we did not adhere spiritually to matter and wealth. The way of the rich: no man is happy to be a slave to his money, so the poor man is not happy when he should be.

In our search for happiness, the question of the property situation is an especially important point, a prerequisite for feeling happy the safety of livelihood. On this issue, too, such as in the judgment of our own bodily form, we can fall into two extremes: destitute or unbridled chase for money, neither lead to happiness. Both erroneous extremes can be avoided if we correctly assess our financial needs. This is a realistic self-assessment of material goods.

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To be happy, we need a certain material basis from which we provide the daily food, housing, and clothes. Saints and heroes even without a financial basis, they have created great works, but this ability is not given to everyone. Ordinary people need to get the necessary living wage to be happy.

Another question is the amount of funding to which we need? It is different for each person, but an important line is that you do not overlook everyday necessities. So that we do not overspend for more possessions, while not harming our health and our souls, because then we will lose human happiness. Therefore, one of the rules of satisfaction is one of the rules on the matter of wealth. We should be happy with what you already have. If we can be satisfied with what you have, you are no longer chasing the encore we're looking for, but just so that if it succeeds, it's good, if it doesn't, it's good anyway. We will not be addicted to further wishes, beyond the necessary things. Further desires will not be satisfied and make you happy, even if you have millions, and if you own half the world.

One of the rules of satisfaction is good Hungarian proverb, "stretch as far as your blanket will go" So measure your wishes according to what your wallet can afford, if you want a bigger one, then look for it first and the ingredients for yourself, this rule should be insinuated in the souls of our children. In particular, for business that would be a rule. The reason for many feuds, many unhappiness's is to wish for more than our financial situation allows. The truth is you can be satisfied with a modest salary, to live happily, if our needs are modestly within our means.

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Can it be simple, happy in a modest way? I know a living example who proves that it may be a prerequisite, of course, that, as mentioned above, daily livelihoods are guaranteed. Elderly immigrant widow in one of the big cities. The meager Social Security supplemented by the government for a few dollars. From which it pays for an apartment, near the dark quarter; the rest goes to the lights, food, etc.; It's easy, but she's alive. And where is the happiness? When I came to see her once, she showed me a letter from home with a glowing face. One of her villagers, a sick, starving woman, wrote to her: "I got the package, a warm knitted coat, stockings, gloves, bandages and a bag of candy. Oh, how am I supposed to thank you for all the good? The Sweet Jesus Bless you for all this".

When she showed this thank-you note at home, happiness shone from her face, as if she were the fabulous rich American aunt. Understand that it is giving away dollars from what she lives on. Know also that she dresses cleanly and properly; also, that she will not only send some packages home, but also even to her sicker or poorer friends here. Sometimes a warm stocking or a box of cakes. But how to do all this, I do not know. Only the good god upstairs knows who can make the poor man happy.

*Obsessed with getting rich at all costs  
their business problems are taken to bed with them,  
night, and even in their sleep, they struggle to  
make things gold.*

*It's not a thirst anymore, it's a disease.*

*The kingdom of God cannot stand here on earth  
millionaires and beggars.*

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## Happy also in the disease

To be happy, we need a normal self-portrait that we cherish, love. Those who cannot respect themselves can't respect anyone. If our image of ourselves is skewed, then we are already on our way to unhappiness. Our self-portrait can skew the way we see ageing, poverty, and be one of the biggest spoilers of the disease. When our physical issue, our disability, constantly reminds us of our weakness, our helplessness and thus wear and tear. To pass on happiness, peace of mind, therefore it is infinitely important that we learn the right way to prevent the disease, and physical issues. We are going to do this so that it does not skew our own self-portrait. We can foresee that this is the most difficult science, and you must be a great spiritual artist so that it does not darken with the disease.

Is there even a way to do that? The history of the lives of saints give many examples of this. When Milton, one of the world's great poets went blind, he did not lose his temper. As he said, "It was just the suffering that taught me to be a friend of the smile!" The example of István Kaszap, who is a well-known Hungarian, who continued to reimburse the disease by smoking to get comfort in the long work related illness. There are many people in our emigration who do not even announce that they are sick.

How can we learn this art? First of all, we need to clarify within ourselves a misconception that somehow, it has slipped into even the perception of religious people.

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Disease is also seen by many as god-made personal punishment, what a big mistake that is! It is true, that the consequence of suffering and illness is mortal to our human nature since the loss of Paradise, but not usually the result of personal sin. Someone may be abusing nature in eating, drinking, chasing pleasures, and gets sick (in this case, it may be considered a personal punishment), but in general, disease and bodily issues are a simple consequence of being frail, mortal men. The possibility of illness is included in our lives. If the disease would be considered as a punishment; we would make mistakes and cause ourselves a lot of psychological damage. If you understand we want the disease from the point of view of Providence, then we have to say that physical issues are an opportunity from Providence to cause more spirituality in people than others. A sign of merit: unpleasant, painful, but a sign of merit. Our right and duty is to provide doctors, prayer, and all possible ways to attempt to get rid of it, but we must accept disease as a sign of merit, never as punishment! I recommend all patients, read through the Gospel of St. John in the 9th chapter. “Master, who sinned, or his parents that he was born blind?”

The other consideration is that, although the disease is unpleasant and painful — physical suffering can make the good person develop better. Who better understands and appreciates life, understands his fellow human beings better, and can produce many creations for his country, ideals that a healthy person will not have. If you look at history, there are a lot of famous people, artists, hero’s, a General, who all had some physical disability, it's like that's why they

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would have compensated themselves mentally. A realistic self-assessment the prevalence of a disease is to soberly measure and work according to our remaining abilities. If we cannot do one, let us do the other, calm, at peace, as much as possible not overcome with limitations of the disease. Let us skew our faces, let us not get dark. The disease is a big problem in itself, but it becomes even more difficult if we can't fit in spiritually.

So, if we are confronted with the disease, let us consider it and receive it realistically. This includes the loss of human life. Let us not consider it a punishment, it's a sign of merit. Not a mark of merit to boast about, but a sign of peace. If we are in a lot of pain, we try to forget what is wrong and try to be happy with what is still intact in us. If you are tired of our arms and heart being worn, we appreciate that even more that we can breathe freely. As the great Prohászka wrote: "Dum spiro, spero. - As long as I breathe, I hope. When we have a suffering day, let us just say, as Coué recommends, "It'll pass, never mind". The bad will pass, and there will be a better day again. Even if fate has put you in a rickety wagon, let us try hard to sit on it so we don't fall out of it. One of the prerequisites is that in all situations, in a weak body, can also be embellished and filled with content in the shoddy life too.

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## Happily in old age

This conversation is mostly for those who strongly seek to deny that they are old. They also talk about the passing years, but sometimes they are afraid to look into the mirror because of the alien facing them. For anyone who is normally comfortable, says old age is not an issue. Its wrinkles, the falling hair, tiredness, mood loss are just natural symptoms. That is not a problem. However, those who try to cover it up, and don't dare to admit ageing is not realistic about life, and there is a danger that it is self-hating, skewed. The hard struggles of emigrant life, although we are usually summoned to realistically understand the losses, thus also the loss of youth, and we see wonderfully many, beautiful examples among us. Yet there are those who feel the burden of old age twice as much. I want to draw their attention. that mature old age is part of the human agenda and, in our Christian view, we must also live this age beautifully and serenely.

Because what is old age according to our Christian teachings? Fruit picking, harvesting of crops is a whole human life after his work. Arrangement and accounting for since birth, we have grown physically and spiritually. We created the ability to start a new life in the newer spiritual world. All the efforts of our human lives have actually been made to

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perfect the way of life. As called, it is the order of transcendental evolution. And the time of maturity and ripening cannot be a time of deflation or discouragement— at least not spiritually. — We can even add to this the analogy that poets used to say that an ageing human body is not ugly, only completely ripe, like the evolved silkworm, which will soon turn into a butterfly.

But also, in a practical, mundane concept, although old age has many physical disadvantages, yet it has a lot of compensation, comfort, beauty. Instead of a state of nervous excitement, old age gives you calm wisdom. It's nice to run free after butterflies with a youthful fuss, but there's also happiness when calmed down, we sit there with the big pear tree in the shadow of our grey-haired life couple or friend, and silently watch the clouds of lamb floating in the sky. As true as it is, being 16 is a big task. As responsibility increases considerably, even being 60 years old is a great task. To name but a few words, they say that the future belongs to young people, but the fate of the world is controlled by politicians. And in this is the great warning to us elders that our collected knowledge and experience must be passed on to the new generation for learning, and management. So old age has its own big task, young people have their own, nervous excitement. I would search the world for the old soothing love distributors.

The old ones are the shady tree, the calm-water harbor, where young people can turn with confidence for understanding, for advice when they burned themselves in life, . , How barren would the family home be if it wasn't for grandpa or grandmother in the armchair?



We can also show by example, around sixty, weak

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frail widow in emigration. You could call her Aunt Franciska or Aunt Katus. She used to be a healthy, beautiful, and happy mother. She was respected and loved by everyone. When the home, the safe livelihood was lost, and came statelessness, insecurity, then physical deterioration, she has not changed in spirit or behavior. As smooth, fancy, and nimble as when she was young, she is not. She could do great, hard work, she was no longer a seeker, but what she could gladly do; where she could help; if her hand could not stand it, she so encouraged, calmed, gave a serenity, a smile, it was a blessing to her family, to her surroundings, to her friends, to everyone. In her old age, broken, with wrinkles, everyone appreciated and loved her, she used to say, "Even though it hurts here in old age, every age has its beauty, joy and task."

In our quest for happiness, we will be perfect, when we learn the physical disadvantages of old age, we also naturally accept the spread to serenity, encouragement, smiles, just as old trees provide shade, and protection. Young seedlings for development, as well as the shadow and peace of mind of the older peaceful spiritual development. It also is a big task and a great art to be truly protective of old trees, in the bright shadows of which young people like to find protection.

*The greatest art, you know what?  
It's clear to grow old,  
To rest, where to do it,  
To listen, if there is, who accuses me,  
Not to be moaning, hopeless,  
To wear the cross quietly... (SanAtomic)*

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## Nerve sedative

This is a superstitiously comforting world for those, when they feel like exploding, quickly take a small pill. It is an unpleasant world for those who have already realized that the white dose is only a temporary solution. It is not healing; it is just nerve paralysis. Back home, in a happier world, only a few nervous people were strictly prescribed medicine by the medical world. In addition, perhaps only the top 10,000 had these, problems, and mostly it was just fashion or was migraines or at the time of the family squabble, otherwise, the person may have been angry, quietly or loudly, or he rinsed off his venom with little crises, and she maybe was waving a rolling pin.

In the past and especially at our homeland the first nerve absorbing medication a complaining patient was prescribed by the doctor was aspirin. Today, he is giving a nerve agent, and it's not just the doctor but TV advertising also offers a lot of medications which you can get without a prescription in the pharmacy, like candy or lemonade.



Since today's pursuit of life really makes people nervous not only the top ten thousand, but also the fashions. And since it really does seem better sometimes, take a small tablet and it feels good, so to some extent it can be explained and understandable in this nerve-absorbing fashion. However, before someone tries the little pills, "nonhabitat-forming" three times a day, ask your doctor and ask yourself 50 times,

is there no other way to reduce nervousness? Because in reality before the dose of the poison is necessary there are many natural ways to get rid of simple nervousness.

I was recently invited to a Midwest natural history museum, this is a form of exhibition where they show the audience local trees, plants and animals so that the city man and child can see what they can't see at home. See what you cannot find and get to know the forest and the meadows and get to know them, Today's rushing life form is also shown in the exhibitions. Most of the time, it is like a crowd, in a commercial form. They put it all together so that schoolchildren chewing gum can see what their fathers have done in the long years and hunts of their youth. Today even science: "instant" in a package so that they do not accidentally harm.



However, this Midwest museum is something else, there are advertising lights and color lights, but when man enters the room, he is shocked in an instant because he feels as if he has indeed wandered into the forest. The field background is like a cut-out part of the quiet Balcony or Berzsényi. It's not a shout-out ad, it's not a twisted modern painted figure, it's a piece of quiet nature the way it is. Neither rococo, nor futurist or existential, but simply forest and village. On the edge of one of the swamps, even a stork soaks its feet while watching the frogs.

One visitor may have thought, "Someone European did this." He was right because it was painted and directed by a Hungarian. Even the people who are accustomed to the rush stop and forget

to rush; even the schoolboy keeps chewing gum in his mouth. The whole magic is quite simple and natural, this Hungarian designer — perhaps instinctively— demonstrated that nature itself, trees, plants and: fauna, is the best nerve calming agent. This is god's stage, it is like colorful TV, where today's nervous man can stop, rest, and revitalize in the lap of nature. That Hungarian painter in the mountains of Börzsöny, or even Serédi in the hunting lodge of Prince Primate in Greece, nervousness has no better remedy than stopping a couple minutes in the free nature.

Our big problem: nervousness. The war, bombing, escape, emigrant life, political situation that seemed hopeless has destroyed our nerves. “Midnight is gone when I write this letter —writes one reader —sleeping pills I can't sleep without it.”

It is not my job, but as a person who also has problems, I recommend to all nervous people the most perfect, cheapest, and harmless nerve agent, is free nature. When you have difficult problems and you're worried about your home, your job, your job, your next month's rent or house installment, and you're restless, brooding, nervous, I suggest that sometimes when you come home from work and get a little rested, for once, don't take the newspaper in your hands, don't sit in front of the television, go to the nearby park or your garden. Forget for a time throughout life; look at the water, the sky, the trees, the flowers. Maybe there is a squirrel or thrush.



Even if it is a crushing cold winter; or if there is no park or garden; Stop on the street in front of one of the trees and look at it as a part of nature. In order to understand, life is extremely difficult for a tree, on the sidewalk, on stones

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it must obtain his daily food; exposed to cold, frost, storms; if in the way, literally cut away. Still, it stands because it belongs to the divine agenda, and because God has a problem without it.

But you don't get instructed to reflect, just spend a quarter of an hour with nature, on your own, — people, forgetting problems, a leaf or a hanging branch from a tree, a moth, a beetle, a thrush so peace, peace can pour into you so you forget the latest stress. Follow your doctor's advice but learn peace of mind from nature.

Happy is a person who lives near a lake or park, who sometimes goes out boating, fishing or during hunting season, you can hang your rifle on your shoulder. Who has a small garden with flowers; or there is at least one flower pot in his room, and a happy and calm man may be the one who sees all this around him and appreciates it, enjoys it. Happy is the one who gets use to looking at the surrounding nature. Every minute you spend on this will pay plenty to improve your nervous system. The free nature is the best nerve agent.

*Nature is the lifeblood of man. It gives day  
after the day, hope with its wonders and beauties.*  
(Perlaky)

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## Lord, teach us to pray

This happened at a hospital in Pest; eyewitness said: Two people were placed next to each other in the operating room, an older woman from the village and a young man from the city. Both had difficult surgeries; the analgesic has already lost effect. Success of surgery for each of them it was only 50-50. They already knew this, and they were worried.

The older woman's gaze in the growing anguish was directed to the ceiling, and her lips seemed to move poorly, but otherwise she calmly tolerated the pain and the sweat on her forehead. The young man would have asked for help from the pain if he had added strength. Only his fingernails were etched in his fist, and his eyes swayed in alarm, waiting for help.

As the difficult moments slowly passed, he looked at the neighbor, he saw her calm face, her patience. He noticed that her lips were moving, he asked:

- Are you praying?

- Yes, I pray, it's the only thing that helps.

And the young man said to her:

— My parents died early; I have been raised without religion, can you teach me how to pray?

Pray— Why is prayer the only and best help in great trouble? —  
— Because it connects me to who is the most powerful, almighty in the world, and who can help us when there is no longer any earthly power and knowledge can't help, prayer connects with our Creator together.

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Do all prayers help? - Yes, I'm sorry, but not always in the way we ask. Because we would be even more frivolous. We would forget God, sin, and when we get in trouble, just say a prayer, and be saved. A sober man does not interpret prayer that way, — but all prayer helps because it strengthens our souls in trouble.

What is prayer? — Contact the Creator. We can do it in our mind, softly or loudly. God definitely understands, it's like we are little electric lamps or electric machines connected to the electric power center. The most expensive lamp is worthless, if there's no electricity, we humans have the creator as our electric center. Without him, we are nothing.

It follows that prayer is all about God and that is what prayer should be. It is all about connecting with God. Even though I say the most beautiful prayer if I do not turn to God in spirit, it will not help. It's not about the words, it's about turning my soul to God. Of prayer with mere agitation, one of the writers said that prayer is not to God, not even to the ceiling of the church.

Prayer is turning to God, but that does not mean to always be conscious and emotional. After all, a man's brain and heart are not an inexhaustible source. Therefore, there is also a time of prayer that does not need to follow his word with reason and emotion, with mood. Such prayer is almost a duty to acknowledge God. As the soldier salutes the flag, but not always thinking about it. That is how without thought and emotion we can say prayer.

Does such prayer have a sense of value? - It does. Because with it we acknowledge the Majesty of God, we salute him, and we give others an admonition that there is a God. — Sometimes

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it is precisely the dryness of the prayer spoken of goodness, for it will test our perseverance, our faithfulness to God.

There is another great value to such prayer. We fill it with the noble thoughts of prayer, nourish it, and this is important. The enemy knows the effect of repeating words and uses it in its propaganda with great results. — It is regrettable that the modern church trend neglects this. Such as neglecting the rosary. But to Our Lady the Hale Mary prayer is one of our most powerful, wonderful powers against Satan. It is hard to imagine a Catholic calling without a rosary. How should our prayer be? — Jesus gave me the answer perfectly, when his disciples have already sensed it, in fact; by miracles, they saw that Jesus was the promised Messiah, the Son of God, and one of their most important requests was: Lord, teach us to pray.

They felt that after the appearance of the Son of God, the old testament form prayers of the heavy-handed, penal God are no longer suitable. Jesus was teaching to them; God loves us as our Good Father.

Therefore, when the disciples asked him: Lord, teach us to pray. — he replied: say it this way: Our Father, who art in heaven... And it's been our most beautiful, prayer ever since. The Lord's Prayer.

Do I realize that I do not start with my personal request, my begging? I should be sanctified by thy name, thy kingdom come. Let it be your will. and only then do they come to our requests; bread, forgiveness, and deliver the Evil.

Prayer connects not only with God, but also

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with the people I pray for. We have all seen that when we pray for someone, we spiritually get closer, even if the person is far away from us. For prayer has a huge vibe, like an electric current, radio beam.

There is prayer that is not spoken in words, but deeds. When we offer pain and suffering, self-denial, we do work and offer this to the Creator. Before God, it is even kinder than oral prayer.

It has a greater effect than prayer on our own, and a prayer more pleasing to God may be a prayer done together in a family, in a group. Jesus said, where the group of them come together in my name (to pray), there I am present. — That is why the community prayer at Mass is so great. Let us be elated, not only does it ennoble us, but it is a creed and exhortation to others.

Of all the individual prayers, the most perfect prayer is when we do not say from a book, or from written prayers, but from our hearts. When we talk to God, Jesus, as if we were with him, talking to our Father.

Can I pray? Do I pray correctly? Can my children and grandchildren pray? — Do I like to pray? I pray not only in trouble, but also for good fate.

If God gave us the ability to speak, should it be used to glorify him? The flower was only given the colors, we can glorify God; the animal kingdom cannot. Testify to him with much gratitude, we have to praise him with words and sense.

It is particularly good to learn well at a young age to pray, for our last sigh will be: My mother,

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God! — If I cannot pray, it's going to be hard that's what they're going to say. . .

*Gold-bound prayer book  
She left me inheriting.  
Little Jesus in a shirt and halo  
There's a page on the front of the book.  
Many years before one corner  
Enroll good mother's name,  
I'm going to put my head down on the letters,  
To recall his spirit. . . .*

*I'm going to tap the Lord's prayer,  
(Accompanying me on the, difficult road)  
And he blends consolation to the torment  
Your adoration, oh, Jesus!  
Prayer should be for the sufferer,  
who were orphaned by fate:  
Oh, my God, I'm not complaining,  
Have your will. . . . .*

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## I'm a Christian

Baptized in one of the most beautiful ancient temples in Budapest, or maybe Transylvania. Of course, I am going to do that. I cannot remember, but the ceremony symbolized purification and admission to the Christian church

My ancestors were Christians, too, at least as far back as my grandparents, although some of the documents go back much further. I know for sure because in the 2nd army, I had to confirm my Christian ancestry with reference letters. Someone in the family is supposed to be a priest or a bishop.

My first communion, with a candle in my hand, was a memorable day for the whole family. As if God made me a girl, in a snow-white communion dress with a breath-like veil on my head.

In 1938, pride filled the Eucharistic Congress when we felt that the Christian world attention turns to us. A wonderful celebration of heroes the Holy Right and a cruise on the Danube, it's going to be a melancholy feeling for my life.

I graduated high school with the best school for Benedictines or diarists. My faith teachers, my excellent scout commanders, immortalized the good, gender, the perfect rules of Christian life. I was raised like a girl, in a nun's institution, elevated like Bishop Ranolder.

My family is also based on Christian forms. When I had the chance, I encouraged family children to attend Christian schools, and support our church.

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That's pretty much what a lot of us might say about ourselves.

I am therefore a Christian. Am I a Christian?... Sometimes I think about it. In the Bible, I often read something that makes me think. Am I really Christian? St. Paul writes (Gal. 2. 16): "man is not justified by the actions of the law, but faith in Jesus Christ" —. Is my faith in Christ? Do I believe that he is indeed God? When, in a book, on television, the enemy presents him as just one of the prophets. Will I remain firm in my faith that he is the Son of God? God, in human form, on earth for a while.

My faith in Christ remains strong even when almost everything in my life is the other way around, can I do it? Sick, financial trouble, loss of loved ones? My faith wavers when I see that his church, his priests, his devotees not being Christian like?

Do I believe that Christ will remain the same if the external form, morality, and unity of Christianity temporarily change and sink?

Do I always have faith in Christ, in old age, at the end of my life?

Am I a Christian? Jesus warns: Not everyone who says they are Christian goes into the kingdom of heaven, but only those who live their life acting with God's will.

And the great admonition of Jesus: You will know that you are my disciples, that you love each other. — He did not say that the Christian sign of man is the cross. The first letters of the ancestors, the proof of membership of the temple, the wearing Christian insignia, religious celebrations, parades: It is a sign that you love each other.

I know the external framework, the regulations, the laws,

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it is also important to keep it, since Jesus also said: I am not here to break the law, but to perfect it. — My baptism, my first communion, my wages, my Christian marriage, my participation. The work of the temple is both important and necessary, but it contributes to the point that love is demanded by Jesus?

I am not asking others; I am asking myself: do I accept God above all things? I believe, I hope, I trust in it?

And do I love myself correctly? If not, I am hurting my soul or my body? Because when I am angry, I am jealous, hateful, moody, or I am a criminal, I don't love my soul, I poison it. J

If I do not take care of my health soberly, if I do not control myself in eating and drinking, enjoying, I do not love myself correctly, then I am an enemy of my body.

And how do I love my fellow human beings? Primarily my family, my partner, my children? Just for my own individual, selfish point of view? No, I love them very much. I work for them, I fight for them, but is my love sober? It is not just an emotional, pampering love. I cannot provide either the family order or the upbringing of children.

I can be gentle, patient, understanding with my family?

On quiet evenings, sometimes at big celebrations in front of me, these questions arise, and sometimes do not feel in full certainty that I am truly a Christian— as Jesus taught.

On the feast day of our Hungarian Christianity, St. Stephen, I consider these questions day after day. Is our Hungarian Christian way of life really according to Jesus? ...

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Questions, — Yet, despite the doubts, I confess,  
believe and hope: I am a Christian!

*FAITH: Faith is the total devotion of the soul to  
divine reality and its salvific facts. Reality  
and fact is the foundation of faith... My faith is not gushing,  
not a foggy, flowing atmosphere, but the greatest  
belief in reality, belief in God, ..*

*Jesus the Holy Virgin, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Golgotha. ...  
Good Friday and Easter Resurrection, the, heaven  
Christ. ., It's both supernatural and historical  
fact, reality.* (Prohászka)

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## I'm Hungarian

I was born on Hungarian soil, one of the most beautiful places in Europe, in the beautiful country of the Carpathians in the country of origin. One of its picturesque small villages or ancient cities. Even the American geography book describes the climate and the soil of the Hungarian is one of the most balanced in the world.

Our poets and chants say of my homeland: You are beautiful, you are beautiful, Hungary; more beautiful than the world!

My parents and my known ancestors were Hungarians. Their names are Hungarian, they speak Hungarian. I walked to Hungarian school, I sang in Hungarian, and felt prepared.

On our national holidays, I was excited with the others. If the home was peaceful, I was glad the home was hemorrhaging, I understand sacrifice and I cried with him.

When I left my precious land, I took a handful with me with, and if I hear Hungarian music here, in the away country, my heart is warmer, and if I see a Hungarian flag sometimes there are tears in my eyes...

Maybe one of us could tell us about ourselves. Maybe with more or less change, maybe with a lack of taste.

I'm Hungarian. — Am I Hungarian? — Why do I consider myself Hungarian? Because it was Hungary where I was born on earth? — Jókai writes in his book *Ankerknight Schmidt*, that he came from among us a stranger, yet he became a better Hungarian than many of us.

I consider myself Hungarian because my name is ancient Hungarian? — One of our greatest poets, Petőfi

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Petrovich, Zrínyi, Dugonics and hundreds and thousands of good Hungarian do not have a Hungarian name .. .

Do I feel Hungarian because I went to Hungarian school? — In the separated Highlands or Transylvania, many people attended foreign language schools and Hungarians, like many in the mainland.

I consider myself Hungarian because of Hungarian language, music, ceremonial festivity, and tricolor flag. How many of them were emotional? — How many left the Hungarian language, and yet they were Hungarians of historical size— And here in the away country, there are many who no longer prefer the Hungarian language, yet they sacrifice and do more and for Hungarians than those who speak Hungarian perfectly.

What makes a man Hungarian? Who is Hungarian? What are the criteria? What is the point?

Misguided people say that Hungarians must decide on which side they are standing.

St. Stephen went to war with Koppány, because, according to him, he did not understand the signs of new times, and so did not serve the Hungarians. At least that's how history writers explain it.

Koppány, however, accused St. Stephen of selling Hungarians to a foreign idea, — Rákóczi and kuru vitexes beat Laban a Hungarian, because they though he was part of foreign rule against Hungarian interests, And the Laban's saw him as a rebellious, enemy. Rákóczi. . . .

That's how it's been throughout history. One Hungarian accused the other Hungarian of not being a good Hungarian.

When the new times came, the national right-wingers persecuted the left; then when the situation turned, socialists and communists persecuted the

right and everyone who did not accept their idea.  
Who is Hungarian? — Difficult question and difficult answer.  
Even today, when we still measure our Hungarianness, according to how we classify Hungarians in castes, classes, parties, rank, echelon

But it would be easy and clear to answer if we were to finally wake up from the classification — which is mostly foreign origin and inspiration — and, if understanding each other, we would accept the basis that it is a Hungarian who is a member of the Hungarian community and that this Hungarian community is for the benefit of the community.

*This Hungarian community may include  
who was born on Hungarian soil or away;  
who speaks or does not speak Hungarian;  
who is in Hungarian or foreign languages;  
who is of Hungarian or foreign breeds;  
who comes from Hungarian or foreign ancestors etc. . . .*

And we can add: It is Hungarian who is a right-wing, left-wing, national or other socialist, democrat, or republican party, one or another, — as long as political views are good for Hungarians, and it does not harm his Hungarian brother of another mind.

It is not Hungarian who does not feel any community with the Hungarian people, history, culture; who — though some from Hungarian parents — deny any interest in Hungarians and the Hungarian community and it does not work in any way for their benefit.

\*

Why do we sometimes have to ponder these questions?  
Because most of our national tragedies in history have been caused by not seeing Hungarian in each other, but in the external signs, the mostly foreign

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and for that reason, we hated and wiped out each other.

Here, in our wandering foreign land, it is especially important to see in each other the essence of the Hungarians, not the appearance indicators and externals according to slangs. It's the only way we can get on our journey to be honest, mutually supportive travel companions.

Am I Hungarian? — If I feel the community of fate with Hungarians, and I work for this community I am Hungarian. It is up to us, that is what it's all about.

*If the earth is the hat of God,  
our country has the bouquet on it!*

*Beautiful star of patriotism,  
It shines beautifully.  
My poor country, your poor country,  
You have few stars like that. (Petöfi)*

You are retiring from Hungarian life because you have been dismayed by the state of the world, the political leanings, and disappointments?

Think about it: Everything, all political trends, in addition to the objective, depends largely on the followers.

A misguided idea could sometimes be useful if you have followers well-intentioned, and a good idea will fail if its followers are too few.

Anarchy: the right of the individual is 100 percent; the community is 0 percent; club law.

Liberal democracy: The right of the individual is 80 percent, 20% of the community, in principle; in practice, money is the first law.

Communism: The right of the individual is 20 percent,

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80 percent, in principle; in practice, the fist of government.

Modern Christian socialism: the right of the individual 50 percent, community law 50 percent, in principle; the limited???

The most perfect idea of Christianity: Love God and love your neighbor. — in principle; how is this the most perfect idea in practice today? Let us ask this about others and ourselves...

Are you retiring? — Those who want something more than you, they are not retreating. . .

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## The Enemy

Our journey, wherever it takes us in the world, is safe and it would be pleasant to know that we are coming home — and if we would not meet hostile people on our trip.

But we know from experience that there are bad people. The path of our lives has been crossed by several enemies, our plans, work, and happiness have been destroyed. That is why it's useful to know the enemy.

Who is the Enemy? — An enemy is the one who wants evil on us; but we often consider some the enemy who are not because we don't recognize him.

A thunderstorm was running through one of the lowland ranches. The lightning ignited the grain that had already been collected. The farmer, seeing his crop in flames, threatened the sky with his fists, and considered God to be the enemy. — Does God send the lightning? Is it the same God enemy, when the sky provides calm rain and sunlight?

In one of the atheist pamphlets. it was written that religion is humanity's greatest enemy because superstition, a bulwark of the rich, bound without science. Is the same religion an enemy when it comes to building schools, educating youth, training great scientists, maintaining hospitals, providing social workers, and preaching the rights of the poor?

During the Reformation, the reformers called the Roman Church, and the Pope, the devil's headquarters. In return, the Romans accused the reformers of diabolical relations and regarded each other as hated enemies. Whether churches are enemies even when Jesus teaching is proclaimed Christianity,

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conceit sprouts, reveling good morals? When are they showing brave, devout, holy-life priests, popes, and preachers?

Tyrannical kings and tsar's government saw the people rebelling for their rights for opposition. And in times of revolution, the people cried with hatred: Hang the kings! — Wonder if the king is also an enemy when he is a wise, well-wisher, gracious ruler of his people, the protector of his people, like St. Stephen, St. Laszlo? — And the people are enemies even when they are loyal, diligent followers of the good ruler?

As we can see from these contrasting questions, the enemy cannot be determined on the basis, according to groups. Because they can be good in each group and they can also be bad.

Likewise, one of today's people, it is not possible to find the enemy according to groups or isms. We take the following opinions:

"The cause of the present situation and misery of the world is strong national feeling, nationalism." — And they say it on the road, on the news, on television. — Is this information considered valid in its own national feelings, nationalism? Or only considered a sin when it applies to another nation?

In the same way, there are times when a whole breed is considered guilty, enemies. We are on our own to measure our people in this way.

Today, much is said: "Exploitative capitalism is the cause of all evil, their days are numbered, we will bury them." — What do we mean by capitalism? What is mine is mine? What I worked for is my property, my house, my garden? — Capitalism is a clique that

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is it in the hands of a group? — On the other hand, they say: The enemies of the peaceful world are the communist. - Who's the communist? The one who lives in a communist country? Is the enemy the man, even a party member, who tries to save their countrymen from alien occupation?

From all of this, we can see that generally an enemy cannot be identified because he belongs to a certain group. Because in every group, there is good and bad. The commonsense man distinguishes between the wrong idea and the wrong person.

An idea can be fundamentally bad, evil, when its purpose is wrong, but not all people are enemies, who lives within the purview of that idea. We Hungarians have a national misfortune. We have always allowed ourselves to be influenced, misled by propaganda for foreign purposes, and we have classified each other into groups and parties.

But then how do we find the enemy? Surely? Simply defined: The enemy is the one who wants bad things for me, for my family, for my house, for my religion; either for individual gain or to steal an idea, that is the bad guy.

But where does the bad man come from? How does a man get bad? The Bible answers this when after the first sin God names Satan as the father of evil, the spoiler of man.

Satan? Devil? — In today's scientific world sounds unusual. Satan exists, it is a vivid reality. Not only does the Bible testify, but it's also proof of all evil in the present world. And today there are those who deny God, but who have built temples, for example, San Francisco, Chicago and elsewhere — Madách (Hungarian philosophical poet) In “The Tragedy of Man” several times

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repeats to Adam, the words of man, in his restlessness, he seeks something new: Drive Lucifer, to take new paths.

But if there is a devil, why don't we meet him openly? —  
Because he is invisible, he wants to remain unknown. The enemy loses power as soon as we know him, Lucifer remains invisible. There is a lot of people anyway, who does his job. He always has a different, name, and always takes a new form.

That is why there has been and is throughout history, a lot of ism, maybe it is also that the movement starts with good intentions, but Satan cleverly infiltrates, infects its leaders, and ism becomes a bottomless hatred, vendetta.

And if the people realize that the idea is destroying his happiness and rebelling against him, then Lucifer enters another idea, and under a new name, in a new mask, he continues to destroy and rebel against God.

Satan works cleverly in the background, and sometimes more opposing movement can draw string yanks in your own designs for the sake of the devil work.

How to recognize that in one of your ideals is it Lucifer? — Jesus said: About their fruits you get to know them.

One of those isms creates physical and spiritual degradation, moral subsidence, and enslaves man, induces hatred, wars, the idea now serves Satan.

You will know about their fruits. - Who's the enemy? Satan and his minions, today in this form, tomorrow another in a mask.

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## Anemones

BORNEMISZA HANS (Baron). MEMORY

It has been a long time, 1925 at Széchenyi Square in Győr, opposite the Benedictine high school. It was a nice autumn day and the students came out into the square at 10:00 for recess, a tall man with a black moustache stood in front of the great gate of the Lloyd hotel, waiting for his student son. He was here on Wednesdays every week because it was the day he had to come to the county hall in Győr on official business.

And for me, fourth grade high school every Wednesday, it was a great event to see him — he was my father. I did not just wait for this day because he always had a piece of cake from Sunday lunch in his pocket. which my mother set aside for me to replace the skinny food, but it was an experience to see him, because he brought the atmosphere and warmth of home.

During this break between classes, we told each other all the newspapers, joys, and troubles. His eyes lit up if I could tell him a remarkable answer, and I was glad when he said our little fox dog with the broken leg was already healed.



On this day at the end of October, I asked him:

—. Dad, professor Tamási in Hungarian class told me that today we must write a paper on the cemetery. What is there to write about the cemetery? We do not have anyone there. Sad things can be written when we see people crying at funerals.

In response, he took my arm and led me to the Lloyd hotel

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where the sale tables were in Széchenyi Square.

See all these beautiful anemones and flowers? It all emigrates to cemeteries for 'All saints Day' and decorates and beautifies the graves. Not such a sad place when people bring so much flowers and love. Write about this in your paper.

And then in the Hungarian class, I tried to actually write this, in smaller, childish words, not as nicely as he said, but – I remember – I started the paper this way: "All the flowers we see in Széchenyi Square at the end of October, they all migrate to the cemeteries, holy night. ."

Next week when the papers were discussed, professor Tamási took mine out and complimented me, maybe he felt that for three months he would go there, among the graveyard flowers. And for my father it was the last 'All Saints Day' on earth.

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Autumn leaves, nice autumn flowers, they are destined to wilt, freeze. but they do look beautiful. A noble vocation, we make people remembered when we take them to the cemetery for our dead, or for those far away, on the altar, in front of a photograph.

There are lessons for our souls. The Cemetery is not a sad place, it is part of life's schedule. As Berzsenyi says: Your hands also hold my scattered bones (God)...

If we love and even babysit our bodies in our lives, especially in our youth, we must also respect it in the dusty form. The Christian perception of the soul commands the respect of the pulverized body. Afraid of the cemetery? Only those who have no faith abhor it.

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Unfortunately, the enemy attacked this too: on film, television, in magazines, the cemetery was haunted, witches, to demean it into a place of evil spirits, so that it kills the faith of the afterlife.

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Speaking of the cemetery, we also need to mention a few practical issues. We will take a look around. stateless, exiled Hungarians are all-saints whether there are neglected Hungarian graves in our city who have no one left, or whose

children have forgotten them. What a noble act it would be to lay a flower on their graves or say a prayer. I think this would also be a nice act for religious groups, camaraderie, and associations.

I recently visited a seriously ill patient. He himself told the family; Don't show me in the coffin, painted or unpainted. — Useful thought. Why should we follow the Christian fashion in everything here?

They often ask these days: Is it right to cremate your body here and send your remains home in a box to the cemetery, next to your parents? — There is no obstacle, and religion also permits from a point of view...



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And the admonition of the day of the dead: Let us not forget those who have already gone forth into the Kingdom of Souls. Prayer, Mass, alms should be an expression of our unceasing love for them, let us pray for the deceased grandparents, parents, brothers, friends, and those for whom no one prays. To be happy in the uniting of Christians and saints in the kingdom of God. —

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## Peaceful cemeteries

On a foggy November evening, we look back to the past, sad and painful remembrance, cemeteries, abandoned graves, decaying wooden crosses or stone graves without flowers. In one of the small villages of Transdanubia or in the large public halls of Kerepesi, Farkasréti, Keresztúri. We think about the war, or Russian forced labor camps wherever and wherever there is someone we loved, who went away and left a great void.

This tear, this void, we are people somehow trying to bridge Therefore for All Saints Day, we light a candle and remember the dead. — From our garden we cut down the most beautiful roses and chrysanthemums and carry them to the graves of our loved ones. If we look back on the evenings of the past All Saints Day's, the torrent of flowers, the swaying candles, we could even say: How beautiful and peaceful the cemetery is at this time of year. .



In one of his novels, Black writes about such a peaceful cemetery. Stephen on a day full of suffering went to the cemetery where it is difficult thinking of his son that died as a child, he stroked him, mother's tomb, and always found solace and comfort.

Today's man does not always look at the cemetery like this. Some people: go to cemeteries peacefully, calmly at the graves of their loved ones, solace, reconciliation but some people are afraid of cemeteries. Not only the seriously ill, the dead are avoided, but they are terrified. This is sometimes understandable and forgivable because perhaps they have gone through tragedies that cause spiritual damage and their nerves cannot tolerate the pain.

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Fear of cemeteries is understandable, but — not correct, not a healthy state of mind and can cause a lot of restlessness and unhappiness.

The cemetery is not a farm of ghosts, or a ghost Garden. Even if today the enemy in writings, in pictures, on television presents this resting place of the dead. The cemetery is simply the place a garden where our loved one's human earthly remains are crumbled.

And it is all nature's agenda; there is no exception, we must accept this, with reassurance and a calm spirit. But the spiritual part of man is the we loved you, it's not in the cemetery, it's not in the grave. § We're not going to be there either. We Christians decorate the cemetery, we will keep it in order, because we will also respect the remains of our loved ones, that they themselves are no longer there.

If you look at the cemetery like this, it is not a sad place, it is not a place of passing, but of the place of transformation, to the eternal spiritual life. The cemetery is not a place of fear. — That's how we are with our own demise. Everyone is afraid of dying, even the brave, because they have to cross a bridge door, the other side of which we don't know yet. But if we believe that god will lead us through, and he will wait on us, then this journey will also become easier.

If we truly believe in God, the immortality of the soul, then we know for sure that those who live somewhere longer, and at some point, we will be with them again. The Christian calling, in the cemetery, passing away, integration into the natural order, it is a relief. The cemetery is a place of peace and quiet. Thus, the tombs, the crosses, and all the autumn flowers and a lamp, which, on the evening of All Saints Day, shows our faith, our love to those who have already gone forward.

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So encouragingly writes the Apostle Paul (1 Doctrine 4.):  
"Brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed of the deceased, that you should not be sad, as others who have no hope. If Jesus, as we believe he died and resurrected, then God who died in Jesus, he resurrects it with him."

The month of November is the memory of the departed, let's not just look at their graves, rather the loved one's glorified soul and have beautiful encouraging memories.

Let the past be a series of gilded memories, from which we can draw strength for the future.

*I will keep The Counsel of Jesus:  
Let the dead be buried  
And that cheerfulness  
rhythm of breaking do not fall,  
Now I'm just looking at the living:  
dead father's living, bright face  
in the sky, — thus living in me,  
the glorified Hungary  
large map; heroes, saints  
beautiful urgency of what had been sent;  
the Great May of Grace, which  
in repentance, you live again  
in me, if it is corrupted by satanic misdeeds;  
and I look to Jesus, who is Truth  
and Way and Life, Life, Life! . . .*

*(I watch the living. From lászló mécs's poem.)*

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## The fate of our values

Louis was a wealthy farmer somewhere in the Great Lakes. He used to work at the factory, but he felt he was being taken advantage of by others, so he saved all the money so he could buy himself land. Because the basic concept of it was that he would rather take advantage of others than those of him. He could have gone as a merchant or a banker, but he thought he could avoid people on the farm the most because he hated them so much.

When he is successful and he is already a stable man raising cows and allowed more for himself, even sitting alone in the evenings under a big tree and sucking on the sweet from far away California.

From home, poor relatives tried a few times sending him a distress letter, but he did not answer them. The Hungarian priest from the great city also visited him sometimes, especially around Easter, to extract something confessional from him, but it was useless, he did not belong to any church; did not subscribe to any newspaper. He did not buy any books, and he did not make friends with books tricked by any kind of preaching.

When he died, the farmer next door found him. He found it in the car with nicely piled 16 thousand dollars. It is good to be an honest man and he handed the money over to the authorities.

Louis did not have a will. His way of life did not want to help others, so others did not help at his death or maybe they did? — yes, it's pretty nice

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amount of money. Not for his sisters at home, not for those who were his companions in emigration, not for that. kind-hearted widow who gave him the price of the boat ticket for the emigration. But helped an affluent village where his heart never belonged. Some of his money for a sidewalks so they can pour more concrete. Or maybe buy 100 more books in the village library in which there is not a word about Hungarian fate, or god.

Someone gave another sad account; I was told what had happened to the legacy of the old Hungarian bachelor. — He lived his whole life for himself, remained on his own. After his death in his will, he did not think about relatives at home, not a Hungarian institution, not a friend. So, the city and the state officially took over his wealth, his bank book.

What has been seized from the estate, the fate of beautiful Hungarian books and valuable Hungarian paintings, which were lost. Because a Hungarian book for strangers, even if ornamental Homón– Szekfű history, or Petőfi, Prohászka edition, does not mean anything. They were worth so much more, nothing like a 50-cent English detective story.

And from a Hungarian immigrant point of view, this is infinitely sad.

Realistically, what we get for ourselves in life, and what we are working for is ours. Don't think that way, no one; not individual, organization, nor in our lives, nor after we died, have a right to do that, use it for our own purposes and decide its own fate, because It's ours. — But the order of life is that we must pay the toll on every dollar earned. Some of it is state, other parts the doctor who

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cures, to the temple that ennobles our souls; the school that raises our child, the lawyer, the police, traders, etc. Money it cannot be kept whole, it is tied in stockings, it is put in a sack, it is necessary to give off the duty on many things. That is the way it is in life, and so it is after death.

And we cannot change that, we do not know how. Even if we are reclusive of relatives, friends, people, and every way close our hearts.

Sober, realistic people acknowledge that at the end of life, you have to give up every penny — to someone. You cannot take it with you, so you make a will, it sounds dark enough, but the realistic person acknowledges the situation and takes care of it. The end of the line is not affected by being prepared — in fact, it is more comforting not to be leaving a surprise.

What am I doing as an immigrant with that will? Some worn cloths, a few worthless memories; or, if I was luckier, \$100 or \$200, or \$1,000 or \$2,000. That is totally my business— but I am definitely going to give it to someone, or I'm going to deceive myself and my whole worldview. If I do not give it to the people I love, then of course I can leave it to people who are haters. If there is no one and nothing I love, then it is difficult to choose. That is why it's like this very unhappy man who doesn't have friends, who can't love anyone. But even if it were true, common sense dictates that you leave those crumbs to someone, lest they be buried underground.

It would be ideal if we could do good in our lives,

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and to help with what God has given us. Just as in the old world and the father was still alive, he took his partner's son into possession to care for him. But in today's world we have to be careful, because the child sometimes turns the old man out of his house before it's time.

Realistically thinking, however, necessity dictates that we also take action on these things—sober, thoughtful, and loving.

*You come into the world crying and everyone around you is smiling.---*

*Try to live with a smile, leave, and everyone around you should cry.*

*(Hindu közmondás)*

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## Cross-section

On my desk is a nice red apple. Immaculate, even the peeling was almost untouched, it was brought in from the good tree in the garden.



Look at it, then I'll carefully cut it open so I can enjoy it. I crosscut it and its cross-section is astonishingly different from the original appearance. Sneaky-dweller maggot holes, and the already deteriorating brown spot, disappointing.

They say if I had purchased the apples from the store, where it is transported from sprayed gardens, it would not be worm infested. Maybe, but how much is the chemical poison that the cross section does not show, will it affect me only later in the aftermath, possibly years from now...

It's autumn, fruit delivery time, what's the harvest? What is the quality?... We need to look at our own value. Our Christianity, Hungarianism, life-aficionados, material achievements and our happiness?

We must make a cross-section of our external religiosity; it should be measured by our temples; our Hungarians and our political and social leaders. For example, our churches have declined again, the door of some of our Hungarian churches are closing again. That our Hungarian organizations are declining even more? Fewer active Hungarians here in the away? For example, what is the reason why we still do not have an organization that can help our fellow Hungarians who are innocently bullied or discriminated against at work? Others have protective organizations, why don't we?

We could ask a lot of these questions, and we need the sincere cross-section of our stateless Hungarians. This would be the responsibility of the organizations.

But the only way to get the average picture is to start the survey on your own, individually. Because it depends on us individuals to grow into a community.

So, let us do an autumn survey of ourselves. Let us make a cross-section of ourselves, in many ways. One way to answer ourselves is to answer the following questions:

### **Article 1 - Status**

Am I happy under the circumstances?

Can I think without fear or worry about the future?

Have I directed to myself the mistakes and mistakes of the past?

When I look in the mirror in the morning, I am satisfied, or do I at least look at my face with relief?

Is my daily average mood cheerful or at least serene?

### **Article 2 - Tradition**

Do I feel for myself as Hungarian if asked?

Would I prefer to speak Hungarian when I have the opportunity?

Do I read a Hungarian book, a newspaper?

Do I sacrifice money or distribute Hungarian writing?

If there is a valuable Hungarian gathering, will I attend at least occasionally?

### **Article 3 Faith**

Do I go to church?

Have I confessed or discussed my state of mind with a pastor this year?

Have I received communion (Sacrament) this year?

Do I think of God with gratitude and love every day?

Do I sacrifice funds for religious purposes?

### **Article 4, Foundation**

Have I already obtained my pension?

Am I satisfied with my financial situation if I could not provide anything better?

Do I protect my health and not harm it with improper pleasure, bad habit, neglect of movement?

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Am I looking for the company of upbeat, uplifting people, sunshine, music, nice fun? If I meet a man that is depressed and in trouble, can I forget my own problems and take care of him?

For a cross section of man, there were 4 articles with 5 questions each, totaling 20 questions. Assign 5 points to each question. If I answered yes to all questions: 100.points. Can I say to myself that I'm 100 percent fine — under the circumstances? I will do what I can, for the rest of it, with God's help.

If I can give myself 80 points, it is still tolerable, but I need a fix for questions that I answered no, because otherwise they will chew my happiness out like a worm in the apple.

If I reach less than 80 points, I will need to improve. On the question of whether I can look to the future without fear? — if not, my faith is weak, or I may doubt God, here repairs are at the root of it.

Cross section, it's worth looking at ourselves sometimes, do not be fooled by the surface, the appearances.

For a happy, contented, balanced life this survey is necessary.

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## The fullness of times

Here is advent's warning again: “Prepare come out the Lord's way!” — Today, this admonition is not the mood of the game. The time of happy Christmas has disappeared into the past. It is barely here today in church, where in the early hours of the morning the zealous Christian faithful greet the incoming redeemer. Few churches today. the ancient song is heard; “Dew, heavenly heights”

The atmosphere of our present advent is no longer the castle of little Jesus, but the second coming of Christ, the Jesus who is judgmental to the world.

Will Christ really come a second time?

This is the basic tenet of our Christian faith. Scripture speaks of this several times. Matthew quotes the shocking words of Jesus:” When a nation attacks a nation and attacks a country... Hunger, plague, earthquake. They'll hurt you and kill you, and I will make every nation hate you”. Many may also dissuade them from their faith; betray and hate they are holding each other. There are many false prophets, and many are making a mistake... Then there will be so much agony, as it has not been since the beginning of the world. You see, I told you beforehand... Then you will see the sign of his son in the sky... That day and that hour but no one knows him except the Father...



These are the most shocking words in the Bible “from the end of the world”. You tremble when you read it. Every time there is a lot of upheaval, wars and suffering in the world, there is great confusion, people often take out the Bible and seek Matthew 24. in chapter 2 of the document, whether this

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would be the Fulness of the Times? Many people read through Saint John's prophecy in the Book of Secret Revelation, which also describes the signs of the Fulness of the Times.

When will Christ come a second time? — On which day, no one knows the clock but the Father. But signs in the sky and on earth, will signal the lord's coming, when the fulness of the times will come. Brother against brother, child against parent, there will be feuds, wars between nations, and they are chasing the loyalty.

Are there any such signs already? — The pseudo scientist signals, and adversity are explained for natural reasons. The Fatima miracle is simply denied. But is it possible to deny earthly signs, moral decay, spiritual depravity, hair-raising crime, unbridled hatred, vengeance against each other, and preparing for a disastrous war? There is no denying or explaining that this is a clear sign to which, the bible hints: Satan's temporary reign of Jesus before the Second Coming.

Are innocent people chasing the truth today? In the East and in the West, they speak of religious freedom; the laws in reality, they say, like persecution of Christians all over the world, as there has been in the time of Emperor Nero. The difference is that today they do it gently, disguised. Today they are thrown in front wild animals, and they do not to crucify Christianity, but for brainwashing, moral destruction and economic oppression suffocated with all the tricks. Laws in the East, regulations here in the West by circumventing and misinterpreting the law. Schools do not encourage prayer because it, misinterprets the law, and would hurt the emotions of one in 100. But it is a satire, sex films, drugs are distributed freely.

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Schools are put in a financial situation where they are in a mess, catholic and protestant alike. Our nuns' hospitals are being forced into financial bankruptcy with state regulations, requirements. Then, will the city save it? The hospital is taken over as a city Memorial Hospital. The former owners, the nuns, are graciously allowed to work in their former hospital as employees . . .

Religious persecution? In the free world, too? We have it everywhere.

The new guidance strongly emphasizes after the transformation: we proclaim your death, Lord, and profess your resurrection in faith until you come again. Christ, in whose faith we have been baptized, we follow for a lifetime, to whom we have taught our children, to whom we have entrusted ourselves and our nation, it is going to come. It is a great resource for this faith. We do not know when it will happen, only the father alone knows. Therefore, our religion has never made predictions about the date. However, it allows us to watch the omens and think. Because knowing that Christ will come again — and there will be reckoning, a great resource and reassurance to us believers. No matter how much confusion is around us, no matter the great moral destruction, no matter how great Satan is today, no matter how many people abandon their faith, Christ shall come— and there shall be reckoning.

Darkness is spreading all over the world. Peoples deceitfulness is reaching its peak, in the deepest darkness they are associated with.

We are already in that final battle, with God

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and Satan, when everyone must confess color, and everyone is marked on their forehead, God or with the sign of Satan. All of us before this decisive election today, not only by our passport, by our name, but also by according to our deeds, our creed.

If we were just looking at the wrong signs in the world, it would be a dark picture, but we Christians are hopeful realists, we are followers because we know that whatever comes next to the world, God is at the wheel. He decides the world fate.

And therefore, we look to the sky with confidence, and say: Dew, heavenly heights. Come, our sweet Savior.

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## Advent

A man's life is full of waiting. Already our mother was waiting for us before we arrived. — Then, when we were fed, waiting for the time when we take the first steps from her arms to my father. And when we were in kindergarten, they waited for us to go to the big school. We were waiting for graduation, the diploma, or a degree, the first communion, and we waited for the wedding, we were expecting our first child, then our second. .

We expected to be happy in a free country; we expected justice for Hungary, and we are still waiting for God to have a say in history and do justice on earth. — And we were disappointed in so many of our expectations!

We waited in the refugee camps, at the emigration, and we waited for our right place in our new country, and then, we waited for retirement.

And now what are we waiting for?

A man's life is full of advent. We are always waiting for someone or something, we always plan something, we always work on something. And so, it is right, because only the life that awaits something from tomorrow makes sense. Who is not waiting for anything, or, that life is no longer real life; physically alive but spiritually already lifeless. Advent, the Messiah's castle, is not only a religious necessity, but the lifeblood of our human lives. Human happiness without imaginable advents, life tasks. Especially in the lives of older people, there is not much to expect, and that is why the weaker ones

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may have discouraged, darkened faces. However, it is precisely in our generation that as ever, you must reach for it. The happy man is the one who, far from his country, continues to pursue his life, even after the break-up of his family, helps others who seek to lift others physically.

The light in Juliet's eyes was her little girl. Outside of her husband, she had no one in this world anyway. He also protected his daughter as the light of his eyes from all evil. In his great love, would have sacrificed everything for her. Fate, however, sometimes jests he's playing with us; he takes Juliet the one we hold on to the most. The little girl did not disappear from life, only from her parent's lives. She could not even cook the coffee, maybe she couldn't brush her hair on her own, but she left the family home and left with the boy. They are gone for good; they have built themselves a new nest. It was a big surprise, it came suddenly, he felt the world was over, there was no longer any point in life... "I kept my only purpose in life is to raise my little girl; what life is left for me?" . . .

If Juliet thinks that life has only one life's work, you are wrong. Life form is everything, circumstance is everywhere and always full of tasks, you must reach after them. If you only build everything up for one purpose, you can quickly be disappointed, you may despair, because just one purpose can easily collapse. Therein lies the secret. If someone has one of the crumbling life goals you want to do something else, you want to add another, it's desperate, it's stunted, and it's going to crumble nervously. The art of life consists in the fact that any number of crumbled life goals always find us a new, uplifting one.

The life of emigration is full of shocking examples when they collapse in a series of our best life goals, but

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at the same time, emigration is full of uplifting examples. How to replace ruined life goals with new ones for which it is worth fighting and living. For one of the goals of life, do not think that the whole world is over now, the Creator entrusted us with a life mission. If service for the new country becomes impossible for the soldier because of the bondage of the homeland, the possibility of serving his country is preserved by homegrown children in emigration.

If the family for which we have settled our lives is lost or divided, there are still many orphans and widows in our environment that we can help. If one of our arms becomes paralyzed, the other arm remains. If you are crippled and can no longer do a certain task, there is still a way to continue to work in some way. Who is old, crippled, or left alone as a widow, still finds a more miserable situation? They are aroused with a good word, a smile. Retirement does not mean that we have already done everything in life, and we owe nothing to man or God. Even 60, over 70, preserved in disabled old age, the task of life: passing on experiences, life wisdom, teaching a clear, peaceful old age, setting. An example for the tolerance of suffering, today's long-haired, twitchy youth does not listen to the elders, but only the old can teach them to endure old age bravely, to endure sickness and suffering.

There is always plenty of life ahead of us, we only have to reach for it. Our entire emigration life is full of advent. And only life is worth something, if we always wait for new advents, take on new life tasks.

Advent, the Messiah's Castle of ancient times, let us always wait, hope for something from life,

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and if our hopes, like house of cards, fall, then we lift our heads up and draw the, answer from the sky. But we always must wait for something because that's how life gives us beat and rhythm.

We know from our own lives that there are two kinds of expectations. One is when we expect something nicer, better; this is joyous anticipation. The other is when something goes wrong, it's anxious, anxious waiting. In life There's plenty of that. This anxious wait is what is harmful, makes you sick and paralyzed. All means must be to overcome the expectation of fear in ourselves, today's man usually tries a nerve agent or strengthens himself with a drink. It is not a solution, it's just a temporary release.

The only perfect medicine for overcoming anxious anticipation and fear is faith in divine Providence. I need to know that a bad, disease, separation from my loved ones is part of life's agenda. I cannot eliminate evil from life. — If it comes — I must accept it. The relief becomes easy if, I believe, God, my destiny is in his hands, and God loves me, and does not allows me to do something that would cause my final deterioration. He wants to make me happy. He even uses the bad to make me happy. If I see life on earth in this way, even the bad will also be easier to accept.

To make it easier to wait, whether it is good or not we expect evil — it has a mysterious key. Our expectations should never be idle. The idle waiting creates tension and grinds our nerves. Whatever we are expecting, let's try to forget about it, turn it off, get out of our mines to kiss. Let us get busy with work, plans, holidays, fun, just do not look forward to the events idly.

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*And near the end of the road, what are we waiting for?  
Since we've been through the schools,  
once we've completed our life tasks,  
if we've already established a family nest,  
we built a home for our children,  
if we are already worn out in the rebel,  
we traveled halfway around the world  
and we tasted all the joys and pleasures all along—  
What are we waiting for towards the end of the road?*

*We're looking forward to the greatest life assignment,  
the hardest job and the hardest dream:  
The Perfect Self!  
As God had planned,  
when he gave a task, not fate:  
Be perfect,  
like your heavenly Father is perfect.. .*

In everyday language: Don't stop towards the end of the road. Let us not just stand by, let us just. carry out the greatest and the hardest job ourselves. Let us learn to be good— if we have not learned it before— because without goodness, we cannot go all the way—up.

So, what do we have to wait for? Nothing but why did the Child of Bethlehem come down to earth for what Jesus taught: Find and love God and love your fellow human beings, if you do not know that yet, learn it. Then the expectation of advent will be fulfilled: Peace, calmness, and happiness in your soul. It is the most beautiful of expectations.

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## Christmases

1938. Only politicians and journalists spoke of war. From a far distance it was possible to see storm clouds, but the Hungarian skies were still smiling and serene. In the retreats of the majestic Eucharistic Congress. even our souls bathed, cleansed. Poor children of the Quarry, Valerie and Jungle Settlements sung together in Heroes Square with the other hundred thousand Hungarians “sing about victory in the Sun east and Sun west!” This God-hopeful, seeking Christ atmosphere accompanied our Christmas also.

In Haller Square, in a simple small upstairs apartment a young couple was getting ready for Christmas, married not long, John got a small office job, not far away.



Ilonka did some housework for me for a couple of forints. Even their furniture was obtained on credit. But they loved each other, they hoped for life, they trusted Providence. On Christmas Eve, a small Christmas tree stood near the window, placed on a table and when they lit the candle on the Christmas tree, they began to sing hand in hand: From heaven, the angel came down to you. . . . . Not that there was a lavish Christmas celebration, there was no gold ribbons. A set of simple modest gifts, with Christmas eve satisfaction, hope, and faith in Providence. Merry Christmas. And there were many similar Hungarians on Baross Street, Ugozca street, in Rákkeresztúr, Bake, Szolnok and many, many places.

1946. In Atanas, upper Austria, the refugees

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started cleaning in the barracks this morning. They set up some twenty iron beds placed on one side; two tables were pushed together by the window. Drying clothes on a clothesline were taken down and put away. Elder M. Pista, the chief gendarme, in the early hours of the morning. was in the woods for the two small trees he had picked up. Placed one on the big table for a communal Christmas tree, the other next to the table-altar. The Reaper girls have already pre-assembled the paper chains, from the colored paper cut into strips, the only ornament for the Christmas tree. D. dr. early in the morning set off with a backpack to ask the familiar Austrian peasants for props for preparing a common large cake. Not about gifts, there were no megaphones on the street broadcasting the roaring of the Christmas spirit. That is why there was something in the air from up above.

It was evening time when the father circled his bicycle from Regega, where in the afternoon, he had already proclaimed the birth of baby Jesus. Everyone was squeezed in at barracks here. It is not just Catholics, it's all religions, even the Pentecostal uncle K was there, too, holding the great Bible. It was not only the prestigious people that were there. Everyone, including the simple villagers who said the prayers out loud. It is for everyone, there was not a special bench for the officers and crew. Frici, the captain sang the Christmas songs from a book. There was something in the air from up above... John and Ilonka prayed hand in hand, and with them the two new children of hope, Imre and Marika, knelt with them. The father Mécs began with the poem of:

*A tale of your children's big eyes,  
You are here again, holy Christmas.*

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*You've come to hearts for sacristy,  
Let the joy shine with a candle.  
And (today) everything altar curse torch.  
My nails are clenched in fists,  
There's blood coming out of our Christmas tree,  
Tears roll up on the new cake,  
From the sun attack to the West  
Police bayonet stretches to the sky,  
It's believed to be with the fake stars.  
Unpacked ragged horizon, . .*

And then he went on to say that the world could go crazy, it can be flipped, but there will always be a new Christmas. If we, though we were deprived of it, allow his love to be born in our hearts. Two thousand years before he was adopted by a few shepherds and a world transformed. Now at least we ragged refugees we could take him in, we could build a better world again... for the world of love begins among themselves . . I

At the time, they did not say big phrases in the world. Reconciliation, world unity, ecumenism, brotherhood, but at the Attnang Christmas eve he brought Hungarian with Hungarian, Christians with “nobles” with non-gentlemen, not just seniors or prestigious or rankless. For Christmas is in the hearts from something up above. Poor, ragged, but merry Christmas... And that was the kind of thing at a lot of places, in Feffernitz, Baroness, kufstein and other refugee camps.

Christmas in the new world, its new in appearances: a lot of bright, loud commercials. Weeks prior it starts first on the street, in shops. New to the apartment, too, because poverty, raggedness is gone. Pleasant central heating, nice furniture, even some appliances imported from home,

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pictures, handiwork as well. Television and radio stations. Richly draped table, food, drink. John may soon retire. In the meantime, they will pay for the house. Ilonka is going to get a little pension. The children, Imre and Mary are adults and have already completed school. They are still together on Christmas Eve today. I wonder if they are happy. Do they still have any hopeful faith in their journey from Haller Square? Is there even in them the will for what kept them alive in the refugee camps? Have they instilled hope in their children? Could they serve the country in the new world? Has faith in God been preserved? How is your Christmas now? I wonder if they are happy. The many answer honestly the question with hands on heart, John, Joseph, Stephen, Ilonka, Mary! Christmas is happy?

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Christmas day, with its magical beauty, there is also a mysterious contradiction. When you ask people what kind of atmosphere it creates in them. In Christmas, some will say it is a celebration of joy, but there are some who would like it to be over because of fear of its unsettling mood. Maybe sometimes we do not know whether to be happy or sad at Christmas.

Why does this contrasting dichotomy of Christmas celebration exist? — The answer to this was perhaps given by the father of a Hungarian boy here... With parents, at home, endured war, trillions of paper money, repression, and then after the war of independence, got here, to this great country. Worked hard to build the family home here... The little boy was born here. He takes it for granted

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a warm home, a table with a shiny electronic game and a bright street window. They are so excited before Christmas... The parents tried to give the little boy everything and fulfill his wishes. One Christmas, the most expensive toys did not satisfy his desires, the father realized that there was something wrong in this interpretation of Christmas. He pulled out an old family album from his old home and showed his son the pictures which were made in times of suffering in those days. It included a Christmas picture; of the whole family with the parents, placed on the table with orphaned little pine branch ornament.

- See, boy, we had a Christmas like this, and...  
we were happy to be together and say a prayer together to baby Jesus.

Then the father had another thought. He took his little boy to a nearby church. There was a Bethlehem display in front of the side altar.



See, my son, Christmas is the birthday of this little Jesus; that is what we're celebrating. Look how poorly he was born, there are colored lights around him, but this church put them next to him. Where he was born, there were no such bright lights. He looks at us with a smile, even though he's lying on a straw, in a manger, in a barn.

I think our adult Christmases are two faced  
to be happy or sad— explains it in this way. We do not understand or do not want to fully understand why the Son of God took on a human form in the greatest poverty, in a very simple family, among a people that did not deserve him, for "his own did not take him in".

If we thought more deeply about the first Christmas, the circumstances of Jesus' birth, we would understand and we would accept that the duality of Christmas in our mood would be eliminated, and Christmas would only be a happy, holy holiday. For if the Son of God was happy in poverty, in a human body full of suffering, why can't we humans rejoice from the true heart of the memory of the first Christmas?

Because of poverty? — It is not poverty or wealth that decides the happiness of Christmas. Let us just look around us; who celebrates Christmas with greater happiness? The rich or the poor? If we consider the millionaires' palaces in the gift crowd, or we compare e.g. Mexican or Vietnamese immigrants, and even with poor children that need everyday bread, we find happiness more with the latter. — I need everyday bread, but happiness is not about great wealth.

Because of the disease? — We just need to read through the statistics. The number of unborn and suicidal people is higher among those who hafizes the physical pleasures on earth than those who have been dragging themselves sick and paralyzed for years. — I need an intact body, a treasure of health, but if fate decrees it differently, during Christmas one should also be able to be happy, because it is a celebration of the soul, and it can teach us suffering.

So, what is the essence of a real, holy Christmas? — What the son of God taught, as his birth warned: Glory to God and peace to man. Specify to God what we owe him and in simple words to give him peace for the people. Simply put: love.

When you have true love, then Christmas will always be a celebration of joy, even among material worries and illnesses. The basis of Christmas joy is mainly

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the love we feel in our families for each other, and we show in deeds. In which family the attentive, understanding, helpful and forgiving love reigns, happy Christmases are celebrated there even if you would miss the glittering ornament, the many gifts and the richly draped table.

Let us just think back to last Christmas, what's left of those as a fond memory? The great festive dinner, presents? - We barely remember them anymore! What is remembered is the peaceful family reunion, the quiet, nobler speech, the love shown in particular for each other.

This love is the true holy gift of Christmas, Jesus' birthday.

When it's Christmas Eve, light the candle, or turn on the tree lights, whether with the fancy pine tree, or alone, let us think of love, and its connection with God and with our living and deceased loved ones.



*From heaven the angel came down to you, shepherds,  
go to Bethlehem quickly to see him...*

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*"Men fight and trust with trust." (Madách)*

## Start again

One of our fond cheerful memories of the old; New Year's Eve. New Year's Eve exits today, but somehow appears different. or maybe it is just us.

I remember an old New Year's Eve in the Highlands, many relatives got together. I was living in the dream world of little boys in short shorts and a sailor's blouse. This dreamworld included the mysterious event when they cast lead on New Year's Eve at midnight. — If anyone believed in lead casting, he would have been in the world of superstition, but we have the uncles and aunts that did it for fun, they melted a pieces of lead, and then suddenly they poured the piece of lead in cold water. all kinds of weird reaction took form.



It was in this form that they read it out, that one of the girls will marry a soldier and the other will marry a writer. That is what they were really smirking at.

To search for the future, the fulfillment of our dreams. Lead casting is actually a collision of our spiritual desire. Because we all have dreams about the future, because we must have dreams, plans, and whoever has no plans is already up the creek. And we must stick to our plans, our dreams! If we do not give up our dreams, life has taste. The Creator also gave the earth to man to take possession, use, and build. And this is with plans, bold dreams. That is why a wise one says, "I'm going to do that." Adapt your plans, your dreams as much as possible! Don't give up on them in the last year of your life."

Someone could say, "Crippled 60 years with my shoulder, left to myself, country less, what plans, dreams, could I have?"

One of my old lead casting aunts' words. Lead casting was largely for young people. The old people were just watching. It was considered that the older people's dreams have either been already fulfilled or not there. Needless to ask some lead about the future, one of my aunts said but she always cast lead for herself in jest. She used to say, "What I want to know is what I'm going to be like based on the form of some lead? Witch, grumpy, frosty old, or gentle-faced, gentle-spoken grandmother?" —What will I be like?

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In our previous conversations, we have always concluded that the true life of man on earth is not based upon where we are, but what we are. Being the main goal is to decide to fulfill the will of the Creator and we will be as happy as we can be.

It also gives the answer of the possibility of a fresh start. Each new year is the time for reckoning and an encouragement to start over. But what can an old, tired immigrant do again? The kindness, spirituality, if you have lost your wealth, in old age it is difficult to acquire new health (Although it could happen.) If you have lost an arm or a leg, you can't get a new one, if you've lost your health, one lung, kidney, you can't get them back again. But you can always start over... to be more spiritual in quality. To be more perfect with only one lung. And there are examples, where a one-armed, one-legged man is worth more than many two-armed...

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In all circumstances, poor, tired, sick, paralyzed and abandoned, you can always start over to be a more spiritually perfect, noble, better person... Are you over 70? You can no longer find goals, dreams? On New Year's Eve, think of spiritual goals, dreams, and start over to become an even more noble person!... It is the Will of the Creator, the main purpose of life on earth, to be a more perfect spiritual man, even if sometimes we feel lost, have amputated hands, feet, poor health.

*We ended the last year by giving thanks  
for everything. Let's start the new year with faith.  
Let's worship God. He gives time, grace,  
talent. - Let's start with HOPE. Time  
sea, storm and sunshine, luck, and trouble, but  
let us trust, God will help! —  
Let us start the year big with a LOVE!  
It was god who has given me a heart to love you.  
I want to love Him and my fellow human beings!*  
(Prohdszka)

*Oh, beautiful Jesus, be with your followers this new year  
Oh, Mary, pray for us, our sweet hope.  
That this is a new year in all our affairs.  
Let us please Jesus dearly.*

(Magyar Cantionalé)

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## Alone

The final stage of the journey of life, old age. Be prepared, because it is not easy to bear. It has nice, bright days, but it has a lot of overt, sad days. Bright days are perhaps small rewards for living honestly and diligently during the younger years. But even with the gloomy days of old age, the Creator has a purpose. And that is the goal we need to find.

Perhaps the most painful part of our old lives is when we are on their own. We endure the physical disability, painful, difficult tasks, but loneliness can hurt even more. The away person even more, so let us just ask all those widows, women, men. They could tell you about a lot of hard days. It is like sometimes their lives seem to be suddenly empty.

Someone once said, "If I could, I would have been ahead of schedule, that loneliness is part of old age, and that being alone is so painful. I would have tried to learn from a young age how to be calm and happy on my own".

Since the hardest part of life is to be alone, let us think again about the path of our lives, to draw strength from it into the final stage.

We're born. . our family, . . school years, . . first friends... the first job... choice of our life pair... our profession... our first child... then the war . . . escape. . away...

What years! So many fights! So much hope and so much disappointment! . To start and always start again, from New York's part-time maid and other jobs

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in factories in New Jersey, self-experimentation in Chicago, and then, eventually, between complete strangers, or maybe more Hungarians in Cleveland or California.

The promised land failed to live up to the hopes of all of us. But we have made progress, we're not without appreciation. Some have made great progress; they are financially rich.

But in the new home, the kinship, and old friends, their own spiritual values of our culture have been lacking. It is not like the home we grew up in.

And we felt that in educating our children. In the existing school system, we could not do everything for them to be Christians, Hungarians, stay good. Between the two worlds, it is difficult to find or contribute to setting the right way. . . It is also a very painful feeling toward the end of the road.

From the family group we started out from home, there was hardly any left. Gone is mom, dad, and our children have long since been told by grandmother about the Transylvanian mountains, the Transdanubia firs,.. Many of us have already lost brothers, sisters, and partners. And now all alone in this alien world. All that remains are the memories.

What is left towards the end of the road? Who is going to stick with us the whole time?... These are difficult thoughts, but from the happy days of our childhood, the first time in the snow, white wafer of our sacrifice, the gentle face of Jesus, or one of the images of our textbook: Jesus and the children... Then from under the myrtle wreath and white veil at our wedding we looked up at the gentle face of Christ in the altarpiece: I am on the road for truth and life!

As we reflect on our lives, much strength, encouragement, and comfort we have always been drawn from the words of Jesus, teaching, cross-carrying.

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He speaks to us in solitude: You're not Alone! And by faith in him, he connects us with those who have already departed, advanced to the Happy Country.

When towards the end of the journey, from an earthly point of view and physical life becomes more difficult; Christ looks at us from the crucifix and encourages; Come to me all who are tired and bear a burden, and I will relieve you!

*He, Christ, is the most faithful travel companion!*

If we have found him, Christ, through our lives, we understood the meaning of our lives, in him we find the purpose that the Creator has imposed on us.

*Church in quiet depths, on altar staves,  
In snow white, Jesus is resting there in secret.  
There's night around him, he's watching alone,  
Like the celestial dew, it falls to the holy mill.*

*You see, the orphan, the abandoned,  
In his prison, he sees the poor prisoner,  
And if the tired man is immersed in agony,  
He says to him, "YOU'RE NOT ALONE!"  
(Magyar Énekkönyv)  
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## Confidently, happily along the way!

When we travel many trials and experience disappointments; in the suffering we have learned the correct evaluation, we are starting to be real life artists.

We realize that not everything in life that we run after is important. All the colorful advertising lights and behind the aroused desire is much emptiness and lies. Spiritual peace is worth much more than material values. Happiness, goodness, and love, in friendship and family life is worth more than the material treasures. Altruism is more durable, has more happy values and loyalty than sudden sensual flames. Rather than material treasures there are more enduring happier values.

And when we are alone, all alone, we appreciate our truly departed loved ones which has spiritual value too.

That is when we really learn the meaning of life, and then we are completely confronted with the greatest value of our lives, with our own souls. That is when we find the most loyal travel companion, the Creator.

It is the teaching of being alone, this happiness the most difficult but also most valuable. — Because just as suffering in life teaches us to be better souls, just as staying on our own teaches us to rely entirely on the Caretaker.

And none of this is something dark, sad, it seems to be, but from the point of view of our ultimate eternal goal, it is a spiritual birthday. We need to feel valued; we appreciate the joy of it.

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Just as Easter after the suffering of Good Friday the resurrection of Jesus came in the life of Jesus, as for us, too, spiritual ascension is when we find the earth such an assessment of life. This is our baptism for eternal spiritual life. Satisfied with such faith, he is already living on spiritual wings, we can now live life on spiritual wings here on earth.

Blessed is the man who, at a young age learns life, to see people, friends, and family with such an eye and appreciate life.

If we volunteered to learn to look at and use the world on our own, according to the creator's idea, then perhaps we would not go through all the scales of suffering to become eternal souls. Our master would not use a sharp chisel on us, to carve out the spiritual masterpiece to which he ordained.

Looking back, our journey so far is difficult with some joyful days. When we are already left alone let us remain, consider all this as a spiritual rebirth. I have to be glad that I understood and appreciate the long journey correctly, the Creator's plan for me. Sober earthly things I know, and I accept my fellow men. —  
What I say after that, what I do, I will set it in the plan to which God has sent me down to this earth.

At the end of the passing years and at the beginning of the years to come, always answer the big questions of life:

If I have found the true meaning of life on Earth, what can I do to find it for my loved ones?

What can I add to this world, the world of my children and grandchildren to make it more beautiful, nobler and better?

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What I give from the great spiritual treasures of my journey to my children? - Will I teach them to pray? It is the greatest miracle weapon in the world. We can bring God down to us and drive Satan away.

I will bet every new day, every new year, there is a gift from God, and that it is something from him to have a purpose?

If I can answer yes to these questions, then I am on the happy path, I have the right to smile, to be calm, to be hopeful, whatever tomorrow brings, God is with me, and then who and what could be against me? — If so, I can call myself a life artist.

We all must go down the road— That's what poets say. I have no part of it, I follow the path the Creator has imposed on me, I must go through it. You may end up completely alone, abandoned. But when I find faith then I can walk my way hopefully, happily, God holds me in the palm of his hand. God saves us with his love.



With this faith, every new day, every new year I can greet you with confidence. With this faith, thanksgiving, you can sing Te Deumot every day and every year in the twilight, and I can walk down the road with confidence and happiness.

On difficult days, I hear the reinforcing words of Jesus: “Come unto me, all ye who labor, and I will relieve you”. . . ,

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## Clause

which could have been the FOREWORD

*Defenders of the Hungarian word,  
or thanks to the helpers*

Mother's voice leaning over our cradle spoke to us in Hungarian a Hungarian nickname shimmered into our hearts for the first time, and, as the song also says, Hungarian lullaby humming.



Our good mother softly hummed a lullaby. We also in Hungarian said our first words: Mom, Dad.

Only a man with a heart of stone could forget that, and only the prodigal son could suppress the melody of the Hungarian word in his soul and deny it in front of others.

Although, starting in a different native language, life can also produce a good Hungarian. But with Hungarian orally and in writing we always say, “the language of the nation lives”. — And that is why the race between the different ideas, in Hungarian word in newspapers, books and over the internet.

For us, followers of the Christian Hungarian worldview, one of our most sacred and important tasks is the beautiful Hungarian word will be preserved, and our children, will pass it on to our grandchildren.

The noble Hungarian Scripture holds in us the memory of the past. It gives strength to the present, encouragement for the future and as a balm relieves sore wounds.

A noble book on our table or bed in addition to uplifting spiritual resources and healing can be a cure for difficult days.



A happy man who is next to the Bible and prayer book. In the books you can feel a Prohászka, Tóth Tihamér, Bangha faith, Vörösmarty, Arany, Petőfi, Mécs Hungarian poetic soul.

Emigration is alive and well as long as it is spoken in Hungarian writings, and songs, which is why Mihály Tompa writes:

On a dry branch with listening ears  
How long are you sitting, disheartened birds?  
The song may not be forgotten,  
The one I once taught you?!  
Or if it's gone and never coming back  
The merry singing and your old mood:  
Let the song be painful, contemplative,  
birds, just sing!

It was a big storm.  
The mild shady hideaways are devastated and broken.  
And you silent? Are you getting ready to leave?  
Would you leave your sad mother here?!  
In other words, singing is different,  
They don't understand your language there...  
A mere bar, for the homely countryside,  
birds, just sing!

But the voice of Hungarians living in the sporadic years under the pressure of the foreign language, always quieter and quieter. That is why we had 'Fading bells' as our calendar title.

The only way to keep ringing these silent bells is to love the Hungarian language even if we sacrifice for its survival.

Today, printing Hungarian writing abroad is only a sacrifice because the readership is on a day-to-day basis

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is running out. The everyday writers will take this sacrifice while working for a living, they seek to pass on their thoughts in Hungarian from their hearts and souls.

And the sacrifice that the remaining few encourage and help the writers. Touching, the infatuation with the Hungarian book, which is pensioners, and retirees, forced to make contributions of their hard-earned pennies to sacrifice for a Hungarian book.

Maybe they feel Redmarty's dramatic poem in their hearts, every time a new Hungarian book is available.

These remaining readers encourage and assist writers: Speak, write in Hungarian, as long as possible — "Publicize it, who knows how long you can last."

*Learn a song from the resonant thunderstorm,  
Like moaning, screaming, wailing, crying and roaring!  
Tearing down trees and breaking ships,  
He chokes life, kills savages and men;  
There's a war going on in the world right now,  
The tomb of God trembles in the holy land,  
Publicize it, who knows how long you can last,  
When does the whisk become a stick?  
Heart and glass full of booze, wine,  
Publicize it on, gypsy, don't think about the problem.*

\*

This is why I had to publish this little book: A lot of people asked for the 'Travelers' articles, conversations, reflections in the form of a small book. Collecting the nicest in bunches...

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It seemed like a difficult and bold plan. — I faced a whole range of health, technical and mainly material obstacles. Who would dare do something like that? It seemed that the plan was not just a plan, it was a dream.

And then many Hungarian hearts sent letters from the USA, Canada; acquaintances, unknowns, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, Taiwan and Australia, etc. Hungarian readers gave support and encouragement.

And there were those who not only encouraged but provided financial help for the travelers leaving their countries.

The names of all of them would be difficult to list, but some names must be recorded in this little book of reflection. These were the ones who were almost simultaneously providing spiritual encouragement and material support. Support that helped put this writing to the printing press.

I know that their modesty will protest their names, but I feel that I must name the defenders of writing.

Margaret Crettier wrote in her letter: „, . . Sky-high joy reading the papers of this book plan, at last the old desire of my heart may come true. If you could publish it, I'd order 100 of them. .”

Theresa Stibrán: „, . . . May it be a traveler companions handbook for reflection, for nourishing noble thoughts— I will help you. . .

Klára Denk: „, . . . I was pleased to read that the publishing becomes a small collection. Honestly, this is what it's going to be, my favorite read. I'll take it. my contribution... God help me. . . .

István Bognár: „, . . . More than 500 encouraging articles. It is very useful for at least a small selection of the collection for spiritual reading. . . I'll contribute.

Martin Kovacs: „, . . I'd like to be one of those who would love to see your writing wrapped in a ribbon.

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I believe that the good God will help with your beautiful, soul-forming and serious travel companion, and your Travel Companions book expenses will be avoided. We who help will be richer after a nice deed. And we get richer with the good feeling that all is not lost because there are still those who are beautiful and noble. Perhaps there will be those who will be guided by this book towards the good. . .”I'll attach my help.”

Bornemisza Irma (baron):. , . . “We've been in the newspaper of The Sunday of Catholic Hungarians. My husband three years younger than me died a year ago. He was 78 years old trying to live as someone who God created in his own image and likeness. , . Do you remember, Pader, the time you said your first Mass in your village of Fatornyos? — Because every once in a while, spring dreams come back... He took life into his hands, to plough. You can look back, you're continuing in the well-started harrow... Letterbox, Travel Companions — Letters, Fellow traveler . . . We collected it; We pulled it out with my husband, now alone, I know myself better. We were ashamed; but we also had fun, lessons learned. We've always had something, consoling. I'd like to write something nice about this... In the grief of birth, first communion, renting, marrying, graduating, or grieving, receiving a friend, a traveling companion. For graduation, the traditional: a pocket watch from grandpa, or a pearly-handled bag? Or if we have anger, do good for him? ... For the girls how many times you would speak instead of a necklace or memory ring Something like The Travel Companions? . . . I attach my contribution to the extension of the goal. To also make the book available to all religions. The Travel Companions can be embraced by everyone, even the incredulous friend. Learn to read between the lines, self-deed

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he finds himself... And let us put it in the hands of our friends and acquaintances. Give to our children, our Scouts, Burg Kastl graduating... God bless and help...”

\*

I must thank all those who have encouraged and helped me with words and prayer. God. Bless them!

If it was not for all the human encouragement and help it would not have been sufficient for me to undertake the difficult circumstances to publish a book, a tiny one at that. . .

But I feel like I've been encouraged from above. We recently translated our Lady's admonitions into Our Lady's priests in Hungarian. Although the book speaks to priests in the first place, received with such great interest by the faithful that this showed that, in these difficult times, when the whole "the world is in labor", people are looking for spiritual reading.

That's when I felt the need for a spiritual reading, for the faithful. As a humble introduction maybe you will be able to use the little Travel Companions book, and then others will expand their large-scale, ornate contemplation and prayer books.

Therefore, the Travel Companions of the road, man's little tribute to the Blessed Woman, I recommend it to our lady.

And the thoughts I'm describing, came from the ideas I collected when I wrote all the Travel Companion's articles. I first put this sign on paper: V. CR. Veni Creator! Come, Holy Ghost God. I confess that the good thought, a beautiful and noble thought is always a special gift of the Holy Ghost, and for that we must always humbly thank him.

It is the guidance of the Holy Ghost that can save the world from collapse and create a more beautiful, happier world.

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End of book

The original Hungarian version ended with the table of contents.  
For this translated version, the TOC was moved to the front.

# Translation Process

Summary of procedure used to translate Fr Laszlo's Hungarian book to English

1. Scanned each page and saved as jpg image file
2. Converted each page to text using Optical Character Recognition software free on internet web site:  
<http://www.i2ocr.com/free-online-hungarian-ocr>
  - a. Select Hungarian in step 1
  - b. Select File and click Change to bring of choice for text image jpg
  - c. Select I am not a robot
  - d. Select Extract Text
  - e. Click anywhere in the converted text to select all
  - f. Right click copy
3. Paste converted page text to WORD document (had footer and page numbers on to verify correct page number)
4. Edit for truncated words (end of line with "-"), enter carriage return twice to rejoin hyphenated word.
5. Edit for period vs comma OCR mistakes
6. Fix quotations using “ at each end
7. Remove occasional last word of page truncated (ending with a dash “-“)
8. Use Microsoft WORD Hungarian spell check to correct words (mostly guessing on replacement word)
9. Translate to Hungarian using Microsoft WORD (highlight text, translate and press input to replace). Note the translate function has a bug, sometimes garbling the first few words, when moving translated text to the selected word text, need to manually adjust from translate panel.
10. Edit for grammar and word mistakes (he vs she, reorder words, correct misspelled words). Sometimes the translate gives strange wording results, it helps to make another copy of untranslated text and play with translating fewer words at a time for different results. Some Hungarian words do not translate at all, check Hungarian dictionary, or use

internet search. Also I have had cases where the scan or optical character recognition missed the little font marks above some letters so important to the translation process. When all else failed I would ask Mary for here interpretation. Many times, she shed new light on what Laci was trying to say. Translating poems and quotes is especially difficult, losing rhymes.

- a. Used the Microsoft WORD REPLACE function to remove extra carriage returns (use ^p as code to find a carriage return, use blank as replacement character, be careful not to accidentally click REPLACE ALL – it will remove all CR’s in document!).
- b. Indent paragraphs and change font to italic for quotations indented in book.
- c. After using the REPLACE function, WORD has issue with auto save. Click “File” to wake up save processing, then click the back arrow to return.
- d. Kept the same page numbering for reference.
- e. Since the mobile WORD does not use page numbers, I had to add the page number to the bottom of each page in reduced size (redundant with automatic footer page numbers in PC WORD document).

11. Discovered another translation app from Google (translate option on OCR window). During final review I went through the translation process again with some interesting different results, many better worded translations.

12. I inserted some pictures from the internet when there was room (I couldn’t help myself...).



# Corrected abnormalities

1. Started with page 5 (introduction)
2. Page 6 missing
3. Page 27 out of place (between 25 and 26)
4. Moved the Table of Contents from end of book to the front
5. Changed paragraph indenting of first line to double spacing first line.
6. Removed end of line/page word hyphenation.