

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 33

NOVEMBER 1958

Number 10





O God, who in Thine ineffable providence was pleased to number Thy servant Pius among the sovereign pontiffs; grant, we beseech Thee, that he who reigned as the vicar of Thy Son on earth, may be joined in fellowship with Thy holy pontiffs for evermore. Through the same Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, who lives and reigns with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, world without end. Amen.



# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

November 1958

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## COVER

Sisters take advantage of a free day to visit one of Florida's many museums. Left to right, first row: Sister Mary John, Sister Mary Thomas, Sister Antoinette; back row: Sister Annette and Sister Philomena.

## CREDITS

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Sister Louise illustrates her talk.

“I’m here because Mom and Dad went to the meeting.”

“What’s your name, Sister? Mom says it’s important after that meeting.”

“Mom and Dad say we’re all going to Holy Communion every Sunday.”

“I’ve been studying my catechism every night since the meeting.”

What meeting could cause such statements as these? None other than the meeting we had with the parents of the children in our school of religion at Holy Trinity in San Pedro, California.

We laid the ground work by getting out notices about the meeting. The first notice we sent home with every child two weeks in advance. This gave the parents time to arrange for baby sitters. Our second notice was a reminder — just in case the first one was overlooked or forgotten.

## Parents' Night

by SISTER DAMIEN

One teenager, after receiving the second notice said, “Sister, tell us just what this meeting’s all about. Dad has another meeting the same night, but Mom says he has to come to this one.”

Our youngsters were good boosters. On the evening of the meeting our hall was full.

We had set up four booths. One displayed the religion texts for each grade. Another had visual aids. Parent-Educator pamphlets were in a third and miscellaneous pamphlets in the fourth.



Sister John Joseph gives a program to these mothers.



The walls were hung with eye-catching posters. Before and after the meeting proper the parents visited the booths.

Our program was short. We limited ourselves to one hour. The meeting opened with prayer and a talk by the assistant pastor: "Make Your Family a Holy Family." This was followed by a talk by Sister Louise on "Religion and Your Child." Each talk contained many thought-provoking ideas with practical applications. The parents were all attention.

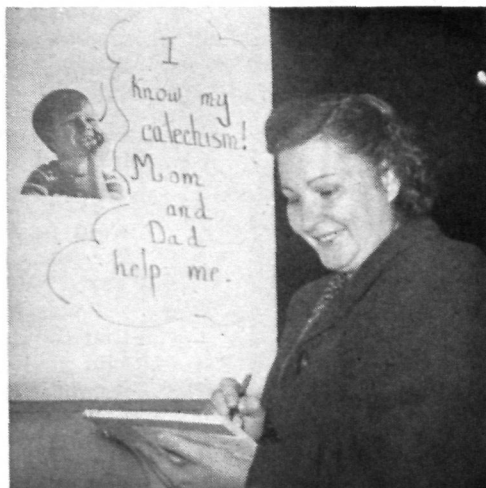
The meeting closed with the showing of the St. John film strip on the Redemption.

"It was wonderful."

"When is the next one?"

"How is Johnny . . . Lupe . . . Carlos . . . Patty doing?"

"Is this the right book for the seventh grade? Paul never said he needed one."

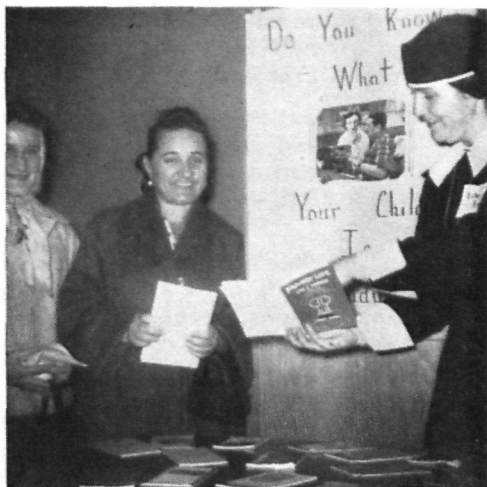


**Mother makes notes.**

"I'm going to tell Mrs. Johnson what a wonderful meeting she missed."

"I learned so much tonight."

With comments such as these we were greatly encouraged as we gathered our things to go home. We hoped that all the meetings in our other parishes would be as successful as this one.



**Sister Emmanuel points out an interesting pamphlet.**

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by SISTER ALICE

THE children were assembling for class. Since it was not yet time to begin, they were eagerly telling me what had happened during the past week.

Susie triumphantly announced, "Sister, I went to Mass Sunday and I saw that part of the Mass that you told us about last week."

I was just about to tell her how glad I was that she paid such close attention, when Michael said airily, "That's nothing. I go to Mass every Sunday and then I go home and I say more Masses."

This was quite a revelation from a third grader. "What do you mean, Michael?" I inquired.

"Well, after breakfast I go down to the basement and I have all my equipment down there. My sisters are the people and I'm the priest and ~~we have~~ Mass."

Since all the children had not yet arrived in the classroom, and those who were there seemed very much interested in what Michael was saying, I asked, "Would you like to show us how you do it?"

"Yes, Sister, but I do better when I have my equipment."

I later found out that the equipment consists of a small tin pie pan, a tall glass, and some round crackers.

Without more ado he pulled over a couple of chairs and announced, "Well, this is the altar." Then putting another chair to the side, he said, "And this is the table for the water and wine."

The class nodded agreement. Eight- and nine-year olds do not need many props. Their lively imaginations more than make up for them.

Going over to the side of the classroom, Michael pulled an imaginary rope, solemnly said, "Ding-a-ling," and then walked with hands neatly folded to the altar, adjusted an imaginary missal, went to the middle of the altar, bowed, and then began the prayers at the foot of the altar.



# Convent Addresses



**OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS**  
**Victory Noll**  
**Huntington, Indiana**

## ARIZONA

357 N. SECOND ST.  
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

## CALIFORNIA

512 SOLDANO AVENUE  
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

1166 K STREET  
BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA

545 ENCINAS AVENUE  
CALEXICO, CALIFORNIA

45-358 DEGLET NOOR  
INDIO, CALIFORNIA

161 SOUTH FETTERLY AVENUE  
LOS ANGELES 22, CALIFORNIA

2321 OPAL STREET  
LOS ANGELES 23, CALIFORNIA

1143 FIFTH STREET  
LOS BANOS, CALIFORNIA

598 LAINE SREET  
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

537 EAST G STREET  
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

10264 RINCON STREET  
PACOIMA, CALIFORNIA

1205 WEST CRESCENT AVENUE  
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

1747 KEARNEY AVENUE  
SAN DIEGO 2, CALIFORNIA

1669 COLUMBIA STREET  
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA

563 WEST O'FARRELL STREET  
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

222 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET  
SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA

Box 43  
SOLVANG, CALIFORNIA

120 SOUTH F STREET  
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

1151 WEST WOOD ST.  
WILLOWS, CALIFORNIA

## COLORADO

178 SOUTH SIXTH AVENUE  
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

14 WEST COSTILLA STREET  
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

2161 TREMONT PLACE  
DENVER 5, COLORADO

306 FOURTEENTH AVENUE  
GREELEY, COLORADO

518 WEST SECOND STREET  
LAJUNTA, COLORADO

529 SOUTH FIFTH STREET  
MONTROSE, COLORADO

## FLORIDA

505 CROSS STREET  
PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA

125 HICKORY STREET  
SEBRING, FLORIDA

## INDIANA

3868 BLOCK AVENUE  
EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

1103 SOUTH CALHOUN STREET  
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA



From behind me I heard a whispered, "Is he talkin' Latin?"

It did sound remarkably like Latin. Michael did not hear the remark. His head was reverently bowed and he was humbly striking his breast.

As the "Mass" progressed I marveled more and more at the observation and memory work that must have preceded such a careful reproduction of the Holy Sacrifice. Michael went to the side of the altar for the Epistle, then after bowing deeply in the middle, he went to the other side for the Gospel.

The children watched closely, and those who were coming in quietly took their places. After the Gospel the little celebrant turned around and facing the class announced: "The Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ according to St. Mark."

Then he looked at his new congregation and suffered stage fright, for he whispered to me, "I kind of forget what to say next."

"Why don't you tell them about the Last Supper?" I prompted. We had had that lesson the previous week. So Michael gave a short summary and then turned around to resume his Mass.

Once again all the "Masses" he had

said came to his rescue and with confidence he began the Offertory. After offering the host he went for the water and wine. An imaginary altar boy poured the water while Michael vigorously washed his hands.

When he got to the Consecration he became both altar boy and priest. After he elevated the host, he genuflected, rang the bell with his other hand and said, "Ding-a-ling." Then he raised the chalice with the same solemn procedure. This feat in acrobatics at any other time would have seemed funny, but Michael was so reverent and serious that not one of the children thought of laughing.

It was not long and he had reached the Communion. He made a nice big sign of the cross over the class and then turned around for the ciborium. He mumbled a prayer as he gave out Communion to two rows of people. Returning to the altar he accurately finished the ceremonies, finally ending with the prayers after Mass.

"My, that was very well done, Michael," I remarked. "Perhaps some day you will be a real priest. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

"Yes," said Michael, "I'm either going to be a priest or the president."

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One of our lay teachers questioned her fourth-grade son on how well he recited the Angelus for Sister in class that day.

"I didn't do so well," came the reply. "Sister asked if you had helped me and I told her you did."

"But, Robert," his mother said, "you know very well I didn't help you last week. Why in the world did you tell Sister I did?"

"Because I didn't want you to get in trouble with Sister, Mummy!"

Sister Therese Martin

# The Statue of Mary

by SISTER JOSEPH MARIE

“SISTER, you know that statue of Mary you gave us for our car?”

Peter and I were having a little talk after the funeral of his father who had died as a result of a car accident.

“Yes, Peter, the little statue of Our Lady of the Highway which your parents received at Christmas as members of our Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Transportation Committee.”

“Well,” Peter went on, “you know we had a hard time keeping it attached to our dashboard. It kept falling off and falling off. But you know what? After my father died we went to see our car. It was completely demolished,

but the statue of Mary was still standing on the dashboard!”

I could not help marvelling. I suggested, “Peter, this might be a loving sign from Our Lady that she took care of your father when he needed her most. No wonder your father had the great blessing of regaining consciousness and receiving the Last Sacraments at the hospital before he died.”

Peter heaved a sigh of relief. He had been just a little anxious about his father's eternal welfare. He would never again be able to go fishing with his father as he used to do, but he knew this was God's holy will. This wonderful spirit of resignation Peter imbibed



Maryann is a favorite with her big brothers. Here is the family in front of Holy Trinity Church, West Harwich, Mass.



from his good mother who was a source of edification to everyone in her great trial.

When we first saw the mother after the accident she said in her gentle and refined voice: "It's hard, Sister, but God knows best. He has been so good to me; otherwise I would not be able to stand it. This help which God gives me is so real I can almost feel it. I do feel sorry for people who are not able to rely on faith in their hour of sorrow."

Mrs. Roderick said that policemen and others who saw the condition of the car were of the opinion that ordinarily such an accident would cause immediate death.

Her husband, she said, had been called to work by the highway department for special duty on Saturday. "At nine o'clock that evening," Mrs. Roderick said, "I received a telephone call from the hospital where my husband lay unconscious. I said to my children, 'We have just time to kneel down and say a Hail Mary together and ask Our Blessed Mother to pray for us that God's holy will be done. I must rush off to the hospital.'

"My husband regained consciousness. He realized he was dying but he was in very good spirits to the end. As much as he would have liked to see our children again, he thought it best for them to remember him as he was when he left home. The boys have been very good about everything, but Maryann cannot understand it. She keeps asking, 'When is daddy coming home?' I tell her, 'Daddy has gone to heaven to be with God.'"

Maryann is still wondering when her father will come home from heaven. She is, nevertheless, a very happy little girl. Her three brothers treat her like a little queen. It would not do to be sad around her and spoil her happiness. On the other hand, Maryann



**Maryann still asks Mother when her father is coming home.**

is such a little sunshine, one couldn't be sad very long when with her.

Peter and Ricardo are very faithful altar boys. Kenneth also began altar boy classes, but was forced to give up for reasons of health.

Mrs. Roderick had been one of our regular religion teachers. Even now, when her time is more limited, she substitutes. After the accident, since she was without means of transportation, she feared she would not be able to continue her habit of assisting at daily Mass. However, several good parishioners took turns picking her up in the morning. Now, thanks to the ingenuity and generosity of another good parishioner, Mrs. Roderick has a used car.

We sympathize with the Roderick family in their bereavement, but we do not pity them. We admire them. Although they lack many material comforts, they are rich in spiritual treasures.

It was the night before the closing of vacation school in Caliente, Nevada. Some of the boys and girls wanted to put the finishing touches on the Sacred Heart shrines they had made. There would be so little time to work on them tomorrow.

We were gathered together on the front lawn of the church. It was not long before a crowd of spectators began to join us, most of them non-Catholics.

One little lad came with his mother to watch and to ask questions. About five minutes before we stopped the pro-

# Jimmy Comes

by SISTER RUTH

ject, the mother said, "Sister, we aren't Catholics, but could my little boy Jimmy make one of those things? He would like to learn about God."

Sister Fidelis explained that summer school was practically over, but she gave Jimmy an unfinished Sacred Heart shrine and said, "If you come back tomorrow morning at nine-fifteen, we will help you finish it."

Nine-fifteen came, however, and no Jimmy. It was much later — at one o'clock when we were gathering together the last of our class materials — that there was a knock at the door and who do you think it was? That's right. Jimmy.

"See, Sister, I did come back like I said I would and I brought the shrine of our Heavenly Father."

I learned later that he always referred to God as our Heavenly Father. It was all the religion he knew, but wasn't that a lot?

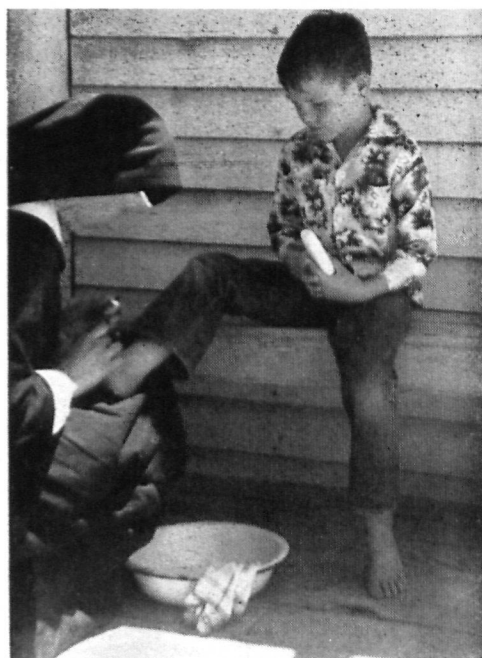
I found out why he had not come in the morning.

"I've been helping my dad at work. He's running a big cat on the new road that's being made."

Jimmy's foot had an ugly scratch on it. It was a very recent cut.

"Jimmy," I asked, "what did you do to your foot?"

*at the eleventh hour*



"Are you a man, Jimmy?"

"I cut it on the cat when I was getting off."

Before the shrine could get its final touch of glitter, a little first aid had to be done.

"Jimmy, you must let Sister fix your foot first."

Out came the wash basin, soap, and ointment.

"Now this is going to hurt a little. Are you a man?"

"Oh, I was born in a hospital. I'm not afraid of nurses, medicine, or nothing."

"All right. Here goes."

The wound was cleaned of dirt and blood and I applied the ointment. There was a twitching and turning, but not a sound. When it was all over, Jimmy asked, "Was I a man, Sister?"

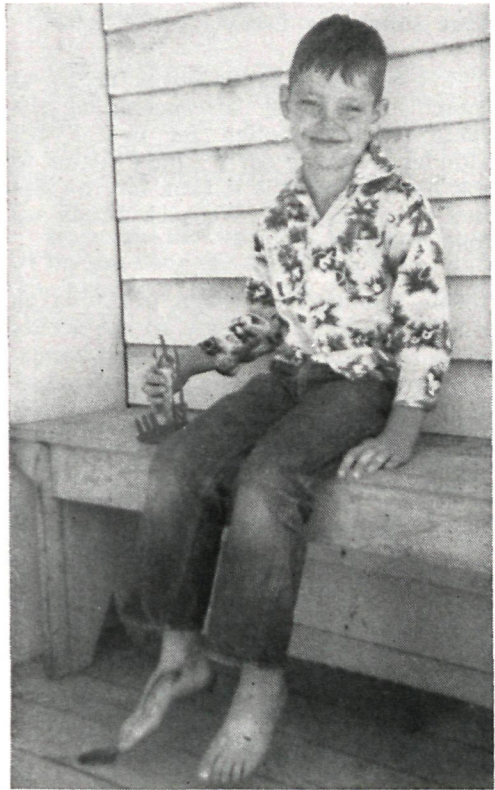
Finally the shrine got its glitter and Jimmy was very happy. But by then we found out that he had not had anything to eat all day. Out came the cereal box, fruit, milk, and cookies.

"Do you know what you should do before you eat?"

"What?"

"You should say a prayer to ask God to bless your food."

"That's what I'll do right now," he said and sprinkled the sugar in the form of a cross explaining, "this is the cross of our Heavenly Father."



**Jimmy keeps his word and comes back with his "shrine of our Heavenly Father."**

A few words about Jesus, the Son of God, dying for us on the cross; and a short explanation on the difference in the three Divine Persons of the Trinity, and our brief contact with Jimmy came to a close.

Perhaps in later life when he can choose his own road to heaven these few memories may lead him on the right road to our Heavenly Father.

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We are very sure that every convent has its share of back door guests, but we wonder if any of them ever leave a six-cent tip on the tray as one of ours did the other day!

Sister Louise Marie



Five-year-old Linda loves to go to catechism. Monday afternoons do not come quickly enough for her. Every Monday morning early Linda begins to ask her mother, "Is it time for the sisters to come yet?" We pick Linda up for catechism at 3:30.

One Monday it seemed to Linda as if 3:30 would never come, so she decided to take matters into her own hands. When no one was around, she reached up for the big alarm clock and moved the hands up an hour.

"Now," said Linda to herself, "catechism time will come faster."

SISTER MARY ADELE



Linda took matters into her own hands and was highly pleased with herself.

\* \* \* \*

Sister: Name the sins against the second Commandment of God.

Eighth grade boy: Profanity, cursing, blasphemy, and surgery.

## In the Home Field

### TRAPPED

One class day it was windier than usual, so much so that Sister did not dare leave the classroom (shed) door open for fear the wind would carry it off its hinges.

Since it cannot be fastened from the inside, Sister decided there was only one thing to do — get the children and herself inside and have someone outside put a stick through the slot to hold the door shut. After class she would call out the window and get someone from one of the other classes to open the door again.

It happened that Father decided to visit the class that day. He let himself in and had someone replace the stick. After speaking to the children he turned to leave. Sister looked out the window, but alas, no one was around to open the door.

By this time the children were excited and gleeful. Father was trapped with them and they were happy about the whole affair. Father solved the problem, however, by hoisting a small boy through the window with instructions on how to remove the stick.

SISTER CONSUELO

. . . .

DID SISTER SAY "MARY'S BODY"?

"Sister, I didn't know there were any dogs in heaven."

"There aren't any dogs in heaven. What ever gave you the idea that there are dogs in heaven?" I answered.

"Why, Sister, you said so yourself."

"I said so? I'm sure I didn't. When did you hear me say that?"

"Don't you remember? You told us just the other day that God took Mary's Spotty to heaven."

SISTER JOHN JOSEPH

### BABY SITTING SISTERS

The parishioners were invited to a victory dinner to celebrate the arrival at a fixed goal in the campaign for funds for a new church. The sisters, with the help of the sodalists, would be baby sitters for the children so that the parents could enjoy the dinner in peace.

We ended up by trying to handle four hundred children in the parish hall with only one hundred chairs available. Our charges ranged from six months to fourteen years.

The dinner was preceded by a special Mass. We had to keep the children quiet in the basement of the church while the Mass was going on upstairs. You can imagine how quiet they were. Then we showed them a movie and served refreshments.

We lost count after we slipped the three hundredth weiner into a bun, with only one fork to do the job. We were more than exhausted trying to keep the older children from grabbing seconds before the younger ones had received firsts.

It was 9:30 before the last crying baby had been claimed by its parents and we collapsed in the quiet of our convent.

SISTER MARY EVA

. . . .

MAYBE HE DID

Third-grade Louis was recounting the story of the descent of the Holy Spirit. He told how the apostles were strengthened by the grace of the Holy Spirit and ended with this bit of information: "That day Peter was teaching the people about Jesus and when he spoke in English everyone understood him!"

SISTER LORETTA ANN

### TODAY CLASS

Our class was in a private home and friends and neighbors had a disturbing habit of walking in without knocking. To put an end to the stream of visitors, one boy volunteered to make a sign.

He made the sign all right and hung it on the door the following week, only the wording was a bit odd. It read: TODAY CLASS.



The boys made a sign and hung it on the door.

Class was quietly under way. There was no disturbance for about ten minutes and then there was a rap at the door. One of the boys answered it. There stood Isabel, a girl who belonged in the class. She inquired, "Isn't there class today?"

The whole class heard the question and gave an audible groan. I said to Isabel, "What made you ask that question?"

She answered, "I thought the sign said TODAY CLOSED."

SISTER RUTH



CONFRA<sup>C</sup>TERNITY of Christian Doctrine workers come young these days. Lanny, five years old, is one of them.

Lanny lives next door to one of our teaching centers. At first he was an interested bystander when I arrived to get my classroom ready. One day I asked him if he would like to help me and he very quickly assured me that he would.

"Are you strong enough to help me carry the benches?"

"Oh yes," he said, as he curved his arm to display his muscles. "I sure am."

He now takes one end and I the other and together we carry the benches from the back of the house where they are stored to the combination laundry-guest-room, transformed for the day into a classroom.

"I've been thinking the same thing," agreed Lanny as he gave his full-hearted cooperation.

One day when I got out of the car I did not see my little helper, but he had not left me. When I opened the door of the classroom, there he was, greeting me with a cheerful, "I've been waitin' for you."

When class is over, Lanny erases the blackboard, cleans the eraser, and helps me pack my bag. Then he carries my things to the car.

One day I dismissed class before appointing boys to carry the benches back to their storage place. Lanny noticed my predicament and called out, "I'll help." Then he and the one remaining pupil carried all the benches. I heard him remark to his helper, "The benches are too heavy for *her* to carry."

## Sister's Helper

by SISTER ANTOINETTE

"I know what your name is," volunteered Lanny that first day he helped me.

"You do? What is it?"

"It's Sister."

"That isn't all of it. It is Sister Antoinette," I said, pronouncing it very distinctly for him.

He repeated it, determined to learn it right. The following week Lanny greeted me with a distinct "Sister Antoe-net."

The number of pupils kept increasing and it became necessary to put more benches in the classroom. Voicing my thoughts I said, "I think if we put the benches this way, we may be able to get more pupils in the room."



This is Lanny.



Lanny takes one end, I the other.

While Lanny and I work together to get the classroom in order, I teach him some simple prayers. In a very short time he memorized, "Good morning, dear Jesus, this day is for You. I ask You to bless all I think, say, and do." Now he is learning the prayer, "Angel of God."

Lanny is not a Catholic, but his mother tells me he is very much interested in the Church. In fact, he has gone to Mass a number of times with a neighbor boy. He attends class now and then and listens very attentively. He guards the door religiously and takes his job as Sister's Assistant quite seriously.

My little helper looks forward to class day, his mother says. When he puts the last bit of teaching equipment in our car, he leaves with a cheerful, "See you next Tuesday, Sister."

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When we knocked on the door we found only the baby sitter to let us in. He was a Protestant boy who was staying with the small children of the family until the parents returned from a shopping trip.

Naturally we were somewhat of a curiosity to the little Protestant. He asked, "What are you wearing?"

I told him that these were our clothes, the clothes we always wear.

"Are they your Sunday clothes?"

Realizing how unfamiliar we must be to him, I said, "You aren't used to sisters, are you?"

"No," he replied, "just boys."

Sister Josepha





## our **A**ssociates'

Mission parties  
are in full swing!  
Oh, see the good  
results they bring!

CHARITINA CLUB, *Paris, Ill.*

**T**HIS Club, headed by *Miss Mary C. Gibbons*, combined a benefit party for our sisters with a "welcome home" party for one of its members. *Mrs. Allen Verchota* had returned from a six weeks trip to Europe, where she visited relatives in England, toured Ireland, and made a week's pilgrimage to Lourdes. Yellow and white were the colors used in party decorations. Refreshments of golden summer punch, angel food cake, and ice cream with fresh peach topping were served nineteen guests. *Miss Anne Bizal* won the travel contest; *Mrs. Alice Flint*, the missionary doll, and other contests were won by *Mrs. Verchota* and *Miss Betty Morrisey*. Thirty-eight dollars were sent to *Victory Noll*.

CHRIST THE KING BAND, *Detroit.*

Our Promoter, *Mrs. Joseph Brusch*, not only contributes to her sister's Burse—that of *Sister Mary Regis*—but also persuades her friends to enroll their living and deceased relatives as annual or perpetual Associates. In addition, she frequently sends in new or renewal subscriptions for **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST**.

### NORTH SIDE CHICAGO HEARD FROM

In May and again in August we received short letters enclosing generous checks from *Miss Mary A. Perkins, Skokie*, who is in charge of *Immaculate Conception Band*. The checks represented donations made by the girls.

In August, a letter from *Lorraine Nyman, Des Plaines*, enclosed a check for \$50 from the members of *Infant of Prague Band*. This Band lost some members who moved to Mundelein. We are hoping a new Band may be started out there.

### LITTLE FLOWER CIRCLE SALUTES A SILVER JUBILARIAN



Members of *Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago*, came to *Victory Noll* to attend the Mass for Silver Jubilarians on August 15. Among the jubilarians was *Sister Mary Gertrude* whom the Band sponsors. Reading from left to right: *Marie Konrath, Anna Kurtz, Veronica Foertsch, Promoter, Sister Mary Gertrude, Josephine Kurtz, and Frances Tischer.*

# Club Mention



ST. RAPHAEL BAND, *Milwaukee.*

The members of this Band held their first meeting on the Feast of St. Raphael, two years ago. For that reason they named their Band in his honor. St. Raphael is the "patron of happy meetings," and the ladies have had many of them with one another. They are a baker's dozen (thirteen) and sponsor Sister Marie Celine, to whom they send the fruits of their handicraft. The organizer and promoter is *Mrs. Olive Schrimpf.*

ST. BRIDGET'S, *Covington, Ky.*

This group headed by *Miss Mary Lou Schmeing*, has greatly helped our sisters in Richmond, Kentucky, in many ways. Recently the ladies purchased a projector for them.

## BANDS, CLUBS GUILDS DONATIONS August 21 to September 22, 1958

Charitina I, Chicago, Helen Ford .....	\$ 5.00
Charitina II, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons .....	40.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Ind., M. Nye .....	100.00
Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. C. J. Sauthier .....	12.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	8.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese .....	2.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	60.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh .....	11.00
St. John, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold .....	40.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes .....	64.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer .....	20.25
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer .....	10.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier .....	10.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones .....	5.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer .....	40.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Huebl .....	50.00
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth .....	14.00

## REMEMBER THE DEAD IN MONTHLY MASSES! ENROLL THEM AS ASSOCIATES!

(Usual offering: Perpetual Enrollment, \$10; annual enrollment, \$1)



Sister Supervisor, ACM

Victory Noll,

Huntington, Indiana

Please enroll ..... (dec.)

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"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."



for

# Our Lady of Lourdes

by SISTER DE PAUL

THE year 1958 has been a special one for lovers of Mary. Everywhere we have been celebrating with joy the centennial of the apparitions of Our Lady of Lourdes to St. Bernadette.

I suggested to my group of fourth graders that they give a play about Our Lady of Lourdes. They were delighted with the idea. It was to be a class project and everyone would participate; if not in the play itself, then in some other way.

"Practice after class," I announced on Thursday. Everyone stayed. The boys were assigned to make a grotto out of rock paper.

We decided to invite the other religion classes of our school, and so a committee was drawn up to write the invitations. Here is a sample of their work:

Dear Third Grade.

The fourth grade catacium is giving a play about our Lady of Lourds. We would like it very much if you would attend. The play is on June 5, 1958 at the fourth grade catacium.

Please try to come.

Very Truly Yours,  
The Fourth Grade

P.s. May God be with you always.

"All For Jesus through  
Mary."



The girl who was Mary.

You might say that they could at least have spelled catechism correctly. Maybe the next time they will do better.

For our script we used Father Collins' dramatization as it was given in the May number of *Our Parish Confraternity*. The children memorized their parts quickly and even practiced privately on days when we did not have class.

The day of the final practice came. Inside, I was supervising the rehearsal. Outside, the boys were busy making the grotto. Through the windows I heard such remarks as these:

"Hey, you guys, make those rocks bigger!"

"Let me try."

"Say, this is harder than it looks!"

It was when the practice was all over and the children were ready to leave that Elvia, the girl who was to take the part of Bernadette, announced, "Sister, I might not be here Thursday. I might go to see my grandmother!"



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As everyone knows who teaches religion classes to public school children and tries to put on a play of some kind, this would not be the first time that such a thing happened. Very often, the leading lady—or man—simply does not show up for the play. At least Elvia was giving me advance notice. I thought perhaps I could reason with her.

“Elvia,” I began, “this is a special play to honor Our Blessed Mother. Can’t you go to see your grandmother *after* the play?”

She said she would and I believed her.

Thursday came and so did Elvia. We were to put on the play first just for the fourth grade and then a second time for the other children in the school of religion.

The youngsters were really excited. Once the play began, however, a prayerful reverence seemed to dominate everything. Between scenes we sang the traditional Lourdes hymn.



The boys made the grotto.

The first presentation was over and everything had gone well. The children got things in order again and I went outside to let in the “company.” Even some of the parents had come. One glance told me that they would never fit into our small room. We would have to move outside.

That was fine, except for one thing—the grotto. Unlike the real grotto at Lourdes, ours was a fragile thing. There was only a slight wind, but even that might prove fatal to our paper grotto; but outside we must go.

We had no trouble finding the proper place to settle. There was only one shady place in the big yard so we went there. Most of the audience sat on the grass. We provided some chairs for the parents. Then we were ready to start.

As before, all went well; that is, until the most important line in the play. Bernadette asked, “Who are you?”

Mary smiled. “I am the Immaculate . . .”

The slight wind had gained momentum. The grotto was falling! Mary held on to both sides and finished her line, “. . . Conception.”

No one laughed. Even Mary was perfectly at ease.

The audience and cast recited a decade of the Rosary. Then everyone joined in the Act of Consecration to Our Lady and thanked her for the graces of the past one hundred years.

It was ten-year-old Socorro who summed up everyone’s thoughts when she said simply: “Sister, I wish all the boys and girls in the world could do this this year. It makes Our Blessed Mother and Bernadette so real. I sure am glad we got to do it.”

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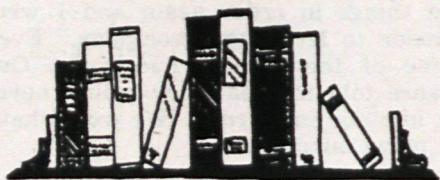
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Victory Noll  
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## Books



*The Faithful at Mass* by William S. Abell. Helicon Press, Baltimore, Maryland. \$2.75.

This book has the advantage of having been written by a layman. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Abell does not write in a learned way. (He is a lawyer with degrees from Georgetown and Harvard.) What we do mean is that Mr. Abell writes as a layman for laymen, omitting the technical language often used by theologians.

It is only a small book, but it almost reads like a miniature of Father Jungmann's *Mass of the Roman Rite*. We were not surprised to see the latter in Mr. Abell's bibliography.

The author tells us that the book evolved from an explanation of the Mass that he wrote for his own children. First he emphasizes the importance of Mass, then shows how the faithful should prepare for it and participate in it. The reader is then ready for the historical development of the liturgy.

In the second part of the book Mr. Abell explains the liturgy of the Mass step by step. For the proper he uses the beautiful text for the feast of the Holy Trinity.

This little book should do much to further appreciation for the Holy Sacrifice. Like all Helicon Press books, its format is excellent.

\* \* \*

*The Little Flowers of St. Francis* translated by Raphael Brown. Image Book, Doubleday and Co., Inc., New York. 95 cents.

Those who love to read *The Little Flowers of St. Francis* — and who doesn't? — will be happy over this new version translated from the original Latin and Italian. Besides the usual delightful stories about the first friars, there are twenty additional chapters, nineteen of which have never before appeared in English. The twentieth is the Cantic of Brother Sun.

But that is not all. An Introduction contains sketches of St. Francis and of Brother Ugolino, the author of *The Little Flowers*. An Appendix includes biographies of the first Franciscans and those intimately connected with them, a complete bibliography, notes, and references. There is also a map of the Fioretti country.

As the translator writes: "Few books beside the New Testament convey that regenerating message so forcefully and so eloquently as *The Little Flowers*, for the simple reason that in its pages throbs the great vibrant heart of the most faithful follower and perfect imitator of Jesus Christ the world has ever seen."

A hardcover edition of this book sells for \$3.95.

\* \* \*

*I Believe* (Book I) and *Saints of the Eucharist* by Father Francis. Seraphic Press, 1501 S. Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis. 26 cents. Special prices for quantity lots.

*I Believe* is one of the most ambitious of the Father Francis books yet published. We hope that others like it will follow. Book I explains the first seven articles of the Creed for children in upper grades.

The illustrations and format are especially attractive. The explanations are given in words the modern child will like and grasp. There are excellent tests and exercises at the end of each chapter.



It seems to us that this book will be valuable to use with the older boy or girl who has as yet received no religious instructions.

*Saints of the Eucharist* are charming stories—illustrated—of St. Tarcisius, Blessed Imelda, St. Pius X, and St. Maria Goretti. They are for the primary school child.

\* \* \*

*Pastoral Instruction on Faith* by the Most Rev. Thomas L. Noa, D.D., Bishop of Marquette. Our Sunday Visitor Press.

Because so many questions are asked him about Catholic participation in the movement called Moral Re-Armament, Bishop Noa has issued this directive. The bishop is especially interested in MRA (also called Buchmanism) for it conducts a training center on Mackinac Island in his diocese.

Since many of MRA's goals are praiseworthy, it is important that Catholics be correctly informed on it. It fosters indifferentism and ignores the authority of the Church. Bishop Noa specifically forbids Catholics within his jurisdiction to participate in the movement in any way whatsoever.

An appendix to the pastoral carries reprints of Vatican documents concerning MRA. Because of its importance this pastoral should be of interest not only to the diocese of Marquette, but to Catholics everywhere.

\* \* \*

*Rome* by Sepp Schuler. A Schwann Travel Guide. Helicon Press, 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$1.50

This is a history book, a book on the arts and artists, and yes, a guide book all in one. It is indispensable for someone who is actually going to visit Rome. The stay-at-homes will find it fascinating reading.

Here is a guide book that is both interesting and practical.

## *Triumph of Grace*

by SISTER JANE FRANCES

AMONG the children attending religious instructions in one of the most remote sections of our parish were a brother and sister, ten and eight years old. They had been baptized, but had not as yet made their First Communion.

These children listened attentively when I stressed the importance of Sunday Mass. When they returned home they informed their non-Catholic mother that they could no longer attend Protestant services, that they were going only with their father to the Catholic Church.

On the following class day the mother accompanied the children to instructions. After the pupils had been dismissed she asked a number of questions and made some of the usual objections to the Church. I explained as well as I could and invited her to the class for adults which we conduct every Tuesday evening.

The woman came to several of these and then she stated frankly, "I just came here to catch you on something. So far you have had a satisfactory answer for every objection, but I haven't given up yet."

Meantime the mother resolved that if her children were going to be Catholics, they were going to be good ones! Every Sunday and holy day they were present at Mass, though it meant a twenty-five mile drive each way.

On First Communion day the mother not only drove her own boy and girl to church, but took along ten neighbors whose car had broken down on the way!

Her sincerity has been rewarded. God has given her the grace of conversion and she is cooperating with it beautifully. She is now taking instructions and looking forward to the day when she will be baptized and received into the Church.

## *Editor's By-Line*

I like dark November days.

It's nice to come into the semi-darkness of the chapel at Victory Noll after breakfast and make the Way of the Cross. There is something special about saying the Rosary with the community around five in the evening with the flickering sanctuary lamp casting shadows in the gloom.

I like to watch the leaden November sky, its heavy clouds threatening rain or snow, depending on the temperature.

Lest you might think there is a streak of the macabre in me, let me say too that I like sunshiny days.

It's nice to come into the chapel with the sun streaming through the east windows and lighting up St. Patrick with his shamrock, St. Francis surrounded by the birds, St. Clare next to him with the ciborium in her hands, St. Margaret Mary pictured as a novice, and St. Vincent de Paul with an infant in his arms and a poor child at his side.

And when we say the evening Rosary, the last rays of the setting sun surround with their golden glow the statue of Our Lady of Victory, glorious Patroness of our Congregation.

We might see in the dark days of winter only evidence of the dying year, but death is the prelude to life. If we look around, we discover that even in nature, all is not dead. The pines, the yews, the spruce trees are still bright and green. The cardinals have not left us, and their color seems all the more vivid against the somber landscape.

The stark bare trees will have their leaves again. The birds will come back.

The ones that stay remind us that spring is not far away.

Oliver Herford has expressed it well in these few lines of verse:

I heard a bird sing in the dark  
of December,

A magical thing and sweet  
to remember,

"We are nearer to spring than  
we were in September,"

I heard a bird sing in the dark  
of December.

Dreary days make us better appreciate the sunny ones. Life is like that — made up of sunshine and darkness. Sometimes it might seem as if the dark days outnumber the sunny ones, but we know that is not true. And someday, not too far off, all will be light. We will make a wonderful exchange: the light of the sun for the Light of Glory.  
SEA

---

Sister: If you had been in the boat with Jesus and the apostles when the storm came up, what would you have done?

Steve: I don't know, but I think I would jump out and swim.

---

## *In Memoriam*

**William Kerr, Detroit, father of  
Sister Dennis**  
**Rev. Desmond Schmal, S.J., Chicago**  
**Sister Mary Dominica McDonald, R.S.M.,  
Titusville, Pa.**  
**Mrs. Frances Gartland, Boston, Mass.**  
**Mrs. Margaret Foster, Cincinnati**  
**John Apfel, Bagdad, Arizona**  
**Norman Wilson, Bagdad, Arizona**  
**Robert Carson, Bagdad, Arizona**  
**William Carson, Bagdad, Arizona**  
**Mrs. Catherine Belken, Flat River, Mo.**  
**Mrs. Clara Grady, Flat River, Mo.**  
**Mrs. Edward W. Hayes, Sr., Monrovia, Calif.**



# DANGER!

by SISTER JACQUELYN

WE were on our way to spend the weekend with three of our sisters who had just finished making a private retreat at a lodge in the mountains. At a junction in the road we stopped, not sure whether to go right or left. A wrong turn would mean miles of extra driving so we drove back to a service station for information.

Sister Anna Rita asked, "Which road do we take to Smith's Valley?"

"Go to the junction and turn off on number 13," was the reply.

We thanked the man and Sister started the car. Then she stopped and turned off the engine. A large red box on stilts had caught her eye. Near it was a sign: DANGER! BABY RATTLES!

"Look, Sister," she said; "rattle snakes. Shall we walk over and look at them? I've always wanted to see one."

illustrated by SISTER MARY GEORGE

"Yes, let's do," I agreed. "I'd hate to leave Nevada without having seen one. Seeing a baby one would be better than seeing none."

So off we went; very cautiously though. The windows of the box were tightly screened, but we were taking no chances.

I peered in, but couldn't see a thing. Then Sister Anna Rita burst out laughing.

"What's so funny? I can't see anything."

I went to her window. Baby rattlers! Sure enough! BABY RATTLES of every description were inside that box.

We had fallen hook, line, and sinker. No doubt the service station attendant was well pleased with his practical joke. Even those Catholic Sisters had fallen for it.





*We give Thee thanks,  
O Almighty God,  
for all Thy benefits.*