

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

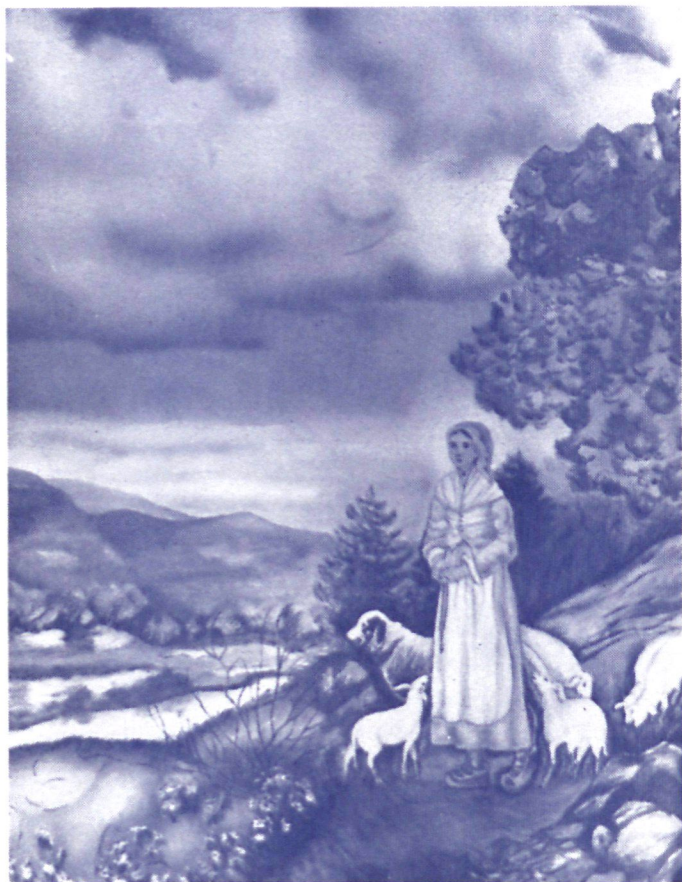
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St. Bernadette of Lourdes



This is a photograph of an original painting by Sister Bernadette. It illustrates an incident in the life of St. Bernadette that was related in one of her first biographies written by a Sister of Charity of Nevers.

She was coming home one evening with her sheep when a sudden storm broke. She had to cross a small stream that was unbridged at that time except for stepping stones. The brook was now swollen and flooded, making passage impossible.

In her trouble the saint made the sign of the cross over the stream. In-

stantly the waters parted and Bernadette passed with the flock through dry land. Immediately afterward the torrent resumed its natural course.

This story was told by her uncle, M. Aravant, who was a witness to the astonishing incident. Although he was her relative by marriage, he could hardly have been accused of being partial toward the little girl. His wife, Bernadette's aunt, was extremely kind to her, but Aravant himself was described as being exacting, hard, and grasping.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Contents

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COVER

Sister Rita Louise thinks it fun to pull Sister Janet Marie over the snow and ice at Victory Noll.

CREDITS

Inside front cover: original painting by Sister Bernadette and photography by Joaquin Avalos, LaJunta, Colo.; p. 6 Marist Missions, Framingham, Mass.; p. 14 R. H. Haeker, Bluffton, Ind.

An Assist for the Bishops Sister Rosario	4
Where Leaders Are Trained Mother Marie Vandenberg, R.C.	6
Mother-Daughter Apostolate Sister Dorothy Louise	8
Around Victory Noll	10
In the Home Field	12
Parishioners Welcome Migrants Sister Blanche Marie	14
Sisters Are Supposed to Be Ageless Sister Clement	15
Associate Catechists of Mary	16
True Devotion to Mary	18
Your CCD Question	19
Book Reviews	20
Editor's By-Line	22
In Memoriam	22
Silent Pupils Sister Adelle	23



An Assist for the Bishops

by SISTER ROSARIO



FOR a split second there was hushed silence. Then came a thunderous ovation as Ernie stepped to the microphone.

Tonight we were seeing another side of Ernie. Usually we see him composed and self-assured as he ushers at Mass, but now he was shy, tense, and almost scared. We did not intend to let Ernie's discomfort mar our evening, however. We had waited long for this night and we were going to enjoy it.

Talent shows are not new to us. As a matter of fact, we are quite adept at producing them ourselves. How well we know the embarrassment of having the monkey's tail fall off in the middle of a performance. We know the feeling of exasperation when two little angels get involved in a fight to the glee of the audience and the photographer. The latter, in spite of our protest, "No, not this one!" insists on taking just that picture.

We know too, the panic of having the mike go out of commission three minutes before the curtain should go up. We even know the rare, very rare times when there are no major catastrophes.

But this was something unique. It was not in what these young people had to offer, because amateur shows seldom vary. There was nothing unusual either in the fact that these high school students had themselves produced the show. But let Ernie tell you why we were so anxious to attend this performance and lend our bit of encouragement to these youngsters and their original idea.

Ernie motioned for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "you are about to witness a rare program thought up, directed, and produced by the kids themselves. The reason why we are giving this show is to help raise money for the Bishops' Relief Fund. The kids in this show are not all Catholics. All faiths are represented. All are united to help the cause. People in other parts of the world need our help. Many of them are starving. With our cooperation our priests can help them. About the middle of the show some of the kids are going to take up the collection so, if you like our act, please give with your hearts."

The "act" consisted of vocal numbers and some very lovely Mexican, Hungarian, and Spanish dances. At in-

tervals the mike would refuse to work. Off and on the announcer would forget the dancer's name or the name of the dance. At these times there would be audible promptings from behind stage.

True to his warning, about half way through the entertainment, the master of ceremonies announced: "The kids will now go down among the audience and take up the collection. Please give with your hearts. We may think we're bad off here, but gee — do you remember those pictures Sister showed us? Man, those people are really suffering. Many of them are dying and it isn't their fault."

Five minutes went by. The little girl at my elbow asked the question with which she had plagued me all evening, "What's the matter now, Sister? Why don't they go on with the show?"

I was about to answer when another message came over the loud speaker. "Ladies and gentlemen, it looks like some of the people missed the collection so we will pass it again. Please be generous."

Another ten minutes and the star vocalist (not a Catholic) announced: "Are there any more contributions? We have collected only \$14.35. Could we make it a little more? This is a very worthy cause and we need your help."

Once more the basket was passed through the youthful audience. With the exception of four not too youthful sisters and a mere handful of elderly

men and women, the hall was packed with children — from the first to the twelfth grades.

Then came the final announcement — with an apology. "The boys in this act were notified too late. This is why they appear in jeans. Ordinarily they appear in sport clothes so if you will forgive the producers, we will bring you the LATINEERS!"

Crash! Bang! And the music — if you could call it such — was on. My head still thumps when I think about it. One needed no extraordinary imagination to picture savages from the jungles moving in for the kill. In the midst of all this clamor, the pianist's little sister, a second grader, nudged one of the sisters and said, "Sister, my brother just hit a wrong note!"

The grand finale ended as it had begun, with a crash. The audience went wild with joy. They wanted more, so the Latineers acquiesced.

After the final curtain we went back stage to thank the cast for a very enjoyable evening. Quite unceremoniously Ernie handed us the collection basket. "Here, Sister, for the Bishops' Relief Fund, compliments of Calexico's Junior High."

We had them count the proceeds, for we were more curious than they as to how much they had made. Then we had them take the money to Father.

They did not turn in a fabulous amount. They had collected \$20.75, but we felt that what they had given of their spirit was far more valuable than the money.

The hit of the evening: the Latineers.



CONFRATERNITY of Christian Doctrine Leadership Courses are conducted under the auspices of Catholic University. At Dominican College of San Rafael, last summer's session, thirty-four priests, religious, and lay people representing eight different dioceses, received certificates after completing the six weeks course. The CCD Leadership curriculum includes a course in doctrine, an intensive survey of CCD functioning, and two courses of methods of teaching religion to the public school child, in elementary grades and high school.

In the class were three priests, three laywomen, and an assortment of Sisters; some catechists, some school

that there could be a right and a wrong way to ask a question; that there is, in fact, a genuine art to questioning that makes or breaks it as an effective method of teaching and an aid to class discipline.

For some in the class all this was familiar ground. For others it was a first introduction to the mysteries of lesson planning, and a first acquaintance with the psychology of the child at different ages and stages of growth. All, however, found it an enriching experience to profit by the varied contributions made by the members of the class.

There were two Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who had been con-

Where Leaders Are Trained

by MOTHER MARIE VANDENBERGH, R.C.

teachers, some missionaries, some engaged in retreat work, some in social work. Most of the students had had some teaching experience. Some had much; some had none. It was inspiring to see how devotedly the instructors gave time outside of class to those who were complete neophytes in pedagogy.

Even for those well initiated in the teaching field it was a worthwhile experience to sit alongside of some who had never before been exposed to the mysteries of how to tell a telling tale, or how to highlight the proper elements of a picture in order to teach a lesson. There is always something new to be learned about the effective use of such teaching tools to make them psychologically geared instruments of imparting Catholic doctrine to the child. If you have never previously been educated in the principles of good pedagogy, it might never occur to you

conducting nursery schools according to the Montessori Method. There were Maryknoll Sisters with knowledge gleaned in the Mexican and Philippine missions. We listened to accounts of the Holy Family Sisters who worked with retarded and severely handicapped children. A Marist Father shared with us the discussion techniques he found successful with teenage boys in the minor seminary. Two Franciscan Fathers from the Papago Indian Missions in Arizona spoke in fascinating detail of special problems they encountered working on the Reservation. All in all, it was a valuable workshop for growing in knowledge of the practical adaptation of teaching principles to a variety of teaching situations.

A good teacher, we were told, evaluates not only what she gives, but also what she receives in terms of its usefulness for learning and for life. If

one were to venture an evaluation of the past summer's leadership course, perhaps this stimulating contact with so many different people, religious and lay, of widely varying background, could be listed as one of the best fruits of the course.

Other advantages to be gained might be listed as, in addition to a knowledge of the principles of good CCD methods at work, the development of familiarity with CCD Manuals, practice in lesson planning, acquaintance with and use of teaching aids, sources of supply for religious visual and audio-visual aids etc.

Included in the course were a number of required projects—publicity work, demonstration lessons, field trips, and the sponsoring of a "Catechetical Day."

One of the field trips took us to a religious vacation school in lively progress in a San Francisco parish. Doctrine class, project period, recreation in games and folk dances, a brief period of singing and film strips made a varied program, well attended by the neighboring children.

Another interesting sidelight was a visit to the San Francisco Archdiocesan CCD Office in the chancery building. Under the far-seeing direction of Father J. J. Scanlon, the CCD layout is patterned after the parochial school system. Many of us from localities more lately come to CCD awareness, gazed with envy at the San Francisco set-up, plotted out on a map on one wall of the office. The teacher training program in the archdiocese only begins with the thirty-hour course of instruction, and continues with a merit system of awards and certificates designed to keep the catechist improving as a teacher over a ten-year period. Those all too familiar with the battle to enlist candidates for even a six-hour course in methods, shut their eyes. It hurt to look at this impossibly beautiful thing. This was the stuff that dreams are made of. Here were CCD dreams come true.

Every child in a Catholic school? Well, not precisely — but a very realistic program coming very near to providing high-octane religious instruction for every Catholic child, wherever he goes to school.



Sisters from various communities represented at the CCD Leadership Course at San Rafael have an informal get together between classes. They are, from left: Sister Margaret, O.L.V.M., who has been a member of the faculty for several years; Marist Sister, Mission Helper of the Sacred Heart, Holy Family Sisters, Helper of the Holy Souls, Maryknoll Sister.

Mother — Daughter Apostolate

by SISTER DOROTHY LOUISE



Who could blame the children for wanting to investigate such a fascinating car? Neither do we blame Mrs. Ruth for parking it out of their reach.

THE shiny red marketeer skimmed smoothly down Mission Road veering slightly at times to avoid an occasional rock in its path. Anyone in the vicinity could tell you that the little two-seater would be making its turn at the entrance drive of Sacred Heart Church.

"Won't be long now; the road will be filled with traffic," an interested onlooker might muse.

Those finding it hard to tell one weekday from another would say, "It must be Wednesday!"

Yes, this is the day for the school of religion in Sacred Heart parish, Riverside, California. In another half hour a line of cars filled with children will form the indispensable chain of transportation from school to church and stream down Mission Road.

We want to focus your attention, however, back to the occupants of the little red car. The miniature travel-mobile is nowhere to be seen on the

church parking lot. You can soon discover that Mrs. Ruth has parked it out of sight, between the rectory and the garage, as a defense against curious little fingers. She apologizes for having to take such stern measures, but explains that children love to turn on the light switch but usually forget to turn it off.

Walking by her side across the graveled parking lot is her daughter, Mrs. Nichols. Both mother and daughter are invaluable helpers in our Confraternity of Christian Doctrine classes, but it is the daughter whose role is truly unique.

Dorothy Nichols is a slightly built woman of average height. One notices immediately her low-pitched voice which has an unusual musical quality. When deep in conversation she rests lightly upon her cane, for the white stick banded with a red stripe is always at her side.

Yes, Dorothy Nichols is blind and has been for the past nine years. But

that does not prevent her from being one of our dedicated Confraternity workers. God has given acute hearing to Mrs. Nichols. Her ear, perfectly attuned to hearing the children's prayers, is sensitive to the correct pronunciation of every word.

A child comes to us with new eagerness, clutching a battered copy of her *Jesus and I*. "Sister," she says, "I think I can say all of my act of contrition now."

"Wonderful, Judy. I let Mrs. Nichols hear you recite it."

A few minutes later the child returns with Dorothy's verdict. Whether the penciled note recommends more study or a bright new star, we know that Dorothy's decision is reliable. And never does a child come back in a cloud of disappointment, because along with the "more study" decision goes warm encouragement.



Mrs. Nichols listens to a would-be altar boy recite his Latin responses.

These two lay apostles, Mrs. Nichols and her mother, begin their day with Holy Mass. They regretted the fact that occasionally Father walked alone into the sanctuary, without an acolyte. They determined to be helpful here too.

With Mrs. Routh as coach Dorothy learned the Latin responses in a short time. The first morning that she heard her mother's excited whisper, "No altar boy," there was no disappointment in Dorothy's heart. It was only when Father placed his hand to indicate the end of the Epistle that Dorothy hesitated uncertainly. Later she decided that it would be less distracting if her mother answered "Deo gratias."

These two generous souls have found that when one is seeking new ways of helping others to happiness in serving God, the opportunities present themselves.

Struggling altar boy candidates find Dorothy an interested helper. A neighbor on the party line is often surprised when he picks up his receiver and hears Latin flowing back and forth across the wire. The telephone, however, serves Dorothy well. If she has not checked a boy's Latin for a time, the young lad may receive a call with the query:

"Billy, how is your *confiteor*? Have you mastered it yet?"

Sometimes a ringing phone bell may summon Dorothy to answer the plea, "Mrs. Nichols, will you listen to my *suscipiat* now?"

The altar boys who go now to the altar of God with the priest have been trained by one who loves to meditate on the meaning of the Mass. Their Latin lessons have been a study of devotion and a work of love.



See what we mean about the weather? Sister Marie gives Sister Ann Therese a helping hand.

AROUND VICTORY-NOLL

VERY soon after Sister Helen wrote her glowing account of the unusually mild weather we were enjoying AROUND VICTORY NOLL, we went into a deep freeze. In spite of the snow and the zero temperatures, however, some work on our new chapel and infirmary still went on.

Right now it looks as if we are putting up a steel mill. The site is lined with tall hollow pillars or pipes or whatever you call them, each with a little hat on top to keep out moisture. Though they now resemble smoke stacks, cement will be poured into them in the spring and they will in turn support the concrete slabs.

At this writing it is too early to report whether anyone sent us a half million or so for our building fund. The January issue of our magazine telling you of the new chapel and infirmary we hope to have AROUND VICTORY NOLL has not gone out yet.

Our Lady of Guadalupe

Mr. Maurice Gross of Chicago visited us and showed us a movie on the story of Our Lady of Guadalupe. It was not the film itself that interested us so much, for it is rather amateurish and takes some liberties with history.

It was Mr. Gross' own love for Our Blessed Mother and his devotion to spreading knowledge of her apparition on Tepeyac that impressed us. He remarked that everyone who goes to Lourdes or Fatima, to mention only two of Our Lady's shrines, hopes to see a miracle. Perhaps one in 25,000 does. But everyone who visits the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City sees a miracle.

Mr. Gross had the great privilege of touching the miraculous picture, the first person in 140 years to do so. He touched it in three different places and found it extremely soft and pliable.

Only a short time ago some outstanding eye specialists examined the eyes in the picture. Previous to this it had been reported that each eye contained an image. Each physician, to his astonishment, discovered that the eyes are like human eyes. On the retina of each is indeed an image. Whose it is, no one has decided, but it is thought to be that of Juan Diego, the Indian to whom Our Blessed Mother appeared in 1531.

Teacher Training Graduation

All the sisters AROUND VICTORY NOLL shared with Sister Michael her happiness in seeing seventy-eight members of her adult education class receive from Bishop Pursley Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teacher certificates. These men and women are the first in the diocese of Fort Wayne to fulfill the requirements for CCD teachers.

Classes have been held during the past year every Monday evening at St. Francis College in Fort Wayne. The Rev. Ralph Larson, diocesan director of the Confraternity, taught the classes in doctrine; Sister Michael, the classes in methods of teaching. Among the seventy-eight graduates were eight husband and wife teams.

Sister Mary Lucille also teaches a class. They will receive their certificates next May.

Eastern Rite Liturgy

We had the privilege of assisting at the Byzantine Liturgy in our own chapel at Victory Noll. The Rev. Hermes Kreilkamp, O.F.M.Cap., who is on the faculty at St. Felix Friary here in Huntington, was the celebrant. Two Capuchin seminarians were acolytes. Eight others, under the direction of Frater Michael, O.F.M.Cap., sang.

All of us did our best at singing the responses, the Creed, Our Father,

and anything else we could. One of the most beautiful features of the Eastern Rite Liturgy is the active participation on the part of the congregation.

Often in our visiting we meet Catholics who belong to this rite. We have many contacts also with the Orthodox. Although we study the various rites in our liturgy classes, we can appreciate them more when we have an opportunity like this to assist at the liturgy. It is only through an understanding of the Byzantine Rite that we can hope to win the Orthodox to the Church.

Christmas Present

We are indebted to the Capuchins also for something else: their traditional Christmas gift of a High Mass on the feast of St. John the Evangelist and of an entertainment by the students.

This year we were especially honored to have as the celebrant of the Mass, the Father Guardian of the friary, the Very Rev. Bernard Burke, O. F.M.Cap. The seminarians, under the direction of the Rev. Giles Soyka, O.F. M.Cap., sang the proper. All of us sang the ordinary, the Mass of the Litanies.

After breakfast we enjoyed a Christmas operetta, "The Day-Star Arises," adapted for an all male cast and directed by Brother Giles, O.F.M. Cap. The music was under the direction of Frater Didacus Joseph, O.F.M. Cap. Musical entertainment before and after the play added to the enjoyment of the morning.

For many years now the Capuchins have added immeasurably to our Christmas happiness, but this year they outdid themselves. The program, without a doubt, surpassed those of previous years, and we are most grateful to all at the friary for their generosity. SEA

HAPPY MEETING

Nothing makes us happier than to know that the parish in which we have been working is now able to have a parochial school. We sisters are not without work. We are merely transferred to another center.

At the end of June we closed our convent in Ely, Nevada. Five Sisters of Mercy were coming from Ireland to staff the new parish school. We four sisters went to Salt Lake City for our summer assignments which included teaching vacation school, making our retreat, and attending classes ourselves.

Father Costigan, our former pastor in Ely, wrote us in August that the Mercy Sisters from Ireland would have a short stop in Salt Lake between flights. We were very happy to welcome them to America and made sure we got to the air port in plenty of time. It does not always happen that we are privileged to meet the sisters who are going to succeed us.

The plane was twenty minutes ahead of schedule and so we had an hour and fifteen minutes to visit. The sisters were overjoyed and so were we. Although we were perfect strangers, it was not difficult to think of something



Sisters who had been stationed in Ely, Nevada, were happy to meet the Irish Sisters of Mercy who would teach in the new parochial school there.

In the Home Field

to talk about. They were very much interested in everything we could tell them of their new mission which had been our field of labor for the past eighteen years.

SISTER RUTH

* * *

ROLL CALL

"Domingo Pacheco."

From beneath a silk scarf came the muffled answer, "Present."

"Serafin Calabaza." Another muffled "Present."

Did the right boy or girl answer? I would never know. Each pupil with silk scarf tightly wrapped around his head disappeared from the room.

We were having one of the worst sand storms ever to be seen in Santo Domingo Indian pueblo. We could hardly get from one room to another to take our classes, but the Indians had discovered a way to prevent their faces from being pelted with flying sand and dust.

SISTER SUSANNA

FOR THE BAKER

Last Saturday Sister asked the little ones whether they had kept their Lenten resolution for the week and had not eaten candy. Every child's hand went up. Sister was overjoyed and proudly related the incident in the car on the way home.

Her enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by remarks from the back seat, however.

A boy, turning to his younger brother, said accusingly, "YOU ate candy"

"No, I didn't," protested his brother.

"You did, too." The bout was on.

"I did not. That was only Baker's chocolate."

SISTER MARCELLA

* * *

Bus Stop

It was the first day of class. I asked one of the boys where his brother was. He should be here, too.

The boy wasn't sure, but probably his brother was already on the bus. Just then the bus came down the street. Another lad suggested, "There's the bus. Why don't you stop it?"

"Stop, stop!" the boy cried. The driver, thinking of course that the boy wanted to board the bus, stopped short. He must have been startled when the boy rushed into the bus and carried out—well, perhaps not literally—not just the brother we had inquired about, but another one whom we knew nothing about.

SISTER CONSUELO

* * *

CORRECT

"What is the special work of the Holy Ghost in the Church?" we asked Lawrence.

"The Holy Ghost keeps the Church on the right track."

SISTER MARY MATILDA



Lourdes shrines were popular during the centennial year. Sister Clarice, Hightstown, N. J., admires a shrine made by one of her pupils.

DAMP ASHES

We were preparing the small children for Ash Wednesday. We told them that Father would put ashes on their heads. One little girl asked, "Are they hot, Sister?" Before Sister could answer, a boy volunteered an explanation, "No, they've been watered."

SISTER MARY PAUL

* * *

MONEY GROWS

In the late afternoon of an especially windy day here in our California desert, Sister Mary Dolores was making the regular rounds of changing the lawn sprinklers when she noticed that quite a bit of paper had collected along the hedge.

She began to pick it out and found a ten dollar bill. The thought came to her, "I wonder if there might possibly be other bills along the hedge?" Sure enough, she discovered another one, a five this time.

Nice to have a money-growing hedge around the house.

SISTER ROSE ANTHONY

Parishioners

Welcome

Migrants

by SISTER BLANCHE MARIE



Capuchin Fraters (from left) Venard, Roderick, and Roch see that these little boys get enough to eat. Sister Blanche Marie is distributing sacks of candy to the children.

HEARTENING it is to find more and more members of the laity enrolling themselves in works of an apostolic nature. Lay teachers, at considerable personal sacrifice, are being added in larger numbers to the teaching staff of Catholic schools. The training of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teachers, fishers, and helpers, enlisted from among the ranks of apostolic-minded men and women, takes on greater scope and emphasis throughout the country. Works of a purely missionary character are also being benefitted by their special skills and volunteer activities.

It has become commonplace in our northern states for parishioners, under the guidance of their parish priests, to visit the camps of migratory workers during the summer, provide transportation to church for Mass and instructions, supply recreational features, and, in general, make the workers feel wel-

come and at home while they are among us to harvest the crops.

The parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Bluffton, Indiana, are no exception to the general rule. What makes their work outstanding is: the fewness of their numbers — the community is very small; and the all-out effort they make, corporately, to do a good job.

The pastor, the Reverend Robert Traub, has been accustomed for several years to enlist the help of a Spanish-speaking Capuchin from St. Felix Friary, Huntington, to minister to the migrants. We sisters are called upon to help teach the children. But from that point of departure, the laity take over.

A call from the altar for volunteers to provide transportation for the migrant children and bring them to the vacation school at church meets with a generous response. Rain or shine the

children are there each day at the appointed hours. This involves three or four cars going in as many different directions from eight to ten miles daily, first to get the children and later to return them to their camps.

Last summer the parishioners did many more things than furnish transportation. They had a clothing drive to provide garments for the needy. The women of the parish worked out a program whereby two of them were on hand each day to serve cold drinks and cookies to the children at the end of classes.

When it was learned that the parents of three little girls in the First Communion class could not buy the necessary clothing, Mrs. Floyd Sands took their measurements, bought lovely white silk material, and made their dresses.

The parishioners provided all ten Communicants with new shoes and

socks. A sick man, who asked only for the children's prayers, made it possible for each child to have a beautiful First Communion set including rosary, prayer book, and framed certificate.

It was at the close of the religious vacation school, on the occasion of the late afternoon First Communion Mass, that the parishioners demonstrated their ability to organize and carry through a large scale project in behalf of the migrants.

They prepared a hot meal for all the Mexican people who attended the Mass. This was served cafeteria style and then the people seated themselves at long rows of tables in the basement hall. Accessory foods and replenishments were placed on the table by volunteers. Among the latter were Capuchin students from the friary who had come from Huntington to sing the Mass under the direction of the Rev. Giles Soyka, O.F.M. Cap.

Sisters Are Supposed to Be Ageless

by SISTER CLEMENT

"God always was and He always will be."

Then, to make the word **eternal** even clearer for the bright-eyed second and third graders before me, I added, "About ten years ago we weren't here. We weren't born yet. But God always was."

I had barely finished the last sentence when a little hand in the front of me began to wave. I looked down into the surprised eyes of Christopher.

"Sister, did you say that ten years ago we weren't around here?"

Having made a quick calculation of their ages, I felt confident in saying, "Yes, Christopher, that is right."

Startled, Christopher ventured another question. "Sister, how old are you? Even Paula was here ten years ago." Paula is his fifth grade sister.

With a smile on the outside and a big chuckle on the inside, I thanked Christopher for his fitting correction and changed my pronoun from **we** to **you**.



our **A**ssociates'

Dear Associates:

WE think you'll enjoy the following humorous account of a unique method used by the members of a mission club to raise money.

ANKLES A-WEIGH

It seems we had tried about everything — rummage sales, bake sales, bazaars, and what have you. We wanted to try something new, but ideas didn't come.

It was toward the end of a meeting, and I was enjoying the delicious chocolate cake and steaming coffee the hostess-of-the-day had served us. The president of the group (her eyes twinkling, only I didn't see the twinkle) leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I am appointing you a member of the ways and means committee. Let's see if we can't work out something for the next meeting." Although we had just been talking about *ways* of making money, my thoughts were far afield. I was guiltily thinking about the extra pounds I was putting on by eating the cake. I am overweight—one of those unfortunate individual for whom each bite is a pound added. Her word



"ways" was vaguely construed to mean "weighs" at that moment. "Yes," I reflected ruefully, "she (that's I) weighs more than she did this morning." As for *means*, people who have a lot of money are said to be people of *means*. How could we persuade people like that to join our mission club?

I didn't give the matter any more thought until it was nearly time for the next meeting. "Goodness," I groaned, "Here I am a member of the Ways and Means and no suggestion to offer." I had just stepped off the bathroom scales and that word "weighs" came crazily back to my mind. "Aha, I have it!" I cried exultingly to myself. "We'll have a weighing-in party. We'll call it *Ankles A-Weigh*. Everyone who is overweight (contentedly I recalled several members in my class) will have to pay a fine of ten cents for each offending pound."

At the next meeting, the committee seized upon my suggestion enthusiastically. Perhaps because they hadn't thought out any new ways of making money themselves.

Some difficulties had to be ironed out. "How about the skinny members?" asked Gussie. "Is this just to be a fat ladies party?" "No," interjected plump Millie, "Let the lean ones come, and (there was a gleam in her eye) let them pay fifteen cents for every pound they are underweight." "And those enviable ones, who are neither fat nor thin?" "They'll have to pay one dollar admission to the party for being perfect specimens."

Quickly the details were worked out. Each member was to invite five paying guests among her friends. Sadie, who is something of an artist, sketched the cover of the invitation, which one

Club Mention



of the members would mimeograph. She outlined an elephant standing on some scales. The face of the scale was a disk, and the numbers began at 75 pounds — she figured even a skeleton would weigh that — and then 100, 150, on up to 500 pounds. Beneath the drawing she wrote, "Ankles A-Weigh Party." The inside cover was to have a coin envelope, with a flap, pasted to it — nothing more.

Next, Mollie who has written jingles for us, was asked to put the invitation into rhyme. Her pencil produced this:

*On February 10 at half past eight,
Be sure to come and don't be late.
The night before, right after
dinner,
(If you wait too long you may be
thinner)
Pull down the shades and close the
door,
Stand on the scales—the hand will
soar!
For every pound you are
overweight,
Deposit a dime in this card, me
mate!
But if stamping and jumping upon
the scales
Will not raise the hand, then even
'mid wails,
Pay fifteen cents—for such is
your fate—
For every pound you are
underweight!
And if you are neither slim nor fat,
A dollar will do for being just that!*

The planners had a barrel of fun, as did all who attended this pre-Lenten party. Best of all, a goodly sum was raised for our Missionary Sisters.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

November 20 to December 25, 1958

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True Devotion to Mary

THIS month the Lourdes Centennial will come to a glorious close. If we are to judge from press accounts, it was marvelously successful.

Thousands and thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world went to Lourdes. There were seemingly miraculous bodily cures. There were "soul cures" of which God alone knows. Only time will tell how far-reaching was the real success of the Lourdes Year, for only time will tell how we have heeded Our Blessed Mother's message of prayer and penance.

One of the most moving documents written by our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, was the encyclical letter for the Lourdes Centennial. After first outlining the history of the shrine, he quoted what St. Pius X said in 1914: "Piety toward the Mother of God was the source of the flowering there of a remarkable and ardent piety toward Christ Our Lord."

Then Pius XII comments: "Could it have been otherwise? Everything in Mary carries us to her Son, our only Savior, in anticipation of whose merits she was immaculate and full of grace.

"Everything in Mary raises us to the praise of the adorable Trinity. And so it was that Bernadette, praying her rosary before the grotto, learned from the lips and expression of the Holy Virgin how she should give glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

How true those words are! Mary keeps nothing for herself, but refers all to God.

This passage from the encyclical should do much to reassure those timid souls who still hesitate to consecrate themselves totally to Our Bless-

ed Mother. Mary will lead them to Jesus; she will lead them to the Trinity.

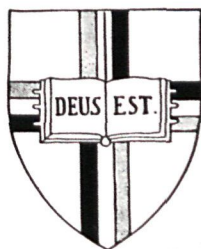
Mary, better than anyone else, can teach us to imitate Christ. The closer we are to Mary, the more we will be united with her Divine Son. Don't you see that when we give ourselves completely to Mary we do not stop there, but go on to Christ and thence to the Trinity?

Total consecration or True Devotion, as it is also called, is not for sentimental souls. It is built on a theologically sound basis. The reason for our practicing it might be reduced simply to this fact: God the Father gave Christ to the world through Mary. We can best please Him by going to Christ through Mary.

As theologians so often point out, Christ could have come into the world as a perfect man, like Adam, but He willed otherwise. He became like us in all things except sin, as the Apostle says. He came into the world like every other human being, but with this difference. Being the Son of God, He could choose His own mother. He chose the most perfect of women, one who would be not only His mother, but the mother of us, the members of His Mystical Body.

If you have not yet learned of True Devotion, write to Victory Noll today for information. Perhaps you are practicing it, but have never been enrolled in the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Hearts. Although there is no obligation to join, you may gain many precious indulgences by doing so. Send your name and the date on which you made your consecration to:

Sister Mary Agnes
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana



Your CCD Question

I teach a Confraternity class in a large city. Because of my own family obligations it is impossible for me to attend Mass on Sunday in the parish that my pupils belong to. How can I find out whether or not they are going to Mass regularly?

Many Confraternity teachers share your problem. Even we sisters do, for though we try to spread ourselves as much as we can on Sunday morning, it is impossible for us to be present for all the Masses that our children might attend.

You know, of course, that you may not ask them point blank in class whether they were at Mass or not. If your class is not too large and you have an opportunity to visit informally with the children before or after class (this is always desirable and is sometimes the only way we have of getting to know our pupils well), you will probably be able to find out about Mass in an indirect way.

The smaller the child, the simpler and more guileless he is. He has, of course, been taught that missing Mass on Sunday is a grave sin. It is, at the same time, hard for him to grasp this fact and make it personal when he himself has missed Mass. We well know that in all probability it is a formal sin for him, but not a material sin.

The teacher's duty is to build up a tremendous love and appreciation for Holy Mass so that no child will want to miss. This is a beautiful theory, but it does not work out in practice. In

most cases it is not the fault of the child that he misses Mass. It is carelessness on the part of his parents.

You can make indirect remarks, ask what color vestments Father wore, what he talked about in his sermon. Many won't know that whether they were there or not, whether children or not! We cannot, however, probe a child's conscience.

One of our sisters wrote that in an effort to encourage regular attendance at Sunday Mass she mentioned, "I hope everyone went to Mass last Sunday."

Danny, a first grader, looked at her reproachfully and in a hurt tone remarked, "You should have seen *me* there, Sister. I was right up in the first bench with my green jacket on."

* * *

I have been asked to give the teacher training course in methods in our diocese. How many misses do you think we should allow? One of my future pupils is a football coach who cannot come during the first three weeks. He is anxious to take the course, however, and I know that he will do much good among the bigger boys. He is an exemplary Catholic, a daily Communicant.

We usually stipulate that a maximum of two cuts in a fifteen-hour course be allowed. However, we have to be reasonable and make exceptions when necessary. Your football coach certainly deserves special consideration. He could make up what he misses.

Agreeing on a night that is suitable for everyone is a big problem. The apostolic adults who want to take the teacher training courses are the very ones whose time is taken up with other worthwhile projects.

BOOKS



God's Word and Work by Kathryn Sullivan, R.S.C.J. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota, \$3.00

Father Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., editor of *Worship*, tells us in his introduction that he asked Mother Sullivan to do two things in her articles on the Old Testament, first published in the magazine; help the "amateur" Scripture student discover how the Old Testament writings bear witness to Christ; and convince him how imperative such knowledge of Christ through the Old Testament is to a fuller understanding and living of the liturgy.

Everyone who followed these articles in *Worship* knows how well the author carried out Father's wishes and will now welcome having them in book form. Reading these chapters on the historical books of the Old Testament gives one a new insight to their meaning. Too many Catholics still shy away from the Old Testament. Mother Sullivan will inspire them to pick it up once more and discover for themselves the treasures it contains.

There is nothing fanciful here. All is solid and penetrating. The author makes the book still more interesting by references to works of poetry, art, and music that have drawn their inspiration from the Bible. She does this in a perfectly natural and pleasing way, without letting her erudition intrude.

I have not yet seen anyone refer to *God's Word and Work* in the role of meditation book, but I would not hesitate to recommend it for just that. Mother Sullivan never fails to point out not only the relation between Scripture

and liturgy, but also its application to our every day life. How does this affect me? What lesson can I learn from something that happened thousands of years ago? And the lesson Mother Sullivan draws is exactly the one I need.

* * *

Encyclopedia of the Papacy by Hans Kuhner. Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 East 40th St., New York 16, N.Y. \$6.00

This reference book contains — in chronological order — an account of each pontificate from St. Peter to the late Pius XII. Naturally, some of the records are longer than others. None pretend to be exhaustive, but the highlights are there: biographical data about the pope and the most important events of his reign. Not only the year of each reign is given, but also — in nearly every case — the month and day of election and death.

The compiler has included some human interest stories. These are not at all sensational, but are for the most part pertinent to the period of history in which the pontificate took place.

There are just a few flaws, but these might be the fault of the translator, not the author. For example, the term "consecration" of a priest is used, when it should be "ordination." Also, on p. 239 the Year of Jubilee 1933 is mentioned as having been proclaimed to commemorate the birth of Our Lord instead of His death and the anniversary of our redemption.

The Encyclopedia of the Papacy is a valuable tool for the teacher of religion.

* * *

Dynamite and Peace by Edith Patterson Meyer. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$3.50

Many of us probably know who won the Nobel prizes this past year,

especially the one in literature, but few know the story of the man who made these cash awards possible.

This is his story, the biography of Alfred Nobel. If it falls somewhat flat here and there, it might not be so much the fault of the author as the fact that her subject lacked luster. For all his brilliance and his marvelously inventive mind, Alfred Nobel was a lonely, rather unattractive man.

Although his health was delicate from childhood, he outlived his four brothers. All were outstanding inventors, like their father before them. Alfred Nobel hoped that his greatest invention, dynamite, would be used for peaceful purposes. Such, of course, was not the case.

Before Nobel died in 1896 he arranged for his huge fortune to be used for yearly prizes in science, literature, and for peace efforts. The chapters that followed his death are among the most exciting in the book.

Mrs. Meyer has written for young people — but not too young.

* * *

New Testament Introduction by Alfred Wikenhauser translated by Joseph Cunningham. Herder and Herder, 7 West 2th St., New York 36, N.Y. \$7.80.

Since this title might lead those of us who do not pretend to be exegetes to think that the book simply introduces the reader into the study of the New Testament, the author explains that Introduction is "the scientific investigation of the circumstances surrounding the origin of each of the New Testament books, the gradual formation of the Canon, and the history of the transmission of the text."

In the first part of the book the author discusses the Canon, its history, its final fixing, and the decrees of the Councils concerning it.

Part II examines the various man-

uscripts. The third and longest part of the book concerns the origin of the New Testament writings. After treating of the four Gospels in general, the author examines each one as to content, structure, characteristics, etc. He deals in the same way with the other books of the New Testament.

This book is truly a gold mine of information. Its scholarship is tremendous. It is a valuable handbook for the student of Scripture.

Professor Wikenhauser is Professor Emeritus of New Testament Literature and Exegesis at the University of Freiburg.

* * *

Bible Highlights of the Old Testament by Rev. George J. Haye. Paulist Press, 401 W. 59th St., New York 19. 75 cents.

This small booklet should help us understand better the Old Testament. The author first summarizes briefly an entire book. Then he selects a quotation from each chapter and comments on it. Some selections are very brief, some longer. For example, Chapter 15 of Genesis contains but one biblical quote: "The word of the Lord came to Abram by a vision, saying: Fear not, Abram, I am thy protector, and thy reward exceeding great." The author comments: Here we see how God accompanies His chosen ones with special helps and blessings.

* * *

Why Can't Catholics Attend Protestant Services? by William B. Faherty, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis 18, Mo.

In lively dialogue style Father Faherty offers a fresh approach to this old question. His arguments are given in a kindly way that should convince the non-Catholic without antagonizing him.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

Thirteen Hours' Devotion was one of the many things I had never heard of until I went to the missions; or more specifically, until I went to Texas. Not that it is another Texas claim. The Thirteen Hours are held in many parishes throughout the United States where it is not feasible to have the regular Forty Hours. Three-day exposition is out of the question in small mission churches where the Blessed Sacrament is not ordinarily reserved or where it is not possible to find enough adorers.

My own first experience with Thirteen Hours was in a small Texas village where there were very few families. They were all Mexicans who earned their living by shearing sheep and picking cotton. They were wonderful people. The missionary who had Mass for them twice a month loved them and so did we sisters.

The Sunday of the Thirteen Hours was one of the biggest events of the year for them. Every person in the place went to confession and received Holy Communion.

After an early High Mass on Sunday we had a procession and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the altar. All day long the people came. It would be better to say the people strayed, for the little church was almost filled all the time.

This mission, like the others in that vicinity, was in the charge of the Franciscan Fathers, and all of them who possibly could do so, always came to the closing ceremonies of Thirteen Hours. In spite of the poor surroundings, these services were much more dignified than the ceremony of the Forty Hours in many larger churches. The Fathers were — and still are — especially careful about the rubrics, and their singing was beautiful. No one would think of fumbling even the

tricky *Exaudiat nos omnipotens*, etc. and its response.

There was no electricity in the village and the sole illumination for the church—besides the candles on the altar—was a huge kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling just outside the sanctuary. It was a very fancy affair with glass spangles jangling from it. It would give palpitations to the heart of a genuine antique dealer, but so far as furnishing light for the church, it failed miserably.

There was a portable organ just outside the sanctuary on the epistle side. Sister Mary Dolores and I both had flashlights. When Sister noticed that the chanter was having trouble trying to see the litany, she passed her light to someone inside the sanctuary. And right after that mine went out. We still had a pocketfull of matches. We found them helpful in following the words of *Pange Lingua*.

Playing in the semi-darkness was not too bad so we put a handful of unused matches on the organ. It was when everything was over that I discovered to my horror that they had fallen inside the little instrument. For days afterward I was tormented with the thought that they would cause a fire, but the little church did not burn down. It was replaced by an army chapel ten years ago. Besides, the whole place has gone modern and I hear they even have electricity.

What happened to the kerosene chandelier, I do not know. I hope someone sent it to the Smithsonian.

IN MEMORIAM

John Stadler, Topeka, Kans., father of Sisters
Germaine and Ann Joseph.
Mrs. Catherine Dillon, Lafayette, Ind.
Lydia Fiala, ACM, Chicago
Herbert McMannamy, Los Angeles
Martin Johnson, Spokane, Wash.
Mr. L. J. Roberts, El Paso, Texas
Ralph Talbot, Detroit



Navajo girls on their way to class.

Silent Pupils

by SISTER ADELLE

WHEN my mission appointment read Holbrook, Arizona, one of the sisters who had been stationed there said to me, "There are dormitories in Holbrook where the Government houses many Indian children. They live there and attend school in town. You will have many Navajo boys and girls in religion classes."

Navajos! I was not too sure how successful I would be. My experience in teaching Indians had so far been very limited.

After my first class with them, however, my worries ceased. About sixty girls filed into the classroom and seated themselves with scarcely a word being uttered. The Indians are a silent people. About three weeks later they began to say—at least some of them—"Good afternoon, Sister."

I had been told that the Navajos are quick at sizing one up. The sizing up seemed to be to their satisfaction, for soon we were good friends. It was a joy to teach them.

The boys were nearly as good as the girls. It was thrilling to see the whole group come up the street on Sunday morning for Mass. Some of them had been Catholics for only

three or four years. Others were baptized just last year and some were still neophytes. A few had attended St. Catherine's and St. Michael's Indian Schools for a time.

One class day it rained. In fact it literally poured. We called the principal at school and asked him to send the Indian children straight to their dormitories and not to class. We went on with our work in the convent when several of the girls appeared at the door. They were the advance guard to tell us that there were children in church and in the hall waiting for us.

"Didn't the teachers tell you not to come?" we asked in surprise.

"Oh yes, they announced it over the loud speaker, but we wanted to come anyhow."

What was a little rain—even a deluge such as we were having — to these children of the prairie?

While we taught them, one of the sisters called several women of the parish and asked them to drive the girls back to the dormitories. Meanwhile one of the Franciscan Fathers dropped in en route to his mission. The incident edified him very much, for he too worked among the Navajos.

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