

# **MARCELLIN.**

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**the musical**

english version



## Welcome Address by Brother Winfried Schrieck

Superior of the Furth monastery

The year 2017 marks a special occasion for all the Marists: 200 years ago, on January 2, 1817, the young priest Marcellin Champagnat recruited two young men in the little village of La Valla near the city Saint-Chamont; together they were the first “Little Brothers of Mary”. From this modest beginning arose a community of brothers that by now exists all over the globe and which, in accordance with the wishes of his founders, is there first and foremost to guide young people.

In many places around the world, this founding event was commemorated through religious services, speeches and festivities. At the Maristen-Gymnasium Furth, the two teachers of the music department Matthias Schäffer and Dr. Niko Firnkees have opted for an approach that is quite unique: With and for about 120 pupils, they have composed the musical “Marcellin” and they have made use of their artistic freedom, not only to illustrate Champagnat’s life and story, but also to bring to the stage in a highly imaginative way a spiritual confrontation of the founder with men like Philipp Melanchthon, Karl Marx or Bob Dylan in words, images and songs.

The musical “Marcellin” is a splendid and extraordinary artistic work and will leave a lasting impression on all those who aim to reconcile music, language and religion in their lives.

On behalf of the Marists I would like to express my gratitude to the two composers and all the contributors who have shown such diligence, imagination and dedication to create this œuvre. I would also like to thank the head of school Mr Christoph Müller for providing support for their work. I would be very pleased if the musical found appeal throughout the Marist world.

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*For your orientation there are some notes on the following pages: You can find them in the original at the given pages*

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## IMPRINT

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## Welcome Address by OStD Christoph Müller

Principal of the Maristen-Gymnasium

January 2, 1817 is a date of particular significance for the Marists worldwide. It was exactly 200 years ago that Marcellin Champagnat and two of his companions came together in Marcellin's house in La Valla, France; an event that finally led to the birth of the Marist order. 200 years later, Marcellin's work is still kept alive: in youth centres, monasteries, in schools like our Maristen-Gymnasium – and especially through the initiative "Marists 2017 – A new beginning" of the province West Central-Europe under the leadership of Provincial Br. Brendan Geary and Aisling Demaison, Director of Marist Education.

With our international Marist Symposium, we at the Maristen-Gymnasium contribute to this initiative. We celebrate the bicentenary of the Marists together with our pupils, their parents, the teachers and all our employees, with all the interested friends of our school as well as with our partners in the Marist world.

It is doubly gratifying for me – as Principal of the Maristen-Gymnasium and on a personal level - to welcome our guests on this evening of March 14 so that we can experience a special highlight: the premiere of a musical by our choirs and ensembles, specifically created for this festive evening and showcasing the life and works of Saint Marcellin.

In that respect I would like to express my gratitude to our two musicians Dr. Niko Firnkees and Matthias Schäffer for their great dedication and commitment. Throughout the performance of the musical, there will be addresses relating to the issue "Marcellin and the Marists". I am delighted that in addition to Decane Johann Neumüller, Director of the School Foundation of the Diocese Regensburg, who is going to welcome the guests, there will also be international speakers like Br. John Klein from New York, whose tremendous amount of knowledge about Marist life will astonish you, and Aisling Demaison, Director of Marist Education, who will tell us about latest developments in the worldwide Marist network and all the opportunities emerging for our pupils.

Regarding the Maristen-Gymnasium, Ursula Schwoerer of the Extended School Management, responsible for International Affairs, and I are going to present our ideas on filling Marcellin's ideals with life in the year 2017. So please be welcome at the Maristen-Gymnasium – for the occasion of the Marist Symposium, but also beyond this day and in the future.

Together, let us shape our already multifaceted school life even more in the spirit of Marcellin.

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## Cast & Crew

**The young Marcellin**

Tobias Wiedemann

**The adult Marcellin**

Stephan Koch

**Marcellin's father**

Marcel Goes

**Teacher, Philipp Melanchton**

Martin Loch

**Student at the door**

Linus Bartha

**Dupont**

Sophie Kerner

**Aurillac**

Mira Meister

**Charpentier**

Gwendoline Kalley

**Villager**

Luisa Huber, Tobias Wimmer

**Mother Montagne**

Anna Hosseini, Luisa Zierke

**Jean-Baptiste Montagne**

Robin Ruß

**La Salle**

Stefan Rührer

**Karl Marx**

Stefan Rührer

**Bob Dylan**

Felix Molter

**Schulleiter**

Christoph Müller

**Speakers**

Franziska Hartl, Katharina Strasser

MGF's Sublevels Choir, leadership: Dr. Niko Firnkees

MGF's Madrigal Choir, leadership: Dr. Niko Firnkees

MGF's Bigband, leadership: Matthias Schäffer

MGF's String Ensemble, leadership: Dr. Christian Schwarz

**Engineering**

Dr. Michael Henn, Matthias Schäffer, Tilman Günzel, Stefan Moser, Lucas Ostermeier, Michael Plewa

**Editorial stuff for program book**

Dr. Niko Firnkees

**Corporate Identity for Symposium**

Matthias Spanrad

**Drawings program book**

Christine Scheubeck

**Englische translation**

Ursula Schwoerer

Special thanks to „Music Station - Piano Werner“ (Mr. Alex Haas) for supporting us with engineering and the great technical knowledge.

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## Part 1 - The life of Marcellin

### Overture

**Marcellin Champagnat (MC)** *sitting pensively in a rocking chair.* The double commandment of love: the love to God and to the people. I shall love my neighbor. But who is my neighbor? The artillery officer Rouget de Lisle, whose Marseillaise we have heard, implied in aphorisms? The executioner of the revolutionary troops? The hanged man who stuffed his pockets during the Ancien Régime and who randomly enslaved the farmers?  
[bringing in: *Au clair de la lune*]

I was a catholic priest. And was born at a time when the turmoil of the revolution dictated life. I have just listened to a love song. Surely it also yearns for a form of earthly love that I have vowed to deny myself as priest.

[bringing in: *Au clair de la lune*, last chords]

But "for the love of God". This is how this verse ends. God loves who in particular? And who is in particular need of His love?

[bringing in: *Sur le pont*]

I saw children growing up in the countryside. In dreadful circumstances, without any chance of partaking in the ideals of freedom, equality and fraternity. They wouldn't have been able to read these three words, let alone write them. And yet: Aren't these ideals profoundly Christian? And could children in the country partake in these ideals once they were given proper education? And how do I achieve education for those members of society whom God loves in particular?

[bringing in: *Frère Jacques*]

That's the question that I have asked myself over and over again. And then I realized that either there were no schools at all in the countryside or that tyrannical and incapable teachers prevailed there. From 1817 on, I had to erect schools together with my brothers. We taught pupils religious education as well as other subjects.

[bringing in: *Sur le pont*]

How were we to instruct children? We had to love everyone equally. And I could no longer see a child without feeling the need to tell him how much God loves him.

### from: Les Miserables

Ah, ah, ah.

*Claude-Michel Schönberg Alain Boublil*

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*A villager runs towards Jean-Baptiste Champagne and hugs him.*

**Villager:** Champagnat, there he is! It's a boy!

**Father falls to his knees:** He shall be named Marcellin. Marcellin Champagnat. Born in a time of uncertainty. In the year of the revolution, in the year of the executioners. In a time when priests had to fear for their lives. I hope that his will be a life in quieter times.

### from: Les Miserables, I had a dream

I had a dream of this young boy! My hope is high, his life worth living.

I see his love will never die and God with him will us be giving.

When he is young and unafraid, his dreams'll be made and used, not wasted.

There'll be no ransom to be paid, no thoughts unthought, no words unspoken.

But your qualms will come one day, with their voices you're misgiving.

As they tear your hope apart. As they turn your dream to fail.

He'll find his future by my side. He'll fill his days with endless wonder.

He'll find Maria by his side. And God will bless him for his pride!

Oh, hope, I see he'll come to me, that we will live the years together.

But there are dreams that cannot be and there are storms we cannot weather.

So your qualms will come one day, with their voices your're misgiving.

As they tear your hope apart. As they turn your dreams to fail.

I had a dream my life would be so different from this hell some're living.

So different than from what it seemed. No, life won't kill the dream I dreamed!

*Claude-Michel Schönberg Alain Boublil, text adapted by Matthias Schäffer*

*voice from off-stage*

**la Salle:** In the south of France, he shall accomplish what I started and continued until my death in the year 1719 in Rouen. He shall introduce lessons in the poor regions. He shall shift the focus from Latin to the French mother tongue. Everybody shall understand what he teaches! Born the son of a lower-class citizen who then became People's Commissioner, he shall continue the works which I began as a noble man.

*Classroom, pupils sitting at their desks, one of them is waiting at the doorframe.*

**Pupil:** Attention!

*Everybody rises.*



**from: Les Miserables, Teacher of the house**

Welcome, Monsieur, sit yourself down shut up your mouth and keep locking down! As for the rest, all of 'em crooks! Rooking your teacher, cooking the books seldom do you see such a man like me a gent of good in-tent Who's content to be: Teacher of the house, Master of the zoo, ready to deprave instead of teaching you. Giving you bad name, cheating you and blame! Get your ass in gear! Oh how I love your fear! Everybody has to greet me, feet me with respect! Watch out! Everybody shut your mouth! I'm the teacher of the house!

*Claude-Michel Schönberg Alain Boublil, text adapted by Matthias Schäffer*

**Teacher:** Too slow, you miserable idiots, imbeciles, scum of humanity. Once again. Pupils sit down, teacher makes a gest, pupils jump up.

**Teacher:** You would be the shame of any army. As you are a shame for this school. You are only – crotte de chien, merde de chien.

Pupils look embarrassed, Marcellin folds his hands and looks aghast.

**Teacher:** Had I not been wounded in the American War of Independence, I would still serve as a sergeant. Sit down, you imbeciles!

Pupils sit down.

**Teacher:** Dupont, come to the front!

*Pupil starts to move, intimidated*

**Teachers:** Dupont, name me the battles that I fought so bravely in the American War of Independence!

**Pupil hesitantly:** Charleston and Yorktown.

**Teacher:** This you only know because I repeat it lesson after lesson. Otherwise you would be too stupid for any of this. Dupont, sit down! Aurillac, come here!

Pupil moves back to his seat, another pupil moves forward

**Teacher:** 47 plus 31 equals what, Aurillac?

*Pupil calculates with the help of his fingers, teacher beats his fingers with a cane*

Aurillac, tu es un idiot, un caprice, un cerveau d'oiseaux. You are not capable of anything, all your life you will remain a failure. He fetches a donkey mask from below his desk. Aurillac, put on the donkey mask! You are the stupidest boy in class. Go back to your desk and just stand there for all the others to see you!

Pupil goes back, another one is crying. Teacher beats him several times with his cane.

**Teacher:** Charpentier, are you blubbering because of this idiot? Do you scratch yourself when others feel an itch on their behind? Shame on you. He starts beating again, repeatedly. Now you have your own reason to blubber.

**by Pink Floyd: Another brick in the wall**



*MC sits on his seat, sad. Spot on him.*

**MC:** Never again shall I visit this school. Never again shall I visit any other school. I would rather tend sheep in the fields of my village.

**Les Miserables: Suddenly**

Suddenly you're here, suddenly it starts. Can two anxious hearts beat as one?

Yesterday I was alone, today you walk beside me, something still unclear, something not yet here has begun.

Suddenly the world seems a different place. Somehow full of grace, full of light. How was I to know that so much hope was held inside me? What is past is gone, now we journey on through these days.

Nevermore alone, nevermore apart! You have warmed my heart like the sun. You have brought the gift of life and love, so long denied me. Suddenly I see what I could not see. Something suddenly has begun.

*Claude-Michel Schönberg Alain Boublil, text adapted by Matthias Schäffer*

**For the first time in my life**

*MC standing in front of a picture of the Virgin Mary. How will my life turn out? Will I become a miller like my father? Will I find a good woman? Will I have my own family? He ponders, sound of indistinct chattering, merging into "Ave maris stella"*

Mary, holy Mother of God, stand by me!

Am I supposed to be a priest? Me?

*Cacophony of voices: Lack of education, no Latin, merging into "Ave maris stella"*

No Latin? Does God only love him who knows Latin? Or does God love him who is willing to become a priest more? If I am chosen as a priest by Him, God will help me with the Latin language. In return, I shall tell people how much God loves them.

*Merges again into "Ave maris stella", then attacca.*

**Resident 1:** Quick, Père Champagnat. Jean-Baptiste Montagne is dying!

**MC:** Who? Where?

**Resident 2:** Jean-Baptiste, the 17-year-old son of the Montagne family.

**Resident 3:** Ordinary people of the countryside, paysans, heathens.

**MC:** Heathens? What do you mean by that?

**Resident 1:** They live a solitary life. They hardly know anybody. They have never atten



ded a school or a church.

**Resident 2:** Quick, don't waste your time asking, please come at once, Père.  
*MC rushes after the residents. In the house, he comes across a crying mother.*

**Mother:** He is going die. He has a high temperature. All medicine is in vain.  
*MC contemplates the boy, touches his forehead gently, then folds his hands.*

**MC:** I shall comfort you. Soon you shall stand before the face of God and he shall invite you to the Lord's Supper. Let us pray the Lord's Prayer.

**Mother, boy together, confused:** What?

**MC:** The Lord's Prayer.

**Boy (whispering):** What are you talking about?

**MC:** It tells you of the Grace of God.

**Boy (whispers and wheezes one last time):** What is that? He dies.

**MC:** *(blesses the dead boy, slowly leaves the farmhouse, sits down and places his hands in front of his face).* We need brothers. Why wasn't there anybody to tell the boy of the Grace of God? Why, oh God? Why do you allow that to happen? Or was it that you gave me a sign by means of this unfortunate boy? He ponders, pulls himself together. Yes, now I know: I shall found an order to bring education that loves children even in the most remote villages. That educates children in a good way because it loves them all equally. That does not beat, that does not humiliate children with donkey masks. And that proclaims the Grace of God even in the most remote villages. For – I cannot look at a child without feeling the need to tell him how much God loves him.

### I must found an order

I must found an order  
It cannot go on like this  
That here in this beautiful country people don't know God and don't understand him  
Because they don't know anything about him and nobody dares do anything  
I must found an order  
Otherwise I can never rest carefree again  
Yes! I will found an order  
O Mary, stand by me  
For I have always cared for you  
You have always been with me with words and deeds  
Like a real mother you embraced me and gave me comfort  
That's why I'm not lonely anymore  
Yes, let's do it together  
May God be with us



*MC pondering again in front of a picture of the Virgin Mary:* There is a community of Jesus. Out of this, many centuries from now on, maybe even a Pope will emerge. Maybe this Pope will even assume a name which tells of the simple life, of humbleness, of earthy poverty and the riches before God. *He contemplates again, folds his hands in prayer.*

But why is there no community of Mary? I shall consecrate myself and my brothers to our Holy Mary.

*[Ave maris stella]*

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### Do you hear?

Do you hear the children sing? Singing the song of angry man?  
It is the music of pupils who will not be slaves again!  
When the beating of your heart echoes the beating of our soul there is a way about to start when tomorrow comes.  
Will you join in our order? Will you teach and stand with me?  
Beyond the barricades in our minds we long to be!  
Then join in the fight that will give us the right to be free.  
*Claude-Michel Schönberg Alain Boublil, text adapted by Matthias Schäffer*

*A pendulum is swinging between Red and Green.*

**Speaker:** Marcellin's ideas were also partly met with refusal within the Church.  
*Voice from off-stage.*

**GV:** We do not need an educational order that gets us into trouble with the authorities. Eminence, I am going to terminate the project with the Gendarmerie.

**Cardinal:** But it is my wish that this order exists. I am going to support the project and help with the construction of a mother house in L'Hermitage!

*First one by one, then respectively move together word by word, attacca at the end.*



### Mamma mia

I've been cheated by them since I don't know when. So I made up my mind, it must come to an end!

Just one look and I can hear a bell ring, one more look and I forget everything, whoa Mamma mia, here I go again.

My my, how can I convince 'em? Mamma mia, does it show again? My my, just how much I miss you? Yes, I've been broken-hearted, blue since the day yet started!

Why, why make they ever let me go? Mamma mia now I really know oh no, so they want to let me go!

*ABBA, Text adapted by Matthias Schäffer*

**Speaker:** After Marcellin had succeeded in overcoming resistance within the Church, he started his attempts to be acknowledged by the French authorities. It was his intention to invoke La Salle.

**MC:** My brothers educate the poor rural population in the skills of life and at the same time, they spread God's love. Here in Paris we shall be acknowledged as an educational order.

*Marcellin stands in the middle. He is surrounded by several men dressed in black who are sitting on swivel chairs. They are either reading – a newspaper, files, a book -, sleeping or cutting fingernails.*

### The winner takes it all

Don't know what to do

I tilt at windmills, run from A to B and then to C

I have a feeling that secretly powers turn wheels that we don't understand

Tomorrow is far away

Yesterday is gone

What is there to do? I just want what's right for my brothers

If not here and now, God, listen to me, talk to me

For I will never give up

The world takes its course

Even if I lose now, God will always be at my side

Even if the curtain falls for me in this world

At some point you will understand

*It will go on ABBA, new text by Matthias Schäffer*



## Part 2 - Marcellin and the others

### Singing the „International“ and marching

Stand up, all victims of oppression  
For the tyrants fear your might  
Don't cling so hard to your possessions  
For you have nothing, if you have no rights  
Let racist ignorance be ended  
For respect makes the empires fall  
Freedom is merely privilege extended  
Unless enjoyed by one and all

Chorus:

So come brothers and sisters  
For the struggle carries on  
The Internationale  
Unites the world in song  
So comrades come rally  
For this is the time and place  
The international ideal  
Unites the human race

Let no one build walls to divide us  
Walls of hatred nor walls of stone  
Come greet the dawn and stand beside us  
We'll live together or we'll die alone  
In our world poisoned by exploitation  
Those who have taken, now they must give  
And end the vanity of nations  
We've but one Earth on which to live

And so begins the final drama  
In the streets and in the fields  
We stand unbowed before their armour  
We defy their guns and shields  
When we fight, provoked by their aggression  
Let us be inspired by like and love  
For though they offer us concessions  
Change will not come from above  
*Modern English version by Billy Bragg*



**MC:** I hear “Reason thunders in its volcano. This is the eruption of the end”. I, too, have experienced this. And I wished for a benevolent right for children – they were supposed to hear of God’s love from loving teachers.

**Karl Marx:** I, however, was interested in the universality of the movement of all things. My successors looked for a dialectical approach in educational science.

**MC:** In my times, things were moving considerably. Just think of the turmoil during and after the revolution.

**KM:** But your educational approach did not. Mine was dialectics as universal approach to perception. It has made an impact on humanity. In this so-called Revolution of the French there wasn’t any real transition in the ownership of the means of production. It was a revolt of the middle-class.

**MC:** You said, inspired by Kant and Hegel, that it was matter and not spirit that was the last substance of reality. The spirit was only supposed to be a reflex of material processes.

**KM:** While you emphasized the role of the spirit. The spirit of a God whom I do not acknowledge, who does not exist. You have dispersed opium for the people in the form of your religion.

**MC:** So, how far have you come with your dialectics as theory of historic development about societal antagonisms?

**KM:** For me, it was always of prior interest to analyze the social domain and the actual and material problems of the people and not celestial topics.

**MC:** But how are you going to involve real people in the historic process without telling them of God’s love for his children? Which consequences is this going to have once your ideas are realized in practice?

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### A mighty fortress

A mighty Fortress is our God, A trusty Shield and Weapon; He helps us free from every need That hath us now o’ertaken. The old evil Foe Now means deadly woe; Deep guile and great might Are his dread arms in fight; On Earth is not his equal.

**MC:** Monsieur Terrenoire?

**Melancthon** (*looking confused*): Terrenoire ? My name is Melancthon, Philipp Melancthon.

**MC:** But actually it’s Schwarzerdt, as Melancthon itself is a translation into your beloved Greek like Terrenoire into my mother’s tongue. “Sola scriptura” – “by scripture alone”.

**M:** I don’t care what you call me. You come from the turmoil of the French Revolution. Everything that you saw there surpasses what one can possibly imagine. My family, too, was indirectly involved in wars. My father was armorer of the elector in Bretten and during the Landshut wars of succession against the State of Hesse, he was assigned the maintenance of the cannons. After drinking from a poisoned well, he returned as a sick man. It was only his deep spirituality that gave him the strength to endure this fate and the lingering illness.

**MC:** You are said to be the “Praeceptor Germaniae”. The instructor of Germany. But have you brought education to where it was needed most?

**M:** Yes, I promoted the classic humanistic education of protestant theologians. How is one supposed to be able to spread God’s word if he does not understand Latin, Greek and Hebrew? That is what I initiated at universities; my textbooks on geography, physics or ethics were distributed among the grammar schools that I founded from Eisleben to Nürnberg.

**MC:** This is how you also implemented an educational reform for the upper class, who, before, had already had access to education but in a different form. I on the other side found it of the utmost importance to teach the rural population, who had been neglected by the traditional school system and who had been left ignorant for so long, the ideals of freedom, equality and fraternity from a Christian point of view.

**M:** I, too, formed young people, boys as well as girls, with the help of humanistic ideals. And: Many of them attended school yet they were far away from any educational success. It was due to this that I ordered that pupils should not be burdened with too much knowledge. What is far more important is to be thorough and to revise constantly. Only when the pupil has fully understood what he was supposed to learn should he be allowed to proceed to the next grade.

### Repeating: A mighty fortress





**MC:** I am honored to meet an actual Nobel laureate on my travels through time and space.

**BD:** Your humanistic approach has impressed me greatly. How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man? As many as you have done. And how many times can a man turn his head and pretend that he just doesn't see?

**MC:** That's what I have asked myself, too. How many priests, how many parents have overlooked the actions of sadistic teachers? How many hoped that others would be killed by the guillotine and not they themselves?

**BD:** These were chaotic times. I accept this kind of chaos. But I don't know if it would have accepted me then.

**MC:** I have vowed to stay poor. You have become rich with your music. Does that matter to you?

**BD:** No, it doesn't. And what is money, anyway? A man is a success if he gets up in the morning and gets to bed at night, and in between he does what he wants to do. And if he feels that it is his calling to do so. For a hero is someone who understands the responsibility that comes with his freedom.

**MC:** Is anybody ever free? You yourself once said "No one is free, even the birds are chained to the sky".

**BD:** One day a white dove will be allowed to sleep in the sand after it has sailed many seas.

**MC:** My life ended. Was it mere memory at the end?

: Indeed it was: Yesterday's just a memory and tomorrow is never what it's supposed to be.

### Knocking on Heaven's door

Mama, take this badge off o' me ,cause I can't use it anymore  
 It's gettin' dark, too dark to see I feel like I'm knockin' on Heaven's door  
 Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door  
 Mama, put that gun to the ground ,cause I can't shoot them anymore  
 There's a long black cloud comin' down I feel like I'm knockin' on Heaven's door  
 Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door  
*Bob Dylan*

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## Part 3 - Death and Mission

### I let go

Even when the night slowly comes and the morning never dawns  
 I will stay with you for all eternity  
 My spirit lives on and my faith rises like a dove towards heaven  
 The power within you will be unattainable  
 I let go, let go now  
 God's love knows no boundaries  
 Let go, return home  
 What once seemed big and heavy is now small  
 Your world beams in bright lights  
 No dark nights anymore  
 From tomorrow on, everlasting springtime  
*Frode Fjellheim u.a., „Frozen“, Neutextierung Matthias Schäffer*

*Marcellin, lying on a stretcher, his hands folded*

**Voice from off-stage:** Marcellin Champagnat was not granted a long life. At the age of only 51, after a long illness and due to his weak physical condition, he was fetched by his creator into his everlasting kingdom. Yet his spirit remained strong and so the initial lack of courage of his brothers gave way to the plan to be his true successors when they saw him for the last time. On his death bed he gave them the strength to continue his work.

### Salve Regina

**Speaker:** Marcellin Champagnat has passed. Yet his ideas were not to be stopped. If Marcellin cared for the impoverished rural population, then his successors are looking for those people in big cities who have arrived in the course of urbanization, washed ashore like driftwood, living a life in slums removed from any chance of ever leading dignified lives.

Who dwell in townships and favelas and only ever get the crumbs from the tables of the rich – like Lazarus in the Gospel of Luke. And who should not have to wait until one day they rest in Abraham's bosom and are finally able to refuse the thirsting rich man the wetting with their moistened finger. Those who live at the margins of sparkling metropolis in deprived areas should hear of God's love during their lifetimes and not later.

### Bridge over troubled water

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**Speaker:** Marists are spreading their founder’s ideals throughout the world. In the beginning, that wasn’t accompanied by the desired success. Take Pierre Louis-Marie Chanel for example, ordained priest in 1827, who traveled to the South Pacific as a missionary at the age of 34. When, in Futuna, the chief’s son wanted to be baptized, chief Niuliki saw his authority in danger and ordered his son-in-law Musmusu to murder Chanel. The missionary was slain in 1841. Yet one first success happened after his death: When in 1842 the vicar general wanted to retrieve Chanel’s body, numerous natives asked to be baptized. Some years later, the entire population expressed their wishes to be baptized. Today 98 percent of the Futuna population are Roman Catholics.

Currently there are 3.700 brothers in 78 countries on all the 5 continents and especially in Third World countries. As did their brother Chanel, today, too, young Marists pay a high price for their service in the spirit of Marcellin Champagnat: Recently, twelve brothers lost their lives in Africa during their postulates due to violent attacks.

### Teaching all over the world

Oh here we are and here we are and here we go all aboard and we’re hittin’ the road  
here we go  
Teachin’ all over the world  
Well giddy up giddy up and get away we’re goin’ crazy and we’re goin’ today here we go  
Teachin’ all over the world  
And we like it, we like it, we like it, we like it here we go  
Teachin’ all over the world  
And we like it, we like it, we like it, we like it we li-li-li-like it, li-li-like here we go  
Teachin’ all over the world  
*Status quo, text adapted by Matthias Schäffer*



**Speaker:** While the beatification of Pierre Louis-Marie Chanel happened already in 1889 and his elevation to the altars in 1954, the full acknowledgement of Marcellin within the Catholic Church took far longer. It was only in 1955 that Pope Pius XII beatified him; in 1999 he was raised to the altars, which means canonized, by Pope John Paul II.

This Saint now comes from another time and another space to the Maristen-Gymnasium in Furth:

**Mr Müller:** Welcome in our midst, Saint Marcellin. See what your ideas have become here at one of the members of the big Marist family.

### MGF-Song

In Furth in the green meadows  
There is a grammar school  
We are so modern and friendly  
It might make anybody look foolish  
We’ve got a new school, even a sound studio  
It is where Darth Vader lives  
And he is glad about it  
Here in the countryside learning is easier and less stressful  
We are committed with heart and soul  
Glued together by our common ideas  
We work hard all day long, sometimes less and sometimes more  
But we always find balance, at least that’s what we think  
We are a big family with smaller and bigger conflicts  
But at the end of the day, we laugh about it  
Here in the countryside learning is easier and less stressful  
We are committed with heart and soul  
*Glued together by our common ideas Samuel E. Wright, „Under the Sea“, new text by Matthias Schäffer*

