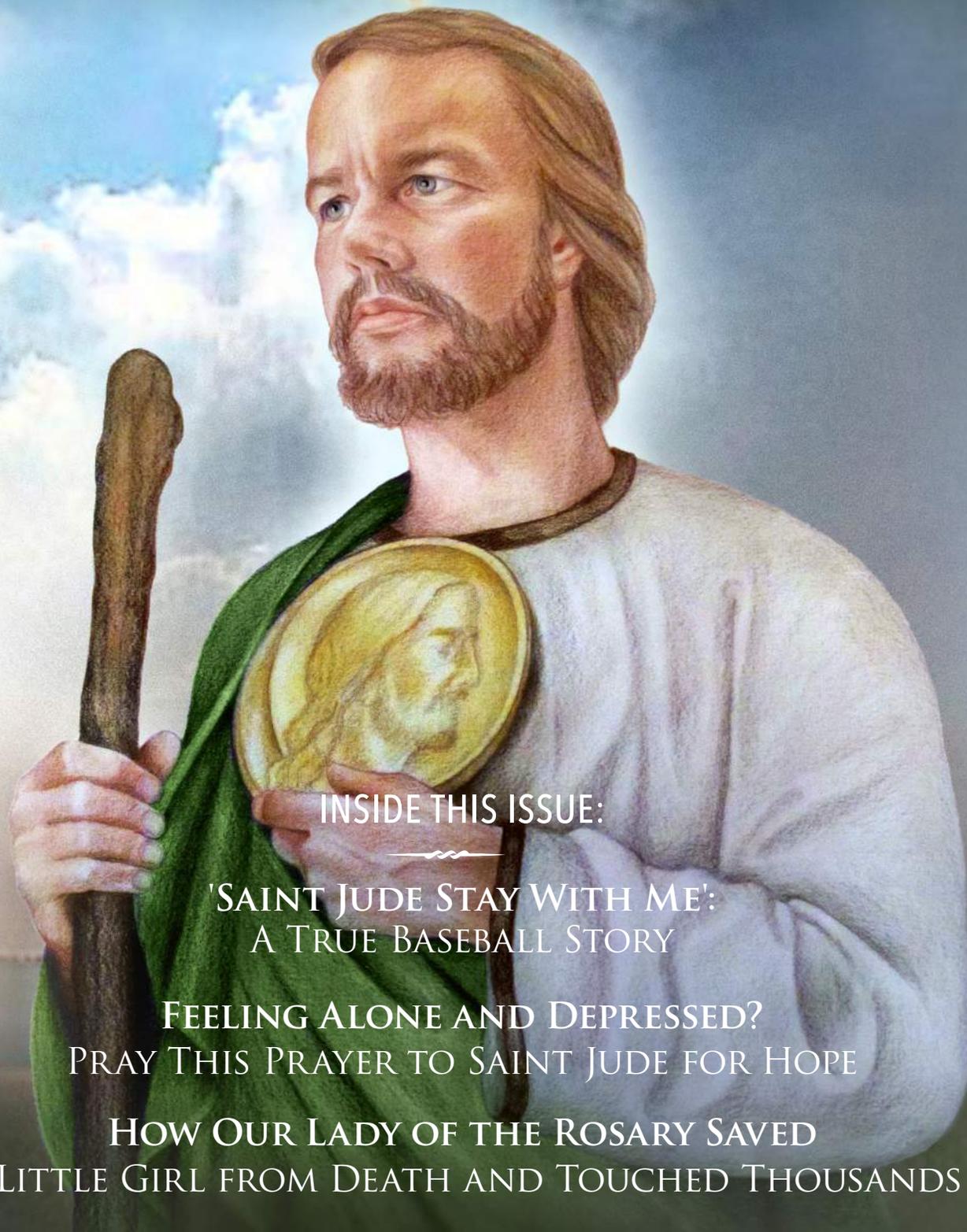


# SAINT JUDE MESSENGER

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE ROSARY SHRINE OF SAINT JUDE

VOLUME IV, ISSUE I



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A LITTLE GIRL FROM DEATH AND TOUCHED THOUSANDS



“I PRAY THAT YOU WILL GROW IN FRIENDSHIP  
WITH GOD AND THE SAINTS HE HAS TASKED  
WITH GUIDING US ON LIFE’S JOURNEY,  
ESPECIALLY SAINT JUDE AND OUR LADY.”



# DIRECTOR'S LETTER

Dear Friend of Saint Jude,

Whether you are driving down a road or hiking on a trail I'm sure you don't follow your GPS blindly, especially if you have someone with you who knows the terrain, knows the route, and knows how to avoid the hazards. However, federal and state parks throughout our country are reporting a dramatic increase in stranded vehicles and hikers.

The increase can largely be attributed to young people who are too reliant on their phones. They follow directions on their phone maps that may lead them up logging roads where it's easy to get stuck in the mud or disoriented and lost. Or their GPS routes them on a path that is too difficult to climb with the current weather conditions. The age group most commonly rescued is 20 to 29-year-olds, as these young people will go out hiking without bringing a backpack or preparing for the elements. They just think 'I'll go hiking and, if I get in trouble, I'll just call somebody.'

Thankfully we don't have to bet our lives on a piece of technology! With Saint Jude as our trusted guide, we have an experienced traveller who has overcome great obstacles - the arrest and crucifixion of the Lord, arduous missionary journeys throughout the Middle East, and his own brutal martyrdom - and is willing to come to our assistance in times of great need.

As you read this issue of the Saint Jude Messenger, I pray that you will grow in friendship with God and the saints He has tasked with guiding us on life's journey, especially Saint Jude and Our Lady. And know that you are not alone in your trials, nor in your devotion! The stories in this issue prove that people from all walks of life, facing all sorts of obstacles, are turning to the saints in prayer and receiving - each in a special way - the treasures of God's mercy that He has providentially marked out for them.

May God bless you richly, wherever you are on life's journey.

Saint Jude, pray for us!

Yours in Christ,

*Father Gabriel*

Father Gabriel Gillen, O.P.  
Director, Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude



DOMINICAN FRIAR ON PILGRIMAGE WITH SCOUTS. PHOTO COURTESY OF FR. LAWRENCE LEW, O.P.

# THANK YOU, SAINT JUDE!

LETTERS FROM PATRONS OF THE ROSARY SHRINE OF SAINT JUDE



*Each month at the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude, we receive many letters, emails, and Facebook messages from the thankful clients of Saint Jude and Our Lady. Here are just a few of these inspiring messages:*

When I was a young mother with three small children living in a bad neighborhood, I prayed to St. Jude to intercede for us. We needed a home in a safe neighborhood. Just by chance I heard of a program for low-income families. I bought our new home only to find out that the parish it was in was named after St. Jude. Forty-one years later, I still live in my home enjoying the community of St. Jude the Apostle Church!

*-Joan*

Thank you Saint Jude for taking care of our daughter and helping her heal from a long period of emotional stress. We prayed for both our children and our prayers came true. We asked for Saint Jude's help and he guided the hand of a doctor and provided a direction for our children.

*-Anonymous*

My wife went into the hospital for 51 days. She was on life support. Her kidneys and liver shut down. All of our kids, grandchildren, and people from our parish were praying for her. Father gave last rites. I didn't leave her alone. I said the Rosary all day everyday. With all the prayers and good doctors, she made it after being hospitalized for 51 days and having doctors say she wouldn't

be going home. She is home. She needs oxygen and has to move slowly, but my wife - the woman God gave me to share my life with - is still with me. I thank St. Jude, Mother Mary, and especially Jesus Christ - God. I also thank everyone who helped pray.

*-Francisco*

Thank you Saint Jude for helping my son find work.

*-Anonymous*

As a young pre-teen I prayed every night for my parents to be able to have their marriage blessed in the Church. I never stopped even as I grew up. After I had married and had three children, I got a call from my father one day saying he and my mother were getting their marriage blessed in the Church. After I hung up I sat down and thought, "Oh my God it really works, prayer really works." I have never stopped thinking about that day. My dad was so happy. They were able to live the rest of their lives receiving the Eucharist and the other sacraments they waited so long for. Thank you Lord for my Catholic upbringing and parents who deserve any graces they have received from you. I'm sure they are with you in Heaven now. That is a comfort for me as I try to live my life for the same goal.

*-Cathy*

Thank you Saint Jude for all the blessings bestowed on me.

*-Joseph*

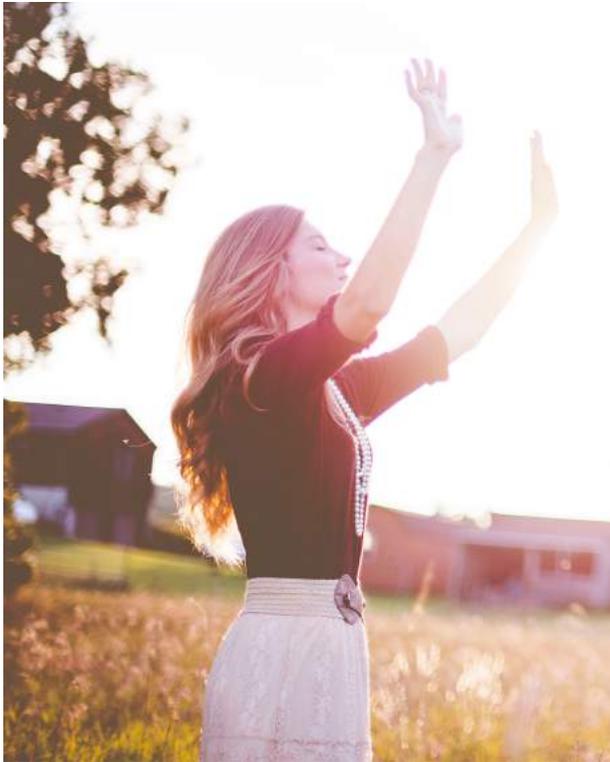
Dear Father Gabriel, I love Saint Jude and Our Blessed Mother. I have been praying to them so much this month. I have the relic of Saint

Jude on a small card with my prayer. He and the Blessed Mother have helped me so much. I am 90 years of age and I know how many times they have blessed me.

*-Elizabeth*

**T**hank you for saving my son from a tragic accident!

*-Judy*



**S**aint Jude has been my patron saint for 45 years, and in times of need when I've asked him for help for myself and my family he has always pulled through for me. I love you Saint Jude - my patron saint forever. Amen.

*-Pauline*

**D**ear Dominican Friars, My mother loved Saint Jude. She prayed to him for my son who was asthmatic when he was small. Praise God: he is now 38 and healthy. Anytime there was a crisis, no matter what, she always clung to Saint Jude as her direct line to the Lord. I always appreciated

and loved her for it but had never really prayed to Saint Jude for help myself.

Last summer my husband was hospitalized during our vacation and after a massive dose of antibiotics developed a C. Diff infection, which is a horrible illness. After six months of medicine and trips to the doctor he was finally declared clear. During this horrible time, I received the chaplet rosary of Saint Jude and started praying it each morning, always asking Saint Jude to help my husband, who was not only sick but depressed and worried about his health, so much so that sometimes it was hard to engage him in conversation. Saint Jude heard me, and my husband was cured!

I requested another chaplet rosary from you and I promised Saint Jude to give it to the first person who would claim it as a thank you. I posted on social media that anyone who needed the rosary was welcome to it because Saint Jude had granted me a miracle. In less than 10 minutes a friend claimed it. She is caring for her ailing mother and prays it every day.

Thank you and God Bless you all.

*-Maria*

Let us know how God has answered your prayers through Saint Jude and Our Lady by emailing [RSSJ@dominicanfriars.org](mailto:RSSJ@dominicanfriars.org), contacting us on Facebook at [facebook.com/rosarysaintjude](https://www.facebook.com/rosarysaintjude), or using the enclosed envelope.

# ‘SAINT JUDE, STAY WITH ME’: A TRUE BASEBALL STORY

BY NICHOLAS FRANKOVICH

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN *THE NATIONAL REVIEW*, OCTOBER 2017 - REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION

Herb Score knew that he owed his life to the patron saint of hopeless causes. The pitcher and the apostle were loyal to each other.

“Saint Jude, stay with me.”

Lying on the pitcher’s mound under the lights at Cleveland Municipal Stadium, as 18,000 people in the stands looked on and hundreds of thousands more across Northeast Ohio and the New York metropolitan area listened on the radio, Herb Score wondered whether his right eye was still in

its socket. That’s where a line drive off the bat of Yankees shortstop Gil McDougald had hit him, knocking him down. The ball caromed to the left side of the infield, and third baseman Al Smith picked it up and threw to first, for the out, but forget the out — McDougald ran straight to the mound.

Rocky Colavito, Score’s loyal friend since they were roommates in the minor

leagues — “they were like brothers,” says Nancy, Score’s fiancée at the time — sprinted in from right field. He placed his glove under his teammate’s motionless head, whose right eye and ear were pouring blood. Within seconds, players from both teams had rushed to the scene and gathered round. Score’s “mouth was ajar,” according to an account

in the New York Journal. “One quick look through my field glasses was enough to make me wonder, was he alive or dead?” Indians catcher Russ Nixon said he had never seen a man “look so dead.”

Hank Greenberg, the Indians’ general manager, phoned Herb’s mother, Anne, in Lake Worth, Fla. Anne eventually got hold of her daughter Helen, who had already heard the news on the radio in Tallahassee. “Is there anything I can do?” Helen asked. “Please,” her mother said. “Go to that Catholic church down the street and pray for Gil McDougald,” who, Anne assumed — she was right, it turned out — was also traumatized. He and Anne spoke by phone. She reassured him. In later years, he went out of his way to visit her in Lake Worth whenever he was in the area.

The first communication about the emergency, however, was from Score himself, to his patron saint in heaven:

“Saint Jude, stay with me.”

Herbert Jude Score was born June 7, 1933, in Rosedale, N.Y., a neighborhood in southeast Queens, near the Nassau County border. He was three and a half and playing outdoors one day when Anne, doing laundry in the basement, looked out the window, found the coast clear, and gave her son the green light to cross the street. He ended up toddling behind a bakery truck. It backed up and ran over him across his pelvis, crushing his legs. “Doctors said he would never walk again,” his son Dave tells me.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13 »



HERB SCORE, 1933-2008

# FEELING ALONE AND DEPRESSED? PRAY THIS PRAYER TO ST. JUDE FOR HOPE

BY PHILIP KOSLOSKI  
ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN *ALETEIA*,  
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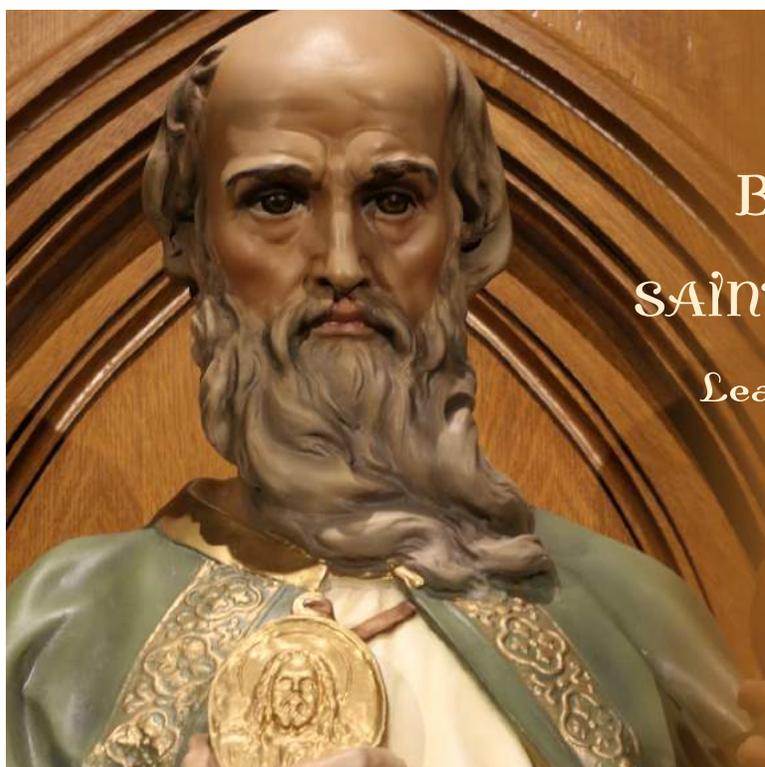


Depression affects everyone at some point during their lives. Whether it is severe depression or something more mild, we all know that feeling of being alone and forgotten. It can take us down a dark path, one where there is little light at the end of the tunnel.

The good news is that God wants to lift you out of that rut and bring you into the glorious light of day. Prayer, matched with proper medical attention, can be a powerful aid in bringing a person out of the depths of depression into a new life of Christian joy. Below is a powerful prayer to St. Jude, a saint who was often forgotten throughout history because of his name (in Latin his name is “Judas,” but he is not the same person as Judas Iscariot). Jude is a constant intercessor for all hopeless causes and wants to help you in your need.

WHEN THE WORLD TURNS TO  
SHADES OF BLACK AND GRAY,  
PRAY TO ST. JUDE.

*St. Jude, friend to those in need, I am weary from grief, without joy, without hope, struggling to find the light I know is in my soul. I turn to you, my most trusted intercessor. Take away this emptiness and the pain of my broken heart. In your compassion, help my tears to lead me to a place of peace in my heart. Too long have I forgotten the goodness of God’s world. Heal me. I yearn to feel light, to feel joy. Envelop me in brightness, and do not hold back. And I promise, if I receive these gifts, I will share them always in your name. Amen.*



BECOME A MEMBER  
OF THE  
SAINT JUDE LEGACY SOCIETY!

Leave a gift to the Rosary Shrine  
of Saint Jude in your will.

Contact us at 212-535-3664  
to learn more.



## A LETTER FROM THE DEACON OF THE ROSARY SHRINE OF SAINT JUDE: BROTHER AQUINAS BEALE

Most mornings, I pay a visit to our Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude after the community finishes Morning Prayer. Once I get there, I go to one of the kneelers to recite the novena prayer to Saint Jude, calling to mind my personal intentions, the intentions that have been physically mailed to the Shrine, and all the intentions that come in through the Shrine's website and email.

I adopted this ritual as part of my daily routine once I was assigned to assist the Shrine as part of my duties during my last year of formation before ordination to the priesthood. As a friar, I already prayed a lot. So, I figured a few more minutes in prayer would not have much of an effect on my day.

I was wrong.

Reading news headlines on at least a semi-regular basis, anyone in today's society is bound to be aware of the amount of trial and suffering in the world. I had read many of these headlines and news stories; I was aware of these issues.

However, I was not completely prepared for the experience of reading many of the petitions that came into the Shrine. As I began to go through the petitions, the pain and suffering that I knew was in the world became more concrete, as I realized that the person who had sent that particular envelope or email was indeed struggling to face the trials that I was reading about. Early on, it became almost overwhelming for me.

But, then I recalled the ways that Saint Jude has powerfully touched my own life, and I began to read more of how he has worked in the lives of others.

Moreover, it was not just St. Jude accomplishing these things, but God working through the intercession of his chosen saint, for while God desires to work His wonders in our lives, sometimes He does so through the intercession and instrumentality of others.

“I REALIZED, THE RESOLUTION OF THESE TRIALS AND SUFFERING THAT I WAS READING ABOUT DOES NOT DEPEND UPON ME—IT DEPENDS UPON GOD.”

And so, I realized, the resolution of these trials and suffering that I was reading about does not depend upon me—it depends upon God. Yet, in obedience to my student master and in assistance to Fr. Gabriel, I was being called to participate in that work.

Therefore, with a less heavy and more hopeful heart, I make my visit to the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude each morning to honor him as our “special and powerful patron.”



BROTHER AQUINAS BEALE, O.P. (LEFT),  
AND FATHER MATTHEW RZCZKOWSKI, O.P.,  
AT THE ROSARY SHRINE OF SAINT JUDE

# HOW OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY SAVED A LITTLE GIRL FROM DEATH AND TOUCHED THOUSANDS



US ARMY SURGEON  
GENERAL NADJA WEST

**Saint Dominic's Church, home of the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude, was proud to host US Army Surgeon General Nadja West as she told the story of her remarkable upbringing and devotion to Saint Jude and Our Lady. Here is the text of her talk:**

I would like to highlight the life of one woman whose story is not very well known. Hers is truly a story of faith, resilience, and perseverance that I think you might find interesting, because she truly embodies our values and beliefs, our devotion to Our Lady, spirituality, and service to others. And she was really a big fan of Saint Jude as well.

Her name was Mabel and she was born in the early 1900s in Hot Springs Arkansas, the granddaughter of slaves and the second oldest child of a family headed by her father, who with his wife raised seven children on the money he made from tips as a bellman, carrying luggage for guests at the Arlington Hotel at Hot Springs Resort (still in operation today by the way.)

Her father died of a heart attack at a young age, which left her mother to raise seven children by herself. And as we remember from our history, growing up in the 1900s during the depression era was very challenging to say the least.

Early in her childhood Mabel became very ill

with high fevers and stomach pains. The family doctor who came to the home diagnosed her with peritonitis, which is basically inflammation of the abdominal cavity and was later found out to be due to a ruptured appendix. As you know, acute appendicitis is a surgical emergency, and the doctor told Pearl, Mabel's mother, that she would die without surgery. Well the family didn't have money for surgery and there were very few alternatives at that time in the segregated south. And so the doctor, though he seemed to truly care, told the family there was really nothing he could do, but he would try to make Mabel comfortable until she died. Well, Pearl did not want to hear that she would be losing her daughter and was determined that Mabel would live. Pearl's motto was that with God anything was possible, and she transferred that determination and reliance on God to her daughter and it remained with her all throughout her life.

“THE DOCTOR  
TOLD PEARL,  
MABEL'S MOTHER,  
THAT SHE WOULD DIE  
WITHOUT SURGERY.”

Mabel did survive although she did have complications from the untreated ruptured appendix. She later told her mother about seeing a beautiful lady who kept smiling at her and who was holding a kind of necklace in her hand while she was unconscious. Remember that point for later.

“SHE TOLD HER MOTHER ABOUT SEEING A BEAUTIFUL LADY WHO KEPT SMILING AT HER AND WHO WAS HOLDING A KIND OF NECKLACE IN HER HAND WHILE SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS.”

As Mabel grew up, that determination and drive stayed with her, and though the odds of succeeding were small, she knew she would overcome those odds and make a difference. She was always taught that education was key, so she worked many odd jobs, taking small steps to reach her goal. She moved to Pittsburgh Pennsylvania to follow an opportunity to go to beauty school, and recalled getting up at three o'clock in the morning to get to one of her jobs as a window washer so she could finish before her classes started.

She completed beauty school and worked as a hairdresser until she saved enough money to put herself through college. She eventually graduated from college at Ohio State, where she studied journalism. She went on to be a writer on the staff of the *Baltimore Afro-American* newspaper, a publication that was established in 1892, that crusaded for racial equality and economic advancement.

She, along with the newspaper's photographer, William Scott, risked their lives on many occasions to expose injustices and to give a voice to the disenfranchised and had a profound effect on social change. She took on many issues, often enlisting the assistance of Thurgood Marshall, the former Supreme Court justice who was then a civil rights lawyer who traveled around the country working on many cases, usually for no pay other than a place to stay, since many of the towns that they visited did not have accommodation for blacks during that time.

She helped enlist and secure the support of first lady Eleanor Roosevelt to allow African American

WACs as they were called, which is the Women Army Corps, to serve overseas during World War II. They were previously not allowed to represent our nation on foreign soil. She took on the mission of lobbying the War Department, which is now the Department of Defense, to desegregate Arlington Cemetery during World War II. Previously all soldiers of color - including our Native Americans - were buried in a separate section.

Her perseverance paid off when she was successful in ensuring that soldiers who died for their country did not have to bear the indignity of segregation even in death. It's quite fitting that she and her husband - along with one of their sons - now rest in Arlington Cemetery not too far from the eternal flame of the gravesite of President Kennedy.

After going through some troubling times, her

“THAT'S WHERE SHE LEARNED, AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS, WHAT THAT NECKLACE WAS THAT SHE SAW AS A DYING CHILD. THAT STARTED HER LIFELONG DEVOTION TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.”

brother, who was actually the pastor of Berean Baptist Church, which is right here in Washington DC, told her one day, very oddly, that she should talk to a priest. Later he said he didn't know what seized him to tell her that. They grew up as a Baptist family, but he said, “talk to a priest.” And she did, at Holy Redeemer Church, which is also here in Washington DC, and that led to her conversion to Catholicism.

That's where she learned, after all those years, what that necklace was that she saw as a dying child. That started her lifelong devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary, and her zeal to do more and help others.

After her marriage to a soldier in 1950 and her first

trip out of the country on an overseas assignment, Mabel found that opportunity to do something. While overseas, her husband went on many extended field exercises, and so each time she would go on various tours and visited several holy sites. She visited Lourdes, Our Lady of Czestochowa in



Poland; she saw the Infant of Prague in Czechoslovakia at the time – now the Czech Republic; and when she returned to her home overseas she had a chance meeting with some Catholic nuns who invited her to visit one of the local orphanages. That day she knew what she could do to make a difference.

Over the next several years, Mabel and her husband had, with their connections from their journalism days and the assistance of several airlines, arranged for the adoption by families in the United States of over 500 abandoned and orphaned children.

“MABEL AND HER HUSBAND ARRANGED FOR THE ADOPTION BY FAMILIES IN THE UNITED STATES OF OVER 500 ABANDONED AND ORPHANED CHILDREN.”

Since the scar tissue from her ruptured appendix had affected her ability to have children, Mabel and her husband adopted 12 children of their own, and all went on to persevere and contribute as well. Her sons joined the army and served in Vietnam. One daughter served her country with distinction in the Navy and ended a 31-year career serving on the aircraft carrier USS Roosevelt during Operation

Iraqi Freedom. Another daughter is teacher in a Native American village in Alaska and has adopted a son of her own. Time doesn't permit me to tell you about the rest.

Though she did not seek publicity or fame, in 1968 Mabel and her husband's efforts were recognized and they both received the Papal Humanitarian Award from Pope Paul VI.

For the rest of her life she continued to be an inspiration for all on how one person from humble beginnings could make a difference, change America positively, and influence how Americans are perceived by other nations.

Think about how different this world would be today if many years ago that determined little girl who refused to die had succumbed to her illness. All of the individual positive changes that she made may not have occurred. Over 500 children would have easily wandered off the face of the earth unknown and not knowing the love of a family. I would definitely not be standing in front of you today, most certainly would not have had the privilege of being an American soldier like my dad, as I am one of those 12 children who benefited from her and my father's unbelievable love and their great example of what good and decent human beings can do.

She and my dad gave me a second chance at the wonderful gift of life. They gave me my faith, my devotion to Our Lady, and also to Saint Jude, one of my mom's favorites and also my confirmation saint.

**I attribute to Saint Jude all the other blessings that have come my way since that time.**

And so in closing I'd like to ask you to reflect for just one moment on what and where America is today. In our relatively short history as a nation, we've eclipsed many others who have been in



MABEL GRAMMER WITH HER HUSBAND AND ADOPTED CHILDREN

existence for millenia. We've done it through the commitment and sacrifice of countless men and women of faith who responded to the challenge to make a difference.

Mabel Grammer's story - and mine as well - really confirms that it doesn't matter where you start - it's how you finish. So how will you cross the finish line? I ask that we all continue to change America for the good so that our nation continues to be the shining example of freedom and hope that it is for the world. God bless our nation, God bless our wonderful parish, and God bless all of you.



## YOUNG ARTIST HONORS SAINT JUDE

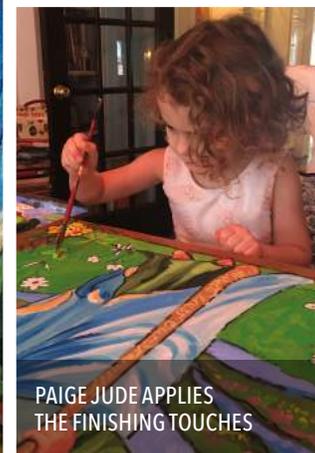
This painting of Saint Jude was made by artist Kathleen Chisholm McInerney with the help of five-year-old Paige Jude Shehab. As you may remember from past issues of the Saint Jude Messenger, Paige Jude has a fascinating story: when her mother Amy Shehab was expecting, she was told there was a high risk that her child would have a severe genetic illness. The Shehabs prayed fervently to Saint Jude and by the grace of God Amy gave birth to a healthy baby girl, Paige Jude! Now little Paige Jude is carrying on the family devotion to the Shehabs' patron saint in art.



KATHLEEN CHISHOLM MCINERNEY AND PAIGE JUDE SHEHAB WITH THEIR MASTERPIECE



SAINT JUDE THADDEUS  
BY KATHLEEN CHISHOLM MCINERNEY  
AND PAIGE JUDE SHEHAB



PAIGE JUDE APPLIES THE FINISHING TOUCHES

On the eve of scheduled surgery, Anne asked to postpone it. In effect, she gainsaid the expert opinion of Herb's doctors. They yielded to her parental prerogative. She was bold: She knew that she knew something they didn't.

She brought in a priest to pray over Herb and bless him with a relic of Saint Jude. X-rays taken shortly afterward showed that the bones in the boy's legs had begun to knit. Surgery was canceled. Herb was in traction for six weeks and then spent several more with nurses and physical therapists at home, learning to walk again.

—  
“SHE BROUGHT IN A PRIEST TO PRAY  
OVER HERB AND BLESS HIM WITH A  
RELIC OF SAINT JUDE. X-RAYS TAKEN  
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—

That his parents gave him the middle name Jude suggests that they, or at least Anne — her husband, a New York City cop, Herb Sr., was out of the family picture early on — had a preexisting devotion to the mysterious saint. I say “mysterious” because, while many may know Saint Jude intimately, few could elaborate on who he is. Catholics, Eastern Orthodox, Anglicans, and other traditional Christians venerate him as one of the Twelve, an apostle named in the gospels at least three times, but scholars disagree whether that's the same man as “Jude of James” or “Jude, the brother of Jesus,” both of whom are mentioned in the New Testament. Was Thaddeus or, as seen in some manuscripts, “Lebbaeus who was surnamed Thaddeus” also the apostle Jude, the canonized saint? Arguments that he was are plausible but not unassailable. As for the Epistle of Jude, the apostle Jude may be the author, but maybe not.

In the original Greek, Jude the apostle is Ioudas, or Judas, meaning that he shares his name with the apostle who betrayed Christ. The transliteration “Jude” was probably an attempt to spare the saint from confusion with the great malefactor Judas Iscariot.

For many churchgoing Catholics today, Saint Jude is familiar as the subject of homemade novena leaflets that they sometimes find in pews or literature racks in the vestibule: Say this prayer to Saint Jude daily for the prescribed period (typically, nine days) and you will receive the blessing or miracle that you request. He's the patron saint of hopeless causes. The reader is instructed to copy the leaflet nine times, or nine times nine, or some number, and then distribute the product in such manner that devotion to Saint Jude will be honored and promoted.

Anne Score couldn't have known this tradition in the 1930s. It didn't exist yet. Neither photocopiers nor the Internet were available. Moreover, devotion to Saint Jude was still uncommon, even somewhat eccentric. Apparently it had been thin for centuries. Some evidence suggests that it was serious here and there, now and then, in the Middle Ages and perhaps through the Renaissance but that in the modern period it went dormant. In the 19th century it was revived to some degree in Italy and Spain and spread to South America. It reached Chicago in 1929, when a couple of shrines to Saint Jude were founded there, one of them by a priest of the Claretian order who had been born in Barcelona and served in Mexico. That same year, priests of the Dominican order established a shrine to Saint Jude a few miles down the road, on Ashland Avenue.

When Anne and her husband had their newborn son baptized with the middle name Jude over on the East Coast, the saint was still obscure in mainstream Catholic culture in the United States. Devotion to him had only just begun to trend. Anne evidently

had her antenna up, or her ear to the ground. The actor Danny Thomas had a famous devotion to Jude but didn't really discover him until 1940. By all accounts Anne was a resourceful woman, managing somehow to give her three fatherless children a rock-solid though modest middle-class upbringing, against the odds, beginning in the abyss of the Great Depression.

The boy Herb Score suffered more than his share of illness as well as of injury. He was stricken with rheumatic fever when he was 13 or "maybe a little earlier," according to his sister Helen. Again, the prognosis was glum: that he'd never be strong again. He was in bed a lot and missed a year of school. Eventually he got a dose of penicillin, which was new on the market. Voilà: A few months later, Herb's doctor told Anne that he saw the kid climbing over a fence to get to a baseball field.

You could see the pattern of resilience beginning to emerge. Herb wanted to be an outfielder for the CYO (Catholic Youth Organization) baseball team at Holy Name of Mary School in Valley Stream, Long Island, but the coach, Father Thomas Kelly, recognized the strength of his throwing arm and taught him how to pitch.

Around this time Herb slipped on a wet locker-room floor and broke an ankle. Asked which one, decades later, he said he couldn't remember "because later on I broke the other one." Then he came down with an acute case of appendicitis. "I've always prayed to Saint Jude," he said. "I guess in my case he's got his hands full."

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"I'VE ALWAYS PRAYED  
TO SAINT JUDE.  
I GUESS IN MY CASE HE'S GOT  
HIS HANDS FULL."

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Anne moved the family to Palm Beach County, Fla., in 1949, when Herb was in his mid teens. He thrived there. He pitched for the Lake Worth High School baseball team and was lights out. Anne kept in touch with Father Kelly back in New York, and she worked to keep Herb in touch with him. She had to have understood the importance of fostering his presence in Herb's life, especially given the absence of Herb Sr. The friendship between Father Kelly and Herb matured and lasted. (Our loss of the possibility for that kind of relationship is one of the costs of the clerical sex-abuse scandals of recent decades.) Flash-forward 60 years: There was Father Kelly visiting nearly every Sunday at the winter home of Herb's family in Fort Myers, Fla., to say Mass for them.

You can read in depth about Herb Score's eventful career elsewhere, but if you don't know who he is in baseball history, let me draw a picture for you in broad strokes. Men who knew what they were talking about called him at the time, when he was breaking in, the most talented left-handed pitcher perhaps ever. He made his first major-league appearance in 1955, at age 21, and struck out 245 batters that season, leading the league. Rookie of the Year. In 1956, 263 strikeouts; earned-run average, 2.53. He won 20 games. "Score was on a Hall of Fame glide path at the time of his injury," in the estimation of baseball historian and analyst Bill James. "He didn't have to get better to be a Hall of Famer. He just had to stay healthy for ten more years."

He didn't, but never from him a hint of "what if." Everyone who knew him talks about this quality of his: He refused to dwell on his injuries. He was always asked whether he wondered what might have been, and his answer was always, No. He led a charmed life. That's how he saw it. The Cleveland Indians gave him a shot in the big leagues, and then they gave him a good job when his playing career got cut short.

They hired him to be a radio announcer. For 34 years he was the voice of the Cleveland Indians. It was a crisp voice. The East Coast flat vowels were music to midwestern ears. He was understated. He never talked about himself on the air. Never did he relate the event of the moment on the field to anything analogous in his own career. Listeners could intuit his character and hope that, through their regular exposure to it, some of it would rub off on them. Sportswriter Joe Posnanski, a Cleveland native who grew up listening to Score, wrote on the occasion of his death in November 2008 that “at the end of the day you are really raised by your hometown baseball announcer.”

Even off the air, Score didn’t talk about himself much, and so people were slow to appreciate the depth of his faith. Family and friends invariably describe it as quiet but invincible. He was indebted to Saint Jude and that was that. “Loyalty was everything to him,” Dave explains. “Faith for him was black or white” is how Helen characterizes it. He preached constantly but used words only when necessary, which in his view was not often.

So all those years earlier, exactly one month shy of his 24th birthday, as Score lay there wondering whether he was dying in the center of a baseball diamond on the shores of Lake Erie, he already had a history, as well as a middle name, that recommended him to the patron saint of desperate causes. The young man had grown spiritually precocious under the pressure of a series of physical adversities. Here was another. By now he had long understood Saint Jude to be a constant presence in his life. Not “Come to my aid,” he said, but “Stay with me.”

“My mom has told me this,” Dave says. “My dad never really brought this up. When he was lying there on the mound after being hit by the line drive, he made a pact with Saint Jude: ‘If I don’t lose my sight, I’ll name my first child after you.’”

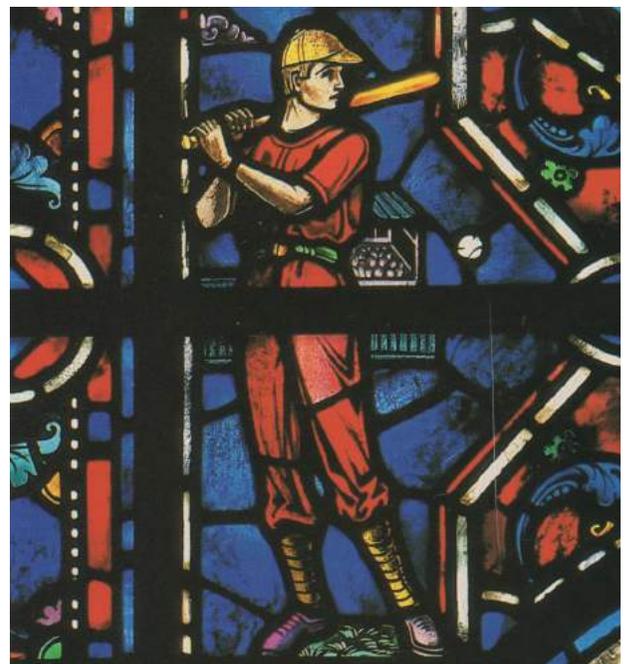
Jude and Herb each honored his own end of the bargain. Score regained the sight in his right eye.

His vision returned to 20/20. He and Nancy McNamara, whom he had known since high school, were engaged to be married after the season was over. Now that it was, at least for Herb, they moved their wedding up to July. Father Kelly flew down to say the Mass and perform the ceremony in Florida.

In time, Nancy Score gave birth to their first child.

The date was October 28, the feast of Saint Jude. It was a girl. Father Kelly baptized her, as he would all their four children. They named her Judith.

“BY NOW HE HAD LONG UNDERSTOOD SAINT JUDE TO BE A CONSTANT PRESENCE IN HIS LIFE. NOT ‘COME TO MY AID,’ HE SAID, BUT ‘STAY WITH ME.’”





SEND US YOUR INTENTIONS  
FOR OUR UPCOMING  
SAINT ANNE  
NOVENA OF MASSES:  
JULY 18-26.

**PRAYER FOR  
THE INTENTIONS  
OF ROSARY SHRINE  
OF SAINT JUDE PATRONS**

*“For all the intentions entrusted to the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary and Saint Jude the Apostle: that the Lord will ease the burden and suffering of those in difficult and desperate circumstances and give them grace and peace.”*

This prayer is included at all weekend (Vigil/ Sunday) Masses at Saint Dominic’s Church in Washington, DC, where the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude is located.

The Rosary is also prayed daily for the intentions of patrons of the Rosary Shrine of Saint Jude, and on Fridays there is veneration of the first-class relic of Saint Jude following the midday Mass.

**UPCOMING NOVENAS 2018**

- May 5 – 13: Mother’s Day Novena
- June 9 – 17: Father’s Day Novena
- July 18 – 26: Saint Anne/Saint Joachim Novena
- Sept 8 – Sept 16: Blessed Mother’s Birthday Novena
- Sept 29 – Oct 7: Holy Rosary Novena
- October 20 – 28: St. Jude Feast Day Novena
- Month of November: Poor Souls Mass Remembrance
- December 17 – 25: Christmas Novena

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