

THE
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They kissed His feet and left their crowns.

Crowns for Our Little King

by SISTER M. DE PORRES

WHEN I was in the novitiate one of our sisters told me of a custom carried out during the month of May in France. All the people went in procession to the church, she said, young and old wearing crowns of flowers. They then walked to Our Blessed Mother's altar and laid their crowns at her feet. They sang a hymn asking Our Lady to take their crowns now and take care of them until they enter heaven.

I use this same idea with the children around the feast of Epiphany and they love it. They kiss the feet of the Infant and lay their crowns at His feet as

a symbol of their dependence and to recall the visit of the Magi. They always ask to take the crowns home with them and this serves as a reminder to them to be generous.

I even tried it very successfully with my eleventh and twelfth graders for the feast of Christ the King. With great devotion they placed their crowns at the feet of Christ the King while one of the boys ("yell leader," as they call him, from school) led them in singing the hymn to Christ the King set to Psalm Tone 8 and given in the little book published by the Gregorian Institute.

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Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

Huntington, Indiana

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COVER: Snow-covered statue of Our Blessed Mother greets Victory Noll winter visitors.

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Teaching Religion VS. Madison Avenue

by SISTER MARIE

WE live in the space age — the white space of newspapers and magazines allocated to advertisers — the time space of TV given to the grim gimmicks of the hucksters — the commercial space between radio programs guaranteed to advocate the philosophy of Epicurus.

And for the precious space of one hour a week, the teacher of religion finds there is a new battle to be fought. Time was when "ignorance of things divine" was, according to St. Pius X, "the real cause of the evils in the world." The present decade has a more subtle enemy to

fight — the child of ignorance:
indifference!

In past centuries, the scholastics and their followers compiled a body of apologetical arguments as sword and shield to battle the current heresies. Today, we find the battle must rage against a more intangible, but none-the-less real, enemy: *the indifferent attitude*. Rich in materialistic imagery but woefully poor in religious concepts, the children to whom we try to teach religious truths one hour a week find it a mental chore to reorientate their pleasure-conditioned thinking to the principles epitomized by Our Lord in His Eight Beatitudes.

Saturated with the constant barrage of materialistic propaganda, minds full of "Enjoy now — pay later" and "Live it up — you've never had it so good" find it amazing that the religion teacher's echo of Christ's message is the total opposite of clamor. "Suffer now — enjoy later" has as much appeal as the force between repelling magnetic poles.

In one hour a week, we teachers who staff the Schools of Religion for public school students are called upon to perform a difficult task: undo the work of the slick salesmen of self-indulgence AND at the same time, dispel the darkness of ignorance of things divine

which is parent to the entire problem.

To achieve this goal, catechists must spend a great deal of time in diligent and thoughtful preparation for the weekly religion class. Unless time is given to a careful survey of current periodicals, to a study of the reading habits and the forming and misinforming material to which the child's mind is exposed through the various media of communication, the teacher may plan an "ivory tower" class. The result will be an hour of instruction with no apparent relationship to daily living.

A deplorable heresy, still too current among some religious — "all secular literature must be avoided" — manifests a shallow concept of the true meaning of the role the Christian is *obliged* to play as a member of the Mystical Body. Because of this opaque thinking, many religion classes do not reach the goal of changing *attitudes* as well as dispelling ignorance. The more the teacher understands WHAT environmental influences mold the child, the better can she prepare an hour's instruction to offset what is evil or un-Christian in those influences. To ignore them is a patent admission of professional incompetence. Were a surgeon to operate without taking the trouble to diagnose the ill-

ness, he could expect no more success than a teacher who attempts to translate doctrine into meaningful terms without knowing the significance of those terms in the mind of the student.

Grace builds on nature does not mean that grace destroys nature or ignores nature. The more the natural is understood, the easier it is to reach minds toward grace-filled living.

Hearts that are restless for God alone must be shown that Madison Avenue's "fast buck" men are not out to *give* a guarantee of happiness but to *get* a wallet full of money. They must be shown that the tantalizing allurements of the world soon turn to acrid ashes and that to focus desires on them as worthwhile goals is to succumb to the smokescreen of the devil. They must be shown that Christian living involves more than a body of knowledge too often stored in the mind in compact but uncomprehended catechism phrases. They have to be shown that Our Lord's Beatitudes

ARE the way to the Truth and the Life, a guarantee of inner peace in the present life and eternal happiness in the next.

All this takes preparation, study, and a great deal of loving sacrifice. It means that the teacher must be a living proof of the message being conveyed, an animated example that Christ IS right and the spirit of Madison Avenue is wrong. It means that the teacher must be alert to changing culture patterns, to the impact of advertising on the behavior customs and conditioned thinking of the student. It means that the teacher must accept the student for what he is — a product of contemporary influences — before he can be molded into what he should be.

We shall continue to live in the space age — and for the children we teach, perhaps the most influential space in their lives will be the one-hour-a-week religion class. This is the hour for which we come into their world — to take them out of this world and into the Kingdom of God.





How many stars today? Sister Mary Millicent points out the stars on the attendance chart.

A Star for Manuel

by SISTER CAROLYN MARIE

"SISTER, will you write a note so I won't have to come to catechism?"

"Manuel, I can't do that. Why don't you want to come?"

At that, Manuel just shrugged his shoulders. During our block and a half walk from school to class I tried to convince him of the importance of this weekly period of religious instruction, but I felt that I failed.

After we prayed I showed the children an attendance chart and explained that each week those who took an active

part in class would receive a star.

It was then that Manuel straightened up and was all attention. He tried hard during the whole period, for Manuel wanted a star.

A very proud little boy walked beside me back to the public school. Just as we reached the steps I asked, "Manuel, do you still want me to write that note?"

"Oh no, Sister, please don't."

It was only a plain rubber stamp star, but it was leading Manuel to seek Jesus.



Mrs. Dietrich lifts Stevie from the car and places him in a wheel chair.

HAVE you ever felt that you understood a particular phrase, principle, or problem, only to find out at some event in your life that you understood not at all?

That is the way it was with me. Having contemplated often the blessed words of Our Lord: "So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven," I thought I had grasped well their meaning. But it was only in my second year of missionary life that their tremendous depth and beauty were made visible to me. The realization began the first time I saw a devoted and loving mother lift a helpless crippled lad of four-

We See the Light

by SISTER MARGARET LOUISE

teen from the car and place him with all the care a mother's arms can give, into a waiting wheel chair.

There is something wonderfully different about this boy — Steven Dietrich. It is not so much his physical infirmity. It is something deeper. An inner light seems to shine forth from him whom the world wrongfully pities.

Stevie had been an ordinary, fun-loving child at five. He was eager to live each day in its fullness of play, to eat and sleep in the warm protection of a happy, close-knit family. Like all boys at this age, Steve lived in a world of his own. One day he would be riding the plains with Roy Rogers; the next would find him on the high seas in pursuit of hidden treasure.

Then something happened to crumble that world of make-believe. Stevie complained of a headache. The pain did not

leave, and the diagnosis was infantile paralysis.

Steve spent months in the hospital, but all the best medical care could not help the paralysis. He would spend the greater part of his life in a wheel chair, dependent on others for the movements we take for granted.

This boy's life, however, is far from a useless one. It is a life spent close to the suffering Christ. It is a life which inspires all, a beautiful life with a purpose which we could well envy. It is not a dull life either. A teacher comes to Steve's home each school day. Together they become lost in the pages of history, math, English, and all the subjects which any other eighth grader studies.

Stevie is an ardent reader and spends many happy moments with his friends — the saints of God. His eyes fill with enthusiasm when he talks of his favorite — St. Dominic Savio.

Friends, young and old, drop in frequently for a chat with Steve, for he brings much consolation and love into their lives. Little does he realize how much he inspires others to live more generously for Our Lord.

Stevie looks forward eagerly to Wednesday afternoons when his mother brings him to religion class. Sister Sophia proudly admits that he is her

star pupil. With his contagious cheerfulness and his love of God, he spurs all his classmates on to a greater effort in studying their faith. In his unobtrusive manner, Stevie brings God's goodness and mercy to all whom he meets. It is as if God has transformed this seemingly wasted body into a tabernacle of His burning love.

As I watch Steve being wheeled into church for his after-class visit with his dearest Friend and see him sitting motionless before the Blessed



Steve's right hand is paralyzed but he painstakingly learned to write and draw with his left one. He presents Sister Sophia with a picture of Our Lord which he drew.

Sacrament, I cannot help but feel and respect the sacredness of this friendship. I cannot help but envy his closeness to Christ, his peaceful joy in offering his affliction in a life of love.



Sister Damien teaches "Five Fingers" to her second graders of St. Mary's parish, Freer, Texas.

Finger Song

by SISTER DAMIEN

IF a musician were to pass by while our second graders are singing, he might shake his head or even hold his ears, but children and teacher alike enjoy our finger song. The class might boast those with no ear for music, those who can sing fairly well, and some with good voices; but when we sing "Five Fingers," all join in with gusto.

It is a catchy little action song, sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle." It goes like this:

One hand up: I have five fingers on each hand.

Both hands up: Ten fingers all together.

Hands folded together, thumbs crossed: I fold them this way when I pray. Ten fingers all together.

Pointing at feet: I have two feet
on which to stand,

Touching knees: Two knees on
which to kneel,

Folding hands: And when I go
to church to pray,

*Right knee to floor, touching
left ankle:* I genuflect this
way.

I first learned this song from one of our sisters when I was new in the missions. Since then I have used it again and again. "Five Fingers" has done its duty well, for on Sunday you will see first, second, and third graders walking into church, hands folded correctly, and

genuflecting on the right knee without falling all over themselves.

No wonder then that when I ask "What shall we sing today?" a breeze is created by the waving of hands. It is nothing unusual to receive the response, "Five Fingers." This suggestion is always followed by a nod of approval from the others.

A nod could be given by Sister, too, because she knows that by singing "Five Fingers," these little ones are learning church manners besides, and she agrees with the little fellow who said, "We sure like to sing that finger song."



"I fold them this way when I pray."



While his classmates look on, Jeff points to the Infant of Prague in the window of his parish church in Cherubusco, Ind. The church was formerly a theater.

LIMITED VOCABULARY

Here in Texas the public schools have special sessions known as the 400 Summer Schools. Their object is to teach at least 400 English words to the Mexican children who are about to enter first grade. Until now these youngsters have spoken Spanish at home.

Mindful of all this, I tried to use a very simple vocabulary in my first religion class in September. Five minutes after class began, one of my bright-eyed first graders waved his hand.

"Ah, a question," I said to myself. "I must be using too many unfamiliar words."

In the Home Field

Imagine my surprise when Salvador asked, "Sister, did you see the satellite night before last?"

SISTER ADRIANNA

* * *

IN AMERICAN, PERHAPS

Since I am of Spanish-American descent and speak Spanish, my Mexican summer school pupils were curious about me. At last they asked, "Sister, are you an *Americana*?"

Somewhat amused, I answered, "Oh yes, I am an American citizen. I was born in the U.S."

At this, one boy became somewhat exasperated and said, "That's not what we mean. Were you born crying in English or in Spanish?"

SISTER GEORGIANNA

* * *

GRANDMA'S WEDDING

A little girl handed me something new in the Note-from-Mother line. "Dear Sister," it read, "Would you please excuse Ann from class at 10 a.m. We have to be in the city for her grandmother's wedding at 11:00. Thank you. Mrs. Q."

SISTER ROSE ZITA

EVERYTHING'S BUSTED!

The door bell rang frantically while we sisters were at breakfast. We were hurrying because this was First Communion day in the parish and there was much to do. At the door was David, one of the First Communicants. He had a problem.

"Sister, my tie's busted. Could you fix it for me?"

Sister could and did.

Then he asked, "Would a *blue* rosary be all right, Sister?"

We assured him it would, but he had still another problem.

"Sister," he said, "my rosary's busted. Could you fix it?"

We were happy to fix every-

thing and send him on his way. David had enrolled in class many times, but never persevered long enough to make his First Communion. Now that he had reached his goal, no one was going to let a busted tie or rosary stand in his way.

SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE

* * *

BUILT FOR RELIGION

Robert does do well in the parish school of religion and he deserved good grades. Naturally he was jubilant when he received his report card. "Straight A's," he exulted. "I must be built more for religion than for other school, Sister. I never get straight A's in school but I get them in religion class."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY



By having her first graders bow to one another as they say the underlined phrase, Sister Mary Catherine finally got them to understand what it means to say: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

What Can *I* Do?

by SISTER ANGELA

"Is there something I can do to bring souls closer to God?"

There is, indeed, although not all are aware of it. Good will, study, deep thinking are not lacking. Yet many do not become lay apostles because they do not know just how they can help. Perhaps the following examples of what others are doing will encourage you to find your little niche in Our Lord's vineyard. You might have a talent that you alone can exercise in a particular area.



Help for Grandma — putting medals on the chains.

Did you ever consider a crochet needle as one of God's instruments? We feel that it is,

in the fingers of one of our most diligent helpers. For several years now she has patiently made chains to mount used medals. Her priest son, as well as other benefactors, keeps her supplied with medals and also with the crochet cotton she needs.

Her missionary zeal spreads over to her small grandchild who spends many hours cleaning and shining the medals and then putting them on the chains for Grandma whose eyes are failing. Grandma's joy knew no bounds when one day while waiting for a doctor's appointment, she met a mother and child. She immediately recognized a familiar single-stitched cord with a medal attached, around the woman's neck.

We can never repay in words the countless hours some of our helpers spend in typing or mimeographing. In many of our missions scarcely a week goes by when notes of one sort or another are not needed to be sent home to parents. When class attendance reaches two or three thousand, we are most grateful for a dependable person to help run off the notes. Blessed is the sister who can type the stencil and know that her reliable helper will take care of the copies she needs.



Hand mimeographing can be done in odd hours at home.

Many of our most dependable helpers begin their work with us by first observing our large classes of children. Who can resist offering to help Sister "walk" her group to a teaching center, keeping the energetic boys and girls in some semblance of order, and preventing too much talking?

Often this type of helper becomes invaluable during the teaching period. She can take the roll call, keep check of class participation, give a warning look to a would-be disturber. As the faithful helper becomes better acquainted with the children she sees the need to volunteer to help Sister check prayers or individual answers. She might also work with slow pupils who find it difficult to retain doctrinal matter.

Many of our most efficient and zealous lay teachers of religion can trace their beginning in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine to the day they first realized that some sister could use a lending hand with the details of her class work.

It is encouraging to note that those who continue for any length of time in this apostolate will say, "My outlook on life has changed to a far deeper spiritual one. I feel I am gaining much more than I am giving."

In whatever phase of work that is undertaken, the fundamental requisite is faithfulness. Real apostles will not look for an earthly reward nor will they gauge their efforts according to



Play the piano? Sister might need just that kind of help.

the praise of a pastor or a sister they help. They will in their own way work solely for the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth.

Raymond the Faithful

by SISTER ANNE VERONICA

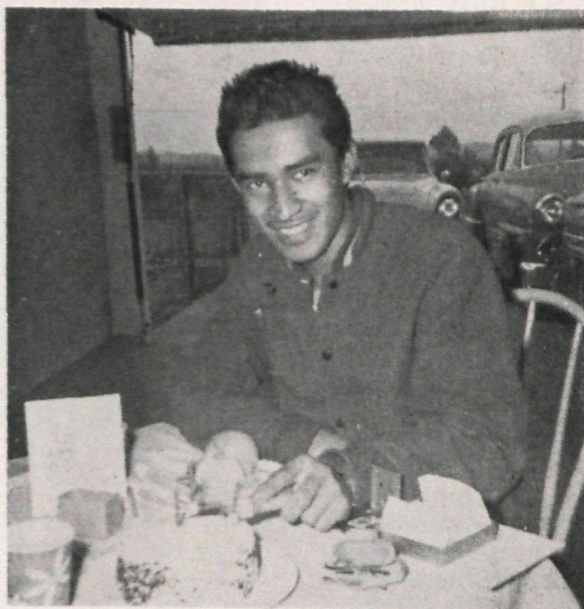
Raymond was about eleven years old when his faithful ways of offering to help the sisters before and after class singled him out of the group. Carrying brief cases, sweeping the floor, dusting blackboard erasers, and putting away class charts were among the tasks he undertook.

One day Sister had a new proposition to make to him.

"Raymond," she said, "do you think you could spare some time on Saturday to come over to our convent and help us wash our cars and keep our lawn neat?"

Raymond jumped at the idea. "Sure, Sister, I'll be glad to. What time should I be there?"

That was nine years ago. Never in all those years has



Cake and all the trimmings for Raymond.

he failed to appear on Saturdays, or at least to get someone to take his place on the few occasions when he knew he would be away. He has taken such pride in his work that our lawn and cars appear to be under the care of a professional.

Five years ago Raymond took on additional duties when Sunday Mass began to be celebrated at our newly built catechetical center in East Los Angeles. During the week this building is partitioned into four classrooms by wall-like sliding doors. On Sundays it is transformed into a chapel. Raymond is the one responsible for this weekly change. On Saturday afternoons he cleans the entire building, slides back the doors, puts the altar and communion

rail in place, and turns the chairs and kneelers to face the altar.

Recently we helped Raymond celebrate his twentieth birthday. We surprised him with a cake and a few small gifts. At that time he began to reminisce on his work during the past nine years.

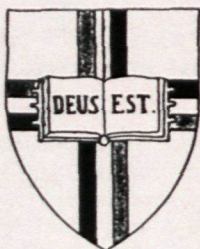
"When guys ask me why I do this, I tell them, 'I just want to do it for Our Lord and for the sisters.'"

It is not surprising to hear him expressing a supernatural motive for his work, for Raymond is as faithful to his religion as he is to his voluntary job. He has received the sacraments weekly since the time he made his First Communion many years ago.

LAST MESSAGE

When we made our regular visit to the veterans' hospital early last November, we found one patient very ill. He asked to see a priest. We promised him we would notify Father immediately. Then he told us he had a message for his wife. We bent low to catch his weak words. In this dramatic setting he whispered, "Tell her to vote for Kennedy."

SISTER MELITA



Your CCD Question

We have a number of CCD discussion clubs here in the parish. From time to time those who belong to them draw in other members. Should we put the names of these persons in the Confraternity register? Or is the register just for those who have studied the CCD and indicated they will promote its work, etc.?

By all means enroll the new members of the discussion groups. They should, of course, have explained to them just what the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is. The ideal thing would be to have new members received publicly in church. This need not be done with each group admitted and registered, but it could be done once a year, perhaps on Catechetical Sunday.

Only those whose names are on the CCD register may gain the indulgences to which members are entitled.

My question concerns released time. We see a possibility of getting it next year. Is it best to have children released from school the last period of the afternoon?

Very often you have no choice in the matter. The school authorities set the time. Some of them allow only the last period. This is all right if you have enough teachers and classrooms and can handle all the children at one time.

We know of places where it works out satisfactorily because the lower grades come earlier than the upper grades. The advantage in this arrangement is that you may keep the children as long as you wish provided there is no transportation problem and the children do not have to return to school to board a bus.

In many schools the grades are released one or two at a time all during the day.

BOOKS



The Word of God in the World of Today by Hilda Graef. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. \$2.95

Whether or not you agree with Hilda Graef, you must admit she is a brilliant, forceful writer. She has the knack of making clear the most abstruse matters. Frankness, coupled with common sense, marks every line she writes.

This book is subtitled "Contemporary Problems and Their Solution in the Light of Scripture." The problems dealt with are nine, set forth in chapters headed: God's Image in Man, Body and Soul, Man and Woman, Commandment and Law, Sin and Suffering, The Incomprehensible God, The Mystery of the God-Man, Individual and Community, Joy, and Sense and Non-Sense.

Miss Graef begins each chapter with a quotation from Scripture. For example, the chapter on the God-Man takes as its springboard a single sentence from the Gospel of St. John:

"He that seeth me seeth the Father also." The chapter on Individual and Community quotes from both the Old Testament and the New, citing five pertinent texts.

One is tempted to quote at length from a book like this, for the author has a way of expressing herself that is unique. Her analysis is always penetrating. For instance in discussing the image of God in man, Miss Graef writes: "For if the world was created by God, and if the Bible is His revelation, then the two cannot contradict each other. Now, the very story of God bringing the creatures to Adam contains a clue to the mystery of the seeming contradiction between the creation story and the discoveries of modern science: for God does not 'reveal' the marvels of creation to Adam: He expects him to discover them by his own God-given powers."

Is a book like this useful for the catechist? Indeed it is. Miss Graef is well aware of the problems our children must face. Examining these problems in the light of Scripture is just what we must do if we are to make the Word of God a living Word for our pupils. Miss Graef, with her solid background of Scripture, theology, and the writings of the Fathers, is a safe guide, and an entertaining one, besides.

Immigrant Saint by Pietro Di Donato. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 330 West 42nd St., New York 36. \$4.95

Mother Cabrini is the subject of this engaging biography. In the beginning of the book St. Francesca is a bit colorless, but when the author makes her come to life, she really *lives*. Pietro DiDonato seems to be at his best in writing of the New World to which Mother Cabrini came in 1889.

The saint's story is too well known to be re-told here, but few accounts of it have brought out so well her compassion for the poor, especially the Italian-Americans of the nineteenth century.

Mother Cabrini's resourcefulness and energy were amazing. Only a few months after her arrival in New York she was managing an orphanage and a school. We might well propose her as patron saint of commuters. Twice a day she traveled half the length of Manhattan. A subway trip from Fifty-ninth to Mott Street is nothing today, but to go by Broadway bus takes forty minutes or more. Imagine what it was like to travel by one of the Broadway horse-drawn cars. That was the trip St. Francesca and her sisters made every day, back and forth. Then when they

did get to "Little Italy," they begged from shop to shop for their orphans.

The secret of Francesca's success, of course, was her saintliness; but God had given her many natural talents that she used to the utmost. She might serve as a model of "public relations" for religious superiors. She always knew exactly how to handle people, for to her, "public relations" rightly meant kindness, tact, graciousness — in a word, charity.

The author of this book is himself the son of immigrant parents. It was only natural that he could portray so vividly the characteristics of Mother Cabrini, *Immigrant Saint*.

* * *

A Handbook of the Liturgy by Rudolf Peil. Herder and Herder, Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36. \$5.95

This is a book every catechist should have and use. It is not a textbook, but a handbook. Divided into four parts, it treats of the liturgy in general, the Mass, the Church Year, and the sacraments and sacramentals. There are innumerable practical hints for the teacher, giving suggestions as to what we should teach and how to do it.

The translation from the German is based on an edition first published in 1955. Footnotes bring the contents in line with the 1958 Instruction, but the more recent changes in the rubrics are, of course, not incorporated. But then, who can catch up with Pope John these days? He must be the despair of publishers.

We would like so much to see this book read carefully by priests. It is rather disconcerting, to say the least, when we have called the attention of the children to the beautiful new prayer which concludes the Palm Sunday procession, and then Father does not even say it, much less chant it; or to ex-

plain to our pupils the reason for the pause between *Oremus* and *Flectamus genua*, only to discover the priest does not observe it. These things happen only too frequently.

When an authority of Msgr. Hellriegel's status tells us that this is the book he has been waiting fifteen years for, you know it is good. Monsignor has written the Introduction.

* * *

The Great Promise by Rev. Arturo Milani. St. Paul Publications, Derby, N.Y. 75 cents.

This is a devotional book containing readings and prayers in honor of the Sacred Heart.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Elsie Miller, Detroit, mother of Sister Mary Josephine, O.L.V.M.
John L. Sullivan, Chicago, father of Sister Mary John, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Cecilia Ley, Pittsburgh, mother of Sister Callista, O.L.V.M.
Cornelius O'Sullivan, Rosscarberry, County Cork, Ireland, brother of Sister Mary Patrick, O.L.V.M.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael A. Lee, Los Angeles
Rev. Ivo Weindl, O.F.M.Cap., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sister Mary Austin, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mrs. Barbara Westerhaus, ACM, Paris, Ill.
Leo Kloss, ACM, Chicago
Mrs. Frances Stegmeyer, ACM, Chicago
Fstle Luckey, Steubenville, Ohio
William V. Baudendistel, Brookville, Ind.
Mrs. Julia Wynn, Chicago
Nelson Pearson, Columbus, Kans.
Margaret Morehead, Mineral, Kans.
Annie Geyer, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gertrude Herber, Los Angeles
James Ryan, Oak Park, Ill.
Dr. Edward Donovan, Chicago
Joseph P. Beekman, Gary, Ind.

Editor's By-Line

When I was stationed at one of our largest convents, I attended a number of confirmation ceremonies. It was not always because I had prepared the children, but because I played the organ.

The bishop's visit to the parish was always a joyful affair. In one little mission church the women had cleaned so well that everything — including the organ — gleamed. I sat down to play and found myself skidding all over the keys. They were slick from furniture polish!

Whether the children were mine or not, I sweated it out with the other sisters during the bishop's question period. Though I might never have seen the child before in my life, I went through agonies while I waited for him to give an answer.

Like all bishops, this bishop was very kind. He usually started off with an easy one: "Who made you?" And when the child answered, "God made me," the bishop would praise him to the skies, adding for good measure, "You have been well instructed."

Of course when someone answered brilliantly, I was

quite ready to take the kudos along with the child's teacher.

Very often the answers were totally unexpected. Such was the answer one little girl gave to the question, "How often can you receive the sacrament of matrimony?"

"As often as my husband dies," replied the girl.

One of the MOST unexpected answers, however, I heard not at the real confirmation, but at the last practice. There were almost 200 to be confirmed. It was the day before the ceremony and the pastor had delegated his youngest assistant to be present at the rehearsal. What he aimed at mostly was getting the children to stand erect and say, "Your Excellency" when they answered him.

All went well until Father asked a boy a question about holy chrism. He couldn't think of the kind of oil that went into it. Father tried to help him. These were Mexican children and he evidently thought they were as familiar with olive oil as are many of the Latin people. He prompted, "What kind of oil do you use most at home?"

Now the boy felt more confident. He straightened his shoulders and answered, "Castor oil, Your Excellency." SEA



Scene 1: UN Security Council

Responsible Youth- America's Strength

. . . was the theme for the current National Catholic Youth Week. Highlights of the celebration in Union City, Pa., were a special Mass, Communion breakfast, and program presented by the parish high school of religion. The latter included a scene from the United Nations with delegates offering peace plans, none of which are acceptable. The second scene showed Our Lady of Fatima giving her peace plan of prayer and sacrifice. In the third scene Liberty spoke to the Youth of America.



Liberty speaks.



Our Lady of Fatima offers peace plan from heaven.

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