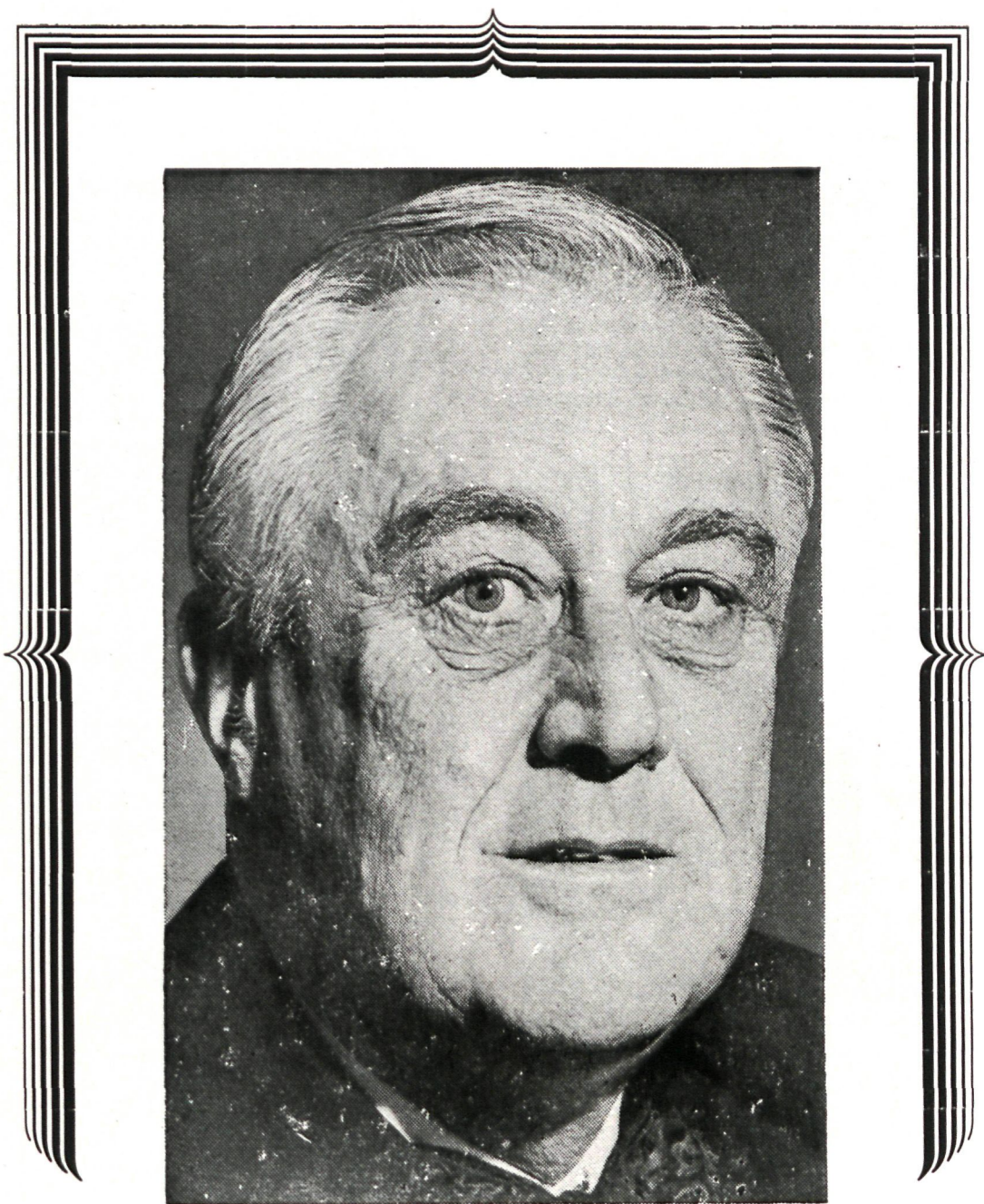


THE *Missionary Catechist*



Franklin D. Roosevelt

Requiescat in Pace

Confraternity of Mary Queen of Hearts

PRACTICES

1. Every morning renew your consecration to Jesus through Mary. Learn to live always in dependence upon your most dear Mother, and to perform all your actions in union with her. Frequently repeat the pious aspiration, "I am all thine, my dear Mother, and all that I have is thine."

2. Practice faithfully those devotions conformable to the spirit of this Confraternity, namely: Daily recite the rosary and the Litany of Our Blessed Moth-



It is through Mary that Jesus Christ came to us, and it is through her that we must go to Him. (Bl. deMontfort)

er. Say the Magnificat after every favor received through the hands of Mary. Unite your heart with the perfect dispositions of Our Blessed Mother at Mass and at Holy Communion, saying fervently, "Dear Mother, give me my Jesus. Lend me thy Heart, and receive Him thyself in me. Adore, love and glorify Jesus for me."

INDULGENCES AND BENEFITS

A plenary indulgence may be gained:

1. On the day of admission.
2. On the Feast of the Annunciation.
3. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception on condition that the Act of Consecration be renewed.
4. On the Feast of Blessed de Montfort (April 28) on condition that the Act of Consecration be renewed.
5. On Christmas Day.
6. On the Feast of the Purification.
7. On both Feasts of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows, i.e., on the Friday following Passion Sunday and on September 15.
8. On the Feast of the Visitation.
9. On the Feast of the Assumption.

These indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory, and may be gained on the ordinary conditions of confession and Communion and prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.

10. At the hour of death. This indulgence is personal and is gained on the following conditions: that the sick person make an act of contrition and charity; that he be resigned to the Will of God and offer his sufferings and death in atonement for his sins; and that he piously invoke the holy Name of Jesus, at least interiorly.

A partial indulgence of 300 days may be gained every time a member repeats the short Act of Consecration: "I am all Thine and all that I have is Thine, O most loving Jesus, through Mary, Thy most holy Mother."

An indulgence of 100 days may be gained each time a member performs a good work in union with Mary, and in the spirit of the Confraternity.

Finally, members share in all the prayers, merits and good works of the religious congregations of Blessed de Montfort—the Company of Mary and the Daughters of Wisdom—and in the prayers, merits and good works of the Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXI

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Number 6

First Fruits

by Catechist M. Dorothy Shrilla



YES, this is a picture of my first, First Communion group, as they posed with their Pastor, Father Walsh, and their Catechist, myself, after Mass on that eventful morning. And you will pardon me, if I am a bit proud of them, won't you? Because, you know, it is always a responsibility to prepare little ones for the reception of their God for the first time, but this particular class caused me no end of work and prayer.

TAKE Daniel, for instance. He's the boy in the front row, left, holding the rosary and candle and smiling in a very complacent way. He has reasons to be satisfied with himself. How

well I remember the first day we met him. It was the first Saturday of the month,—confession day for the children. The Church was half filled with big boys and girls and little boys and girls, who were devoutly examining their consciences, or equally as devoutly saying their penance and thanksgiving.

SUDDENLY, Father motioned a small boy out of the confessional and said to me, "Catechist, will you help this youngster make a good confession? He's forgotten his prayers."

I looked at the boy. He looked at me. I had never seen him before.

"What is your name?"

"Daniel R———."

"Where do you live?"

"With my grandmother. My mother she not want me. She sell me to my grandmother. And now I want to confess myself."

"I see. Well, Daniel, what is the first thing we must think about when we want to go to confession?"

"I forget."

"Well, we must think of our sins. You know what sins are? When we tell lies, or when we say bad words, or when we do not do what Grandmother tells us, or——"

"Yes, I say lies and I say bad words, and I make many sins. I am very bad."

"But you do not tell Catechist your sins. You tell your sins to the priest. Like this—remember? 'Bless me, Father, I have sinned. My last confession was ——' How many weeks ago was it, Daniel? When was the last time you went to confession?"

"I never confessed myself yet."

"Oh, I see. Well, Daniel, supposing you don't

(Continued on page 18)

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Deep in the Heart of a G. I.

by Rev. Roger-Marian Charest, S.M.M.

PRIVATE Jerry Gibbons was just a plain, frank, loyal G.I.

"Next Sunday is Mother's Day, Joe," he said, poking his Buddy in the ribs as they issued from Chapel one Sunday morning. "What shall I send to my Mom?"

"Got a little 'dough'?" asked Joe.

"Yeah! but she doesn't care for that. I want something that will touch her heart, Joe. You know, something that will let her know that underneath this rough khaki there's still a great heart beating for her."

"W-e-l-l," drawled Joe, "if you've got a little money, just 'Say it with Flowers' Jerry. That's the way all the GI's do it."

So Jerry Gibbons sat down that morning to count his spending money and contact his local florist.

WITH nervous, loving hands, Mrs. Gibbons opened the package a messenger brought in for her. "My dear Jerry," she murmured, "he never forgets me." Her eyes were swimming as she pressed to her heart the beautiful bouquet of red and white roses. Her motherly gaze fell on the Mother's Day card attached to one of the stems. It contained the customary printed message, "A token of my love for the best mother in the world, on Mother's Day. Your loving son." In the left corner at the bottom of the card, Jerry had inserted a personal note under the usual P.S. It ran as follows:

P.S. Dear Mom, Don't worry about me. I still say my prayers and beads daily. I'll never forget the good things you taught me, because deep down in my heart I love you and I'll always love you. Wish I could say how much I love you, Mom. Jerry.

"Dear Jerry," sobbed Mama Gibbons, "he must have sacrificed all his spending money for that bouquet! His love is deep, true. He still does everything I taught him to do."

OUR Blessed Mother Mary, too, has her GI's. Are you not one of them, dear Reader? Are you not seeking to offer something really beautiful to your heavenly Mother during her month of May? Something that will touch her



The beautiful bouquet of red and white roses was Jerry's way of expressing his love for his mother on Mother's Day.

motherly heart? Something that will let her know that within your breast there is a heart beating for her?

What will you offer her? Flowers? Indeed! The Rosary is the most beautiful crown of roses that can be offered to Mary. Other prayers and sacrifices? Certainly! Love is proved only by sacrifice.

But tell me, dear Reader, do all these exterior practices of devotion to Mary fully satisfy your inmost love for your Mother Mary? Or do you not also, like Jerry, feel the need of a P.S. which would run somewhat like this:

P.S. Dear Mother Mary, Deep down in my heart I love you and I shall always love you. I wish I could do something more to prove my love. Wish I could tell you how much I love you, Mother Mary. Your loving child.

In other words you know that all your exterior manifestations of love and respect towards Mary are but the flowering of that deep, *interior*, *abiding love* which burns continually within you.

GI Jerry wanted to tell his "dear Mom" that deep down in his heart there was a permanent, abiding love for her, and that the flowers, though costly and beautiful, were but a token of his love and esteem for her. Mary's children also feel the craving to express their deep, abiding love for her, by some other means than a mere exterior practice.

BLESSED de Montfort has probed the depth of this inner longing. His masterful exposition of the Holy Slavery of Love to Jesus through Mary gives the most satisfying outlet to this spiritual craving. "True Devotion to Mary," he says, "is interior, that is to say, it comes from the mind and the heart. It flows from the esteem we have for her; the high idea we have formed of her greatness, and the love which we have for her." (T.D. No. 106.)

Blessed de Montfort's True Devotion to Mary differs from other interior devotions to Mary in that it places the soul in a state of complete dependence on Mary. (Remember GI Jerry's: "I still say my prayers . . . as you taught me?" To prove his love, Jerry wanted to let his "Mom" know that he still depended on her.) Other devotions foster separate acts of worship. They make us give to Mary a part of our time and of our good works. This devotion makes us give ALL to Mary and thus places us in a condition of perfect subjection to Mary, our Queen and Mother.

"This devotion consists," says Blessed de Montfort, "in giving oneself entirely and as a slave to Mary, and to Jesus through Mary; and after that to do all that we do *through* Mary, *with* Mary, *in* Mary, and *for* Mary." (Secret of Mary, No. 28.)

In other words, Mary's soldiers do not content themselves with offering flowers, that is, something separate from themselves. No, they feel the need of offering their own very selves to her. This they do *now* and *forever*, without the least restriction or self-interest, out of pure

love for so good a Mother.

HERE is your opportunity, dear Reader, if you are not already Mary's GI in the deepest sense of the word, to become one, and thus to offer to your dear Mother something that lies deep, very deep within you, your love for her. Consecrate your whole being to her, as her slave of love, and then *live* that consecration.

Remember Mama Gibbons—"He still does everything I taught him to do." Our Blessed Mother also prizes most our actions that are done "as she, herself, has taught us to do them." By the consecration of oneself to her as a slave of love, we assume the obligation to do all our actions in the spirit an obedient child has when he is doing something in the presence of and for his dear mother. Nothing can please our Blessed Mother more than to see her children walking in the path of her Divine Son, Jesus. "And this devotion," says Blessed de Montfort, "makes us imitate Jesus perfectly."

"This good Master," says Blessed de Montfort, "did not disdain to shut Himself up in the womb of the Blessed Virgin as a captive and as a loving slave, and later to be subject and obedient to her for thirty years . . . Having, then, before our eyes an example so plain and so well known to the whole world, are we so senseless as to imagine that we can find a more perfect or a shorter means of glorifying God than that of submitting ourselves to Mary, after the example of her Son?" (T.D. No. 139)

Imitate Jesus, dear Reader. Submit yourself to Mary's queenly power over you. You will thus offer her the deepest love that lies in you,—your permanent, abiding love for the best of all Mothers, Mary. That will touch her motherly heart. Then she will know how much you love her.



ACT OF CONSECRATION

My Queen, my Mother, I give myself entirely to Jesus by delivering and consecrating to thee my body, my soul, my possessions, both exterior and interior, and even the value of all my good actions, leaving to thee the entire and full right of disposing of me without exception, according to thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and eternity. Amen.

Mothers and Parallels

by Catechist M. Alice James

"**B**UT to have lost him again; that is the pain, that is the sorrow that fills my heart to breaking. Speak to me, my Mother, comfort thy sorrowful child."

THE speaker's hands opened and closed spasmodically around the crumpled yellow telegram. Her face, flushed and tear-stained, looked imploringly at the sculptured image of the Mother of God.

THIS was a queenly Mother; tall and regal in a mantle of deep purple velvet. A magnificent crown rested on her veiled head, the sheen of its gold giving an ivory tint to the white lace mantilla framing her face. The crown and the rich mantle were the gifts of grateful people who had received many favors through her loving intercession.

THIS was also a tearful Mother; the eyes were wide with pain and longing; a wisp of white handkerchief was held in one hand, as if she would wipe away tears that could not be restrained.

"Speak to me, my Mother. I, too, have lost a son."

THE eyes of the kneeling woman seemed to mirror the pain in the eyes above her. Restlessly she shifted her kneeling position. Her black mantilla fell unobserved to her bent shoulders; her frayed and shabby skirt revealed her well-worn shoes. For Dona Catalina was a poor widow. Her life had its share of trials and hardships. But always there had been Ramon. And now . . .

WITH deep reverence and a lively faith, Dona Catalina had used a little practice that had proved a source of real comfort in every trial. It was a secret between her and God's Mother. She had always tried to find a trial in the life of God's Mother to fit the crosses in her own life. Then, calling on that Mother for some of her beautiful courage and valiant strength, Dona Catalina would go patiently and perseveringly on.

HER thoughts went back to the first World War. How grateful she had been that Ramon, her only child, was not quite old enough to be called to service. She felt that she could not endure the pain of separation from the boy. But a day had come when she found the note

beside Ramon's bed. He could not resist the call to action. He had run away to serve his country; lied about his age in order to be accepted. In the picture he had sent of himself in uniform, he appeared more like a youngster than a soldier.

IN DARK days that followed, Dona Catalina had found her support in the remembrance of the loss of the Child Jesus in Jerusalem. During those days she felt that she had sounded the



THIS WAS A QUEENLY MOTHER; TALL AND REGAL IN A MANTLE OF DEEP PURPLE VELVET. (STATUE OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS IN GUARDIAN ANGEL CHURCH, EL PASO, TEXAS.)

very depths of the heart of God's Mother in trying to find balm for her own grief. And that Mother had not failed her. Ramon came safely home!

THE news of the second World War had not disturbed the quiet yet busy days of Dona Catalina. Ramon had grown from a lovable, impetuous youth to a steady, hard-working man. His wages as a laborer kept them comfortably in their poor but neat home. And Dona Catalina did her bit by making tortillas that she sold in the neighborhood.

"I SHOULD have known better than to hope so much," she had told her beloved Mother later. "I should have known that he would go again, for even as a little boy," her voice lifted proudly, "my Ramon loved and fought for what was right."

ONCE more Dona Catalina had come, day after day, to plead for the safety of the man in the battle raging overseas; to remind God's Mother that just as her Son had been the only comfort of her widowed life, so Ramon was to Dona Catalina.

SHE spread out the crumpled telegram. The words blurred and danced crazily together through the mist of her tears.

"Killed in action . . . February 24th."

"HE will not come back this time, my Mother. I have lost him again, and now he will not return. That is the pain, that is the sorrow that fills my heart to breaking. Speak to me, my Mother, comfort thy sorrowful child.

DONA Catalina's eyes fixed themselves on the beautiful face of that other Mother. Her simple, loving heart never doubted the comfort that must descend to her broken heart from that great motherly heart. Fragments of the Gospel words came back to her. "Now there was standing by the cross of Jesus His Mother." Yes, that was her second loss. She stood and watched Him die because men had sinned and hated. Just as Ramon had died because of the sins and hatreds of modern men.

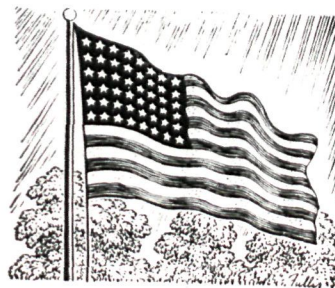
A SENSE of peace and quiet was stealing over Dona Catalina. More words came. "And go quickly and tell His disciples that He has risen; and behold He goes before you into Galilee; there you shall see Him, as He told you!"

"THERE you shall see Him!" Dona Catalina knew that His Mother had seen Him first,

even though the Bible had not mentioned the meeting. The resurrection had given Him back to His Mother.

SHE stirred slightly. Her lips framed words noiselessly. "And in the resurrection, I shall see my son . . . You will give him back to me, Madre mia? Yes. Then keep him safe in thy love until I come!"

DONA CATALINA stood erect, with a suggestion of the dignity that clothed the beautiful image. God's Mother had not failed her. Their earthly lives, though thousands of years apart, met and mingled in their common sorrows, and courage, patience, and unflinching hope were the fruits of that meeting and intermingling.



Mom, the Kids are Fighting

by Catechist Dorothy Trapp

DEAR Blessed Mother, when we were small,— "just kids,"—we would often get into scraps. Sometimes five or six of us would each want half of the two-part, small town paper. Or four or five of us would want Dad's "easy chair." Everything could be in an uproar, but Mom always seemed to be able to settle us with just a look or the right word. Somehow we thought that just children would fight. Sometimes when we would start fighting, one of the older boys would call to Mother, just for fun, "Mom, the kids are fighting."

BUT now, dear Blessed Mother, not only are the "kids" fighting, but it seems all the grown-ups are fighting, too. Going back in spirit to the days when we were just "kids," we say, "Mom, the kids are fighting. Won't you please help quiet us all down by interceding for peace for us from your Divine Son?"

WAC Sergeant Brings Happiness to Underprivileged Children

by Staff Sgt. Don Reid, Jr.,

Public Relations Office, WAC Recruiting Branch



Top: Sgt. Curry and two children on shopping tour in downtown El Paso. Lower: Sgt. Curry smiles good-by as she leaves children at orphanage.

THIS story is about a WAC. More than that, it is a story about a WAC who has unselfishly devoted much of her off-duty time to needy children.

BECAUSE she won her way into the hearts of the boys and girls at St. Margaret's orphanage near El Paso, with countless acts of kindness,—because Sgt. Lily Curry of the WAC Recruiting Office in El Paso has known the meaning of self-sacrifice this year, these children have known the warmth that personal love brings into their lives.

SERGEANT CURRY is what most people would call a "one-man" underprivileged children's committee. She came by that naturally, and her career dates back to the days long before the war—in Chicago—where as neighborhood dancing teacher she learned how much a little means to the average child.

LIVING on the northwest side of the city, where many folks are poor, Sergeant Curry, at the start of each school year, set aside part of her meager earnings to buy at least one poor child a pair of shoes to help the student face the cold weather of the north.

SO IT was only natural for her to seek out children who needed help after enlisting in the WAC—despite the fact that she spent all her time serving at stations in the south or southwest. However, this didn't faze Sergeant Curry. To her, children are children and state boundaries have nothing to do with making a youngster happy.

WHEN Sergeant Curry arrived in El Paso last August to recruit women for the Women's Army Corps, she found herself a busy person. Not too busy, however, to keep one eye on the calendar. School days were just around the corner! And in a recruiting visit to a congested section of El Paso she found tattered children on almost every corner!

DIRECTED to the Catholic Welfare Association, the Sergeant requested the name of a

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child who needed a pair of shoes before entering school. Yes, they had names—many names—too many. But after all a buck sergeant in the WAC can only do so much. So Sergeant Curry selected an eight-year-old Brownie Scout from one of the Catechists' Troops. Fortunately for her, this little Brownie happened to be playing in the Scout room at San Jose center that particular day.

THE little girl was unkempt—without socks—and wore a dress that should have been discarded months ago. However, when Sergeant got through with her charge, the tot had a new pair of shoes, socks, dress, hairbow, and doll. Then to make the day complete, the youngster was treated to a dinner at one of the best restaurants in El Paso. The picture was completed when the Sergeant had a picture taken of the beaming, happy child.

TWO weeks later one of the pictures was sent by the Brownie Scout to the Sergeant with a request for a picture of Sergeant Curry in uniform. Sergeant obliged. Today in the dark, cluttered rooms that the youngster calls home, the WAC's picture has a place of honor, second only to that of a frayed holy picture.

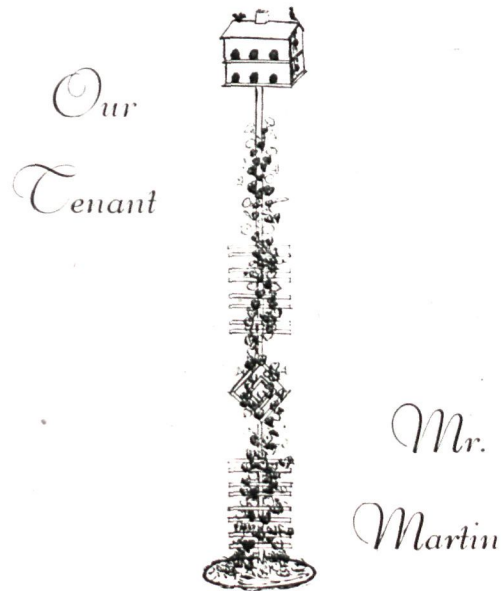
BUT that episode was just a starter for Sergeant Curry. Like all good soldiers, who believe that "one good turn deserves another," she wanted to find a group of children she could entertain each week end. At St. Margaret's Orphanage, Sergeant Curry found an interesting aggregation of girls and boys ranging from four to fourteen years of age. Some were orphans. Others were the victims of desertion by parents who failed to assume the full responsibilities of parenthood.

EVERY Saturday and Sunday found Sergeant Curry at the Orphanage, giving the children Boy and Girl Scout drills, teaching them new games, or giving them lessons in singing and dancing. She brought them gifts, cutouts, coloring books, crayolas, paints, games, puzzles, story books, dolls, candy,—all gifts from a WAC whose natural love of children and a desire to help the needy has made her extremely popular with El Pasoans.

"YES, Sergeant Curry has been wonderful to the children at St. Margaret's," said Mother Celeste, Superior of the home. "I know she has brought much joy and happiness to these children during the past several months. To them she is 'their Sergeant Curry.' Many of the older children, realizing that members of the Service may be transferred at any moment, have told me that they pray daily that Sergeant Curry will not be sent away from El Paso."

THAT is the greatest tribute a child can pay an adult. It's a tribute that Sergeant Lily Curry of the Women's Army Corps has earned and one she will cherish as a personal satisfaction of a service rendered humanity.

This is a true story, it is the story of a WAC and of a task well done.



by Catechist Blanche Richardson

Our tenant, Mr. Martin, has arrived from the south
 And hops about our garden with some grass in his mouth.
 Attired in blue-black jacket, with a waistcoat of gray,
 He calls to Mrs. Martin who has little to say.
 They chose the mid-apartment which was cozy and neat,
 With entrance like a port-hole in some ship of the fleet.
 The morning glories rocket up a trellis before
 They burst in stars of blue around the vine-covered door.
 A glossy head looks down at us, and clearing his throat
 Our Martin softly chuckles, then a long trilling note.
 We fancy he is merry since his passage for fall
 Makes mention of a family—demure wife and all.



The Senior Sodalists prepared the May altar.

OUR SODALISTS

The Sodality of our Blessed Mother is the center of Catholic life for the young ladies of St. Joseph's parish. It has aroused in these youthful hearts and minds a greater love for and a deeper appreciation of our holy Faith. It has been the means of bringing the spirit of Catholic Action into the daily lives of the Sodalists. In the three years since the Sodality was organized, the majority of the marriages at St. Joseph's have been at a nuptial Mass. There have been no civil marriages among those who have chosen Mary as their Mother and Protectress.

The Senior Sodalists prepared the May altar and dedicated it to our fighting men. The names of all the parishioners in Service were printed on the shield before the statue.

At a recent Mother and Daughter dinner, the importance of the Sodality for the Catholic student in the public school was discussed. It was pointed out that the Sodalists have the special protection of the Mother of God, and that they are especially urged to work for their personal holiness, the good of their neighbor, and the defense and spread of the Church. The Sodality thus helps them to offset the spiritual loss which is theirs because they are unable to attend Catholic High Schools.

Catechist M. Regina Foppe,
Elko, Nevada

In The Home Field

THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN CATHOLICS.

IT WAS my First Communion and Post Communion class. I found myself the only occupant of the benches provided for the class, the children having grouped themselves on the grass in front of me. I thought of pictures I'd seen of Our Lord with the little ones around Him. (Isn't ours a beautiful apostolate?) The story was that of the Multiplication of the Loaves and the Fishes. The children were very attentive, little Lupe especially so. She was abstractedly peeling an orange, which she shouldn't have been doing, but her face reflected genuine interest. As I told the little ones how the people turned away from Our Lord and wouldn't believe in Him when He promised to give them His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink, Lupe became indignant, and jumping up said, "They musn't have been Catholics, Catechist; they must have been Nazarenes or Alleluias or something!"

Catechist M. J. Seiler
Ontario, Calif.



I thought of pictures I'd seen of Our Lord with the little ones around Him. Isn't ours a beautiful apostolate?

It was Lupita who gave us a new version of the phrase: "Therefore I beseech blessed Mary ever Virgin" in the confiteor, when she recited: "Therefore A B C blessed Mary ever Virgin."

An older boy preparing to receive his First Communion remarked. "Catechist, if I confess and make the Communion then all I get is marry, huh?"

Well, one must at least give him credit for classing marriage with the Sacraments! That isn't always done these days.

Salvador is ten. The previous lesson had been on the Fourth Commandment, and now I was quickly reviewing it.

"Catechist," said Salvador, "do we have to respect people who are older than us? Everybody?"

The knit brow indicated a definite problem, but I gave the general answer, "Certainly. We must obey our parents and teachers, and be respectful to all older people."

"Then," continued Salvador, with still greater wonder showing in his features, "why doesn't my little brother respect me?"

His little brother is six!



It was the second day of summer school, and with my mind intent on some improvements I intended to make in class that day, I was listening to Lucy's chatter as we walked up the dusty road to the little church where the classes were held. Lucy was seven.

"An' Helen passed to Fifth, an' Leo passed to Eighth, an' Carmelita passed to Fourth, an' I passed to First. . ."

She stopped, and feeling the momentary need of doing my share of the conversation, I inquired absent-mindedly, forgetting for the moment that Benny, who is just five, hadn't started to school yet, "And what did Benny pass to?"

"Oh," responded Lucy proudly, "Benny passed to kindergarten."



Jose had two perfectly good feet, but no shoes.

NO FEET?

A mission was going on, and several afternoons were assigned to the children, as their special share in it. One day, with the church already half filled with children waiting for the sermon to begin, Catechist noticed one little boy seated alone, far to the back, but apparently fully intending to stay.

Going back to him, Catechist inquired, invitingly, "Wouldn't you like to come up in front?"

The little fellow looked up. "I don't want to," he whispered, "I haven't any *fects*."

Of course, there was only one thing for Catechist to do after this startling announcement. She looked down . . . and saw two perfectly good *feet* there, but without any *shoes* covering them! The little boy had not wished to go far up in church because he had come barefoot from school and didn't think this quite "dressy" enough for church.



Associate Catechists

WARM HEARTED SOUTH SIDE

Ella Lemm Circle, Chicago. It occurs to us that it has been quite a while since we have mentioned in these columns the Ella Lemm Circle, of which Mrs. Johanna Schweis is Promoter. This Band, composed of some sixteen members, first began to help us five years ago (so our records show). They have managed to hold together during these abnormal War times, because of the extra sacrifices they have been willing to make. Whenever we are opening a new Mission house we can count on these zealous Associates to have a party in the form of a linen shower to help furnish it. We wish to thank them for their thoughtfulness in this regard.

PIONEER MISSION HELPERS

St. Luke's Band, Chicago, is one of the oldest Bands we have on record. It was born about the same time as our Society of Missionary Catechists. This means it is more than 20 years old! They support Catechist Bridie O'Sullivan who labors in one of our Texan Missions. Instead of sending monthly contributions, Mrs. William Maxwell, the Promoter, sends us the money in their treasury twice a year—and the amount is worth waiting for!

SIX YEARS OLD

St. Mel's Band, Chicago, held its first meeting on January 26, 1939. Mrs. Orva Egan is their present Promoter. They began with eight members and now have twelve. They play bridge once a month. Each member pays 50 cents dues except the hostess who furnishes prizes and refreshments for the party. Since all except three are employed during the day, we can readily perceive how they put themselves out to help the Missions cared for by our Catechists. May Our Blessed Mother, Queen of Apostles, bless their apostolic number and work.

SMALL BUT MIGHTY

St. Irene's Band, Chicago, is very small in numbers. Moreover, at least three members are Promoters of other Bands. In spite of these difficulties, however, we can always expect a brief letter each month from its Promoter, Miss May Walsh, in which she sends a regular Band donation. At the end of the year these comparatively small amounts aggregate into a substantial sum to aid our Missionary Catechists. To Miss Walsh and her faithful co-mission workers go our heartfelt thanks and the assurance of our grateful prayers.

DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE?

WHY NOT DO SO FOR THE MISSIONS?

To the pleasant relaxation afforded is the added joy of helping a Catechist in her work for God's poor.

Join a Mission Band
 Form a New Band
 Write for information to
 Catechist Supervisor
 Associate Catechists of Mary.

WISCONSIN HEARD FROM

Sacred Heart Mission Band, Appleton, Wisconsin also consists of the apostolic number of twelve. A splendid letter from their Promoter, Miss Helen R. Arens, should have appeared in print long ago. With the letter came a hundred dollar check. The Capuchin Fathers are in charge of their parish. Imagine the surprise and delight of these good ladies last Fall when Father Alphonse (who has a sister who is a postulant at Victory-Noll) flashed views of Victory-Noll on a screen while he was showing these ladies some slides of their own community and its missions. Father, on that occasion, paid us a splendid tribute. He said, "I don't know of any group of women who deserve to be helped more than the Missionary Catechists."

of Mary

FORT WAYNE MAKES NEWS AGAIN

St. Mary's Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Last month we commended St. Jude's Mission Society of this city for its work in behalf of our Catechists. We would be failing in gratitude if we did not also mention St. Mary's Mission Society of which Mrs. Augusta Hake is in charge. We receive substantial donations from this Society once or twice a year. Other active workers in this group are Mrs. William Ryan, Promoter of St. Clara Band, and Miss Anna Brink, Promoter of St. Anne's Band. The latter Band makes a yearly contribution to our Medicine Fund.

MISSION FRIENDS IN BROOKLYN

Our Lady of Victory Band, Brooklyn, N. Y. Another group of staunch helpers are our Associates in Brooklyn. We hear from them twice a year and always with a check which causes our eyes to bulge and our hearts to beat a bit faster with joy—because it means support for Catechist Binz, a sister of the Promoter of this Band, Miss Catherine Binz. Their last donation consisted of the combined results of a blanket raffle, card party and "sunshine" money for six months.



BAND DONATIONS

March 1st. to March 26th

Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	\$18.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Illinois, Mary C. Gibbons	11.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. William J. Murphy	17.00
Immaculate Conception Bend, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	47.00
Mother & Daughters Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus	15.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Ahner	50.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	5.00
Our Lady, Queen of Poor Souls, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	5.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. Alma McGovern	6.00
Sacred Heart Club, Newark, N. Y., Miss Ann J. Cassano	10.00
St. Anthony's Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	5.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinville, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Bucci	5.00
St. Jude's Band, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	20.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	6.50
St. Mary's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen	35.00
St. Mary's Sodality Band, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	12.00
St. Raymond Nonatus, Chicago, Mrs. Thomas Quinlan	3.50
Sullivan's Band, Cheviot, O., Marion Mueller	1.00
Tekakwitha Band, Mt. Healthy, Ohio, Elvira Kessler	5.00
Via Matris, Chicago, Miss Alice Fenton	20.00



The Marians, Chicago. Reading from left to right. Seated: Margaret Daniels, Virginia Kantowicz, Mable Funk. Standing: Rita Marie Johnson, Edelle Boarini, Eleanore Egger Lamb, Marie Welter and Lolita Schulien. (Since the above picture was taken, Marie Welter has become a Postulant at Victory-Noll.)

Choice Flowers

by Catechist M. Dolores Schneider

IT WAS my first class with the Junior High School girls and my first week in the mission, so the girls who walked into the small parish classroom at four o'clock were all strangers to me. Just as we stood up for our class prayer, I heard a voice somewhere behind me say, softly, "Here comes Joan." There was something like awe in the tone. Instinctively, I glanced out, and on the narrow sidewalk at the side of the Church, I saw a young girl pushing a wheelchair in which a girl of about her own age was seated.

ASSUMING that the girls were taking a short cut through the church yard, I made the Sign of the Cross and started our prayer. We had barely finished, when the door opened and the two girls came in to join the class. The girl in the wheelchair was Joan, and I understood why the words "Here comes Joan" had been spoken so solemnly by her classmate. After class I learned that very few of Joan's fifteen years have been spent even in a wheelchair; most of her life she has been lying still, but patient and cheerful, in a hospital bed. Never, not even in the previous year and a half of visiting at the County Hospital, have I seen anyone more fragile than she.

JOAN is permitted to go to school now, and she comes to church and to religion class as well, but always in her inseparable companion,—the wheelchair. She has been confirmed, and though we do everything possible to encourage the other girls her age to continue their religion classes after Confirmation, we surely would not expect Joan to do so. She comes because she wants to, and I am glad to have her there. Joan is a softening influence on her companions, making them thoughtful of those who have not the same blessing of robust health that is theirs in such abundance.

AT ANOTHER mission our "Joan" was Marilyn, just eight years old, and a pupil in the First Communion class. Marilyn was unable to walk a step, or even to stand. Both her legs had been paralyzed since babyhood. Her schoolwork she learned privately at home, but when Marilyn pleaded to take part with the other children in the catechism classes, her father could not resist. It was touching to see him come in with Marilyn in his arms, place her on a chair in the front row, and then go out to the car to

wait until class was over. Though it happened every week the children never ceased to be impressed, and Marilyn was a favorite with them all,—a surprisingly unspoiled favorite, too.

VACATION time drew near, and we sponsored a party for the children in our catechism classes. Everyone was there, prayer class youngsters, wide-eyed and excited by their first attendance at such an affair, older boys and girls feeling so grownup as they ushered the younger ones around and corrected their mistakes when playing the games. Marilyn was there, too, sitting on a chair at the side of the room, taking part in everything with her eyes, as she clapped encouragement to the others, or cheered them on in the relay races.

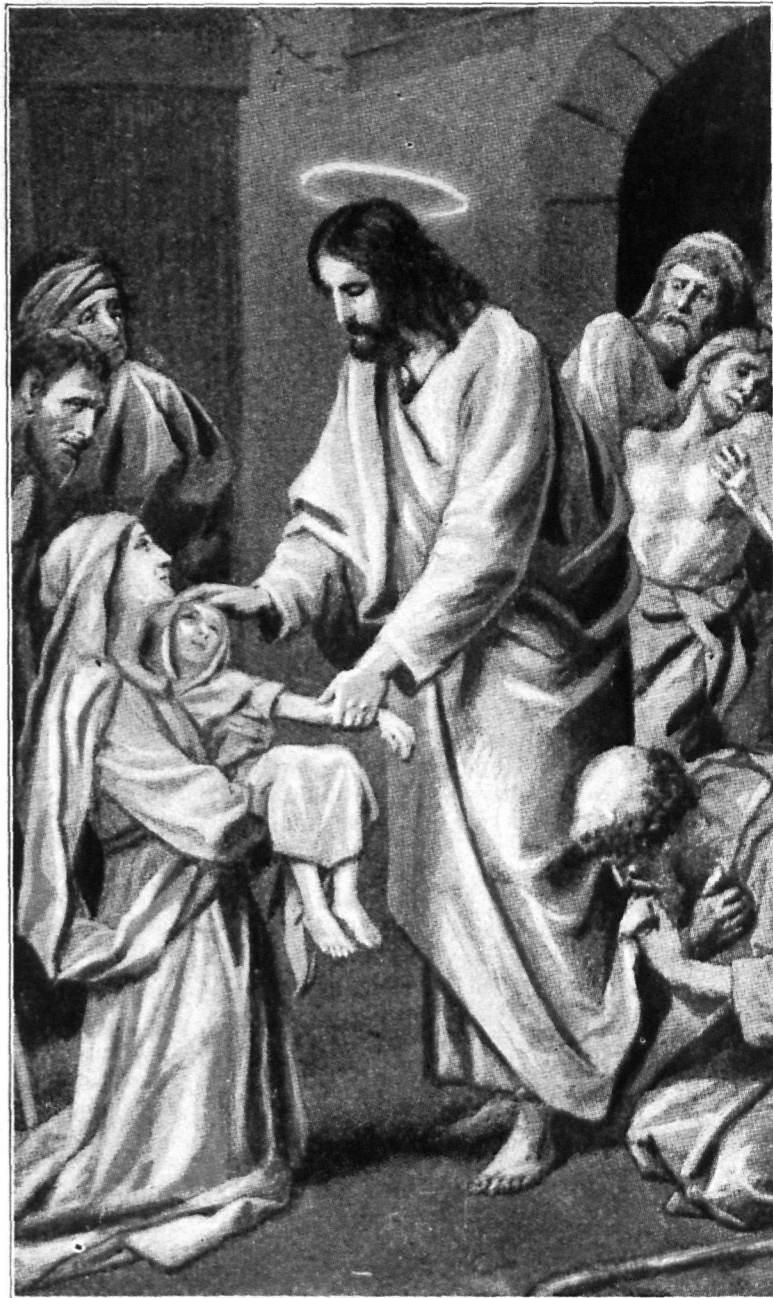
WHEN the party started, we gave each one a handful of beans, instructing them that they would have to forfeit one of their beans whenever they answered a simple "yes" or "no" to anyone during the afternoon. It encouraged gay chatter,—which needed no encouragement,—and kept them interested and "on their toes" to the party's end.

WE NOTICED that the older boys of eleven and twelve were frequent "callers" at Marilyn's chair, and we were happy for the attention shown the little girl who might otherwise have felt sad to be out of it all. We noticed, too, that beans were exchanging hands between them and Marilyn with rapidity, but it was only when the party was over and the beans were counted that we learned the true story of their knightly chivalry. The boys had nary a bean to show for their afternoon's sagacity in getting others to answer "yes" and "no." They'd had to forfeit them all, and Marilyn possessed so many that she needed a quart jar to hold them all. We knew then that the boys had gone to her and purposely said "yes" or "no" to her every word, just for the joy it gave Marilyn to be able to take a bean away from them.

WHEN Marilyn's father called for her after class one day, he lingered to speak to Catechist. "Will you show me in the book which lesson Marilyn is supposed to study?" he asked. "For four weeks, now, Marilyn shows me the same pages in her book whenever I ask her what lesson has been assigned. It is this lesson here," he added, as he opened the book and showed

"Great crowds came to Him, bringing with them the dumb, the blind, the lame, the maimed, and many others; and they sat down at His feet, and He cured them; so that the crowds marvelled to see the dumb speak, the lame walk, and the blind see. And they glorified the God of Israel." (St. Matt. XV-30, 31)

Marilyn always wanted to hear the stories of Our Lord's miracles.



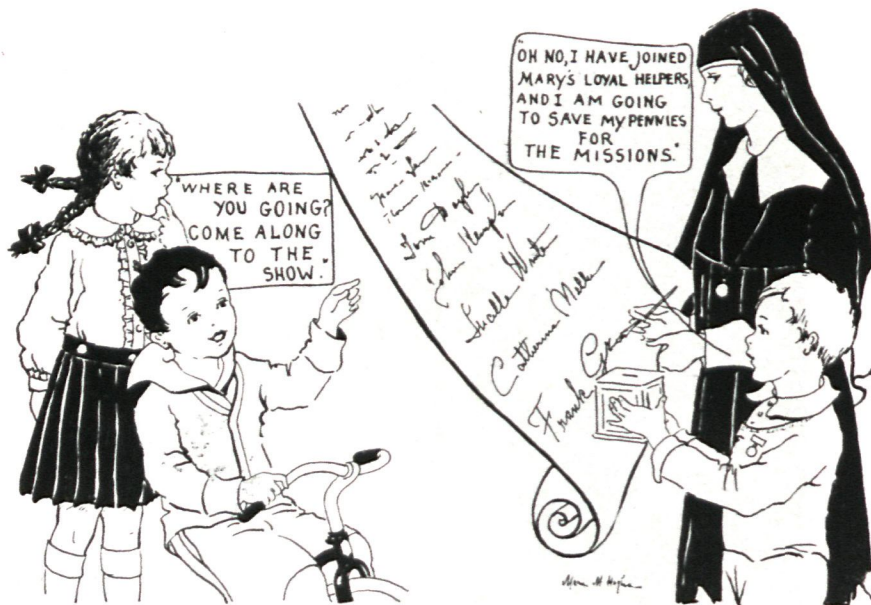
Catechist the pages which relate the story of Our Lord's miracles.

"WE FINISHED that lesson in class several weeks ago," Catechist assured him. "I wonder why Marilyn didn't tell you. She is very attentive in class. I'm sure she knew the lesson which I told her to study."

THE father picked up his little girl and turned towards the door. He looked down at her

legs, so limp, and thin, and lifeless, which doctors throughout the country had told him would never be able to carry Marilyn so that she could walk, and run, and play like other children.

"SHE always wants me to read the stories in her book that tell of the miracles of Jesus," he said. Then he added softly, "I think that I know why," and the door closed behind him.



Mary's

RAYMOND FINDS JESUS

Many of our Helpers write to tell us of the special Masses and Holy Communions, prayers and sacrifices which they offer for our mission work. Just the other day we learned of an interesting incident which we like to think may be due in part to the prayers of our first Loyal Helpers.

At one of the missions, the Catechists were one day discussing how wonderful grace works in souls. Their discussion was brought to an end by the tinkling of a little bell which meant it was time to attend May devotions. On the way to church a little tot, only four years old, and not a Catholic, had watched the Catechists going back and forth to church and to their classes. This particular day, the little fellow seemed to have more courage than usual. In his clear high-pitched voice he called out, "Hello, where do you ladies always go? And where are you going now?"

The Catechists stopped, smiled at the little one, while they answered, "We are going to church." After such an encouraging beginning the boy came closer and said, "My mama doesn't go to church. Why do you go?"

Catechist answered, "You see, Jesus is there in church, and we go to talk to Him."

"Oh," was the only response, and the Catechists proceeded on their way.

The next day, however, there stood the little boy all dressed up.

"Hello," he called. "My mama said I may go to church with you."

The Catechists, astonished, hesitated. Just at that moment the mother appeared at her front door. "Do you mind," she asked, "if Raymond goes with you today? That is all he has been talking about."

The Catechists were delighted and assured the woman that they would be happy to take Raymond with them. They decided, however, that the choir loft might be the best place for Raymond to make his first appearance in church in case he became restless.

They had been in church just a short time when Catechist saw him edge over to the railing, peer over and try to climb up. Catechist went over to caution him. He looked up with shining eyes, whispered in a loud, clear voice, "Where is Jesus? You said He was here. I want to see Him."



Catechist drew him to a safer position, pointed to the tabernacle, and whispered that Jesus was there.

After devotions, Catechist took Raymond down into the body

Loyal Helpers

of the church and told him a little more about Jesus in His home on the altar. Thereafter Raymond was always interested in going to see Jesus.

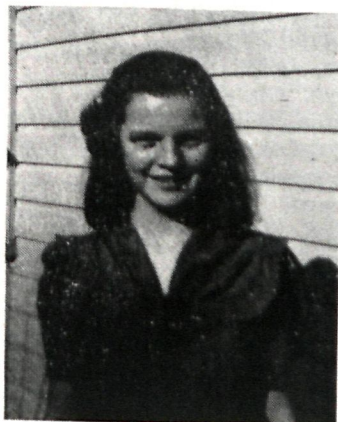
This incident happened almost thirteen years ago. A short time ago we learned that Raymond, who is now seventeen, is still looking for Jesus. He is taking instructions and soon will be, with the grace of God, a Catholic. He will then be able not only to see Jesus, but to receive Him as well.

Doesn't this story of Raymond make you want to help other "Raymonds" find Jesus?

Dear Catechist,

I received your letter. I wanted to write you sooner but I was sick when your letter came.

Please send me a Sunshine Bag and a membership card. I'm willing to help the poor children. When the bag is filled I



Jeanette Ratterman



Dear Blessed Lady of Victory pray for our Loyal Helpers and ask Jesus to bless them.

Dear Catechist,

Edna and I are sending you \$2.00 from our Sunshine Bags. We are glad we can help you.

We finally got our pictures and are enclosing them. We will also send you the stamps we have saved.

May God bless you!

Jeanette and Edna Ratterman

will send the money to you.

I wish I was older so I could join your Sisters in your great work. I'm only twelve now so I do all I can to help the missions. May God bless your great work.
Your new Sunshine Friend

Rose Marie Weiss

Dear Catechists,

Please send me your little Sunshine Bag with booklet attached.

I should be very glad to make little sacrifices and put aside a few pennies of mine for the missions. I will also ask my friends to help you. Please tell me if there is any other way I can help you.

Patsy Redmond



Edna Ratterman

FIRST FRUITS

(Continued from page 3)

go to confession today, but wait and come to Doctrina on Tuesday with the other children, and I will teach you some more about how to confess yourself."

DANIEL came to catechism class after that, spasmodically at times, but faithfully when it was possible. For Daniel had a grandfather who was an apostate Catholic and a grandmother who impressed us as being a "fallen-away" herself. Time after time we went to the little yellow house on the corner, but Grandmother was never "at home" to us. One day we learned the reason. The poor woman was afraid of incurring the anger of her husband.

HOWEVER, as the picture shows, the story has a happy ending. Daniel received his Divine Lord into his heart, and to this day Grandfather is none the wiser. May the love and mercy of the Eucharistic Jesus draw this poor man back to the feet of the Good Shepherd.

THEN there were Joe and Remy. Joe is the likable Filipino youngster standing in the second row, in back of Daniel. His very attractive little sister, Remy, is hidden somewhere among the girls.

JOE and Remy had been very faithful in coming to class. They desired earnestly to receive Jesus into their hearts. But Joe and Remy were not yet baptized. And Mama was very cold and unfriendly to the Catechists when they came to her house. Until one day . . .

CAUTIOUSLY we approached the little dwelling, not knowing what to expect, but ready for anything. We stood meekly when Mama came to the door and told us that our knocking had awakened the baby. We listened sympathetically while Mama told us what was wrong with the child,—she cried in her sleep; she had nightmares; the least little thing would frighten her. They had taken her to many doctors, and given her many tonics. They even had some Mexican women burn candles for her. But to no avail.

TIMIDLY we ventured a suggestion. Could Mother, perhaps, take the child to a priest and have him bless her? In the back of our minds was a hope that contact with a priest would in some way help this woman who admittedly knew nothing about the Catholic religion in which she had been baptized.

A FEW days later our class happened to be on the miracles of Our Lord during His public life. Joe stood up. "Catechist," he said, "do you know what? My little sister was very sick, and we took her to the priest, and he blessed her, and now she is better!"

TO JOE that was as great a miracle as the curing of the Centurion's servant, or restoring the sight of the man born blind. And even I had to admit that it was a "little miracle" of grace, when a few weeks later Joe and Remy were baptized, and now—

MAMA is very warm and friendly to the Catechists when they come to her house!

Dear Catechist:

I am enclosing four dollars to be used for your poor. This little gift is in appreciation of our Blessed Mother's many gifts and blessings. Just a little Mother's day gift to our Blessed Lady.

Sincerely,
J. J. H.



Margaret Mary Murray, Pittsburg, Pa., sister
of Catechist M. Catherine Murray
Sister Marion Besse, Joliet, Ill.
Pvt. Francis Doneau, Gladstone, Mich.
Paul Angerer, Dayton, Ohio.
Sylvester Avaski, St. Louis, Mo.
Peter Murray, Annandale, Minn.
Edward Walz, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Lechter, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Emily Becker, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. Mary Anna Meyer, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Nicholas Muench, Newport, Ky.
Margaret Sommer, Cataract, Wis.
Lieut. Theodore J. Knusman, Oak Park, Ill.
Patrick H. Hollans, Chicago, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed
through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Mission Intention for May

by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. J. McDonnell

“THE EDIFICATION OF PROGRESSIVE EASTERN NATIONS BY EUROPEAN CHRISTIANS.”

IT WAS with almost prophetic vision that the Holy See assigned the above intention to the prayerful attention of the faithful during this month of May in the year 1945, for it would seem that, with the restoration of peace in the not too distant future, the role of European Christians must necessarily become an important one. Certainly, after the long and bitter years of warfare the Catholics of Europe will need to be sustained by our prayers. Otherwise they will find themselves dominated completely by the sleeping giants of the East who have been awakened from their isolation and are now ready to assume almost unbelievable importance in world affairs.

A MERE glance at the listing of the countries that constitute the “eastern nations” will give an understanding of the concern of the Holy See in their regard. Greece, Albania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Roumania, the Ukraine, Russia, Turkey, Armenia, Syria, the Holy Land, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Persia stand today upon the threshold of a new era. Actually they may be said to have reached the crossroads where the entire course of their future history will be changed for good or evil. Islam beckons to countless millions of them, many of whom are already sympathetically inclined toward the Prophet’s easy code of morals. Communism, under whatever guise it may be presented, has already enmeshed many more millions, and now stands poised upon the crest of floodtide breakers, ready to pour its torrents upon the eastern nations and all of Europe as well.

IN VIEW of the history of the past seven years, continental Europe may seem a poor breakwater to stem the advance of these currents. Yes, with the wisdom of centuries, Holy Mother the Church places her trust in the behavior of European Christians to furnish the edification which will lead the progressive eastern nations back along the path to God and true justice.

WE HAVE already seen that many of these progressive eastern nations have been blinded by the desire to emulate the European countries in their materialistic and atheistic aims. Perhaps, in the designs of an omnipotent Providence, it was necessary to permit the present cataclysmic conflict, to awaken the East to a truer sense of values. The Europe which had become her mentor and guide, has now little left to offer her unless it is the fruits of Christianity, which actually constitute the only real measuring rod of progress.

UPON Portugal’s stony soil Mary, the Seat of all Wisdom, prophesied that a repentant world would be restored to her Son’s favor, and that dedication to her, under the title of Our Lady of Fatima, would eventually restore Russia to her rightful place in the family of the Church. The hour of grace may be nearer than we know—the hour when the truly devout Catholics of Europe, the loyal Jocists, will help in a truly herculean task. As National Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, I ask that your prayers support our European Catholics during this month dedicated to Mary’s honor.

Say it with **SPIRITUAL** Flowers on Mother's Day

Give your Mother (whether living or dead) a Spiritual Bouquet whose beauty never fades, and whose fragrance is wafted to the Throne of God's Mercy, by enrolling her Perpetually or Annually in

THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

A Certificate of Membership will be mailed to you for her in time for Mother's Day if you act promptly.

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS. The following spiritual benefits are enjoyed by all members: A daily remembrance in the Masses, Holy Communions and prayers of the Missionary Catechists and in their Perpetual Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. A weekly remembrance in a Holy Mass offered for the intentions of the Society. A special monthly Mass offered each First Friday for our Associate Catechists of Mary, living and dead. Likewise, a grateful remembrance in the prayers of the poor whom the Catechists help.

Catechist Supervisor, Associate Catechists of Mary
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed please find \$..... to enroll my Mother as a (Annual \$1.00) Member of the
(Perpetual \$10.00)

Associate Catechists of Mary. Please send me a Certificate of Membership for her, inscribing her name, which is, on the Certificate: She is Living, Deceased.

(Underscore which.)

(Name of Donor)

(City)..... (Zone)..... (State).....