

"Doings" at

By Catechist Margaret Molloy.

Dear Dad:

I wish I could draw a little pen picture for you of the ceremonies of reception and investiture held in our lovely chapel on the 7th of this month. The long line of those to be received and invested filing slowly into the chapel—the white veils and Mary-blue uniforms of the Consecrates contrasting with the more sombre colors worn by the Juniors and Probationers; the sanctuary massed with gorgeous chrysanthemum blooms and ablaze with lights whose rays were caught and reflected back by the golden mosaic of the altars; the perfect background of the chastely simple mission chapel;—all combined to make a painting, as colorful and quaint as the pictured page of an old, medieval illuminated missal.

The very simplicity of the ceremonies added to their impressiveness. First of all the Juniors received from the hands of the Bishop the Crucifix which will accompany them in their missionary labors among the sick and poor, and a special Blessing. Next the Probationers were invested with the veil of a religious, its shadow obliterating the chimeras of the world, its simple folds conferring more distinction on the wearer than a jeweled crown. And lastly, the Consecrates pronounced the simple act by which they dedicated their lives to the service of Jesus and Mary forever in the person of Their beloved poor.

The new Juniors are:

Catechist Bridget Hynes, Chicago, Ill.; Catechist Margaret Molloy, St. Louis, Mo.; Catechist Raphaella Mendoza, Chicago, Ill.

The new Probationers:

Catechist Genevieve Whitehead, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Catechist Clara Rathnaw, Detroit, Mich.; Catechist Esther Furst, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Catechist Clara Foley, Detroit, Mich.

The new Consecrates:

Catechist Clorinda Quintana, Fort Collins, Colo.; Catechist Rose Kaiser, St. Louis, Mo.; Catechist Susanna Michels, Palm Bay, Florida; Catechist Jeanette Gratton, Newport, Vt.; Catechist Dorothy Schneider, Buffalo, N. Y.; Catechist Adeline Valesquez, Mora, N. M.; Catechist Agnes Ness, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Catechist Catherine Heath, Webster Groves, Mo.

Bishop Noll celebrated the Mass and also preached the sermon for the occasion. I am giving you only a fragmentary thought from it.

Quoting statistics to show that there is but one Priest engaged in parochial work for each 1,500 Catholics in the United States, His Lordship drew attention to the fact that the energies of these are necessarily confined to caring for and ministering to those already of the fold. The spread, and even the preservation of the Faith, especially in mission districts, is therefore, he said, dependent,



to a great extent, upon the labors of the Society of Missionary Catechists, and similar bodies of religious women, who, because of their organization into communities with a definite aim and rule of life, can function as a unit, and be to the overworked missionary priests such real coadjutors as were the women who assisted St. Paul and received a tribute of gratitude from him in his Epistles.

Our social calendar has been quite crowded. We produced a drama, attended the movies, and gave a Hallowe'en party all in one week, so you see we enjoy our share of normal, healthy fun.

The drama, an original production styled for want of a better title "Here and There," was presented on the occasion of Father's birthday anniversary. "Here"—the first act—was a play upon our nursing classes, the lines and incidents being built up about the usual difficulties of amateur nurses who are for the first time making acquaintance with the members of the streptococci family of bacteria and their numerous relations, and of their propensity to make invasions and attacks upon the human organism. The nurse who sets out to learn how to repel these marauders and outwit their stratagems feels that she has met her Waterloo at her first encounter with the textbooks in which they and the effect of their depredations are so ably discussed and so effectually disguised by long, sonorous Latin medical terms in a way to mystify and terrify the uninitiated. Most of the incidents and lines were humorous, but some serious matter was interjected to give the proper balance. The curtain descended at the conclusion of the act upon a tableau depicting the Spirit of Service as personified in the life of the ideal nurse.

"There"—the second act—was a scene in the missions delineating the

Victory-Noll

practical application of the academic knowledge supposedly imbibed by the class in the first act. In this scene the Catechists of the mission prepare and sit down to their evening meal, only to be interrupted by a constant stream of callers, beginning with an old woman who complains loudly of her toothache, and terminating with the appeal of a frantic mother with a sick baby—a doll appropriately rigged out for the occasion. Having excited apprehension in the minds of the audience that the patients would very likely be healed of their various complaints only to be killed by the Catechists with kindness, the act concluded with another tableau showing a solitary Catechist—the others having duly cleared off the untouched meal and blown out the lamp in a true mission setting,—kneeling before an illuminated shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Victory and singing a hymn having as its theme our motto, "All for Jesus through Mary."

The movie we attended was the initial performance of "In the Footsteps of the Padres" shown for the first time in our auditorium with the "film stars" of the production as the exclusive audience. The sensation produced by visualizing one's self for the first time, moving, talking, and walking about on the screen is an indescribable one. But our sense of humor prevailed over any disillusionment some of us may have felt at falling short of our expectations, and compromised with our vanity in a good laugh.

The first reel shows some beautiful scenic and panoramic views of New Mexico. The second and third are given over to a delineation of our activities in training here, with a fade-out of Gary and its steel mills. In the last two reels are depicted scenes in our Southwest mission field, the old world atmosphere of which has been effectually caught and portrayed by the camera, as well as the life of the people and our labors among them.

Our Hallowe'en party was a great success—both from a social and a culinary standpoint. Following an afternoon's hike, supper was served in the kitchen, which had been arranged for the occasion as a cafeteria. Jack-o-lanterns of pumpkins grown in our garden and fashioned into fantastic gargoyles shed the proper eerie light over the scene, and there were the usual Hallowe'en festivities following supper. As the society editors have it, "a good time was had by all."

November 20 witnessed the departure of a band of six Catechists for our Missions in New Mexico. Catechists Bodin, Srill and Like go to Chaperito; Catechists Barthen and Martinez to Carmen, and Catechist Kozla to Anton Chico.

The departure ceremonies, as is everything we do, were governed by

(Continued on Page Eight)