

Oct '48

The Missionary **Catechist**



Volume XXIV

October, 1948

Number 10

Mission Intention for October

by the Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, D.D.

FOR THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN INDONESIA

THE spirit of nationalism has been an important element in the development of most countries. The Catholic Church has encouraged the development of nationalism, stressing the fact that love of country must come after love of God. In each mission territory, the missionaries are told to adhere as closely as possible to the language and customs of the people—that is, if the local customs are wholesome ones that do not conflict with religion.

INDONESIA is now feeling the impact of the spirit of nationalism. There was a recent attempt on the part of some of the native population to establish a republic independent of Holland. Consistent with its policy of encouraging nationalism by strengthening the indigenous clergy, the Church realizes that the most pressing need of the 500,000 Catholics of Indonesia today is native priests. Although there are only 16 native priests in the region.

CATHOLICS, as well as non-Catholics in this little country are intensely nationalistic, and the Bishops and priests there are enthusiastically trying to meet the situation by encouraging native vocations. Because of their efforts, vocations have begun to increase in a most encouraging manner. Although the Catholic population is not so nationalistic as to refuse the ministrations of the foreign missionaries, it is evident that the people would be happier at the approach of one of their own to the altar of God.

THERE is another pressing problem in Indonesia. Like other countries of the Far East, this country has been ravaged by the military engagements that took place in the war just concluded. When there was fighting in the Dutch East Indies, we little dreamed that the belligerents were destroying churches, missions, and schools. Although the war has been over for several years, the mission property is still seriously affected.

BUT we may be encouraged by the overall picture of Indonesia. The Church there is looked upon with good will by the native population. Under the zealous European priests who have been working there, there has been a great increase in the number of conversions, and there is every reason to believe that this increase will double and even triple itself as more native priests are ordained. Perhaps, in years to come, this little nation will become the bulwark of Catholicism in the Far East. A strong foundation of Catholicism in Indonesia will be of practical value to the Orient, for, among other things, it will serve more effectively than a vast army to keep the plague of Communism from that part of the Far East.

ALL Catholics will be doing a tremendous service to themselves, their Church, and the world if, during the month of October, they ask Almighty God for His help for the missions of Indonesia, and particularly for the encouragement of the native clergy.

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1928 - Lubbock - 1948

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

"You've been missioned to Lubbock, Sister? You'll love it!"

"Going to Lubbock? The people there are wonderful."

"Sister, you will like Lubbock. It is one of our most interesting missions."

I do. They are. And it is.

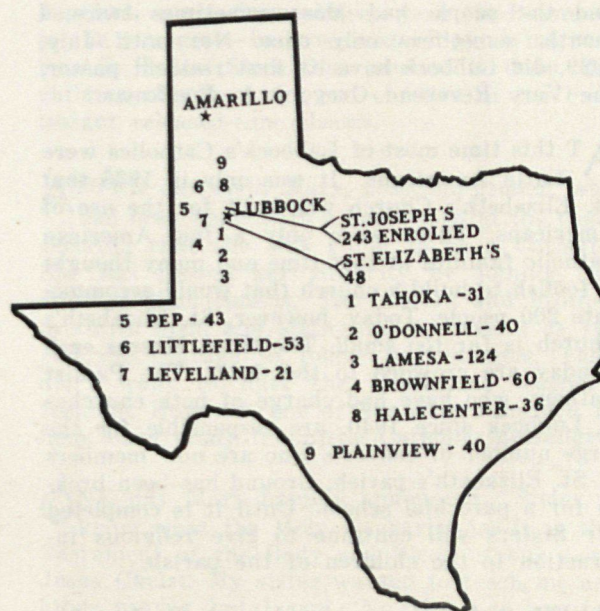
HOLY Family Mission, Lubbock, Texas, was opened September 8, 1928. This year we celebrate our twentieth anniversary. Since the opening of our first mission in New Mexico in 1922, our little community had confined its labors to that state. At the invitation of the late Most Reverend Rudolph Gerken, D.D., Bishop of the newly erected Diocese of Amarillo, our Sisters began their work in Texas in 1928. The same year, under the Most Reverend John B. MacGinley, first Bishop of the Monterey-Fresno Diocese, the Sisters opened a center at Dos Palos, California, which was later transferred to Los Banos.

ALTHOUGH we are still in New Mexico, we are not living in the same convents we occupied in 1928, and so Holy Family Mission, Lubbock, can claim the distinction of being the same now as it was twenty years ago. Not exactly the same either. Twenty years ago there was not a blade of grass or a tree near the church or convent. Old photographs give one the impression that the buildings are away out on a prairie. Now we have a lawn, a hedge, shrubs, and a number of trees.

SOME of the worst tumbled-down shacks are gone now, also. The people, who depend for

their livelihood on a good cotton crop, have done their best to better their condition; although, of course, they are for the most part very poor.

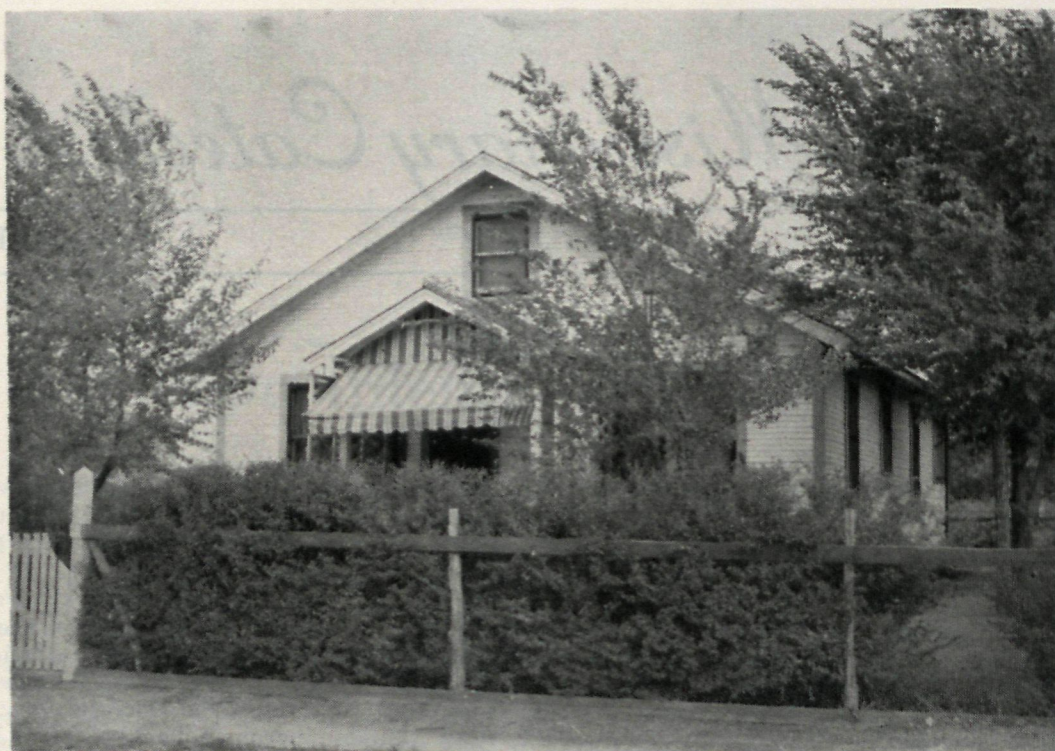
WITH the material improvements have come spiritual improvements. Before the year 1924, priests came from Amarillo, 125 miles away, to say an occasional Mass in Lubbock. In 1924, with the help of the Extension Society, a small church, named in honor of St. Joseph, was built. At different times Lubbock was a



Missions attended from our Lubbock Convent.

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Our Convent, Holy Family Mission, Lubbock, Texas.

mission of Slaton, Sweetwater and Plainview, and the people had Mass sometimes twice a month, sometimes only once. Not until July, 1929, did Lubbock have its first resident pastor, the Very Reverend Gregory A. Boeckman.

AT this time most of Lubbock's Catholics were Latin Americans. It was only in 1935 that St. Elizabeth's Church was built for the use of Americans. There were only a few American Catholic families at that time and many thought it foolish to build a church that would accommodate 200 people. Today, however, St. Elizabeth's Church is far too small. The three Masses each Sunday are crowded to the doors. The Paulist Fathers, who have had charge of both churches in Lubbock since 1940, are responsible for the large number of converts who are now members of St. Elizabeth's parish. Ground has been broked for a parochial school. Until it is completed our Sisters will continue to give religious instruction to the children of the parish.

OVER on the other side of town St. Joseph's Church has outgrown its capacity also. During the cotton season, when pickers come up from the south, it is necessary to add a fourth Mass to the usual Sunday schedule. The men are especially fervent, and one of the greatest thrills of the year is to witness their nocturnal adoration Holy Thursday. They take turns watching before the repository with upraised swords. It

is touching to see them keeping their vigils from 8:30 in the evening until 7:30 Good Friday morning: old men, young men, tall men, short men, men who spent Thursday doing heavy work on ranches and who have to go back to the work Friday after their all-night adoration.

THE various societies, organized in 1929, are still vigorous: the Sacred Heart Society for married men; St. Aloysius for the single ones; the Society of Our Lady of Guadalupe for the married women; and the Children of Mary for those not yet married. Besides, the Sisters have a Junior Sodality for the school girls, and clubs for the small boys and girls. There are always faithful altar boys willing not only to take part in the many colorful processions and big celebrations, but also to serve the weekday Masses. Both a junior and senior choir take turns singing for the various ceremonies.

BESIDES the work in Lubbock proper, the Sisters teach in twelve other catechetical centers, traveling as far as sixty miles in several directions in order to reach them.

THE first Sisters did their work well. We who have followed them are trying to carry on in the same tradition so that, with the grace of God, Holy Family Mission will continue to be an influence for good in the years that lie ahead.

Spiritual and Material Poverty

by Sister Mary Evelyn



Although it was only a shack, it was "home" to the six members of the Cruz family until it was destroyed by a tornado.

I'VE been telling my husband that he should teach the children their prayers, because he made his First Communion and I didn't," said Mrs. Cruz, as she rose to throw a few pieces of coal from the scant pile into the little heater. It was zero weather, and Sister Susanna and I sat shivering in our heavy capes and overshoes, wondering how the woman and her children could stand the bitter cold. The wind blew in through the many cracks in the floor and the walls of the room we were in, while the curtain danced merrily away from the broken window pane in the little room adjoining.

WE found the Cruz family accidentally. We were out in the country about a mile from one of our out-missions, searching for another family. We decided to investigate a little shack which looked more like a house for chickens than a home for human beings. We did not find the family we were looking for, but one which God surely intended we should find.

THE Cruz family, nine in all, had come to Ohio from Texas a little more than a year ago, to provide better for the material needs of their large family. They had not done so well, because the man for whom they farmed did not believe in signing contracts with Mexicans; consequently, though it was mid-winter, they were still waiting for their share of last year's crops. Mr. Cruz found work with the railroad, but the task of feeding a family of nine left little to be spent on warm clothing or a decent home.

THEIR spiritual needs had been even more neglected. Though the children had all been baptized, none—from sixteen year old Raymond to the youngest—had received religious instruction in Texas. Since their arrival in Ohio, the children of school age had enrolled in the Protestant released-time classes.

AFTER our visit, Mary, a second-grader, who had been home with a heavy cold at the time, declared that she was going to be a Catholic. She has proved her sincerity by joining our released time classes. Her sisters and brother in third, fifth, and sixth grades, haven't as yet had the courage to follow her example. They don't want to hurt the Protestant teacher's feelings. However, one of her sisters decided to help Mary study the Little Catholic Messenger.

ONE day Mary happily announced, "Sister, I know what the Holy Eucharist is. It is the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. My sister wanted to teach me another prayer, but I said, 'No, that one was too pretty,' and I kept saying it over and over."

MARY'S faith is being tested these days, because the Cruz family are living with some relatives who have turned to the Pentecostal sect. The little shack of a home was completely demolished by a tornado. No one was injured. Mary continues to come to class. She still intends to become a Catholic.

True Devotion and Your Rosary

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

"I'M afraid I've a confession to make on that subject, Father," said Mr. Blake, as the Director of the Confraternity finished his talk on the Family Rosary.

"YOU don't mean to tell us you're not saying the Family Rosary, Bill," exclaimed the priest, in pretended horror, for he knew that Bill Blake was an ardent apostle of the Family Rosary.

"NOT quite that bad, Father," was the rejoinder. "But you just said that if we wish to be apostles of the Family Rosary, we must begin by saying it *well* ourselves. That's not so easy, Father. It's a difficult thing to get down to prayer after a hard day's work in the shop. It seems that all the troubles of the day just cram themselves into one's head during those fifteen minutes. Then when one kneels in the midst of eight youngsters, with baby Jimmy in one's arms and three-year-old Jeannie tugging at one's side or droning in one's ears . . . I say, Father, what do you think Our Lady thinks of such a rosary? . . . distractions, distractions all the time!"

"YOUR confession is a general one, Bill," said the priest, smilingly, for he marvelled at this openhearted sincerity. "It is an avowal which most fathers of families could honestly make."

"YOU said it, Father!" sputtered a small gray-haired man seated in the president's chair opposite the priest.

"YOU are somewhat alarmed at the way the day's events nag you during your daily rosary," continued Father Donovan, "and perhaps you even contemplate saying it only when the youngsters are all in bed. Is that it?"

"YOU'VE got it, Father!" was the quick reply.

"WELL, Bill, since there is room for betterment, your True Devotion to Mary comes to your rescue once again!"

ALL eyes were now intent upon the priest. The matter under discussion was a practical one, and all knew that Father Donovan would do it justice.

"DISTRACTIONS in prayers," began the priest slowly, "may be broadly divided into *exterior* and *interior* distractions; that is to say, those proceeding from the exterior circumstances of time, place, and surroundings; and those originating in our thoughts and affections.

"NOW, True Devotion to Mary is a powerful help in fighting off these distractions and especially for nipping them in the bud. Putting aside exterior distractions for the time being, let us consider the interior ones. I have said that they originate from two main sources: our affections and our thoughts.

"THE first kind take root in our heart, which is the seat of our passions and affections. For example, my self-love has been hurt to the quick by an insulting fellow-worker. During my beads that evening, my thoughts will invariably revert to that insult. Or, on the way home from work I'm surprised to see Jones driving a brand new car, and halfway through the rosary I find I'm trying to figure out how and where Jones got the car, the present shortage being what it is. Or family cares, the frowns of adversity, my natural over-activity, or feelings of love, hate, jealousy,—all these things and many other things cross the threshold of that inner sanctuary called my heart; and there is no rest, no calm, no prayers. Distractions, distractions, all the time! Isn't that true, Mr. Blake?"

"SUPERLATIVELY true, Father!"

"WELL," continued the priest, "True Devotion to Mary can do wonders to help us uproot this kind of distractions, because it attacks them at their very roots. True Devotion, if you recall, makes us put aside our own self-love, desires, and acts of the will, to take on Mary's own intentions. It teaches us to give up, to surrender our own intentions and to lose ourselves in those of our heavenly Mother. It reminds us to renew this act of self-renouncement very often during the day, especially before our more important actions, such as, saying the rosary, for example.

"THUS it is that once we have taken on Mary's intentions, our actions take on a new aspect; our prayers, though fraught with distractions heroically combated, become Mary's prayers; little by little we are killing within us the

very roots of these interior distractions."

"YOU mean that by merely renewing our intention of doing all "Mary's Way" we are gradually lessening in us the distractions that spring from our affections and passions, Father?" asked the President.

"EXACTLY, Mr. Meyers!" replied the priest. "Mary's intentions *purify* your own, and gradually, therefore, clarify the source from which they spring. Your heart becomes detached, day by day, from its own self-love and is more easily fascinated by spiritual and supernatural realities. Your affections become purer, more disinterested, more Mary-like."

"AND true Devotion to Mary does all that, Father?" gasped Mr. Blake.

"ALL that and more than that, Bill; provided a soul is faithful to it," answered Father Donovan. "And *True Devotion* to Mary is just as efficacious in combating the second type of interior distractions. These distractions, I have said, spring from our thoughts, that is to say, from fickleness, the weakness of our minds, and especially of our imagination. They are due mainly to our lack of habitual recollection on divine things.

"A MAN who after a hurried morning prayer throws himself into a hard day's work, often becomes so absorbed in his own material affairs that the thought of God seldom presents itself to him during the whole day. Now, when he walks into the house after the day's work, his mind is bound to revolve unwittingly in the same material sphere. And when the family kneels down for the evening rosary, Dad (with or without little Jimmy in his arms) is bound to wander back in thought to the shop or the office.

HERE is what True Devotion can do for you fathers, Bill. It accustoms you by degrees to a state of habitual recollection. It teaches you to contemplate Mary, as little Jimmy looks at his father when the latter is saying his rosary; it teaches you to seek your Mother's arms, especially at rosary time; it teaches you to do *all* your actions in Mary's presence and under her Motherly guidance.

"IN brief, True Devotion to Mary makes you live *all day long* in company with your heavenly Mother. When prayer time comes round, you are more easily recollected, your imagination wanders less, and the thought of Mary becomes an habitual disposition of your soul. Your beads are said in her presence, in her motherly arms,

and despite occasional or even frequent distractions, your True Devotion keeps you within the loving reach of her supervision."

"WHY, that's splendid, Father!" broke out Mr. Blake, as the priest paused. "I had never thought of it that way! But now, what about the *exterior* circumstances that cause distractions?"

"THOSE arising from the family situation? From two-year-old Jimmy and three-year-old Jeannie?" asked Father Donovan, with a smile.

"YES, Father, is it better to. . ."

"IT is better to keep on doing exactly what you have been doing all along, Mr. Blake!" interrupted the priest. "The Family Rosary means the whole family saying the rosary. As head of the family it is your duty to teach your children how to pray. The good example you give them amply compensates for any distractions they might cause you.

"AND here, again, True Devotion can be of great use to you. You are trying to meditate, for example, on the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary. Think of the Holy Family so peaceful, so quiet, so reverent in prayer. Contrast it with yours, so fidgety, so thoughtless. Ask for help. Think of little Jesus at Jimmy's age, and see Him so still, so respectful in the arms of His foster-father, St. Joseph, during the evening prayers of the Holy Family at Nazareth. And pray for little Jimmy and Jeannie and all the others."

"YOU'VE got an answer for everything, Father Donovan!" exclaimed Mr. Blake as the priest ended his explanation.

"NOT I," protested the priest. "Not I, but St. Louis de Montfort in his *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*!"

"THEN all I have to do is to keep on holding little Jimmy until he is big enough to kneel and pray by himself, Father?" inquired the head of the Blake family with a broad smile of satisfaction.

"YES, and to remember that the more you will live your *True Devotion* to Mary the more will she purify your intentions and fill your mind with supernatural and divine thoughts. That is the *True Devotion* way of warding off distractions and of helping you to meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary. It is an easy and sure way!"



All dressed up and waiting for the weekly visit of the Sisters.

"No Hay de Que"

by Sister Magdalene

GENEROSITY is sometimes defined as giving until it hurts. But, we are also told, the Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver. Perhaps the two ideas are nowhere better expressed than in the Spanish expression, "No hay de que." Difficult to translate, it conveys the idea that nothing worthy of thanks was done.

THIS wholehearted giving of all, with the graciousness of majesty, is often met with in our quest for a place to teach. At its best, after-school classes have the hurdles of fatigue and various interests, especially sports, to surmount. Add to that an open air classroom, . . . and the religion teacher must be something of a genius to hold the attention of her class.

WHEN the school is near enough to the Mexican colony, or when class is held in the Mexican district itself, we don't need to worry about a roof over our head. It may leak and the benches may be in danger of sudden collapse, but the finest the people have is ours.

THE Mexican home in O'Donnell that we had used as a classroom for several seasons was sold to an American. The daughter of the former owner lived just across the street, and though her home was not so commodious, she placed her rooms at our disposal.

WHEN we arrive at O'Donnell on our way home from Lamesa each Monday afternoon, we are met by this youthful mother and her charming family. Five of the children are at home. The oldest child is in first grade and will arrive with the other school children. Arturo, the youngest, is usually just awake from his nap. Each face is bright, hair freshly combed, faded clothing neatly ironed. We chat a few minutes, place our brief cases and charts, with Miguel and the two younger girls following each move. The biggest girl on the picture is quite shy, and it was many a Monday before she would come out of her hiding place. Even yet, she clings close to Mother. The dark-eyed miss at the right in the picture is always in evidence, though sometimes in a pout—eyes flashing, red lip protruding. And how the others, even the tiny one, tease her! Then Mother has to make peace again. Arturo sits placidly in Mother's lap, while the others hold to her skirt, or play peek-a-boo behind her.

PRESENTLY we go to school to await the dismissal of the children. We park the car, and it isn't long until they are swarming out, racing to see who gets there first. Sister Hildegarde starts off with her smaller ones, while I stay a few minutes longer to wait for the upper grades to be dismissed.

ONCE when we came in, I noted a thin blanket over the spread. Ah, I thought, sensible! She's going to protect the bedspread from my horde. But no. When we returned from school with the children, the blanket was out of sight. It must have been for Arturo's nap.

WHEN we arrive at our teaching center, there is no sign of the family, but we know the house is ours. Mother goes to the back yard when it is nice weather, or to the neighbors when it is cold; for except for the two rooms she gives to us, there is only a tiny kitchenette, and she won't have the small children making disturbing noises. All her chairs, trunks, wash benches, beds, even the sewing machine, add to the seating capacity of the classroom. Sometimes during a lull in class, the children in the other classroom can be heard quite plainly, to our amusement or edification.

WHAT a contrast to another experience—not among Mexicans, nor in Texas. After vainly searching for a place to teach, our Sisters asked a Catholic woman for a room in her large house. She had no small children to care for; the classes would be small, less than twenty-five. "Children? In my house?" she exclaimed. "I should say *not*. They'd track mud all over."

PERHAPS Sister had some idea of softening a hard heart; but maybe she just couldn't think of anything else to say. "I suppose," she said, "we'll just have to teach in the street."

"I SUPPOSE so," was the indifferent reply.

YET when we try to thank the young mother of six small children for the use of her little home, she says smilingly, "No hay de que!"

Picnic at Victory Noll



Pictured above are forty-two Colored children, who enjoyed an outing at Victory Noll during the summer. The children are from the Holy Family Catechetical Center, Fort Wayne, which is conducted by the Sisters from Victory Noll. Games and a picnic lunch were the order of the day. For some, it was their first time away from city environment. Accompanying the children are: left, Sister Rose Elizabeth, Sister Charlotte and Ruth Banet; right, Sister Gabriel and Reverend Francis P. Pitka, O.S.C. Father Pitka provided the transportation.



Mike was a mischievous boy in the third grade, who had not been coming to catechism class very regularly. But after a visit to his home, Mike became the most faithful of pupils, and being once converted . . . well, Mike is an apostle of Catholic Action now.

One Monday afternoon, as I was accompanying a group of third graders—Mike included—from the school to church for class, one of the boys said, "Sister, those boys across the street should be coming to class."

I looked at the three youngsters who should



Grove Hill, Alabama, children enjoy a picnic in one of the many beautiful wooded spots in that part of the country. Father Giri, at left in picture, is pastor of Grove Hill, the central point in the four counties under his care.

In the Home Field

have been with my group and wished I might go over to them, but decided it would be better to continue on the way to church with the group I had.

While I hesitated, Mike was across the street and talking earnestly to the boys. A few moments after we arrived at the church, little Mike came in, proudly leading the three bigger boys to Catechism class.

Sister Angela
Ontario, California

POOR LITTLE RICH CHILD

"WHEN did Our Lord give us the Holy Eucharist?" was the review question Sister asked.

"At the last dinner," came the reply of a spoiled little Anglo-American child.

"The last dinner," said Sister in surprise. "Where did you ever hear that? Don't you mean the *Last Supper*?"

"Oh, but you said that Jesus gave us His Body and Blood the night before He died," explained the child, with an air of superiority, "and it is more correct to call the evening repast *dinner* than supper."

Sister Mary Millicent
Flagstaff, Arizona

MARY JO

LITTLE Mary Jo has a heart ailment. She can't attend school like other children, but she does so much want to receive Jesus in Holy Communion. Each week, as our round of mission trips takes us to Mary Jo's city, we stop at her home and Sister Aurelia Jane gives her a short Catechism lesson, so that soon she may be ready for First Communion.



Sister Aurelia Jane and Mary Jo.

Sister's visit is quite an event for Mary Jo. She dresses up in her very best and waits eagerly for Sister to come. One day in May the camera caught her during a lesson. Mary Jo can't do much playing, but she does a lot of praying for all the people whom Sister wants to bring back to God.

Sister Mary Eva
Goshen, Indiana

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

THE Sisters had frequently visited the mother of two girls, aged ten and twelve, who had not yet made their First Communion. In spite of the mother's promise to send the girls to religious instruction, they never appeared.

The week before First Communion the Sisters met the mother on the street. "When are you going to start those classes for First Communion?" she asked.

"We have been having them twice a week since September, as we have told you several times," Sister replied.

"And what day do you have them? You know I have the two girls almost ready."

The Sisters were agreeably surprised. "Do they know all the prayers?" they asked.

"I don't know. Give me a book and I will begin to teach them."

"But I thought you said they were almost ready!"

"Yes, they are. I have the dresses, the veils, the candles, and the stockings."

"You may have those things ready, but they lack the most important thing."

"Yes, Sister, that's true. They lack the shoes."

Sister Mary Blanche
El Paso, Texas



Group of children in rhythm band at San Pedro, California. The children, all from the First Communion class, prepared a "Welcome Home" program for the Pastor.



Our

Dear Associates:

OCTOBER is a month when earth and sky seem to pay special tribute to the God of creation. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote rapturously of "October's bright blue weather." One poet, whose name escapes my memory, says that at this season of the year "the trees cast their scarlet cloaks upon the ground and bare their heads before the majesty of God."

THIS is the harvest month. But in the realm of things spiritual, it is *always* harvesting time. Apostles must be prepared and sent forth to the harvesting of souls. You have a real part in such work by providing our community with necessary funds.

WE beg Jesus, through Mary, that your reward for sponsoring our work may be the everlasting bliss you are helping to procure for others.

Devotedly in the Immaculate Heart of Mary,
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

JUANITA CLUB (*Chicago*)

SOMETIMES we wonder if this Band has forgotten all about us and our mission fields. While we are thus wondering a check for \$25.00 or \$50.00 comes to us in the mail from Miss Marie Cummings, Promoter. Then we learn our fears about their fidelity were groundless. The members were preoccupied with many affairs—but forget us? *Never!*

ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION GUILD (*Palos Heights, Ill.*)

AN election of officers in the Spring among the ladies comprising this club resulted in Mrs. Martha Jankun being made president and Mrs. Catherine Holcombe, secretary-treasurer. Although the parish needs a new school, the pastor, Father Kilbride, says definitely that the ladies should contribute to the support of our Missionary Sisters. He is a personal friend of our Father-Founder and a strong "booster" of our community.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND

(*Chicago, Ill.*)

IN spite of serious illness sustained by the Promoter, Miss Mary A. Perkins, and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Klein, with whom Mary lives, this Band has made its usual good showing in contributions.



It is not easy for the members to get together for a meeting. Some of them have moved far from each other since they were organized as a Band. Nevertheless, they manage to contact their Promoter to give a donation toward their favorite charity—the work of our Missionary Sisters among God's dear poor.

Miss Perkins has been president of the ACM Central Committee, Chicago Area, for the past eight years.

Associates

ST. ROSE BAND (Marshfield, Wis.)

WE are proud of this very active group who sponsor our Missionaries, Sister Adele and Sister Adrianna. Each year the members, under the leadership of Mrs. J. J. Huebl, give a Fall Bazaar at which they sell fancy work they have made during the preceding year. The last check we received from them, resulting from their sales, amounted to \$124.00. This proves they are experienced needlewomen and capable saleswomen, too!



Besides the annual check, we receive other contributions during the year representing membership dues.

Lastly, mission boxes received by the Sisters whom they sponsor are something to be remembered. They contain a variety of much appreciated articles.

THE HANDKERCHIEF TREE AT GOSHEN BAZAAR



The Handkerchief Tree was the chief attraction at the annual Bazaar given at Goshen, Indiana, for the benefit of Victory Noll by Ave Maria Band.

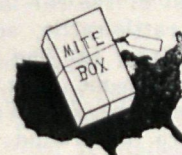
ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

July 2nd, 1948, to August 15, 1948

Christ the King Band, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien	\$ 2.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago,	
Mrs. Anna Klingel	70.75
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago,	
Miss Mary A. Perkins	21.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit,	
Miss Lillian Dunn	20.50
Infant of Prague Band, Chicago,	
Miss Florence Spitzer, Sec.	65.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind.,	
Mrs. Dan Herzog	3.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	10.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y.,	
Jennie Pagnattaro	100.00
St. Ann Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Ind.	
Miss Ann Brink	7.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy	54.50
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich.,	
Miss Dolores Schneider	13.00
St. George Band, Chicago,	
Miss Marie Vaughn, Treas.	20.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman	25.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinville, N. Y.,	
Mrs. Gosiere	10.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	18.00
St. Jude Mission Society, Ft. Wayne,	
Mrs. Fred Potthoff	74.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit,	
Miss Anna Huhn	10.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Norean Lopez	15.50
St. Michael Guild, Palos Hts., Ill.,	
Mrs. M. Jankun	15.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	6.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago,	
Miss Alice Moorhead	15.00

ST. JUSTIN MARTYR BAND (Chicago) ..

THIS "up and doing" Band, under the leadership of Mrs. Fred Kiefer, has contributed close to \$2,000 on our Sister Justine's Burse. Monthly meetings take place in the homes of members and a big annual party is held in their parish hall.



At their last party there were twenty-three tables (four ladies at a table). Eighth grade girls of the parish were delighted to serve the lunch which consisted of cake and coffee.

The Promoter, Mrs. Kiefer, is also an active worker in the ACM Central Committee, Chicago area.

The Same Mountains

by James J. Gordon, O.M.I.

(Editor's Note: Father Gordon, an Oblate priest from San Antonio, preached the annual retreat for our Sisters from the dioceses of Santa Fe, San Antonio, Gallup, and El Paso at Santa Fe. Since our convent there is situated about three miles from the city of Santa Fe, Father had to use one of the Sisters' cars if he wished to go to the city).

"YOU mean, that, Sister?" I asked, leaning back and nodding towards the open window facing the driveway.

"Yes, Father," she said.

"H'm'm'm . . . it's a little-er-old, isn't it, Sister?"

"Yes, Father."

STRAINING my neck again, I noticed the lines looked somewhat familiar. It wasn't a—no, it wasn't; it was a "Chevrolet, Sister, eh? Vintage about . . . let me see . . ."

"YES, Father," she said, laughing, "but it's got a new motor."

I LOOKED at her. What did she care about whether the car was new or old. It was one of theirs, and all their cars were old. They needed them to do their work, that's all. So long as they went . . . a stranger had told me with admiration in his voice that he had met one of their cars stalled on the highway. The hood was open and a Sister was inside tugging away at a spark plug with a wrench.

I TOOK the keys from Sister and reached for my hat. The motor was new, all right, but the rest of the car lacked total appreciation. It was a rattle-rattle, squeak-squeak, clump-clump, all the way in. The roads didn't co-operate, either. The theme song of those New Mexico roads should be, *The Washboard Blues*. The mountains were all around me; blue misty mountains against the generous sky and low black hills like stepping stones, leading up to them. The city of Santa Fe was in there somewhere. We finally made it, throwing out the anchor in front of the La Fonda hotel. The poor old battle-scarred veteran looked pretty pathetic parked in the midst of all those shiny Buicks and Cadillacs from Texas and New York and all over the country.

INSIDE, in the lobby of the hotel, the atmosphere was heavy with the wealth of rich draperies, soft carpets, glistening crystals, heavily framed canvasses on the walls, suave managers and clerks, and the tinkling, cultivated voices of well-dressed people standing round. The magazine and book stands were magnificent. I wanted to buy a newspaper. The Indian sitting in the corner didn't bother to look up. He was sorting the turquoise and silver wares at his feet. The hair on his bent head, tied with a stringy colored ribbon, looked too black, almost artificial. . . .

"MOTHER," said the young girl, reaching over my shoulder into a bookrack, "here it is; I found it! It's the only one left."

I SAW the title on the cover—Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

THE mother and another daughter stepped ahead of me. She was a pleasant faced woman and there was great affection between her and her two daughters. The girls were high school girls. They were wearing new Spanish dresses—white frilly blouses and long, flared, lace-trimmed skirts. They liked their dresses.

THE first girl was reluctant to let go of the book. She held it up close to her with a gleam in her eye. "Mother," she said in a tone of wonderful discovery and apprehension lest she lose her treasure, "you better take it. Someone else might . . ."

THE mother smiled, and reaching for the book turned quickly to the front page . . .

I DIDN'T have to sort the cars to find mine. On the way back to the convent I was thinking about the mother and her daughters. She would take the book to her room and sitting by the window, with the blue mountains beyond her on the horizon, begin to read. Willa Cather had found her Father Jean and Father Joseph in those mountains. It's a tender story, soft-woven, of sunshine and mountains and courage, of earthly things intermingling with those of heaven. She would lay the book down on her lap and looking over at the mountains sigh ever so nicely. She would love to have been there.

No, I thought, looking around me at my

battered vehicle and out through the windshield at the far horizon, I don't suppose she would—we hit a bad bump that time—I don't suppose it would occur to her . . . she wouldn't know about the Sisters working here. She wouldn't know that there are still people like Father Jean and

Father Joseph who go into those same mountains, sometimes over impossible trails, bringing the love of God, teaching little brown faces with soft round mouths about Him and His goodness, about the things of earth and heaven. No, I guess she wouldn't.

Tank Hollow Marriage

by Sister Cordelia Marie

WE had a wonderful closing for our vacation school at Poteet. Our total enrollment, including Tank Hollow Ranch District, was 406 children and 115 adults. We had 164 First Communicants, including 29 adults. Thirteen marriages were validated, most of these couples received their First Holy Communion after they were married.

ALL marriages were scheduled for Friday evening. The couples started arriving at four o'clock. Father took them one by one, went over their papers, instructed them, heard their confessions, and married them—one couple about every hour. As Sister James remarked, "Every hour I went to church there was another couple at the altar being married."

AT 8:30 P.M. six more couples arrived. The men worked on distant ranches and were unable to come earlier. While Father was busy with the first group, I instructed the late-comers. None of them could read. Hardly any knew the prayers. Only half of them had attended some of our evening classes at the Tank Hollow School during the past three weeks. By 11:30 p. m. Father decided it was too late to marry any more. He sent the last six couples home, telling them to return on Saturday afternoon.

BY three o'clock the next afternoon all had returned. I gave them more instructions while Father took the couples one by one to go over their papers and to complete their instructions. Then Father had to stop to hear the confessions of the children, some of whom had been waiting all afternoon. So it was after supper before he could hear the confessions of those whose marriages he was to validate. By the time he was ready to marry them, a terrible thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The lights went out, so Father married the couples by candlelight. By eight-thirty the storm subsided but it was still raining.

WE brought the couples to our house for light refreshments, served by the light of a flashlight. They enjoyed the novel experience, and one man remarked that he would not mind being married every day if all this went with it. However, the mothers who had left young babies at home with older children were worried and were anxious to get home.

FINALLY the rain stopped. The men took off their shoes, rolled up their trousers and waded knee-deep through the water to their trucks and cars. After drying out the points, the motors started, and the men came for their wives. They began the seven mile trip home to their ranches, but when they came to a low bridge, about two miles from their homes, they found the creek had become a mad, rushing river, and they were unable to cross. Finally a large truck came along and braved the rushing water. The newly married couples abandoned their cars and trucks, and crossed the stream in the large truck, walking the rest of the way home. They reached home after midnight.

WE were really surprised when all these people arrived for the seven o'clock Mass the following morning. During the Mass they received Holy Communion — their First Communion! Surely they will never forget their "wedding" day, the day they were married by the Church.

POOR ranch people! What struggles and hardships they frequently undergo to fulfill their obligations. One of the men had abandoned his car on Saturday afternoon when it stalled on his way to town. He left it near the creek. The next morning he reported it was in the middle of the creek, full of mud and sand, perhaps a total loss. Yet he was the one who remarked that he would like to get married every day. How God must love these poor, simple people, who know so little about their holy religion because they never had a chance, yet who really have the Faith.



Dear Loyal Helpers:

SOMETIMES you've wished to be a grown-up so you could do *big* things for God. Provided you are humble and obedient, there are big things you can do as children. You can be God's little apostles and missionaries. The Queen of Heaven might have delivered her message at Fatima to grown-ups but she didn't. Instead she chose little children. At Lourdes and at LaSalette she also confided her important messages to children.

When you joined our mission club you promised to be *Loyal Helpers to Mary*.

Continue to offer to God, through Mary's pure hands, the *golden pennies* of your prayers and sacrifices for souls. When you have sacrificed something you like very much—a candy bar, a package of gum, or a movie—drop the *copper pennies* this pleasure would have cost you into your Sunshine Bag to help poor children in our Missions. It will give your sacrifices a practical turn.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY

A DANVILLE (ILL.) HELPER



We are happy to introduce *Donald Dietzen* of Danville, Illinois. Donald is ten years old and in the fifth grade at St. Joseph's School. He has a little sister Mary who is five years old. His aunt, Sister Kathleen, lives at Victory Noll and is secretary to Mother General.

Donald joined us last winter and saves his pennies to help poor children in the Missions.

Mary's Loyal

LOYAL HELPERS VISIT VICTORY NOLL

During the summer months a number of Mary's Loyal Helpers visited our Motherhouse. They were delighted with our beautiful convent and grounds and look forward to future visits. Perhaps you know some of the Helpers who came. Here are their names:

Joan Alter, Marion, Indiana,
Ruth Banet, Fort Wayne, Indiana,
Kathleen Botsford, Williamston, Michigan,
Donald Dietzen, Danville, Illinois,
Barbara Grzeslo, Chicago, Illinois,
Thomas and Gerald Jacquay, Monroeville, Ind.,
Karen Kaiser, DePere, Wisconsin,
Bertha Wilke,
Henrietta Kampwerth,
Mary Ann Schrage, all of St. Rose, Illinois.
David Mills, Hobart, Indiana
Richard Mourey, Monroeville, Indiana

A HOUSTON (TEXAS) HELPER



Elaine Walker, Houston, Texas, age twelve.

Helpers Pages

LETTER O' THE MONTH

Indio, California

Dear Sunshine Secretary:

We Junior Sodalists of Indio have saved \$5.00 in our Sunshine Bags to help some poor children.

We have closed our meetings for this school year but hope to work harder when we meet again in September.

We enjoy reading the letters of other Loyal Helpers.

ST. AGNES JUNIOR SODALITY

By Mary Carrillo, Secretary



3. When entered the candy shop he said he wanted some drops.

4. If you will look in the lower left hand you will find the I promised you.

5. After they had a song, they went to the zoo to see the

6. He batted the ball over the at least times.

(Send the worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.)

A NEW MEXICO HELPER

PUT IT IN REVERSE!

(October Puzzle)



Anita Lucero of Van Houten, N. M., is thirteen years old and in the seventh grade at St. Patrick's Academy, Raton.

In each of the following sentences the second set of blanks can be filled in with letters forming a word which is spelled by reversing the letters in the first set of blanks. To help you get started, here is the answer to No. 1: "The holy youth Tarcisus would not DELIVER the Sacred Mysteries into the hands of his pagan playmates so he was REVILED and martyred by them." The word *reviled* being the word deliver in reverse. Now go on from there.

1. The holy youth Tarcisus would not the Sacred Mysteries into the hands of his pagan playmates so he was and martyred by them.

2. The angry man said he would the caddy if he did not find his ball.

Answer to September Puzzle.

Lion, tiger, elephant, lynx, hyena, alligator, bear, porcupine, trained seal, monkey, jackal, wolf.

A CHICAGO HELPER



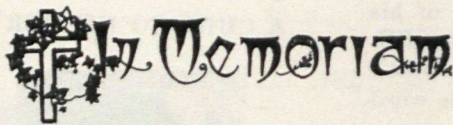
Barbara Grzeslo, Chicago, Ill. She interested her entire class in helping our Missions.

Mission Sunday

by the Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, D.D.

IN these bleak days of 1948, it is becoming increasingly clear that the struggle between Christ and anti-Christ, between good and evil, between Christianity as a way of life and godlessness, is reaching its climax. Never before have the battles between the two forces been so clear-cut and well defined. There is no part of the world which is not being touched by this conflict. The spirit of the anti-Christ is more apparent in the suave, well oiled words of the Communists than in the outspoken advocates of devil worship in the jungles of Africa.

IN this crucial year, both Communism and Christianity have scored victories all over the world. In Italy, the Italians courageously stemmed the Red tide on the outskirts of the Vatican by a bloodless, momentous election. In the same year, the United States itself, the citadel of Christianity, took a long stride into paganism when the Supreme Court upheld an atheist's suit to have religious instruction banned in the public schools in her State. It is encouraging to note that the message of Our Lady of Fatima—stating that without prayer, penance, and the conversion of Russia, civilization is lost—is being heeded by increasing numbers of the faithful. But it is discouraging to realize that as the ranks of the faithful swell with the simple hearted converts from the jungles and waste lands, the ranks of sophisticated scoffers at religion from the so-called civilized countries also increase.



Mrs. Stephen Sandwell, Mount Carmel, Ill.
Mrs. Katherine McDevitt, Coldwater, Ohio.
Mrs. Lochtefeld, Chickasaw, Ohio.
Catherine Wich, St. Louis, Mo.
Catherine Mettler, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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

FOR centuries, Catholic missionaries have been combatting the evil in the world by quietly bringing the people of the most backward nations, as well as the so-called sophisticates of non-Catholic countries, into the Mystical Body of Christ. Now, because it appears that all man-made remedies for a lasting peace have failed, we understand that true peace can come to man only when the world is returned to its rightful owner, God. Perhaps, if our missionaries, in their travels, can penetrate the rim of the iron curtain and arouse the human souls in the Communist dominated countries, they can reawaken in these people a love of God and their fellow men, and avert war for all time.

OCTOBER 24, 1948, has been designated by the Holy See as Mission Sunday. On that day the faithful are asked to give alms and prayers to the missionaries. The missionaries themselves are quite prepared to make all the sacrifices. They will tend the lepers in the various leper colonies, endure the climate of the frozen Arctic, submit to the indignities of the "People's Court" in China, and live in poverty in Africa. They are willing to risk their lives in the Hindu-Moslem riots of India, to take the smiling insults that are offered to them in the southern part of the United States, and to sleep on bare floors in Korea. But we are asked to give only alms and prayer!



Trees are scarce at this cotton camp, but there is always a way of making a little shade.

Our Cover: Sister Martha Mary registers pre-school children for religion class at Denver, Colorado.

Blue Ribbon Baby

Baby Tomas Amador's short life has been a continuous round of surprises, but perhaps the greatest one was the time the cameraman got behind the black curtain and snapped this picture for the Blue Ribbon award.



In spite of his mere six months, Baby Tomas Amador is quite a philosopher and an observer of life. If he could only put his profound reflections into words that grownups could understand (sometimes he gets a little impatient with grownups' lack of understanding), he might say something like this:

"Muchisimas gracias to all, but first of all to God for having created and redeemed me. Next, to my parents, who have been so solicitous about me since my arrival in the Imperial Valley; to my brothers and sisters, who are forever teaching me new tricks; to my doctor, who continually listens between the fatty folds of my broad chest and peeks in my ears and down my throat. This gets monotonous at times, but Mama says it's no use to fuss and fume. My brothers and sisters have lived through it—so can I. So I just

keep my chin up and take it all with a smile.

"I'm grateful to Bishop Buddy for the interest he has taken in providing facilities (like the clinic, where this picture was taken) that have contributed to my physical well being these first six months, so important if I'm to grow up strong and healthy.

"I want to thank my Sister Nurse, too (she thinks I'm tops), for her kindness when Mama and I come to the clinic. Mama says she doesn't know what we would do without the Sisters, because they not only take care of the clinic, but they teach my brothers and sisters, and all the boys and girls of our town, to know, love, and serve God. Some day they will teach me, too.

"Again, *muchisimas gracias* to all!



Do You Know?

that the next class of Postulants will enter Victory Noll the last of October?

that if you wish to enter with that class, you will have to file your application immediately?

that Victory Noll is on Highway 24, one mile west of Huntington, Indiana?

that all Erie trains between Chicago and New York and all Wabash trains between St. Louis and Detroit stop at Huntington?

that young women interested in the religious life are invited to visit Victory Noll at any time?

Address all communications to:

Mother General
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana