

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Viewing the baptistry naturally led to questions on baptism.

“HOW beautiful are the things you use in your Church services,” exclaimed a public school teacher.

“You know, Sister, I don’t mean to be arguing, but I really want to know why your Church teaches infant baptism,” questioned an ex-Klansman.

“This has been a most interesting afternoon. I have always wondered about the things you have in your Church,” was the comment of an inquiring housewife.

These were some of the remarks we heard from those who took advantage of the invitation extended to non-Catholics of Brighton, Colorado, to visit St. Augustine’s Church one Sunday afternoon.

Confraternity of Christian Doctrine members who belong to the section of the Apostles of Good Will helped to make the tour a success. In preparation for it they read material on that part

Church Tour

by SISTER AUGUSTINE

of the church and its respective ceremonies which they would explain to the visitors. Since many of these “apostles” are themselves converts, they entered the project with much enthusiasm and carried out their parts well.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of good will and understanding that results from these tours until you have had an active part in such an undertaking. Revealing to others the beautiful ceremonies of the Church is indeed a thrill. Only the future will tell the good that is effected.



Part of the crowd of non-Catholics who visited St. Augustine’s Church, Brighton, Colorado.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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COVER

The Most Reverend Allen J. Babcock, D.D., Bishop of Grand Rapids, looks over religious education material obtained for the catechetical library of our new convent in Reed City, Michigan. Discussing future needs with His Excellency are Sister Joseph Marie and Sister Joan.

CREDITS

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A tavern and a railroad station are unlikely places for religion classes, but the sisters had to make the best of the situation when nothing else was available.

A Tavern in the Town

by SISTER BERNARDA

FOR Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, finding a suitable place in which to teach religion is still a problem even though in many of our missions we now have well-equipped catechetical centers. There are still the out-missions to consider, for seldom are we confined to one parish school of religion.

In a small town in Wyoming we were given permission to have class in the auditorium of the old school building that was no longer in use. Sister Charlotte grouped her boys and girls around the coal stove while I took my ten small children on the stage behind the curtain.

We got along well enough until the middle of December when the temperature dropped below zero and we all shivered and shook. We tried a noon class, hoping the sunshine would warm the place a little.

Father got an electric heater for our stage classroom, but since the school was not heated at any other time, the stove and the heater were not very effective. We decided to look for a more suitable place.

The father of one of the children is the tavern keeper. The tavern is open for business only in the evening, but it is warmed during the day and we were welcome to use it for one of the classes. Sister Charlotte took her group

there since she had the older boys and girls.

I was delighted when the station agent gave me permission to take my little ones to the waiting room of the station. At least he gave us tentative permission. He hoped to confirm it later with the general office. Only one passenger train a day makes a stop here and that is early in the morning, so the little station does not have much business.

At least I did not think the station had much business. I did not know then that the section hands often came to the waiting room for their lunch period.



At least the tavern has plenty of writing space for Sister Charlotte's class.



The little ones recite the rosary in their crowded box-car home.

Three weeks passed and we enjoyed our class in the generous heat of the oil stove. The station master was very kind to us.

Then one day I entered our classroom on a very cold and windy day. In trooped my ten little pupils. But today there was a lot of noise around us. The men were there having their lunch and getting warm. Two of them decided to warm their feet so they lay on the floor with their feet by the stove and talked as loud as they could.



In the background is the old school where the sisters taught until the weather became too cold.

We opened class with our usual prayer, but the little ones had a hard time taking their eyes off our friends on the floor behind me. I stopped the prayer with the suggestion, "Children, I thing you will be able to talk to Jesus better if you will close your eyes."

Right away ten pairs of eyes closed as the children devoutly resumed their prayers. At intervals our friends listened to the class. Finally, we were left alone.



Open for business—the business of religion.

The station master stopped on his way out to give a dispatch to the engineer of an incoming freight train. "I would like to see you a moment, Sister. Can you and the class wait until I return?"

The inevitable had happened. Higher officials had decided that it would be best for us to find another classroom.

We teach now in the tiny box-car home of one of our families. We are still in a railroad atmosphere, but no longer fearful of being ejected.

Northern Mission

by SISTER MARTHA MARY

“FIRSTS” are always interesting. Being missioned to a new convent is exciting, but it is especially so when it is also our first convent in a diocese. Such is Reed City, Michigan, in the diocese of Grand Rapids.



Bishop Babcock discusses the sisters' work with, from left: Sister Joan, Sister Joseph Marie (superior), Sister Julia Marie, and Sister Martha Mary.

The pastor of Reed City, Father Victor Gallagher, is also diocesan director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. His assistant, Father James Cusack, is assistant director. Reed City was chosen for the offices of the Confraternity because it is accessible to the remote areas of the diocese.

When we arrived there the fourth week in August, our convent was still being renovated. However, our good neighbors, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, gave us hospitality.

Father Gallagher's plan for us was to begin work immediately in the parish of Mancelona, eighty-five miles north of Reed City. The pastor, Father Walter Jude, also cares for St. Luke's church in Bellaire.

We left Reed City the morning after our arrival and headed north. Our task was to help Father Jude organize the school of religion for the coming

year. Several women were ready to accompany us in our home visiting. With a lay person as companion, we could save precious time; and what was most important, these women knew the territory.

That first day one of the sisters was late coming back for lunch. We began to worry about her when we recalled that the area in which she had been working is known as "Starvation Lake."

The same morning one of the sisters and her companion were looking for a family that lived far out in the woods. They came to a home where there were several children and three dogs in the yard. The dogs looked vicious so Sister asked, "Do they bite?"

"Not all of them," the children answered. "Just one."

Our next field of labor was in the neighboring parish, St. Mary's of the

Woods, Kalkaska. The pastor of this parish and also of St. Aloysius in Fife Lake is Father Joseph Wierkierak. Here too, priest and people were willing to lend generous assistance to the school of religion program.

In both parishes, a home visiting committee was organized and the territory divided into sections with men and women appointed to arrange for transportation for the children in their areas.

We also recruited lay teachers in every parish. There were enough volunteers so that we were able to put each child into his individual school grade.

As soon as our initial work of organizing was completed "up north," we went to Grand Rapids to see our Bishop, the Most Rev. Allen J. Babcock, D. D. He told us of his great concern for the children of his diocese who are not in Catholic schools. This fact, he hastened to add, is not the fault of the priests who are already over-burdened.

Bishop Babcock gave us a Plymouth station wagon. It is blue for Our Lady and the purchase slip shows that it was bought on the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

We think that the station wagon is symbolic of the generosity of the people of the diocese. Last spring, at the

diocesan development fund dinner Bishop Babcock said that he himself would like the privilege of buying a station wagon for our use, but he would willingly relinquish the honor to another.

Several weeks passed and nothing happened. Then one day, the Bishop said to one of the men, "I thought everyone would jump at a chance to buy a car for the sisters, but so far no one has offered."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" asked the man. "I know at least ten men who wanted to, but they thought you already had volunteers."

Needless to say, the man was commissioned to contact these ten men. He returned the next day with his report. "I had to talk to only four men because the fourth one said, 'How much more money do you need?' and he wrote a check for the balance."

On Thursday, September 11, we returned to Reed City to take up residence; and on the feast of the Holy Rosary, His Excellency offered the first Mass in our beautiful little chapel and Our Lord Himself came to dwell with us.

Besides teaching the children and training the lay teachers in Kalkaska and Mancelona, we are now conducting the teacher training course in methods in Muskegon, Grand Rapids, and Mount Pleasant.

Father Walter Jude gives last minute instructions to the sisters and their companions before they begin work in his parish of St. Anthony, Mancelona, Michigan.



Around Victory Noll

by SISTER HELEN

THE good things of this world soon pass away. If you have any doubt about that, just spend a few days **AROUND VICTORY NOLL**.

For years, our patio was our pride and joy. Beautifully landscaped, with priceless trees and shrubs, the walk lined with exquisite red roses, it afforded constant joy to sisters or visitors during spring, summer, and fall. The snow in winter, blanketing the pines, converted it into a veritable fairyland.

But the beauty of time is fleeting. What happened to the thirty-odd years of labor that produced the gem which was our patio? One fell swoop and it was gone. Repairs on the building destroyed so much of the landscaping that the rest was taken out—including the

beautiful red roses. Of course, it has been re-landscaped and in twenty or thirty years, may approach the original. And it has beautiful red geraniums in the circle—a constant reminder of our lost red roses.

Did you ever walk down a beautiful tree-lined road, enjoying the new leaves just shooting forth in spring, or the quiet shade of summer, or perhaps the snow-covered branches on a beautiful winter afternoon? We have been doing that **AROUND VICTORY NOLL**, too, for thirty-odd years. And what has happened? The walk now reminds one of the desolation of desolation, spoken of in the Bible. Not a tree remains. You see they were elms, and they have succumbed to the disease which is attacking elms throughout the country.



Mother Cecilia breaks ground for our new chapel and infirmary.

Now we have only tree stumps, a motley array of them.

But not all is desolate AROUND VICTORY NOLL. There is activity—but real activity. Up and down the roads come loads of pipe or steel, or sand trucks and cement mixers, and so on. We are in the process of building AROUND VICTORY NOLL. This time it is a chapel and an infirmary, our third addition since our motherhouse was built for us in 1924 by OUR SUNDAY VISITOR and the late Archbishop Noll.

We have long since outgrown our present chapel and our two-room infirmary. The new infirmary will take care of sixty-four patients. We hope it will be eons before it is filled.

For many long months, as plans were being worked on, we thought it might be many long years before it was built. However, we suddenly and unexpectedly broke ground on the feast of Our Blessed Mother's Maternity, and the day before Mother Cecilia left for visitation of our houses west of the Mississippi.

Father Thomas Aquinas, O.F.M. Cap., blessed the site at a simple ceremony, and Mother broke ground about the spot where the altar will stand. Two days later the contractor moved in. Up the hill came a little one-room white house, then a truck with a caterpillar on it, then various pieces of machinery. Next day the long flat truck brought up a huge crane. A few days later a beautiful red and white trailer, completely furnished as an office, was brought to the site. It is heated for winter and has airconditioning for summer. We are wondering if they might accidentally leave it when the building is finished.

Bright and early on that morning work began in earnest. Now, five weeks later, the foundation for the infirmary is in. The building will be concrete. The lift slab technique will be used in the construction. It will have movable metal partitions and terrazzo floors throughout. We will bring you an ac-



When Bishop Malloy visited us: From left: Father Conroy, our chaplain; His Excellency; Father Crowley, editor of Our Sunday Visitor; Sister Mary, vicar-general; and Sister Mary Imelda, superior of Victory Noll.

count of the building progress AROUND VICTORY NOLL from month to month.

That is, we will if there is any progress. The building is costing just about twice the original figure, and we are looking around for, well not exactly a million dollar donation; we could do with half of that. But we think it more likely that the amount will be made up of many donations of a dollar or two.

The citizens of heaven are doing their part in the construction. For five weeks we have had perfect weather on every working day. There may be rain at night or on week ends, but all working days are perfect fall days, bright, clear, sunny. This in spite of the fact that late fall weather isn't exactly conducive to a building program.

As you may imagine, the construction work AROUND VICTORY NOLL is under vigilant surveillance. Each day shortly after 10:00 A.M. and 3:00 P. M., during a period commonly known as a coffeebreak—but more prosaically called lunch time AROUND VICTORY NOLL—a veritable army of inspectors

(continued on inside back cover)

WELCOME

to the

Flower Box City



by SISTER M. CLEMENT

THAT was one of the first signs that greeted us on our arrival in Neosho, Missouri.

It is easy to see why Neosho received a national award for its beautification program. Flower boxes are literally everywhere. Large flower boxes are in front of every store, every filling station, and every restaurant. Smaller boxes hang from each lamp post.

"Keep our city clean" cans grace all of Neosho's sidewalks, but here they are unique. From the top of each one blooms a colorful array of petunias.

It seems as if some sort of flower box or its equivalent is as essential to the homes in Neosho as are the roofs overhead. Since we did not arrive at our new convent until late August, we are not yet in style. However, we are looking forward to spring when we too can become the proud owners of a flower box.

Neosho is an Indian name meaning "hills and springs." That too is an indisputable title, for it is impossible to go anywhere in Neosho without going up or down a hill. In fact, our convent faces Hill Street, and we attest that it is aptly named.

As fitting as its name is to Neosho and as well earned as the flower box title is, yet, we three sisters feel that the town deserves another recognition. It is a city of very friendly people. Although only about three per cent of the population (6,700) are Ca-

tholic, everyone has made us feel at home.

Our convent is the pride and joy of the parish. Last July it was an old apartment house. By the time we arrived in August, the parishioners had made it into a lovely home on the hill. After the men finished with their hammering, sawing, and painting, the women furnished it with everything from food to a large stack of ready-to-use scrub rags.



Flowers even here amaze Sister Angelica (left) and Sister Clement!



The Most Rev. Charles H. Helmsing, D.D., Bishop of Springfield-Cape Girardeau; Rev. John Rynish, pastor of St. Canera Church, Neosho, Mo.; and the Sisters. Left to right: Sister Angelica, Sister Clement, and Sister Mary Ka'hleen.

Our home really became a home when on the morning after our arrival our pastor, Father John Rynish, offered Holy Mass in our chapel and left the Blessed Sacrament with us. Four days later our Bishop, the Most Reverend Charles H. Helmsing, came himself to bless our convent and erect the stations of the cross in chapel.

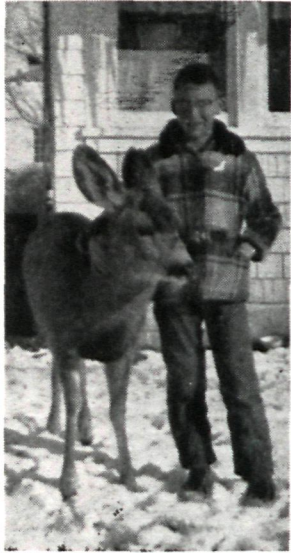
We are kept busy with religion classes and home visiting in the parishes of Neosho and Seneca. Seneca also has a mission in which we teach. There it is Christmas all the year round, for its

name is Noel. We have found the same friendliness among the people in Seneca and Noel that we found in Neosho. It seems to be a community trait.

If you ever come to the southwestern corner of Missouri and want to see some gorgeous flower boxes, want to meet people that are friendliness plus, and want to kill your engine a few times on some steep hills, come to Neosho.

Welcome to Flower Box City, everyone!

In the Home Field



Bambi with one of the boys.

BAMBI

On Wednesday mornings we go very early to the Nevada School of Industry arriving there in time for Mass. After breakfast we have class for the Catholic boys.

Before my first trip to the school, which is four miles from Elko, Sister Agatha said to me, "Be sure to watch for Bambi, the boys' pet deer. She will probably be there to greet you."

Many times in Utah I had seen deer. Once they passed in front of our car. I always hoped to take a picture of them, but they would not stand still that long. But now I had my opportunity.

Sure enough, there was Bambi as if she were awaiting our arrival. The other sisters calmly petted her and said, "Hello, Bambi." She looked as if she were glad to see them again, so I went over and greeted her like an old friend.

The boys had found Bambi beside her mother who had been shot. For six years now she has been a resident at the school. She enjoys her home very much, especially during deer season.

SISTER M. EDWARD

GEORGE'S HOPE

Little George, himself unbaptized, had witnessed the baptism of his fourteen-year-old sister. The next day in class, while we were speaking of Our Lord's Ascension, George said in a very troubled tone, "Sister, God doesn't want me to go to heaven."

"Why, of course He does, George," I assured him.

"No, Sister," was the sad response. "I've got to have the water poured first."

We are hoping too, that soon George can have the "water poured."

SISTER ALMA MARIE



Sister Dolores Ann gets some expert hula hoop information and a demonstration besides. Brighton, Colo.

INFORMATION PLEASE!

At the beginning of the year I was determined to have complete information on all my children for our class records. Each child was given an information blank and asked to return it the next class. Each week I checked and then gave another blank to those who failed to return theirs.

After several weeks of this, all were turned in. However, I wonder if perhaps I over-stressed the importance of them. In a review I asked the question: "What is necessary for everyone to have in order to get to heaven?" (expecting the answer "Sanctifying grace.")

One little first grader said without any hesitation, "Your information blank."

SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE

POOR SISTER-

One evening a lay teacher called at our convent. With her were her fourth grade son and his friend Arthur. I was glad that Arthur had come along. He had not been attending class regularly and here was a chance to encourage him to be more faithful.

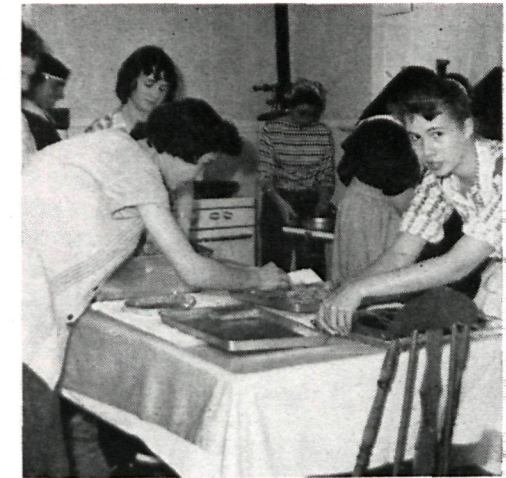
I took him with me to the kitchen for a little private conference. Later the teacher told me Arthur's comment. "It's a good thing I went along with you," he had said to her, "or Sister would have had to stay in the kitchen all by herself."

SISTER MARY BRIGID

When five-year-old Jimmy came home from his first catechism class, his mother asked him what he had learned.

"I love God and God loves me," was his reply.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE



When the youth club of Big Spring, Texas, invited their friends from several surrounding towns for an enchilada supper, the girls got an assist from the sisters. Sister Amelia is on the left. Sister Ellen and Sister Inez are there, too, though you cannot see their faces. Sister Melita took the picture.

WHAT WAS IT?

Father wanted to speak to me outside the classroom, so he turned to the first graders and said, "Now, I don't want to hear a word out of you. I'm talking to Sister for a few minutes, but you are to be quiet. Not one word, remember!"

After a couple of minutes, a commotion could be heard and then laughter. All became quiet when Father opened the door and looked sternly at the children.

"Didn't I tell you to be quiet!"

Accusing fingers pointed to Tommy who stood, facing Father.

Again, Father asked, "Didn't I tell you not to say one word?"

Tommy was on the defensive and replied, "But I only said a half a word."

SISTER NOREEN

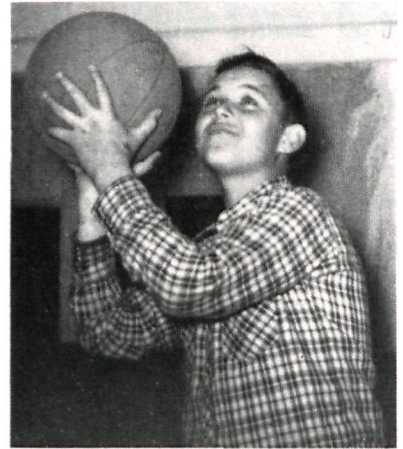
Sister: What do we call Holy Eucharist when It is given to the dying?

Pupil: Holy Vitamin.



Eddie

Heroes in God's Sight



Donald

by SISTER EMMANUEL

“GOODBYE, Sister, and thank you for teaching me today.”

This is the farewell message I receive from eight-year-old Eddie when he leaves our garage classroom after religious instruction.

Eddie goes to public school and comes to religion class just as the other boys and girls do, but it takes him a few minutes longer to get there. Why? Because he is a victim of cerebral palsy.

His little legs in a brace, Eddie walks a bit unsteadily, but with much courage and determination. He is always happy and smiling and does not let his disability keep him from having a good time. When he gets too tired, his brother gives him a lift in a bright red wagon. Of course there are many things Eddie cannot do, but this does not bother him. He has learned that God has a special plan for him.

Sometimes it is hard for Eddie to keep awake in class. But when I ask him whether he is tired, he has an ingenious answer: “No, Sister. It’s because when I say my prayers at night I am tired; I guess when catechism starts I think it is time to go to bed.”

Because Eddie does not have the best control of his hands, the cover of his “Jesus and I” book gets more wear than usual. One day when I used a new book in class Eddie suggested, “Trade you books, Sister.”

Every week when Eddie comes to class he drops into the golden penny box many of the paper coins that represent sacrifices. The disappointments, pains, and sorrows that come into the life of this little boy are turned into heavenly pennies for the Sacred Heart.

Donald is another boy who has learned the value of suffering.

Here at San Pedro we have a basketball net attached to the side of the house. The altar boys and children from religion classes like to try their luck at throwing baskets.

If you were to watch Donald waiting his turn to demonstrate his skill or playing with the other boys, you would not realize that he is almost totally deaf. Donald has a keen eye which helps him read lips as well as aim the ball.

When Donald first came to class he could not understand why he should be

different from the other boys. Now he knows the meaning of suffering. He is convinced that God has asked him to do something special for sinners and for the sanctification of his own soul.

Of all our handicapped pupils, Raymond and Robert will no doubt enjoy the reward of their suffering sooner than the others. We found them one day when we were visiting from door to door.

Ringling doorbells is always a thrill for us sisters. Who will come to the door? Is it a Catholic family? Will there be children for our classes? Many questions run through the mind of a sister as her hand presses the bell.

One day we waited a little longer than usual for someone to answer our ring. Then the door opened slowly and a faint voice said, "Come in, Sisters."

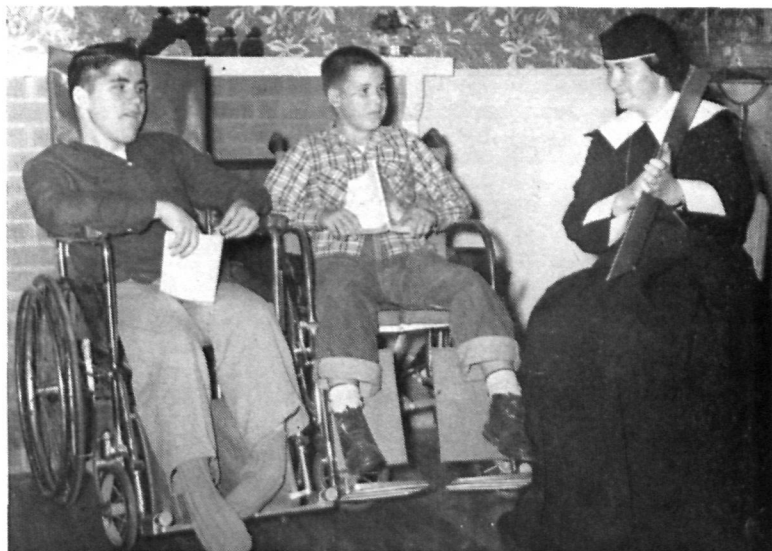
As we walked in we were surprised to find two young boys in wheel chairs. They were suffering from muscular dystrophy. We discovered that Robert,

who was twelve, had not yet made his First Communion and that Raymond, eighteen, had had no instructions since he was confirmed many years ago.

We now give the boys private instructions in their home. According to the doctor, Raymond has not long to live. He has been in and out of the hospital many times. Each time he goes he is put in an iron lung. Slowly his body is becoming weaker and weaker, but his spirit is still strong.

Robert watches his brother and knows that in a few more years his condition will be the same as Raymond's is now. But his only concern at present is to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion. There he will find the strength and courage to carry on the work that God has asked of him.

Even now Robert has all the marks of a hero, for this is what he said to me the other day: "Sister, my uncle is in the hospital. I can't go to visit him so I told God to take his pain away and give me more."



Sister Emmanuel instructing Raymond (left) and Robert.



our **A**ssociates'

ST. MARY SOD. BAND, *Detroit*

This group became interested in our sisters when one of their number, Sister Mary Veronica, joined the community in 1942. Ever since that date we have received donations toward Sister's Burse. Miss Ann Huhn heads group.



Dear Associates:

A POET writing of the New Year and its promises, fears, and hopes, says in part:

We fill as we please all the years that run,

Cloud them with rain or gild them with sun;

*Life's truest joy dwells in duty done,
Its grief burdens those who forsake it.*

Nothing can take from us that deep interior peace which is compounded of duty done toward God and our neighbor. You have been fulfilling your duty in this respect over the years. Therefore, the morrow should hold no fears for you. As one of our recent saintly popes put it, "The future is in God's hands, therefore in very good hands."

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. KATHERINE BAND, *Chicago*

At the close of the year, Mrs. Josephine Downes succeeded Mrs. Katherine Hammer as Promoter of the Band. The Hammers have moved to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where Mrs. Hammer hopes to organize a new Band. The ladies continue the same round of activities which has been theirs during the eighteen years of their existence as a club — two social meetings a month at which dues are collected and mailed to Victory Noll. The ladies, none of whom is young, put themselves out considerably when it is their turn to entertain. For that reason, the hostess-for-the-day tries to make the meeting rewarding,— first in behalf of the souls whom they help as spiritual mothers (prayers are offered for our sisters and charges) and then by way of a well-planned program to secure attendance at future meetings.

FLORENTINE BAND, *St. Louis*

As we go to press (middle of November) we learn that this group headed by Miss Clare Luechtefeld, has been raffling a doll. The proceeds are to be used to buy some of the new furnishings for our new infirmary.



Club Mention

ST. SABINA BAND, Chicago



The Promoter, Miss Marie V. Dwyer, keeps close at hand a sample case containing rosaries and other religious goods which our crafts department turns out.

She is instrumental in effecting many sales for us during the course of the year.

ST. LUKE'S BAND, Chicago

A laudable custom of St. Luke's Band (Mrs. Lillian Potter, Promoter) is that of an annual Mass for deceased members. All of the members make an effort to be present at this Mass, at which they receive Holy Communion. From the church they go to the home of one of their members, where breakfast is followed by their usual monthly meeting.

TIP TOP TWELVE, Cincinnati



Many of these ladies are mothers of small children. Others are employed. For this reason we do not hear from them often. They try to keep their membership,

as the name of their club implies, at twelve. It is a coincidence, too, that they have been helping our Missionary Sisters since 1946—twelve years! Miss Catherine Dumont serves as Promoter of the Band.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS October 24 to November 17, 1958

Ave Maria Band, Elkhart, Indiana	
Miss Cecelia Murphy	\$25.00
Charitina Club 1, Chicago, Ill.,	
Miss Helen Ford	5.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. Anna Klingel	78.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.,	
Mrs. J. V. McGovern	29.00
Little Flower Circle, Chicago, Ill.,	
Miss Veronica Foertsch	115.00
Mother Cabrini Band, Wauconda, Ill.,	
Mrs. Clara Swiatly	110.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis	
Mrs. A. J. Lammert	256.00
Padre Serra Band, Corona, Calif.,	
Mrs. Vincent de la Torre	5.00
Queen of Our Hearts, Lombard, Ill.	
Miss Wilma Wengritzky	5.00
Queen of Virgins Band, Madison, Minn.,	
Miss Regina Emmerich	5.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Calif.,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy	2.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. H. A. Leutenegger	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio	
Miss Florence Bucher	3.25
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. A. Naumes	56.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. Fred Kiefer	12.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. Josephine Downes	24.50
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. Lillian Potter	17.20
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Miss Marie Egermier	20.00
St. Mary Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne,	
Mrs. Loretta Mettler	8.00
St. Patricia Band, Chicago, Ill.,	
Mrs. Lucy Gones	3.00
Seven Dolers Band, Bellwood, Ill.,	
Mrs. John J. Murphy	7.50
Upsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa,	
La Porte, Ind., Miss Marie Menkhaus	25.00

True Devotion to Mary

SOME authors give us the impression that we are to be pitied because we did not live in the Middle Ages.

Certainly the history of the Middle Ages is a fascinating one. It was a course in History of Education that awakened my own appreciation of those centuries. The sister who taught it was an ardent admirer of the thirteenth century. I think her favorite book was James J. Walsh's "The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries." She made St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Albert the Great, St. Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, and others live for us. She gave us a lifelong appreciation of what the Church did for education, art, music, architecture, etc. As a result of her enthusiasm we wanted to read more about the great universities, the marvelous cathedrals; to learn more about scholasticism.

Fascinating as the Middle Ages were, however, I am still glad I am living in A.D. 1959. There are purely mundane reasons. I appreciate freezers, ready mixes, automatic washers and dryers, modern plumbing, and antibiotics—to mention just a few of our blessings.

But most of all I am grateful that I am living in the time of such vital activity in the Church; in the century that has given us frequent communion, relaxation of the communion fast, more interest in the Bible, a living liturgy.

I am happy and grateful, above all, that I am living in a Marian age.

Every age has had its lovers of Mary. There have been saints of Mary in every century throughout the long history of the Church. Poets, artists, musicians have honored her. Were not the great medieval cathedrals built in her

name—Notre Dame, Chartres, Rheims, and others?

Yet I dare say that Mariology was never so highly developed as it is today; that Mary was never so much loved, so frequently spoken of from the pulpit and podium as she is now. After the death of our late Holy Father, even the secular magazines and papers mentioned the definition of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother as being the high point in his whole career.

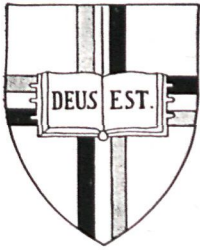
The wide dissemination of St. Grignon de Montfort's Treatise on True Devotion to Mary is undoubtedly responsible for the increase in the number of devotees of Mary. This perfect devotion to Mary as explained by the saint is the reason the Legion of Mary has been so effective.

Total consecration to Mary is not for the chosen few. It is for all. Because it has worked such transformation in our times, Satan tries to discourage fervent souls from practicing it. How many we hear say, "It sounds wonderful, I admit; but I am not good enough to practice it."

To such persons we can only quote the words of Father Faber, written a century ago: "Let a man but try it for himself, and his surprise at the graces it brings with it, and the transformations it causes in his soul, will soon convince him of its otherwise almost incredible efficacy as a means for the salvation of men, and for the coming of the kingdom of Christ."

Have you tried it? Write to Victory Noll today for information on this short, sure way to sanctity. Address:

Sister Mary Agnes
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana



Your CCD Question

Nearly every mail brings a problem or a question from Confraternity of Christian Doctrine personnel—not from teachers only, but from helpers, fishers, discussion club leaders, and others. These letters are answered personally as soon as they are received, but because we feel that some of them concern matters that may be helpful to others in a like position, we have decided to publish them. If you have a question you would like to have answered, we invite you to send it to this department.

We have a discussion club with eighteen members, but some of the members never contribute to the discussions. The same ones do all the talking. What would you suggest we do about it?

Break it up into three or at least two groups. The National Office advises that a discussion group be limited to six or eight members. Experience has proved that this is the best plan.

Much depends, too, on the leader. It is up to him to draw out the more timid members and play down the more gregarious ones without squelching them altogether.

We happen to know that yours is a very small parish. You certainly are to be congratulated on keeping together a discussion club with eighteen members over such a long period of time. Your smaller groups should be very successful. Let us know how you come out.

* * *

I have just been appointed chairman of the fishers in our recently organized parish Confraternity. I feel wholly incapable of such an assignment, but the pastor has begged me to take it. Frankly, I don't know where to start. I would appreciate your help.

No doubt you have a copy of the Manual of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. First of all, read the section devoted to fishers. You will find many excellent suggestions. There are also two special publications you should have: A Course of Preparation for Fishers and Instructions for Fishers.

These may be obtained from
Confraternity Publications
508 Marshall Street
Paterson 3, New Jersey

The ideal thing would be for the pastor and you to draw up a list of names of persons who would serve well as fishers. Then when you have signed them up, invite an "expert" (a priest or sister who has had experience in visiting homes) to give a short course to the group.

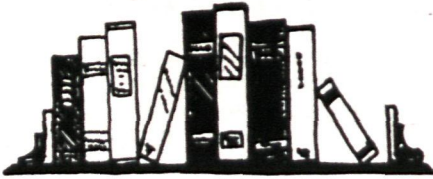
If this is not practical, have several meetings with the fishers, using the instruction books as you would a discussion club text, you yourself acting as leader.

You say that the parish school of religion is already in operation. It might be well to begin your visiting by going to the homes of these pupils. Simply introduce yourself and tell the parents that you are anxious to become acquainted with them since their children attend religion classes. In most cases this will lead naturally to getting the religious status of the family.

After making such calls for a time, you can then try the more difficult kind: visiting indifferent parents who do not send their children to instruction, calling on persons who have fallen away from the Church, etc.

Above all, remember that tact and a genuine spirit of friendliness are necessary for the fisher. That is why it is better to hand pick your visitors than to ask for volunteers.

BOOKS



Why I Became a Missioner edited by Rev. George L. Kane. Newman Press, Westminster, Md., \$3.25 (cloth) \$1.00 (paper).

The indefatigable Father Kane, director of vocations and of religious education for the diocese of Antigonish, has compiled another book that will do much to encourage mission vocations.

Here are twenty autobiographies of priests, brothers, sisters, and laymen. There is an excellent introduction by the Most Rev. Raymond A. Lane, D.D., former superior general of Maryknoll.

Of special interest to us and to readers of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* is a chapter by one of our own sisters, Sister Mary Eva. Of course we might be accused of prejudice, but we feel that you will agree with us that it is one of the most absorbing accounts in the book.

We should like to see *Why I Became a Missioner* given a wide circulation. We will have a limited number of paper cover copies available at one dollar each. Send your order to Victory Noll immediately. You will enjoy reading these inspiring autobiographies.

* * *

The Inner Life of Worship by Charles Magsam, M.M. Preface by the Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, S.T.D., Archbishop of St. Louis. Grail Publications, St. Meinrad, Ind. \$4.50.

Worship, man's first duty to his Creator, should aid us to grow in holiness

of life. This fact seems obvious, and yet it is often obscured because we associate worship with externals—art, architecture, ceremonies, music, etc. To help us realize that worship uses these externals in order to make us grow interiorly is the purpose of Father Magsam's book.

He first emphasizes the corporate nature of worship; then he considers the individual person in his relation to God. The theme that runs through every chapter is the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, for the author wants us to realize our vital oneness in worship, our oneness as brothers and sisters in Christ. It is Christ who prays through us His members; Christ who adores, loves, thanks, atones, and petitions.

The author covers so much that one wonders if he has attempted *too* much. After getting off to a rather slow start he reaches sublime heights in some parts of the book. The chapter on the Mass as the heart of worship is especially good; also those chapters on the mission of the Church, on art and music, and on Mary as the Queen of Worship.

The book is so beautifully bound and printed that it is all the more disturbing to find so many typographical mistakes, inconsistencies in the use of capital letters, and some grammatical errors. If it were not for a note on the dust jacket (which is especially attractive and contains a magnificent picture), the reader would have no way of learning that Archbishop Ritter wrote the preface. If the book is ever reprinted, we hope it will be edited more carefully.

* * *

A Catholic Dictionary edited by Donald Attwater. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$5.95.

This is the third edition of the Catholic Encyclopaedic Dictionary first pub-

lished in 1931. As in the past it will prove itself valuable as a ready reference covering words and phrases used in liturgy, canon law, theology, Church organization, etc. Biography has no place in it.

There must be many words that non-Catholics who use this book do not know how to pronounce. We have never seen any explanation in this edition, nor in the others, why the pronunciations of at least certain words are not given. There *are* words in Catholic use that are not found in standard dictionaries; for example, *parousia* and other words of Greek origin.

Added to the Dictionary are a list of popes, the calendar of the Universal Church (Latin and Byzantine), a list of common ecclesiastical abbreviations, and of titles with modes of address. The latter are of English usage and differ somewhat from our own. Also, it would be better to consult our own Catholic Directory where initials of religious orders are concerned, for there is a difference. In England, according to Mr. Attwater, Capuchins and Conventual Friars still use the initials O.M.Cap., O.M.C., whereas in the U.S. they use O.F.M.Cap., O.F.M.Conv. Also, O.S.C. to us means Order of the Holy Cross (Crosiers), not Oblates of St. Charles.

Every writer will be grateful for the wealth of material *A Catholic Dictionary* contains. It is a valuable reference work for home and school.

* * *

What Is the Bible? by Henri Daniel-Rops, translated by J. R. Foster. Hawthorne Books, New York. \$2.95.

This is Volume 60 of the Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism under Section VI, the Word of God. It is the first volume, however, in order of publication. If those that follow even nearly approach this one in scholarship

and readability, the Encyclopedia will be a treasure indeed.

Daniel-Rops writes with his usual clarity and simplicity, using words and phrases that make one gasp at their cleverness and brilliance. His own love for Sacred Scripture inspires every line he writes.

There are twelve well-chosen chapters in the book, none of them very long and each one sub-divided. After treating of the Bible in a general way, the author explains how it came to be written and of what the Canon consists. He discusses inspiration, the land of the Bible, the Bible as history, and the acts of God as recorded in the Bible. Then follows an explanation of the books of the Old Testament and the New and their relation to one another. The last chapter is entitled "This Hunger to Hear the the Word of God."

There have been many books written about the Bible and there will be many more, but we doubt whether any of them cover so much in such a brief space as this volume. Its logic, its smoothness make it a joy to read.

* * *

Our Lady of Victory by Gary McEoin. Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 15 cents. Discount on quantity lots.

This pamphlet describes the history of devotion to Our Lady of Victory and of her famous shrines throughout the world. Here is the story not only of Lepanto, but of the shrine of Our Lady of Victories in Paris, of Father Baker's basilica in Lackawanna, N.Y., of the connection between Our Blessed Mother under this title and the miraculous statue of the Infant of Prague, and of many other aspects of the devotion. The booklet contains also the Litany of Our Lady of Victory and various prayers to her.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

Surely all religious communities rejoiced with the Sisters of Mercy in New York when they read of John D. Rockefeller's "neighborly gift" of \$1.6 million for the sisters' building fund.

We could not help wishing we had such a neighbor to finance our new chapel and infirmary. Not much hope though. The neighbors closest to us are all dead. Victory Noll is just beyond one of Huntington's largest cemeteries. Our other neighbors are dead to this world's goods, too. They are Capuchins vowed to Lady Poverty.

It is possible that some of our neighbors in the wider sense would like to help. Can any of you spare a few hundred thousand? Or a few thousand? A few hundred? Perhaps someone would like to help furnish the chapel or a room in the infirmary. Any help will be most welcome, whether big or little.

Mention of the infirmary reminds me. I'm rather worried what I am going to do when I am consigned to it. I am hopeless at sewing, knitting, crocheting, etc.

During a long stay in the hospital I was the despair of the occupational therapy department. Shortly after I arrived, the head of OT came in to see me. She inquired about my hobbies, but didn't seem much impressed when I mentioned books and music. I had brought along a large section of the Victory Noll library and I hoped she would think I was an intellectual. I told her I intended to review books, not just read them.

I could hardly expect her to understand that I found relaxation in singing — sotto voce — melodies from the Liber Usualis. Still less would she have appreciated my trying to learn the chants of the Byzantine Liturgy from a book someone sent me.

And since she was not a Catholic, she probably found it hard to comprehend

when I explained that my prayers took a lot of my time. I could not even hope to put across to her that I did not mind at all being alone, for she had never heard what St. Bernard said, much less could she agree: "I am never less alone than when I am alone."

She did not give up immediately, but she did return after a week or so and tell me she had learned from all reports that I was well adjusted!

I tried to make up for it by giving her ideas — from the other sisters! — for her department. I was rewarded one day when she introduced me to a friend and added, "Sister doesn't come down to OT to do ceramics or anything, but she gives us wonderful ideas to work on." She tactfully refrained from saying they were not my ideas.

I don't intend to retire to the infirmary just yet, but if you can think of something profitable that I can do in my old age, let me know, please. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Johanna Wilke, Chicago, mother of Sister Dora
Antonio Olivera, Los Banos, California, father of Sister Olivia
Michael Conroy, St. Louis father of Sister Mary Rose
Sister Mary, S.N.D.deN., Cincinnati
Arthur Jungk, Dubuque, Iowa
James Mahoney, Chicago
Mrs. Alta Gates, Lafayette, Ind.
Helen Hickey, Chillicothe, Ohio
Teresa Schnapp, Cincinnati
Jane Jagielski, East Chicago, Ind.
Elizabeth Simmer, Watkins, Minn.
Mrs. C. A. Croteau, ACM, Fort Wayne
Julia Horstman, ACM, Fort Wayne
Marie Vandergrift, ACM, Fort Wayne
Mrs. Flora Dean, Flat River, Mo.
Mrs. Mary L. Dalton, Flat River, Mo.
A. M. Alexander, Osgood, Ind.
Alois Koehler, Latrobe, Pa.
Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, Springfield, Ohio
Rose Burke, Springfield, Ohio
John Conway, Sebring, Fla.
Mary Henne, Dayton, Ohio
Frances Maher, Kane, Pa.
Ben Kratzberg, Bowie, Ariz.
Mrs. Agnes Buchheit, Toledo, Ohio

AROUND VICTORY NOLL

(continued from p. 9)

goes out to the site to check the work done since the previous inspection. It is interesting and enlightening to listen to the reports given by these sidewalk inspectors on the progress of the work, since even at this point, with the foundation laid, the layout of the building and much more the technique of construction, remain one big enigma to most of us.

We were privileged to have His Excellency, the Most Reverend William T. Mulloy, D.D., Bishop of Covington, visit us while he was in Fort Wayne to attend the Catholic Rural Life Conference. While at Victory Noll Bishop Mulloy gave an inspiring talk to the sisters, novices, and postulants. He told of the good work being done by our sisters in Richmond. He expressed the hope that he might have additional Victory Noll Sisters for his diocese.

Speaking of vocations, he mentioned that those communities, whose members were imbued with a deep love of God and neighbor and were leading true religious lives, were getting the vocations they needed. We glanced at our eleven postulants and hoped the Bishop was not counting them. Hence-

forth, you will not see anything in these columns about the shortage of vocations. We will do our part and won't you please pray that there may be at least thirty postulants AROUND VICTORY NOLL—come next September 8?

There is much to tell you of the happenings AROUND VICTORY NOLL, but since we cannot have the entire issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for this purpose, we will add just one more note. It is too important to omit.

One Saturday afternoon not long ago, the Capuchin Fraters and Brothers, under the direction of Father Nelson, O.F.M.Cap., entertained us with a delightful rendition of "The Million Dollar Saint," Natalie White's farce about St. Francis appearing on the campus of a Jesuit University. The good saint converted (or corrupted—depending on your point of view) the faculty and students. It is riotous with any cast, but especially so when presented by Capuchins. The Sisters of Notre Dame and the Franciscans who teach in the parishes in Huntington were our guests for the occasion. They enjoyed the play as much as we did.



Father Thomas Aquinas, after blessing the site, tries his hand at the shovel. At the left of Father are Mr. James McCarron, Fort Wayne, architect; and Mr. Donald Norwood, Huntington, general contractor.

**IT'S
NOT
TOO
EARLY**

to arrange now for our next entrance day

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are dedicated to the religious education to Catholic students in public schools. They also visit homes and find those who have fallen away from the Church and others who wish to become Catholics.

We invite zealous young women to join us in this modern apostolate.

Postulants are admitted to Victory Noll on September 8. If you are 18 or over, or are graduating from high school this year, write today for an application blank. Address:

Directress of Vocations, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Name **Age**

Address

City **Zone** **State**