

# Our Lady Of The Snows – night edition

The north shore of Bay St. Louis is shrouded in evening mist. The tall whispering pines reflecting a mood of peace and lazy quiet are interrupted by a huge pile of masonry, honey-combed with light and capped by a shining white cross. Pine Hills after dark is a hive of activity. Like a beehive, surprisingly silent on the outside, within, the seminary is operating at full throttle.

This is Our Lady of the Snows every evening between 8:00 and 10:15. The only signs of life are those many small squares of light, the rooms of the scholastic brothers, busily and silently at work.

These rooms are actually smaller hives in themselves. The occupants are steeped in concentration at their desks. A philosopher pours over the philosophy of St. Thomas, the theologian is absorbed with his dogma, while the young priest is thoughtfully composing a sermon.

This is the time when the matter taught in class is mulled over and assimilated by the seminarians. What he is taught in the lectures can only be learned by diligent concentration and reflection during study periods.

The calm winter evenings of southern Mississippi produce an atmosphere suited to profitable study. The silent workers are oblivious to the evening breeze and the balmy rippling of the bay. The new philosophers still seem a little overwhelmed by the grandeur of the peacefulness, while the theologians take all this peace and quiet for granted.

The illumined cross on the tower shines on in the night, a silent witness to the activity going on within the gigantic bee-hive along the shore.

by John Johnson, OMI