

The children were silent as I concluded the story of the Wizard of Oz. I could almost feel the last words and the moral of the story taking root in their hearts: There is no place like home.

Were the children my only listeners, I would not now be writing this. For the children did not question my sincerity and my love for home. It so happened, however, that I was teaching at the convento. A young lawyer who was waiting for the parish priest in the parlor overheard the story. He called out to where I was conducting class and asked, "If you believe there is no place like home, why did you leave yours to enter the novitiate?"

I shall not say that the man was rather impolite. I think he was just curious and a little bit skeptical. But I don't think the children would ever have asked me that question. To their simple minds there was no incongruity in a man who had given up his own home telling them to love their homes, for there was no place like home. The young lawyer thought I had left home because I had lost love for it; the children knew I had left home because I loved it. They knew that the only things we give up are those which we love.

The only things a man gives up are the things he treasures. And they are the only things worth giving up. No man who hates cigarettes (I believe there are very few) can be said to give them up by not smoking any. No man who hates eating liver, (there may be more of this class)

Why they all leave home . . .

## *There's No Place*

gives up liver by not taking any. I think this fact is clear enough. But a man who has a strong craving for liquor gives liquor up, when, to fulfill his promise to his wife, he abstains from it. The young lady who has a liking for bright, red lipstick gives up this liking, when, to satisfy her lover's likes, she does not use so bold a color. So also, a young man leaves home to become a priest or religious because he loves his home. He is giving up his home because he loves it. He is giving up his home for God Who is worthy of every sacrifice, and more.

You see, when a young man leaves home for the novitiate, he is not merely changing residences. He is not preferring the novitiate to his home as a shelter. In fact, it is not right to think of him as leaving his home for the sake of the novitiate. The novitiate itself is not worthy of so noble a sacrifice as leaving home. But what the novitiate stands for is; and that is the service of God in a

# Like Home

By R. G. FERNANDEZ, S.J.



ptal sense, in a vowed life. The young man gives up his home for the religious life, which is a life completely consecrated to God's cause.

We all know that there are at least two ways of loving a thing. One is to keep possession of it; the other is to give it up for something worthy of a higher love. So, a man can keep his love for basketball by playing it. - But, when out of care for his endangered health, he stops playing, it does not mean that he hates the game. He still loves it, but is giving it up for something worthy of greater regard. A young man loves his home by holding on to it, by staying there whenever he may. But when Christ calls, "Come, follow Me" and the youth follows, it is not because he no longer loves home. He rather proves his love for it by sacrificing it to someone worthy of greater love—of all love—Christ. He shows that he loves his home and all that it stands for so much that he is willing to give it up only for

Christ's sake. He still loves his home; only he loves something nobler still more. To prefer chocolate ice-cream to macapuno ice-cream is not to hate the macapuno. Simply because one loves something more that other thing does not mean that one hates that other thing.

A man's love or hatred for the home is shown by his leaving it. This all depends on whether he leaves it for something nobler or based. If one leaves home to spend precious moments of the evening at the canto, then he shows he has no great love for his home. When one leaves home to spend the time he ought to spend with his family away from it, say at a night club, or a gambling den, he shows no great love for home. When one leaves home because he is bored, only-to come back at the flickering hours of dawn, he shows no great love for home. Such men leave home for something less noble, even ignoble.

But when one leaves home to

volunteer for the army and fight for the rights of the free, he shows a noble love for his home. When one with the blessing of the sacrament of marriage leaves his parents' home to build a home his own, he shows a noble love for the home he is leaving. When one leaves home to serve Christ in the priestly or religious state, he shows a noble love for home. Such men show their love for home because they leave it only for something nobler.

Men do not accuse volunteers for the army of hating their homes; neither do they accuse those who set out to start their own homes. Why

should those who give up home to serve Christ be branded as home-haters?

Could a religious leave home a thousand times over, I am sure he would. For he would thus prove his love for his home a thousand times over; he would thus prove his greater love for Christ a thousand times over. What I have here written was not the answer I gave the young lawyer. Him I answered but briefly, the rest I left for him to figure out. "I gave up home to follow Christ because I loved my home, but loved Christ more."

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**"moderne"**  
by AUNT LINA

in the pathetic way, they bade goodbye—  
with a sparkling tear and a long-drawn sigh . . .  
he warmly clasped her lotioned hand  
and whispered: "dear, you understand  
that duty calls, i must obey;  
but i'll return to you someday."  
and on her part, she hung her head  
and murmured low, "i've heard it said  
that absence makes the heart grow fonder;  
i'll feel that way, — but, will you? — i wonder."  
so through the length of afternoon,  
they sang the same goodbying tune,  
till finally the whistle blew  
and terminated love's adieu.  
the ship was putting out to sea  
when he remarked "bohemianly";  
"why should i brood about and fret?  
i'd better woo a new juliet."  
while on the shore, she wore the looks  
of waiting heroines in books;  
but after a couple of tears were shed,  
she dressed to go out to El Cairo with Fred.