

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 33

APRIL 1958

Number 5



Elizabeth is ready for

APRIL SHOWERS



Elizabeth, who is in kindergarten, accompanied her ten-year-old sister Patsy on a visit to the convent. The conversation turned to vocations, and Patsy remarked, "When I grow up, I'm going to be a sister."

With no hesitation whatever Elizabeth added her bit, "When I grow up I'm going to be an angel. Do you know why? Because then I can fly straight up to God."

Sister Alma Marie

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

April 1958

Contents

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, a Pontifical Institute dedicated to catechetical and social service work.



Member Catholic Press Association

Entered as second class matter on December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. Issued monthly except August. Subscriptions one dollar a year.

COVER

Sister Jane Frances, Sister Mary Beatrice, and Sister Florence at Old Mission Santa Inez. Sisters are assigned to convent in Solvang, California, where Santa Inez Mission is located. Story on inside back cover.

CREDITS

Cover, King Merrill, Rancho El Alamo Pintado, Solvang, Calif.; pp. 8, 10, sketches by Irving Sussman; p. 14, Fogata Studio, Santa Paula, Calif.

From the Bottom Up	4
Sister Mary Regina	
Migrant Problem—Two Pictures	7
Sister Justine and Sister Mary Bernadette	
Puppets for Premiums	8
Corinne Sussman	
Theology in Texas	11
Sister Mary Karl	
Diversified Teaching	12
Sister Melita	
In the Home Field	14
Fertile Field	16
Sister Charlene	
We Are the Church!	17
Sister Marilyn	
Associate Catechists of Mary	18
Mary's Loyal Helpers	20
True Devotion to Mary	22
"Now I Have Sunshine"	23
Sister Mary Camillus	
Book Reviews	24
Editor's By-Line	26
In Memoriam	26
Valley of the Sun	27
Sister Mary Beatrice	



Sister Mary Regina discusses Parent-Educator program with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Donovan while Paul Jr. looks on.

The Parish Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is usually set up from the top down. SISTER MARY REGINA tells how one was built

From the Bottom Up



Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor and family. The Taylors have put both their motels at the disposal of the parish school of religion.



Reception of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine members, Holy Trinity parish, West Harwich, Mass.



Parishioners of Holy Redeemer Church, Chatham, Massachusetts, receive Confraternity membership cards.

EVERYONE knows that the orthodox way to establish the parish Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is to set up an executive board, call a meeting of the entire parish, recruit members for the various divisions, etc. All this, of course, after the official decree has been obtained, the spade work has been accomplished, and a general survey taken.

In other words, the Confraternity is properly organized from the top down. We would venture to suggest, however, that it is not always so. Many a Confraternity flourishes today that came into existence "from the bottom up," as it were. Ours here on the Cape is no exception.

When we opened our convent at West Harwich, Massachusetts, nearly five years ago, this was a parish with a mission. Now we have two parishes, one here and one at Chatham. Both are in charge of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts.

Five years ago we counted three hundred Catholic children in the public schools, but we had no means of bringing them to a central place in order to organize a school of religion with a twelve-year-program.



Blessing the transportation fleet (Helpers Division) at Holy Redeemer. Cars were blessed in both parishes.

We begged for volunteers to transport these children back and forth twice a week to two centers. Then another problem arose; we needed more classrooms. We were using the two parish halls and a basement room in our convent. We thought of partitioning the large hall into smaller sections, but if we did we would run into a heating difficulty. And winter was coming closer all the time.

Then something wonderful happened. Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, who owned a resort motel two blocks from our convent, offered the use of seven gas-heated rooms to us. Now we had ten classrooms, rent free, with all expenses paid by the owner.

The offer of the motel has never been withdrawn. Three years later the Taylors built another one close to the convent also. In it we occupy five rooms. Mr. Taylor installed heat solely for the benefit of the children.

As time went on, our classes grew. Today we have 550 children. The teacher problem grew too, and so did transportation needs; but all have been cared for.

Before the first three years had passed, we felt that the ground work for the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine had been laid. Here were dozens and dozens of volunteer workers — teachers, helpers, and others. They should be sharing in the indulgences and blessings the Church offers her Confraternity members.

A CCD Executive Board Training Course was given and then each parish had the Confraternity officially erected. The Very Rev. William Condon, SS.CC., Provincial of the Sacred Hearts Fathers, presided at the solemn reception of members and installation of officers.

The other divisions of the Confraternity are making good progress. Soon all will be reached "from the cradle to the grave." These wonderful people, three hundred strong, are proof, if proof is needed, that the laity are more than capable of assuming leadership in their parishes.



CCD officers leave Holy Redeemer Church after installation.



James Mulligan, senior in Yarmouth High School, teaches a third grade class in one of the motel classrooms.

Migrant Problem

two pictures

In April the Mexican migrants begin their trek north in search of work. These people, most of whom are baptized Catholics, are subjected to proselytizing by various sects. Here are two reports from different parts of the country.

by Sister Justine

FOR some years the Colorado Council of Churches (Protestant) has been sending its staff of paid workers to live and work among the Mexican migrants at a nearby labor camp. They visit the shelters regularly and induce the children to come to their "church school." In the evening movies are shown, followed by a sermon. All of the public buildings in the camp have been set aside for the use of these workers.

When we asked for space for our own classes in religious instruction we were referred to the Director of the Migrant Ministry of the Council of Churches. In the first interview we were told there would be no rooms available.

We then held our classes outdoors for two hours every morning. This time was grudgingly allowed us and we were asked not to work in the camp at any other time. Eventually we were offered the use of one room, one hour each day.

In spite of all the activity on the part of the sects, only a few of the migrant families claim to be Protestant. But can we expect such deep faith to continue among the younger generation when they are preyed upon in this way?



Since no indoor classroom was available, Sister Justine taught outside.

A happier picture comes from San Pierre, Indiana, in the diocese of Gary. Here Mr. William Gehring, a zealous Catholic, employs many migrants to help with his potato crop.

by Sister Mary Bernadette

NO sooner had we returned to our convent in August when, at Mr. Gehring's request, we began daily classes for the migrant children.

Mr. Gehring was very much disturbed because there had been some attempt to proselytize among these people. So far as we can judge, however, it was unsuccessful. The Mexican people received us warmly, as always.

Mr. Gehring is no less zealous for the physical well being of these people. He provides excellent housing for them and pays them a good wage. No wonder most of them return year after year to work for him.



Mrs. Sussman, who lives in Palm Springs, California, teaches at Cathedral City, one of the catechetical centers under the direction of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

Angel Puppets

by Corinne Sussman

BEFORE I became a Catholic I had been conditioned by a world whose slogan was that children should be left free to choose their own religion when they were old enough to do so. This was not the viewpoint I received from my home. On the contrary, my father took time, in spite of hard work and grave illness, to make sure his children received some grounding in Judaism.

There were so few Jewish families in the small western town where I grew up that we had no synagogue. All our religious training came from our parents. It is to them that I owe the basic childhood faith which later helped me to be rescued from the world of irreligion and spiritual vapidty.

Our religious training came from both the Old and the New Testaments, for my father interspersed his teaching of the Ten Commandments with the Beatitudes which he loved. This prepared me for the tremendous gift God had in store for me. I was able without difficulty to recognize that the Old Testament is the root, and the New Testament the branching and flowering of a single mighty tree.

Although I realized that it was my childhood spiritual training which had helped me to overcome the irreligious indoctrination of the world around me, it was not easy to throw off illogical, stupid habits of thought. One of the most meaningless was this idea that children should be left "free."

When I prepared to teach my first catechism class, then, it was with many qualms. I was not only scared to death of the children, but also confused in my own inner state. It was strange how this inner confusion was resolved. It simply evaporated as unreal and irrational prejudices must when exposed to reality.

On the very first day of class there were the children — one moment chattering excitedly, running for drinks of water, swiping a lunchbox here or a sweater there; and the next moment, solemn silence as they stood up and with grave and dedicated gestures marked themselves with the sign of the cross. I wondered how anyone could be so stupid as I had been about wanting these little ones left “free” to learn about everything but Truth itself. Would I, knowing how vital nourishing food is to good health and growth, leave

their due, the trusting knowledge that God is their Father; defrauded in some countries by their government; and defrauded in our country by misguided parents who have been indoctrinated with the idea of leaving their children “free.”

When our pastor invited me to take the catechism class, I said “Yes,” wondering secretly where I would find the time. I lived according to a rigid schedule which began at 6:30 a.m. and ended at bedtime. But I knew that if I could find time for the things that belong to the world, I surely could find a few hours for the things that belong to God.

We had a problem in transportation, too, but my husband decided he would enjoy riding to school on a bicycle. An acquaintance agreed to sell me a bicycle for a week's clerical work. I put in an easy week of typing and got the bike.

When my husband saw it, he grinned. After all my scheming, it turned out to be a “lady's bike.” So now he rides to the school where he teaches on a lady's bike. However, that does not mean he rides side-saddle, as I imagined with horror when he first told me I had gotten him a lady's bicycle. (I know nothing about bicycles!) No, it just means the bike is a little safer. His sacrifice of the car on Wednesdays has brought him notoriety if not fame, for even strangers stop me to ask if that is *my* husband who rides to work on a bike.

The hours spent preparing the religious instructions have been infinitely rewarding, supplying information I never knew I did not know. How little the average person knows about his religion. Even a convert who has “boned up” — what with instructions and all — just doesn't know anything! Again and again I have paused in wonder at this treasure God gave to man. It is endlessly fascinating and inspiring. It is the most exciting and beautiful and suspenseful story ever told.

for Premiums

sketches by Irving Sussman

my child “free” to eat nothing but cokes and popcorn?

When we were on the lesson about Adam and Eve, I asked the class *why* God did not stop loving man. When a friend we love does something terribly mean, something we sincerely asked her not to do, we often say we never want to see that person again and usually we don't love that friend any more. Why didn't God get disgusted and stop loving us?

A nine-year-old raised her hand: “Because He is our Father.” In her voice and in her eyes were utmost trust. At that moment, looking at Carolina, I thought of other nine-year-olds who were defrauded of their right,

Of course I was scared of the children and still am. When they are angelic I am scared it won't last; and when they are demons I am scared it will. As a brand new teacher I had the brilliant idea of keeping them all angelic by promising them a fabulous reward. Those who showed themselves truly Catholic in their courtesy to their classmates and to their teacher, who really tried even if they made mistakes, would receive at the end of the semester an angel puppet.

I kept a record, and the catechism scholar received a rose or a thorn in the record book, depending on his behavior and effort. Three thorns and that was it — no puppet.

When Sister found out about this, she very tenderly suggested that the children might be coming for the puppet and not for Our Lord. I was mortified and learned a deep lesson right there and then about a sensible use of rewards. But in the meantime I was committed to the puppets. To my consternation, no one got three thorns. Fifteen children were going to get fifteen angel puppets.

"How are you going to do it?" my husband asked. "It takes a week to make a puppet."

"Assembly line," I muttered grimly.

Well, we both worked, day and night for two weeks — my husband making the bodies, I the heads; both of us stringing them, dressing them, painting them; my husband making the controls, the feet, the hands.

Finally the last day of school, the day of the party, came. And I arrived with boxes of puppets. When Father Leissler saw how deep I had got myself in, he put his hands to his head in a gesture of despair. "Don't you ever do this again, Corinne."

"Never, Father," I replied meekly.

But though I will never do it again, I believe that never again will I see anything so lovely as the closing scene of that party. As the little ones gathered around him, Father blessed them and their puppets. The charm and tenderness of that scene will remain indelibly recorded on my memory — my first catechism class.



Theology in Texas

by Sister Mary Karl

[T was in Texas — the state we associate with bigness—that I had one of the biggest surprises of my teaching experiences.

In our garage classroom my second graders and I had assembled for the second lesson of the year. I planned to explain the wording of the Baltimore No. 1 definition of God: "God is the Supreme Being who made all things." Naturally, I first wanted to recall to the minds of the children the Names for God which they already knew.

"Today we are going to learn another Name for God," I told them. You already know *some* Names for God. And you *all* know the very *nicest* Name of all. Let's see who remembers."

They were willing.

"God?"

"No, it has to be *another* Name that means God."

"The Son?"

"No, God the Son is the Second Person; I mean a Name that will mean all Three Persons. You learned it when you were in first grade."

Silence . . . Then . . .

"Jesus?"

"Well, that's not *quite* right. Jesus is God, yes, but He is God *and* Man. The word I am thinking about means *God*."

Then it happened. The voice was a little tinkling voice and it came from the tiniest second-grader, sitting on the very last bench of girls. I heard what she said, all right, but I *knew* I must not have heard correctly. It was just impossible. This had never happened to me before and I knew it couldn't be happening now.

Invitingly I smiled to her to repeat

her answer. "What Name for God do you remember?"

Hopefully the little tinkling voice repeated that same impossible answer: "The Incarnate Word?"

I still remember how my head swam. There seemed to be something new and different in the atmosphere of our rustic garage.

What sort of class was this? Was I getting behind the times as a catechist? If this was a sample of a Texas *second-grader* in religion, what were the *twelfth-graders* like? Maybe I ought to mention to my superiors that I needed some extra years of theological study to cope with my present classes?

Deep laughter and deep puzzlement struggled within me. Only long pedagogical practice kept the book in my hands, the smile on my lips, the quiet words on my tongue, as I explained: "Well, that *IS* a beautiful Name; but it really means 'Jesus.' So it still isn't quite the one we want."

Finally the field narrowed and "Our Father in Heaven" was voted the very nicest Name for God; and of course, we *all* knew it!

It was perhaps five minutes and three questions later, as someone paused for a split second in an answer, that a voice came from the boys' side, alert, interested, oblivious:

"Sister, *my* sister goes to Incarnate Word College, too."

THEN my little paragon of the last bench fell into peaceful second-grade perspective once more. The garage became its homey self again. I and my children were one in our simple seeking to know, love, and serve "Our Father in Heaven."

Sister Melita writes from
Big Spring, Texas.



Faithful attendance at choir practice keeps these young women ready to sing High Masses every Sunday and several times during the week. Sacred Heart parish, Big Spring, Texas.

Diversified Teaching

by Sister Melita

IN our seventh grade study of agriculture we learned about diversified farming. It fascinated me. Now, after several years of missionary work, I think the term could very aptly be applied to our teaching.

It would be a rare missionary indeed, who could write an article entitled "My Day." The simple reason is that there are no two days of the week that are exactly alike. A more accurate title might be "My Week," but even that would admit of unscheduled events.

The first three days of the week I spend in Big Spring. Sunday is taken up with playing the organ, leading prayers and hymns at the Masses. On Monday there are religion classes in Sacred Heart parish, junior choir practice at four-thirty, and practice for the senior choir in the evening. Tuesday my classes are for third graders, junior high, and high school students.

On Wednesday two of us are off to Odessa, sixty miles away. At three o'clock the first and second graders come; at four, the next four grades. They fill Mrs. Granados' living room to overflowing, but there always seems to be room for one more. The children generously share their tiny portion of a bench or chair with any newcomer.

At five o'clock we must be at San Jose Church for the high school class. This is followed by a sodality meeting. After evening devotions many of the adults stay for singing practice.

Thursday morning we are off to an early start with the junior high at seven-thirty! At ten the women of both Odessa parishes meet for the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Teacher Training Course.

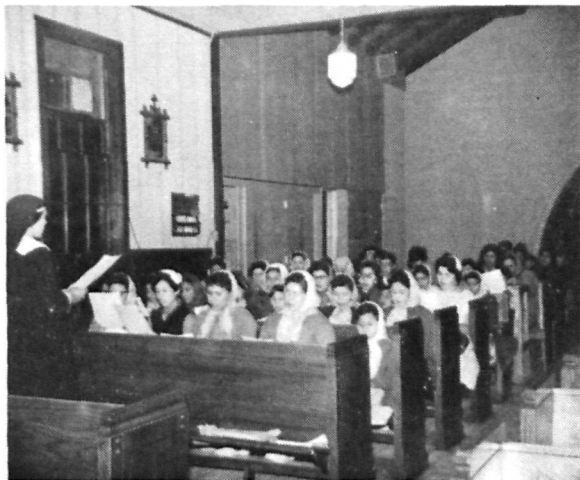
The first and second grades of St. Mary's parish come at three-thirty for class. The fourth graders arrive an hour



Sodalists learn principles of meditation. San Jose Church, Odessa.

Some of the adults remain after evening devotions to practice singing.

Altar boys rehearse for a special occasion. The pastor of St. Thomas Church, Big Spring, the Rev. William Moore, O.M.I., checks on his acolytes.



later. After they are dismissed, we drive back to Big Spring.

Friday we spend visiting homes. In the afternoon there is a meeting of the altar boys. Saturday we complete our weekly cycle with a group of fifth and sixth grade pupils at St. Thomas Church.

So ends our week, just an ordinary week. We have limited it to the "diversified teaching" of only one sister and have left for another time the many unscheduled events that we could not begin to include.

SIGN OF YOUTH

When one of the sisters began to wear glasses, a fourth grade girl looked startled and exclaimed, "Sister! Do you wear glasses?"

"Why shouldn't I, Cathy? You wear them."

"But I'm just a little kid," says Cathy.

SISTER MARY CELINE



Sure sign of spring.

TOO MUCH FOR TOMMY

Tommy started to kindergarten this year, but he did not like it. In fact, he disliked it so much that he became ill for the first few days.

After his mother had put up with Tommy's illness for a day or two, she had a little talk with him. She encouraged him to offer his dislike of school to Jesus and Mary, and when it was very hard, to say a Hail Mary.

Tommy went back to school and everything seemed to go along very well. After a few days, however, he told his mother, "Mom, it was very hard today. I had to say the Hail Mary and I even had to say the Holy Mary."

Tommy's father, by the way, is the superintendent of schools.

SISTER CECILIA MARIE

In the Home Field

TALKED OUT

Little Mary was taken on a picnic. She romped and played and had a grand time. When she came to the grotto that was on the grounds, she stopped to kneel and have a little talk with Jesus. By evening Mary was a very tired little girl. After she got ready for bed she looked at the crucifix and said, "I am not going to say any prayers tonight, Jesus. I'm too tired. Anyway, I told You all I had to say to You this afternoon."

SISTER JULIANA

The congregation really sat up and took notice when the pastor boomed out: "Whoever has my baptismal water, please bring it back. There is so much oil in it that anyone would know it is not just plain holy water."

Some of the parishioners had mistaken the baptismal water for Easter water. After Mass a few of them sheepishly admitted their mistake, but added that they had none left. There was nothing for Father to do but bless another supply.



All the Easter lilies you can pick — right in our own back yard. Sister Frances, Santa Paula, California.

SEVEN OF THEM!

On our way home from teaching we had a flat. Right on Detroit's Outer Drive! We went to a nearby house to call the AAA.

It happened to be the home of a good Catholic family. They invited the two of us in to wait. Imagine their amazement when they learned that there were five more sisters in the car. We all went in. While we were there a neighbor telephoned to find out what was going on. We heard our hostess say, "Just think, SEVEN of them!"

SISTER JEANNE MARIE

HELP ON THE BILL

With the hope that all our children might profit from the home study sheets, we set the price as low as possible. However, when the bill came, we found that shipping charges were higher than we had estimated and that the price of the lessons had gone up too. Our only solution seemed to be to raise the price and to ask the children who had already paid for their sheets to bring an extra dime.

To help the children understand the situation we explained that the bill for lessons for our thousands of children in this mission was over \$600. There were no complaints.

A week later when several subscribers were paying their additional ten cents, Michael, a fourth-grader who had not bought the sheets, gave me two pennies. "I don't want to buy the lessons," he explained. "I was going to buy some candy with this money, but I decided to use it to help you pay your bill."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY



Altar in sisters' chapel on Easter Sunday. Infant of Prague Convent, Los Angeles.

JOIN THE NAVY

"Hurrah for the Navy!" said Sister Maureen as she walked in the back door.

We were amazed at this sudden burst of patriotism until she explained that while she was burning papers in the incinerator a thirteen-year-old boy stopped to talk to her. He said he was not a Catholic but he would like to be. His two big brothers were Catholic.

"How is it that your brothers are Catholic and you are not?" Sister naturally asked.

"Well, they joined the Navy and became Catholics. I'm going to join the Navy so I can become a Catholic."

Sister explained to the churchless boy that he could become a Catholic even without joining the U.S. Navy.

SISTER MARY GABRIELLE

Fertile Field

by Sister Charlene

THE children were looking at a picture of the Ascension. They were familiar with the story. One little boy remarked, "And Jesus hit His head on the clouds as He went up into heaven."

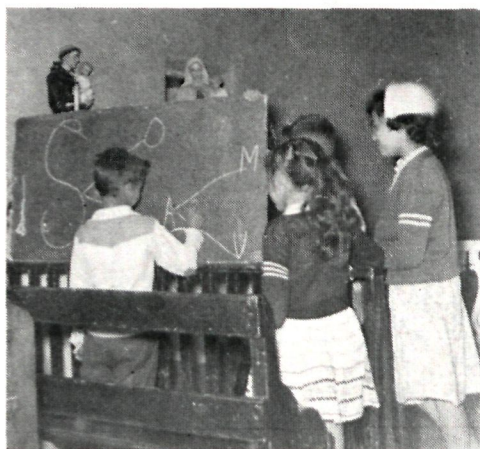
I vigorously denied this, but the others backed him up. The other sister had said so.

It took us several days to figure out where they had gotten such a preposterous idea. Sister had said, "And then Jesus was hidden by the clouds."

You might say that on this occasion the children's imaginations were working the wrong way. But it does not happen often. A child's imagination is one of the most fertile fields in which the teacher of religion can sow the seed of truth.

In our teacher training classes we learned the value of what are called chalk talks — making quick drawings on the blackboard while you teach. I admit that I was totally unimpressed by such a method. I could not see where such silly figures on the board could carry into the child's mind a deep religious truth. Since then, however, my ideas have been changed and now I would not be caught without a piece of chalk.

At first I drew my angels, houses, and trees entirely too carefully and often lost the point I was trying to



Children like to use chalk, too. This little boy is illustrating the kinds of sin: original, actual, moral, venial.

teach. Now I am converted to lines, dots, and x's.

For instance, in the story of the angels I used to be careful to draw figures with wings. But this was not satisfactory since I had just explained that angels are spirits. Now we have a very realistic battle of angelic spirits on the board by means of x's to represent them. A nice bright piece of red chalk with which to draw hell with the x's falling into it is sufficient to make most children shudder in horror. By the time the chalk dust has cleared, the children have practically been eyewitnesses of the battle of the angels.

Another time we made use of their imaginations by studying the picture of Adam in paradise. The children could see him surrounded by trees and animals. They came to the conclusion that he must have been a vegetarian. They just couldn't picture Adam petting his animal friends and then killing them for meat!

"He probably ate fruit from the *other* trees," one child remarked significantly.

"I'll bet he caught a fish to eat on Friday," another added as he gazed at the picture of the stream in paradise.

The picture of Jesus at Nazareth helping His foster father has been used for years to help the children imitate the virtues of the holy Child. But imagining Jesus living in your own home town is even better.

"He'd probably go to a Catholic school and we wouldn't know Him very well," one of the children began disappointedly.

"It's very crowded," I suggested, to keep things from stopping there. "Perhaps He couldn't get in. Suppose He went to *your* school."

"Oh boy!" they exclaimed and the discussion was on.

They imagined walking to school with Jesus. They could see Him run to the nearby store just as they did to get a loaf of bread for His mother. How He would work and play at school! They pictured an Ideal whom they could imitate. They thought everyone on the playground would want to play with Him. They saw all the boys lined up to play four-square with Jesus.

On this perhaps they were wrong. Not everyone would want to play with Jesus. For some He would be "too good," just as today there are so many who will not associate closely with Him or His Church because of the price involved.

We Are the Church!

by Sister Marilyn

"**A**T last the Catholic Church has come to me!"

This was the greeting we had from Theeanna when we knocked on the door of her tiny Alabama home. It was rather astonishing to know you were representing the whole Church. Instinctively we looked around, almost expecting to see the College of Cardinals behind us.

Theeanna explained that she had been teaching Sunday School in the Methodist Church for years.

"Every time I'd say the Apostles' Creed, I'd tell myself, 'You're the biggest liar in these whole United States. If you believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, then what are you doing here in the Methodist Church?'"

The question Theeanna asked her-

self was not easy for her to answer. There was no sign of the Church in Suggsville nor for miles around. In fact, the only Catholic Church Theeanna had ever seen or heard of was in Florida, many miles away, where some of her relatives lived.

Theeanna waited and then one day, she reports: "I was thinking about the good Lord and I heard a knock on my door. I said to myself, 'Who could be at my door this time of morning?' When I opened it I heard music to my ears. 'We are the Catholic Sisters from Grove Hill.' 'Catholic Sisters!' I said; 'at last the Catholic Church has come. Where have you been all these years?'"

Theeanna was the first convert in Suggsville, a small village in Alabama. Now there is a Catholic Church there, standing high on a hill as a beacon to welcome all who wish to enter.



our **A**ssociates'

Christ has won
for us our freedom
'Neath His feet
our foes are trod.
He has purchased
back our birthright
to the Kingdom of
our God.

Dear Associates:

THE spirit of sacrifice manifested by you during the season of Lent has been most edifying and gratifying. It has been motivated by a genuine love for the missions under our care.

How can we match the generosity of our friends? There is only one answer. On Easter morning, as we kneel before our risen Savior, we shall offer Him our deepest gratitude for the friends He has given us, with petition that He never forget your needs.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

DOLORES MISSION GUILD, *Chicago.*

The members, under the leadership of Mrs. Anna Klingel, sponsor Sister Mary John, Superior of St. Catherine's convent, Sebring, Florida. Twice a year, several large cartons are shipped to Sister. These cartons contain religious articles and class aids made by the ladies at their meetings. About six members entertain the others, according to turn. The others are contributing members.

UNIQUE AUCTION

Shortly before Lent, we received the following letter from Miss Frances Shanahan, secretary of St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb.

"Enclosed is a check for \$80. We made most of this money at an auction at Mae Borsheim's home. There were about twenty guests present. Most of these brought articles with them. One lady started to play a record on the Victrola. At the same time an article was given to one of the ladies, with instructions to pass it on to the next lady. In this way the article passed around the room from person to person. Whoever held it in her hands when the music stopped had to get up and auction it. This procedure was followed until every article had been sold. Everybody had a good time, and all were pleased with the nice sum raised for the missions.

"Plans are now underway for a raffle in April and a breakfast in May."

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, *Ft. Wayne*

Dear Sister:

Enclosed find check for \$20. I am entertaining the Band on April 23. We have monthly social meetings. We wish to thank you for all the spiritual benefits in which we share.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. Eunice Carl, Promoter,
St. Vincent de Paul Band.



Club Mention

HOLY SOULS BAND, Chicago.

Rain or shine, snow or hail, we are sure to hear from our Promoter, Mrs. J. V. McGovern, of Berwyn, Illinois, each month. Her letters always contain a check representing dues collected at meetings. The members rotate in being hostess. Meetings are held the third Sunday of every month. The ladies like to recite the *Prayer for Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters* at meetings. This prayer is to be found on the back page of the membership folder which each Associate has or should have.



Please send us pictures of your mission club groups, of your officers, and of activities you engage in. Send us news, in detail, of your benefit parties. Let's try to make these pages of interest and of help to one another.

The Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for His sheep, and deigned to die for His flock, is risen again. Alleluia. (*Easter Monday Matins.*)

The world's greatest need is someone who will brave the taunts of a Good Friday to win the joy of an Easter Sunday.—Bishop Sheen.



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS' DONATIONS January 24 to March 4, 1958

Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford	5.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	28.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, Evanston Ill., Celia Henrich	60.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	5.00
Our Lady of The Bl. Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., Mrs. J. P. Taylor ..	10.00
Queen of Hearts, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky	5.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	17.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Nebraska Mrs. Ella Hamilton	20.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Miss Melke	3.75
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	4.00
St. John, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold ..	25.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes ..	38.75
St. Jude, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Horstmann	101.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer	10.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer ..	40.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. E. Potter	12.80
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier	10.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. Wentz	80.00
St. Mary Goretti, Elmhurst, Ill., Mrs. Louis Picchietti	10.00
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. Dowling ..	5.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. Gones	2.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer ..	13.00
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth	14.00

ST. PATRICK SODALITY, Ft. Wayne.

We hear once a year from Miss Catherine McGill, in charge of this mission band. At that time, she sends us an annual dues check. These ladies have adopted our Richmond, Kentucky, Sisters, and gladden their hearts with the mission boxes sent to them.



Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

May our Risen Savior fill your souls with Easter Joy! You felt pity in your hearts, during Lent, for Jesus in His sufferings. You tried to make up, by little practices of penance, for your shortcomings, and for those who offend God by their sins. God will reward you by sharing with you His own happiness on Easter morn.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH



EASTER BUNNY FINDS LUCY WHEN SHE VISITS SISTER IN CONVENT



I. to r.: Sister M. Clement, Lucy holding her prize cookie, and Colette Marzen. The two girls and their mother came from Stacyville, Iowa, to Victory Noll, for a visit with Sister on Easter Sunday. Lucy was afraid the Easter rabbit would not find her this time, because she was not at home. But he did. Her first comment on examining her Easter basket was: "The Easter bunny brings funny things to those who live in cities." (Her basket contained an assortment of candy bars, crackerjack, and three pennies.) After a pause, she added, "I guess in cities the Easter bunny doesn't have chickens to lay his eggs." Lucy liked best the large cookie bunny that Sister Superior gave her.



Above is Eugenia Luskas of Englishtown, New Jersey. She sells tulip bulbs to classmates to earn money for the missions.

Among our younger readers, there must be boys and girls who would like to join *Mary's Loyal Helpers*. There are no membership fees. Write today for your membership card.

Helpers' pages

HOW THEY EARN IT AND SAVE IT.

We made \$1.47 in our neighborhood for you. We took orders for cookies which Mom baked. After eating a sample, they all wanted to buy! We will give all the money we make to Victory Noll. We are real proud to help.

Bob, Bill and Dave Heflin,
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

These boys have a sister who is a Postulant at Victory Noll.

Here is one way of saving pennies for the missions. I wanted to buy a pair of boots which would have cost six dollars. Instead I bought a pair which I liked less, and which did not cost so much. In that way, I could give the difference to the missions.

Karen Holmes, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I have a paper route and I think I can earn a lot of money for the mission club. Please make me a member.

Eddie Hurst, Sarasota, Florida

Saturday I planned to buy a diary book, but decided the missions needed the money so here is the dollar.

Patricia Wedlock, Gardena, California

Please send me at least two more subscription blanks for your magazine. I think I can get some new subscribers for you. THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST has made a great hit with my friends.

Sandra King, Wapakoneta, Ohio

Send worked puzzles to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, for a holy card.



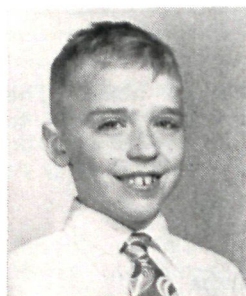
APRIL PUZZLE

By Daniel Condon, Holland, O.

Below are the names of six saints, but you cannot recognize them. The letters in their names have been scrambled. Place these letters in proper order. These saint's feast-days are in April. You will find them in a Catholic calendar or in a Daily Missal.

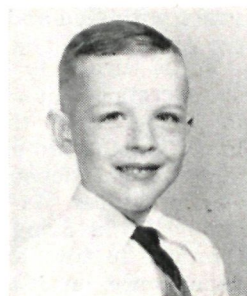
1. AKMR, 2. OGEGER, 3. TPREE,
4. AHRCRID, 5. RETHACNIE, 6. TRABETENED.

MARCH PUZZLE ANSWERS



THESE TEAM UP FOR MISSIONS

To the left is Bernard Zapf, and to the right is his brother, Robert. The brothers live in Rochester, New York. They are the nephews of Sister Loretta Ann, who is stationed in Paulding, O. These boys like to fill dime cards for Victory Noll.



True Devotion to Mary

A GOOD friend of mine, a convert, gave me a beautiful Hummel Madonna, the one known as the Madonna of the Flowers. Our Blessed Mother is seated. On her lap is a large book, opened. Standing on the book and protected by the encircling right arm of His Mother, is the Divine Child.

Jesus is pictured as a little boy perhaps three years old. He is deeply interested in a tiny blue flower that His Mother is holding in her left hand. Perched on the edge of the book is a blue bird chirping away happily, although Jesus seems to be giving all His attention to the flower and none to the bird.

Every time I look at the lovely statue I am deeply moved. There is Jesus, the Son of God, the Word Incarnate, admiring the tiny flower in His Mother's hand and asking her questions about it just as any other small boy would do.

We know that Christ enjoyed the Beatific Vision, that He had infused knowledge; but we know too that He was true Man as well as true God and that as Man He also possessed acquired knowledge, that is, human knowledge gained through sense perception and the natural use of reason. Thus we can say that Christ was able to "learn." St. Luke refers to this when he says, "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and man." (2, 52)

Jesus turned to His Mother to learn the secrets of His own creation. He who made not only the flowers and the birds, but the sun and the moon and the planets, was dependent on one of His own creatures. As we contemplate the Divine Child being taught by His Mother, we in turn are given a lesson in dependence on Mary. We need go no

further to find a motive for practicing Total Consecration to Mary.

Christ is our model in all things. It is so easy for us to imitate Him in His dependence on Our Blessed Mother. She is a Mother who draws us irresistibly to herself; who, we know, loves us deeply and wants to mold us in the likeness of her Divine Son.

Mary's womb, spiritual writers tell us, was the first altar on which Our Lord immolated Himself to the will of His Father for our salvation. In the first moment of His existence Christ offered worship to His Father such as had never been offered before.

When we imitate Christ in His dependence on Mary, when we consecrate ourselves to Him through His Mother, our offering, too, becomes a real act of worship. We give much glory to God.

To give glory and praise to God is the purpose of our existence. We must live our lives as a perpetual doxology, a constant Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. God is our Father. We have only to trust Him to experience the joy of His Fatherhood.

Such an attitude toward God we can best achieve if we put ourselves into Mary's keeping. Consecration to Jesus through Mary is a gift, an offering. It is an oblation of our whole being. It is perfect imitation of Jesus. SEA

For free information about The True Devotion to Mary write to Address:

Sister Secretary
Confraternity of Mary
Queen of All Hearts
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

"Now I Will Have Sunshine!"

by Sister Mary Camillus



The wheel chair brought joy to Rosie, and Rosie made everyone happy by her happiness! Sister Camilla and the members of the Poinsettia Club who presented the gift.

PERHAPS Rosie is to be pitied because she is deformed in both mind and body; but it must be admitted that it would be hard for any of us to find a better way to express gratitude than in the words of Rosie. When Rosie was given the wheel chair that means so much to her, she repeated over and over, "Now I will have sunshine."

Poor little fourteen-year-old Rosie is the second oldest of a family of seven children. Her father works wherever and whenever he can to support the family. "It is hard to make ends meet," Rosie's mother said to the sisters at Guadalupe Clinic in San Diego. "It is often necessary for me to take in work so as to feed all the children."

Both parents love their children dearly, but Rosie is their "prize pack-

age." She had been given to them for a purpose and never would they place her in an institution. Their home is poor, but it is rich in love.

Rosie's fifteen-year-old brother carried her to the clinic one day although one of the doctors warned him, "Son, you are going to get a ruptured disc if you do this very often, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but you see she's my sister and she's gotta see the doctor."

This past Christmas the Poinsettia Club, a charitable group of women from Point Loma, gave a wheel chair to Rosie. Now Rosie can go outdoors and, as she so touchingly expressed it, will have sunshine.

Books



The Queen's Heart of Gold by Sister Mary Amatora, O.S.F. Pageant Press, Inc. \$2.50

Many of our readers probably remember the newspaper accounts twenty-five years ago of the apparitions of Our Blessed Mother to five children in Beauraing, Belgium. The Church, as usual, was very slow to pronounce judgment on the events that took place at that time. For a long time little was written about them. No doubt most of us have only a vague idea of what actually happened.

Sister Mary Amatora gives the beautiful story in this book, published to coincide with the celebration of the silver jubilee of the apparitions.

From November 1932 to January 1933 Our Blessed Mother showed herself thirty-three times to five children — one boy and four girls. The children ranged in age from nine years to fifteen. Sister tells the story very charmingly with careful attention to detail. In fact, one of the admirable characteristics of the book is that she includes so many details but yet avoids tediousness.

It is interesting to note that the children, when they grew up, did not become religious — not even one of them. They married and are exemplary Catholic parents. Included in the book are pictures of them with their families. As Sister remarks, "It is most touching to hear one of their little ones say, 'My Mama saw the Blessed Virgin.'"

The Queen's Heart of Gold should do much to promote the cult of Our Lady of Beauraing where Our Blessed Mo-

ther has shown herself so powerful. The shrine, fully approved by the Church in 1943, has been the scene of hundreds of physical cures and countless spiritual ones.

We are especially interested in this book because Sister Mary Amatora is a member of the Sisters of St. Francis of Perpetual Adoration whose mother house is in the diocese of Fort Wayne. Sister is professor of psychology at St. Francis College, Fort Wayne, and her book bears the imprimatur of Bishop Pursley.

. . .

The following MUSIC is published by McLaughlin & Reilly Co., 252 Huntington Av., Boston 15, Mass.

Complete Music for the Restored Holy Week Liturgy compiled, adapted, and edited by Irvin C. Gregan, Paul J. Hotin, and Theodore N. Marier. Singers' Edition, \$1.50.

We are sorry this notice will be too late for this year's celebration of Holy Week, but it would be worth while to order copies for next year. All the rubrics are given, making it unnecessary for the choir director or singers to consult other books.

A few of the more difficult chants are written in psalm tones, but we are glad to note that the proper parts of the Mass for Palm Sunday and Holy Thursday, are written in full. (Psalm tone settings are also given.) Evidently it is taken for granted now that most choirs are able to sing the beautiful Gradual on Holy Thursday, for instance.

Written out too are the chants that should be sung during the Adoration of the Holy Cross. It might have been well to include a note on how these chants may be shortened in very small churches. Too many choirs in such circumstances sing the Reproaches only — as long as the Adoration lasts — instead of shortening them and going on to the Antiphon and the hymns that follow. Attention, however, is called to the

fact that the doxology of *Pange Lingua* is never omitted.

Happily, the response to the *Exsultet* is given. No more fumbling! There are many more excellent features to this Holy Week book. Choir directors should welcome it. Modern notation is used throughout.

* * *

The Pius X Hymnal, Abridged Edition for Congregational Singing. 90 cents.

In the few years it has been published, this hymnal has proved its worth. We recommend unhesitatingly this abridged edition containing eighty-five hymns for congregational use. Besides hymns for different seasons there are a number of Benediction melodies. Also included are excellent psalm tone arrangements for the Magnificat, the Memorare, Psalm 22, and Psalm 150, all in English.

* * *

Music for Life (Grade Five) by Sister Mary John Bosco, R.S.M. \$1.90 (Net \$1.52)

This is part of a series of music studies for Catholic schools. It might be used profitably also by the leader of any recreational group, for it contains a wide variety of songs.

There are Masses, hymns, BVM anthems of the season. Patriotic songs are here; also old favorites like "Home on the Range," "O Susanna," and others. There are dances, marches, rounds — just about everything one would wish; not to mention practical points on teaching theory of music. There is even a "Song Play" on the life of Stephen Foster.

Some of the pages are illustrated, but the pictures do not intrude nor distract from the notes.

* * *

Instruction Book I by John B. Paul and Richard H. Werder. \$1.25

This first grade instruction book may be used for class or private instruction.

New Life in Christ by P. Ludwig Esch, S.J., translated by W. T. Swain. Newman Press, Westminster, Md. \$4.50

This book is directed primarily to young men. We might sound skeptical, but we fear the average youth will not use it as a guide book, wonderful as that would be. It will probably serve its purpose best as a text for youth leaders. It can be used profitably also as a spiritual reading book for anyone.

Part One gives principles and attitudes toward God; Part Two is entitled *Our Life in Christ*; Part Three presents the ideals of holiness in various states of life; Part Four gives the means by which we mature in Christ — prayer and the sacraments. Although the topics treated are not new, Father Esch gives them a fresh approach. We know of few books that cover so many important spiritual subjects.

* * *

A very fine *Catalogue of Books* in English has been prepared by the international review, *Christ to the World*, published in Rome. The selection covers 186 books and 201 pamphlets that can be put into the hands of non-Catholics and unbelievers. Each entry is briefly analyzed and classified. This is a valuable work. It may be ordered by writing to Rev. John Hardon, S.J., West Baden College, West Baden, Ind. 30 cents.

* * *

If you teach Spanish-speaking children you will need *BIBLE STORIES IN THE LANGUAGE OF YOUTH*, our Spanish-English religion texts by Sister Evelyn. A complete set is \$1.00. The books may be bought separately at 25 cents each. Book I covers Creation; Book 2, Annunciation to Public Life; Book 3, Confession and Communion; Book 4, The Passion. Order today from Victory Noll.

Editor's By-Line

One of the greatest joys of mission life is the privilege of preparing the altar for Mass, providing music for the church, and training altar boys. It is, if I may say so without sounding irreverent, the nearest one may come to being a priest.

Everything within the sanctuary is hopelessly masculine. A sister's place is on the other side of the rail. Yet there are many things she can do to enhance the beauty of the Church's worship and she is grateful for such opportunities.

This is especially true in small missions where there is no resident priest, but where Mass is offered once or twice a month. In one such place a new missionary arrived just before the time of Mass. He had had his first Mass in another mission many miles away. When Father came into the sacristy we, who had preceded him, had everything ready. He smiled his appreciation and remarked, "What am I doing here? You don't need *me*!" It was, of course, an exaggeration; but it was a nice way to show gratitude.

The first year we sisters went to Salt Lake we practically lived in the church. Guadalupe Mission was so arranged that when there was an overflow in the chapel, the convent became part of the church.

We had many evening devotions. Sometimes we had more than enough altar boys. Again, no one showed up. When that happened, we would send one of the girls across the street for Ralph.

Ralph was anything but an expert server, but he was masculine and he could get by at Benediction. We used to be so amused when he would rush in, pull on a cassock, and ask: "Is it a High Mass, Sister?" Poor old Ralph; he was only about ten years ahead of times. We were the dumb ones. Who would ever think then that evening Masses would be so common?

Serving Vespers was another matter. We had Vespers every Sunday evening. Father was very particular about the bows and only Trino could make them properly. Only Trino could cense the congregation with the right aplomb, but sometimes even Trino would fumble. He would face the congregation, censer poised, catch the eye of one of his buddies, and then the inevitable would happen.

We spent most of our Sunday afternoons lining up Vespers. The first year we were there I think nearly every Monday happened to be a feast. But even when the feasts were only commemorated there was usually a complicated antiphon to sing. To make things still more interesting, we had several different editions of the *Liber Usualis*. It was impossible to post the page numbers. Nothing to do but mark the books and keep an eye on everyone to see that there were no lost places. Another sister and I and eight or ten girls were the "choir."

Perhaps some of the Italian women and the Mexican men *did* finger their beads during the psalms. Still, they knew — even if only in a vague way — that they were taking part in the Evening Prayer of the Church, and they were there Sunday after Sunday. SEA

In Memoriam

Oscar Spetter, Topeka, Kans., father of Sister Gertrude and Sister Mary Mathilda.
Stephen Foltz, Columbus, Nebr., father of Sister Valeria
Joseph J. Bill, Arcadia, Wisconsin, father of Sister Alma Marie
Mrs. Ann Thomas, sister of Sister Madelon
Thomas McMahon, Racine, Wis., brother of Sister Aurelia Jane
Rev. Joseph Henrich, Albany, N. Y.
Sister Marie Noemi de Sion, Kansas City, Mo.
Sister Marita, Mount St. Joseph, Ohio
Sister M. Gonzaga, R.S.M., Auckland, New Zealand
Mrs. Rose May, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Helen Atkinson, Martinsburg, W. Va.
Mrs. Marie Daly
Mary Sweeney, Chillicothe, Ohio
Mrs. Elizabeth Knapke, Newport, Ky.
Catherine Nagle, Chicago
Mrs. Alice Hannan, Chicago

Valley of the Sun

by Sister Mary Beatrice



Old Mission Santa Inez, Solvang, California. Founded 1804.

SANTA INEZ . . . Solvang. The combination sounded odd when we first heard it. Santa Inez we knew was Spanish for Saint Agnes; but Solvang . . . What kind of name was that?

We soon found out. Our first clue came when we saw names like Copenhagen Drive, Atterdag College. Yes, Solvang is a Danish name. It was settled by Danes and means Valley of the Sun.

Old Mission Santa Inez is on the outskirts of Solvang. Last fall, at the request of His Eminence, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, we opened our convent here. We are the first sisters ever to be stationed here although the Mission is now more than 153 years old.

We soon found that many of the people living on the ranches in these fertile valleys are of Catholic heritage. In all three parishes in which we work—Mission Santa Inez, La Purisima, and Santa Maria—one or two faithful persons had been giving religious instructions to the children under the direction of a zealous pastor. Now, however, it was the wish of the Cardinal that we organize the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine so that all of the Catholic children would be reached.

During the past few months teacher training courses have been set up with seventy-five men and women enrolled. We have religion classes also for those adults who, because they lived a long distance from parish centers, received little formal instruction. Over five hundred children are being reached now, but the number should increase when more teachers are available.

The first CCD retreat was held in December. It was the first retreat for many of those who came. The retreat master, Rev. Leland Boyer of Los Angeles, said he had never had such a quiet group making a retreat.

A retreat for high school students took place in February with ninety-three boys and girls attending. As the date approached there were some complaints: "Sister, why can't we talk during the retreat?" "You won't catch me there." But afterward the comments changed: "That was the shortest day of my life" came from a talkative girl. A boy asked, "Why don't we have retreats more often?"

There will be retreats more often, for only a beginning has been made in the Valley of the Sun.

*May the joy of the Resurrection
fill your heart this Easter*

If you have risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God. Mind the things that are above, not the things that are on earth. For you have died and your life is hidden with Christ in God. When Christ, your life, shall appear, then you too will appear with Him in glory.

St. Paul to the Colossians