

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Sister Juanita strums a uke.

What do Missionary Sisters do in SUMMER MONTHS?

Some make their retreat early and go to summer school. Others teach religious vacation school until the last week in July when they assemble in different parts of the country for retreat. Then they attend courses that will make them better teachers.

There will be opportunities to relax with their sisters and exchange experiences and ideas that they will put to good use in their mission work.



Everybody is busy around this table.



Sister Gertrude and her sister, Sister Mary Mathilda, enjoy a duet.



Sister Mary Gabrielle relaxes with a good book.

The New Roz leaves Monterey harbor with a boatload of sisters, thanks to the kindness of a parishioner.



THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll
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COVER

Coloring pictures in my book on the Life of Jesus is serious business. It's one of the things Margie likes to do at religious vacation school.

CREDITS

p. 7, Russell P. Collinge, Harwichport, Massachusetts; p. 14, Edward H. Quick, Ringoes, New Jersey.

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Thirty Days of Grace

by Sister Charlene

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters who are to make their final vows prepare for the occasion by a thirty-day-period of recollection. During this time they devote only three hours every day to manual work and so they are free to spend more time in prayer. Silence is broken only at meals when they join the rest of the community in the dining room. Sister Charlene shares with us her thoughts on the "thirty days" which she observed last summer at our convent in Redlands, California.

JULY 4. After our holiday celebration picnic in Ontario four of us drove to Redlands to join two other sisters from our class who were already there. Sister Mary Monica will come in from San Pedro tomorrow.

There will be seven of us to make perpetual vows here in Redlands. The other seven will make them in other parts of the country.

Could it really be nine years ago that we met one another as total strangers in the postulancy? We had so little in common then; little more than our new black oxfords.

When I went to my room today I found a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows on the dresser. Is it a coincidence? Nine years ago I made a novena to her for the grace to know my vocation. She is here reminding me that she fulfilled her part of the bargain. Now I must live up to mine.

Sister Paula and I share a room. Another coincidence? We shared one almost nine years ago when we entered Victory Noll. We did not dream then that we would be roommates in California not many years later.

July 6. We started off well. Two priests offered Mass for our intentions. It is not all prayer, although we do have a good bit of time to pray. We have three hours of work a day. I help in the laundry and then sweep those famous ninety-nine steps leading from Crescent avenue to the house. It keeps me busy all during the work periods.

July 9. We have not found it hard. It is restful for the body as well as the soul. I pray each day for all those who have asked for my prayers and for the grace to appreciate my vocation fully.

We have plenty of time to stroll along the paths and marvel at the beauties of southern California: the trees, the foliage, and the distant mountains.

July 11. The other sisters are very considerate of us. We speak at meals, but when the time arrives we often find that we do not have so much to say as you would think. We laugh over memories of our postulant and novitiate days. "Sister, remember the time . . .?" is the favorite beginning for a story.

Sister Marie Celine and I recalled the time we were each carrying a

stack of sheets through the hall only to meet Mother Catherine with an archbishop and two bishops. All our training had not prepared us for such a situation, but the bishops soon put us at our ease and we went on our laden way as gracefully as we could manage.

July 13. We are preparing for the coming of our sisters for the annual eight-day retreat that precedes the feast of Our Lady of the Snow. The convent now has about twenty-five sisters. On the twenty-fifth of the month there will be seventy of us. We have been scrubbing floors and putting up beds. We enjoy the manual labor after our hours of prayer.

July 16. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Our Blessed Mother is close to us as we spend these days with her Son. How we wish we could share our joy and peace with a world that spends itself in activity.

July 24. The other sisters are coming in. We hear welcomes on every side, but limit ours to mealtimes. Sister Frances let us clean the chaplain's cot-



Sister Paula reads as she walks.



Sister Mary Monica does a bit of mending in the shade of a sturdy palm tree.

tage today so that we would be out of the way of so many arriving.

July 27. Tonight Father Toner, S.J., began our eight days of strict retreat. During this time we sisters who are going to make final vows are assigned very little work. We have reading at all meals. At supper we are reading "A Right to be Merry" by Sister Mary Francis, a Poor Clare nun. The happiness the Poor Clares find in silence, work, and prayer is very much in evidence in the book.

August 5. Today the seven of us vowed our lives to God. We meant it for life from the beginning, but it is nice to be able to tell others so and to make our profession publicly. My family was not able to come the long distance, but we are well spoiled by our religious family with congratulations, prayers, and presents for our special day.

We have said the words; living them will be something else. With His grace we hope to live them fully and generously the rest of our lives.

“SISTER! How could I?”

“What in the world are you talking about?” asked Sister Joseph Marie.

“The flowers!” I almost wailed. We’ve been concentrating on this rock garden so hard all afternoon that I completely forgot we meant to get flowers for the convent altar. And tomorrow is the feast of the Sacred Heart. You know how we had planned to get those beautiful long-stemmed red roses, so appropriate for the feast.”

Sister suggested very practically that we hurry to the florist shop right away, but it was already five-thirty and we soon discovered that all the stores in town were closed. Disappointed, we turned back home. I especially felt dejected because I was the sacristan and responsible for the altar decorations.

At this time of year Cape Cod is filled with ramblers. Sister Joseph Marie suggested I cut some of the red ones that were growing in our yard. They would have to do for the altar.

It was a good suggestion. In fact, there was nothing else to do. Secretly, however, I complained to Our Blessed Mother. It is true that it was my fault that we forgot the trip to the florist until it was too late; but yet I didn’t hesitate to remind her that after all, the beautiful roses were to be for her Divine Son and she could still do something about them.

“You are His Mother,” I said. “Don’t you want the best for your Son? Of course you know best, but anyway, please help me arrange these ramblers attractively.”

After supper I decorated the altar as well as I could and then went out to help Sister Christopher who was working on the rock garden. The rock garden was to be a surprise for Sister Mary Regina who was away, and we were in a hurry to finish it.

We were spreading dirt into a neat circle when a red convertible stopped in front of our convent.

“Sister,” said a voice, “I have some flowers for you.”

A young boy got out of the car and approached us. I went to meet him.

“I’m Bill Hurley. My father would like you to put these flowers on the altar in thanksgiving to Our Lady for a favor received.”

“Does your father want them in church or in the convent chapel?” I asked.

Bill turned to his father who was in the car and repeated my question. Mr. Hurley himself then got out and said, “I didn’t know you had a chapel, Sister. We are summer visitors on the Cape. Tell you what, Sister; put the flowers wherever you think they will look best.”

A Rose for the Sacred Heart

by SISTER LEONA

illustrated by
RUSSELL COLLINGE



I hardly had time to express our thanks when with a smile and a wave of their hands, the Hurleys left as quietly as they had come.

By this time Sister Christopher had joined me. "What kind of flowers are they?" she asked excitedly.

"Goodness, Sister, I didn't even think to look at them. I was so concerned about where Mr. Hurley wanted them."

I uncovered the box and gasped. I should have known. They were deep

red, long-stemmed American Beauties delicately entwined with green fern and white baby breath.

"Aren't they exquisite! Our Blessed Mother came through, Sister. She wanted long-stemmed roses as much as we did!"

Did Mr. Hurley realize that Our Lady used him as her instrument? I doubt it. He was just showing his gratitude to her and she is never outdone in generosity.

These Are My Boys

by Sister Damien

THERE was a scuffle, a wiggle, a giggle, and a smile. These were my pupils. Dancing eyes, moving hands, talkative lips. Would I ever have these youngsters under control?

These were the thoughts that went through my mind when I first met my all-boy First Communion class.

True, they were not exactly Hummel angels and could never be expected to act as such, but they did seem angelic at times. I thought so when I arrived at my garage classroom, found all the chairs set up, and was greeted by a "Boo" from two or maybe three or four boys. These were the ones who were on half-day session at school. They would race to the garage after lunch to see if they could get there before Sister did. Next came their questions.

"Sister, what else can we do?"

"Sister, where's our chart?"

"How many stars . . . five . . . ten . . . one . . . two."



Looks as if somebody is enjoying Mine magazine while he lets another boy do all the work of setting up chairs in the garage.



Sister Damien's all-boy First Communion class.

The boys and I enjoyed this setting up party. The garage had the appearance of a real classroom when the rest of the class arrived. My helpers could always inform the others where they stood on the achievement chart. They were especially adept at this when the informer was ahead.

At last the big day for the boys came. They all arrived at church with hair combed, wearing neat white shirts, and with trousers pressed. I had to look twice to realize they were my same boys. As they returned to their seats after receiving Our Lord for the first time I prayed that they would never change.

As all things pass, they did too—to the third grade. When I met them again the following September they greeted me with, "Gee, Sister, still in the second grade with kids that haven't made their First Communion yet!"

They gave me an understanding smile as they went on to their "higher" class in our school of religion. I began all over again with another First Communion class.

AROUND VICTORY-NOLL



One of many pleasant spots at Victory Noll on a summer day—the lake.

BIRD feeders have been put away. Lawn chairs are out of the basement and scattered around outside. Sweaters and shawls have disappeared from their hooks just inside the east door.

These are only a few of the welcome signs that summer is on its way. Summer is a busy time AROUND VICTORY NOLL. Besides the work outdoors—on the grounds and in the garden—there is the work of getting ready for the sisters who will come in from the mid-west missions.

Only six sisters will celebrate their silver jubilee this year. During July they will have a month of spiritual renovation. It is a period not nearly so strict as a retreat, but yet it affords the sisters an opportunity to give more time than usual to the things of the spirit. Father Thomas Aquinas, O.F.M.Cap., of St. Felix Friary, Huntington, will give the daily conference.

Sisters who have already celebrated their silver jubilee but who, at the time, did not have the opportunity to make the "tertianship," will do so this year if their duties permit.

Reception and profession ceremonies will be held as usual on the Feast of

Our Lady of the Snow, August 5. Then on the Feast of the Assumption the jubilarians will renew their vows and have their celebration. The 1958 jubilarians are:

Sister Adelle Heintz
Marshfield, Wisconsin
Sister Elizabeth Ann Clifford
Chillicothe, Ohio
Sister Josephine Cima
Latrobe, Pennsylvania
Sister Marie Celeste Murphy
Clayton, New Mexico
Sister Mary Gertrude Siegfried
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Sister Rose Hornby
Evansville, Indiana

This summer AROUND VICTORY NOLL we are looking forward once again to having the Rev. Johannes Hofinger, S. J., for classes. Father Hofinger will come to Huntington from Notre Dame where he is on the faculty of the Liturgy Program. Later he will also have classes for our sisters at Redlands, California.

Another good friend of our community who plans to be here next August is the Rev. Bertrand J. Gulnerich of Washington, D.C. Father Gulnerich, who is field representative of the National Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, will give us some very practical helps on our expanding CCD work.

Sacrifice charts, Mother learns, are valuable not just in Lent, but for every season.

by ADELYN RICHARDSON



The six Richardson children, Solvang, California, and one of their

SACRIFICE CHARTS

OUR family cannot get along without "sacrifice charts." However simple or inartistic they may be, they more than repay the small effort it costs to make them.

Our first attempt was the result of desperation. The children were not doing their small duties at home; or if they did do them, so much procrastina-

tion and complaint went into them that it hardly seemed worthwhile.

Without a Catholic school and the good sisters' daily reminders and praise of the little kindnesses performed at home, the children lack encouragement toward self-denial in the form they understand best: a tangible reward.

It was, then, somewhat desperately that we drew six large rosaries, one for each child, and taped them on the wall. A bead could be colored for each sacrifice and for each helpful or generous act performed cheerfully. These good deeds were the children's little gifts to Jesus. They also turned out to be gifts to their parents in the form of a suddenly cooperative household.

The smallest child's sacrifices were themselves small and few, but the older children tolerated her attempts to keep up with or ahead of the others in bead coloring. The oldest children proved their "maturity" by requiring of themselves more difficult sacrifices. For example, our oldest boy is more likely to mow the large lawn cheerfully in order to make progress on his chart than he is for the small sum of money the job earns him. In fact, he has been known to refuse the money to be able to record that sacrifice too.

By Advent the rosaries were completed. We then put inexpensive cribs in each bedroom, giving a straw or two for each sacrifice and a small prize on Christmas Eve to the roommates who had earned the softest bed for the Baby Jesus.

But we neglected to carry on. We were soon pulling once again in different directions. We then made a Lenten chart with the materials we had at hand.

Two large sheets of paper were taped together to make room for all the children's sacrifices on one chart. At the bottom we drew six Easter eggs, putting a child's name on each. At the top of the chart we roughly painted six green hills and pasted a gold cross on the top of each one. Then between the eggs at the bottom and the hills at the

top, we drew lines, squared off like ladders. Each square represented a sacrifice. At the top center we pasted a picture of our Risen Lord appearing to Mary Magdalene, and below that a picture of Our Blessed Mother surrounded by little angels. All the pictures were cut from an Easter issue of *The Little Mine* magazine.

The children thought the chart was beautiful. We too thought it had turned out to be surprisingly attractive. But best of all, it brought back order to our home. Not only do the children help us more willingly, but they are on the lookout for little acts that will help their schoolmates, teachers, and our neighbors.

It is really surprising what large kindnesses small children can do when it means another colored square on the chart. One little girl swept the neighbor's high stairway. Three children spent several afternoons weeding flower beds for an invalid. Gum and fruit are gladly shared with friends. Deserts are refused. Morning and night prayers are remembered more easily. The evening Rosary must not be forgotten.

One little fellow who is an habitual dawdler gets to bed at night and up in the morning with undreamt of speed because he is not permitted to color any of his squares unless he takes care of those duties first. We do not ask the children to perform any deeds too difficult for them. Yet they frequently surprise us.

While Mother's nagging is heard less, the children are learning the habits of self-control and self-denial and obviously enjoying the process. We adults wonder if our own charts would show such steady progress.



Nicky Herrera and Linda Ramirez of Ogden look somewhat overwhelmed in their role of King and Queen of the Prayer Class. They merited the title because they had an almost perfect attendance record and were the first of the group to learn the required prayers word-perfect.

SISTER EVELYN MARIE

* * *

1958 SOLUTION

The problem, so simple in principle, so difficult in practice, was presented to the sixth graders for solution: How can a rich man be poor in spirit?

Blank faces told me that I had posed a problem which was truly a problem! I then put it this way: If you had four cars, three homes in different states, a private plane, and a sailboat of your own, how could you still be poor in spirit?

Suddenly it was all so simple. One of the boys knew the answer: "Just pay your taxes!"

SISTER MARIE

* * *

FROM THE MASS

"God be with you, Sister!"

This is the beautiful expression the children in Elsberry, Missouri, use instead of the ordinary "Goodbye."

SISTER MARY MARGARET

In the Home Field

MISSOURI MULES

One day while we were visiting, we came to a road that was muddier than usual. It seemed to be nothing more than two deep ruts. The house we wanted to visit was at the top of the hill, up this uninviting road.

As we pondered whether to try driving up or not, a woman came by. We asked her whether anyone ever used this road. "Oh yes," she said, "all the time."

Encouraged, we determined to try it. Before we turned the bend to begin the steep ascent, we stopped and gasped. "So that's how they get up and down!"

Coming down the hill was a wagon pulled by a team of Missouri mules. We decided to walk.

SISTER BEATRICE



It's easy to tell how pleased Albert Acuna is with the Sacred Heart shrine that he made. Ogden, Utah.

The Missionary Catechist

AIR-CONDITIONED

It was deep in the heart of Texas and terrifically hot. Hoping to settle a dispute among the boys in class as to whose turn it was to have the fan turned on them, I remarked that we would never be perfectly comfortable in this world. For that we have to wait until we get to heaven where it's never too hot nor too cold.

"How do you know?" the boys wanted to know.

"Because," I replied, "in heaven everybody is perfectly happy. We shall have our bodies there after the end of the world and our bodies would not be perfectly happy if it were too hot or too cold. It will always be just right."

"You mean, Sister, it'll be air-conditioned? O boy!"

SISTER MARY KARL

* * *

COMPETITION

I decided to put an element of competition into my class. I would show the boys and girls the achievement chart from the neighboring parish where we also taught. Such competition would be good for them, I thought. The neighboring children were in the same grade as they were, too.

From the number of achievement charts I had with me I took out the one I wanted—or so I thought. Unwittingly I had picked up the one that belonged to the boys and girls before me!

As I held it up, one boy said, "Oh, they're not so hot!"

Then I noticed my mistake. It was quite a come-down for them when I acknowledged, "This is YOUR chart!"

SISTER JOSEPHA

OVERHEARD

Frank, one of my second graders, came out of school and stood in line with the rest of the children who were lining up for religion class. One of his non-Catholic classmates passed by on his way home. Eager to know where his friend was going he called out, "Hey, where are you going now?"

"To catechism," replied Frank.

"What do you do there?"

"We go to a garage and learn about Jesus until three o'clock and then we go home."

SISTER JOHN JOSEPH



Thank you for the ball, Sister!

by SISTER EUGENIA



Fire station at Ringoes, New Jersey, one of the three fire houses in which the Flemington Sisters have religion classes.

FIREMEN *to the Rescue*

THE reputation of a fire department or that of an individual fireman is always precarious. It makes no difference whether he is a paid fire fighter or a volunteer.

Among the choice bits that have been aimed at firemen from self-appointed sidewalk chiefs and public advisers are comments like these.

"Look at those reckless fools."
(When the fire apparatus races at 40 mph.)

"They don't even know how to raise a ladder." (When four firemen struggle with an eight-man ladder.)

"There goes the axe squad." (When

they open the door to get at the blaze.)

Or when firemen open windows for ventilation to reduce heat in fighting a fire, it's "Look at the wrecking crew."

If the chief stands back where he can see and direct his men, someone says: "He's afraid to go where he sends his men."

If they lose a building, you hear this one: "What a lousy fire department."

If they make a 'good stop,' someone says: "The fire didn't amount to much."

If a fireman gets killed and leaves a wife and family, folks say: "That's the chance he took when he joined the fire department."

Luckily for us, our volunteer firemen are men who can let reproachful remarks like these fall from their shoulders like water running from the back of a duck. We say luckily for us, for we sisters here at Flemington, New Jersey, are deeply indebted to the firemen of Hunterdon County in more ways than one.

Last summer when we were getting ready for our religious vacation school we realized almost at the last minute that we would have to use our garage as one of the classrooms. We had so many things to do that we had neither the time nor the strength to think about hauling buckets of water out to the garage for the purpose of removing layers of dust and dirt.

Then we had an idea. We had seen firemen "practicing" on several occasions. Why not ask them to practice on our garage?

A telephone call was all that was necessary. On Saturday morning a bright red fire engine stopped in back of our convent. A fire hose was unrolled and soon, streaming jets of water were washing down the walls and floor of our soon-to-be classroom!

Mr. Snyder unlocks the door of the Stockton fire station for Sister Marilyn and the first arrivals.

Not only here in New Jersey, but in other states as well, when we sisters are hard put to find a place to teach, it is the firemen who come to the rescue and take us under their wing; or rather, into their fire house.

From our convent in Flemington we teach children who attend eighteen different public schools, so it is not possible to bring them all into their respective parishes or church halls for religious instruction. Consequently, we are privileged to use the fire houses in three different towns: Ringoes, Stockton, and Three Bridges. This has been made possible through the generosity of the local men in their community fire departments.

Visitors in church on Sunday morning might wonder whether they are hearing right when Father announces that the children should go to the fire department for their religion classes. The parishioners, however, and we sisters are grateful that we have such convenient places in which to teach. So far we have not had an alarm during class, but if it comes we won't worry. We know and trust our firemen and have the greatest respect for them. And so have our children.





our **A**ssociates'

Though you can't
take it with you,
You can send
it ahead,
By giving while
living—
Don't wait until
you're dead!
(Anon)

Dear Associates:

AS you have learned elsewhere in these pages, the high cost of magazine production has forced us to cut down our publication from eleven to ten issues a year. This will have quite an effect on our *Bands, Clubs, Guilds Donations* column. Heretofore, donations received from the middle of April until the end of May appeared in our July-August issue. This issue is now being discontinued. Therefore, all donations received after the middle of April will have to be held for publication in the September issue. At no season of the year do we receive so many mission band donations as the period extending from the middle of April until the end of June. For this reason, our *Bands Donations* column (if it runs true to pattern and *we hope it will!*) in the September issue will occupy a column and a half of our club pages. This in turn will crowd out some Band news items. By October, we hope to have returned to normal.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ADRIAN CLUB, Chicago

Regular contributors for the past twenty-five years, these ladies headed by *Miss Florence Dietz* meet for a social evening once a month. *Mrs. Louise Schmit* is the secretary. We receive interesting letters from her with the dues checks.

MINNESOTA ASSOCIATES



Many mission boxes containing religious goods are sent to our Sisters in different centers by Queen of Virgins Sodality Band, Madison, Minn. Miss Regina Emmerich, whose picture is at left, is Promoter. The group has turned out thousands of green scapulars. Each scapular is packaged in a

cellophane bag with a mimeographed sheet explaining its use. Medals and sacred pictures are mounted by the hundreds, by these ladies. They also cover Sacred Heart badges, make Catholic identification cards, and fashion expansion bracelets of plastic tubing with medal attached. Parishioners often contribute materials for these projects.

ANOTHER MINN. BAND REPORTS

Shortly after Easter, we received two large mission boxes from *Mrs. Irene Lehmann*, of *Lewiston, Minn.* She is Promoter of *Blessed Martin de Porres Band*. These boxes contained sixteen complete layettes for new babies (*326 articles!*) The little garments were of outing flannel or crepe, beautifully stitched in pink or blue. There was also a white linen baptismal robe, embroidered in suitable liturgical symbols, in the shipment.

DOLLS REPAIRED

Have the girls in your household grown too old for dolls? Is there a doll lying forgotten and neglected in your attic or basement? If so, you may wish to send it to *Mrs. Ed Coughlin*, 4412 N. Wolcott Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois. *Mrs. Coughlin* repairs dolls, makes new outfits for them, and sends them to our Sisters in the Southwest, to be given to poor children at Christmas. She will also welcome scraps of material in this connection.

Club Mention



THREE INDIANA BANDS

St. Rita Band, Hamond. Headed by Mrs. M. Johann, the mother of Sister Rita Therese, these ladies meet once a month. The occasion is usually a birthday of one of the members.

Upsilon Chapter, Pi Epsilon Kappa, LaPorte. The members of this Catholic sorority sponsor the Guardian Angel Burse held by Sister Mary Agnes. This year's president is Mrs. Troy Powell. The ladies recently voted to increase their donations in behalf of Sister's Burse.

Ave Maria Band, Elkhart. Miss Cecilia Murphy is Promoter of the Band. They began as a mission committee of their parish sodality many years ago, but later adopted the title of Ave Maria Mission Band. They are about evenly divided between married and single ladies. They sponsor Sister Noreen, formerly of Elkhart.



ST. CATHERINE BAND, Los Angeles

Members of this Band are widely separated. One half of them live in Los Angeles and the other half in Chicago. No meetings are possible, but Mrs. N. McMannamy serves as corresponding secretary for the group. Most of the members entrust their donations to her, and she in turn sends them on to us.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

March 26 to April 25, 1958

Bl. Martin Band, Lewiston, Minn.	
Mrs. Irene Lehman	\$35.00
Charitina Club I, Chicago, Ill.	
Miss Helen Ford	5.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mo.,	
Mrs. James M. Butler	19.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.,	
Mrs. J. V. McGovern	17.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago,	
Miss Veronica Foertsch	50.00
Mary, Queen of Hearts, Chicago,	
Miss Wilma Wengritzky	10.00
Penny Club, Detroit, Mich.,	
Miss Josephine Hildebrandt	15.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Calif.	
Mrs. M. McMannamy	7.00
St. Clara Band, St. Mary's, Ft. Wayne	
Mrs. Wm. F. Ryan	33.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. Alfred F. Vleck, Sec.	170.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio,	
Miss Helen Melke	68.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. Aloysia Naumes	45.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. Katherine Hammer	15.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. E. H. Potter	10.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Miss Marie Egermier, Sec.	10.00
St. Mary Mission Club, Orlando, Fla.	
Mrs. Forest Lehman	15.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Miss Margaret L. Murphy	22.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Chicago,	
Mrs. Charles J. Dowling	5.00
St. Rita Band, Hammond, Ind.,	
Mrs. N. Johann	28.50
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill.,	
Mrs. John J. Murphy	5.50
Strillians Band, Cincinnati, Ohio,	
Miss Loretto Willenborg	12.00



True Devotion to Mary

RECENTLY I read a book on the spiritual life that I considered excellent in every respect until I came to the chapter on devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Then I felt as if I were being cheated or, as they say, "let down."

The author—a priest, a member of a religious order very much devoted to the Mother of God—introduced a note of caution into his writing. He felt that it was necessary to put us on guard against exaggeration in our attitude toward Mary.

He took special pains to warn us not to use the term Co-redemptrix in connection with Our Blessed Mother. It was rather startling, to say the least, when such Mariologists as Colin, Neubert, Garrigou-Lagrange, and others of like stature, do not hesitate to use this term.

The book was written in Europe and then translated into English. Perhaps the priest-author had had some experience which made him feel justified in writing as he did. We would like to excuse him. However, after reading the best books on Mariology and the passages that the saints and doctors of the Church have written on Mary, one can only come to the conclusion that we need not be warned about exaggerating her greatness. On the contrary, we do not honor her enough.

Mary was no ordinary woman. She was the *Mother of GOD!* Since she was to be the Mother of His Son, God the Father endowed her with qualities and prerogatives that almost stagger our imagination.

Our Blessed Mother was in the mind of God from all eternity. The Church applies to Mary the words of

the Book of Proverbs: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways before He made anything from the beginning."

Of Christ, the Word, True Wisdom, it could be said that God possessed Him. Since this possession was to be brought about by the mediation of Mary who was to conceive and bring forth the Word, it follows that God also possessed her who was to cooperate with Him in giving human form to His Son.

Elizabeth recognized Mary's greatness when she exclaimed: "Blessed art thou among women." Blessed indeed is Mary, so blessed that she occupies a place in heaven next to the Sacred Humanity of Christ Himself.

Instead of fearing lest we exaggerate Mary's greatness, let us rather pray that we do not minimize it. The best way of proving our love and esteem for her is to consecrate ourselves to her entirely and forever, to become her slaves of love.

We need not worry that by doing this we will detract from God's own greatness and glory. On the contrary, we will contribute to His glory because we will be imitating Him who gave Himself to Mary. And Mary, in her turn, will attribute everything to God. As St. Louis de Montfort points out, when we say "Mary," she says "God." ". . . because He who is mighty has done great things to me and holy is His Name."

A card or letter to Victory Noll will explain this total consecration to you.

Address

Sister Mary Agnes
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Photographing Our Photographer

by SISTER SOCORRO

RARELY does an issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST go to press without crediting a picture or two or even three to W. Wesley Kloepfer, Azusa, California.

Well, this time we have managed to get pictures of Mr. Kloepfer himself. He is a Knight of Columbus and a member of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in St. Frances of Rome parish, Azusa.

To Mr. Kloepfer we are indebted for many valuable colored slides and black and white photographs. He has assured us here in Azusa that he is always willing to help us out with a click of the shutter.

All that we have to do is to call Mr. Kloepfer and answer just one or two questions: "Where am I to go, Sister?" "What time do you want me there?" "And, Sister, please make a list of the pictures you would like me to take this time."

The next thing we know: "Here are the pictures, Sister!" There they are indeed — and always good ones, too.

We would like to thank two other excellent California photographers who have been most generous with their time and equipment: Mr. Russell Carroll of Torrance and Mr. Bob Fogata of Santa Paula. Their slides and other pictures have been an invaluable help to us in our magazine and public relations work. **Editor**

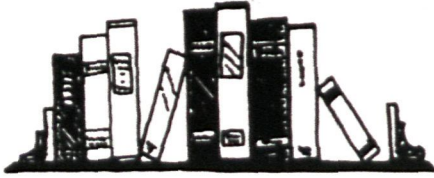


This is going to be a good one.



Thank you, Mr Kloepfer!

Books



The Sacrifice of the Mystical Body by Canon Eugene Masure. Translated from the French by Anthony Thorold. Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, \$3.50.

In the light of *Mediator Dei* Canon Masure re-presents his studies on the Mass. This small volume is not easy reading, but it is very rewarding reading, giving one, as it does, a better grasp on the theology of the Eucharist and a deeper appreciation of the Mass.

With God the mystery of the Redeemer and that of the redemption are one; but we are accustomed to treat them separately—to distinguish between Christ's presence in the Eucharist and our salvation. Because of this human way of looking at it, Canon Masure treats of the theological development from two different standpoints: the one governed by the presence of the victim; the other, the result of meditation on the spiritual fruits of the sacrifice. This, he explains, is the traditional method, starting with the visible rite and passing thence by way of the real but invisible mystery to the spiritual effects of grace.

Any study of the Mass must begin with the mystery anterior to the Mass, that is, what Christ did at the Last Supper, the "gesture" (the translator wishes there were a better word) which became a reality on Good Friday, and which is now our rite repeated from the rising to the setting of the sun.

It is difficult to review briefly a book like this. It must be read (and perhaps re-read) to be appreciated. Then we will realize that the grace of the Eucharist will accomplish, "by means of our union with Christ, the organic structure of the mystical body under the living mystery of its Head: it will make us participate as brothers in the unity of which Christ said, *I and the Father are one*, and adding, *that they also may be one in us.*" (p. 103)

* * *

The Phoenix Rises by Julius Sullivan, O.F.M.Cap. Seraphic Mass Association, 210 W. 31st St., New York 1, N.Y. \$2.50

Wisely did the Most Reverend Apollinaris Baumgartner, O.F.M.Cap., D.D., emblazon the phoenix on his coat of arms. It is a symbol of his missionary apostolate. When he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Guam in 1945, the war had just ended, leaving the island in ruins.

Few bishops ever faced such a task: churches and rectories were destroyed, his priests still interned in Japan, his flock scattered. The new bishop, says Father Julius, managed to find a vacant room, but since the room was vacant also in the sense that it contained no furniture, he passed his first nights in the Navy guest house.

In a matter of fact way Father Julius — no doubt because he himself was one of the builders — relates the story of the amazing re-building of Guam. More than this, he goes back two hundred years to tell the story of how Guam and the other Marianas became Catholic. It is a tale of heroism and martyrdom.

Spanish Jesuits first preached the faith on the islands. After the suppression of the Society of Jesus Augustinian Recollects worked there. Spain's empire in the Pacific declined during the 19th century and the missions with it. The

Church was not in a flourishing condition in 1898 when the United States took Guam. Spanish Capuchins labored valiantly to rekindle the faith. They were replaced by American Capuchins in 1941, only months before the outbreak of the war. It was literally from scratch that Bishop Baumgartner and his friars began their work at the close of the war.

Until then there had been no sisters on Guam. Several attempts to bring them in before that had been thwarted. It is worthy of note that the School Sisters of Notre Dame opened their first school in the islands in 1949 and in six years had *fifty-six* native sisters.

This is a fascinating story. It is well-documented, indexed, and contains sixty-five photographs.

* * *

Religious Wall Pictures for Bible History and Catechism Instruction from originals by Philip Schumacher. Helicon Press, Inc. 505 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$1.50 each.

There are sixty of these beautiful six-color reproductions of incidents in the Old Testament and the New, the Sacraments, and the Mass. Each picture is 28½ by 19 inches.

The subjects we have seen are: the Presentation of Our Blessed Mother, the Holy Family, the Good Shepherd, Jesus Healing the Sick, and the Last Supper. All are excellently done. The drawings are sturdy and "strong." There is nothing sentimental here to distort a child's mind. They remind one of woodcuts. The Holy Family picture with the Child Jesus carrying a bundle of wood is especially charming.

We can heartily recommend these fine pictures imported from Germany and now available through the Helicon Press. There are discounts when ten or more are purchased.

A Land of Miracles for Three Hundred Years by Eugene Lefebvre, C.Ss.R., Ste. Anne's Bookshop, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Canada. \$2.00

This year is the third centenary of the celebrated shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre in Quebec. Father Lefebvre, a Redemptorist connected with the shrine, relates the favors that Ste. Anne has granted her clients through the centuries.

The author first lays down the Church's conditions for a miraculous cure. Then he quotes from the testimony of the Venerable Marie of the Incarnation and of Bishop Laval in the seventeenth century, and of other bishops down to the present day.

Outstanding cures that have taken place through the years are described briefly. Especially interesting are cures worked in recent times when medical science is better equipped to diagnose them and recognize their authenticity.

However, the finest part of the book is that devoted to the spiritual significance of Beaupre. The shrine is a source of joy and peace and consolation for all who visit it. Particularly moving is the testimony of those who were not cured physically but who received the grace to bear their afflictions with joy and gratitude.

The Most Reverend Maurice Roy, D.D., Archbishop of Quebec City, has written the preface to this book.

* * *

For a number of summers the Franciscan Fathers of St. John Baptist Province (Cincinnati) have been sponsoring *Franciscan Tours to the Southwest and California Missions*. The itinerary is interesting and the cost surprisingly low. A Franciscan Father will accompany each of the three scheduled tours. Complete information may be obtained by writing to: Rev. Aloys Held, O.F.M., 1615 Vine St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

Editor's By-Line

At breakfast one morning Sister Mary Elisabeth told us that she and Sister Dora would appreciate an extra Hail Mary that all would go well with their bee business. They were expecting three queens that day and evidently introducing them into the hives is ticklish.

I'm sure introducing is not the correct word. I do not know the correct word. I know you don't just "put" or "deposit" queens into the hives. Anyway, I am consoled that I am not the only one who doesn't know all about bees. From the questions asked I am sure there are other sisters who know as little or almost as little as I do about them.

That night at recreation I asked whether the bees had come. Pained expressions told me I had said something wrong. Then someone gently reminded me that you can buy bees by the pound. These were *Queens*. From now on I will use a capital Q.

No, their Majesties had not arrived. They always came (by air mail from Louisiana) on schedule before. We hoped nothing had happened to them. During the next few days we inquired at the post office not only when we went for the mail in the morning, but by telephone later in the day.

One morning I went for the mail. The man at the window was not one of the old timers who know all the queer things sisters get in the mail. I said, "I hope those Queen bees are here."

The young man looked startled but just said "Ma'am?" as if he had not heard right. I repeated the remark and he said we had a lot of packages in the back and they might be there. He must have thought that Queens come in a big crate instead of in tiny little boxes.

By this time a long line had formed back of me. Usually when the post office employees see us coming they open a second window. We always have a lot of business. I pity the poor people who have to wait for all the signing and what not. Usually they just want a three-cent stamp or are calling for their general delivery mail. Our *Sunday Visitor* and the Victory Noll Sisters keep the Huntington post office busy.

Finally the Queens did come and we made a trip to town after supper to rescue them from the mail box. Sister Mary Elisabeth thoughtfully brought along a little bottle of water. She knew they would need it after their journey and she didn't want to make them wait until we got home.

With each Queen were seven attendants. They waited on her and fed her on the trip, mind you! Of course she could do these things herself, but that would not be Queenly, I suppose.

The next day the sisters worked hard and could report "mission accomplished." You see, bees are very important to us. They pollinate our orchard and that is why we have such good apples.
SEA

In Memoriam

Alfred Heintz, Marshfield, Wis., brother of
Sister Adelle
Rev. Henry B. Busch, S.J., Santa Barbara, Calif.
Dr. Henry O. Bruggeman, Fort Wayne
Dr. James Holleran, Los Angeles
Dr. Otto L. Munch, Pittsford, N. Y.
Wilbur Boruff, Martinsville, Ind.
Anthony Nykiel, Detroit
Ralph Frank, Detroit
Antoinette Stroinski, Detroit
Joseph Dunapski, Detroit
Mrs. Catherine Roesler, Muncie, Ind.
Anna Gubanic, Uniontown, Pa.
Mrs. Helen Salitrik, Uniontown, Pa.
Edward J. Knartzner, Indianapolis
Joseph Scott, Los Angeles
George W. Paymal, Los Angeles
Geraldine McEnerney, Chicago
Marie Brauer, Chicago
Albert Letoile, Centerdale, R. I.

Dream- Come- True

by SISTER CLARE MARIE



Sister Clare Marie and David meet on the sacristy steps.

DAVID is now receiving the first of his rewards for his daily Mass attendance. Father is training him to be an acolyte. This has been his dream for a long time. At last it is coming true. He is intent on doing everything just right, so we know that after a little more practice, he will be an ideal altar boy.

One morning I noticed his lips moving as he passed the paten at Holy Communion. Later I asked him whether he was saying ejaculations.

"Not exactly ejaculations, Sister," he answered. "I try to say with Father the prayer he says every time he gives a person Holy Communion. Then when I get big and am studying to be a priest, I won't need to learn it."

On one of Mary's feast days Father told David to light the candles on her altar. David did so and genuflected very devoutly before the statue. Later I explained to him why he should genuflect only before the Blessed Sacrament and simply bow his head before the statue of Our Blessed Mother.

"You mean I shouldn't genuflect in front of Mary?" He sounded incredulous. "But Sister . . ."

David's devotion to Our Blessed Mother is very deep and sincere. Last year he was among the fortunate children who consecrated themselves to her according to the True Devotion of St. Louis de Montfort. He was puzzled then, and maybe even a little shocked, when I told him not to genuflect before the image of his Mother to whom he is so devoted.

Your next issue of

THE
MISSIONARY CATECHIST

will be the SEPTEMBER issue. Rather than increase the subscription price, we have decided to cut down on the number of issues. THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST will now be a September-to-June magazine. The July-August issue is being discontinued. Don't look for us next month, then. We will be with you again in September.