

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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MEET OUR CCD FAMILY

by SISTER M. ROSEANN



The Roederers.

EARLY Saturday morning we hear the crunch, crunch of gravel as the Roederers drive into the yard. Their station wagon is filled with children — their own and the children of the neighborhood.

Mr. Roederer transfers some of the children to our car and hooks it to the trailer classroom. Two of us sisters, Mrs. Roederer with the baby in her arms, and some of the children ride in the station wagon, Sister now at the wheel.

Our destination is Irwindale, a mile beyond Azusa. Because of the large number of children we have to use the trailer. Other classes are held in the church, a small office, and in several homes.

Mrs. Roederer is one of our CCD graduates and teaches the first grade. Mr. Roederer is what we call ground supervisor. With classes so scattered, it is absolutely necessary to have someone directing the children to their classrooms. At the same time he keeps an eye on his smaller children who spend the time amusing themselves in the station wagon.

Week after week we can depend on the Roederers. We call them our CCD family, for even the children are helpful. They carry brief cases and charts, help arrange the classrooms, and are always on the lookout to invite other children to religion class.

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Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

Huntington, Indiana

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COVER: It's the time of year for penance, and the little boy on the right must have drawn Number 9. The children like to use the various devices for choosing Lenten penances that they are to practice until the next class.

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Welcome to Casa Colina

by SISTER CAROLYN MARIE

SO reads the sign to the left of the drive that leads to the hospital for crippled children in Chino, California. Every Sunday we sisters go there to pray with the children and give them religious instruction.

We are warmly welcomed by the nurses on duty, but the

really heartfelt welcomes are the smiling faces of the children we are privileged to instruct. They are all patient, cheerful little sufferers: victims of polio, rheumatic fever, automobile or other accident; spastics. Some are confined to bed. Others get around in wheel chairs. Many



Carol Straub, a Pomona Catholic High School senior, is in the second year of CCD training given by our sisters at her school. Carol accompanies the sisters to Casa Colina every Sunday. Mary (in wheel chair at right) is a new patient who was baptized but has not yet made her First Communion.

Felix and Tommy enjoy their class with Sister DePorres. Felix hurt his back in a diving accident. Twelve-year-old Tommy, in spite of his hearing defect, is a very bright boy from Mexico. He reads, writes, and speaks Spanish and English well, and is an excellent Latin student.



wear heavy casts or braces. They teach a lesson all their own, and many times we find ourselves wondering who teaches the better lesson — they or we.

One Sunday after we had talked about heaven, Tony asked, "If heaven is so wonderful, why do doctors try so hard to find more medicines to keep us alive longer here on earth?"

Another day I had explained how nothing happens to us without God permitting it to happen and I told the children

that God can make good come from what may seem to be bad. "God loves us very much," I said, "and when He sends us sickness it is so that we can offer our pains as a special proof of our love for Him."

Then it was that Danny offered this explanation for his illness. "Now I know, Sister, why I had to get sick. Before I came to this hospital I didn't know about God. If I hadn't gotten sick, maybe I would never have known Him or loved Him."

New readers must wonder sometimes why the Victory Noll Sisters have so many stories about garage classrooms. It is always desirable to have the center for religious instruction located near a public school, but since this is not always possible, a garage often has to substitute for a classroom. Sister Dorothy Louise shows us that, although the situation is not ideal, wonderful things CAN happen

In a Garage

by SISTER DOROTHY LOUISE

DID you have a favorite "haunt" when you were a child? I did. It was the garage.

There, during the summer months the empty garage became whatever our childish fancies imagined it. Sometimes it took on the semblance of a play house with empty orange crates for furniture. Later these crates served as fine counters for our make-believe store, and canned goods were transferred from the kitchen for big business.

When the dramatic fever hit us, Mother gave in to our pleading and donated an old blanket for a stage curtain. After a few weeks when the old games became commonplace and vacation began to pall, we started our own school. Out came the speller, the reader, and the arithmetic that we had put away so hastily at the end of the school year. Out came someone's chalk board. "Teach-

er" took on the mannerisms of a very businesslike instructor and the pupils wrote on rough-topped crates.

We ignored the suspended clothesline, the workbench cluttered with tools, and the cobwebs in the corner. The garage met all our needs.

Today I find that the garage has not lost its novelty nor its usefulness. With a half-dozen benches, a "hang-up" chalkboard, a workbench for a desk, a picture suspended from the clothesline, the garage becomes a unique classroom for religious instruction.

But success . . . at least visible success . . . is not always the daily consolation prize that it was in childhood play.

Sometimes, no matter how hard we try to hold the attention of our pupils, there are distractions in the garage. The children begin to notice the skates or bicycle the owner's

son keeps in the corner. Johnny's dreamy expression betrays the fact that he is somewhere else playing ball. Paul thinks that it is a good time to make a paper plane with the note given him to take to his mother. Bill wants the girl in the front row to wonder who poked her.

We must recapture those bunny - hopping imaginations and lead them back to richer paths where a deeper knowledge of their Catholic heritage will grow into a very personal love of Our Lord.

As we begin the day's narrative, heads once more turn in my direction. The class settles back as far as a backless bench will allow. The wonderfully expressive faces before me tell me that the children are ready for another "meeting" with Christ.

Physical surroundings fade away and the garage once more becomes the hills of Palestine.

It becomes the desert place where Our Lord had compassion on the hungry multitude. It becomes the angry lake of Genesareth which smooths down to a ripple at the command of Jesus. It becomes the Supper Room. It becomes Mount Calvary. It becomes all the Catholic churches of the world where priests are offering Mass.

Yes, wonderful things happen in garages where our children come for religious instruction. Here little acts of love go up to God. Here a prayer goes out for someone of the Mystical Body who needs it most. Here the president of our country is being remembered by some of his smaller citizens. Here a pagan baby is being ransomed.

But is it to be wondered at that marvelous things can happen in a garage? After all, Our Lord chose a stable in the hill country of Bethlehem to reveal a most wonderful mystery to humble shepherds.

* * *

DAMAGES

The lesson was on Redemption and we were talking about how Jesus came down to earth to make up for our sins. "Does anyone know what 'to make up for' means?" I asked.

A six-year-old girl promptly answered, "Yes, Sister, it means to pay the damages."

SISTER VIRGINIA



Reporter Adan.

IT was the first day of vacation school in a small town in New Mexico and attendance was disappointingly low. I encouraged the boys and girls in my First Communion class to spread the news and get their friends to come to religious instructions.

The next morning there were a few new faces, but not so many as we hoped. I asked the children if they remembered to tell others about class.

At that, Adan, a second grader, stood up, looked over the

Public Relations Man

by SISTER ELEANOR MARIE

class, and then in a business-like way remarked, "I don't know why they didn't come." He looked at a little girl who had not been there the day before and asked, "You heard it, didn't you, Aurora?"

I was curious to know what Aurora heard. Adan explained. He had called the local radio station and asked the manager to make an announcement about the classes. Naturally I thought Adan's parents had something to do with calling the station, but no, it was all Adan's idea.

"Sister," Adan said simply, "I am the news reporter around here."

Boy Scout Act

by SISTER RUTH ANTHONY

AT Ord Terrace the Holy Childhood pagan baby ransome campaign was on. It was boys against girls in the sixth grade religion class. Within three weeks the boys reached the five-dollar mark and selected the name Joseph for their adopted child. The girls, numerically a minority, were

limping along with a scant two dollars.

Two weeks later the boys had their second baby half-way up the Holy Childhood elevator while the girls still struggled with their first. As the sacrifice boxes were being passed, Frank solemnly announced, "Sister, I'm a Boy Scout. Today I'm giv-

ing thirty cents for the pagan baby — to help the girls." With that he dropped his contribution into the girls' box.

There was a slight murmur of "traitor," but it soon died down, for Frank was well-liked. Instead, one of the boys suggested they give Frank a hand.

Like so many Army children

Frank announced one Friday that this would be his last day at class. His father was being transferred. That Frank is not forgotten is evident. Very frequently a boy will announce in true Frankish style: "Today I'm putting my money in the girls' box." And no one thinks of calling him a traitor.

Knights to the Rescue

by SISTER MARY DAVID

IT is not always possible to give individual help in Confraternity classes to the boys and girls who need it. Classes are sometimes large and are limited to one or two hours a week. In order to check the students and spur them on to greater effort, however, they do need individual attention from time to time.

When we asked for volunteers for this work among the

Knights of Columbus, we met with generous response. The men were willing to give an hour or two on Sunday mornings after the nine o'clock Mass to check the prayers and lessons of the boys. On the first Sunday five men came. Since then some of the same men have come practically every Sunday. And now the women have volunteered to help with the girls.



Knight Volunteers.

SO long did the mild weather last Around Victory Noll that except on rainy days, we used our new tunnel very little up until Christmas. As winter closed in and the days grew longer, the morning walks from chapel to dining room — which we called for a while dawn walks — turned into night walks. Huntington has central daylight time all year around. During the winter months we enjoy the sunrise after breakfast.

Monsignor's Trip

Monsignor Conroy, our chaplain, gave us an interesting account of the impressions he gathered on a recent trip to

Pat can appreciate the fact that he alone — of all the passengers — slept the sleep of the just from Lima to Miami. Not even the roar of the take offs disturbed him. 'Twas his rosary he had in his hand, we're sure.

KC Servers' Club

Since 1929 we have had the Dialog Mass Around Victory Noll, but it still left us with an acolyte problem. Because of transportation difficulties (Victory Noll is too far from town for a daily bicycle ride), it was hard to obtain altar boys. The Church, however, is very strict on this score.

Around Victory Noll

South America. Monsignor attended the first Inter-American Marian Congress in Buenos Aires as an official U.S. delegate. He then made a fact-finding tour of Catholic publications in the larger South American cities. His jet schedule made us realize how small our world has become.

Incidentally, on the return trip when Monsignor boarded the plane in Lima, he discovered that one of his fellow passengers was Father Patrick Peyton, en route home from his Rosary Crusade in Chile. Anyone who has ever met Father

The Huntington Knights of Columbus have provided the perfect solution to the problem. Last fall they organized a Servers' Club. Two Knights serve every morning, a week at a time. Always punctual and always reverent, they are an inspiration to us. We are deeply grateful to them, and they, we know, appreciate the privilege of taking such an intimate part in the Holy Sacrifice.

Father Lester Transferred

In religious life it is sometimes necessary to make changes in mid-term. That is

what happened when Father Lester, O.F.M.Cap., was made director of Capuchin Brothers at Mount Calvary, Wis. Father had been one of our confessors and was on the faculty of our junior college. Besides, he taught the CCD adult education classes held at Victory Noll for the Huntington Deanery.

We wish Father Lester success in his new work and we welcome his successor, Father Gregory. Father Kurt has taken over the CCD classes. He and Father Aloysius continue to instruct our novices and postulants. Father Hilary, master of novices at St. Felix Friary, gives the weekly conference for our entire community.

Stamp Fund Richer

Do we still want trade stamps Around Victory Noll? Yes, we do. There are many things we need for the infirmary. The dining room and kitchen are not yet furnished. The laundry is barren except for a lone washer and drier — bought with stamps.

The "stamp fund" got a boost of 3,000 stamps when Sister Rose Elizabeth of our chancery convent in Fort Wayne, was the lucky winner in a drawing at one of the local supermarkets.

Two other sisters received an unexpected number of stamps at a filling station, though not nearly that many. It seems they went to Fort Wayne without adding extra gas to the tank. Whether they did not want to

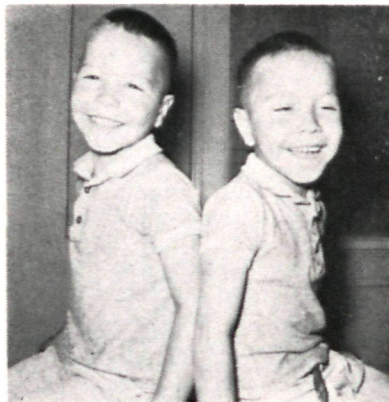
take the trouble or they thought they had enough, I would not say.

They were almost home, but the gauge had been registering empty for a while so they stopped at a small station on the highway and asked for two gallons of gas. They explained rather apologetically to the lady attendant that they had a tank at home and didn't like to buy more right now. They also told her where they were from, but from her remarks they could see she had Victory Noll confused with the Capuchin Novitiate. This is not unusual in Huntington. Even after all these years people are directed to St. Felix Friary when they are looking for Victory Noll and vice versa.

When the lady brought the change to the sisters she asked whether they saved stamps. Did they! They then told her about the new building and all the things they were getting with stamps. Thereupon she gave them all she had, a real windfall.

When the travelers related this story Around Victory Noll some of the sisters were shocked to think they would buy only two gallons of gas. *They* wouldn't ask information at a filling station without having the tank filled. We — I mean they — *had* thanked the lady profusely, though, and invited her to visit Victory Noll and see all the things we get with stamps. She has not come yet. Maybe she went to the Capuchins by mistake. SEA

In the Home Field



Saul and Paul Martinez are dubbed the Before-and-After Twins. Do you know why?

REPLACE THE ASHES?

What "Sister says" carries more weight with our pupils than what their public school teachers tell them. The teachers know this and often call on us to settle a difficulty.

On Ash Wednesday one principal came to us in a dilemma. The photographer was coming to take the school pictures, but the teachers were unable to persuade the children — nearly all Catholics — to remove the ashes from their foreheads. The principal was very kind and wondered whether the children could have the ashes replaced after they had had their pictures taken!

SISTER CHARLENE

CALL NO MAN FATHER

As we drove up to the church in one of our small missions (in a very Protestant part of our country), an elderly man approached and asked us what we thought of planting winter wheat along the boundary of the property to prevent erosion on the slope.

We thought it would be a good idea, but we said, "You'd better see Father about it; he will be here very soon."

"Oh," said the man, "are you his daughters?"

We tried hard to keep our faces straight as we explained, "No, no. We are teachers. We teach the children in his parish."

SISTER BEATRICE



DOESN'T MAKE SENSE

A little boy, pointing to our barbecue pit, wanted to know what it was. I explained that it was an outdoor fireplace. At

ORCHESTRA SEATS

We are no longer able to teach in the fire hall as we have been doing for years. The borough council decided that because so many different groups were asking to use it, they would have to refuse all. The lone Catholic on the council, after trying in vain to keep our classes there, scouted around to find another place. As a result, Sister Mary Regina's fourth graders now have fine front row seats in the theater every Saturday morning.

SISTER MIRIAM

* * *

DON BOSCO STYLE

The Passionist Fathers from Sierra Madre have set up a kind of exchange program with some of the parishes. Their newly

that he was more puzzled than ever before. He asked, "Sister, how can you keep warm when your fireplace is here and your house over there?"

SISTER INEZ



Wrong! Sister Margaret Louise hasn't gone back to horse and buggy days. She is just investigating an Amish conveyance.

ordained priests are getting valuable experience in teaching Confraternity classes.

In one parish where the priests are teaching eighth and ninth grade boys I said to one of them, "Please, Father, don't leave anything valuable on the table. Some boys borrow and forget to return things."

"Sister," Father said, "I don't care what they take, just so they don't steal my lesson plan!"

One of the Fathers is very clever at sleight-of-hand tricks. Imagine the excitement among the boys when he began multiplying small sponges inside clenched fists. He also found cigarets behind the boys' ears. No need to tell you how much the boys like their new teachers.

SISTER AMELIA

CCD MOTHERS' DAY

by SISTER MARY ALICE

TUESDAY morning — the day assigned for teacher training classes at our center here in Azusa, California — it is a common sight to see women alighting from their cars and unloading portable play pens. These they arrange under the walnut trees in our yard and then re-

turn to the cars for the children.

One day I was amazed to see a little woman (she could hardly have been over five feet, one) with a twin girl in each arm and a five-year-old boy accompanying her. The average attendance of women is



Among the children are three sets of twins — the four little girls in the play pen and the three-year-old boys at the left.



Father Thomas Cassidy of Glendora has in interested group of students for his doctrine course. The little ones who stayed with their mothers promised to be quiet.

twenty-five and of pre-school children fifteen.

The mothers get up early to prepare breakfast for their husbands and get the older children off to school. Then they turn their attention to the little ones they will bring with them.

The fee for child care in the home is an impossible luxury. Most of these mothers send their children to parochial schools and make real sacrifices to pay their tuition. One woman is the mother of ten.

To solve the problem we appealed to a parishioner who had registered as a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Helper. She agreed to come to the convent each Tuesday morning and remain with the babies between the hours of nine and eleven. The children are very happy with her.

These are valiant women indeed who make such sacrifices not only to learn more for themselves about their religion, but to learn how to impart it to others.

News from a New Mission

by SISTER JACINTA

"COULD you please tell us where Our Lady of Perpetual Help Catholic Church is?" was our inquiry at a service station in New Braunfels, Texas.

"No, ma'am, I don't know where it is." And neither did the other man sitting on the step know.

After several more inquiries we found the church and our new convent, three blocks from the gas station where we had stopped for information. No brass band or fire works heralded our arrival; just a quiet, warm welcome from our pastor and his assistant.

New Braunfels is a pretty little town with a population of around 18,000. The people are

friendly and helpful. Our pleasant convent is in two parts, really. The original little rock house consisted of four very small rooms with kitchen and bath. It was not large enough for three VERY TALL sisters and one VERY SHORT sister, so the parish made an addition to it. Work was still being done on this new part when we moved into the old part the latter part of August.

We were somewhat startled when Father told us he would like to have the blessing of the chapel and convent on Labor Day even though the new part was not yet finished. Following the blessing, there would be open house.

What in the world were we



Besides doing the carpenter work in the convent chapel, Mr. Luciano Guajardo and Mr. Elias Amaro did many odd jobs for the sisters. Everything is big in Texas, but we think the mailbox is a gag. From left: Sr. M. Josephine, Sr. Dennis Rose, Sr. Jacinta, Sr. John Celeste. Sulema Rodrigues does all the stencil work for the sisters.



It would be impossible to enumerate all the favors Mr. and Mrs. Ben Shefman have done for the sisters. Very Rev. Msgr. H. S. Herbst (top row, right), pastor, New Braunfels, blessed the convent. Other priests are, from left: Rev. Francis Kunz, MSF, pastor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Rev. Charles Neibel, MSF, assistant; Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. J. Hubertus, VF, and Rev. Aloys M. Hepp, MSF, Seguin. The Divine Providence Sisters staff SS. Peter and Paul parochial school. OLVMs from New Braunfels and San Antonio. Sr. Dennis Rose had not yet arrived. Sr. Dennis Rose and Sr. John Celeste with two valuable helpers, Mrs. Rose and Manuela Camarena.

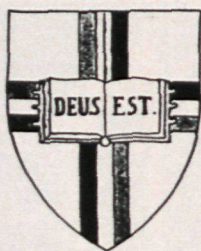
to do with all the belongings we had scattered throughout the house waiting for the cupboards that would provide storage space? Fortunately there was an empty shed on the grounds, so trip after trip we wore a path to the shed. Its roof did not look too sturdy. We prayed that it would not rain until after the blessing.

That day was memorable indeed. Our sisters from San Antonio, who had seen everything a short time ago in an unbelievable mess, were astonished at the transformation. We did not take any guests to the shed.

Our mission work is in Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish and its mission, Holy Family, at the other end of town. In January when the migrants re-

turn to their homes, we will teach in Hunter, twelve miles from New Braunfels. Meanwhile, we are busy taking the census in New Braunfels. We have also begun adult education courses in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. We are conducting courses for Helpers, Fishers, and Discussion Club leaders and will eventually have Teacher Training classes.

From what we have seen of New Braunfels and its environs we agree with the Chamber of Commerce description: "Gateway to the hill country, scenic wonderland, home of beautiful Landa Park, set deep in the Heart of Texas, and a people whose friendliness is legendary in Texas. . ."



Your CCD Question

Among those who wish to do Confraternity work there is one woman who is married invalidly. Should she be included in the CCD reception ceremony? I know she cannot gain the indulgences. Should she be received at all? I made it clear to her that she could not be a teacher or a fisher, but might be a helper.

This question poses a delicate problem, and certainly it is not an isolated one. Unfortunately, every parish has its quota of persons who are not married in the Church. Evidently your case is one in which the marriage cannot be convalidated.

We submitted your question to Father Collins, the Director of the National Center of the Confraternity in Washington, and this is the answer he gives:

You are quite right in saying that she could not be a teacher or a fisher, but might be a helper. As to the CCD reception ceremony, all would depend on whether there might be scandal involved. If she were known publicly as being out-

side the Church, it seems that there might be some scandal. The CCD reception ceremony, although not liturgical, is nevertheless a public demonstration of the faith. You would have to decide whether the good results of her reception outweigh the bad results; namely, scandal.

* * *

What techniques would you suggest using with students in the Parish High School of Religion?

What techniques you use depend on the subject you are studying, the grade, etc. Oral presentation can be used very often. Group discussion is good. Solving problems is challenging. Supervised study might be used occasionally. You will want to use questioning, but be careful; adolescents are easily embarrassed.

Sister Martha has a first grader in Oklahoma who says he wants to be a scientist when he grows up. When she asked him in class to name something God had made, he said, "A dinosaur."

BOOKS

Go to Heaven by Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, D.D. McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 330 West 42nd St., New York 36, N.Y. \$4.50

Lots of people are always telling others to go to the opposite place, but no one ever says, "Go to heaven!" Bishop Sheen not only bids us go to heaven, but gives us a road map for getting there.

Frankly, I expected this book to be warmed over fare, but found it, instead, to be sparkingly fresh. Though it does, by the bishop's own admission, cover some of the same ground as his previous books, nevertheless the subjects are here presented with new life and vigor. Bishop Sheen begins with the story of the Fall and the Incarnation and then shows us how we can overcome our sins and weaknesses, cooperate with God's grace, and reach heaven.

As you would expect, the author's approach is very modern and his examples are geared to the space age. So logical is his explanation of the Church that it is difficult to understand how an unbeliever could read and not be convinced. Bishop Sheen, however, emphasizes again and again that faith is necessary.

The religious instructor will read this book with notebook beside him so that he can jot

down the stories, comparisons, and examples to use in class. He will find these especially valuable in preparing his high school classes, but they will serve him well also whether his students are adults or small children.

This would be an excellent book to put into the hands of a friend who is not a Catholic. Because the author is so well known and revered and because it is interesting, the book would be read.

* * * *

Pauline Mysticism: Christ in the Mystical Teaching of St. Paul by Alfred Wikenhauser. Translated by Rev. Joseph Cunningham. Herder and Herder, 7 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y. \$4.50.

Those who are familiar with Professor Wikenhauser's approach to a problem know that with characteristic German thoroughness, he usually explores the meanings of words and then goes on to investigate the theological implications. The problem here is whether there is a mystical element in the theology and spirituality of St. Paul.

The author uses the word "mystic" in its wider sense — that form of spirituality which strives after (or experiences) an immediate contact (or union) of the soul with God.

He first examines the forms in which St. Paul expresses his

doctrine and explores the meanings of the terms the Apostle uses so frequently: "in Christ," "of Christ," "Christ in us." Next he investigates the meaning of the nature of mystical union by analyzing St. Paul's phrases. "In Christ" expresses the mystical relation between the Christian and his Lord Triumphant. The term, "Christ in us," means that Christ is in Christians. He abides in them. This is another aspect of mystical relationship.

The author concludes that by the words "in Christ," Paul expresses his conviction that the Christian lives on a plane where his entire life is profoundly influenced by a divine power. He sums up his conclusions and then gives the opinions of Protestant theologians.

The next logical step in discussing union with Christ is the determination of the means by which this union is attained — that is, baptism — and the study of the way Paul expounds it.

Too often in a book of this kind, the references from Scripture are not written out, but merely indicated. Here, however, the complete passages are given. This makes things much easier for the reader. The reader, however, is not going to be what is referred to as the "general reader." According to the dust jacket the book should "appeal to layfolk who endeavour to deepen their spiritual lives by a careful and devout reading of the Scriptures,"

but I am inclined to think that it will be appreciated only by specialists. Not many layfolk will be reading *Pauline Mysticism* unless they need it for help in writing a dissertation.

* * *

Padre Pio, The Priest Who Bears the Wounds of Christ, by Oscar DeLiso. McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. \$4.95

This is a popular biography of the famous stigmatist. Father Pio is unique in that he is possibly the only priest who has had the stigmata. He bore them invisibly for three years before they became visible September 20, 1918.

Father Pio was born in 1887 in the south of Italy. In order to better the condition of his family and to enable Francesco to study for the priesthood, his father, Orazio Forgione, went to America to work.

Francesco became a Capuchin and was given the name Pio. He was ordained a priest in 1910 and has resided at the friary in San Giovanni Rotondo near Foggia since March, 1918.

Father Pio has been subjected to the most minute medical examinations. The Capuchins themselves have always been cooperative in this. More remarkable, however, than the stigmata, the cures evidently effected by Father Pio, and the instances of bilocation attributed to him was his exemplary conduct when he was under a

cloud, as it were. For eight years he was restricted by the Holy Office and could not exercise his priestly office except to celebrate Mass.

With or without the stigmata Father Pio is a very holy priest whose whole life has been marked by compassion for the poor and the suffering. For those who suffer in the spirit he offers God's mercy in the confessional. For the sick and the poor he has built the House for the Relief of Suffering, a large hospital in San Giovanni Rotondo.

Oscar DeLiso knows the suffering of the peasants in the south of Italy as only one can know who has lived there. He tells the story of Father Pio feelingly and often dramatically, but then, his is a dramatic story to tell.

The book could have been better edited. Some of the author's terms are traceable to his unfamiliarity with the English language, no doubt. A few are very amusing; for instance, calling a Capuchin's cord his "sash"; and the place where they say the Divine Office the "chorus" instead of choir. Most of the time the author refers to Father Pio as a monk. Occasionally he says friar, but then, few make the proper distinction between friar and monk, friary, monastery, priory, etc. The editor could have caught "stigmated" which is used all through the book for stigmatized.

However, even the most discriminating will have to admit that this life of Father Pio is a most interesting one, sympathetically told.

In Memoriam

William Lenges, Terre Haute, Ind., father of
Sister Magdalene, O.L.V.M.

Mrs. Sophie Fortier, Detroit, mother of
Sister Mary Paula, O.L.V.M.

Mrs. Anna Maloney, Hampton, Va., mother of
Sister William Ann, O.L.V.M.

Walter J. Ksycki, Breese, Ill., brother of
Sister Martin, O.L.V.M.

Rev. John H. Antony, North Star, Ohio

Mrs. Rose Owens, Chicago

Frank Lewis, Chicago

Bernard Haefner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Frank Dempey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. B. J. Reynolds, Oskaloosa, Iowa

Ursula Wilkinson

Frank Hoffman, Bruce, South Dakota

James Blunt, Desloge, Mo.

Margaret McCarten, Fargo, N. D.

Dr. Orville Egbert, El Paso, Texas

Everett Doupe, Detroit

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

Editor's By-Line

Since I wrote that zoo column I have learned that I am in good company in my fondness for zoos. With these revelations have come invitations. Of all who wrote, none were so eloquent as those who told me about the San Diego Zoo. They spell it lovingly with a capital Z, and made a trip to their Zoo very enticing indeed.

At the risk of having someone draw sinister conclusions, I will tell you which animals are my favorites. They are the Big Cats — the lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars. They fascinate me. For good measure I will admit that I also like Little Cats.

Once we had a cat at Victory Noll. Since we got him from the Capuchins, we named him Cappy. Cappy acted more like a playful puppy than a kitten. When you weren't looking, he would make a leap and land right on your lap. Now and then he would appear inside the convent, although that was out of bounds for him. Inevitably this invasion would take place when the community was assembled in the dining room or chapel.

At least once Cappy got as far as the sanctuary. It so happened that I was the sacristan. I made the mistake of lunging after him. He dashed across the sanctuary and into the sacristy.

The candles were lighted for Benediction, and many of the sisters were already in chapel.

I caught Cappy, but what was I to do with him? How was I to get him back to the other sacristy where I could put him out the door? In my simplicity I thought that I could tuck him under my arm, and my dark habit and white veil would be a perfect camouflage for his black and white coat. I will merely say here that they weren't. Cappy and I provided a merry distraction to the congregation.

As is the way with kittens, Cappy grew to be a cat and took to nocturnal prowling. When he turned up in the morning with a battered ear I would scold him, but it did no good. I guess he thought I should be proud of him, for he looked at me reproachfully as if to say, "You should see the other cat!"

When he was a cute kitten he was "ours," but when he took to disgraceful ways, I noticed he was more and more referred to as "yours." I was the chief — and perhaps only — mourner when Charlie came to work one morning and reported that Cappy had met his end on US 24 during the night.

To this day I never admitted it, but I was somewhat relieved. Cappy had become a nuisance. SEA

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WE often hear it said that Our Blessed Mother will be the link between East and West. We believe we can say also that Mary's icon will be the link. It is difficult to imagine the Easterner being attracted to our Western Madonnas, but the icon cannot help but attract us of the West.

It is related of St. Bernadette that she turned from most pictures of the Mother of God, but was drawn to the Byzantine painting known as St. Luke's Madonna. Here she found what other images did not have, for an icon is wholly spiritual. Our Blessed Mother's face is one of immense pity, gentleness, and love, with an ageless expression of peace, mercy, and patience.

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