

March 1946

# The Missionary Catechist



# His First Genuflection

Lo! He who counts unnumbered stars,  
And marks a sparrow's fall,  
Is waiting for a tiny soul  
Who's coming now to call.  
Today he will begin to give  
The King His reverence fair;  
Oh, blest am I who may in love  
This happy moment share!

by Catechist Marie Clark

Oh, Rachel is five and Johnny is three,  
And they've come to class today.  
Young Johnny is frightened at bending the knee,  
Till he hears me quietly say:  
*"Your right foot back and your right knee down;  
It's easy, Johnny,—see?  
Don't be afraid and don't you frown;  
It's simple as can be!"*

But Johnny's eyes are worried and round,  
His face is sober and still;  
It seems such a long way to the ground—  
What if he should spill?  
*"Your right foot back and your right knee down;  
It's easy, Johnny,—see?  
Don't be afraid and don't you frown;  
It's simple as can be!"*

Poor Johnny takes courage; slowly he bends;  
Worried, but brave, is he:  
Careful, that knee to the floor he sends—  
A hand on Rachel and one on me.  
*"Your right foot back and your right knee down;  
So-o easy, Johnny,—see?  
Don't be afraid and don't you frown;  
It's simple as can be!"*

Then, oh, the light in the baby eyes!  
And, oh, the smile on his face!  
No wonder the Angels see Paradise  
In a soul in the state of grace!  
*"Your right foot back and your right knee down;  
'Twas easy, Johnny,—see?  
You needn't fear and you needn't frown;  
It's simple as can be!"*

The next time, then, we fold our hands;  
We breathe a tiny prayer,  
And Johnny's genuflection  
Has an almost-grown-up air;  
His eyes are fixed in gladness  
On the tabernacle door . . .  
I thank You for this moment, Lord,—  
A treasure from Your store!



# *The Missionary Catechist*

Volume XXII

March, 1946

Number 4

## *Behold the Handmaid of the Lord*

The Angel Gabriel bowed with deep reverence before the maid, scarce more than a child, whom the Most High had chosen to be the Mother of the long promised Messiah.

"Hail, full of grace," the angel said. "The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women."

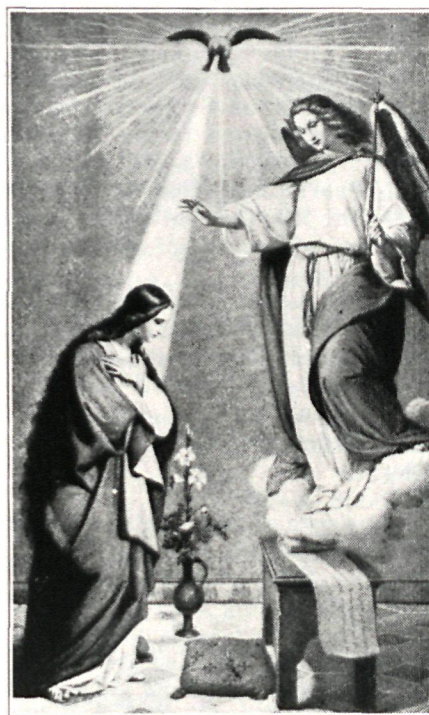
The maid was troubled at this greeting, but the angel bade her not to fear, for she had found grace with God and He had chosen her from among all women to be the Mother of His Eternal Son.

But the maid, who from tenderest years had vowed her virginity to God, hesitated before the heavenly ambassador.

"How shall this be done?" she asked, "because I know not man."

Quickly came the reassuring answer, "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; and therefore the Holy One to be born shall be called the Son of God."

And he gave to her this sign, "And behold Elizabeth, thy kinswoman, has conceived a son in her old age; and she who was called barren is now in her sixth month, for nothing shall be impossible with God."



Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

Then heaven and earth awaited, with bated breath, that word which would bring the Son of God from the highest heavens to the womb of the maid of Nazareth.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord," she said simply. "Be it done to me according to thy word."

And the angel departed to take his message back to the throne of God.

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THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is a monthly magazine published with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50, Canada and Foreign. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.



# The Mass of the Martyrs

by Gerald Ellard, S.J., Ph.D.  
Address delivered at Liturgical week, New Orleans, December, 1945, reprinted by permission of the Liturgical Conference.

CARDINAL NEWMAN held that the earliest adherents of the Christian religion are its most authentic witnesses. In keeping with his suggestion, I propose to reflect Holy Mass as the primitive Christians celebrated it, evaluated it, recorded it—oftentimes in their hearts' blood.

THE oldest papal document, apart from the canonical *Epistles* of St. Peter, is a letter written by Pope Clement I in the last decade of the first century: well, in a context that cites and parallels Paul's comparisons of the head and members (I Cor. 12), Clement passes to a liturgical application of special interest to us here:

We must do in orderly fashion all that the Master commanded us to perform at the appointed times. He commanded us to celebrate sacrifices and liturgies, not thoughtlessly or without order, but at set times and hours.

By His own supreme will, He has determined the places and persons He desires for these celebrations. . . . Hence those making their obligations at the appointed seasons are acceptable and blessed, for they are following the Master's laws, and sin not.

For to the high priest his own proper liturgies are appointed, to the priests a proper place has been assigned, on the Levites their diaconal ministry is imposed. The layman is bound by the ordinance of the laity.

Let each of us, therefore, brethren, 'make the Eucharist' in his own proper order, and keep a good conscience, not transgressing the appointed rules for the liturgy. (*I Clem.* 40,41).

WE shall examine in a moment what were the liturgies here assigned the several orders, the bishop, the priests, the deacons (there was soon a lector, too,) and the laity, according to which each rank was bid 'to make the Eucharist' without blame. But first let us recall the unique and irresistible appeal Holy Mass held for the

early Christians. Then we can more profitably consider the orderly collaboration of the several 'liturgies' involved in its celebration.

FROM the time (it would seem) of Nero in mid-first century, to the time (certainly) of Valerian in mid-third century, to be accused before the law of going to Mass meant little choice but death—or apostasy, and this even at times and places where persecution was quiescent. For another fifty years, while Christian assembly was being tolerated, still to be officially charged with Christianity was a crime forthwith punishable with confiscation, banishment, mutilation, death in its cruelest forms. It is notable, too, that while the State preferred to make apostates, the mob wanted martyrs.

FROM father to son, then, for eight generations of human living, Mass and death were never more distantly related than first cousins, so to speak, and over and over proved to be successive phases of the one sacrificial action. Such clear-cut alternatives might be any moment presented: at Mass one sacrificed to God with Christ and fellow-Christians, or in the court one sacrificed to an idol with the world, the flesh and the devil.

IT is salutary to remind ourselves that there was no formal precept enjoining Mass attendance under pain of sin; as far as sin went, Christians on any given occasion could stay away. Nor was the awful Mass-risk incurred to satisfy the need of prayer: they could pray anywhere and all the time, and many of them did just that. Nor is the magnetism of the Mass explained as the sole opportunity for sacramental Communion with God: from mid-second century on (perhaps from the very outset) domestic reservation was practiced, and Christians in times of peace as well as times of stress could communicate every day.

IN the Eucharistic literature of the primitive Church there is but one sentence urging Mass attendance, a bishop "warning the people to be constant in assembling . . . lest any man diminish the Church by not assembling and cause the body of Christ to be short" a member in making its oblation (*Didac. Apos.* 13). The



laity, no less than the clergy, was privileged to perform a liturgy, and, come rack come rope, all met together to enact their part in Christ's Sacrifice. The individual Christian, cleric or lay, had no other way of expressing his proper relationship to the work of his redemption. What if the populace did believe the most awful calumnies about Christians' assemblies, such as, that they killed a baby and dipped their bread in its blood?

ST. JUSTIN, at Rome, about the year 150, tried the experiment of giving them a frank and straightforward account of what happened at Mass and what it all meant, but his attempt failed to beget public confidence, and it was never repeated (*I Apol.* 65,67). Tertullian, a generation later, tried sarcasm and irony for rebuttal, but made few friends by that method (*Apol.* 8). In the face of all the misunderstanding, even such an ironical charge as that recorded by Minutius Felix: "Why have the Christians no altars, no temples?" (*Oct.* 10,2), the Christians joyously risked their all to go to Mass precisely because each had an appointed 'liturgy' lest the body of Christ be short a member in making its oblation!

"If you cannot assemble by daylight, why you have the night," Tertullian had said (*Fuga*, 14). "They drove us out," wrote Bishop Dionysius of Alexandria about 263, "and every single spot where we were afflicted became for us the assembly for our feast (of Easter), field, desert, ship, inn, prison" (*Euseb.* 7,22,4).

WITH hundreds of his people in prison, St. Cyprian assumes that a priest and a deacon could be smuggled into every single jail for the due celebration of the Mass rites (*Epis.* 4,2). Near the mouth of the mines in Phaenos in Palestine there was an *ecclesia*, a Eucharistic assembly that is, that was famous far and wide, for the miners were all confessors for the faith, men whose left legs had been hamstrung, whose right eyes had been gouged out. At their Mass assembly a man blind from his birth, and so knowing much of Sacred Scripture by heart, stood forth to fulfil the liturgy of lector, as Eusebius has related (*MM Pal.* 2,20,23; 13,1-4,9,10).

TO get the savor of the Martyrs' Mass, there is perhaps no better source than the *Acts of the Martyrs of Abitene*, a village near Carthage. Early in the "indescribable storm" of the Diocletian persecution, their bishop, Fundanus, seems to have apostatized and to have delivered up their Scriptures. But the persevering members of his flock met regularly for their Mass

worship, until one night as Mass was over, came discovery and general apprehension. There was one noble senator, at least one high-born lady (she was a nun), a priest, two lectors, one little boy, a half-hundred commonplace names.

THE first inquiry took place right in the village street, then all were marched off to Carthage for trial before Anulius, the proconsul. Their individual examination, with torture added to get them to *deny* their guilt, and their sentencing was carried out in the presence of all those still awaiting their turn, and occupied at least two days, while stenographers recorded every word that was said. The crucial questions were the same for each of the fifty-odd: Were you at this assembly? And why? Most of the martyrs-to-be replied to both questions with one bold reply:

Saturninus, a priest: "We celebrated Mass despite you, for Mass cannot be omitted; a law *sc* orders."

Emeritus, under torture: "Without the Mass we cannot live."

Felix: "I am a Christian."

Proconsul: "I asked if you had been at Mass. Reply to that!"

Felix: "As if a Christian could be without Mass, or as if Mass could be celebrated without the Christians there! Do you not know, Satan, that the Christians make the Mass and the Mass makes the Christians, so that neither can be without the other!"

Victoria, a nun of noble rank (whose pagan brother had dramatically interposed to claim she had been kidnapped by the Christians): "Not at all. Of my own free will and choice I went. I attended the assembly and I celebrated the Mass because I am a Christian."

Another Felix: "I joyously celebrated Mass in the assembly with my brethren, because I am a Christian."

Hilarion, a little boy: "Because I am a Christian. That's reason enough. No one made me go. I went freely with my father and my brothers, and I took my part as a Christian." (*MPL* 8, 705,15).

These fifty-odd martyrs died at Carthage to crown the sacrifice they began at Abitene: they were but fulfilling their respective liturgies, lest the body of Christ be short in making its oblation.

To be continued next month.



# In the Land of Moses

by Catechist M. Millicent Peaslee

"ANYONE know where the doorknob is?" called out one of my companions.

"HERE it is, Catechist," I responded. "I was just using it to open the cloak room door."

IT was the only doorknob in the schoolhouse where we were to live while spending several days doing confraternity work. The building was no longer used as a school. For two years the school bus had been taking the children to a larger school several miles away. The building was in good condition and made suitable living quarters for us during our stay, even though all the doors locked when they were closed and none could be opened without the one precious doorknob.

"WE really could leave the doors open, couldn't we, Catechist?" I asked—it was my first year in New Mexico. "There doesn't seem to be anyone around for miles."

"TRY it, Catechist, with this gale blowing, and see how it works," my companion answered laughingly. "It won't. This fifty mile an hour wind would sweep us and our belongings right out of the house."

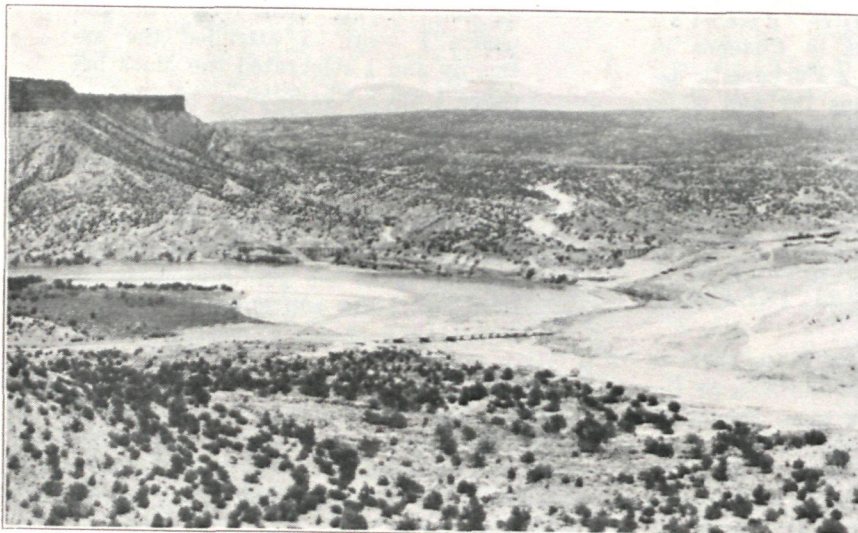
THIS conversation took place as we were trying to unpack and get settled—as much as Confraternity Catechists in New Mexico ever are

settled—in the "Land of Moses." According to the map, Moses is a city, but in reality it is a "land" and a most interesting one. No matter where you are, within a radius of several miles from the sign upon which the appellation of the great patriarch is inscribed, the people will tell you that "this is Moses."

OUR purpose in this land was, as usual, "Our Father's business." As we approached it, all seemed to be far from the "promised land." The ranches were so few and far between that it gave one the feeling of wandering in a desert. But finally we had reached our destination, and though secretly I was wondering whether we would have any children from these scattered ranches, I said nothing—I was learning to expect anything in this land of sun, silence, and adobe.

IT was not long until the school bus came into sight, and soon the children, and the girls who were to be their confraternity teachers, were greeting us with that reverence and respect so characteristic of the Spanish-American for religious.

THE children were eager and enthusiastic. It was all so new to them—this having Sisters to help them learn their religion. But most enthusiastic of all was the young girl who had been



A desert scene in New Mexico—the land of sun, silence and adobe.



A mission church in New Mexico. Church is made of adobe bricks and plastered on outside with adobe.



trying to teach them before we came. Last year she had started. Yes, something should be done about these children who lived so far away from any place that they were growing up without any religious instruction. She told us that she had been surprised at how difficult it was to teach religion. So it was a warm welcome we received from her.

"PICTURES, charts, stories, chalk—you mean all these can be used in teaching religion!" she exclaimed.

THIS is always a surprise to our Confraternity teachers, especially to those who have known religious instruction only as a dry, complex system of questions and answers.

NIGHT came quickly in this part of the country. The distant mountains to the West of us seemed to "swallow up the sun," and then came the darkest part of the night. But suddenly the moon was up, coming like a ball of fire from somewhere over the Texas plains. We spent our evening recreation on the front steps of the schoolhouse, watching these wonderful scenes and singing hymns of praise to the God who made them. When the moon was well on its way heavenward, it was time for night prayers.

A PARADOX! . . . for how else could it be so hot during the day and so cold at night? The wind, which had quieted down for an hour or so, rose again and blew its cold breath through every crack and paneless window it could find. We rolled up in blankets in order to keep warm on our army cots.

"I'LL be quiet away out here on these plains," we had said when we arrived. But with the little four footed animals playing around under the foundation of the building, the bats coming

and going on the tin roof, the wind moaning, groaning and banging anything that was loose, it sounded like some of the V-J day celebrations we had heard over the radio.

WE worked in the "Land of Moses" only a short time, but we hope it was long enough to lay a foundation for the confraternity teachers to build on, and to arouse the enthusiasm and interest of the children in their religion classes. "To other towns and villages also. . . ." Our Lord said He must go. Doing confraternity work we, too, must say much the same.

WE know that to have real success in this work of His, we ourselves must strive to become more Christlike; to become identified not only with His work, but with His very own life. In the beautiful prayer of St. Alphonsus, which we recite in community before our monthly retreat, we can find a way to express something of what we need in order to do this work:

" . . . I desire nothing else than to see Thee loved by all men as Thou deservest. I prize my happy lot, and consider myself fortunate in having been chosen by Thee for this great work, in which I protest that I will renounce all the praises of men and all self-satisfaction, and will seek only Thy glory. To Thee be all the honor and satisfaction and to me all the hardships, blame and reproaches. Accept, O Lord, this offering which I, who wish to love Thee and to see Thee loved by others, make of myself to Thee; and give me strength to be faithful to Thee forever. Most Holy Mary, my advocate, who so greatly lovest souls, help me. Amen."



# Classrooms

by Catechist Loretta Srill

IN giving religious instruction to public school children, one of the greatest difficulties encountered is that of finding a place in which to teach. Since the use of the public school property is not permitted in most places, the religious instruction teacher must scout around, inspecting various places in the vicinity in which she wishes to hold her classes, in an effort to find a suitable "classroom." There is no doubt but that the "classroom" is extremely important, and it is worth any amount of trouble to find a good place in which to teach.

BEFORE going any further, I might say that good places in which to teach are very rare, or they have been so during my more than fifteen years of mission experience. A good place is one in which the teacher is able to secure the maximum attention from the children. All outside interests and attractions should be eliminated. There must be enough seating space for every child. The teacher must have a desk, or some kind of stand on which to place her class material. There must be a blackboard, or at least a nail on which she can hang a portable one; and plenty of nails on which to hang charts, printed prayer cards, etc. That the place be in a location convenient to the public school is, of course, an essential. And it goes without saying, that it should be under cover in order to afford protection from heat, rain and cold.

RECALL one time teaching in the Town park. It was directly across from the public school. I decided the first day that this location would be a great advantage in securing good attendance. The sight of the park benches arranged, on that particular day, in rows under some lattice



Under the shade trees. A nice classroom in fair weather.

work covered with roses, convinced me that this was an ideal spot. As the weeks went on I saw my mistake. The benches served many purposes, and on class day I would find them scattered from one end of the park to the other. When the rose season ended, we were no longer sheltered from the direct rays of the sun, and the lattice work was little protection during the rainy season.

THEN there were the windy days—those days when I could not hold up a chart for more than five minutes without having it whipped to shreds.



An outdoor classroom—not even a shade tree here. Monument marks international boundary between United States and Mexico.

And inevitably it would be right during my class, as I was trying to make myself heard by the forty wiggling youngsters who composed it, that the caretaker would decide that the lovely green grass was getting too tall. Chug, chug, chug, up and down he would go, and I often wondered how long it would be before someone would invent a silent lawn mower.

THEN came Pearl Harbor. Who would expect that to affect my religion class in the park of a small town! But sure enough! whir . . . whir . . . overhead—and every neck was craned and each pupil was peering through the lattice work totally absorbed in whether they were P38's or B24's flying overhead.

ANOTHER time I found a building which the owner had never been able to rent since having it erected. He used it to store some of the extra supplies from his little country store. The bags of beans, flour and other staples were



not much of a distraction to my class except inasmuch as they were quite an attraction for the mice who would, on occasion, decide to run from their secluded places behind the sacks and get under the chairs of the children.

WE did have folding chairs in that place, and I even had an old card table for my own use. It did not take me long to discover that the chairs and table had to be inspected before each class. The corners of the unused room had become quite a habitat for the poisonous black widow spiders so common in California, and every once in a while these spiders would crawl out of their corners to find a new home.

AND how that big empty room did echo! Whistling, shouting, and calling in loud voices, before or after class, was a source of great amusement to the children, though of considerable annoyance to the teacher. I sometimes thought that during class they were much more absorbed in listening to my echo as I gave the instruction than listening to what I said.

A SODA fountain was another of my classrooms. This place was open for business only on Saturdays and Sundays. It was my privilege to use it on any other day I wished. It seems the owner cleaned it up before the opening day and never after. A mixture of the stale odor of drinks and light lunches, served over the week-end, greeted our nostrils every Monday. The children would climb up on the high stools, arranged before the counter, and there delight themselves turning round and round on the whirling stools. Of course, there were not enough stools for all. Empty orange boxes served for the rest of the children. Those who were as-



A room in a home often makes a very satisfactory classroom.



We hope no one wants to go up or down stairs during this class.

signed the boxes spent their time looking with envious eyes on their more fortunate classmates towering above them.

INvariably there would be cases of soda piled high in the corner—strawberry, orange, lemon, cherry, etc. All during the class I could see the children eying the bottles up and down, no doubt deciding what color would taste the best. I always had to check up to see if the cases were as full when we left as when we arrived.

BUT sometimes one does encounter the ideal place for religion classes. In one of our centers the Sisters of the parochial school gave us the use of their building every Saturday. There it was my privilege to have a classroom. I used to delight in arriving early at this place, hanging charts all around the room, and sketching illustrations of the lesson on the blackboard. A large bell called the children from the playground to the door where they lined up to march down the shining corridor to their classroom. Here each child was assigned not only to a seat but to a desk, and I enjoyed a large desk and chair in the front of the room. This was ideal.

THEN one can often make a satisfactory classroom in a home. Mrs. Martinez's home was just such a place. It seems as if she lived all week for the day when I would come with my group of children to literally take possession of her little ranch house. All the preceding day she scrubbed, dusted, polished, and rearranged the furniture so that everything would be in perfect

(Continued on page 15)



## "WHAT YOU NEED IS A CHURCH"

Gilcrest, Colorado, is one of our missions, about twenty-five miles distant from Greeley. There is a mission church in Gilcrest now where Mass is offered twice a week, but it was not always so. For many years the people had to go to Greeley or Platteville to attend Mass. Since they had no cars, they went by train, going one day and returning the next. Naturally, there were many families who could attend Mass but seldom.

There was, however, in Gilcrest a certain Don Enrique, who realized that the people were spiritually handicapped, and who did his best to preserve the faith of the people in that small village. He would gather the children for catechism classes in his own home. Every night he would recite the rosary, inviting all who wished to do so, to come. During the month of May little girls dressed in white offered flowers to our Blessed Mother before Don Enrique's little shrine. The shrine was crude, but lovely in its own way, made of boughs, and with a canvas stretched across the top for a roof.

One May evening the president of a certain sugar-beet company came to Gilcrest to enlist workers for the beet fields. He arrived at the home of Don Enrique just as the children were offering their flowers to Mary. Not being Catholic, he did not understand the ceremony, but he watched it with interest.

"What was this?" the president asked Don Enrique after the devotions were over. "What were those little girls doing? They looked so serious and yet so happy. Was it a program or what?"

Don Enrique explained the devotions as simply as he could, proudly showing his sympathetic inquirer the shrine he had erected in honor of the Mother of God.

"What you need is a church," commented the president. "I'll give the money, if you get the men together to do the work."

Don Enrique lost no time in calling a meeting of the men, and it was not long until the church was built. Since then it has been enlarged. Improvements are being made continually, but the original building still stands as the principal part of the church. Don Enrique is no longer on

## In The Home Field

earth, but the older folk speak of him with reverence as they relate the story of how their mission church came into existence.

Catechist M. Martinez  
Greeley, Colo



Children pose for pictures after class in church

### LOUIS WANTED TO THINK ABOUT GOD

We were waiting across the street from the school for the remainder of the small boys who made up my class. They had been detained after school to finish up their work and we had been standing there longer than usual. Another Catechist was just finishing up a class in her outdoor schoolroom just inside the fence.

"Catechist," she said, "would you like to use my benches for class and save the time it takes to walk over to Church?"

Before I could reply, little Luis was shaking his head violently. "No, Catechist, no!" he said. "We want to go over to Church so we can think about God better."

Catechist Eva Alberding  
El Paso, Texas

### HIS OCCUPATION IN LIFE

Catechist—to a six year old: "Why did the good God make you, Manuel?"

Manuel: To run errands for the older people."

Catechist M. LoRang  
El Paso, Texas

### IMAGINE THAT!

Dickie was an unusually attentive little fellow as we told the children the story of the destruction of Sodom. But his reaction to the punishment of Lot's wife was wholly unexpected.

Rising quickly from his seat, his tiny, round, brown eyes, twin sparkles of excitement at the picture he saw before him, he said, "Catechist, supposin' a man came along and saw her standing there doing nothin', what would he think? He'd say, 'Hey, woman, move along. Hey, woman, can't you talk? Oh! you ain't a woman! You're a statue! You're made of salt!' Just imagine that, Catechist!"

Catechist M. E. Davis  
Paulding, Ohio



Charts are a valuable aid in teaching children.

### NO GREATER AUTHORITY

Pastor (visiting religion class): But how do you know there are three Persons in one God?

Small boy: Because you told us.

Pastor: But who told me?

Class (with one voice): Catechist!

Catechist Salitrik  
San Angelo, Texas



Home visiting—an important part of work of Catechists.

### PERFECT PRAISE

One day while visiting we came to a home where there was a baby boy scarcely more than a year old. His vocabulary was limited to three or four words, but one of those words was "Jesus."

Barely able to toddle, he went with us from one room to another showing us the pictures of Our Lord, each time saying the Holy Name of Jesus, his little voice rising on the second syllable.

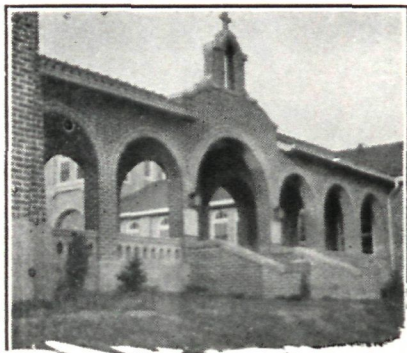
My companion happened to have some pictures of the life of Our Lord with her. She showed them to the little fellow and he was delighted with them. He would point to each new picture of Our Lord, saying over and over again in his childish treble, "Jesus."

The following Sunday we attended Mass in a mission chapel nine miles from this little boy's home. The children sang hymns during the Mass, but as the time for the Consecration drew near, a solemn hush came over the congregation. Father pronounced the words which changed the bread into the Body of Christ; he genuflected, raised the Sacred Host on high, and . . . a voice which could be heard throughout the chapel, a baby voice, clear and distinct, with accent on the last syllable, said "Jesus."

Yes, our little friend had come with his parents to attend Mass in this village nine miles from their home because there was no Mass in their town that Sunday. The parents were embarrassed because the little boy had talked "at such an important part of the Mass," but "Out of the mouths of babes Thou hast perfected praise" was my companion's comment as we left the little group and started our journey homeward.

Catechist M. Drexler  
Flagstaff, Arizona





# Associate Catechists

## GOOD SHEPHERD BAND (Chicago)

THIS is one of several Bands which has beaten all its previous records in its yearly donations to our Society. Last year the members sent us \$197.00. Mrs. H. F. Staley presides over the Band.

ONE of the special features of Mrs. Staley's "last party of the year" which greatly contributed to its success was the raffle of one of the handbags very much in vogue just now.

MRS STALEY'S Band sponsors Catechist Juliana Schmitt, Ontario, California.

WE have and shall continue to demonstrate our gratitude by fervent prayers for our benefactors.

Dear Associates:

SOMEWHERE in the writings of St. John Chrysostom, there is a beautiful passage in which he represents those living in comfort as beseeching and imploring God's poor to do them the immense favor of accepting their alms. He puts words similar to these on their lips: If we do you the favor of promoting your bodily welfare, you do us the greater favor of promoting our spiritual welfare. We need each other. Without our aid your bodies would perish, without your aid our souls would perish.

DOUBTLESS "the comfortable" had in mind that passage in Holy Scripture where our meek and gentle Saviour warns us of the future judgment in which the charity we have shown in this life will decide forever our eternal lot. The passage is taken from St. Matthew: "Then the king will say to those on his right hand, 'Come, blessed of my Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me; I was in prison and you came to me.' Then the just will answer him, saying, 'Lord, when did we see thee hungry, and feed thee; or thirsty, and give thee drink? And when did we see thee a stranger, and take thee in; or naked, and clothe thee? Or when did we see thee sick, or in prison, and come to thee?' And answering the king will say to them, 'Amen I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me.' (Matt. XXV-34-40).

It must be a great source of comfort to you now, and it will be even a greater source of comfort in the hour of death, to recall your many years of almsgiving as an Associate Catechist of Mary. In the twilight of life may each of you hear the glad sentence we quoted above.

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR

## ST. MEL BAND (Chicago)

OUT Jackson Boulevard way we have some staunch friends who labor under the above title, with Mrs. Leslie Lopez as the newly elected Promoter. Miss Mary C. Ahern passed her quill over to Mrs. Margaret Kane who will serve this year as secretary for the Band. We are expecting great things from them, judging from the showing they made in 1945. This is one of those small Bands whose members have big hearts.

## AVE MARIA BAND (Elkhart, Ind.)

WE wonder if our Associates noticed the fine showing our Indiana town of Elkhart made on the annual financial report sent to Promoters at the beginning of the year?

In particular we wish to congratulate Miss Hanorah Pindell. Her Ave Maria Band sent us \$126.00 during 1945.

## WANTED

Ten new Mission Bands. Who will be the first to respond to our appeal for new mission helpers?

## LOST AND FOUND

Lost—some active Bands. Who will take their place?

Found—O on our books opposite the names of inactive Bands. Who will send monthly dues and contributions in their stead?



# of Mary

## A.C.M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

December 24 to January 21, 1946

Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons .....	\$ 18.10
Dolores Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel .....	30.00
Good Will Mission Club, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. Casper Hill .....	3.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Secretary .....	10.70
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins .....	18.50
Mother & Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus .....	30.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, Evanston, Miss Celia Henrich .....	40.00
Our Lady of Lourdes, Kokomo, Ind., Mary Mannion .....	14.00
Our Lady of Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wis., Miss Helen Arens .....	50.00
Our Lady, Queen of Hearts, Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Wilma Wengritzky .....	15.00
St. Ann Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Miss Ann Brink .....	3.00
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck .....	120.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy .....	42.50
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke .....	32.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh .....	5.00
St. Irene Auxiliary Band, Chicago, Miss Madeleine Sebraska .....	20.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Helen Williamson .....	74.53
St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. Charles J. Fiala .....	60.00
St. Jude Band, West Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Polakowski .....	30.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	12.50
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Agnes Shanahan .....	5.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer .....	8.00
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Miss Marie V. Dwyer .....	50.00
Strillians Band, Cincinnati, Miss Marion Mueller .....	1.00



### OUR NEW YORK BANDS

MORE than one Promoter noticed the very large donations received during the past year from our New York Bands. Last month we commended Sacred Heart Mission Society, New-ark, N. Y., for its work. The other two Bands in New York State are:

### OUR LADY OF VICTORY BAND

(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

WE wish to congratulate Miss Catherine Binz, sister of our Catechist Binz, for having sent us the magnificent sum of \$225.00 for the year 1945. Most of the members are working girls, although there are a few young married women who belong to the Band. An occasional raffle and "sunshine money" stowed away in a mite-box or piggy bank help to increase the amount of monthly dues sent us.

OUR gratitude will find expression in fervent prayers for the Band members.

### ST. JOSEPH MISSION CLUB

(Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

AT the close of the old year, these club members elected new officers and Marie Williamson was chosen President. The former officers had been in office two years.

ONE of the "specialties" of this Club is a novelty sale just before Christmas. They have always realized very good returns on their sales. We feel the old officers have set a pace for the new ones. Receipts from St. Joseph's Mission Club for the year 1945 were \$146.54.

WE commend the Club members highly for the zeal manifested in behalf of our poor Missions.



# Mission Intention for March

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

## THE MISSIONS WHICH HAVE SUFFERED MOST FROM THE WAR

SINCE the evaluation of suffering is so often relative it is difficult to indicate any particular group of missions which have been the greatest sufferers from the war. Certainly large areas in China, having endured eight years of unrelenting conflict, may be considered one of the major casualties, especially since the communistic menace threatens to retard still further any rehabilitation program now contemplated by the Church. Under date of October 30 last, word was received at the office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith that all the big mission centers in Mongolia are being used as barracks for the soldiers, while the Chinese priests staffing the stations have been ordered to return to civilian life within six months.

WORD from Bishop Vesters in Australia informs us that 200 missionaries, held in Rabaul in New Guinea, were liberated in September, but states further: "I am afraid many of the mission stations in New Britain, New Ireland, and the Admiralties have been destroyed. We know for sure that our headquarters in Vunapope, with over sixty buildings, including the pro-cathedral, have been entirely wiped out."

CONFIRMATION of Bishop Vesters' statements was received from an actual internee of the concentration camps in New Guinea. "From September, 1942, to February, 1943, civilians and Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Issoudun were interned in the Rabaul Military Camp," writes Rev. J. B. Poncelet, Marist Missionary of the North Solomon Islands Vicariate. "On February 28, 1943, we were sent to the Vunapope Camp where 272 people were held, including 140 missionaries of all nations, some European internees, the seminarians, as well as many native Christians. Bishop Scharmach, M.S.C., the Vicar Apostolic, and his priests helped us as much as possible. We remained in that camp for a year, and after the destruction of the station we stayed there without cover of any kind, except the subterranean shelters, until June 6, 1944. From then until September, 1945, we have been in a corner of the Ramale forest,

in a gully over 250 feet deep. Since the beginning of the concentrations 25 missionaries have died."

THESE facts would seem to prove conclusively that Oceania felt the full impact of the horrors of war, particularly when one remembers that the foregoing does not present the picture in its entirety. No mention is made in the above of the "Abomination of desolation" which prevailed at Alexishafen, where mission installations were completely destroyed, nor of the 65 missionaries who suffered instant or lingering death as a result of the strafing of a prisoner of war ship off the coast of New Guinea.

INDO CHINA, Burma, and Java, we know, were ravaged by the war; while from the Military Ordinariate in New York comes the following report received from the Reverend Edward E. Harrington, now in Tokyo, who comments on the condition of the missionaries in Japan: "We have discovered that there are fifteen communities of religious women, and in these convents there are 311 non-Japanese sisters," he writes. "There are six congregations of religious men, and among them there are 72 non-Japanese priests. Each one of these religious is in want."

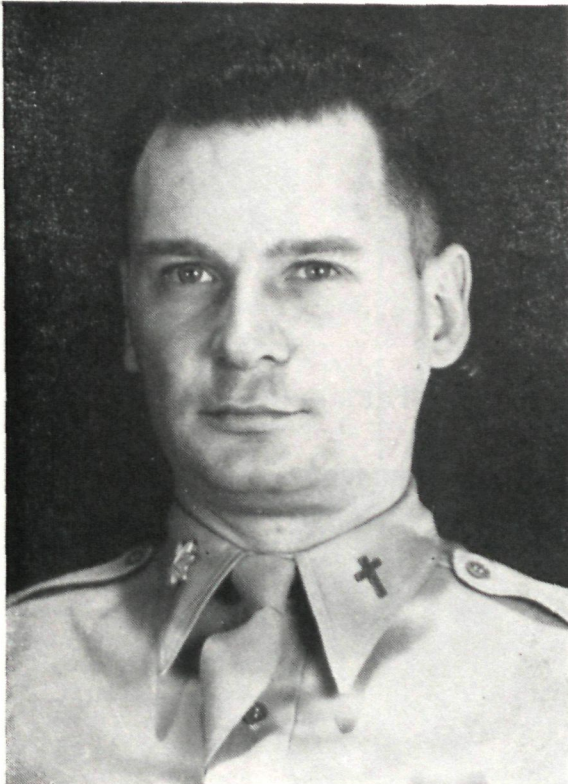
HOWEVER, the picture is not without its compensations. Father Harrington assures us that "the time is now most auspicious for missionary work here (in Japan) with the hearty endorsement of the Supreme Commander."

CERTAINLY our missions have passed through a baptism of fire, but while the ranks of workers have been depleted, there are generous souls willing to take up the work, provided they are sustained by the prayers of the faithful during the month of March for "the missions which have suffered most from the war."



# Atlantic Sector Chaplain

HEADQUARTERS PANAMA CANAL  
DEPARTMENT  
OFFICE OF THE DEPARTMENT PUBLIC  
RELATIONS OFFICER



Chaplain (Major) Edward P. Gicewicz. (Photo by U. S. Sixth Air Force.)

CHAPLAIN (Major) Edward P. Gicewicz, formerly of St. John Kanty College, Erie, Pennsylvania, and at present Base Chaplain at France Field, Canal Zone, recently received two distinctions. He was promoted to Major and designated Atlantic Sector Chaplain, it is announced at Sixth Air Force Headquarters, Albrook Field, Canal Zone.

WHILE serving as Chaplain at an outlying Sixth Air Force base in the Galapagos Islands in January, 1945, Major Gicewicz was the first Catholic priest to set foot on lonely San Cristobal Island in the Galapagos group. It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment for fifty-one youngsters of Wreck Bay and Progresso when Chaplain Gicewicz celebrated the first Mass in the history of these communities. The young people received their First Holy Communion. Later seventeen

of the tiniest children were baptized.

THE occasion was arranged by Lt. Col. Leonardo Chiriboga, then Governor of the Galapagos Islands, whose Ecuadorian title is Jefe Territorial del Archipeligo del Colon. He had appealed to the Chaplain, explaining that Senora Chiriboga, his wife, had completed the preliminary instruction of the children, but that there was no way for them to receive their First Communion because a Priest never came to their island.

In his capacity as Atlantic Sector Chaplain, Chaplain Gicewicz will supervise all Chaplains on the Atlantic side of the Panama Canal.



## CLASSROOMS

(Continued from page 9)

order on my arrival. The radio was so placed as to be a perfect stand for my blackboard. She would remove her pictures from the walls so the nails would serve for my charts. The lovely curtains and drapes on the windows shielded the children from outside distractions. Mrs. Martinez never did any work inside the house during class as she feared this would disturb the children or me. She would sometimes work in her garden and sometimes attend the class. I thoroughly enjoyed teaching in that ranch house, and I always feel that those children were privileged far above many others I have taught.

THOUGH there are places and places in which religious instructions can be given, there is no doubt but that in a good place the pupils are better able to learn the truths of their faith. If, however, an unsuitable place is the only one available, the religion teacher always has the consolation of knowing that the Divine Master for whom she labors is ever ready to reinforce her efforts by a plentiful supply of Divine Grace which He showers down on those with whom she struggles.





# Mary's Loyal

A NEW OHIO HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

WHEN this issue of the magazine reaches you, the holy season of Lent will be close upon us. I am, therefore, passing on a thought or two which I hope will be profitable to you.

## CROSS-BEARERS WILL BE CROWN WEARERS

THESE words apply only to those who bear their crosses *willingly*. Of course, the Sisters have often reminded you, as they reminded me, of the necessary part that penance and suffering must play in our lives, using that oft-repeated expression, "No cross, no crown."

HAS it ever occurred to you that our crown will be made up of the same stuff of which our present-day cross is made? The very things that rasp and grate so on our nerves (the little splinters of our cross) are the same things which will increase our merit and give luster to our crown of glory in Heaven, provided we bear them *patiently*.

THE next time we have something disagreeable to bear, let us remember our heavenly crowns are being burnished by the rubbing and chafing we experience. It will help us to bear our crosses silently and meritoriously.

## LENTEN SACRIFICES

LENT is the time we make little sacrifices to show our love and gratitude to Our Blessed Lord, who sacrificed Himself upon the Cross, dying on it for love of us, to save us from sin and everlasting death. These little sacrifices usually consist in giving up candy, chewing gum and attendance at the neighborhood movie. The money we save by giving up these pleasures should be given to some charitable cause, to the missions, etc. I am sending you a Sunshine Bag. Keep it handy.

NEXT month we shall announce the winner of the contest for our *Junior Helpers*. Meanwhile we should like to receive many more letters on "My opinion of a good Catholic leader at school."

Mary-ly yours,  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY

This will introduce *Jean Marie Nye*, of *Tiffin, Ohio*. She is a freshman at Calvert High in that city and is taught by the Ursuline Sisters. Jean has an aunt in the Order.



## ANOTHER OHIO HELPER



*Celesta Recker*, of *Ottawa, Ohio*, is 16 years old and a junior in high school. She has three brothers and four sisters. She says there is a lot of work on a farm. She ought to know because she lives on one!

## A KENTUCKY HELPER

*Imogene Hall* comes from *Owensboro, Kentucky*. She is 17 years old and a junior at St. Francis Academy. This young lady likes to sing and is a member of the church choir.

Imogene is a strong rooter for the missions. She wrote some worthwhile thoughts on "My Opinion of a good Catholic Leader."





# Helpers Pages

Little Pedro  
is so small  
You hardly see  
his face at all  
Under what ?



## OUR MARCH PUZZLE

Every boy or girl who works this Quizzie Dot Puzzle and mails it to us before Easter will receive a holy card.

## A LOYAL HELPER WHO HELPS US ROYALLY

LORINE STAUBLE of Louisville, Kentucky, sent us a defense stamp folder with \$8.25 worth of stamps pasted in it. She wrote, "I am sure you can do more good with them than I can." More than that, she has filled a little red sock with dimes and promises additional help in the near future. Lorine has a cousin—Father Winfrid—who is a Franciscan missionary and whom I knew very well when we both worked among the Laguna Indians. She also had an uncle, Father Otto, who lived and died as a missionary among the Indians. You can see why she goes all out for the missions and for missionaries.



## NEW "LITTLE" HELPERS

Rosemary Baum, Topeka, Kans., age 9  
Joseph Ghushn, Danbury, Conn., age 9  
Nancy Larson, St. Louis, Mo., age 12  
Joan Marion, N. Washington, Ia., age 7  
Maureen Miller, Ft. Wayne, Ind., age 2½  
David Mills, Crown Point, Ind., age 10  
Elaine Parish, Chicago, Ill., age 11  
Celeste Renier, Chicago, Ill., age 4  
Mary Margaret Rhode, LaSalle, Ill., age 4  
Bernadette Stadler, Topeka, Kans., age 2  
Lorine Stauble, Louisville, Ky., age 12  
Joyce Wendel, Ft. Wayne, age 12  
William Whalen, St. Louis, Mo., age 11  
Paddy Wilkinson, Manchester, Vt., age 3

It looks like Joseph Ghushn is saluting us. But do you notice it is his *left* hand which is upraised? Therefore we suspect he is only shading his eyes from the sun.

Joseph and his sister go to St. Joseph School, Danbury, Conn.



## ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE

1. Washington
2. Hatchet
3. Cherry
4. Revolution
5. Delaware
6. Constitution



# No Meat on Friday

by Catechist M. Manternach

"CATECHIST, I didn't eat any meat today!" exclaimed Lupe triumphantly, as she came to class one Friday afternoon.

"FINE, Lupe!" I answered. "But what did you have for lunch?"

"ONLY cottage cheese and dessert," she replied. "But I'll eat a big meal tonight to make up for it."

LUPE'S problem, and that of her companions, was a big one. The main item on the Friday menu at the school cafeteria was chili beans prepared with meat. Unless the children ate this dish, their meal, like Lupe's on this particular day, would be a very light one; and their day—from the time the bus picked them up in the morning until it delivered them to their homes in the evening—was a long one.

WE discussed the matter in class, in the hope of finding a more satisfactory solution than going hungry each Friday. Finally, it was agreed that a number of the older children would go to the Principal and ask that he have one of their meatless day menus changed to Friday.

IT was a disheartened group who the following Friday reported that they had gone to see the Principal, but he said it was all foolishness—they should eat what was served.

ANOTHER discussion took place, and the children decided they would bring their lunches to school on Friday. This seemed a very simple solution, but it met with no better success than the former one. Coming, as most of them did, from homes where religion was an indifferent matter, their parents refused to let them take their lunches, because "they needed a hot meal at noon."

THE class went into a huddle again. There must be some way of meeting the situation. All agreed that the following Friday they would refuse the beans. True to their promise, the next Friday each child said to the waitress, politely but firmly, "No, thank you. I do not want any beans prepared with meat."

THE following Friday I did not have to wait until the children reached the room where we were to have class to know that they had won the victory at last. Almost a block away they began shouting, "They didn't serve meat in our beans today!"



O Saint Joseph, foster-father of Our Lord Jesus Christ and true spouse of Mary the Virgin, pray for us. (Ind. 300 days.)

How greatly do we glorify God when, in order to please Him, we follow the example of Jesus Christ, and submit ourselves to Mary, His most holy Mother. (Bl. de Montfort.)

If we take care to place all our actions in the hands of Mary, this good Mother purifies them of all stain of self-love and of that imperceptible attachment to created things, which slip unnoticed into our best actions. (Bl. de Montfort.)

## Memoriam

Anton Olberding, Baileyville, Kans., father of our Superior General, Catechist Catherine Olberding.  
Frank Geiskopf, Milwaukee, Wis., father of Catechist M. Eva Geiskopf.

Bernard Kaiser, Hecker, Ill., father of Catechist Rose Kaiser.

Dennis Scully, Chicago, Ill.

Bernard J. Haas, Tucson, Ariz.

F. W. Wascher, Portland, Ore.

Josephine Moore, Watertown, Wisc.

Madame Agnes Fitzgerald, Sister of the Cenacle, Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I., New York.

David J. Smith, Biloxi, Miss.

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





(Courtesy of Kaiser Co., Inc.)

General night view of the Kaiser Company, Inc., iron and steel plant near Fontana, California. At the left is the high stack of the sintering plant; then one of the large gas holders; the blast furnace in the center background; stripper building; and the open hearth building which contains six 185-ton furnaces.

## At Fontana

*by Catechist M. E. Kiefer*

FONTANA, the home of the new Kaiser Steel Plant, is located in the center of a flourishing rural district. In the heart of the citrus belt, the Fontana district has about 5000 acres of citrus fruits. It also has about 2500 acres of walnuts and about 2000 acres in vineyards. It contains the largest poultry center in Southern California, the largest duck farm west of the Mississippi, and the largest hog ranch in the world.

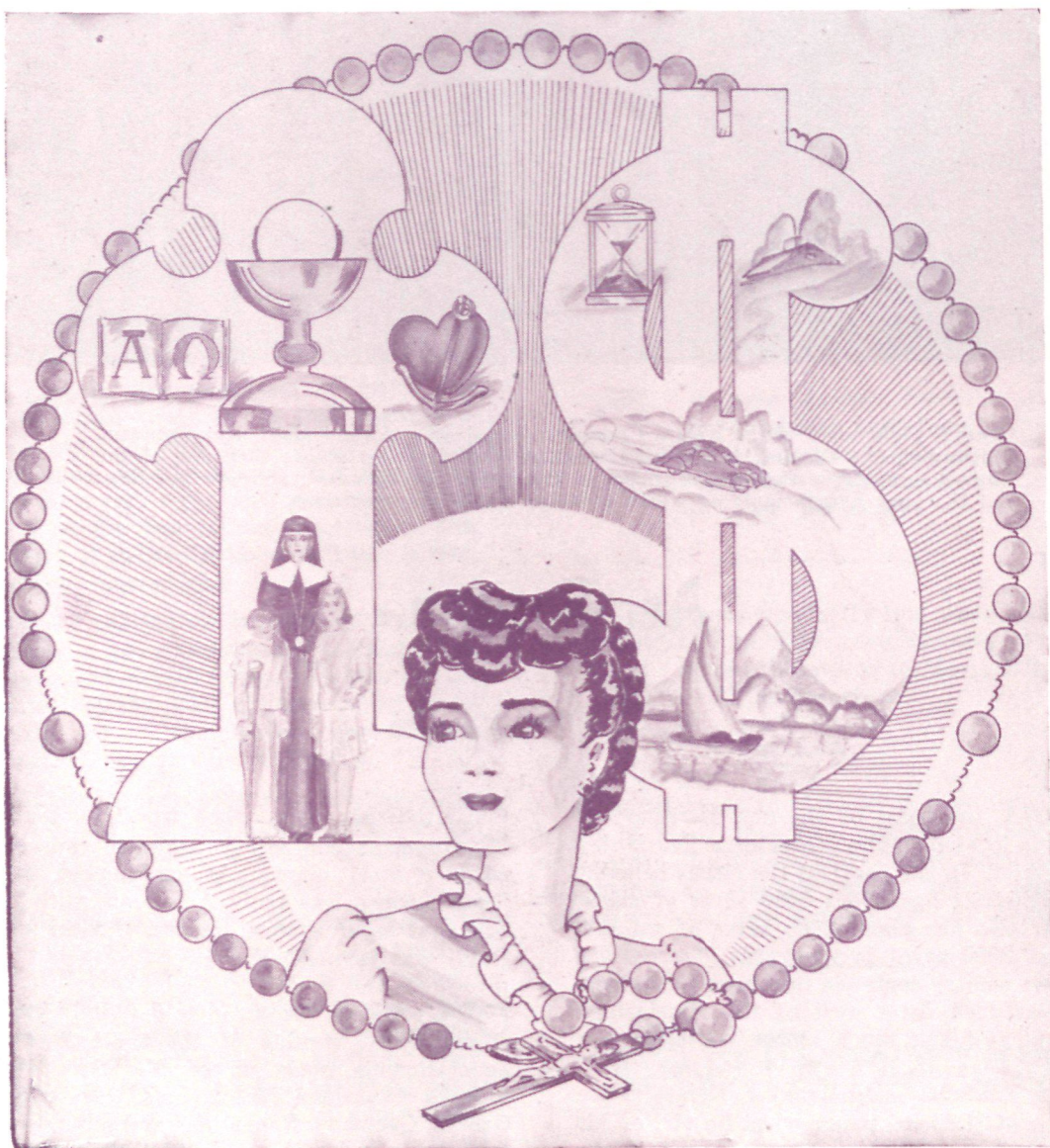
"LIKE Fontana," said Henry J. Kaiser to the editor of the local paper when he visited his new steel plant. "I believe it to be one of the finest communities in California, and I am very much pleased that I selected this district for my steel mill."

HEADLINES from the local paper—back in 1942—carried the news that the Kaiser Steel Plant would employ 6000 men for the duration of the war. To help take care of the influx of workers, blocks of new houses rose up. The Fontana Housing Corporation built 450 new houses.

DURING the war, when the shell plant was going at top speed, appeals were sent to Eastern steel plants for experienced workers. The response was truly American, with the result that an enormous amount of vital war material was turned out.

OUR work in Fontana has definitely increased since the coming of the Steel Plant. The population is made up of Mexicans, Italians, Slovaks, Croations, Hungarians, Russians, Irish, Greeks, Germans, Bohemians and others—a veritable league of nations. In 1945 there were 1804 pupils enrolled in the public schools as compared with 804 in 1941. A large number of these children are Catholic. This year one grade is being given release time for religious instruction, and we hope that soon this will be extended to all grades. This would solve the problem which now confronts us of reaching those children who depend upon the school busses for transportation and are unable to remain after school hours for religious instruction.





*Christ  
His Cross  
His Children*

*Home And Family  
Wealth  
Pleasure*

*Which Shall I Choose?*