A LIFE OF LEO WARD
— A Missionary Who lived Cardinal Newman's Motto —

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Abstract

Leo Paul Ward (1896-1942) was the grandson of William George Ward, Newman's disciple and friend and a protagonist of the Oxford Movement. He was also the son of two famous Edwardian writers: Wilfrid Ward, the author of The Life of Cardinal Newman (1912) and Josephine Mary Ward, author of many novels. His elder sister Maisie was the author of Young Mr. Newman (1948). Leo was brought up in a family which had a strong relationship with Newman and a healthy intellectual atmosphere. Also he himself was educated at the Oratory School. Leo came to Japan in the year of the centenary of the Oxford Movement, in 1933, as a missionary and did magnificent work till the War forced him to go back home in 1942.

Key words: Newman, W. G. Ward, Wilfrid Ward, Leo Ward, Maisie Ward Sheed, Bunkei Totsuka.

PREFACE

He was fond of quoting Cardinal Newman's motto: Cor ad cor loquitur; no one illustrated the truth of that statement better than himself. His heart spoke directly to the hearts of others surmounting seemingly impassable barriers of language and culture and triumphing over the most obdurate circumstances.

—The 'Catholic Herald,' 9 October, 1942 —

Leo Paul Ward was the grandson of William George Ward, known as Ideal Ward, John Henry Newman's disciple and friend and a warrior or protagonist of the Oxford Movement. He was the son of two famous Edwardian writers: Wilfrid Ward, author of The Life of Cardinal Newman (1912), and Josephine Mary, author of many novels. His elder sister Maisie was the author of Young Mr. Newman (1948) and co-owner of Sheed and Ward publishing company.

Leo was brought up in a family which had a strong relationship with Newman and a healthy intellectual atmosphere. He himself was educated at the Oratory School; and so he seemed to have thoroughly soaked in the spirit of Cardinal Newman.

It is surprising to know that this man who was so closely related to Newman and the Oxford Movement set foot on the soil of the Far East in the year of the centenary of the Oxford Movement and played no small role at a time when war-clouds were gathering over the world.

This is a short biography of Leo Ward mainly based on his letters and writings, newspaper items, books and pamphlets and some other sources. Some part of this article has already appeared as documentary records. This time the writer tries to draw a picture of Leo Ward's whole life as much as possible with new materials. All credit should be returned to those who have generously contributed those materials.
FAMILY BACKGROUND

Leo Paul Ward was born on the 29th of November in 1896 in Eastbourne, East Sussex. The Ward family goes back to the 18th century when, coming from somewhere in Gibraltar, they settled in the Isle of Wight. They owned most of the town of Cowes and a good deal of land at the Freshwater end, including Alum Bay and The Needles. Leo's great grandfather owned Lord's Cricket Ground, and he was known as "the great Mr. William Ward" in cricket circles.

Leo's grandfather William George Ward was a prominent figure in the Oxford Union, and was later to be expelled from the Balliol Senior Common Room and to make himself the centre of an Oxford controversy by his book Ideal of a Christian Church. Christopher Hollis wrote of him that "He debated in true good humor. He had no difficulty in preserving friendliness with those from whom he differed." (1) Wilfrid Ward, Leo's father, says in his biography of W. G. Ward that the Oxford party, at the time of its greatest prominence, consisted in reality of two schools, Newman, Keble, Pusey, on the historical side, and Ward on the philosophical and theological side. (2) He also writes in the same book: "A new school was formed, which from 1839 to 1845 had a large — perhaps ultimately the chief share in guiding the fortunes of the Movement. Its motive power was primarily ethical and in some sense philosophical, as the motive power of the older school had been primarily historical." (3)

It is well known that in his famous Tract 90 Newman claimed for the more Catholic party in the Church of England the right to subscribe to the 39 articles while putting a Catholic interpretation on those articles usually held to be Protestant and that consequently his honesty was questioned.

W. G. Ward, the holder of the lectureship in Logic and Mathematics at Balliol at the time, rushed to Newman's defence and as a result of his protests, he had to resign his lectureship. In June 1844, the above-mentioned Ideal of a Christian Church appeared. In the following year, certain passages of this book were censured in full convocation and eventually he was deprived of his Oxford degrees. In March of the same year, he was married to Francis Wingfield, daughter of the Rev. John Wingfield, a pluralist who held a canonry of York at the same time. Their marriage aroused a little sensation, for Ward had been the strongest advocate of clerical celibacy and he was still a clergyman of the Church of England. When they married Cardinal Wiseman arranged for him to teach philosophy and later theology at the diocesan seminary, St. Edmund's, and the couple was to live in the grounds of the college. Later, however, on the death of an uncle, the Isle of Wight property became theirs.

W. G. Ward claimed in his book that he held all Catholic doctrine, and he accepted the Church of Rome as the true Catholic Church. In September 1845 together with Francis, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. At his death Tennyson, his friend and neighbour in the Isle of Wight, wrote the following poem for him:

Farewell, whose living like I shall not find
— Whose faith & work were bells of full accord—
My friend, thou most unworldly of mankind,
Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward!
How subtle at fierce & quart of mind with mind!
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

Wilfrid Ward, Leo's father, remained an enthusiastic admirer of his father to the very end of his life. Maisie writes that his "ideal" father must have been a very unusual personality and that he set a stamp for life on all
his children and every one of them adored him. (4)

James Robert Hope-Scott, (5) Leo's grandfather on his mother's side, was the most famous parliamentary barrister of his age. He was also one of the most notable converts of the Oxford Movement. When Newman became a Catholic he witnessed the shock and with his intimate friends, Gladstone and Archdeacon Manning of Chichester, he continued as a protagonist of High Anglicanism. But early in 1856, after the clamour against the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy he, with Manning, left the Church of England. His first wife was Sir Walter Scott's granddaughter, and after her early death, he married Lady Victoria Howard, daughter of the 14th Duke of Norfolk. (Josephine, Leo's mother, was the fifth daughter of James Hope-Scott.) Therefore Leo's grandparents on both sides were all related to the Oxford Movement and thus united the old Catholics with the Victorian converts. Maisie compares both the grandfathers as follows:

My mother's father James Hope was, like my other grandfather, an Oxford Movement convert — but in every other way as unlike him as possible. Ward was impetuous, Hope was cautious; Ward awkward and clumsy, Hope graceful and almost incredibly handsome; Ward was an extremist in everything, Hope a well-balanced lawyer whose counsel was sought on every side.

I think we loved all Mama's living relatives more than Papa's, but it was of his dead father that we were supremely aware. Papa loved him devotedly, disagreed with him vehemently, talked of him incessantly. Although Mama sometimes said, "You would think this family only had one grandfather" she realized that the early death of her own parents made this inevitable. She had few memories except of her father's profound melancholy and her own terror of witnessing his tears during the months after her mother's death. One interesting and curious fact I learnt later was that all my four grandparents had been Oxford Movement converts — Victoria Howard putting up a serious resistance when her mother joined the Church and reaching conviction only after many conversations with Father Faber. He received her into the Church when she was eleven! (6)

Wilfrid Ward, Leo's father, had inherited the brilliant literary and philosophical gifts of his father, W. G. Ward. His biography of his father established him as the historian of the Oxford Movement. It was followed by his biographies of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Newman. He was also editor of the Dublin Review and he developed its magnificent tradition.

Wilfrid in his young days, spent some years in a seminary, but he came to know later that he had no vocation for the priesthood. Wilfrid remained the life-long admirer of Newman, as his daughter claims that "[He] adored Newman so much as to speak of his own well-beloved father as intolerable in his relations with J. H. N." (7)

Wilfrid was married to Josephine Hope-Scott in 1887, when Josephine was more strongly related to the Tractarians. Throughout their married life, till Wilfrid's death in 1916, they devoted themselves heart and soul to the apostolate. Josephine's first novel, One Poor Scrape, appeared in 1899, and her last, A Tudor Sunset, a story of the sufferings of Roman Catholics in the days of Queen Elizabeth, in 1932. She was also the authoress of Great Possessions and Not Known Here. On the occasion of Josephine's death, a friend of hers wrote the following appreciation of Mr. & Mrs. Ward:

First at Eastbourne, then at "Lotus," Dorking, Mr. and Mrs. Ward laid themselves out to bring together the best intellectual life of the English Catholic community and that of the nation generally; also to bring together Catholics, at home and abroad, of intellectual interests and those of the governing classes. And as the years passed an even more difficult task was undertaken by Mr. Ward, in which he relied at every step upon the collaboration of his wife, the reconciliation of Catholics of liberal tendencies to full acceptance of
the Church's standards. Scarcely a distinguished figure of such controversy between 1887 and 1915 but was in touch with the Ward household, and none failed of inspiration and wise guidance as the result.\(^8\)

In *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition*, Maisie their eldest daughter wrote how the parents were united in spirit and life:

His own life & my mother's were exclusively Catholic in surroundings & outlook. Then came their friendship with the great Victorians: Tennyson, Huxley, Martineau, Manning, Newman & others — still looking backwards with an immensely widening intellectual horizon. My father's interest in the philosophy of religion led to the foundation of the Synthetic Society & his alliance with the thinkers of his own generation: Lord Balfour, Lord Haldane, Sir Oliver Lodge, Bishop Talbot, Bishop Gore & others.... It is unusual to write two biographies in one — but my father & mother were quite singularly one entity. "I can only agree," my father often said, "with Newman & You." All their work was done together, all their thoughts were shared. I cannot think of them apart, so I have written of them together.\(^9\)

Wilfrid and Josephine moved to Eastbourne, there they had five children: two girls, Maisie and Theresa, three boys, Wilfrid, Herbert and Leo. Maisie, Wilfrid and Theresa were rather close, but Wilfrid died at the age of eleven. Then came Herbert and Leo. When Leo was five years old, the family moved to Lotus, a house on the outskirts of Dorking, 25 miles from London. The house was dominated by constant association with local Catholic groups, and it became a sort of small-scale social centre.

II

**LEO WARD'S EARLY LIFE**

Nothing can be traced of Leo's early childhood except Maisie's interesting mention of his baptism of a dog in "the correct form and matter" at the age of four.\(^10\) Leo's remaining letters are from the time of ten years of age written at St. Philip's in Darlaston Road, Wimbledon.

Leo entered the Oratory School of Newman in Birmingham in September 1908\(^11\) at the age of eleven. At this time Leo seemed to have been enjoying school life. His letters to his parents during this period show that he was very keen on music, saying that he had learnt a variation and that he had chosen Scott in writing an essay on his favourite author. In the school records, we read that "he appears to have had a good academic record, twice gaining the Year's Form Prize, & once the Catechism Prize. However, he seemed to have taken absolutely no part in any of the school's huge number of sporting activities, nor in any of the social events." Leo was absent for the autumn term of 1912 due to an appendicitis operation and never returned to the school afterwards. After that whether he went to another school or not is unclear. Though Maisie writes that Leo was still at school when the first World War started in July 1914, it is not known in what school he was. Leo volunteered for the war, but the following year he was "turned down on health grounds" and went to Christ Church.\(^12\)

Once war broke out, Herbert, Leo's brother, had been in the Officer's Training Corps at Oxford, "whence, after hardly any training, he was given a commission in the Fourth Devons and shipped off to India, and he was made Quartermaster there."\(^13\) In 1912 his father Wilfrid produced his *Life of Cardinal Newman* in two volumes, but while writing them he appeared to be suddenly aging in the midst of the Modernist storm. After that he gave many lectures and was even asked to lecture in America. When the books appeared Leo wrote congratulatory letters to his father:
Dearest Papa, Many congratulations. I am just home and am thrilled by your letters and press cuttings. I am so glad that Buffalo was successful. I see that they call your lecture at Pittsburgh a 'great lecture.' (2 December, 1913)

Stephen read me your delightful description of your host. He and I have been rejoicing in your triumphs. (22 January, 1914)

In the same letter Leo also shows his strong appreciation of Newman:

I have been reading a good deal of Newman in spare times and am especially thrilled by the Sermon on the Influence respectively of Natural and Revealed Religion — one of the Oxford ones.

Though the books were very successful, his work wore him out. Wilfrid died of cancer in 1916. After Wilfrid's death, Josephine and Maisie decided to sell Lotus and moved to London. Maisie writes about Leo's situation in these days thus;

Leo, after being repeatedly rejected as a volunteer, was conscripted (classed 3b) & Mama & I decided to make what home we could for him during his training in an officer's cadet corps at Cambridge & later at Southampton where he was quartered for quite a service.

In the year of his father's death, his uncle, father's elder brother, also died and Egypt House in Cowes became the property of Herbert. In 1918, his other sister Theresa, was married to Francis Blundell of Little Crosby in Liverpool and became a "Lancashire Catholic." 17

III

THE WAY TO PRIESTHOOD

The War ended in November 1918, and on being demobilized, Leo offered himself at once to Cardinal Bourne as a priest for the Westminster diocese. But the Cardinal advised him to spend some time with his family before going to the Procure de Saint-Sulpice in Rome. While Leo was with his family in London, he encountered the Catholic Evidence Guild. Permission having been obtained from the Cardinal, Leo and Maisie joined the Guild and they gathered audiences in Hyde Park in London, in the Bull Ring in Birmingham, and at the Pier Head in Liverpool. In 1919, Leo entered the Procure de Saint-Sulpice in Rome but in less than a year he quit the Procure and tried the Jesuits. However, after two years he came out of the noviciate "in a state of shattered health." 18 His mother and Maisie felt that helping him to recover his health was of prime importance, so they let him go to Chambly in France and Maisie joined him for the summer in the mountains. The following passages show Leo's character and the nature of his "breakdown":

Underneath the hard struggle against blinding depression, the constant headaches, the sleeplessness that followed his breakdown, Leo had never quite given up hopes of being a priest. Doctors and spiritual directors had advised him to put out his aspiration for it, and Leo docilely tried, even at one stage he proposed to a girl but she refused him on the ground that she intended to be a nun. 19 ... As far as I could judge his fundamental reaction was relief. He never, at the worst times of his breakdown, missed the daily Communion, so much harder after sleepless nights then than today. The depression was the worst thing to
deal with, & Mama herself often seemed like breaking down during the last years of her care. But in between its overwhelming onsets we had the old Leo with us again, full of energy & optimism — & a great joy it was to have him. (20)

Souls were intensely real for him and he was only too apt to think that every action of his might affect them for good or ill — usually for ill. He lived in a state of distress over his mistakes, and of violent efforts to repair them. He would write endless letters to individuals, he would dash into newspaper controversies.

Leo had struck up a vehement friendship (all his friendships were vehement) with Don Sturzo, the Italian priest-leader of Christian Democracy in Italy.

.... I remembered him as we entered Switzerland during a glorious sunrise, with his eyes glued on the book he was reading! His own apparently wider range all converged on one topic; outside that and music, he did not go far afield. He swam and walked for exercise but he never watched a game and if he played tennis it was only to oblige. He hardly looked at flowers or scenery. He read no modern novels. (21)

While in France, one day in November 1922, he met in Paris a young Japanese doctor, Bunkei Totsuka, and this meeting would turn to be the cause of his vocation as a missionary to Japan a long time later. In 1926, Hilaire Belloc, editing for America a series of booklets which depicted different aspects of the Church, asked Leo to write one. Leo wrote The Catholic Church & the Appeal to Reason. Belloc was delighted with it. Its reviewers praised the solidity of his work and Baron Von Hügel even greeted him as a worthy successor of his father and grandfather. Maisie thought that the book gave him a brilliant start had he wished to make letters his career. But according to her, Leo was rather more practical than speculative and by nature an enthusiast especially for the Church. (22)

This year in 1926, Maisie was married to Frank Sheed, an Australian who also joined the Catholic Evidence Guild, and they founded the publishing firm of Sheed & Ward first in London, and later also in New York. In 1928, Leo published a book on the condemnation of the “Action française” from this company.

Once Leo’s health improved, Cardinal Bourne arranged for Leo to complete his studies privately at the Birmingham Oratory after a very brief period at the seminary of St. Edmund’s, Ware.

On 29 June 1931, on the feast day of SS. Peter and Paul, Leo was ordained priest by Cardinal Bourne at Westminster Cathedral for the archdiocese of Westminster. For the memorial card of ordination and first mass, Leo chose “Calicem salutaris accipiam: et nomen Domini invocabo” (I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord) from Psalm 116.

Leo’s path to the priesthood had not been a smooth one. On the contrary, it had had constant ups and downs with many breakdowns accompanied by frequent headaches and bouts of depression. However, he had never given up his aspiration for the priesthood which had budded in him since he was four years old. It had been such a long way for him to become a priest since he first expressed his aspiration for it to the Cardinal in 1918, till he finally came to anchor, though it was only the start of his real voyage.

After ordination, Leo made a good start as assistant priest of St. Mary’s Church at Chelsea under Archbishop Goodier, the former leader of the Church in India. In a letter dated August 4th 1931, he writes that “I am well started here now — confessions on Saturday and a sermon Sunday,” concluding with “Life is going to be full & interesting I think!” Also in another letter in the following year, on August 17th, he writes: “I am doing thrilling hospital work: heaps of big fish! — I have a few very nice converts but wish I had more — at present only 2 strictly converts though some nice-unlapsings.” As assistant priest, Leo was quite active and enthusiastic for pastoral work. Leo also enjoyed going out with young people: “My ‘day off’ now is spent with 4 young men in a family of athletic records — who live on the Thames & nearly kill me by making me swim or row on a respectable scale! Still it may be the best heat-cure.” These letters show his happiness,
satisfaction and cheerfulness of spirit, full of sunshine after a long cloudy days. He seemed truly enjoying his priestly vocation.

In the same year in June 1932, he went to Dublin to participate in the Eucharistic Congress with Fr. Philip Lynch of the Oratory. In November, his mother Josephine fell ill and died in spite of an operation. In Leo’s eyes her death was very saintly, and feeling her to be nearer than ever, he was convinced of her help. He writes that physical separation was a small matter to God. 

IV
MISSIONARY TO JAPAN

His vocation for a missionary to Japan, which he had never dreamt of, fell on him rather suddenly while he was nourishing himself at Chambly in France in the summer of 1922, nine years before his ordination. In Paris Leo was to meet a promising young Japanese physician Bunkei Totsuka, who was later to find his vocation as a doctor-priest. Leo himself relates later how he came to know Bunkei Totsuka:

It was in Paris when I met Father Totsuka for the first time. I had already known his name as a doctor and his aspiration to become priest. I first heard his name through a famous Spanish cellist Señor Rubio. He introduced me to Father Corato of the Order of Servant of Mary, since then I had closely associated with the Father, and he often told me about Totsuka. Fr. Corato was very much interested in the future of the spiritual Japan. Therefore, it was truly through Fr. Corato that I had become interested in Japan as well as in a Totsuka for the very first time. In the house where I met Mr. Totsuka, there was Sister Violet Susuman, who had been suffering from the spinal tuberculosis for sixteen years. And at that time, Totsuka had been taking care of her medically, at the same time he was studying theology with special permission at the Institute Catholique de Paris, preparing for priesthood.

In those days, I also got an acquaintance with Prince Vladimir Ghika, who was newly ordained priest. Since his relatives and my relatives were related in marriage I had heard about him before. My encounter with Totsuka became a turning point in my life and it even seemed to have been providential to me. Since then on, the thought of going to Japan had often come up to my mind.

There is nothing to prove whether Leo and Totsuka had kept in touch with each other after their first meeting in Paris till Leo’s ordination in 1931. However, after certain period of time, Leo returned to London and Totsuka also visited Fr. Iwashita in London, and stayed in Chelsea for nearly one year, it must be natural to think that they met there more than once. Leo continues in his memoir of Fr. Totsuka after his death as follows:

I got a letter from Fr. Totsuka of Japan just a few days before my ordination urging me to come to Japan. I asked Cardinal Bourne, then Archbishop of Westminster, the permission to go to Japan. It was the Cardinal’s opinion that I should have some pastoral experience in England adding that I should postpone my going to such a far country as Japan for a while as my mother, in her old age, was not good in health. However, the letters from Fr. Totsuka and Violet had been capturing my heart to Japan.

Leo’s desire to go to Japan had not been weakened nor extinguished in these years; on the very contrary, he had been cherishing the desire very dearly. Immediately after his mother’s death, feeling quite free now Leo asked the Cardinal for the permission to go to Japan again. This time, however, the Cardinal himself was
seriously ill and Leo had to wait for three more weeks. These three weeks for him were like a thousand days: "’Tis weary waiting here!" (27)

In the meantime, Leo received a letter from Violet telling him that it was time for him to come to Tokyo. In one of these days he also got another letter from Mgr. Ghika informing him that he was going to Japan with some Carmelite nuns. On January 5, 1933, Leo wrote joyously that he finally got the Cardinal’s permission and that he was off the following week. In that letter Leo expressed the joy of going to Japan as a missionary and at the same time the feeling of the necessity of prayers and very special graces. In this letter Leo says that he had got the “permission” from Cardinal Bourne. But, according to Maisie, the Cardinal said only that “I can do nothing for you except give you a Celebret [permission to say Mass] for six months, and a letter to the Archbishop of Tokyo. After that, you must just sink or swim.” (28)

In the middle of January, Leo left England on a Japanese ship the Shokokumaru. He joined Mgr. Ghika and the twenty Carmelite nuns on the same ship. On the way, they received a welcome telegramme from Fr. Totsuka in Shanghai, and at last, on the 25th of February in 1933, they harboured at Yokohama, where Fr. Totsuka was awaiting for them. (29) It was almost forty days journey from England.

V

MISSIONARY LIFE IN JAPAN

Leo’s long search was over and his dream had come true, he was now in the country which he did not know before but had been longing for through Fr. Totsuka and a Jewish convert and sickly Violet.

In those days, only missionaries belonging to some religious orders came to Japan, so Leo’s case was quite exceptional. Leo was an assistant priest belonging to the Westminster diocese in England who worked as a missionary for the Tokyo diocese in Japan.

For the first year and a half, Leo stayed at Fr. Totsuka’s house in Senzoku, Tokyo. The start of Leo’s life in Japan seem to have been a happy one. Everything was new to him, but apparently he seemed to have been able to adjust to the new situation quite well and God had helped him with some unexpectedly happy incidents.

Just a few days after his arrival in this new country, the first unexpected happening fell upon him when Fr. Totsuka brought him to Shigeki Nakamura, a close doctor friend of Fr. Totsuka’s. Recalling this incident, Nakamura writes as follows:

I think it was perhaps in February 1933. One night Fr. Totsuka brought a foreigner to my house the English missionary Fr. Ward, who had landed in Japan a few days before, with Sister Violet. A conversation with Mr. Daisaburo Washiyama (Prof. of Meiji Gakuen) who happened to be there soon started in English. In the course of the conversation Fr. Ward revealed that he was the son of the author of a biography of Newman whom Mr. Washiyama had been studying. Fr. Ward was overjoyed at this incident, and from this day on he used to say that the day was unforgettable for him. Whether due to this or not I left the Protestant Church in a few weeks following the footsteps of Newman I was baptized in the Catholic Church by Fr. Totsuka and Mr. Washiyama also became a Catholic and was baptized by Fr. Ward. (31)

A few years later Leo wrote about this unforgettable incident in his own article “Newman and Japan”; (31)

There is a popular superstition to the effect that missionary work of any kind involves painful sacrifices on the part of those who undertake it. Certainly when I came to Japan five years ago I did imagine that life in this beautiful country would cut me off from some at least of the pleasures and interests associated with my
English home. I imagined, for instance, that I should no longer meet with Newmanites or hear discussions about Newman!

I can hardly remember a time when Newman did not occupy an almost central place in my thoughts. My father wrote Newman's Life, and all his books (about a dozen volumes) are concerned with Newman in one way or another. Both my grandfathers were Newman's personal friends. I lived for years, both as a schoolboy and in later life, with the Fathers of Newman's Oratory, to whom I owe more than any one else outside of my own family. But I assumed when I came to Japan that my links with the great Cardinal would be severed. Great was my surprise therefore when, after only a few days in Tokyo, I fell into conversation with as ardent a Newmanite as any to be found in England.

Dr. Washiyama has doubtless carried his Newman studies further now than when I met him nearly six years ago. But his enthusiasm was as great then as it is now. I first met him at the house of our mutual friend Dr. Shigeki Nakamura, where I had been taken by Fr. Totsuka. I remember that Mrs. Tada, the Catholic daughter of the late Prime-minister Inukai of tragic memory was also present. I cannot remember who it was who introduced the subject of Newman, but I shall never forget the shock of surprise and evident pleasure with which Dr. Washiyama discovered that I was a son of Wilfrid Ward with whose Life of Newman he had been so long familiar. From that date he and I have been fast friends.

Dr. Washiyama has been writing a book on Newman which will soon be completed. In the meantime he is undertaking an even bolder venture in producing a monthly magazine of Newman studies, so as to introduce the Cardinal's thoughts to a serious group of Japanese students of religion. This shows that he not only believes in Newman but believes in him for Japan. He thinks that Newman's profound historical and psychological presentation of Christianity responds to the spiritual needs of the younger generation of Japanese and is more likely than any other to make our religion intelligible to them. He believes that what Newman did for the English he might do in large measure for the Japanese also.

It was a very blessed and happy beginning for Leo to start his missionary life in this totally new country. Leo started learning Japanese and even while he was preparing himself for missionary work, there gathered around him, not to speak of young students, intellectuals, diplomats, Protestants, and Buddhist monks. He writes of his impressions of Japan in his letters as follows:

Life is thrilling here. Everything is different — or rather half is different & the other half the same as chez nous. Women are kept in their place. Children are lords of the earth. Men come next. Shoes are changed incessantly. Earthquakes are frequent, about one a few days ago, as you will have heard. Everyone bows to the ground the whole time. (32)

Life here is great fun, and very cheap! We are just outside Tokyo in a purely Japanese quarter. I live with a Japanese priest, formerly a distinguished doctor, who runs a dispensary, distributing the best medicines gratis to poor. Fortunately we have someone in the next house who cooks me splendid English meals. But otherwise everything is Japanese. Walls are made of wood or more often of paper. Rice, etc., is eaten with chop-sticks. The Japanese bath flourishes: a square tub with a heater attached. Washing has to be done before entering the bath, as the water is not changed. Every Japanese has an enormously hot bath daily — even workmen. We are a dirty race compared to them. Japanese dress is charming. Women and girls wear very long brightly coloured clothes. Poor women carry their babies on their backs in a bag while they work. Children are exactly like the Japanese dolls: their hair is shaved behind and they wear quantities of bright clothes. All Japanese, even tiny and poor children, bow to the ground clasping their knees on their stomachs. Everyone talks English to some extent. All read it, anyhow. The hopes for the Faith are great. My Japanese
priest friend made forty converts last year. The converts are mostly educated people, some very distinguished. Our two great needs are money and English Catholic books. We are seriously handicapped for want of these. I am building a church for less than £200! But we are hopelessly poor. The need of books is even greater: prayer-books, children's books. Catholic novels and intellectual books are devoured. Do send some. We could make great developments too, only we are so poor. Do you think any of the boys would think of collecting something for us? It is widely held that only English help can get us a real move on for the conversion of Japan. (33)

At first Leo was optimistic to convert Japanese people to Catholicism thinking rather simply if only there were any books of instruction or even Catholic novels in Japanese, (34) but he realized later it would not be so easy. Only in two months after he came to Japan, he lectured to 50 undergraduates of an English Society on things in England including religion, and was asked to give a few more such lectures to other societies. In May 2 letter he writes: “I have addressed one of the University ‘English’ societies (50 young men) & am invited to address another & probably others.” From the very beginning, Leo noticed how enthusiastic the Japanese were to read and speak English, of course those people were mainly among the educated. So he quite often asked his friends in England to send him “anything in English.” (35) One time he writes that “Any old novels or Catholic books can do great good out here where so many read English.” (36)

Bunsho Jugaku, scholar of English literature, was one such enthusiast, and he often mentioned his friendship with Leo, as being the most intimate guest of his family, and that they discussed various matters, but above everything else, he got to know Cardinal Newman through Leo. He wrote that one of the strongest reasons why he concentrated on studying the English Catholic traditions centering around Newman was that he had a close acquaintance with Leo. (37)

The ‘Japan Catholic Weekly,’ August 13, 1933 issue, reports on its interview with Leo Ward:

Fr. Leo Paul Ward who belongs to the Westminster diocese, London, came to our country with Carmelite nuns and Mgr. Ghika, a Rumanian Prince. Since then he has been living with Fr. Totsuka in Omori, Tokyo. While studying Japanese, he says mass, gives sermons and hears confessions on Sundays at the Yamate Church in Yokohama. He has become a great friend to Protestants, men of distinction and to young students.... The Japanese Catholic Church, facing many difficulties both inside and out in this critical age, puts great hope in the activities of able young priests like Fr. Ward. Especially our Catholic literary world, which is now in its very beginning, will expect his contribution to a new great Catholic literary movement.

The very year Leo Ward arrived in Japan was the centenary of the Oxford Movement. There were various celebrations among different Christian groups. On the Catholic side, anniversary lectures were held at Hibiya City Hall in Tokyo on December 3, 1933. Taking part in the celebration, Leo gave a lecture on ‘The Oxford Movement and Its Leaders’ through an interpreter. Leo also contributed an article on ‘The Revival of the Catholic Church in England’ to the “Catholic” (December, 1933) and ‘Diversity and Unity in Newman’ to the ’Japan Catholic Weekly’ (December 31, 1933) for its special issue on the Oxford Movement Centenary. In the latter article Leo says that there might be some shallow critics who, glancing at Newman’s forty volumes of writings which show many divergences, consider Newman as a scholarly dilettante. But if we study Newman’s writings closely and thoroughly, we become aware that all Newman’s writings focus upon one vital problem about human nature and man’s destiny as seen under different dimensions. Discussing further how modern Newman was, Leo states that Newman is far from being a mere dilettante and that all his writings are the result of a deep soul and of a great intelligence.

In the meanwhile he met Fr. Iwashita, about whom he had already heard in England as having introduced
Violet Susuman to Fr. Totsuka in London. And in the early days after he arrived in Japan Leo visited, with Fr. Totsuka and Violet, Fr. Iwashita's leprosy settlement at Gotemba at the foot of Mt. Fuji on March 13, 1933. Probably he managed to visit Japanese gardens and Buddhist temples nearby, however, he was preoccupied by some extra tasks like hearing 50 English confessions in one day, besides on every week-end he had to go to Yokohama to say masses and preach to the English-speaking businessmen, and conduct some retreats to nuns too.

Leo was quite docile and obedient to the archbishop of Tokyo, Mgr. Doi, who asked him to undertake pastoral care of English-speaking people, but this work deprived him of the time to learn Japanese. Moreover, his work had become increasingly busy as the days proceeded. In July 1, 1933 he wrote in one of the letters: “Also 4 extra sermons lately as well as weekly ones.” Also in July 10th letter: “It is extraordinary how kind my friends have been in writing to me. But owing to limited brain-power and the duty of learning Japanese, weekly sermons, lectures etc. I have to send mere cards or brief lines in reply.” In those days he was the only English-speaking priest in this country. Missionaries belonging to some religious society could concentrate on studying Japanese for at least two full years but in Leo's case, he had to study the language while engaging in the various heavy tasks of Fr. Totsuka as well as taking care of English-speaking Catholics from the very beginning. No wonder his Japanese was to remain rather poor till the end.

In the summer of the first year, he was invited by an American architect Dr. Antonio Raymond to go to Karuizawa with whom he had already made acquaintance in Tokyo, to escape from the Japanese heat in summer. Karuizawa is almost the Geneva of Japan in summer, a summer resort place in the mountains, founded by Protestant missionaries mostly for Europeans. It is North-West of Tokyo, not so far from the place where Leo lived. There was only a Protestant church in Karuizawa, so Leo said mass in the lounge of Karuizawa Hotel (now Manpei Hotel), which was quite well attended by French, English, German, Russian, Chinese and Japanese Catholics, too. In the summer of the next year the archbishop of Tokyo asked Leo to look after the foreigners in Karuizawa. About this experiment in Karuizawa Leo wrote: “On the first Sunday we had only had 8 people at Mass (in a hotel) the second Sunday 30, the next 40 — up to 68, including a slight majority of foreigners of all countries, diplomats, famous tennis players etc.— Many Americans — and all these would have missed Mass if this experiment had not been tried. Now we are hoping to build a Church there.”

Raymond was a Catholic, and together with him Leo started planning to build a small church there. The expenses for the Church was mostly defrayed by Leo. In those six months until the Church was constructed, he stayed in Karuizawa Hotel, but the owner of the hotel did not charge him. Most of the wood for the building came from Nikko and the carpenters from the Toshogu Shrine in Nikko as well as from Karuizawa were employed to build the Church. Dr. Raymond was honoured and given an award for the beauty of design of the Church by the American Architectural Society. It also drew the attention both of Architecture d'aujourd'hui and of Art sacré. Leo's sister Maisie wrote: “Leo had shown himself as what Art sacré most desired, a priest determined to get away from the assembly-line, and to encourage something indigenous. He and the workmen too had borne their share in inspiring Mr. Raymond and carrying out his ideas.”

In August 1934, Fr. Tatsuo Doi (later archbishop of Tokyo), who came from Morioka as secretary to Mgr. Marella, asked Leo to take care of foreigners in Karuizawa and also those in Yokohama. So he had to stay in Yokohama for some time and in the following year he was appointed associate pastor of St. Theresa's Church in Kojimachi, Tokyo. It was particularly the busiest year for him, but we know how Leo had been busy in all these years since his arrival in this country running from place to place, as we say in Japanese, “he was so busy that he had no time even to warm his seat.”

The archbishop of Tokyo repeatedly asked Leo to move to Yokohama to take care of foreigners there, which he was rather reluctant to do though he was feeling it necessary at the same time. In this difficult situation, Leo discloses his heart to Fr. Philip:
My objection to Yokohama was & is that it is not missionary work, as the Church is chiefly for the 300 (lapsed) European Catholics who are in business there. It is about the deadest parish in the world & I feel helpless. Yet it seems God's will & some one who speaks English must be curate for the foreigners. How I shall be able to learn Japanese now I don't know.\(^{42}\)

He writes about these days again as follows:

It seems that my work must be largely among foreigners for the present. I am to live chiefly at Yokohama (parish 60% foreign & 40% Japanese), of course I care much more for the Japanese. But the foreigners have been grossly neglected & often fallen away to the disedification of the Japanese. I honestly think that only English-speaking priests can deal with this vast problem of mixed population in seaports & holiday resorts throughout Asia. If only a few more would come out.\(^{43}\)

In autumn 1935, they celebrated the opening of the little summer church (which stands even today and is now open all the year round). The opening celebration was a great event. It held 150 people. About 300 tried to come to the opening. On Sundays in August about 100 people attended the family mass. So the existence of the church was very fruitful.\(^{44}\)

It was Leo who most contributed to Fr. Totsuka's social welfare services, both spiritually and financially. One of the reasons for Fr. Totsuka to invite Leo was to get his great help and support for the hospital and pastoral work. And for this, Leo had answered him with great love, friendship and fidelity. Fr. Totsuka's St. John's hospital at Sakuramachi to the west of Tokyo was opened in the end of 1932 and in the autumn of the following year a new chapel and presbytery was added, and completed early in 1934, which was blessed by the Apostolic delegate Mgr. Marella. Leo donated a large amount of money for these buildings himself and also he tried to make collections among his friends abroad.

In February 1937, on the occasion of the International Eucharistic Congress in Manila, Leo participated in it, perhaps with Fr. Mateo, the world famous apostle of the Sacred Heart, and Mgr. Ghika, both were in Japan then on the way to the Congress. Leo became very busy again writing an article to introduce Fr. Totsuka's social welfare services and to raise funds for him. He printed a large number of pamphlets in English to take to the Philippines. On this occasion he decided to proceed on his way to England for holiday but the main purpose seems to have been the raising of funds for Fr. Totsuka's undertakings. In this pamphlet, Leo introduces Fr. Totsuka and his work as follows:

**DOCTOR OF SOULS** Certainly he had never dreamed that the journey to Europe would be for him a journey to the priesthood. But during his Tokyo days he had founded the first Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Japan when he was mere student and this good work may well have been the means of winning him the choice of grace. All that we know is that he had hardly passed a month in London, when he renounced the splendid career which had opened before him, and braving the natural opposition of his family, he decided to give himself entirely to God and souls as a Catholic priest.

He was ordained priest in June 1924, and after organizing the Japanese Medical Section at the Vatican Missionary Exhibition, he returned to his own beautiful country in 1925, and immediately undertook the noble apostolic work of curing bodies with a view to help souls.

In 1934 he had the honour of being appointed Delegate of the Holy See to the XVth International Congress of the Red Cross which was held in Tokyo.

In October 1929, four young men, struggling painfully under the terrible scourge of consumption in a State Hospital were ordered to quit, in order to give place to others worse infected than themselves. Unable to
earn their living, and not wishing to carry infection into their own families, they came to St. John's Hospital to ask for help. A neighbouring villa was to let, and Fr. Totsuka took it, and baptized it under the name of Nazareth House. The four young men were lodged there.

But he was not slow to recognise that the over-dense population, the unhealthy atmosphere and the want of adequate garden space, made a Tokyo suburb quite unsuited for the fight against the terrible microbe. An advertisement in the newspaper called his attention to land, which was for sale at a cheap price in the Chiba Prefecture some 2½ hours from the capital. A large plain covered with pine thickets, dotted with the summer houses of townsfolk, provides a quiet refuge which is ideal for health. The climate is mild in winter and cool in summer.

In April 1931, Nazareth House was transported with its four patients. A place of rest for tuberculosis convalescents or those but little affected is so urgent a need, that it would be a positive cruelty either to abandon the work that has begun, or to neglect the attempt to provide for a still greater number of victims, and so save whole families from the terrible disease.

In spite of the principle that every patient contributes to his own support, there are cases of misery which demand absolutely free treatment and cannot be refused. Without this inevitable loss, the work could be almost self-supporting owing to the disinterested collaboration of the voluntary staff. But the possibility of fresh developments must depend upon a renewal of the extraordinary generosity which marked its early stages.

Moreover the work will only be solidly established in Japan on the day when it is recognised as a civil corporation; and this cannot happen unless the present debt is wiped out, and the hospital endowed with at least ¥20,000 in accordance with the rules of the Ministry of Interior. When it is thus firmly established, the hospital will be no longer the simple work of a good Samaritan, it will be truly a Japanese Catholic work with its own independent existence.

Leo, with a young convert, Tsutomu Yamaura, left Tokyo for Manila on January 24, 1937. The pamphlet came out on that very day. And on this occasion a film "Tokyo Catholic" was produced and brought to the Philippines to be screened. (45)

Leo got to London on March 20. It was four years since his sister Maisie had seen Leo again in his homeland. It is interesting to know how he looked in Maisie's eyes:

My brother Leo came from Japan for a few weeks and I felt it pathetic to see how his intense love for the people he had made his own blinded him to the wrongs of China in their long-drawn-out struggle. He had converts among the personnel at the Japanese Embassy, including the Ambassador's wife; and Ambassador Yoshida, though himself very far from being any sort of Christian, gave a party for him at which I met some interesting Japanese Catholics. Leo had brought a young convert with him and had hoped to return with enough money to build a new church at Yokohama. I understood for the first time how a missionary tends to become identified with the country that is his field — and this is even stronger if, like Père Lèbbe in China, or Leo in Japan, he wants that country to be no mere mission field but a self-governing part of the universal Church. (46)

Leo returned from England to Japan in September, and soon after that on the 30th he wrote as follows:

I've got a wallet of letters to answer. But I must just say Many Thanks. Everything here is splendid so far as I'm concerned. All my hopes are more than realised for my various works. But the new church is delayed by the War. Please give affectionate respects to any Fathers who may "blow in" — is that respectful
enough? It was a great joy seeing the Oratory again. I am ever so well & content.

As most missionaries say, Leo could not see fast results in his apostolate, however, he seems to have been enjoying priestly life. As seen before he was active by nature and he liked people very much.

In the summer of 1938, the chapel for the hospital started to be constructed, which was blessed on the 4th of September. Fr. Totsuka had constantly been expanding his buildings in order to answer to the needs of the sick, mostly tuberculosis patients, a disease which was very prevalent in those days in Japan. Fr. Totsuka had also been translating various religious books and writing many articles himself, while working in different important posts, for he was talented in different languages as well as in writing. Suddenly then in June 1938, he fell rather seriously ill, but he still continued writing and lecturing. He had been suffering from heart disease which was obviously caused by overwork. On April 13, 1939 Leo wrote the following letter:

The bishop had practically decided to put me in charge of a little mission “on my own” instead of with the nice Japanese priest I am with here. It is the mission (& little hospital) formerly conducted by my friend Fr. Totsuka (whose health has broken down). I lived there with him when I first came to Japan. It will give me more work for the poor and the sick, though I have to come here for foreign (i.e. English) sermons & confessions also — (for ambassadors etc.!!) Do pray about it all, including especially Fr. Totsuka himself who is not expected to live long. I shall have “sister” Violet Susuman living next door & helping in everything.

He wrote again on the feast day of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1939.

It is curious I shall be back here where I started & built the little church. I am v. happy as a Parish Priest with 8 or 9 Catechumens, a Church Council & all sorts of excitement. On Sunday I preach my sermon first in Japanese at the 8 o'clock Mass here & afterwards the same sermon in English at the 10:30 at St. Theresa's. Sunday is a full morning for me. Fr. Totsuka is a little better but I think there is no real question of his recovery. He is v. saintly in bearing his sufferings. Yesterday he looked terribly weak. Sister V. will stay with him at his new hospital (almost an hour & a quarter from here) until he dies. Do pray for the future of this hospital.

Fr. Totsuka had been struggling against heart disease for almost one year only to get worse. On August 17, 1939 he returned to the Heavenly Father. He was only 47 years and 6 months old, and he had worked for 14 years and 5 months as a priest. What a great blow it was for Leo to meet the death of his beloved friend and comrade in the work of God's vineyard! However Leo anticipated Fr. Totsuka's death and was ready to face its reality. Moreover soon after his death, Leo had to take care of Violet in place of Fr. Totsuka in Nishi-Koyama and had to take over the job Fr. Totsuka had been engaged in.

In his article in memory of Fr. Totsuka, Leo wrote about this great priest as follows:

Fr. Totsuka's true nature is in his simplicity & nobleness. These are well manifested in his notable smile which was a good sign of great generosity of his spirit. Fr. Totsuka was a first-class intellectual, but he was not satisfied with being a mere scholar. In his case, it was not artificial for him at all when he expressed himself with greatest simplicity. Therefore, even the deepest matters for ordinary people he could speak very clearly. Fr. Totsuka had given himself to people without reservation. He was such a person who could not refuse whatever work he was given.
After Fr. Totsuka's death, Leo became even busier, taking care of St. John's Church and St. Theresa's too. In one of the letters in these days, he wrote as follows:

My parish seems to be going well. Only about 14 converts under instruction but that is more than most Tokyo churches I believe... Only one or two have good figures. But the intellectual & spiritual quality of the converts & the respect for the Catholic Faith makes one optimistic for the future. Pray for a special grace I need in my work & priestly life — please! I am busy both with the parish & with the "swells" (Japanese & diplomatic) who come to my English sermons at St. Theresa's. I often have to preach in J. & E. the same day & enjoy it though it is tiring. Do pray that the little hospital which was transferred before Fr. Totsuka's death may be restarted here soon.  50

Before the death of Fr. Totsuka in May, Leo published a booklet on the Catholic Church in Japan by the Philippine Society of Japan. In this booklet, he reviews the Japanese Christian history since the time of St. Francis Xavier's landing in 1549, then the expansion of the church throughout the country leading to the glorious time of the Christian century, then finally to the great martyrdom. Then he describes how the modern Catholic Church in Japan after the Meiji restoration is getting in hierarchical shape.

Mgr. Petitjean was at first the ecclesiastical ruler of all the Catholics in Japan. In 1876, however, Mgr. Osouf was named Vicar Apostolic for the north, & in 1891, was made Archbishop of Tokyo. Mgr. Petitjean, who had been Vicar Apostolic of the south, was made first bishop of Nagasaki. The year 1891 makes the definite establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in Japan with the four dioceses of Tokyo, Nagasaki, Osaka & Hakodate. The division of the Tokyo diocese & the appointment of a Japanese archbishop had been expected for about a year — but the decree was published only on December 2nd 1937 & came into effect with the consecration of Mgr. Doi on February 13th, & the enthronization of Mgr. Chambon at Yokohama a week later.

The situation of the Japanese Catholic Church of the day is precisely described as follows:

[Mgr. Doi's] nomination has been one of the events which has done most to stimulate a renewed interest in Catholicism in this country. In February 1938, when 200 members of Parliament attended Father Totsuka's lecture on Catholicism, I could not help feeling that their presence on such an occasion was a testimony, not only to the Japanese genius for recognizing what is really important in the world around them, but also an instinctive return for the confidence which the Holy Father has so often shown in Japan & the Japanese people.

Indeed it is by their literary & philanthropic activities that the success of Catholics in Japan can best be judged. Statistics can tell us very little of this kind of achievement & in a country like Japan they are almost misleading.

In Leo's letters we often see such words as "I am very optimistic though quick results are not found here." (June 16, 1938) In the year he arrived, he had already written that "I feel there is much to do but Japan is the country with slowest visible results for missionaries. Fr. Totsuka is almost the only priest with many converts." (Aug. 22, 1933) As a missionary Leo could have seen that it is not a matter of the number of converts but many other factors that count especially in the case of Japan. Leo's article expresses this very clearly:

Foreign Catholics often complain of the slowness of the Church's growth in this country. They do not
realize that historically Japanese civilization has been almost like the civilization of a world apart, although St. Francis Xavier regarded this isolated people as in many ways more civilized than the Europeans of his time. Contacts between Japan and Europe or even Japan and Asia were few indeed until comparatively recent years. Perhaps even now it is only the Catholic Philippines who can establish the necessary friendly contact whereby prejudice can be broken down. It would therefore be surprising if the ordinary people of this country could be easily converted to a religion which seems to come to them almost from another planet. But it will be only when the educated class and the leaders of the nation become persuaded of the benefits of Christianity that the ordinary man will contemplate the possibility of embracing it. But such appreciation is already being won by the literary work of such writers as Father Totsuka and Father Iwashita as well as by the philanthropic undertakings of these two scholarly and devout priests. Appreciation of the Church among the leaders of public opinion has been greatly increased by the ardently patriotic attitude adopted by the Japanese Catholics in these days when Japan is conscious of a life or death struggle between communism and civilization in which the whole future of Asia will be decided.\(^{(51)}\)

It is true that those two brilliant active priests and another promising young philosopher Yoshihiko Yoshimitsu worked so vigorously at getting civil rights for Catholicism in Japanese society. Together with those three, Leo also took his part immensely in the era of the so-called dawn of Catholicism in modern Japan.

In this article, Leo also mentions other Catholic activities of the day. For example, Fr. (later archbishop) Taguchi's mission for China as a sort of liaison between the Army and the Catholic Missions. Upon returning from China, Fr. Taguchi delivered speeches over the radio and the Army Press Section, addressed to the Naval Headquarters in China about the Catholic situation in China, and he even spoke to a group of 200 members of parliament, who had already manifested their interest in Catholicism. Leo mentions that the Japanese authorities gave every facility to the Catholics of Japan in an organized effort to relieve Chinese sufferers from the war in Shanghai and other places.\(^{(52)}\)

Leo was rather naively optimistic, however, in looking at the situation of the Catholic church of the day. He concludes the article thus:

If I am right in interpreting these & other signs of mutual goodwill between Japan & the Church as opening up fresh possibilities of Catholic progress & therefore ultimately the vision of a Catholic Asia I may surely be allowed to call the present time a "Catholic turning point" & conclude this article by asking our Philippine friends to help us to turn the corner.\(^{(53)}\)

In spite of Leo's optimism and speculation, the situation of Japan was deteriorating and heading rapidly toward war. The relationship between England and Japan had worsened, and the whole world seemed to be getting darker year by year.

In 1940, Protestant missionaries began to go back to their home countries. On June 3, 1940 Leo wrote that "I can hardly lift my pen to write to England during these terrible days — foreshadowing more terrible ones." The following letter of January 7, 1941 showed the world situation rather clearly and how Leo was feeling the time as an English missionary:

Indeed I do think often of you all & pray for you in this terrible time — or should I say glorious time for England. The Universe comes regularly & is the most interesting & instructive guide to what is happening at home. I can not express my gratitude for it sufficiently. May God reward you anyhow. Only one great thing do I want to know which no one attempts to tell me: — namely what spiritual effect the war is producing on Englishmen. How can one tell? It is probably too soon to judge. There may be for a time a
recrudescence of anti-Catholic prejudice but ultimately it must surely bring many souls to God. Two special friends — till recently in an Embassy here — have become Catholics. My parish prospers: a good group (7 & a baby : 8) baptised round about Christmas. But please pray for others (Japanese of course) more closely linked by friendship to me & more interesting. The Protestant missionaries are leaving the Far East but Catholics want to stay so long as possible. I had also recently a striking return of a long-lapsed (about 30 years) old man who died holily recently. The mystery of the world is terrific yet we must exercise faith & trust more than ever. How wonderful if England saves the world for God.... Please pray for my Japanese friends and for dear Japan herself. Also if possible try to indicate impressions about the spiritual effects of the war in England. You must all have been through terrible things. The raids on Birmingham must have been terrific. But I know it is the mystery of the Cross.

Again in May, he writes the following letter:

You are the first person to give me first hand news of the spiritual effects of the War. What a vast mystery God's Plan always is. We only see it a little when we humble ourselves like children & acknowledge our blindness. My Easter Communions here were a good increase on last year's. But converts are v. few in parishes just now though increasing in some schools it appears.

In the first letter he writes about the "spiritual effects of the war in England," and again in this letter he mentions "the spiritual effects of the war." What did he really mean by "spiritual effects"? Naturally everything has two sides for good and for bad, and God can produce good out of evil. But still objectively speaking war is not good at all, though as he says everything is in God's plan. The situation of the Japanese Catholic Church even this year seemed not so bad externally, though, until the end of the year when the Pacific War broke out. Leo continues, "Now for real good news: the Japanese Government has officially recognised Christianity as one of the 3 religions of Japan & in particular as the Catholic Church is already recognised. The Protestants can't agree what to answer to the question "What are your beliefs?" So their recognition is being delayed till they can make up their minds!"  

Though the relationship between Japan and England has become worse and worse, the love and respect of the Catholics of Nishi-Koyama for Fr. Leo had been increasing more and more. It was the day, December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, when Japan declared War against America. It was like a thunderbolt coming down out of a blue sky. In that very morning, the Military Police came to the presbytery to examine all the books and papers in Leo's possession, and on that day, he was brought to Sugamo Prison. Dr. Nakamura, who witnessed the dramatic events of the day relates them as follows:

Fr. Ward was to come to catechise in my house every week from the Church of Nishi-Koyama and I was supposed to interpret it. The first meeting took place on the 7th of December 1941 on the subject of "the Reason of Revelation." Nobody, except God, knew what was to happen on the following morning. Next morning when I visited Fr. Ward in Nishi-Koyama Church, Mr. Hikaru Kazari welcomed me absent-mindedly. According to him, on that morning two Military Police came and started inspecting Fr. Ward's room, then suddenly the radio announced the attack on Hawaii. At the news that the war between Japan and America started, the Military Police and Fr. Ward were all at a loss without any words, they only opened their eyes wide. Soon, however, Fr. Ward was led by them to Sugamo Prison.  

The Second World War had broken out. The similar situation of missionaries of the day is well reported by the Dutch priest Fr. Van Straelen, S. V. D., who was later to be a co-passenger with Leo on the exchange ship.
Though it is a little long, we may be helped to imagine the circumstances of that day by quoting some passages:

It was the eighth of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and I was invited to a religious gathering by the Salesians in Tokyo. Among the many guests were the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Paul Marella, Mgr. Chambon, former Archbishop of Tokyo and many religious superiors. After the Solemn High Mass we walked up and down the playground a little. The weather was beautiful, but an atmosphere as of some impending disaster filled the air. We knew of course that Kurusu had gone to America to find some solution, but we knew also that other forces were at work; and already for five days it had been extremely silent, and the Japanese newspapers extraordinarily and unbelievably reticent. Walking up and down Father Toda, the director of the Major Seminary of Tokyo, addressed me.

"Father, as you know, we shall soon be having an ordination at the seminary; would you be so kind as to preach the retreat for the ordinandi, as you did a year ago?"

"If there is no war and I am not interned and can be of some help, with pleasure, father. As you know, I am always glad if I can do anything for the future Japanese priests in whose hands Divine Providence has laid, thank God, the building, formation and shaping of the Catholic Church in Japan. But will there be war, and shall I consequently be put into some prison or internment?"

"No father, such things will not occur. And even if they do then you will be all right and no harm will be done to you whatsoever. In that case you can carry on as usual. During the first world war the German missionaries were all free to move about."

He had hardly finished when a lad came running. "They say that the war with America has broken out. We have attacked Pearl Harbour, entered Malaya...."

We enquired and found things as we had been told; besides, a quarter of an hour later we heard the dramatic announcement of Premier Tojo in a national hook-up. I shall not easily forget how we stood there in deep silence round the wireless. The voice of the prime minister was calm and dignified, without the usual enthusiasm and exclamations with which he ordinarily spiced his speeches. We got the impression that his first aim was to calm the people, to give a sedative for the boiling Japanese blood. Everybody had to carry on as usual. The schools were to run as in ordinary times.

Half an hour later we had dinner together, but it was as if a shadow darkened the feast. Everybody was thinking about the catastrophe and tried to get away as soon as possible. I went in a hurry to my house, Sei Alberto Home, Kichijoji 503.

"It has happened at last," I told my colleagues who seemed rather distressed.

"And what about you, our Dutchman?" said a father to me.

"Well, I am still free and not yet handcuffed as you see, but I doubt if this freedom will last long."

"Come, come, not so dark! I don't think they will catch you."

Several hours later I had to go out. It was pitch dark and completely blacked out. Everywhere I heard the shouting of young uniformed men who raced feverishly and nervously through the streets calling through great megaphones, "Keikai keiho," i.e. the first caution alarm which always precedes the "Kushu keiho," the air attack alarm which is only sounded if enemy planes have already arrived above the sacred soil of Nippon. Radio loudspeakers filled the air. The people seemed to me very nervous and anxious, and I thought it best to go home as soon as possible. There I found newspapers with the biggest headlines possible, and we could read that day and the following days; "Pearl Harbour completely destroyed. Guam attacked and captured, Wake ablaze. Landing in Malaya. 'Repulse' and 'Prince of Wales' sunk, etc." All of which seemed to us unbelievable.  

Let us go back to Leo in prison now. He had to endure the severe cold without any fire in the room for he had
dropped a small “anka” (charcoal container), which was broken. So he had to get warm by running in the tiny room all day long. But he never complained of his sufferings. One time a man who served him a meal told him that he had a headache, and Leo gave the medicine which he had been given by the doctor friend before. Leo could not sleep that night at all thinking what would become of that man if this was known to the authorities. But on the following morning he thanked Leo for he had got well by that medicine and he gave him an extra bottle of milk. (59)

On April 8, 1942, Leo returned to Nishi-Koyama after four months. When he was taken out of the prison, he was told to go to the semi-prison in Negishi in Yokohama. Leo cried loudly saying that he did not want to go to Yokohama, instead wanted to go back to his faithful. “Perhaps the officer was moved by his childlike simplicity,” wrote his doctor friend Shigeki Nakamura, “Leo was able to go back to Nishi-Koyama with special permission. Though his movements were restricted he could come to me because I was a doctor.” (60)

At Nishi-Koyama Church Leo had been serving people with sacraments and prayers, but four months later, at the end of July, he was to leave Japan for his home country by the first exchange ship.

On the morning Dr. Nakamura went to Nishi-Koyama Church to see him off. He describes the moment of their farewell as follows:

The time came, and a military police in civilian clothes came to urge him to leave the Church. Though Fr. Makino, Mr. Kazari, & myself did not shed tears I can not imagine how he felt at heart. Fr. Leo cried loudly again! Nobody could think that his black figure would have come to bereavement on this earth....

Coming from a noble family, moreover, so intelligent with childlike simplicity, Leo loved Japan dearly. He came to Japan twice and decided to be buried in this soil but, alas! as the War broke out he was forced to go back home with tears! (61)

It is very fortunate that Leo had written down his experiences of imprisonment and life after his release in an article entitled “Before Forgetting These Things.” This was found among his papers after his death. (62) It is a very important document written about Japan during the war, so the whole article should be introduced here.

I was arrested on December 8th, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, on which day Japan entered the War. I had said Mass and finished breakfast when the door bell rang and a young Japanese friend living in the Presbytery told me that the Military Police had come to see me. I did not know that Japan was at war, and was still hoping that peace might be preserved in the Far East. But a friend who had an acquaintance among the members of the Military Police had warned me that their activities among foreigners were likely to be considerably increased in the near future. So I was not surprised when four entered the house and politely asked my permission to examine all books and papers. I was somewhat alarmed when they asked me to return with them to their Headquarters, and still more so when they added that I had better pack a small suitcase and bring it. Even this, however, failed to dispel my confidence of safety, which was based not only on my consciousness of innocence before the Law, but also on the fact that the Civil Police had given a very favourable report about me only a month previously when I applied to become a teacher in the Tokio Higher Normal School. The leader of the group was, moreover, quite friendly in manner, and assured me that he would explain my inability to attend the school and a lunch engagement at the Canadian Legation that very day. Before leaving the house, however, I was told by my young Japanese friend that war had broken out. “The English and Americans have attacked our ships,” was his brief account of what he had heard over the wireless. I was now driven through Tokio by my new acquaintance to the Headquarters of the Military Police, where, after an adequate Japanese lunch, I was interrogated by the leader of the group, whose manner rapidly changed from friendliness to extreme severity as he found fault with each of my statements and
specially blamed me for having had friendly relations with members of the British and other Embassies, and (more naturally) for having written letters to the newspapers on the situation of the Church in Germany (I had been warned by various friends that I ran a risk of being arrested, I suppose on account of these articles). My examiner finally told me that I was arrested on two charges: (a) that of having conducted anti-German propaganda after His Majesty the Emperor had signed the Three-Power Pact with Germany and Italy; and (b) of having given information about Japan to the British Embassy (a charge which was more or less dropped in the later stages of my examination). I was now driven to the Great Tokio Kochisho Prison, where I saw in the entrance hall a dozen or more foreigners and many Japanese. My clothes were examined and all but necessities were taken from me before I was conducted through long and dark passages divided by iron gates to a dimly lighted cell where I slept on the usual Japanese mattress on the floor. Rather better than I expected. I was later allowed a bed and blankets.

During the first few days in prison I was given Japanese food, which was plain but wholesome, and on the third or fourth day I began to receive European meals. Apart from the shock of surprise and complete uncertainty of the future it was impossible, with faith and an optimistic temperament, to be unhappy. Life, however, was monotonous without books or news of any kind, and I was relieved on the fifth day when I was led upstairs to begin my examination. Incidentally, we wore the most picturesque straw hats, which covered our faces whenever we were outside our cells.

During my four months in prison I occasionally passed other European prisoners in the passages going to or returning from the examinations, but I recognized no one, though a friend (Mr. Vere Redman) recognized me and recalled to me quite accurately what I had said and done as we passed each other. The examinations lasted from five to seven hours daily. They were aimed at discovering whether I had abused my work as a missionary in the interests of political propaganda. They were thorough and minute to an astonishing degree, and on the whole were not unfair. I was naturally anxious to prove that as a Catholic priest I had no anti-Japanese prejudices and had never intentionally conducted English propaganda in my parish. In proving this I felt I was aiding other Catholic missionaries. I did not know that a French Bishop, a French priest, and an Anglican Bishop had been arrested on the same day as myself. I also believed it my duty to stay in Japan so long as was possible, as I had received Episcopal encouragement to do so. These reasons added to my natural desire to clear myself.

My examiner was alternately kind and stern, but even when in the latter mood he was not guilty of any worse incivilities than slaps, mild kicks and accusations of lying. My reputation for candour was, I found, called in question owing to the fact that I had never revealed my skill in sportsmanship, although four large silver cups (the chalices in the sacristy of my church) were eloquent testimony to it! I do not think he was unjust, and I still think there was sufficient reason for examining me, though I cannot understand why it took four months to arrive at a decision in my regard.

The daily examinations ceased for a whole week at the New Year and were concluded in their first phase early in the third month. After that I was informed that my friends were being called up for examination about me, and I was left in my cell with the consoling companionship of a Breviary, a Bible, and a complete one-volume Shakespeare. Books had not been allowed me during my early stages of examination. In spite of books, the weeks of solitude often seemed a strain on the nerves, and during one whole week a tired head compelled me to do nothing all day but physical jerks.

When my examination recommenced they were conducted by a Judge (by name Neda), a pupil of the famous Catholic Professor of Law, Dr. Tanaka, of the Imperial University. It was hinted to me that my case would probably not involve a formal trial, though I was alarmed once when the Judge asked me how I thought my health would stand a year’s imprisonment.

The Judge’s examination was concluded within a week, and then I waited two weeks more, wondering
when I should hear my fate and what it was likely to be.

On April 7th, after a day of quite unusual depression of spirits (almost for the first time I felt unable to idealise my situation even in the light of Faith) I was sent for by the Judge and told I would be liberated that day.

That evening I was led home to my Presbytery, now occupied by a Japanese priest, to be interned there as his guest for the next four months. I was immensely happy and quite proud of having grown a white beard which I was foolish enough to shave off after two days. During my internment at home I was allowed two hours of walking on nearby roads, my chief need as we had had only ten minutes daily in the yard of the prison. I was able to say Mass again, and though not allowed to visit or invite friends, I could receive a fair number of uninvited guests. My parishioners overwhelmed me with kind gifts, so my meals were abundant. I was profoundly saddened by the news that the Holy See had ordered all American and British priests to leave Japan. But for some time I hoped against hope that this order would not finally be insisted upon. I shall never forget the kindness of my Japanese friends during those last months. The Apostolic Delegate (Mgr. Marella) was also among my first visitors, and before leaving I received a visit from the Japanese Archbishop Mgr. Doi, who thanked me for my work in Japan and assured me that I was to consider myself Parish Priest of my old parish, 17 Nishi-Koyama, as soon as peace was restored. I have been profoundly saddened by the sufferings of other friends and acquaintances, but on the whole I think I have been very lucky, and not very badly treated. In spite of the inexcusable conduct of some among them, I retain my affection for the Japanese people, among whom I know men who are as noble characters as any I have ever met. But while I realize that Japan if Christianized can exercise a most beneficent influence, I am also aware that a triumphant and contentedly Pagan Japan might prove a danger to Christendom which can hardly be exaggerated. I am inclined to remain an optimist, however, and I prefer to close this article without entering upon a discussion the nature of which must be largely political and which can be dealt with far more competently by other writers.

This was written on board while Leo was on his journey home. The exchange ship left Yokohama on the thirtieth of July, 1942. Fr. Van Straelen described the day as follows:

It was the thirtieth of July, 1942, and again tropically hot. We reached Yokohama pier at one o'clock in the afternoon. There I saw many European friends, people whom I had not seen for nine months and who had been confined in prisons and embassy compounds; but owing to police supervision we could do no more than wave to each other from a distance. Both officials and non-officials (the two classes were kept strictly separate) had to stand in the broiling sun for a long time while the necessary formalities were gone through. That evening the Diplomatic Exchange ship, *Tatsuta Maru*, steamed out of Yokohama harbour homeward bound. (63)

Fr. Van Straelen felt that that the historic voyage from East to West was more than a passage over deep waters, but it had a symbolic significance, crossing physical space passing out of one age into another. That is to say he felt that it was the end of an epoch.

In the early morning of Monday, August 3rd, they steamed into Shanghai, and the *Tatsuta Maru* became yet more crowded. Then they steamed up the river and cast anchor a few miles from Saigon. At this juncture they relieved another exchange ship of one hundred and forty-six passengers from Bangkok. There was not an inch of room to spare and many had to sleep on deck. Soon afterwards they cast anchor off Singapore and there a few more passengers were crammed into the already over-crowded ship. There they supplied fresh water and
pass several islands, they entered the Java Sea. Then they steamed into the Indian Ocean through which they had to endure many days of ever rolling waves until they reached Portuguese Africa, where the historic event of the exchange was to take place. Fr. Van Straelen presents us the scene again as follows:

It was on the first of September, 1942, that the exchange of nationals took place, an event, I make bold to say, of no small historic importance. An English ship with Japanese officials and non-officials had come from England and we people of the United Nations had just arrived in a Japanese liner and now the exchange of both was to take place on neutral soil at Lorencio Marquez. How we longed for our freedom! Our patience, however, was sorely tried. We had to wait a considerable time to go through all sorts of formalities. At last we were called on deck and the exchange began. The white people left the ship by means of a gangway slung from the bow and the Japanese came aboard astern. Cine-cameras were running furiously to catch this literally epoch-making event. There goes the West, here comes the East. Two different worlds parting for good, with no interests in common, never to meet again?  

VI

TO THE ETERNAL PORT

After the exchange ceremony, they stayed there for about two weeks each one enjoying their own freedom. But Leo was so tired on the ship, he had to be taken to San Jose Mission hospital there. It was Violet who took care of him in the hospital. But Violet herself was not well at all, and she also had to be hospitalized. On the 8th of September, Leo wrote a letter to a Japanese friend and handed it to a Japanese who was to return to Tokyo.

Our voyage has been blessed and the Sister [Susuman] seemed to have been very fine. The Sister has been so kind to everybody — to the wife of an ambassador, to the cabin boy, to an old Indian to whom nobody liked to touch that she had influenced all people. However, it is sad to say that she had to carry the suffering of crucifixion again and had to get a big operation of a gastric ulcer. She got worse because she could not take care of herself and she was not free to choose her meals during the long voyage. She has to stay here behind with a Portuguese nurse and an excellent doctor. They speak English or French here. I have to go back to England by the exchange ship.

... Please pray for her who had dearly loved you. We are always talking about you and dear Japan. We want to see you again. We are firmly united in God. Give my regards to your wife and children.  

Leo said almost nothing of himself, but his foremost concern now was Violet who had to stay behind alone at Lorencio Marquez.

On the 13th of September they left Lorencio Marquez and went on to England with one more stopping at Cape Town before the final destination. The voyage seemed to have gone smoothly passing through tropical waters. However, it was soon revealed that the Narkunda was carrying one fatal casualty, it was a missionary from England to Japan — Leo Ward himself. His end is best described by Fr. Van Straelen:

On the Tatsuta Maru, the liner that brought us from Japan to Lorencio Marquez, Father Leo had at first a nice second-class cabin; but by one of his latest acts of charity he gladly gave it up to somebody else and descended willingly to the overcrowded third class. On the Narkunda, to which he changed at Lorencio Marquez, the accommodation was poorer still. There he had miserable living quarters in the deepest part of the ship. The air there was bad because the portholes could scarcely ever be opened; but Leo did not mind that very
much though he was in poor health. Here he became ill and lay down on a hard camp bed. Here I visited him often with a big bowl of hot tea that he always liked very much.

"How are you now, Leo?"

"Oh, not so bad, Father. But I have such a terrible headache. Can you call the doctor for a moment?"

Though the doctor did not see anything serious in his case, Leo was brought to that part of the stern reserved for the sick. Two days later I took Holy Communion to him there which he received with deep piety. I could not believe then that it would be his last. Quite unexpectedly his illness took a turn for the worse, and on the feast of the Guardian Angels he became in extremis.

From two o'clock in the night I was at his bedside and said there the Office of the feast of the day, The Little Flower of Lisieux. Now and then I said prayers in his ear in a loud voice. Now and again he gave very weak signs that he understood. At 8:51 in the morning, just after five priests had said the Mass of the Patroness of the Missions for their dying colleague, Leo Ward, loved by them all, gave his beautiful soul back to his Creator. After a long absence from his native country, and just as the ship, after a long, historic voyage, was bearing him into European waters, his soul flew directly to the Eternal Port. On the same day the funeral had to take place.

In solemn procession we brought the corpse to the stern for the last ceremony. First came the many Catholic Goanese stewards all beautifully clad in their black uniforms carrying the remains of Father Ward and singing the Libera Me, Domine; behind the corpse five priests of four different nationalities; the doctor, the sick-bay steward and the sailors.

A place was prepared for the ceremony at the stern. Father Conway, a Scotsman and senior priest, began in clear voice the impressive words: Non intres in judicium. Around and above us, rigging and ship's rail, every place that could give foothold was black with people. Beyond the voice of the officiating priest no sound could be heard except the sobbing of a bystander.

"Requiescat in Pace. Amen."

A sign to the bridge, and the ship's engines were stopped. As the whole crowd stood in deepest silence the sudden stoppage of the engines made quite an impression. All vibration ceased, and the ship glided more and more slowly through the water with a soft hiss.

We were off Madeira, and it was 5:35 in the afternoon. On the starboard side part of the ship's rail was taken away. There rested the mortal remains of Fr. Leo Ward, covered with the Union Jack and facing the dying sun which flooded the whole scene with gold. There we dropped him. There he fell like the petals of the cherry-blossom, pure and immaculate, in the flower of his life. A deep silence. A soft plunge. A ripple over the mirror of the sea. Again a silence, only broken by the soft weeping of the people who could not stand this most impressive ceremony.

Dear Leo, may Eternal Light enlighten you.

A sign to the bridge. The engines began to turn again. The blood-red disc of the sun sank below the horizon exactly as the ceremony finished. The congested crowd dispersed over the ship, and life went on as before.  

On October 9, 1942, the "Catholic Herald" introduced the following report of a newspaper man who was a co-passenger with Leo.

"[Leo] told me he first planned to spend a month or so with his sister, Mrs. Blundell, near Liverpool. Then he would go down to see Cardinal Hinsley, to give him last-minute ideas about the state of the Church in Japan. After that he hoped to get a parish in the homeland."

"I remember how he almost apologised for not intending to go straight to London to report to the Cardinal. 'You will understand,' he said, 'that I do need a bit of recuperation after all we've gone through before I
get down to work again.’ ”

"Obviously Fr. Ward was ailing, but none of us knew the death load he was bearing as he celebrated Mass every morning in the saloons of the Tatsuta Maru and the Narkunda, and that, in fact, he was carrying about with him the germs of the dreaded encephalitis.

Mr. George Gorman was newspaper publisher and editor who operated dailies in Peking, Dairen and Tokyo, and when the war started, he was with the “Japan Times” and “Advertiser.” With his journalistic eyes, he vividly reported Fr. Leo Ward’s activities that he assumed the duties and difficulties of a missionary priest despite his very slight physique and shy manner. He witnessed Leo’s heroic and saintly acts as well as his missionary enthusiasm:

....[He] overcame all handicaps, to win a very wide circle of friends among the Japanese and foreigners of Tokyo. And on the evacuation steam-ships, the Tatsuta Maru from Yokohama to Lorenço Marquez and the Narkunda from Lorenço Marquez to a British port, he was an immensely popular figure.

His sermons were full of missionary eagerness, and I shall never forget the remark he made to me after the first couple of days on the Narkunda, ‘I had a wonderful experience this morning: about a hundred Goanese stewards at Mass at 5:30.’

As to the funeral, Mr. Gorman describes thus:

These same stewards, or those of them who could get away from duty, sang the Miserere at the brief burial service at sea. They followed the flag-covered pall from the hospital to the after part of the ship. Around the bier were his fellow-missionaries, British, Dutch and Polish priests returning to Europe. The service was conducted by Fr. Conway, a Scot, who had spent thirty years in Central China. When it was concluded the ship was stopped at the orders of the Narkunda’s captain and the body was committed to the deep, somewhere north of the Canary Islands.

Mr. Gorman was sure that Leo’s death was due to the hardship he had to endure in the winter of 1941–42 without heat, with cold meals, without adequate exercise and, what he felt most severely, without his religious books. He testifies that Leo Ward was truly heroic in that he assumed the duties and difficulties of a missionary priest. Despite very obvious handicaps he not only won a very wide circle of friends among the Japanese and foreigners of Tokyo. Even on the evacuation ship he was an immensely popular figure and his sermons were full of missionary eagerness.

Long afterwards, Maisie Ward Sheed, who was in the United States in those days, gave us the story on her side how they were stunned at the news that Japan had attacked at Pearl Harbour on December 8. But she was not feeling alarmed about Leo for she knew that Leo had many friends in Tokyo, Archbishop Doi, the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Marella, the Jesuits etc. Maisie introduces the report of Mr. Redman who was the friend who had recognized Leo in prison:

His relations with the prison officials were similar in character to his relations with all mankind. He seemed well-disposed, eloquent and quietly conscious of that which raises a priest above ordinary men. It was quite obvious that the humiliations, both actual and attempted, of the prison regime had made no impression whatever on his inherent dignity. He remained as a priest should, completely undefiled and undefeated by his environment. (67)
And as to his mentioning of Leo's dignity, Maisie writes: "Dignity is one thing, cheerfulness quite another, and I always feel that Leo's cheerfulness in imprisonment was a minor miracle." And she introduces the words of a convert who was received by Leo into the Catholic Church in Yokohama who said, "I think helping me, helped him. He was very depressed at the time." Also Cardinal Marella told her of the same continuous depression in daily life that the mother and Maisie knew well since the time of his Jesuit noviciate. According to Maisie, one time in a letter to her he had written of "brainfag so prostrating after the least extra fatigue" as to make him fear that he was going out of his mind. A Japanese brain specialist had advised him to go, when the War should end, to a psychiatrist (European or American, also Christian) who would make him work like anyone else by probing the root of the trouble. Then Leo wrote: "But it might take him a long time to do this.... Meanwhile I wait happily, perhaps I shan't live so very long or live uncured if that is His Will." 

We have seen above that Leo had been constantly suffering from headaches and depressions, but as his friend mentioned, Leo was surely supported by the special grace for priesthood. What does it mean to be a priest? And what was the special grace he got? Priest means to be a mediator between God and men. And priest of Christ means to be another Christ. So the vocation for priesthood is a vocation to be a mediator as well as to be another Christ. As Christ the Lord God who took human nature to Himself, Leo as a priest was also clothed in human frailty and limitation. Yet Leo's life proved his vocation as a priest, mediator between God and men and another Christ. In spite of all his weaknesses and limitations, it had been Grace which made him whole and perfect in the "earthen ware." His whole life had been perfected even more magnificently by acts of self-sacrifice and of surrendering to the Will of Almighty God. Moreover Leo combined his love of the two countries beautifully. Fr. Van Straelen summarizes Leo's life as an English missionary who dearly loved Japan:

He was the only English priest in Japan; and though after the war not all the foreign priests will return to the Far East, Leo Ward could have gone back. His foreign and Japanese superiors wanted him back; according to my humble opinion the greatest praise one can nowadays bestow on a missionary in the Far East, because from now on it will be extremely difficult for a white missionary to work in the Far East....

He was a genuine Englishman who loved his mother country very much. He often told me enthusiastically: "Pretty soon you will meet extraordinarily nice people in England, Father. Englishmen at home are of a much finer type than those abroad." (And I would say the same of Dutch, Belgian, French and the rest.) "Oh, Japan is nice, Father, but England is also very beautiful."

Leo Ward was full of these exclamations. And what was so remarkable in him was that he marvellously combined the love of his native country with that of the land of his adoption, Japan. He never let himself be influenced by any war propaganda. He was too intelligent and honest to be influenced by any Propaganda Ministerium or Ministry of Information. He loved the Japanese people immensely and this love was returned. War could not interfere with this.

Hundreds of Japanese spoke to me about him and revealed to me their admiration and genuine love for Leo Ward.

The Apostolic Delegate Mgr. (later Cardinal) Marella, in a letter to Maisie, clearly stated that Leo had been a real priest:

Our relations were less those of priest and bishop, than of friend with friend. He was already in Japan when I arrived there in 1933, and I was told at once of his valuable influence on behalf of the Japanese Church. His fine intelligence, united with the greatest simplicity, won my admiration — and also the warmth of his heart. He was at that time working devotedly as Father Totsuka's assistant.

While doing his utmost in this way for poorer people, he deliberately built up excellent relationships with Tokyo's best society, being welcomed and loved by everybody. Needless to say here too he remained
supremely priest and apostle. Despite poor health and frequent painful headaches he never slackened in his various forms of activity if he saw any good to be done. His lively interest in politics sometimes raised a smile among his friends — but to him politics were only a background, against which he was always looking at the interests of the Church. Throughout the world and especially in Japan he shuddered at political trouble or international tension because of its possible repercussions on the souls of men. An education and training of high quality served him well with both great and small. But surrounded by universal esteem, he continued to have doubts of himself, and would often come to me for advice and encouragement. He fancied that his imperfect knowledge of the language held him back from all the good he longed to achieve. I did my best to encourage him, and he always left me happy and bubbling with enthusiasm.

On returning here after a short holiday in England, he wanted, while still keeping his old job, to work also in a more central parish, chiefly to be able to do more for young students. Established later in a parish of his own, it was an immense joy to him to feel himself the father of so many souls. On the other hand he was vividly conscious of the weight of the responsibility he was assuming.

Soon after this, Japan passed through a crisis of intense xenophobia. Father Ward asked himself whether it might be better — not for him but for the Church — to bow for a while before the storm and return home till a better day dawned. On mature reflection, he made the decision to stay to the end. War broke out between Japan and Europe, and Father Ward was at once arrested and put in solitary confinement. His many friends, including the Japanese, were amazed and grieved. They all did their utmost to help him, the Archbishop of Tokyo and myself at once approaching the Government. We were told that he was suspected of espionage, but was being well treated.

He was allowed to write occasionally during his imprisonment, and I remember with emotion one card in particular, conveying to me his good wishes for Xmas and New Year. He congratulated himself on the conditions of his imprisonment and on his gaolers. His health had, he said, improved and he had never spent a Christmas more full of peace and spiritual happiness. His only worry was lest his arrest should have got his Japanese friends into trouble. His writings had been seized and were subjected to severe scrutiny by the tribunal. And the result was the categorical statement by those very men who had arrested him as a spy: "The Reverend Father Ward is absolutely innocent of any suspicion of any activity against this country. He is moreover a convinced and true friend of Japan." No more complete acquittal could have been received and Father Leo was shortly set at liberty and allowed to go back to his dwelling in Meguro, a suburb of Tokyo. He was allowed to receive visitors and to make visits. When I went to see him he kept repeating that he had been well treated and had no complaints of anyone. In saying this he showed great magnanimity — but it is true that he had won even the hearts of his gaolers by his dignity and good humour....His love for Japan was unchanged, indeed it seemed deeper than ever....Yet God knows what he must really have suffered under the conditions of Japanese prisons at that time. Your brother was to an extraordinary degree a model missionary. While he could have shone in the “great world” he chose freely and eagerly to bury himself here and the country won him absolutely. Other missionaries have the support, moral and physical, of a religious order or a missionary society. He was utterly solitary, but none the less went ahead with the greatest trust in God, pouring out without measure, both his money and his love. He won the respect of all — friends and enemies — if one can really speak of his enemies. It may in truth be said that his coming into our midst was a real gift from heaven for this Church. His family and his country may justly be proud of him. (72)

This Mgr. Marella’s letter has expressed almost everything about Leo as an extraordinary missionary. Maisie concludes her memoir of Leo as follows:

Heavy as present grief was, I felt even then that Leo could not have borne to live far away from the country he had made his own. Later I realized what it would have meant to him when the atom bomb was
dropped on Nagasaki — the first and abiding centre of Japanese Christianity. However great our losses in the earlier phases of the war, especially the Battle of Britain, we had all been walking in an air of glory. But now we were partaking in a deed of shame which would I think have broken my brother’s spirit. [22]

The following Sunday after Leo’s death fell on Mission Sunday in the Catholic Church. The “Catholic Herald” of this day, quoting the writing of a friend of Leo, called attention to his life as typical of the great missionary tradition of the Church.

[In] the new world after war when the task of building bridges between people must begin again, it is men like Fr. Leo Ward, firm in the faith yet understanding the thoughts and problems of the age, of high intelligence yet humble in spirit, who will be indispensable. Hasty condemnation will not help; infinite charity towards the foibles and vagaries of human nature and a burning love for mankind can alone convert. Fr. Leo Ward is a perpetual inspiration; we must have men like him.

The writer continues that Leo was one of those rare men with a genius for finding points of contact in others and that his warmth of heart and instinctive appreciation of human problems won him friends.

His keen intellect enabled him to grasp the mysteries of alien thought, his charity made him seek out that which was best in it, while his humility prevented him from censoring it unduly; he judged it as he would be judged himself. He was thus able to value the good in Buddhism and to set great store by his Buddhist friends; by sympathetic understanding, he knew, they would be led to visions of higher truths.

POSTSCRIPT

The writer heartily wishes to express her deep gratitude to all who generously offered those precious letters and materials, particularly to Dr. Vincent Blehl, S. J., Fr. Gregory Winterton and the late Fr. Philip Lynch of the Oratory, the late Miss Mary Durk, Mr. Bernard Durk, Br. Christopher Barton MHM, Miss Rosemary Rendel, Mr. Gerald Tracy of Newman Archives, Mr. Tony Tinkel of the Oratory School Archives; to St Andrew’s University Library in Scotland, the Archives of the University of Notre Dame in the U. S. A., St. Miki Library of Sophia University in Tokyo; and to all those who have helped her in various forms. Lastly she has to express her special appreciation to Professor Peter Milward, S.J. of Sophia University, who sacrificed his time and energy to help her to transcribe the letters of Leo Ward and correct her English. Without the help of those above mentioned, this biography could not have been accomplished.

NOTES
3. Ibid.
5. His name was originally James Hope, married first Sir Walter Scott’s granddaughter, he changed to Hope-Scott.
7. Ibid., pp. 55, 61.
11. Record of the Oratory School.
13. Ibid., p. 67.
14. These cuttings are now in St. Miki's Library of Sophia University, Tokyo.
15. This person must be Stephen Dessain, the Oratorian and Newman scholar. He and the Wards had a close relationship.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid., p. 108.
19. Leo mentions this girl's name as Anne in his letters to his mother in 1926.
23. Letter to Mrs. Durk on December 12, 1933.
25. Soichi Iwashita (1889-1940), Catholic priest, leader of the Catholic revival in Japan in the early Showa era, the period so-called the dawn of Catholicism in modern Japan.
27. Letter to Mrs. Durk on December 12, 1932.
30. Ibid.
31. The first proof of this article for “Newman Kenkyu” [Newman Studies] was found among the file of late Fr. Henry Tristram of the Oratory. But it is not known whether the “Newman Kenkyu” existed nor whether the article was actually published in Japan.
32. Letter to Fr. Philip Lynch on May 5, 1933.
33. Extract from a letter of Leo Ward to the then Headmaster of the Oratory School, Rev. Guy Sich (appeared in the Oratory School Magazine No. 84, in July 1933).
34. Ibid.
35. See letters to Mary Durk on April 25, 1933 and to Fr. Philip Lynch on May 8, 1933.
36. Date unknown.
37. Personal letter to the writer.
39. Ibid.
40. Letter to Mrs. Durk on August 24, 1934.
42. Letter to Fr. Philip Lynch in October 1934.
43. Letter to Mrs. Durk on August 24, 1934.
44. Letter to Mrs. Durk on November 17, 1935.
46. *Unfinished Business*, op. cit., p. 204.
49. “Koe,” op. cit.,
50. Letter to Mrs. Durk on November 24, 1939.
52. In May 1999, the college of Japanese bishops declared with regret the responsibility of the Japanese Catholic Church for her cooperation with the Military Department during the War.
54. The Japanese government acknowledged the necessity of religious activities to promote the spirit of the people and in September 1944 the Ministry of Education created a religious group named Dai-Nippon Shukyo Hokoku-kai.
57. H.Van Straelen, S.V.D., A Missionary in the War Net (Hadzor, the Word Press, 1944), pp. 11 – 12.
59. Ibid.
60. Ibid.
61. Ibid.
62. This was published in the “Tablet” in November 1942.
63. A Missionary in the War Net, op. cit., p. 33.
64. Ibid., p. 38.
65. The original letter is not found. This is a translation from Japanese appeared in Totsuka-shinpu no Shogai, op. cit., pp. 402 – 403.
67. Unfinished Business, op. cit., p. 239.
68. Ibid.
69. Ibid.
70. Ibid.
71. Ibid., pp. 233 – 235.

APPENDIX

Chronology of Leo Ward

1901 December, moved to Dorking. Name of the house ‘Lotus.’
1908 September, entered the Oratory School in Birmingham.
1912 Absent from the Oratory School in the autumn term for appendicitis; never returned to the school.
1914 July, the World War I broke out. Offered himself for conscription but not accepted.
1915 Entered Christ Church, Oxford. Studied history and literature.
1916 Leo’s father Wilfrid Ward died. Sold out ‘Lotus’ and moved to London. Finally conscripted and got training in an officers’ cadet corps at Cambridge and later at Southampton.
1918 Theresa married to Francis Blundell of Crosby. November, the War ended. Upon returning from
conscription, offered himself to Cardinal Bourne to be a priest of the Westminster Diocese. The Cardinal advised him to be with his family before going to the Procure de Saint-Sulpice in Rome. While with his family in London, joined the Catholic Evidence Guild with Maisie.

1919 Entered Procure de Saint-Sulpice in Rome, left there in less than a year, and entered Manresa House, Jesuit noviciate in Roehampton.

1922 Left the Jesuit noviciate in shattered health. Went to Chambly in France. A little before that met Fr. Corato through a Spanish cellist Sñr Rubio in London and through Fr. Corato met Mr. Totsuka in Paris while in France.

1926 Asked by Hilaire Belloc wrote The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason. Maisie married to Frank Sheed.

1928 Published The Condemnation of “Action Française.” Went to the Oratory of Birmingham for the priesthood, then to St. Edmund’s, Ware, for theology.

1930 8th December, Deacon at High mass at the Oratory in Birmingham.

1931 29th June, ordained priest by Cardinal Bourne at Westminster Cathedral. Few days before ordination received letter inviting him to Japan from Fr. Totsuka. The Cardinal advised him to have experience in England before going to Japan. Started pastoral work at St. Mary’s, Cadogan Street, Chelsea.

1932 November, Josephine Ward died.

1933 In the middle of January left for Japan. 25th February, landed in Yokohama. Lived with Fr. Totsuka in Senzoku, Tokyo then in Haramachi, Meguro-ku. Few days after the arrival, met some Newmanites. 3rd December gave lecture on “The Oxford Movement and Its Leaders” at Tokyo, Hibiya Hall.

1934 August, asked by Fr. (later Cardinal) Doi, to take care of the foreign Catholics of Karuizawa and Yokohama.

1935 Parish priest of St. Theresa Church of Kojimachi, Tokyo. Constructed St. Paul’s Church in Karuizawa

1937 February, participated in the International Eucharistic Congress in Manila. On this occasion prepared a pamphlet on Fr. Totsuka’s work to raise funds and extended the journey to England. September, returned to Japan.

1940 The war-clouds darkened and the Protestant missionaries started going home but Catholic missionaries wanted to stay as long as possible.

1941 8th December, Pearl Harbour was attacked and World War II started. Arrested that very day and imprisoned in Sugamo Prison in Tokyo.

1942 7th April, returned to Nishi-Koyama Church after four months of imprisonment. 30th July, left for England by the first exchange ship. 1st September, changed the ship at Lorenço Marquez. 3rd October, died of encephalitis on the ship. Buried at sea near the Canary Islands.

Main Books and Articles by Leo Ward


Newman as Catholic Apologist, (type written and perhaps unpublished, date unknown)

Fr. Totsuka and His Works, (pamphlet 1937)

Newman and Japan (prepared for the “Newman Kenkyu” in 1938, perhaps unpublished)

The Catholic Church in Japan — A Turning Point, (The Philippine Society of Japan, 1939)

“Totsuka-shinpū to Watashi” [Fr. Totsuka and I], ( “Koe” November, 1939)

“Before Forgetting these Things” (posthumous, appeared in “Tablet” in November 1942)