

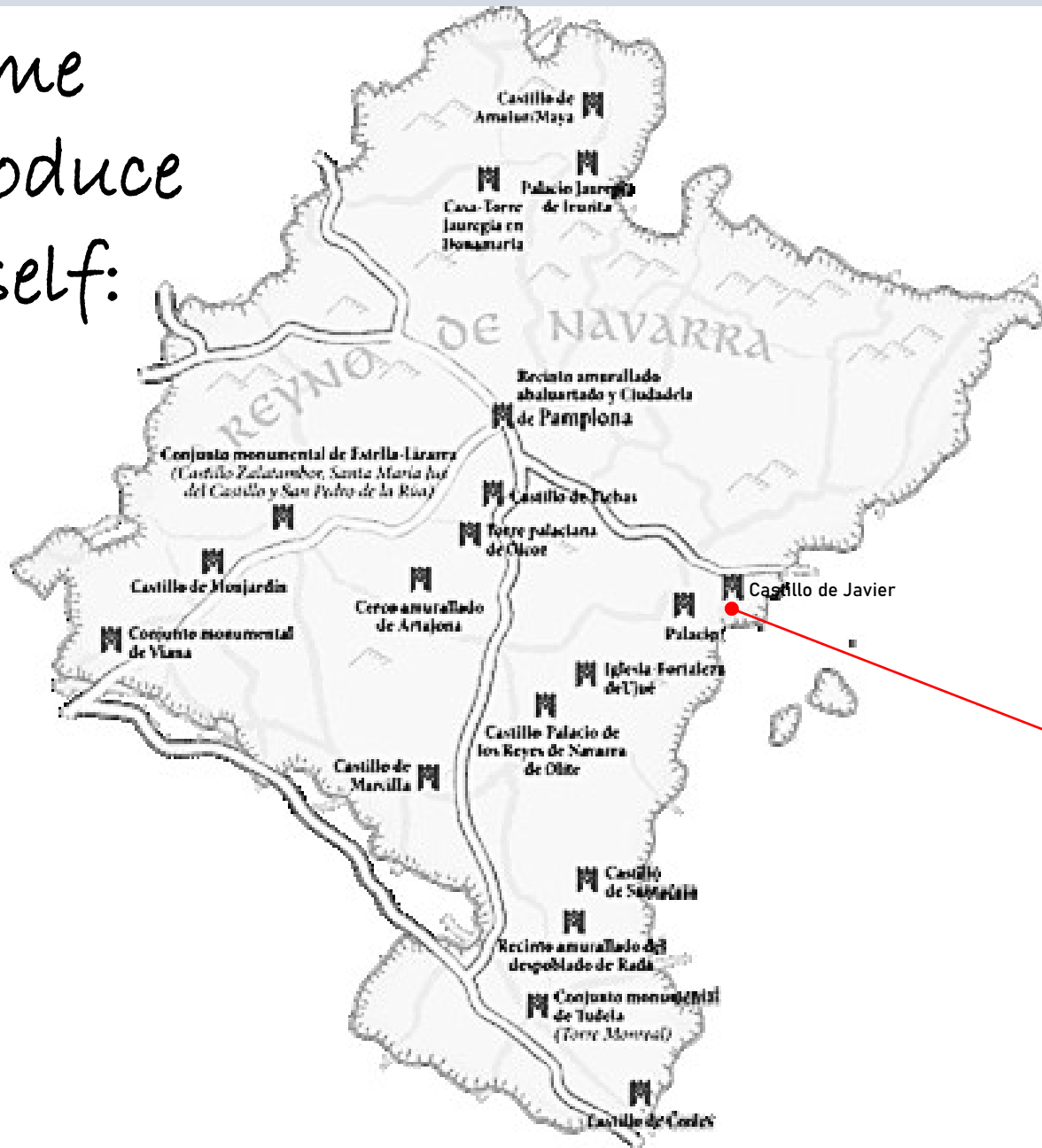


*Vosso amigo e irmão em Cristo* *Francisco*

**Vosso amigo e irmão em Cristo      Francisco**  
**Your friend and brother in Christ      Francisco**



Let me  
introduce  
myself:

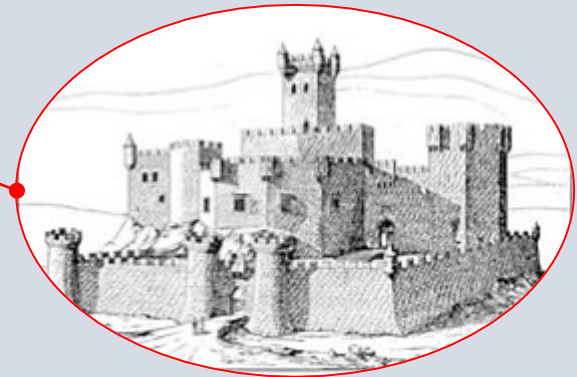


My name is Francisco de Jaso y Azpilicueta,  
for friends Francisco Javier.

I was born in Navarre, near the Aragon  
R  ver, in an austere valley adjacent to the  
Pyrenees.

There was the Castle of Javier.

Flanked by four high towers, protected by  
thick walls and a deep moat filled with water,  
crossed by a drawbridge.





# My family:

My parents



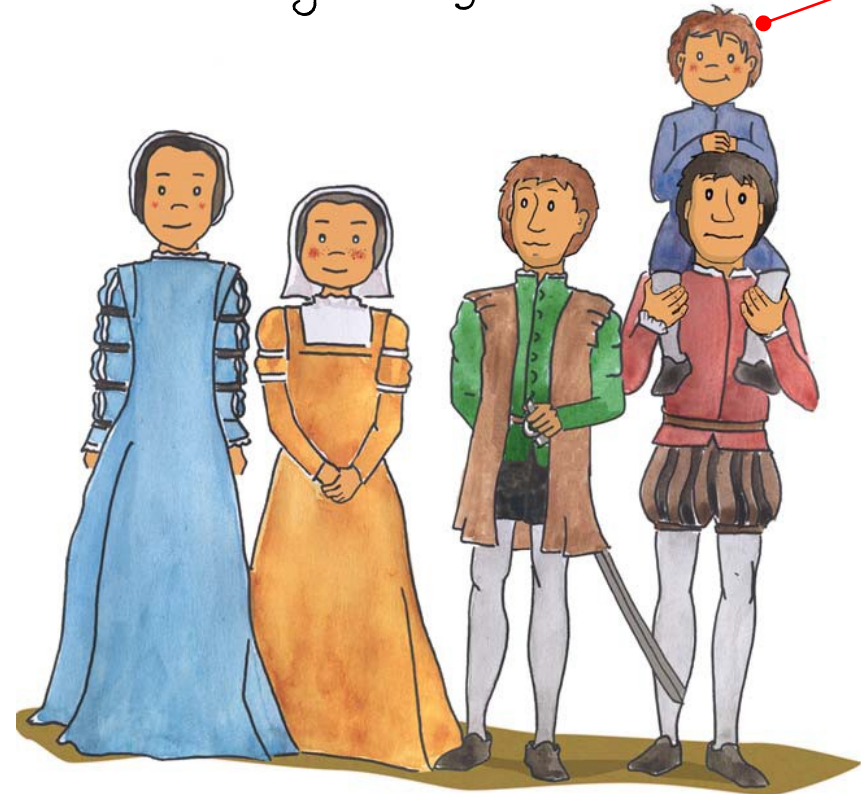
Juan de Jaso Atondo and María Azpilcueta Aznárez

My father studied at the University of Bologna (Italy) where he obtained his doctorate in Law.

Back in Navarre, he held important positions in the administration of the Kingdom of Navarre: Chamber of Accounts, Royal Court and Royal Council. He was a faithful collaborator of the last kings of Navarre, and was also a representative of the nobility.

In 1483 he married my mother, María Azpilcueta Aznárez, heiress of this lineage, who brought the castle and lands of Javier to the family.

My siblings



This is me,  
the youngest

Magdalena and Ana Miguel and Juan

From their marriage five children were born: Maddalena, Ana, Miguel, Juan and me Francisco.

Magdalene was a lady-in-waiting of Isabella the Catholic, Queen of Castile.

Two years before my birth she entered as a nun in the Convent of the Poor Clares of Gandía (Valencia) of which she was Abbess.

Ana, the second sister, left the castle to marry Diego de Ezpeleta, Lord of Beire. One of her sons, Jerónimo, was also a missionary in India.

My brother Miguel, eleven years older than me, future lord of the castle, served an important role in the revolts against the Castilian occupation.

Juan, who received my mother's surname, Azpilcueta, devoted himself to arms and, together with Miguel, opposed the Castilian domination of Navarre.

## My childhood and adolescence:



As I have already said, I am the youngest, I was born on April 7, 1506, in a room in the west wing of Javier castle, the so-called New Palace.

I was baptized by the abbot, don Miguel de Azpilcueta, my mother's cousin, in the parish church of Santa María, next to the castle.

According to the custom of the time, I was brought up by a nanny.

My father was often absent. His position in the administration of the Kingdom of Navarre kept him in Pamplona and brought him as ambassador to Castile and France. Therefore, my mother was primarily responsible for our upbringing.

The most dramatic event of my childhood was Ferdinand the Catholic's invasion of Navarre in 1512.

Although my father collaborated with the new king, on his death Miguel and Juan, supporters of the legitimate Navarrese dynasty, took up arms twice (1516, 1521). After these uprisings, Cardinal Cisneros ordered the castles of the rebels to be torn down.

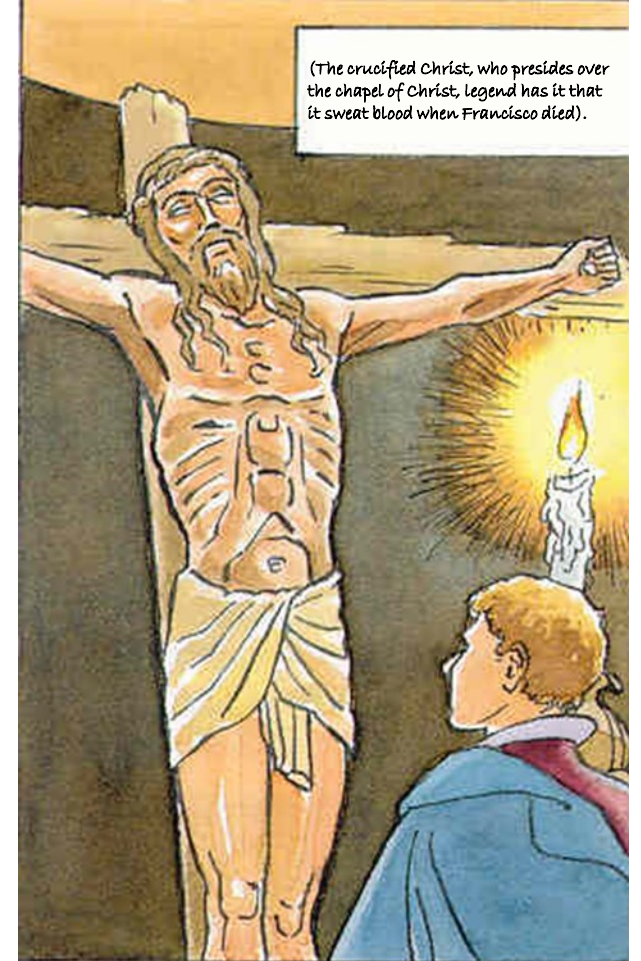
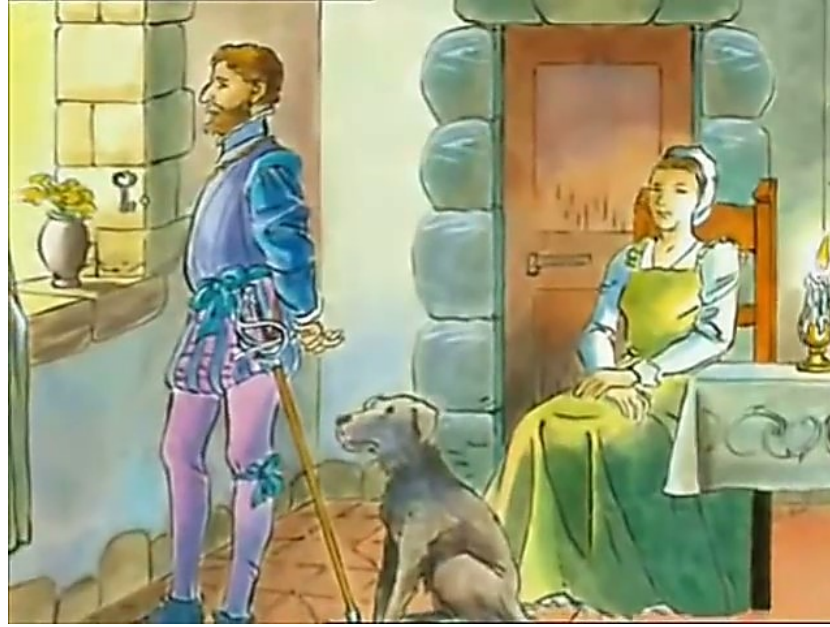
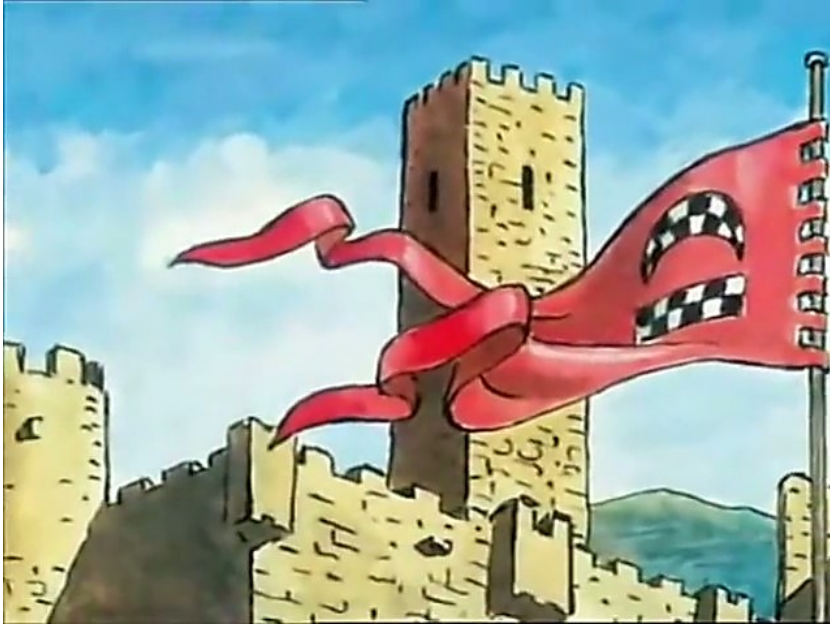
In May 1516 the walls, towers and battlements of the Javier castle were torn down.

In 1524, my brothers seek protection in the pardon offered by Carlos I of Spain and returned to the castle.

The following year, 1525, at the age of nineteen, I decided to follow my father's footsteps and leave to study at the University of Paris.



# Diary of memories...



Life in the Castel



At the beginning of September 1525 I left Javier for Pamplona where I received the tonsure of cleric from the bishop. As was the custom for a second son of a noble family, I prepared myself for an ecclesiastical career and to return to be canon of the cathedral of Pamplona. In this city, I found a small group of students who were preparing to leave to study in Paris. We entered France through Fuenterrabía, passing through Bordeaux, Poitiers, Tours and Orleans, thus arriving in Paris. Its Gothic cathedral, Notre Dame, with its imposing naves, fascinated me.

Paris was a fortified city, undergoing transformation, with three districts: the Ile de la Cité, on the Seine, the oldest nucleus of the city, with the buildings of Notre-Dame, Sainte Chappelle and the Royal Palace; the Latin Quarter, where the University, colleges and luxurious abbeys were located; and the city with its hostels, shops, houses and the central market of Les Halles. During my stay in Paris, I lived in the Latin Quarter, so called because Latin was the official language of us students, who came from all over Europe. We were about 4,000 and came from 39 countries.

The University of Paris was one of the most prestigious in Europe both for the quality of its professors and for its cosmopolitan character. The best professors of Salamanca and Alcalá had studied there.

Paris was then the center of the cultural, socio-economic and religious tensions shaking the Christian West.

The university was a conglomerate of more than fifty colleges subject to a common discipline, but autonomous in their functioning; each one had its own rectory and faculty seat where exams were taken and diplomas issued.

The Rector General resided in the Sorbonne College and had authority over the other colleges. There were four faculties: Theology, Canon Law, Medicine and Philosophy or the Arts.

To enter a Faculty you had to take a course in Literature.

Theological studies were taught at the College of the Sorbonne, at that of Navarre (financed by the French kings) and at those of the Dominicans and the Franciscans.

Of the 4,000 students, 38 were from the Kingdom of Navarre.





Paris was then the center of the cultural, socio-economic and religious tensions shaking the Christian West. During my five years of studies in Humanities and Arts, I obtained in 1530 the title of Master of Arts, which I will use throughout my life: Master Francisco, they will often call me. Then I started my Doctorate in Theology and, at the same time, for six years I was a professor of Philosophy at the College of Beauvais.



#### My friend Pietro Faber

He had been a shepherd of sheep in the Alps. He was a young man with a great spiritual level. At the age of 12 he took a vow of chastity. I had the immense fortune to be in the same room with him. He saved me from my impulsive nature, as I sometimes ran away at night with other companions in search of adventure. But I confess that I have never sinned.

In Santa Barbara there was a student named Calvino, who had instilled heretical ideas in more than one of us. In a letter to my brother Juan, and in this I was referring to Ignatius of Loyola, I wrote that it was he who introduced me to bad companies, that I, due to my lack of experience, did not know the seriousness. And now that these heresies also passed through Paris, I would not like to have their influence.

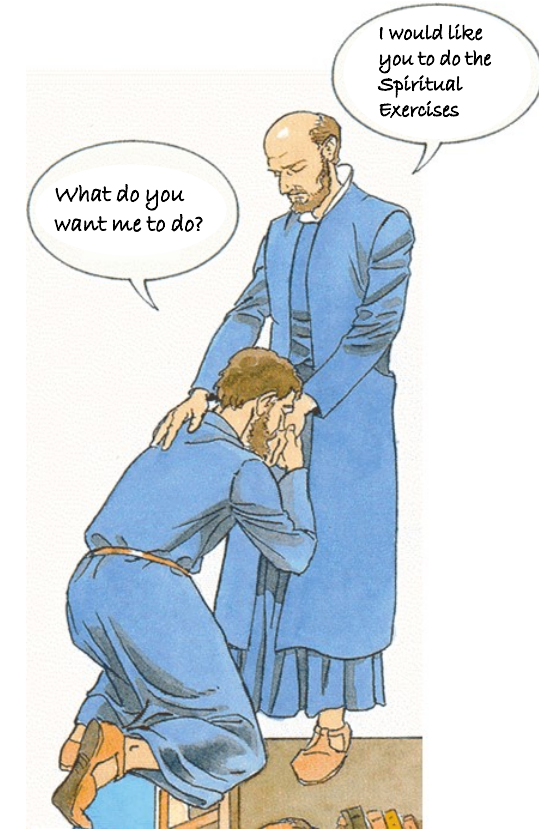
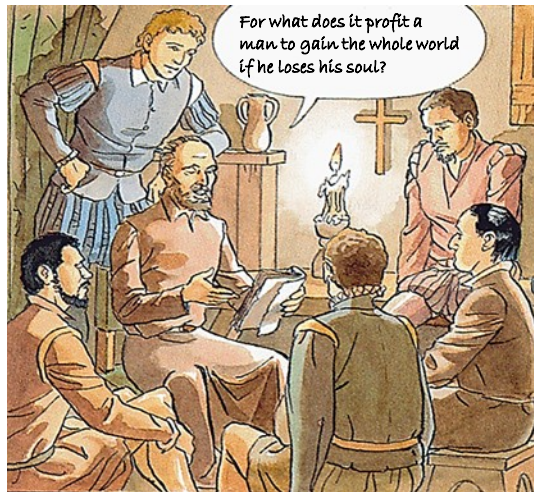


### The meeting with Iñigo (Ignatius) of Loyola

One day a somewhat small and slightly limping man arrived in Paris. He carried a donkey full of books and papers. Something special radiated from him. He possessed an irresistible sympathy. He had written the book of "Spiritual Exercises" in Manresa, which would exert a profound religious influence in the world.

Ignatius was staying in the hospital and lived on alms. The meetings that he organized led to great protests, even from the professors. On one occasion he was almost publicly flogged. Then he limited himself to the spiritual care of the few and chosen by him. When he started his philosophy studies he managed to move into our room. At first I received him with hostility, remembering that he had fought against my brothers.

Ignatius soon conquered Faber, who repeated the lessons he heard in class. He was thrilled to go to Jerusalem and consecrate himself there for the salvation of souls.



From the alms Ignatius shared with me, he gave me what I needed, as my brothers did not want to send me any more money. "Do not do it", my sister Magdalena had told Miguel, "because I understand that Javier will be a great servant of God and a pillar of the Church".

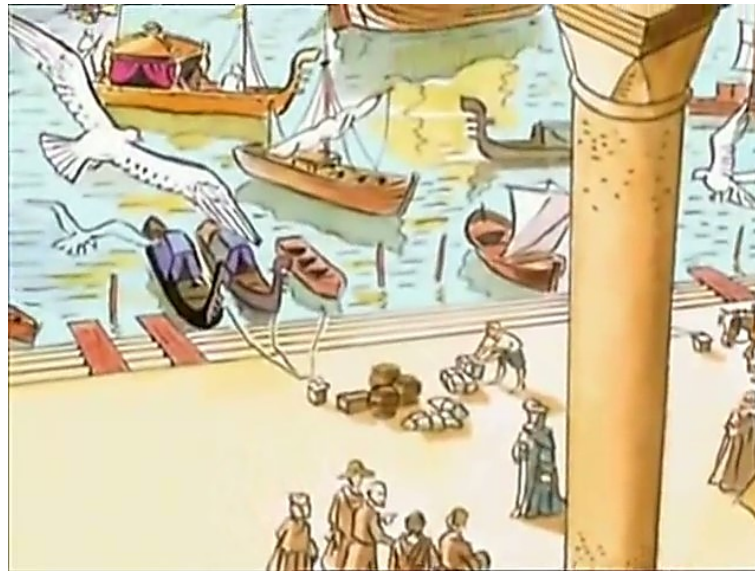
When I brilliantly obtained a professorship, Ignatius found me good students. He understood that if he conquered me, he would conquer half the world for Christ. For this reason he began to tell me the words of the gospel: "For what does it profit a man to gain the whole world if he loses his soul?". I listened to him with disgust, but he insistently repeated the same sentence to me, until one day I gave up:

- «What do you want me to do?»

- «I would like you to do the Spiritual Exercises».

I did them for 40 days, under his direction. Between great penance, I spent 4 days without eating... The minute I finished the Exercises I was converted into a volcano of love for Christ. My human ambition became the ambition of souls.





I stayed in Paris for 11 years, and in November 1536, together with my companions we went to Venice, where we met Ignatius to undertake the pilgrimage together to the Holy Land. Ships for the Holy Land left Venice in the summer. In the meantime we went to Rome to ask for the blessing of Pope Paul III. Back in Venice, Turkey declared war on the city, preventing us from leaving for Jerusalem.





In June 1537 I was ordained a priest by the Bishop of Vicenza.

I lost the hope of being able to leave, the Pope convinced us to forget the trip and concentrate on the apostolate in Italy. I celebrated my first mass in Vicenza and was engaged in the apostolate in Bologna during the winter of 1537-1538.

In the spring of 1538 Ignatius and my companions settled in Rome with the aim of getting the Society of Jesus approved by the Pope, I was Ignazio's secretary in this project.

Our austerity of life and intellectual formation made us famous and appreciated throughout Rome, to such an extent that the King of Portugal John III and his ambassador asked Pope Paul III to send some of us to the Portuguese missions in India.



## PASSPORT



SURNAME: **JAVIER**

GIVEN NAMES: **FRANCISCO**

NATIONALITY: **SPANISH**

DATE OF BIRTH: **1506, APRIL 7**

PLACE OF BIRTH: **CASTILLO DE JAVIER**

PROFESSION: **MISSIONARY FOREVER**

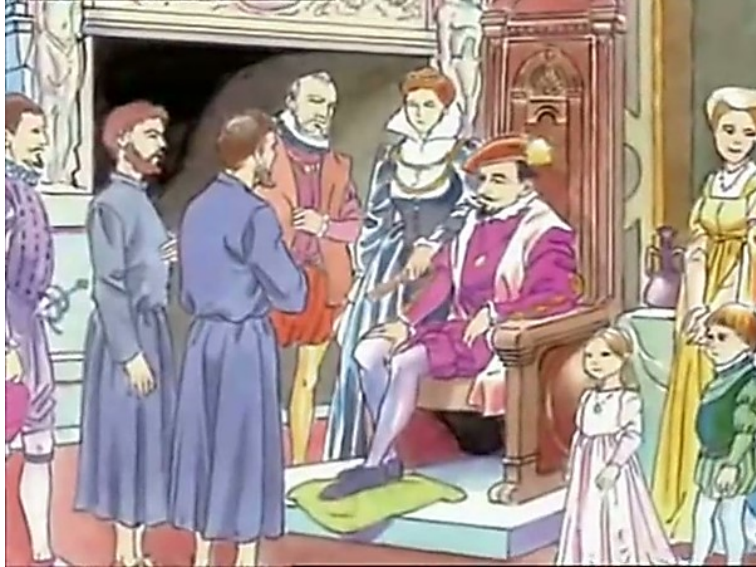
HOLDER'S SIGNATURE:

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Francisco Javier". The signature is stylized with a large "F" and "J" and a flourish at the end.

DATE OF ISSUE: **1541, APRIL 7**

DATE OF EXPIRATION: **UNLIMITED**

# The journey finally begins...

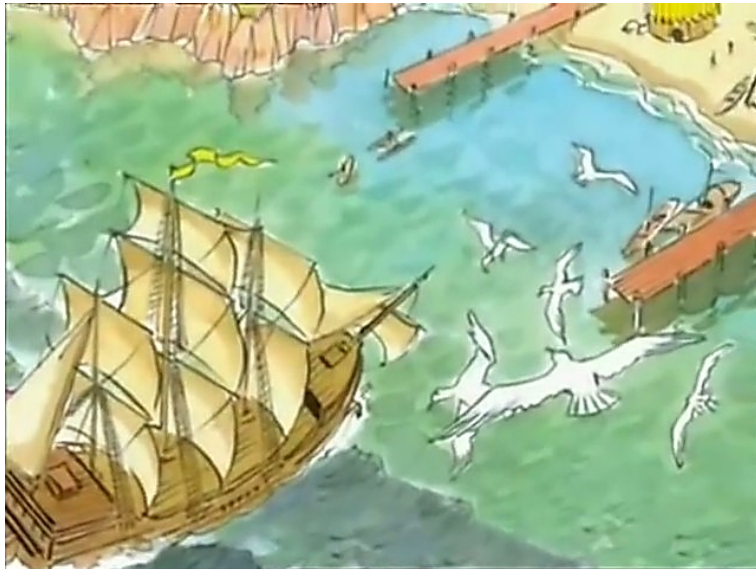


The ambassador, by order of John III, asked the pope to assign him some of the "masters of Paris" to be sent to the Indies. Ignatius decided that Simón Rodríguez and Nicolás Bobadilla would leave, since they were Portuguese. But Nicolás fell ill and I replaced him. I left Rome on March 15, 1540, but remained in Lisbon for a year, held by the king.



The departure of the ships bound for the East Indies was quite an event. Due to the difficulties of the long and uncertain journey, before leaving we made a will and confessed.

Five galleons of the royal fleet set sail from Lisbon: Espíritu Santo, Santa Fe, San Pedro, Flor de la Mar and the flagship Santiago, in which I was travelling, to cover the 26,000 km that separated Lisbon from the city of Goa in India. It was April 7, 1541, the day of my 35th birthday.



Due to the trip I suffered from dizziness for two months. An interminable calm overcame us in the Gulf of Guinea and kept us at anchor for several weeks. In the intense heat of summer, the food had gone bad as well as the water. Scurvy spread among the crew, and then plague. We stayed like this for 40 days. Subsequently, the wind finally blew into the sails and pushed the ships towards the coast of Brazil, an obligatory route for the ships of the Portuguese royal fleet heading towards the East.



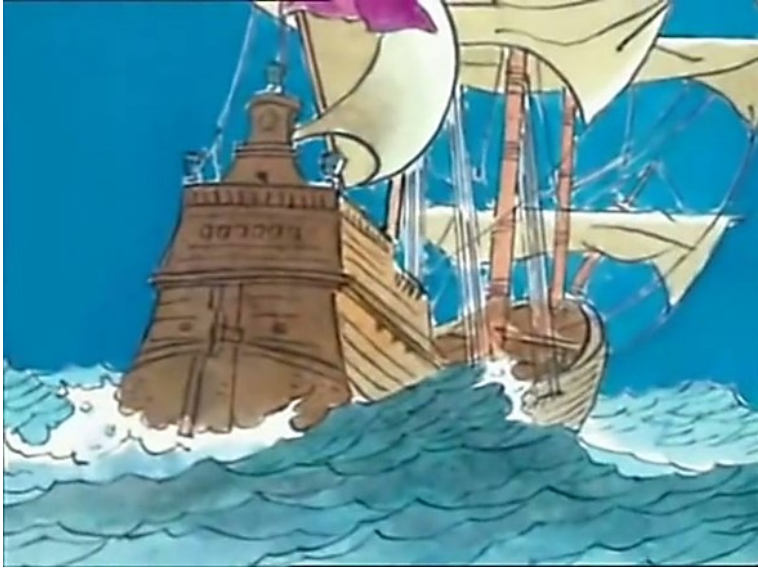
At the end of August we reached Mozambique, where we stayed for six months due to the monsoons.

The crew and us passengers were in pitiful physical condition. I too arrived sick and exhausted. Despite this, I began to take care of the sick. In February 1542 we sailed for India and on May 6, 1542, thirteen months after leaving Lisbon, I saw the coast of Goa for the first time. End of the journey.



## First trip: to India (1541)





For five months, Goa was my first preaching site. I took care of the sick at the Royal Hospital, where I resided, despite being the Pope's Nuncio.

I took care of prisoners and lepers, I dedicated myself to preaching and catechism. I also organized Santa Fe College.

From Goa the governor sent me to Tuticorin, 800 kilometers away.

Tuticorin is located in the southern tip of India, off the island of Ceylon, present-day Sri Lanka. It is a long sandy strip between the sea and the barrier of high mountains. Its inhabitants, the Paraví, lived in about thirty villages, they were pearl fishermen and spoke the Tamil language.

I arrived in Tuticorin and there I had numerous problems understanding the language, but after four months of stay, I prepared the teachings and catechism and began to evangelize from village to village.

The Paravís responded largely to the preaching (1542-1543). Such was the multitude of those who converted to the faith of Christ, in this land where I walk, that many times my arms were tired from so much baptizing.

By now I understood that my time in India had come to an end. In September I sailed for Malacca. As a gift, the Christian community gave me a relic of St. Thomas that I always carried with me.





## Second trip: to Indonesia (1545)





Early in September 1545 I left India for Malacca, arriving at the end of the same month after having covered 2,700 km.

In Malacca, as in Goa, I devoted myself to village preaching and translating Christian prayers into the local language, in this case Malay.

On January 1, 1546, I left Malacca for the Moluccas.

Bordering the large islands of Sumatra and Java and some 4,000 Indonesian islands, I finally reached the Moluccas. The journey lasted more than seven months.

Finally the expedition landed in the town of Hatiwi, located on the island of Ambon, the main island of the archipelago, where we were welcomed with joy by the local natives and Portuguese.

The Moluccas were the main place of my work.





For 16 months I visited the islands of this archipelago and confirmed the faith of the local Christians.

During a trip to the island of Ceram, land of human headhunters, I lost my crucifix in a sea-storm. As soon as I landed on the beach, a crab came out of the sea and gave it back to me.

I preached in the "seven Christian places" of Ambon, that is, the seven villages where there were Christians.

From there, I toured the archipelago from island to island accompanied by the young Manuel, son of the chief of the people of Hatiwi, who acted as my interpreter.

By rowing and sailing, after a brief stop on the island of Buru, I reached Ternate, the last Portuguese post in the Far East, about 500 km from Ambon. It was July 1546.

After two months I resumed the journey to the Moro Islands, now called Morotai. More than twelve years had passed since no priest had dared to reach its shores. My predecessors had died at the hands of the islanders. Many of my friends and devotees tried to convince me not to go to such a dangerous land...

Here I am now landed in Morotai and preach the gospel among the fearsome natives. These could neither read nor write, they ignored money, gold, silver, weights and measures, markets and fabrics. The clothing for both men and women was the tjidako, a short apron made of tree membrane.







During a trip to the island of Ceram, the land of head hunters, I lost my crucifix in a tidal wave. As soon as I landed on the beach, a crab came out of the sea and returned it to me.





## Third trip: to Japan (1549)

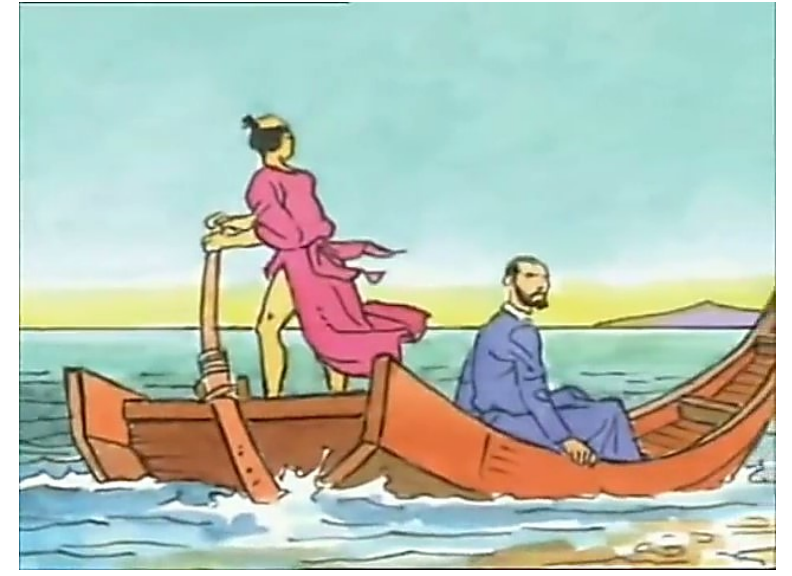


From Ternate, I returned to Ambon to travel to Malacca and from there to Goa, India. I reached Malacca in early July 1547.

A Portuguese ship, devastated by a typhoon, had discovered Japan by chance, the famous "Cipango", which had also seen Marco Polo. Those navigators saved the life of a Japanese named Yahiro, persecuted by the justice of his country. This personality had a very sharp intelligence and a passionate taste for novelty. He had heard of me and wanted to meet me. It was this meeting and the resulting friendship that awakened in me the desire to travel to Japan, it was 1547.

I returned to Goa to consolidate everything I had done up to that point and then start the journey in Japan. I left Goa on April 15, 1549. I was accompanied by two Spanish Jesuits, Father Cosme de Torres and Brother Juan Fernandez, as well as Yahiro and two servants.

Circumnavigating the coasts of Indonesia and China, in the midst of storms and typhoons, it was the monsoon period, and fleeing from pirates, I finally reached Kagoshima.



Japan was a civilization with very ancient roots, located on an immense archipelago and protected from contact with the outside world by the sea. In the mid-16th century, it had few relationships with other countries except China. It was of a refined culture and practiced the Shinto and Buddhist religions, had large monasteries where bonzes served as religious teachers and intellectuals. On August 15, 1549, my companions and I arrived in Kagoshima, the southernmost port of Japan, located on the island of Kyushu, one of the four large islands that make up the archipelago. It was the city of Yahiyo, our interpreter. After obtaining the permission of the daimyo of Satsuma, named Shimadzu, we stayed in the Kagoshima region for a year.

Here I faced a very different situation, the Japanese were a people intellectually and morally superior to those I had known until now. They were more subject to reason than I had ever seen in infidels; they were eager to know and never stop asking and talking about the things we tried to answer. I began preaching on the street, but later I preferred personal contact, in homes, through conversations and disputes, in which I gradually appreciated their depth of soul. After a year in Kagoshima, I converted 150 people, starting with Yahiyo's family, and another fifteen in nearby Ichiku Castle, belonging to the family of the lord of the stronghold.



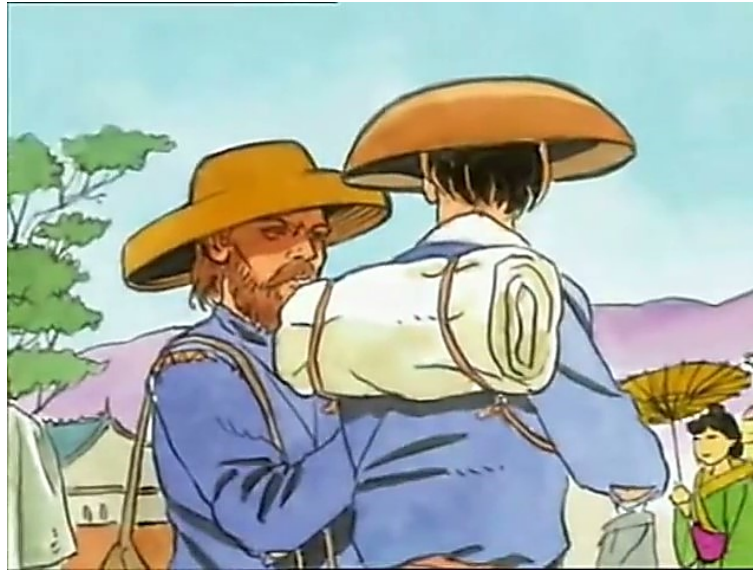


I spent three months on the nearby island of Hirado, from August to October 1550. And here I confirmed a community of one hundred new Christians.

The next stop was the island of Honshu, the largest in Japan and the seat of the central institutions, where I spent almost a year, from November 1550 to September 1551. I wanted to reach the heart of the country. I went to Yamaguchi, where I preached for a month and was received by the daimyo Yoshitaka, albeit with little success. In mid-December I travelled to the capital, Miyako or Meaco (today's Kyoto) with the aim of obtaining permission from the emperor to preach Christianity throughout the country. It was a tough journey, in the middle of winter, made by land and by sea, enduring the cold and the snow.

The disappointment was great, the city was in ruins and I was not received by the emperor or the shogun.





So I returned to Yamaguchi and presented myself to daimyo Yoshitaka, to whom I delivered gifts brought from India. He allowed us to preach Christianity and gave permission for his subjects to convert. After five months of intense preaching, I was able to convert a thousand people, who formed a fervent community. A Portuguese ship which at this time had landed at Yamaguchi brought us news from India and in November 1551 we embarked to return to India.





Fourth trip: to China (1552)

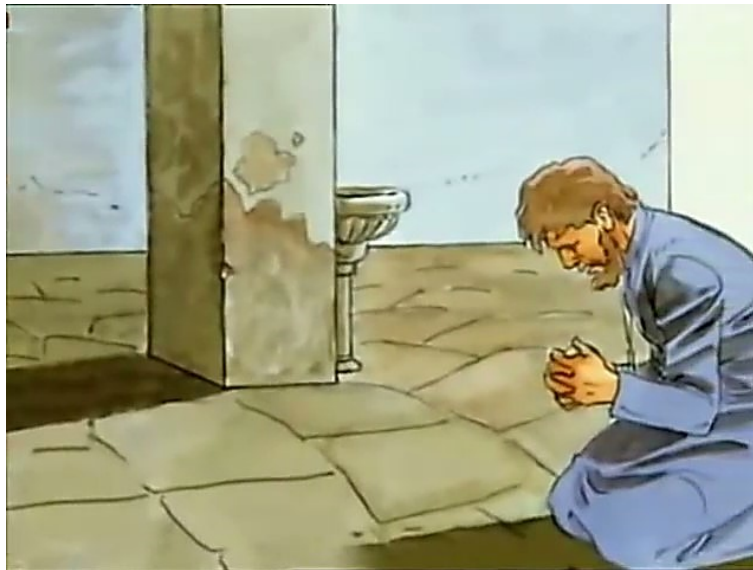


On the way we stopped on the small Chinese island of Sancían for a few days.

When I arrived in Malacca, numerous letters awaited me, including one from Ignatius informing me of my appointment as Provincial of the Society of Jesus in the East.

In February 1552 I arrived in Goa, where I was greeted with great joy as I was thought dead or missing in Japan.

The idea of preaching in China was in my mind since I arrived in Goa....I was hoping to go to China for the great service to our God. I decided to arrange a trip to that great Empire.







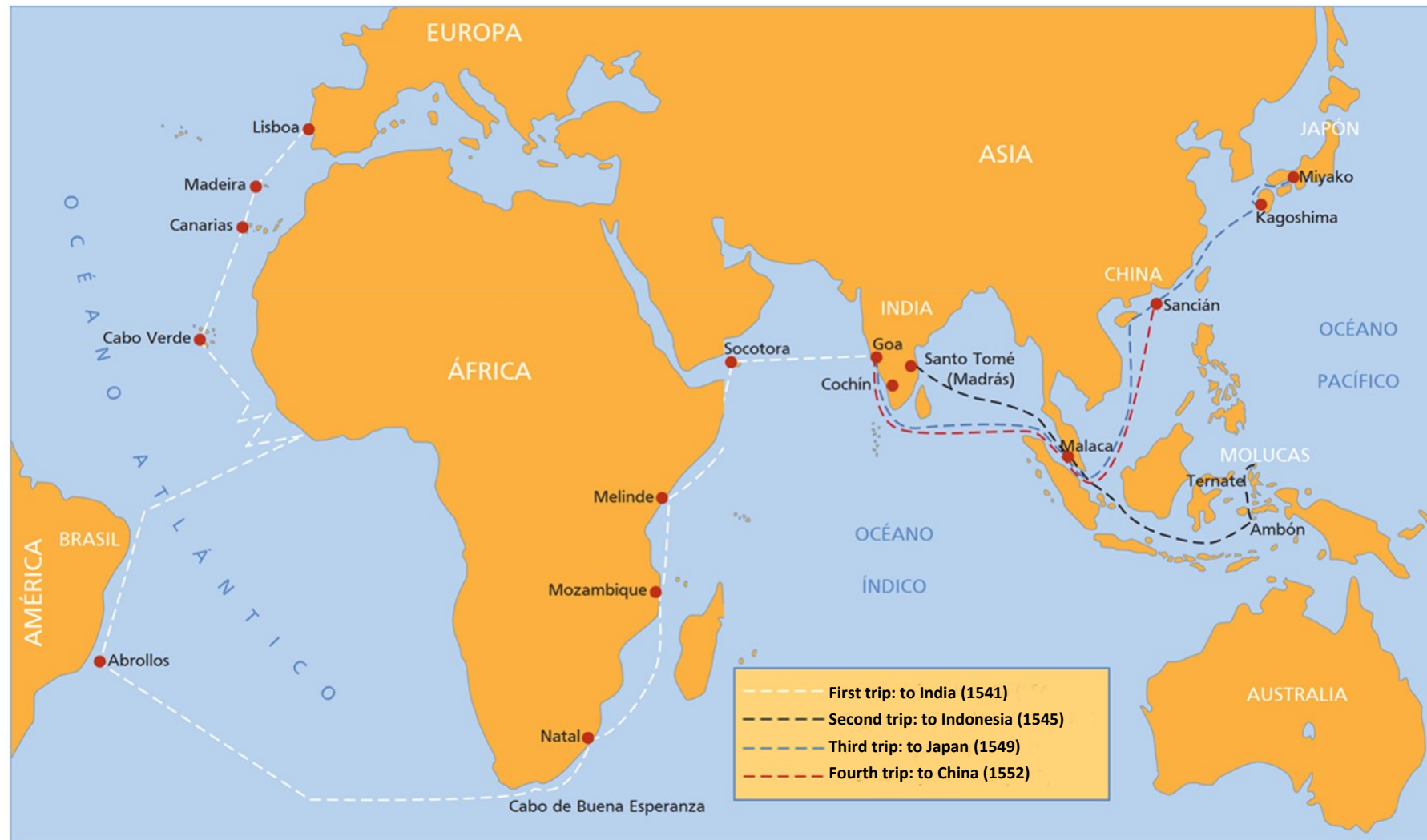
Francisco Javier died in a humble hut on the beach of Sancian, with only the company of his faithful Chinese friend Antonio.

It was dawn on December 3, 1552, he was 46 years old.

We sailed from Malacca on the 17th of July, and from the port of Singapore traveled safely to Sancian, where I arrived in September. But I remained on the island for three months, unable to leave. The Chinese merchants refused to take me on board since it was forbidden for foreigners to enter China.

While waiting to set sail, however, I contracted severe pneumonia which caused very high fevers and great weakness.

On November 21, 1552, I fainted while celebrating mass. The fever was very high and caused me nausea and great anguish. Sometimes I lost consciousness.







The day after his death he was buried on the island of Sancian.



Two months later he was transported to India and on digging him up his body was still intact. His body arrived in Malacca on March 22, 1553. After being exposed for a few days, he was reburied in the church of Santa Maria del Monte, of the Society of Jesus.



In June 1553, Ignatius wrote to Francisco asking him to return to Europe, but it was not until 1554 that news of his death arrived. From Goa they urgently claimed his body, and in December 1553 the coffin left for India.



There thousands of people attended his funeral and he was buried there. Subsequently his body, still incorrupt, was transferred to the church of Bom Jesus in the same city where he is still kept today in a magnificent mausoleum.



The impact of Francisco Javier's life and work was significant in the Church and in the society of his time. While he was still alive, his letters spread throughout Europe, read by popes and kings, distributed in colleges and universities by the Jesuits, or used in sermons in churches.

His fame for holiness was manifested throughout the East since his death. He was beatified in 1619. On March 12, 1622 Pope Gregory XV proclaimed him a saint together with three other Spaniards, Saint Ignatius of Loyola, Saint Teresa of Jesus and Saint Isidore Labrador, and an Italian Saint Philip Neri. They were the saints of the Catholic Reformation.



Starting from the sixteenth century, the Catholic Church set itself, among its fundamental objectives, the overcoming of the European scope of Christianity and its spread in the world, as it was being discovered, for this it encouraged the creation of missions and the sending of missionaries in America, Asia and Africa.

Francisco Javier was a role model for all of them.

In 1748 Benedict XIV declared him patron of the East.  
In 1927 Pius XI proclaimed him patron of all Catholic missions.

