



THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

Volume XXV
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Number 5

Recreation and Soul Clinic

by Sister Josephine

SINCE the Settlement House is located in the poorer district of the city, where recreational facilities are scarce, the grade school children enjoy coming here each afternoon after school for religious instruction and for their play hour. We consider it a great privilege to have this daily contact with them, as it is a splendid opportunity of helping them put into practice what they learn in religion class—to do "All for Jesus," work, play, and pray.

OFTEN when visiting the crowded apartments of the tenement districts, we utter a fervent *Deo Gratias* that we can provide a place for the children where they can play games and have good times. And the constructive part of it all is that not only do they have good times, but through the games, folk dancing, plays, and other activities, we can bring out many points that help in character building. For instance, individualistic Andy learns that it does not always pay to try to have his own way; self-assertive Ann is taught that she is not the only one who has opinions on how certain games should be conducted, and proud little Paul finds out that the "last shall be first."

BECAUSE we know that a deep, personal love of Our Lord is the only force that will carry the children safely through the dangers and trials of life, we usually close the Play Hour with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. We know that this little practice has greatly pleased one of the mothers of our little ones. She had the impression that too much time was taken up playing games, and so she resolved to come to the House to see for herself just what we were doing and how her little girl was spending her time. Just at the time the mother arrived, the children were marching out of the Chapel with unusually pious looks on their faces. The mother seemed to be convinced that her little daughter had been spending her time well.

WE have found that through presenting little plays the children can learn more than dramatic art. Simple lessons in human relations can be taught, as was demonstrated by a recent

occurrence. One of our most faithful pupils, a Negro boy, felt extraordinarily privileged when he was given the role of one of the Kings in our Christmas play. It was a revelation to him that one of the Wise Men was of his own race. He knelt very proudly in his place on the stage. Later, just before the Feast of the Epiphany, the children went to the Chapel for their usual visit to the Blessed Sacrament. As a special privilege, several of the larger children were allowed to place the figures of the Kings in the Crib. All went well until the little Negro boy noticed that a child had put the figure of the Negro King in the second place.

"THAT ain't the place I was in when I was King in the play," he protested. "I was in the third place, right after the other two kings." And in order to satisfy our little friend, the Negro King had to be placed in the same place he had been when he was in the play.

ANOTHER little incident in the same play shows the power of dramatics in bringing out the best that is in the less gifted children. Two of the children who applied for parts in the play had physical handicaps—the one was a crippled boy, the other a girl with a paralyzed arm, and they had little hope of being selected. What a delightful expression appeared on their faces when they were told that they had very important parts—the crippled boy could take the part of an old shepherd, and his bent little back gave just such an appearance; the little girl could stand on the left side of the stage, where her crippled arm would not show, and take part in a pantomime.

FROM all this, it can readily be seen that play time in the Settlement House could really be called "character-building time." It is through the many activities that the little ones engage in that they learn the Christian principles of social living. It is by this means, too, that we are enabled, with God's grace, to lead the children to Jesus, so that they may have Him and His way before them all through their lives.

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Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

(Editor's Note: We welcome Joe of L.A., who realizing that life went on even after the unspeakable happiness of First Communion Day, offered to resume his reporting for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.)

BOY, am I ever happy! Just wait'll I tell you what happened! As you already know, Lent is the time of the year which comes forty days before Easter. As you also know, it is a time for doing penance and making sacrifices.

AND you remember what I told God on the day when I made my First Communion, that I was gonna start sayin' a lotta extra prayers for my father? Well, I started off right that same night to pray a whole Rosary, which I got as a present, along with a prayer book, from the Sisters.

THINGS go on like this for a coupla days, and nothing happens, so I say to my pal Augustino, "Maybe I am not saying the right kind of prayers."

NOW he knows what it is I am praying for, as he is my best pal and I tell him everything. But he says to me, "Don't be in so much of a hurry, Joe. On account of you gotta remember St. Monica had to pray eighteen years for St. Augustine."

I CAN see right away by this remark that my pal Gus is not going to be very much help to me, so on the next Tuesday, after the regular catechism class is over, I bring up the subject to the Sister who is still teaching me in the special class.

RIGHT off the bat she asks me what am I intending to do during Lent. I tell her I didn't think too much about it yet, but maybe I will go to Mass and Communion every day before school. (I say *maybe* because only my father and me knows how hard it is to get me up in the mornings.) Also, I tell her I will not eat any candy, and besides all this, I will not go to the show. I am trying to think of something else to do, but she says, "Wait a minute, you better just pick one to start with, and then you'll be sure to stick to it."

I AM kinda seeing red when I hear this, as she oughtta know me better, that if I got enough *ganas* to stick to one, then I oughtta have enough *ganas* to stick to three or four. However, being as I am supposed to be polite now, I do not say this. Instead, I tell her some more about what I am praying for, and how much luck I am not having. She tells me to keep on praying the Rosary, and also to offer up the sacrifices during Lent for this special favor which I want.

THAT same night when I go home, my father is still outside working with the chickens, as he is having a hard time getting one of the incubators to work right.

I say to him, "Pop, you want I should help you?"

"Nope," he says, "I think it's going to work this time."

"Then you want I should start getting the supper?" I asked him.

"What's got into you?" he says, and he looks at me kinda suspicious-like. "I'm not gonna give

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you any show money tonight! You gotta wait until next Saturday."

I get the joke right away and start laughing, and pretty soon he is laughing, too.

WHEN next week comes I am just as far as ever from getting my father to even think about making his Easter duty (this is what I am praying for), so I ask the Sisters will they come over and talk to him about it. Well, they come all right, but all they do is stand around and rave about his chickens, like as if they never saw a chicken before.

THEY are standing there and listening while my father tells them all about the price of chicken feed and how many eggs his chickens lay in one day and how much profit he makes on each crate. They do not even get a chance to ask him how many years it has been since he went to Confession.

AFTER about fifteen minutes of this, which seems to me like an hour, they tell him they must be going as they wanta get home and bake a cake for a guy which is in the county hospital.

"Must be a special friend of yours," my father says.

"Well, kinda," they tell him. "He just received the Sacraments the other day, after being away from the Church about forty years, so we're gonna surprise him with a cake."

My father whistles when he hears this, "Forty years!" he says. "That's a long time."

Then he tells me to bring some bags, as he wants to give the Sisters some eggs.

The next thing I know they are saying good-by and thanks for the eggs, while my father is cracking a joke about putting all the eggs in that cake to make it good.

And I am left holding the bag, in more ways than one.

* * * * *

YOU remember my teacher, Miss Carter, don't you? She is really getting to be an awful nice person. The kids tell me that when she first came here she was a humdinger! She didn't like it one bit because they wore medals. She thought it was superstitious or something. But she understands about it now, on account of I have explained to her about sacramentals, and also that Catholics do not believe in charms and other superstitions, as this is a sin again the First Commandment.

A COUPLA weeks ago I was telling her about the time that Our Lord fed more than five

thousand people with only five loaves of bread and two fishes. That was the time He was preaching to them in the desert. Then when they all got done eating, they still had twelve baskets full of food left over.

"That was some miracle, wasn't it," I say to her.

"Yes," she says, "it was, but I thought it was only seven baskets of food they had left."

"OH, that was another time," I tell her. "Our Lord started out with seven loaves and a few fishes, and this time He fed more than four thousand people. He probably worked this miracle of multiplying the bread even more times than this, an account of everything He did and said is not written in the Bible. If it was, the whole world would not be big enough to hold it."

ALL this time she keeps looking out the window, like she is seeing something far off, up in the mountains. She does not even bother to correct me any more, when I happen to make a mistake in grammar. I guess she thinks it is no use, because it is only a few days after this when she tells me that I will not need to stay after school any more to learn grammar. The reason for this is that she will not have time to teach me, as she is now going to start some kind of convert classes.

WELL, anyhow, I am glad she had the chance to hear me explain to her about the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist, which is another name for Holy Communion.

LIKE I told her, it's a funny thing about people. After Our Lord fed all these people in the desert, they kept following Him, on account of I guess they wanted Him to keep on working the same miracle for them.

BUT He told them that pretty soon He would give them some bread to eat which would make them live forever. Like this He said it, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world." (John, VI, 51-52).

WHEN the Jews hear this they do not understand it, so Our Lord tells them again in another way: "Amen, amen, I say unto you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood has life everlasting and I will raise him up in the last day." (John, VI, 54-55).

I AM just showing her where to read this in the Bible when Pedro walks in. He is the janitor, and he is getting ready to lock all the doors, but he waits a few minutes while I hurry up and finish telling Miss Carter how most of the people would not believe Our Lord when He said this, so they walked away from Him.

"BUT," I tell her, "He didn't call them back and say, 'Wait a minute. I didn't mean that. I meant something else.'"

EVEN the Apostles were standing there, scratching their heads. They did not know what to make of all this, so Our Lord asked them, kinda sad-like, "Will you go away from Me also?"

NOW all this time Pedro is standing with his chin leaning on the broom handle and listening, but now he stands up straight like a soldier and says to my teacher, "An' San Pedro, he make thees answer, 'No, Senor, we not go away from You. *Porque* God you are, an' you not make the lies.'"

WE are all walking out the door, while I am trying to tell her that Our Lord kept His promise on Holy Thursday at the Last Supper, but I cannot get a word in edgewise, as Pedro is telling her all about St. Peter in Spanish, and she is listening to *him* instead of me, on account of it seems to me that she would rather talk Spanish than eat.

ONE thing I am glad of—when I am telling these stories to my father there is no Pedro to walk in with his broom and his keys and his Spanish!

ON the next Tuesday, which happens to be the Tuesday before Holy Week, my pal Augustino and I are walking to the church for catechism, and we meet on the corner a couple of *pachucos*. Now these guys are not really *pachucos*; they just look like *pachucos*. They do not go to school on account of they got jobs, and, besides, they are already sixteen. But when there is not any work for them, they like to stand around on the corner and talk. In case you do not know what a *pachuco* is, maybe I will get a chance to tell you about it some other time. So these guys ask us where we're going and we tell them we're going to catchism. They want us to stay and throw a little dice with them, but we tell them, "No, we got other things to do right now."

THEN Gus says to them, "Why don't you come along with us today?"

"I do not know how to act in church," says the tall one.

HE doesn't want to come as he is afraid the Sister will ask him some questions, but Gus tells him, "She won't ask any questions today for sure, on account of she will be too busy telling us about how Our Lord suffered and died on Good Friday."

Then the short guy says, "I used to go to catechism in El Paso when I was a kid, and I sure liked it. Come on, let's go."

IT seems they have never been very much to catechism or church on account of they are always on the move, following the crops. In fact, they did not even go to school very much for this same reason.

THAT same night I am telling my father about it, as these guys talked it over with me and Gus, and we want to start some kind of a club.

"Who are they?" my father asks.

"We don't know their names yet," I tell him. "They just pulled in here a coupla days ago. They are living in those tents on the other side of the tracks."

At this my father says, so soft-like it kinda scares me, "You ain't gonna get mixed up in any more gangs, Joe. Remember what happened in L. A."

He is not *asking* me that, he is *telling* me, so I know it is no use to try and think up an answer to give him.

WHEN next Tuesday comes, which is the Tuesday before Good Friday, I tell the Sister I am still not having very much luck with what I am praying for, and besides all this, I got something else to worry about. I tell her what it is and then she asks me all kinda questions about this club which me and Gus and a few other guys wanta start.

THEN she says, "Well, you keep on praying and something is bound to happen."

"Yeah," I tell her, and I am kinda discouraged with everything. "You mean, 'Keep on praying, and nuthin' ever happens.'"

When she hears this, she laughs and says, "Cheer up, Joe. Just when things look the darkest is usually when God has a pleasant surprise in store for you."

Continued on Page 18

Love Behind Bars

by Sister Regina

PART II

THERE was nothing on the plain envelope to indicate that the letter came from a woman's federal prison, but I sensed that it did and tore it open eagerly.

TWO months before, a young woman—let me call her Ellen—bade me a tearful farewell at the county jail where I give religious instructions once a week. She would be leaving in a day or two for the federal prison, to serve a term of more than three years.

ALMOST from the beginning Ellen was conspicuous in the class by her sullen and resentful manner. I wondered why she attended the instructions; she was always among the first ones present.

ONE day when I arrived for my weekly meeting with the women, a group of high school boys and girls was being shown through the jail. My companion attached herself to the tourists and I went into the parlor as usual, to put things in order for my class. To my surprise, I found Ellen in tears, crouching in one corner of the room. Before I could ask a question she burst out angrily, "It isn't fair that people should be coming through, and gaping at us as though we were animals in a cage. I can't bear to be stared at like that."

"THEN you won't be stared at!" I said, going up to her and wondering what in the world to do to prevent a scene. My mantle caught on the corner of the table as I passed, giving me an idea.

"Sit right where you are," I told her, "and I'll stand and hide you with my mantle."

I spread out my mantle on both sides of me: "Who can see past this?" I asked, speaking lightly in an attempt to stop her tears. "Anyone looking in this direction will think he is seeing only the back of a big fat Sister. And no one ever gives Sisters a second glance, so you are safe."

ELLEN leaned her head against me in utter despair, "I can't stand this place anymore," she sobbed, "and soon I'll be going to something worse—a federal prison—for three and a half

years. The thought of it is driving me crazy."

WHAT could I say? I held her close under my mantle while the visitors passed the door with scarcely a glance into the plain little parlor.

NOT many weeks later, Ellen stayed after class to tell me that the dread time had come. Tomorrow, or the next day, she was to leave for a federal prison. "It will be like being buried alive and forgotten," she said.

"BUT you won't be forgotten; surely your family and relatives will write." I tried to comfort her.

"I have no people—nobody who cares."

"Then I will be your people. Would you like that?"

"Sister, that would be wonderful. "And," her chin went up, "I'll really try to take it in the way you said we should."

FROM her letter I judge that she is accepting her punishment courageously, and trying to rebuild her hopes for the future. I am also discovering how much my instructions meant to her. Among other things she wrote: "I wish you could come here and talk to everyone in this place. I know you could make a lot of them feel differently about God and sin and life, as you did me."

SHE, who would not even read the prayers with us in class three months ago, proudly writes: "I pray every day. I almost know by heart the book you sent me, and I pray for you and all the Sisters, and for all the unfortunate girls in places like this one."

THEN, bolstering up her spirits for the bleak days still stretching out before her, she says: "I won't mind it here very much so long as you write to me. I will have plenty of time to learn all the things you told us that a good Catholic ought to know; for I want to be a Catholic some day, soon."

FREQUENTLY, in conversation with friends, when I mention the jail, they exclaim, "What good can you possibly accomplish in a place like that! for those people!"

AT first thought it might appear a hopeless mission. I cannot offer "those people" money, nor suitable jobs, nor good homes, nor a brighter future. And yet I can do something greater. I can bring God to them, and He seems to be the "one thing" of which their lives have been primarily deprived.

IT amazes me to be told, time after time, by my pupils in jail, that my classes are the first opportunity some of them have had for formal instructions in any religion. One young woman—unbaptized—went so far as to say that she was grateful for her short stay in jail because here she had been "introduced to God." After her very first class, she set about learning her prayers and memorizing the Catechism questions with the zeal of a confirmandi.

ANOTHER poor soul came to class "Because", she said, "I thought perhaps you could tell me who this Jesus is that folks talk about so much. He was never made clear to me."

A Colored woman, with the negroes' characteristic gift of poetic expression, exclaimed, "You Sisters bring the sunshine of God's love to this dreary place and I look forward to basking in it each week."

POSSIBLY three-fourths of my class are not Catholic. To them my visits are an opportunity to air the timeworn arguments against the Church, and to have satisfied their curiosity about her teachings and practices. Again and again I am told, "I used to hate the Catholic Church but now I can see that it is really wonderful."

ONE morning the telephone called me away from prayers. The voice coming over the wires was husky, and the words came out in jerky sentences, as though the speaker were afraid.

"SISTER, I am one of the girls who came to your classes in jail. I've been out a week. If I stay here I'll land back in jail. I'd like to get away from the old temptations. I have relatives in N..... but I have no money. Will you help me to get there?"

AS I listened to that frank confession, I felt the speaker was telling the truth, and of course we could verify it. I answered at once, "Surely, I'll be glad to help. Where can I see you?"

LATER that day when I met her, she confided, "I should have come to you as soon as I was dismissed, because you said you would help. But

there are so many people who talk beautifully and never do anything when a person needs help. I didn't believe you were like that, but I was afraid—in case you were—I couldn't take it! It's hard to start over. It would be easier to end it all. You'll never know how much you are helping me by not letting me down now."

ANOTHER telephone call. Another of my pupils dismissed from jail. "Sister, I have no job; no money; no place to stay. What can I do!"

THANK God for the Catholic Charities to whom we often turn in desperation. By the end of the day they arranged for room and board for our destitute friend. We gave her a hot meal and some much-needed clothing, and saw her established in her temporary home. As we drove her from place to place, making the various arrangements, she expressed genuine remorse and heartfelt gratitude in a simple statement which she repeated over and over: "And how I used to hate Catholic Sisters!"

I COULD go on relating innumerable other little things resulting from our contacts in the county jail. Little things indeed they are, but there are a sufficient number of them to keep our spirits high. And while we relate our experiences, in our hearts we know that even though we did not have these fragments of consolation and success, we would, nevertheless, continue our efforts on behalf of these erring children of God. For Christ has identified Himself with the least of men, even with the criminal behind bars, when He said, "I was in prison and you visited Me." It is primarily, then, to comfort and console and love our dear Lord, who suffers in the abject and the forsaken, behind drab grey walls and prison bars, that we make our weekly visits to that place of derision—the jail.

THE END



Kentucky - Mission Field of Contrasts

by Sister Mary Eva

WE MODERNS go in for contrasts. There are contrasts for the living room; one wall plain, the other striped; one chair dark, the other light. There are contrasts for the costume; accessories, nail polish even, must give the desired touch of contrast. The old adage, "Variety is the spice of life," might quite effectively and with equal truth be changed to "Contrast is the spice of life."

EVEN a mission assignment has its contrasts to add zest and interest to adventuring for God. When six months ago Sister Mary Geraldine and I came to Richmond to open the first foundation of our community in Kentucky, it wasn't long before we realized that here we would have a mission field of striking contrasts.

RICHMOND, lying on the gentle slopes of the Kentucky foothills at the outer edge of the bonnie blue grass region, is a typically southern city, stately, slow-moving, clinging proudly to the remnants of its old, colonial aristocracy.

THE Catholic population of the city is small; but from all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, we have received the warm welcome of the famed hospitality of the South. Nowhere, on our rounds of house-to-house census taking, have we been greeted with more constant and kindly courtesy. "Won't you all come in? We are so glad to have you in our city. We are not members of your Church, but we think you do wonderful work. We wish you success in it."

THERE are saintly souls among our Catholics in Richmond; but as is so often the case where



Sister Mary Geraldine and a few of her Religion Class pupils, in parish hall at Richmond, Kentucky.

Catholics are in the minority, there is a certain reticence about religion, a kind of taking of the Faith for granted, complacently enjoying its blessings and letting things end there. It is this Faith, hugged to the bosoms of our people, that with God's help we hope to fan to a fuller, more flaming life which will result in greater appreciation and an eager desire to share the treasure with others. As one parishioner put it, "I believe Richmond is ripe for Catholicism." We heartily agree.

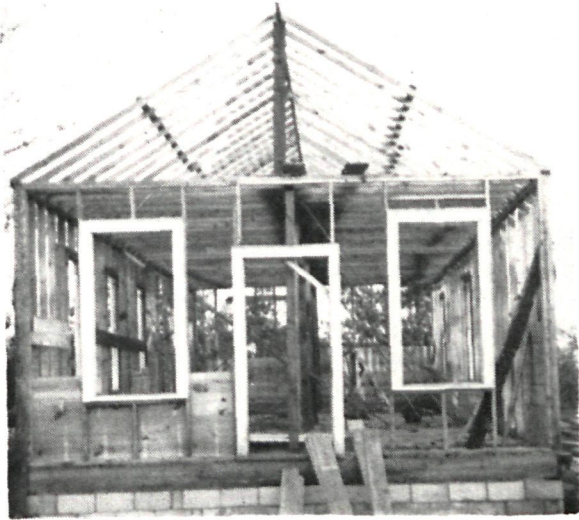
WHEN countless Mullins, Murphys, O'Donnells, and Shannons tell us they are not Catholics, we know that generations back, in difficult pioneer days, the light of Faith was snuffed out. We hope to be instrumental in lighting it again.



Station wagon is not only a means of conveyance for the Sisters, but often serves as a classroom as it does for these children at Berea, Kentucky.

BUT it is when we get into our station wagon and drive along the pleasant pikes that wind up and out of the rolling blue grass country into the rugged mountain districts that we enter into another section of our huge mission parish. And it is here that we find the contrast that adds charm to our work and makes us exult in our title of missionary.

AS GENTEEL and as cultured as are the residents of the pastoral blue grass, so rugged and poor and weather-beaten are the mountaineers, who struggle to eke out an existence from the rough and barren hills and exhausted bottoms which they call home.



St. Teresa's chapel in process of construction. All lumber has been salvaged from an old chapel at Contrary Creek.

FOR miles, as one rounds curve after sharp curve, one sees nothing but hills covered with scraggly pine and small timber, deep canyons, picturesque but sterile, and an occasional cabin, clinging to the mountain side, crude, unpainted, but home to the mountaineer, his woman, and the children. But the joy and pride in their eyes and the welcome in their handclasps as they greet us are genuine and sincere. "Come in, come in, and have seats. We're right proud to have you all. We shore are glad you came. Reckon, if we'd knowed you was coming, we'd a cleaned up the house."

THE mountain dialects are unique. School, you see, is usually a one room affair and that of only five or six months duration, depending on the weather. The mountaineer is not famous for his book learning.

CATHOLIC mountaineers are few and scattered, but they are watching with eager interest the erection of their new church. And when I say "watching" I used the word advisedly. They are much more inclined to "Jest set and watch the other fellow work" than to help along, although some have given generously of time and labor to the erection of the chapel. The pastor, Father Poole, is painstakingly building it out of old lumber, salvaged from a chapel hidden in an almost inaccessible canyon called, of all things, Contrary Creek. When there is water in the creek, it actually flows up stream. The salvaged lumber had to be hauled over seven miles of road which was nothing more than a wagon track and a path hewn out of the side of a mountain. No wonder progress was slow.

WE SISTERS, too, are anxiously awaiting the completion of the chapel and the rooms behind it, because as soon as they are ready we shall be able to gather the children of the district and conduct a religious vacation school for them.

IT WILL be a great day in the drab lives of the hill folk when, in the spring, while the corn's a pushin' through the soil and the tobacco's young and green, the Sisters ring the bell for their first mountain Catechism class.

THEN we shall try, as missionaries do wherever they go, to learn to understand the problems of this poor, neglected group of people, to penetrate their spirit, so that we may become all things to all . . . to gain all for Christ to Whom these souls are so infinitely dear.

After Fifty-Six Years

by Sister Fidelis

IT WAS a brisk morning in February, and we were pleased with our success in census taking. Everyone seemed to be at home. In the middle of the block was a small white house, similar to the other humble homes. Upon knocking, an elderly gentleman opened the door. We asked the usual question:

"We are taking the census of the Catholic people. Are there any Catholics living here?"

He replied that he was not a Catholic, but that his wife was. Just then a thin voice called out:

"Who is it, Papa?"

"The Sisters, Mamma."

"Oh, the Sisters! Have them come in to see me."

We followed him into the bedroom, and there in bed was a precious old lady of seventy-eight years. We told her why we were visiting, and that we were happy to learn that she was a Catholic. Her smile faded, and with a quivering voice she informed us that she was not married in the Church, and had not been to church for many years.

Continued on Page 18



Children enjoy public playgrounds directly across from St. Joseph's church and convent, Lubbock, Texas.

A SURPRISE FOR FATHER

FATHER does not know much Spanish. Mrs. Ladesma knows less English, but somehow they manage to converse together, Father saying, "Si, si," very often and shaking his head. One day Mrs. Ladesma was more ardent than ever in her flow of Spanish and Father repeated his "Si, si," more frequently. The following Saturday when he arrived for Confessions, Father was surprised to see the best altar cloth on the Altar and a new antependium. To his further amazement the florist began to bring flowers and more flowers, beautiful white and golden ones. The perplexed Father was beginning to wonder what was going to happen when Mrs. Ladesma's daughter, Carmen, passed by.

"Carmen, who is planning to get married tomorrow? Don't they know yet that they have to make arrangements with me?"

"Married?" said the surprised Carmen.

"Yes," said Father, "since I've arrived here the florist has been bringing one bouquet of

flowers after another."

Carmen laughed. "Father, that's for Forty Hours tomorrow. Don't you remember last Tuesday when Mother asked about Forty Hours you told her that since we were not able to have it during the summer months we would have it starting this Sunday. That's what all the flowers are for."

Sister Marie Celeste
Ontario, California



He has risen, He is not here. (St. Mark, VI-6)

RESURREXIT!

by Sister Blanche

Courage, Christian martyrs!
Christ, though slain, now lives,
And for Him confessing,
Heav'n for exile gives.

Courage, Christian martyrs!
Christ leaped through His shroud;
Soon in realms of glory,
Hymn ye praises loud,

Courage, Christian martyrs!
Christ burst through His tomb:
Prison walls seal only
Persecutors' doom.

In the Home Field

BUDDING INTERPRETERS

RECENTLY arrived from Portugal is seven-year-old Tiago. On Catechism days he gets quite a bit of attention, as Sister tries to give him an opportunity to answer questions in spite of language difficulties.

With a mixture of Spanish, Latin, and English, accompanied with appropriate gestures, Sister manages to make herself understood only when she asks Tiago to make the Sign of the Cross. At other times, Izaura and Frankie are most eager to act as interpreters. Little Izaura came over from the Azores only last year.

To the question (interpreted by Izaura), "Did you go to Mass yesterday, Tiago?" he replied with offended dignity, "Eu vou a Missa todos os Domingos." (I go to Mass every Sunday.)

Another time Sister asked him, "Who is the Mother of Jesus?" She waited expectantly for the word *Maria*, which she would be able to understand, but instead heard, "Nossa Senhora."

Frankie promptly championed his little friend, "That's right, Sister, because Nossa Senhora (Our Lady) means Mary!"

Sister Eugenia
Los Banos, California



Paula Beeler, Bristol, Indiana, after the Easter Rabbit's visit.

GIVING ALL TO JESUS

WE HAVE been privileged to have the noted psychologist, Father James P. Smith from Liverpool, England, who is teaching at Notre Dame while studying American Methods, as celebrant of the last two Masses almost every Sunday. We absorb as much as possible from his well worthwhile sermons. Each lesson he wishes to bring out is made more forceful by a little story.

While inspecting the schools in England, it was his custom to question the children. He asked one little fellow to make the Sign of the Cross. The boy put his feet firmly together, drew himself to his full height, folded his hands carefully, then closed his eyes and started. After it was over, Father wondered if the child had been trying to impress him or if he was really sincere. To discern, he asked the child what he had been thinking of while he made the Sign of the Cross. The boy's reply was simple but profound. "For just one little minute," he said, "I was giving all of little me to Jesus."

Sister Mary Louise,
South Bend, Indiana



Associate Catechists



Dear Associates:

EACH day during Easter week, as those of you who use a daily Missal know, Holy Mother Church repeats the words, *This is the day which the Lord has made: let us be glad and rejoice therein.*

STRICTLY speaking, we Catholics alone have reason to rejoice—and that *perpetually* — because we alone possess the whole of Christian revelation which has been handed down. We know whence we came and whither we are going. We know that our souls, once the pawns of Satan, were redeemed by our Blessed

Saviour's death on the cross. We know that our Lord's glorious resurrection, on the third day after His death, is the pledge of the future resurrection of our own bodies, and that His triumphant entry into Heaven but presages our own ascent into Heaven, provided only that we faithfully co-operate with His abundant grace. All other anxieties pale into insignificance when our hearts can rest at ease on these major issues of life.

THAT is why the martyrs in the early ages of the Church could, and Catholics persecuted for their Faith in modern times can, still rejoice. It is reported that one's most lasting impression of Cardinal Mindszenty (recently condemned to life imprisonment by the communist regime in Hungary) is his imperturbable peace of soul.

MAY the blessed peace of our Risen Saviour be yours now and forever!

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

ANOTHER DAIRY PARTY

WE are always glad when we hear that one of our Chicago Bands has given a Bowman Dairy party, for they are usually successful—and we receive a substantial check soon afterwards!

In December, Mrs. Fred Ahner of OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND I of Chicago, gave a small dairy party for our benefit which resulted in \$30.00 cleared, and to which Mrs. Ahner herself added \$20.00 making it a fifty dollar donation to our Sisters. God bless and reward both Promoter and her friends.

INEVITABLE K.P.!!



Two members of Ave Maria Band wash dishes after Bazaar luncheon for benefit of Victory Noll.

LAST YEAR'S BEDSPREAD DONORS

THANKS to one of ST. GEMMA GALGANI BAND members—Mrs. E. West—the receipts of last year's big party in Chicago were greatly increased. Mrs. West donated a bedspread of hand crocheted filet lace which she made herself. She has promised to make and donate more articles for our benefit.

The Promoter of the Band, Mrs. J. Vogt, is a familiar figure at these annual parties sponsored by the ACM Central Committee.



of Mary

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

January 19 to February 16, 1949

Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	12.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	30.50
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Sec.	35.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	2.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Dis. Group, Huntington, Mrs. Dan Herzog, Treas.	3.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	10.00
Our Mother of Perpetual Help Band, Evanston, Ill., Celia Henrich	35.00
Sacred Heart Mission Soc., Newark, N.Y., Mrs. Mary DeVito	1.00
St. Anne Mission Band, Ft. Wayne, Anna Brink	3.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	17.50
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Dolores Schneider	1.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	2.75
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman	25.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere	99.28
St. Jude Band, W. Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Polakowski	36.50
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	20.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Miss Lucille Murphy	10.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Miss Ann Huhn	10.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl	100.00
Upsilon Chapter, Pi Epsilon Kappa, LaPorte, Ind., Margaret Hannon	25.00

NOW, therefore, if we who believe in Him who was dead, come and seek the Lord, bearing with us the perfume of the virtues, together with the repute of good works, we do indeed come His sepulchre, bringing sweet spices.

Matins, Easter Sunday.

TWO BANDS FROM ONE

IT is heartening to get news (rare indeed!) that a Band has become so large, it was found necessary to break it up into two separate groups. This is what happened up in *Marshfield, Wisconsin.*

About six months ago, *St. Margaret Mary Band* divided into two separate groups. One group retained the name of *ST. MARGARET MARY BAND*, while the other chose the name of *ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND BAND*. *Mrs. Earle Leu*, founder of the original Band, remains Promoter of both Bands.

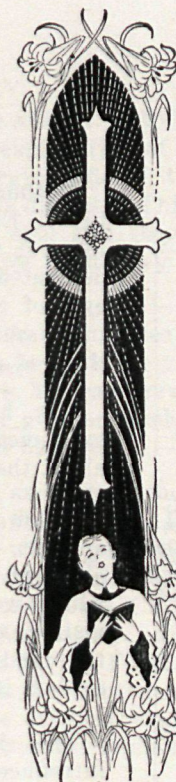
The Bands sponsor our Sister Margaret, Superior of the East Gary (Indiana) Mission Center. Besides sending money to Victory Noll for Sister's support, they send boxes of used but still serviceable clothing to Sister for the poor children under her care.

Most of the funds raised by these two Bands are derived from the sale of handicraft articles fashioned by the ladies.

SPONSORS OF GUARDIAN ANGEL BURSE

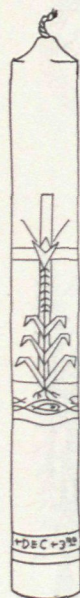
MORE than a year ago, members of *UPSILON CHAPTER of PI EPSILON KAPPA, LaPorte, Indiana*, formed a mission band to contribute toward our Guardian Angel Burse, held by Sister Mary Agnes (Rauschenbach).

The president of the group is *Miss Margaret Hannon*. The ladies wrote they are happy to contribute to Sister's Burse and feel they have picked a worthwhile charitable project.



Islands of Christianity

by Sister Miriam



Mothers' Club meeting several days before Easter had a central point of interest throughout. A large candle decorated with symbols caught the eyes of every member as the gathering assembled in groups of two or three at a time.

"Oh, how pretty, Sister!" someone exclaimed. "Are we going to study about the Paschal Candle tonight?"

"Look a little closer," was Sister's answer. "It's not a Paschal Candle, although there is a certain connection, which we shall discuss. We have a visitor, too, the lady who decorated the candle, and she is going to help explain its symbolism."

The charming young woman was introduced as Mrs. Claudine Morgan, who had spent a year studying the lay apostolate at Grailville. Soon the opening prayers were recited and discussion began.

"I CAN see the difference now between this candle with its lily symbol, and the Easter Candle, which has the cross formed of grains of incense," said one of the members.

"YES," proffered her companion, "I've been reading ahead in my Missal, as Sister once suggested, and there is a beautiful explanation right in the prayers of Holy Saturday's service, showing how the candle represents Christ, the Light of the World, dispelling the darkness of sin."

"IT stands especially for His Risen Life between Easter and Ascension day, doesn't it?" asked another. "That's brought home so impressively when the Paschal Candle is extinguished during the Gospel on Ascension Thursday."

"I CAN see that you appreciate the meaning of the Paschal Candle in the Church's liturgy," said Sister. "Now let's see about this symbolic candle and its place in the liturgical life of your family at home."

"SYMBOLS need explanation, it's true," Sister continued, "but once they are properly explained, even children understand and appreciate

them. Pure symbols, such as flowers, animals, and figures representing sacred ideas, have their place in our piety as well as the regular pictures and statues. There is room for both, and need of both.

"THE subject for tonight, our Baptism and its connection with the Resurrection, is one that is packed with symbolism. Baptism is the sacrament that first raises us to the life of grace. Did you notice I said 'raises us to life?' There is the point of the resemblance.

"AS Christ conquered sin by His death, and rose to His Divine life, so He causes our souls to die to sin, and plants in them the seed of His divine life, sanctifying grace, which will one day blossom into the glory of Heaven.

"NOW I'm going to let Mrs. Morgan explain her candle and its symbols."

ALL eyes turned towards the visitor as she began her explanation: "Well, the place of a candle in the Baptismal ceremony is found at the end of the beautiful rite, when the priest presents the newly-baptized with a lighted candle, saying, 'Receive this burning light, and without fail be true to thy baptism.' Frequently a candle kept in the baptistry for this purpose is handed to the godfather, and later extinguished and put back for the next baptism.

"NOW, those who are interested in bringing home the liturgy literally as well as figuratively, have designed symbolic candles such as this, which are brought by the family for the solemn occasion, and then taken home as a remembrance. This reminder is kept alive and grows in significance for the child as it is lighted at the festive meal on each anniversary of his baptism.

"PERHAPS a little home ceremony is held in which the father of the family repeats the solemn words of presentation, and the child renews his baptismal promises. You can see how much this would increase our appreciation of God's gift to us, and help every member of the family to become more grace-conscious, more anxious to utilize and increase the divine life in us.

"OF course, a simple candle decorated with no more than a white ribbon would do, but I have chosen here a few of the symbols which

deepen still more the understanding of the sacrament.

"THE fish immersed in water is a meaningful symbol of the soul made a member of Christ's Body in the cleansing waters of baptism. The use of the fish to represent Christ and His members comes from the ancient Greek acrostic in which the word for 'fish' spelled out the initial letters of the phrase 'Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior.'

"SINCE early Christians were actually immersed in a pool-like font for baptism, they felt the force of St. Paul's words: 'You know well enough that we who were taken up into Christ by baptism have been taken up, all of us, into His death. In our baptism, we have been buried with Him, died like Him, that so, just as Christ was raised up by His Father's power from the dead, we too might live and move in a new kind of existence.' (Romans 6: 3-4).

"WE are baptized by pouring rather than immersion, but we can see the soul rising to the life of grace symbolized in the lily growing up out of the water. A life of spotless purity, modeled on Him Who said 'Take up your cross and follow Me' is the sequel to our holy baptism."

MRS. MORGAN glanced at the eager faces of the study club members. "Would you like to ask some questions on the subject now?"

"OH, yes," chorused several voices. The mother of two sets of twins asked, "Does this practice mean having a candle for each child, or do you use one for the whole family?"

"EITHER way," replied Mrs. Morgan. "But if you use one for the family and have several children, be sure it's a fairly thick candle. Some people use a 'life candle' for the individual, with a smaller emblem added for the successive sacraments as they are received. This candle is to be kept and finally allowed to burn down at the bier, when the soul has gone back to God."

"YES, I saw that type at the week of Christian living near Pecos last Christmastide," interposed Sister. "Father Cassidy also showed us a 'Christ candle' decorated with crosses and the words 'Et verbum caro factum est.' This was to be used to emphasize Christ's presence in the family circle, burned at the principal meal on all great feasts of the Church, and on personal feasts such as anniversaries of baptism, confirmation, First Holy Communion, and matrimony."

"DOESN'T a burning candle also symbolize our life consumed for God?" asked an

eager member.

"YES, it does," was the answer. "And we also have St. Anselm's explanation of the wax representing Christ's virginal flesh, the wick His soul, and the flame His divinity. This can be applied to our body and soul and the light of sanctifying grace which we must keep burning with God's life and love."

"AND now, if you would like to see another and similar article to bring home your baptism, I have this," and Mrs. Morgan drew from a box a tiny white tunic-like garment embroidered with symbols of grace and baptism.

"THIS is to be used in another of the closing ceremonies of the baptismal rite, when the priest says, 'Receive this white garment, which thou mayest carry without stain before the judgment seat of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou mayest have life everlasting.' It is not only more impressive than having Father use an extra finger-towel kept in the baptistry, but it also may enrich the home celebration by being displayed and re-presented on the anniversary.

"AS with the candle, you may prefer to have one gown for the whole family, embroidering the name and baptismal date of each child as God bestows them. Or on the individual gown you might add the symbols and dates of the other sacraments throughout life."

"PLEASE tell me, Mrs. Morgan, where I can get these things," asked a member to whom God was granting His gift of motherhood.

"WELL, I might take the opportunity to advertise my shop, Los Santos, here in Santa Fe, but frankly, I think it's better if you make your own. These remembrances take on a still more sacred character when they are the very handiwork of a mother or a godmother. I'll be glad to show you how to work on candles at some meeting, if it's all right with Sister."

"THAT will be ideal," said Sister smilingly. "And we're also going to ask Mrs. Morgan to devote a meeting in the near future to telling us about the lay apostolate at Grailville. There are so many more ways of making our home life more truly Christian."

"I'M sure we'll be glad to learn more along these lines," a starry-eyed speaker voiced the grateful opinion of all. "I admit I used to have a sub-conscious attitude that Baptism was something you had to get over with, because the baby might die in original sin and go to Limbo. How different to think of God's life planted in the soul to be nourished and brought up for Heaven!"



Mary's Loyal

OH you are fortunate! Let your joy at being a favored child of God shine forth during this Paschal Season.

Joyfully yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

Dear Loyal Helpers:

DURING Eastertide we celebrate Our Blessed Lord's *victory* over sin and death. Just as Lent was a season of sorrow so Easter is one of joy.

LET'S show forth this spirit of joy at home, at school, wherever we are. It won't always be easy! Although you are still children, you have headaches, toothaches and—yes—often heartaches, too. With an effort, aided by God's grace, you can keep back the frown, the grumbling words—which certainly would take away from the Easter Joy of others—and hide your troubles behind a big smile, like The Little Flower or some other youthful saints you've read about. This will be a *victory* for you! It will be a *victory* over self.

IF we compare the lot of children in other parts of the world with our own, we have to agree that American children are most fortunate. Even if they do not have all they want, most have all they absolutely need and a little more besides. Pity the children of the Orient who are starving for food. Pity the children of Central Europe, many of whom are starving for spiritual nourishment since Catholic schools were closed and there is no one to teach them the truths of our Holy Religion. For that matter there are thousands of children enrolled in the public schools in the United States who hear nothing about God.

A DETROIT HELPER

We are happy to print the picture of *Barbara Strambi*, of Detroit, Michigan, in these pages.



According to our records, she joined us when she was only seven years old. Barbara is now 14 years of age, and during all that time has been a faithful Helper, sending us Sunshine pennies from time to time to help us in our work with poor children.

ANOTHER BARBARA!



This is *Barbara Dichello*, sister of *Jane Dichello*, who joined us last year. Both Helpers live in Wallingford, Connecticut.

Listen to *Jane's* own story of how her sister came to join. "Last month my sister found THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST on my homework desk. She read it and asked me where I got it. I then told her about your club and she wanted to join."



Helpers Pages

LETTER O' THE MONTH

(Written by a Third Grader)

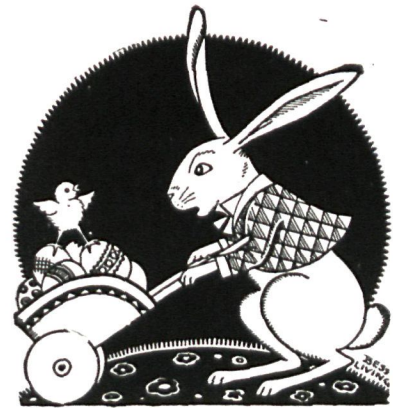
Dear Sister Ann Therese:

How are you? I didn't have time to write you before. Sister Augusta said I could say hello. She said she will be happy to see you again. Sister teaches the third grade. I started a club. Seven children come to it. I call it The Golden Penny Club. We got fifty three cents for poor children and 125 stamps.

Love,

Louise Plum, Milwaukee, Wis.

(N.B. The above letter is addressed to Louise's aunt at Victory Noll—one of our Novices.)



ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE

Candy, oxfords, harmonica, tennis shoes, tool chest, ball bat, neckties, cornet, field glasses, football, train.

WHAT? NO EASTER RABBIT?



Robert Schank, age 5½ years when this picture was taken, has no doubt about that. He saw and talked to him at Marshall Field's. Robert, a faithful Helper, lives in Chicago.

OUR APRIL PUZZLE

(Another "Go Into Reverse" Puzzle.)

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 fox left a PART of its tail in the TRAP but escaped. Now go ahead.

1. The fox left a of its tail in the but escaped.
2. He and eats an apple each night before he goes to
3. The boy took a ginger from one of the in the bakery.
4. He made a in the fish-line and cast it into the
5. Poor fellow! If he as much as an eye, the robber will him.

Work the puzzle and send it to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

WEAR AN MLH PIN

For twenty-five cents we will send you a beautiful blue and white enameled MLH pin.



JOE OF L.A. REPORTING

Continued from Page 5

"I gotta see it first," I tell her. "Then maybe I'll believe it."

THAT same night I get the *first* surprise, or shock, or whatever you wanta call it. I have just explained to my father about Mass and how Our Lord took bread and wine and changed them into His Body and Blood at the Last Supper. He is not asking me any questions at all, like as if he understands everything, and agrees with everything I am saying, so I ask him a question, "Do you believe that God did that, Pop?"

"Why, of course!" he says, kinda mad-like. "Whoever said I didn't?"

I AM so surprised at this that I am not able to talk the rest of the evening, as I gotta think this over. In fact, after I go to bed I am awake half the night trying to figure it out.

THE *next* surprise comes when he gives me a bawling out for—well, I better start at the beginning. On the following night—no, maybe I better tell you about this some other time.



AFTER FIFTY-SIX YEARS

Continued from Page 9

"But, it isn't too late. You can still come back to God," we told her. Before encouraging her too much, we inquired if there were any impediments to her marriage and she informed

us that there were none.

"I would be glad to be married by the Priest, if it would make her happy," her husband said.

"Yes, I know, but we haven't any money for the Father, and I don't have a nice dress."

The poor couple have been on county relief for the past nine years. We laughed and told her that a million dollars could not buy a Sacrament, and that she would look just as lovely in an apron. God was interested only in the appearance of her soul.

She agreed to have us send Father over to see her, and we departed. That same afternoon we visited the Pastor and narrated the incident. He said he would go right over to see the couple.

Two weeks elapsed before we again had an opportunity to visit them. The husband met us at the door. With tears in his eyes he told us how happy they both were. Father had blessed their marriage. The wife had made her peace with God and was a blushing bride again when, after fifty-six years, she repeated, "I do."

Her husband now comes every Monday evening to the church rectory for instructions in the Catholic Faith. The goodness of the Church has convinced him that after all these years, he has found the one true Church.

Our Cover: Jeannie Hedberg, faithful catechism pupil from Torrance, California, with her Easter basket.



Bread stand on Sal-Si-Puedes. (See article on opposite page.)

Sal-Si-Puedes

by Sister
Mary Bernarda



Sal-Si-Puedes, the most interesting street in Panama.

WE think Sal-Si-Puedes the most interesting street in Panama. Certainly it is the most appropriately named, for the words mean, "Get-Out-If-You-Can."

THE crowds coming and going are so dense on this street that it is almost impossible to walk. To begin with, the street is narrow and the sidewalk, which is also narrow, is taken up by the street vendors, who sell everything imaginable.

WE can't figure out if it is the crowd that draws the street vendors, or the street vendors that draw the crowd, but crowded the street surely is.

AS I said before, it is almost impossible to walk—one keeps moving, taking only a few steps at a time, getting nudged, pushed, bumped, and almost dragged along in a mass of humanity. One also has to be very careful where to step, in order to avoid walking on eggs, flowers, vegetables, fruits, baskets of bread or sweets, kitchen utensils, bolts of material, clothing, combs, mirrors, or upsetting a lottery ticket stand.

THE noise is terrific! Each vendor shouts his wares at the top of his voice. These vendors

are men, women, children, Panamanians or foreigners, Whites, Negroes, Chinese, Indians. Here a little Panamanian girl sells roses at fifty cents a dozen. Beside her is a Negro selling ribbons, pins, needles, etc. An Italian baker offers his bread, rolls, and other pastry; a Syrian waves his handkerchiefs at us and says they are the best to be had in Panama; an Indian woman insists that her tamales are the most delicious in the Isthmus. (The Panamanian tamales are wrapped in banana leaves and they are entirely different from the Mexican tamales.)

THE lottery vendors are everywhere. They shout the numbers they have, and each vendor is loud in proclaiming to the world at large that his numbers are the lucky ones.

YOU should see the vendors and crowds scatter when the rain comes! The turmoil in the Temple of Jerusalem couldn't have been worse. Each one picks up his wares and runs, not bothering about whom or what he knocks down on his way. They all run into the nearest stores, shops, cafes, etc., and, strange to say, the owners let them in—wares and all.

WOULDN'T you like to stroll down Sal-Si-Puedes?

Surrexit Christus!

A Joyous



Easter

*O God, who dost gladden us with the yearly celebration of our Lord's resurrection: mercifully grant that by these festivals which we keep in time we may become worthy to attain to bliss that shall last forever.
(Collect from Easter Week Liturgy)*

*This is the day which the Lord has made:
let us rejoice and be glad in it.*