

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 39

JANUARY 1963

Number 2



## *"I Didn't Miss, Sister!"*

by SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE

AS A SPECIAL project for the school year, I decided to try to get more children to make the nine First Fridays. I told them that each month I would remind them.

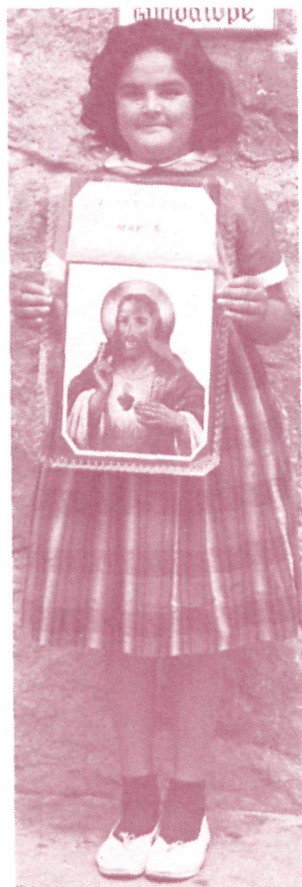
The First Friday in October came, and nearly all the boys and girls in my various classes received Holy Communion. As the months passed, however, enthusiasm waned, and some found it difficult to make the extra sacrifices entailed.

Not so Sarah. Each month she got up very early and received Holy Communion on First Friday. Toward the end of April she became ill and missed school and religion class. She was not present when I reminded the children of the First Friday in May.

When Sarah returned to class I was about to tell her how sorry I was that she had to miss her eighth First Friday, but she surprised me instead with her story.

"I was still sick in bed so I asked my mother to call the doctor and ask him if I could go to church. He said, 'No, she is too sick.' Then I asked Mother to call Father and tell him I didn't want to miss my First Friday Communion. Father came to our house and gave me Holy Communion. Now I have only one more First Friday to go!"


That First Friday in June was not Sarah's last. She has continued to "make" the First Fridays.



Sarah

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

January 1963

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Member, Catholic Press Association

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

Entered as second class matter on December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. Issued monthly from September to June. Subscription one dollar a year.

# *Adventure in Supervision*

by SISTER MARY CAROLYN

NO REGULAR classes of children to teach; were my ears deceiving me? That was the first thought that came to my mind when the diocesan CCD director asked two of us sisters to withdraw from our teaching assignments in the school of religion and devote our time to the supervision of lay teachers in the Confraternity program.

With the growth of the Confraternity during the past ten years, many dedicated lay people have volunteered their services in parish schools of religion. Some have had more training than others, but all require special help in their first years of teaching.

After much discussion we decided — in order to make our work of supervision more effective — to concentrate our efforts in three centers only. There we would assist both the elementary and the high school teachers. In this way we would have the opportunity to work with the same person more than once. We would not try to visit all the classrooms of the center on one day, but would give our time to one or at most, two teachers. In addition to the direct classroom observation, we would also help the teachers through

private consultations and small group meetings.

Naturally, the classroom observation periods proved to be the most difficult aspect of the program for both supervisor and teacher. I was truly grateful for my years of teaching experience in almost every grade because it helped me to approach the problems of the lay teacher with sympathy and understanding and from a practical point of view. The lay teachers realized also that the theoretical knowledge they had acquired in the teacher training classes meant much more to them when it was put into practice.

As the school year advanced, I was pleased and edified with the response from the lay teachers. They were always eager to do whatever they could to improve their teaching. The perseverance and zeal they displayed were very encouraging. Some of them devoted many hours to background reading and to preparing visual aids for their classes.

However, the picture was not completely rosy. There were times when nostalgia for the "good old days" came upon me — the days when I myself was the teacher and the class was



all mine. There were occasions when it was difficult to watch the faltering efforts of the neophyte teacher and resist the temptation to take over the class.

At such times I could take consolation from an incident in the life of the late Dr. Thomas Dooley. He had trained natives to work in one of his hospitals and then had to leave it for a few years. When he returned for a visit, he found that the natives were not doing things as he would. That was all right, he said; he had brought the hospital up to nineteenth century standards, but when he left, it had gone back to sev-

enteenth century level. Again, he said that was all right, for the people were living according to fifteenth century standards!

That is not a perfect parallel in this case, but it might be stretched a point. By their own admission the lay teachers realize that they are not doing so good a job as the sisters did, but at any rate these schools of religion have advanced from the time when two teachers took all the children in two groups — six grades to a group.

Were there any problem teachers in my year of supervision? Yes, I had one. She was the elusive type. Since she was



**From every part of the country Victory Noll Sisters receive requests to give CCD teacher training courses. Sister Mary Lucille points out an important paragraph to an interested pupil in Orlando, Fla.**



in need of special help, I arranged to teach her class one Saturday in order to let her observe **me**. Then I planned to return in two weeks to observe **her**.

Saturday came. I taught, but there was no teacher observing. The wily one was doing her Christmas shopping! On another occasion she slipped away too. Although I made it a practice to notify a teacher of an approaching visit, I decided to put aside the rule in this case. Alas, the teacher was not prepared and stumbled miserably through the class. She persevered, however, and so did I. Since then she has

shown promise of becoming very good indeed.

At the close of the term we held our last meetings with the teachers and examined the year in retrospect. Almost everyone felt that the goals outlined in September had been achieved, at least partially. They looked forward to the challenge of next year's teaching and in the meantime made plans to use spare time in the summer to read and study.

Thus it was that our first year of supervision closed on a hopeful note. Teachers will improve. So will supervisors.

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## *The Precepts in Art*

by SISTER M. CLEMENT

THE CHILDREN in my classes (fourth, fifth, and sixth graders) had been studying the six laws of the Church. What assignment could I give them so that they would not only memorize these laws, but understand them as fully as possible?

Ah, came the thought, maybe now was the time to try a bit of those "creative assignments" I had learned so much about. Not having the slightest creative ability myself, I was some-

what leary. Nevertheless I would give the idea a try.

In my classes during the next week I told the children that I wanted them to draw a picture to represent each of the six laws of the Church. Over each picture they were to print the precept. Having a very innate understanding of some people's lack of artistic ability, I assured the boys and girls that grading would not be based on the art work.

At the first class the following week, one pupil appeared



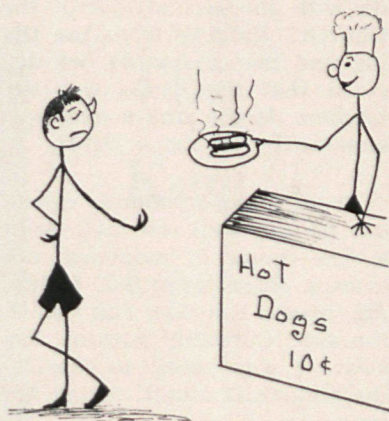
carrying a large roll of white paper. It was not only I whose curiosity was aroused. Everyone in the class was asking to see the paper. But no, the proud owner was not going to unroll it until class time. Then I realized that it was his homework. My curiosity was at high pitch.

When the paper was finally unfurled, it disclosed six large representations. That was only the beginning. By the end of the week I had acquired many new ideas.

Each paper revealed a child's individuality. Some used six separate sheets. Some did the work in technicolor. Others used symbols. Some pictures were conspicuous for detail. Most of the art work exceeded anything I could do.

The first law of the Church seemed to be easy to depict. I am not saying that all the altar furnishings on every picture were in exact proportion. But they had the idea.

"To fast and abstain on the days appointed," brought a great variety of ideas and a display of originality. There seemed to be lots of ways to picture the Friday abstinence. There were homes with Catholic calendars sporting colorful fish on the Fridays. There were tables with attractive platters of fish. There were children ordering meatless sandwiches.



The artist of the white roll had pictured the meat section of a cafeteria with a Catholic calendar in the background. The menu included hot dogs with an X through them, steaks also with an X and — fish without an X.

One of the pictures illustrating the second precept I found very bewildering. When the mystery was finally cleared, however, the idea behind it was obvious.

This particular paper arrived in the Friday class. By that time I was certain I had seen every way of showing meatless days. But no, here was something new. I puzzled over it, wondering just what was the idea. I consulted another sister and we mused over it together.

The picture was done neatly. Yes. But what did it have to



do with the second law of the Church? Judging from the tiling and the cupboards, we decided that the locale was the kitchen. At the sink a man was apparently taking a drink.

There was no Catholic calendar on the wall, no table with a fish menu in evidence, not even a stove with fish frying. Ah, maybe the man had fish in the sink. Certainly nothing was clear. I was ready to classify the picture as vague, to say the least.

Then light dawned. Who needed to study the laws of the Church? Two sisters, maybe. There we were on a fast day in Lent wondering why the man was taking a glass of water. It was so simple. The man was fasting.

I looked quickly for the name of the genius who had produced the picture. Wouldn't you guess it! The artist had failed to add his signature.

When Friday rolled around again I held up the picture and asked the owner to explain it. My eyes went inadvertently to the back rows where I had some very intelligent sixth graders.

But to my amazement a plump little fourth grader popped up right in front of me. His explanation was eloquent

in its simplicity. "On the week-days of Lent people that are over twenty-one cannot eat snacks between meals. They can just have things to drink."

My class in this center has to be during the lunch hour. The children eat while I teach. Judging from the amount of food I had seen this boy consume, I would have been sure he would never understand fasting.

The third and fourth laws of the Church were easy to illustrate. All the ideas were clear. But have you ever tried to draw Father hearing confessions or distributing Holy Communion? Those who were geared to my style of art drew closed confessionals and covered ciboria.

Many original ideas came forth with the sixth law. One girl drew a small foreign car. Decorating it was the traditional sign: "Just married." Not so traditional was the addition to the sign. It read: "Never to devors."

By the end of the week I had a different feeling toward creative assignments. True, not everyone had handed in a paper. And I would not say it was a fool-proof assignment so far as errors are concerned. A few students managed to squeeze in a fallacy or two. For this the prize would go to the boy who listed the sixth precept: TO MARRY AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.





Assembly for act of consecration before en-  
throning the Sacred Heart in the individual  
classrooms of the catechetical center.

# The King Comes

by  
SISTER  
STEPHEN

"WHAT WOULD YOU do if a great King came to live right in your home?"

The eyes of the little ones in front of me twinkled with surprise and delight when I posed this question.

We'd make a throne for him and treat him real nice," responded Rosemary gleefully.

"We'd all mind him 'cause he'd be the boss and we'd always be nice to each other when he was around," added Susan coyly.

By the time the children's ideas were exhausted, my eyes too were twinkling merrily. I paused for just a second before explaining.

"Well, children, a King IS coming — right here to our town. And what is more, He is not coming as a guest. He is coming to stay. He will live right here with us in our catechetical center and rule over us as our King."

Eyes had now become as big as saucers. The children stared in utter bewilderment, fixed in their seats, waiting for further





**A representative from each class holds the picture or statue while Father blesses it.**

enlightenment. Finally someone managed to blurt out, "But who . . . why . . . when . . . ?"

Yes, a King really was on the way — or better yet, the King of Kings, Our Lord. He would be enthroned, given a place of honor in every classroom. Each room would become a royal sanctuary from which the Sacred Heart would govern and bless. Every classroom would be a powerhouse of grace, generating blessings to all who came to learn God's law of love.

There was a tingle of excitement in the air on the day of the Enthronement. Most of the children were in their Sunday finery with sprays of real or artificial flowers clutched jeal-

ously in their hands. These were to be their token of homage to the newly enthroned King.

The Enthronement would take place after Mass. How the morning dragged as their flowers wilted and anticipation mounted. Finally the bell for Mass rang and all hurried to church.

"Come, Lord Jesus," they prayed, "come upon our altar, come into our hearts, come as King of our school."

After Mass a child representative of each class proudly approached the communion rail bearing a picture or statue to



**The procession to the school begins.**

The Missionary Catechist



be blessed. After the blessing we went in procession to the catechetical center, singing the praises of the Sacred Heart as we went. Each classroom had its individual Enthronement while the children from all the other classes continued the sweet background of hymns.

Dark eyes glowed as the Sacred Heart was given His place of honor in each room. And oh how proud we were to have such a King in our midst. Now our classroom was more than just an ordinary one; it was a royal palace.

I tried to read the minds of the children as I scanned their happy faces. Yes, we had made Him a throne. Now we would have to be sure always to "treat Him nice." And, of course, "we'd always mind Him 'cause He is the Boss." And we mustn't forget "to be nice to each other" because He is here now in a special way.

We had made Jesus more than King of our classrooms. We had given Him yet a greater Kingdom — our hearts. There He must reign supreme.

Happily the children skipped home that day — glowing and joyful because the King had really come.





# In the Home Field

They were pre-schoolers I was teaching — children from three to five years. I prepared my class on the angels very, very carefully. I wanted to use a vocabulary simple enough for these little ones.

"God made the angels," I said. "We cannot see the angels."

"Yes, I know," chimed in a four-year-old. "They are pure spirits."

"They are invisible," added another child.

When we came to the story of creation I made blackboard drawings of the usual elephants, tigers, lions. A three-year-old said, "Now, Sister, make some dinosaurs."

SISTER MARY GABRIELLE



Charlie (center) likes to read and is generous in sharing his many books with his fellow acolytes. Here he is showing them his latest treasure — a book on the Mass.

## RED CARPET

Double sessions and a ten-minute cut in released time in one of our towns make our work more difficult this year. However, we have many things to be grateful for. For instance, the new trailer in Ontario (Calif.), only a dream last year, is following a busy schedule. We believe that Our Lady of Guadalupe Church has achieved a first in the diocese by its classroom trailer. At least it must be the only one that has red curtains and a rug down the center aisle. The trailer has cut down the number of garage classrooms we had been using.

SISTER CHARLENE

## COOPERATION

This letter might well be headed "Parental Cooperation." It was written by a mother who is not a Catholic and was sent to class with her two children on the second day of religion class. Bonnie is in the second grade: "DeDe," whose real name is Margaret, is in kindergarten. The letter follows:

Sister dear—

Please subscribe for any material that DeDe and Bonnie should have. Tell Bonnie how much the rate will be in full and I shall send the money along with the girls at the next session.

Bonnie has studied her Hail Mary [she knew the Our Father], Act of Contrition, Morning Offering, Guardian Angel, Glory be to the Father, and Before Meal Blessing.

DeDe has studied the Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, and Before Meals offering. Thank you.

Mrs. L

I might add that the progress the girls made in subsequent weeks matched their initial efforts.

SISTER ALMA MARIE



"We always stand at the Holy Gospel," says Freddie, "because it is the Word of God." Sister Evelyn Marie holds the chart while Freddie explains the posture of the people at the different parts of Holy Mass.

## PARKING SPACE

The snow was deep and the icicles were long. I was waiting for my class to arrive and wondering why the children were so slow, the boys especially. Finally a girl gave the reason for the delay. The boys had stopped to park.

It sounded odd. I thought to myself, "Who would ever think of trying to ride a bicycle in such deep snow?"

The boys arrived and the mystery was solved. They had been collecting long icicles on their way to class. One of the sisters, noticing them, had told them to "park their icicles" until after class. Hence the delay; they were parking their icicles in the snowbanks.

SISTER ROSE ZITA



# Sister on the Street

by SISTER M. DE PORRES

A COUNTERPART of the "Man on the Street" program might be called "Sister on the Street," but without microphone or TV camera.

Every Friday at two o'clock last year I would leave St. Joseph's parish plant in Upland, California, to meet a bus of public school children at the corner of Campus and San Ysidro streets, across busy U. S. Highway 66, and escort them to their religion classes.

As the year passed, my friends increased. One of them was Mr. Holloway, the policeman, who took his duty very seriously. It was his job to see that the children and I crossed the eight-lane highway in safety.

After bidding Mr. Holloway the time of day I would next return the greetings of the residents of this Mexican neighborhood. They would stand in the doorway or come out to the street to say "hello."

Meanwhile, calling and waving to me from their vantage

point under the street sign fully two blocks away were Jesse and Rachel. They could not run to meet me, for they had orders not to cross the street. Besides, they had a job — at least Jesse did. He was very proud of it and faithful in accomplishing it. Jesse's big brother Albert who is in the first grade would be getting off the bus to go to religion class. Jesse's duty was to exchange Albert's religion book for his lunch box. When the transaction was completed, Jesse, with little sister Rachel trailing behind him, would run triumphantly home.

The kind bus driver always seemed happy to deliver the children to me. By the time the whole group were gathered together, we were ready to start our trip to church. The policeman guarded the frisky boys and helped keep order, and then we all crossed before eight lanes of amused drivers.

Our next stop was before a lovely statue of Our Blessed Mother at the entrance to the parish grounds. Here we stood





"Hi, Sister!" wave Jesse and Rachel.



The children tumble out of the school bus.



With Mr. Holloway's help, Sister DePorres herds her flock across the highway.





**A pause to greet Our Blessed Mother.**

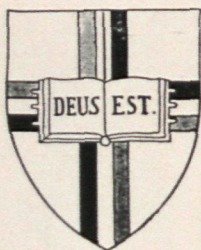
as still as we could and greeted her with a Hail Mary.

Then came a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. We were always very sure Our Lord knew we were coming, and I was always glad when there was no one praying in church. Only Our Lord and a Missionary Sister would understand the church manners of seventy first, second, and third graders dashing in after a hard day at school.

After a short tussle before the bubbler and a few smacks at the tether ball, each grade lined up before their respective room and teacher and waited for the Catholic school children to pass.

We had finally reached our goal, the goal set for "Sister on the Street" when she started out at two o'clock to meet the public school boys and girls for their religion classes.





In our parish we are very much in need of Confraternity lay teachers for our released time classes. Two young women have just offered their services, but I hesitate to accept them. I would like your opinion. They are graduates of a State University. They have not had a Confraternity teacher training course. Because of circumstances, it is impossible for them to take the course this year. Should I let them teach in our school of religion?

We would advise against it. Even professional teachers need special courses to teach religion. You would not accept women on the teaching staff of your parochial school unless they were well qualified. Religion is the most important of subjects. A child's whole religious outlook can be ruined by an incompetent teacher. It is unbelievable what even good Catholics have been known to teach a "catechism class."

## Your CCD Question

We must keep our standards high in our schools of religion. Too many still have the idea that "anyone can teach religion." Happily, though, such an attitude is passing.

Perhaps you can use the two volunteers in some other capacity. They might act as Helpers. Then by all means try to arrange for them to take the CCD teacher training course.

\* \* \*

### RESOURCEFUL

A CCD Helper in one religion class was in a great dilemma on a particular day when she could not find the chalk she needed to write the assignment on the board for Sister. And no one around whom she could ask! What to do? Deftly she rummaged through her hand bag and found an aspirin. It might not write too brightly, but when Sister and the class arrived they could easily read it.

SISTER MARY NICHOLAS

\* \* \*

On a test paper in a CCD teacher training course, a student wrote: "The best visual aid is the eye."



## BOOKS



### **The Key Concepts of St. Paul**

by Francois Amiot. Foreword by Mother Kathryn Sullivan, R.S.C.J. Herder and Herder, New York. \$4.95

Although many themes found in St. Paul might be the basis of profound study, the author has chosen what he considers the dominant theme — salvation.

He begins with two preliminary chapters that give the historical background for the book. The first treats of St. Paul's miraculous conversion; the second, his writings. These opening chapters are followed by an exposition of "The Great Reality: Salvation." Like Cerafaux, Father Amiot believes that the term "salvation" expresses the idea that is really dominant in St. Paul, even though it might be less frequently met with in the epistles than "grace" and "justice." Redemption, incorporation in the dead and risen Christ, justification and grace he sees as elements in a wider and more comprehensive reality — that of universal salvation.

Over and over the author, following St. Paul, emphasizes

the gratuitous nature of salvation. It was God's loving design. Man therefore must adopt an attitude of complete humility. He has no right to glorify himself because he counts for nothing in his own elevation to the supernatural order.

Father Amiot outlines the preparation for salvation — the Fall, Abraham's Justification, Moses and the Law — and then describes Christ's saving work. This is one of the most beautiful and deeply moving parts of the book.

The author shows that the salvation of men is dependent entirely on the Son of God, incarnate, crucified, and glorified. He points out that the resurrection was the perfect fulfillment of Christ's sacrificial work. "When St. Paul speaks of Christ," he writes, "he makes little distinction between our Savior's successive states and, as it were, says everything at once. In his intuitive approach, he does not indicate explicitly the distinctions that theology had later to make, but there can be no doubt that, for him, Christ is a unique person who eternally pre-exists, who created the world, and saved it by His passion and resurrection. (p.111)

Father Amiot then discusses our salvation as individuals and as members of the Mystical Body. A fourth part of the book treats of Christian hope and eschatology.



The unique value of this work lies not only in the fact that the author follows St. Paul so closely, but that he makes him so clear and easy to understand. **The Key Concepts of St. Paul** is not only a rewarding study, but is a **spiritual** book in every sense of the term.

\* \* \*

The following charts and posters are published by the Daughters of St. Paul, Boston 30, Mass.

Six-color **Catechetical Posters** size 15 by 20. \$4.00 a set.

Set I contains: Creation, Angels and Devils, Adam and Eve in Paradise, The Temptation and Fall, Promise of the Redeemer, Abel's Sacrifice, Jacob's Ladder, Moses in the Bullrushes, Call of Samuel.

Set II: Birth of Jesus, Childhood of Jesus, Baptism of Jesus, Jesus Forgives Mary Magdalene, Raising of Jairus' Daughter, Rich Young Man, Last Supper, Calvary, Jesus Taken Down from the Cross, Jesus Gives Apostles Power to Forgive Sins, Pentecost.

Set III: Jesus Teaches Prayer, Good Shepherd, Prodigal Son, Rich Man and Beggar, Wheat and Cockle, Baptism in

the Catecombs, Martyrdom, Jesus Renews His Sacrifice of the Cross in the Mass, Holy Communion, Our Blessed Mother.

The coloring of these charts is beautiful, but the portrayal of Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother, the Apostles, and the Angels is disappointing. They are not "strong" and virile. On the other hand, some of the pictures are excellent — Moses in the Bullrushes, for instance; and the Rich Man and Lazarus. All the titles are given in English, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

**Sunday Gospels in Pictures**  
With Accompanying Texts and Epistles Explained and Applied to Daily Life. Illustrations by G. B. Conti. 7¼ x 10½, \$2.50.

The front of each poster is green on white; the back, blue on white. On the front are the title, a picture, a short passage from the Holy Gospel and a brief sentence on the Sunday or feast. On the back are a symbol, a thought for the day, and a passage from the Lesson read in the Mass. The sketches are good, but the "thoughts" could be improved upon. There is not enough depth to them.

**Stations of the Cross.** 8 x 10, \$1.25. These are sepia on

cream-colored rippled paper. They show for the most part only the head of Christ. Other figures are merely suggested. The illustrations are by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Each station contains a verse by James Stack.

**The Seven Sacraments**, 7 posters, 13 x 11, 3 colors, \$1.00.

**The Twelve Articles of the Apostles' Creed**, 12 posters, 13 x 11; each in 2 colors, but all different. \$1.25

**The Commandments, Theological and Moral Virtues, and Precepts of the Church**, 12 posters 13½ x 11; 2 colors. \$1.25

All of these last three sets are in symbols and are very attractive. The price seems reasonable.

\* \* \*

**These Things I Wish for You**, Regina Record by the Jesus and Mary Choral Group directed by

Mother Marie Laetitia, R.J.M., 8910 Riggs Rd., Hyattsville, Md.

A year ago we recommended a Christmas Album by the Novices and Religious of Jesus and Mary. This — their newest venture — includes eleven popular songs (from "The Sound of Music," "The King and I," "Carousel," etc.) and the song that gives the record its title, "These Things I Wish for You." The enthusiastic, joyous singing will appeal to many listeners.

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**Pictorial History of Catholicism** by Marian McKenna. Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 East 40th St., New York 16, N.Y. \$12.50

It is a pleasure to recommend this volume. Both text and illustrations are excellent. The author is assistant professor of history at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart.

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## In Memoriam

Lawrence Desch, Topeka, Kans., brother of Sister Mary Barbara, O.L.V.M.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. A. Wekenman, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. Louis Conti, Guasti, Calif.

May C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Rose Greco, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Anastazy Jakubiak, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Anna Frej, Huntington, Ind.

Mrs. Dolores Tipton, Santa Rosa, N. Mex.



## *Editor's By-Line*

I live in a Thermopane building. Our new infirmary (I haven't mentioned it for a long time, have I?) has big Thermopane windows and still bigger Thermopane doors. I think they are wonderful but still I feel sorry for little girls who have to grow up in Thermopane houses — and for little boys, too, only I know more about little girls, having been one once.

Why do I feel sorry for them? Because they will never know the joy of frozen windows. Do you know many things more beautiful, more fascinating than frozen windows? Do you know of anything more fun to write and draw on?

As I remember them now, the frozen windows of my childhood were always fantastic and fairy-like. Never did they take the same form twice. Like snowflakes, the pattern was always different. We could discover wonderful pictures on the windows, just like the cloud pictures every child sees in the sky on a lazy summer day.

Most fun of all was drawing on the windows. You could do that on steamed-up windows, too, and some of my most delightful memories are of scrawling on the pane of our kitchen door, the air filled with delicious smells as we waited for the noon meal.

In those far-off days everyone in school went home for dinner. No one thought of bringing lunch. And we walked, too, many blocks. There were no car pools nor buses. In fact, I well remember that only two pupils out of the whole enrollment were driven to school by their mother. We thought that a bit odd.

Maybe they were simply anticipating what is accepted practice now, but I still think they missed a lot of fun. They missed being pelted with snowballs or with buckeyes, depending on the season. They missed the joy of scuffling through piles of leaves, of walking through alleys. I don't know why, but we imagined it was shorter to cut through alleys, though it wasn't always.

But to get back to my wall-to-wall windows. I might not be able to write on them; Jack Frost can trace no patterns on them; but the view beyond them is one that would move a millionaire to envy and a contemplative to ecstasy.

The expanse of snow is seldom disturbed except by the light feet of our little furry friends. Beyond it is a ravine, a tanglewood of trees and bushes. Sparkling with ice and snow, it is a window picture I never tire of looking at. Nor can I tire of praising the Artist with the words of the Holy Spirit: "Frost and cold, bless the Lord; ice and snow, bless the Lord. Let us praise and exalt Him above all forever." SEA

# *Wanda Accepts An Invitation*

by SISTER RUTH

WE HAD BEEN discussing the Ecumenical Council. "Pope John wants us all to pray hard and make sacrifices so that the Council will be a success," I said. "And he wants us to pray hard, too, that Jesus' prayer, 'That all may be one,' may be answered. The night before He died, Our Lord prayed that there might be one fold and one Shepherd — that all Christians would be members of the one, true Church."

"You mean that the Pentecostals can come to the Catholic Church?" asked the fourth and fifth graders.

"And the Methodists?"

"And the Presbyterians?"

"Yes, we would welcome them all into the Catholic Church. Didn't Jesus start the Church for all men to gain heaven? Jesus wants them in His Church, Pope John wants them, I want them, and you should want them, too."

"Do you mean they can even come to our religion class, Sister?"

"Yes, provided of course that they have their parents' permission."



Wanda's friends introduce her to Sister Ruth.

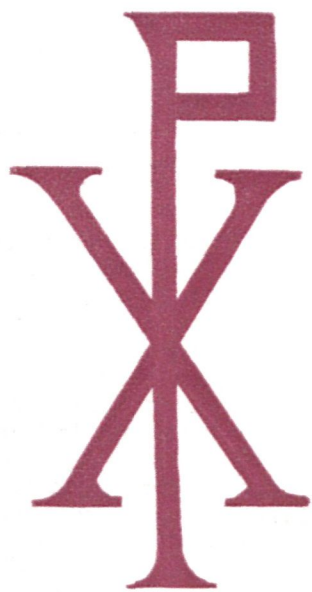
The very next day we got our first "sister-in-Christ" visitor. Wanda, a fifth grader, came to class armed with written permission from her parents. And a very apt pupil she turned out to be. Everything is so new to her. She is a real joy to teach.

"Sister," she said, when she came to her second class, "two days ago I didn't even know God made me. Now I know and I believe it."

In three days she learned all the prayers a fifth grader usually knows and the ten commandments, besides. In fact, she does much better than most of the class. She has learned to pray the Rosary and now she says it every day.

It might be a long time before Wanda is baptized, but the spark is there, and thanks to a few apostolic girls, the ecumenical movement has been given new impetus in the neighborhood.





Christ  
*in you,*  
the hope of  
**GLORY!**

*Col. 1, 27*