



The Little Flower Weekly



A Supplement to the St. Therese Parish Bulletin



All you angels and saints, pray for us!

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Requiem Mass on All Souls' Day

FINAL REMINDER!

This coming **Monday, November 2**, we will commemorate the souls of our loved ones at a special **REQUIEM MASS**, which will include the **Faure Requiem**, sung by the **St. Therese Choir**, directed by **Charlotte Lansberg**. As the Mass will be outdoors, please **DRESS WARM** (bring a lap blanket!) When you arrive, **YOU** are invited to fill out a card with the names of your loved ones, and they will then be prayed for all during November. Also, from 7:00 to 7:30, you will also be given the opportunity to **light a candle for your loved ones before Mass starts at 7:30 p.m.**



During the Mass, which starts at 7:30 p.m., the following names—the loved ones of parishioners whose funerals have taken place since All Souls' Day 2019—will be **remembered by name in a sung litany.**

Elena Baldo
Genie Campbell
Marie Chavez
Christina Chernick
Paule Ford
Fr. Joseph Glynn
Patricia Jackson
Maria Leone
James Magro
Clara Grace Maringka



Mary Kay McMaster
Hugh McTeague
Jean Motz
William Murray
Marie Nesvig
Victor San Lucas
Daisy Torres
Joyce Turney
William Vasquez
George Watson



“It is therefore a holy and wholesome thing to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins” (2 Maccabees 12:46).

A GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES

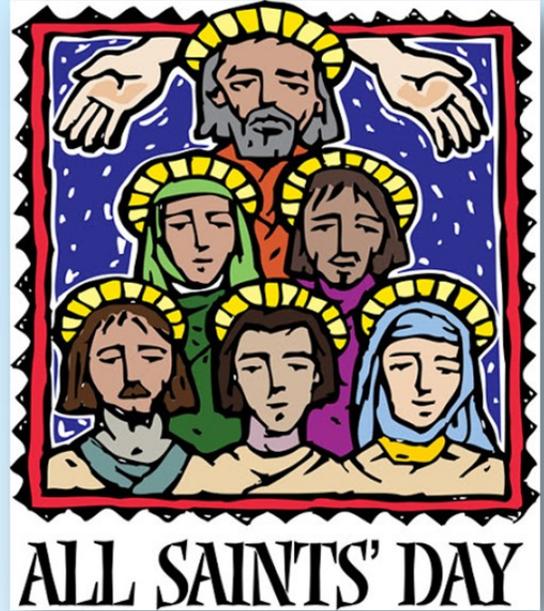
This Sunday, November 1, is All Saints' Day—a solemn holy day of the Catholic Church. The day is dedicated to honoring the saints of the Church and seeking their intercession. These saints are defined as those canonized by the Church and declared as having attained Heaven—which is not to say that a lot more people aren't there as well. It should not be confused with All Souls' Day, which is observed on November 2, and is dedicated to those who have died and who are still presumed to be in Purgatory. All Saints' Day is also commemorated by members of the Eastern Orthodox Church, as well as some Protestant churches, such as Lutheran and Anglican churches. Generally, All Saints' Day is a Catholic Holy Day of Obligation, meaning all Catholics are required to attend Mass on that day.

All Saints' Day was formally started by Pope Boniface IV, who, on May 13, 609, consecrated the Pantheon at Rome to the Virgin Mary and all the Martyrs (Boniface IV also established All Souls' Day). The choice of the day may have been intended to co-opt the pagan holiday, "Feast of the Lamures," a day which pagans used to placate the restless spirits of the dead. In the mid-eighth century, the holy day was eventually established on November 1 by Pope Gregory III.

The May 13 celebration was subsequently abandoned. Following the Protestant Reformation, many Protestants retained the holy day, although they dismissed the need to pray for the dead. (In fact, the Protestant Bible eliminated the Book of Maccabees, which has the famous quote about praying for the dead.) Instead, they use the day to commemorate those who have recently died, usually in the past year, and to remember the examples of those who lived holy lives. The Day of the Dead is a Mexican holiday that has spread in popularity into parts of the United States and across Latin America. It is celebrated from October 31 through November 2 and is meant to coincide with both the American tradition and the Catholic holy days. Catholics celebrate All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day in the fundamental belief that there is a prayerful "communion of saints" between those who died in the state of grace and are now being either purified in Purgatory or are in Heaven (the "Church Penitent" and the "Church Triumphant," respectively)—with the "Church Militant" being those who are still living.

Although Halloween has been embraced by the secular world, its foundations are firmly rooted in Catholic tradition. In the modern world, and especially in English-speaking countries, Halloween has become one of the most important holidays of the year, with millions of children and adults dressing up as their favorite heroes, superstars, ghouls, and goblins. While some people have connected Halloween to earlier pagan celebrations of the new year, Halloween actually has significant Catholic roots. The name itself comes from All Hallows' Eve—that is, the Vigil of All Saints' Day. The memory of those who have gone before us naturally leads to thoughts of mortality, and the liturgical focus on the end times during this period of the Church year adds to the atmosphere of gloom. Bishop David Konderla of Tulsa, Oklahoma, stresses the importance of "maintaining the Catholic meaning and purpose of all holy days, especially those which have been adopted and adapted by the culture around us." He explains how customs such as dressing up for Halloween and appealing to frightful imagery can be done in a Catholic spirit, while warning that "we want to intentionally avoid those things that are contrary to our Catholic Faith, but have become popularized through the secular adaptation of Halloween".

The modern focus on the eerie or mysterious also has a Catholic aspect. "When we think of Halloween, I think we often think of ghosts and goblins, and ghoulish faces," Dr Brown said. "But even these, in the Catholic tradition, are supposed to be reminders of death and of the last things." He continued, "So just as we commemorate the feast of All Saints on November 1, beginning with All Hallows' Eve on Halloween, we also think about and turn our minds to the four last things: death, judgment, heaven, and hell. And really our focus should be, since we all must die and are destined to judgment, how then should we to live our lives as Catholic Christians?" Bishop Konderla concludes, "Let us make this year's celebration an act of true devotion to God, whose saints give us hope that we too may one day enter into the Kingdom prepared for God's holy ones from the beginning of time".



The Ending of History's Worst Pandemics

By Olivia O'Hara

So, you think 2020 is a nightmare? Imagine how bad humanity had it during history's previous disease disasters. Not to invalidate the more recent stress, of course, but in the olden days, nobody had Netflix to keep them occupied while the world was shut down. But they didn't have toilet paper shortages then! But that's because toilet paper didn't even exist! When the FIVE WORST PANDEMICS came to an end, as COVID-19 slowly but surely will, the reasons they fizzled out were surprisingly varied. Sometimes, new and unusual tricks to ward off disease actually worked, even as the public and the government were initially unreceptive. These genius moves may have very well saved the world.

Since the beginning of recorded history, there've been five major pandemics. The first three of them were caused by one bacteria, called *Yersinia pestis*. To say that this microscopic organism was a pest would be an understatement. *Y. pestis* first became widely known as the **Plague of Justinian, which first broke out in Constantinople in 541 AD**, having come over from Egypt on boats that carried rats with bacteria-infested fleas. At the time, nobody knew it was the fleas that were making them sick. As Europe, North Africa, and Asia fell ill, they only knew that Justinian, Emperor of Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire, had recently conquered Egypt, so his ships must have had something to do with it. So, for spite, they named the pandemic after him (which ended up killing an estimated 30 to 50 million people—possibly half the world's population at the time). They then did their best to avoid anyone who was obviously afflicted and the disease slowly petered out.

However, the strain was far from eradicated. **Eight hundred years later, it struck again.** It began in 1331 in China, killing—along with a civil war that was raging at the time—half the population of China. From there, the plague moved along trade routes to Europe, North Africa and the Middle East. At that time it received a new moniker: **the Black Death or the Bubonic Plague**. Though the global population had recovered since the first go-around, *Y. pestis* wiped out another 200 million lives in just four years—at least a third of the European population. Half of the population of Siena, Italy, died. "It is impossible for the human tongue to recount the awful truth," wrote the 14th-century chronicler Agnolo di Tura. "Indeed, one who did not see such horribleness can be called blessed." The dead were buried in pits, in piles. It is not clear what made the bubonic plague die down. Some scholars have argued that cold weather killed the disease-carrying fleas, but that would not have interrupted the spread by the respiratory route, Dr. Snowden noted. Or perhaps it was a change in the rats. By the 19th century, the plague was being carried not by black rats but by brown rats, which are stronger and more vicious and more likely to live apart from humans.

Another hypothesis is that the bacterium evolved to be less deadly. Or maybe actions by humans, such as the burning of villages, helped quell the epidemic. The plague never really went away. In the United States, infections are endemic among prairie dogs in the Southwest and can be transmitted to people. Dr. Snowden said that one of his friends became infected after a stay at a hotel in New Mexico. The previous occupant of his room had a dog, which had fleas that carried the microbe.

By the time of the Black Death, health officials had gotten a little smarter, having learned from the history books about the previous pandemic's terrifying effects. They knew the spread could be controlled by staying away from the sick, and by keeping the sick from going near others. In the major port city of Ragusa, then controlled by the Venetian Republic and now a part of modern-day Croatia, officials were overwhelmed by the amount of sick sailors coming into port, and decided to have the men stay on their ships for forty days once they docked, to prove they weren't ill. This forty-day period of isolation, called *quarantino* after the Venetian word for forty, was the first time metrics had been applied to disease prevention. The method caught on, and it became adopted worldwide into what we know as modern-day quarantine.

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Stay Healthy · Stay Hopeful



Although quarantine practices helped end the Black Death, they didn't keep it from reappearing, and London was hit particularly hard. Every two decades or so, a mini-plague popped back up in London, and officials were hard-pressed to figure out how to curtail it. Even worse, it killed 20 percent of the city's population every time it resurged. By the 1500s, the British government was exhausted, and imposed new countrywide laws, requiring infected homes to be marked with a haybale hung on a pole outside the front door. They also required people with infected family members to carry a white pole while they were out running errands, so everyone would know to stay clear. Believing cats and dogs were carrying the disease, the government killed thousands of them—still unaware that fleas were the real culprit. **In 1665, the Great Plague of London** struck, worse than any of the mini-outbreaks before. Fed up, the government banned all public events, forcibly shut people into their homes, and sealed the dead in mass graves with minimal undertaker contact. This hardline approach worked, and *Y. pestis* was no more.

That didn't mean pandemics were cancelled as a brand, though. **Smallpox had been going around in Europe and Asia for a while, but when it arrived in the New World in the 1400s**, it wiped communities out. Having never been previously exposed to the virus, the indigenous populations of the American continents had no immunity whatsoever to smallpox. Epidemic after epidemic swept the world, for at least 3,000 years. Individuals infected with the virus developed a fever, then a rash that turned into pus-filled spots, which became encrusted and fell off, leaving scars. The disease killed three out of every ten of its victims, often after immense suffering. In one century, 90 to 95 percent of America's non-European-born residents were dead. Ten million people alone were lost in what's now Mexico. Though it took several centuries, science was able to catch up to smallpox. In 1796, Edward Jenner was the first person to successfully inoculate a healthy person against the disease by using the similar, but less deadly, cowpox to induce a minor infection. Noticing that milkmaids who caught cowpox seemed immune to smallpox, Jenner swabbed fluid from a cowpox blister into a cut on a boy's arm, and then exposed the boy to smallpox. When he didn't get sick, Jenner's method was duplicated across the globe, and gave rise to the modern vaccine. By 1980, smallpox was eradicated.

Possibly the wildest way to end an outbreak, though, was the way **Cholera** finally subsided in England. During the mid-19th century, scientists still believed the sickness, which was killing thousands of British folks, was the result of a "miasma," or "bad air." However, this bad air was simply impossible to avoid, since air can't be seen. Not buying the official story, one guy named John Snow had an idea that went against the grain: he surmised the disease was being spread through some malady in London's water systems. Snow hunted for clues, comparing the hospital and morgue data from local outbreaks and looking for a link to where afflicted people got their drinking water. Finally, he found one. People who'd been using the Broad Street pump to get their well water had an unusually high rate of sickness, and 500 of those individuals had died. Snow hounded officials about the pump, at last convincing them to remove the pump handle and eliminate public access to the well. Local infections dropped dramatically, and Snow's discovery led to worldwide awareness of the importance of clean water.

Decades later, the **Spanish Flu struck**. On September 20, 1918, 250 soldiers from Montana arrived in the city of Boulder, Colorado. Of the 250 men, 13 were on their deathbeds. They weren't dying from battle wounds, however. They were shaking, sweating, and almost delirious with the flu. Before long, the flu was zeroing in on Gunnison, Colorado, a farming and mining town with a population of 1,300. Gunnison was filled with tough, salt-of-the-earth people who took life day by day. Looking back, this clear-headed attitude may be what saved them. But back in the fall of 1918, when those 13 soldiers fought for their lives in Boulder, the situation certainly made most Coloradans panic. After all, the pandemic had been something other countries were dealing with. Suddenly, it was knocking on their own doors. "The flu is after us," the Gunnison News-Champion warned on October 10th. "It is circulating in almost every village and community around us." This wasn't just fear-mongering. Two railroads ran through Gunnison and connected it to Denver, which was a hot-spot of flu cases. By October 16, Governor Julius Gunter had issued an executive order banning public and private gatherings. Of all the towns in Colorado, Gunnison's reaction is what made them stand out. Unlike others, they refused to be inactive in the face of panic. The *News-Champion* published a front-page article on influenza, including steps to take for avoidance and treatment, in every weekly edition. Since this was before the time of news alerts, the people of Gunnison clung to every word.

Back in 1918, people weren't sanitizing their doorknobs with antibacterial wipes or soaking their hands in Purell. They weren't able to hoard face masks or toilet paper or frozen foods. Instead, they were forced to rely on something that seems completely foreign to us today. They were forced to trust their leaders. They depended on local newspapers for updates, doctors for guidance, and the police for authority. Dr. F.P. Hanson, the county physician, took a leading role and made an unprecedented decision. "I have caused a strict quarantine to be placed in Gunnison county against the world," he announced. "Barricades and fences have been erected on all main highways near the county lines." For the first time ever, life in Gunnison ground to a complete halt.



Motorists were instructed to either drive straight through Gunnison or submit to a days-long quarantine. The railroads, once the lifeblood of the county, were eventually shut down. "Any person may leave the county at his will; none may return," Hanson warned. Gunnison, once filled with bustling businesses and friendly neighbors, was silent and still. The people looked not to politicians for comfort, but to local doctors like Hanson and J.W. Rockerfeller, who were given "entire charge" of the county—and the physicians weren't kidding around. Anyone who violated the rules of quarantine would be "dealt with to the fullest extent of the law," Hanson said. "And to this we promise our personal attention." It wasn't long before Hanson and Rockerfeller had to put their warning to action. Residents reported two motorists and a rail passenger who were trying to avoid being quarantined. The result? Their immediate arrest. "This little instance should show outsiders what Gunnison County's stand is," Rockerfeller warned. As the flu spread elsewhere, Gunnison remained on lock-down.

At first, the success of the enforced quarantine was touch-and-go; each time it seemed safe to lift the bans, the state would be rocked by another wave of influenza. By 1919, Gunnison had been in quarantine for two full months, and its citizens were more than a little restless. Still, the doctors held on to their insistence that quarantine was for the best. "It is not a pleasant or profitable undertaking, but when whole families have been wiped out, isn't it worthwhile to maintain, although it entails inconvenience, hardships, and financial loss?," Rockerfeller wrote. Another newspaper gave terrified citizens some tips: "You are a soldier in civil life. It is your patriotic duty to do your utmost to avoid unnecessarily exposing yourself or others to this disease. A little carelessness on your part may cost someone's life."

And so the quarantine in Gunnison continued—until early February 1920, that is. At this point, flu cases had decreased in the state. People in Gunnison started peering out of their windows for signs of life. Was it safe to go out? There was only one way to find out. Gunnison lifted its travel and quarantine restrictions, and people left their homes for the first time in months. But it was all for nothing. By mid-March, an unexpected wave of influenza hit

Gunnison while its guard was down. The newspaper was filled with headlines shouting about the "Grim Reaper," and on March 13, one headline read simply: "Flu Gets Us At Last." One by one, previously healthy Gunnison citizens were bedridden. The carnage was projected to be great. Although Spring came to Gunnison, the carnage never did. Of all 1,300 residents, seven died: two adults and five children. The rest of the flu cases were mild and left Gunnison with almost all of its families intact—and with an unlikely legacy. Gunnison is now known as the town that narrowly avoided a pandemic. Looking back, their success comes down to three things: precautions when it seemed unnecessary, patience when it seemed impossible and, of course, plain old luck.



So . . . how will Covid-19 end? According to historians, pandemics typically have two types of endings: the medical, which occurs when a vaccine or treatment is developed and death rates plummet; and the social, when the epidemic of fear about the disease wanes. People may grow so tired of the restrictions that they declare the pandemic over, even as the virus continues to smolder in the population and before a vaccine or effective treatment is found. “I think there is this sort of social psychological issue of exhaustion and frustration,” the Yale historian Naomi Rogers said. “We may be in a moment when people are just saying: ‘That’s enough. I deserve to be able to return to my regular life.’” It is happening already; in some states, governors have lifted restrictions, allowing hair salons, nail salons and gyms to reopen, in defiance of warnings by public health officials that such steps are premature. As the economic catastrophe wreaked by the lockdowns grows, more and more people may be ready to say “enough.”

“There is this sort of conflict now,” Dr. Rogers said. Public health officials have a medical end in sight, but some members of the public see a social end. “Who gets to claim the end?” Dr. Rogers said. “If you push back against the notion of its ending, what are you pushing back against? What are you claiming when you say, ‘No, it is not ending.’” The challenge, Dr. Brandt said, is that there will be no sudden victory. Trying to define the end of the epidemic “will be a long and difficult process.” “When people ask, ‘When will this end?’, they are asking about the social ending,” said Dr. Jeremy Greene, a historian of medicine at Johns Hopkins.

In other words, an end can occur not because a disease has been vanquished but because people grow tired of panic mode and learn to live with a disease. Allan Brandt, a Harvard historian, said something similar was happening with Covid-19: “As we have seen in the debate about opening the economy, many questions about the so-called end are determined not by medical and public health data but by sociopolitical processes.” Endings “are very, very messy,” said Dora Vargha, a historian at the University of Exeter. “Looking back, we have a weak narrative. For whom does the epidemic end, and who gets to say?”

An epidemic of fear can occur even without an epidemic of illness. Dr. Susan Murray, of the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin, saw that firsthand in 2014 when she was a fellow at a rural hospital in Ireland. In the preceding months, more than 11,000 people in West Africa had died from Ebola, a terrifying viral disease that was highly infectious and often fatal. The epidemic seemed to be waning, and no cases had occurred in Ireland, but the public fear was palpable. “On the street and on the wards, people were anxious,” Dr. Murray recalled recently in an article in The New England Journal of Medicine. “Having the wrong color skin is enough to earn you the side-eye from your fellow passengers on the bus or train. Cough once, and you will find them shuffling away from you.” The Dublin hospital workers were warned to prepare for the worst. They were terrified, and worried that they lacked protective equipment. When a young man arrived in the emergency room from a country with Ebola patients, no one wanted to go near him; nurses hid, and doctors threatened to leave the hospital.



Dr. Murray alone dared treat him, she wrote, but his cancer was so advanced that all she could offer was comfort care. A few days later, tests confirmed that the man did not have Ebola; he died an hour later. Three days afterward, the World Health Organization declared the Ebola epidemic over. Dr. Murray wrote: “If we are not prepared to fight fear and ignorance as actively and as thoughtfully as we fight any other virus, it is possible that fear can do terrible harm to vulnerable people, even in places that never see a single case of infection during an outbreak. And a fear epidemic can have far worse consequences when complicated by issues of race, privilege, and language.”