

Aug. 1938

# The Missionary Catechist





# Victory-Noll Number

SINCE 1932 we have been making the August issue of our magazine a "Victory-Noll Number." Not that we omit in that number all mission news. That would be almost impossible, for Victory-Noll is too bound up with the missions to be separated from them. But Victory-Noll must come first. If there were no Victory-Noll, there would be no missions.

Victory-Noll — so named in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, our patroness, and of Bishop Noll, our greatest benefactor,—is the Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Society of Missionary Catechists. It is here that young women from all over the United States enter, make their novitiate, and receive their training. Three years later they pronounce the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and are ready to go to the mission field.

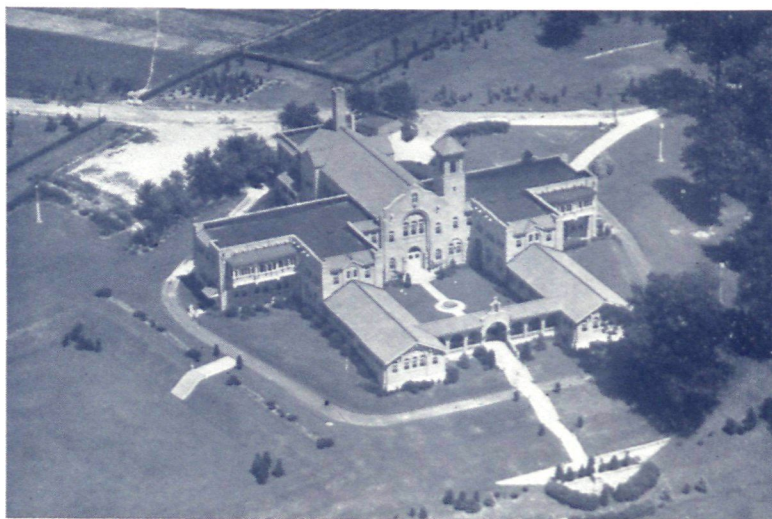
So in this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we are giving more space than usual to Victory-Noll and to the Catechists who are there preparing for mission work in our destitute home mission field.

A Catechist's day at Victory-Noll begins at five o'clock. Morning prayers, meditation, Holy Communion, and thanks-

giving are followed by breakfast at seven-fifteen. The morning is given over to classes, work, and study, broken by a short recreation period outdoors. At eleven forty-five we have particular examen and at twelve, dinner. During the afternoon there is another recreation period, and the rest of the time is spent at work until the bell calls us again to prayer and spiritual reading at four-forty. Supper at five-thirty is followed by recreation,

study period, and night prayers. By nine, when the "lights out" bell rings, another day spent "All for Jesus through Mary" has come to a close.

Classes at Victory-Noll include courses in religion, catechetics, music, the liturgy, home hygiene and care of the sick, Spanish, and social service. Both outdoors and indoors there is much work to be done, and the Catechists are kept busy in the sacristy, laundry, sewing room and kitchen; in the various offices, the photography shop, print shop, and shipping department. The latter sends supplies to our mission-centers, for in our Society each convent is taken care of from our Motherhouse, whereas in most Communities, each house is expected to provide for its own upkeep.



Courtesy, Our Sunday Visitor Press.

Victory-Noll from the air.





# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

VOLUME 14

AUGUST 1938

NUMBER 9

## How a Catechist Looks Out Here

Rev. James H. Culleton, D. D.

*Chancellor, Diocese of Monterey-Fresno*

IT would seem that the Missionary Catechists are familiar figures only in those parts of the country which God would seem to have forgotten. The first ones the writer ever laid eyes on were digging the rear wheel of their dilapidated bus out of a mud hole. It was a desolate road which ran for miles and ended at a camp of poverty-stricken, mud-bound, starving Mexicans. The last ones he saw just the other day. They were struggling with a tire change on a lonely road through the west side of the San Joaquin Valley. It was the month of June—118 in the shade, and the only shade in sight—fence posts.

Their work must surely be most pleasing in the sight of Him who said, "Go and relate to John . . . . [that] the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

This is the voice of Central California. A voice from a section in which dwell more than 120,000 persons on whose heads the priest has poured the saving waters. Yet, when the church bell rings of a Sunday morning, not even 30,000 of this grand army shout present. And strange to say, it would be unfair to accuse the vast majority of those absent of any malice. Did you ever try walking anywhere from eight to fifty miles for Mass on Sundays? Did you ever try "hoofing" it, even five miles? This is especially trying if you are barefooted. Oh, yes, there are old "attletraps" in many of the yards. "Two bits" worth of gas would bring them to the church, but did you ever stop to think of the number of people in the good old U. S. A. who have to make "two bits" feed the family for a whole day? There is a diocesan paper in these parts which costs a dollar a year and I am sure that many will be surprised to know that numerous Mexican families pay the subscription price in four to ten weekly in-

stallments. The little Mexican town of Cutler lost its beloved pastor, Father Garcia. The good Father used from time to time to pay a visit to Fresno. He always came wearing a cassock, green with age and neatly patched. This, not because he was a peculiar type, but simply because he possessed no other clothes.

Of course, there are many instances where there is plenty of gas in the car. The father alone can drive. Just try to



"Believe me, a Catechist in these parts looks pretty good to a pastor and pretty good to the six kids living in the tent by the irrigation ditch that runs through the cotton field."

get him out of bed. He has worked hard all week, or over-celebrated on Saturday night or maybe he was raised in a hot-bed of anti-clericalism in the old country.

They say men do not care much about how they look, but the process in a woman's mind would be interesting when she would foresee herself and her girls walking up the church aisle dressed in their only clothes, which literally resembled dish towels well worn; shoes which had been picked up in trash heaps and a handkerchief on their heads. We need not wonder that the old woman over there runs from her hovel when she sees the Catechist coming, meets her on the road, and with thankfulness and reverence grasps the tender hand and presses it to her withered lips.

So much for distance, poverty, and

bad influences from the old world. Nearly all our Mexicans and Indians are poor. The thousands of refugees from the dust bowl have nothing, nor will their condition improve for years. Anti-clericalism was rife in the industrial centers of all Latin-European countries well on into the 20th century and fifty percent of the Catholics in this territory are in origin from these countries.

Who cared for these people before the Catechists came? Who would care for them were they forced to leave? Who are caring for them in the places which the limited number of Catechists or scarcity of means raises a barrier? Your guess is perfectly correct. No one. Believe me, a Catechist in these parts looks pretty good to a pastor and pretty good to the six kids living in the tent by the irrigation ditch that runs through the cotton field.

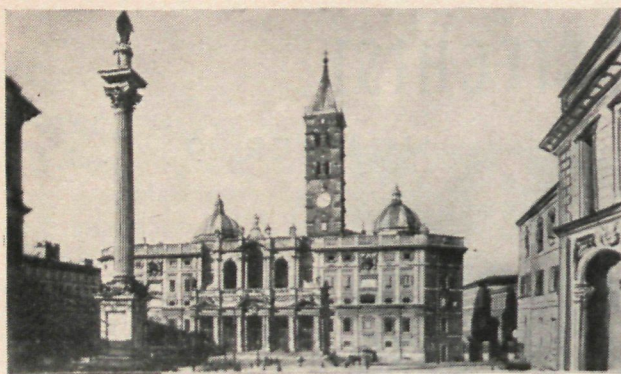
How many of us would give thought to God or His Church had we as children never seen a priest or nun?

What if our parents had come from the old country into a community of their own nationality which was without the Sacraments and where the only thought was to make money and return to the homeland?

SEVENTY years ago, there was not a single church in the entire San Joaquin Valley; fifty years ago there were but three; twenty years ago, only fourteen. Today, there are thirty-one parishes and sixteen missions, but in the words of the Apostle "what are these among so many?" One hundred churches accommodating 700 persons each would not suffice that each soul might have a little of the bread of life.

You may be sure that had there been  
Continued on page 6





The Basilica of St. Mary Major is sometimes referred to as "St. Mary of the Manger" because a portion of the Manger is enshrined here.

"All generations shall call me blessed."  
(Luke 1, v. 48)

AS the knowledge of the Kingdom of Christ is extended to all nations, so too, is the knowledge and love of her who has been rightly called, "our tainted nature's solitary boast." As a natural consequence of this devotion to Our Blessed Mother, innumerable shrines have been built in her honor in all parts of the world. It would be difficult to say which is the most important; but holding a unique place is that of Saint Mary Major in Rome.

The tradition as to its founding is as follows: About the year 352 A. D. a wealthy Roman named John, owned the property on the Esquiline hill where the basilica now stands. Being advanced in age, and having no children, he and his pious wife decided to make Our Lady their heiress, and prayed fervently for some manifestation of her will, as to the disposal of their wealth.

The night of the fourth of August Our Blessed Mother appeared to John and told him to build a church in her honor, on the spot which on the following morning, he would find covered with snow. The next morning the fervent patrician hastened to Pope Liberius, and, with a number of clergy they hurried to the Esquiline hill, and found the miracle of the snow. Now August is the hottest month of the year in Rome, and so a fall of snow at that time could certainly be attributed to a supernatural cause. The Pope and the accompanying clergy traced out the plan of the basilica in the snow, and Saint Mary Major was the result. This is why it is sometimes referred to as "Our Lady of the Snow." The miraculous snowfall is annually commemorated in the Lady Chapel of the venerable church on the fifth of August by a fall of white rose petals from the Cupola, during the Gloria of the Solemn Mass.

Some believe that the story rests on insufficient evidence, but the feast is celebrated in the Roman Breviary on

August fifth, and so, is not without some authority.

From the year of its inception to the present, Pontiffs, Kings, Princes, and laymen have vied with one another in making the basilica a more fitting homage to Heaven's Queen, until the church has become a perfect

jewel box whose costly treasures are unsurpassed in any other shrine dedicated to Mary.

On entering we are surprised at its vastness, for the nave is nearly three hundred feet long, and sixty feet wide. The aisles are separated from the nave by a forest of white marble pillars from Greece, in all probability taken from some pagan temple, most likely, that of Diana Lucina.

The ceiling, said to be the most wonderful in Rome, is especially interesting to Americans. It is richly carved, painted in vivid colors, and plated with the first gold brought from the newly discovered continent of America. The gold was presented to the Pope by the sponsors of Columbus' voyages, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, whose sovereigns have always been generous benefactors of this basilica.

The High Altar, a Papal one, (at which the Pope alone, or someone delegated by him, may celebrate Mass) has a splendid baldachino resting on four columns of red porphyry. Part of the altar is supposed to have been the tomb of the patrician John who supplied the means for building the basilica in 352 A. D. Beneath the Main Altar is the Confession which is reached by a marble staircase. The altar in this crypt-like chapel contains the relics of the Apostle, Saint Matthias. In the center of this area is a marble statue of Pope Pius IX who proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. He intended to have his tomb in the Confession, but after the invasion of Rome in 1870 he decided to be buried at Saint Laurence, among the poor he loved.

Enshrined over the Altar of the Confession is the principal relic of the Church namely, what is piously believed to be a portion of the Manger in which the Infant Jesus was laid. It con-

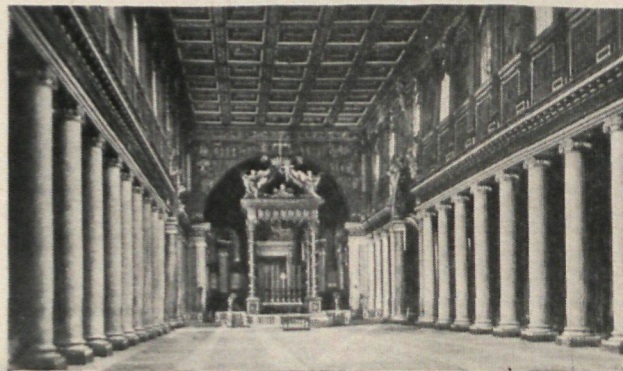
sists of a few rough boards enclosed in an urn of silver and crystal. The relic was brought from Bethlehem with the remains of Saint Jerome in 640 A. D. Every Christmas Eve the precious reliquary is carried in procession through the Church, and throughout Christmas is left on the High Altar for veneration. Perhaps the presence of this relic is the reason why the basilica is sometimes referred to as, "Saint Mary of the Manger."

BEAUTIFUL as are the Grecian pillars and the rare mosaic pavement, they take a second place to the mosaics above the architrave and on the chancel arch, representing the patriarchs of the Old Testament, and scenes from Our Lady's life. The mosaic over the sanctuary is especially fine. A huge circle of blue, studded with golden stars, contains the figures of Our Divine Savior and His Blessed Mother seated on thrones.

On the gospel side of the nave is the princely Borghese Chapel erected by Pope Paul V in 1608. It is said to be the richest and most beautiful chapel in Rome, with its rare marbles, its precious stones, and other costly embellishments. Enshrined in the reredos of a magnificent altar is a painting of the Madonna attributed to the Evangelist, Saint Luke.

Directly opposite is the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, which, while it does not equal the Borghese chapel in splendor, yet, is nevertheless, truly beautiful. It was built in the year 1589 by Pope Sixtus V, and is sometimes referred to as the Sixtine Chapel, not however to be confused with the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, the masterpiece of Michaelangelo. In the center of the chapel is another Papal altar. Atop the mensa are four life-sized bronze angels supporting the tabernacle. The incorrupt body of Pope Saint Pius V is conserved in a precious tomb in this chapel. It is exposed on his feast day.

In my frequent visits to this shrine of our Heavenly Mother, in the heart of Christendom, I never leave without a fervent prayer for the Catechists and their benefactors, who are doing so much in the United States to make Mary better known and loved.



"The aisles are separated from the nave by a forest of white marble pillars from Greece."



# El Padre

Claribel Belli

"SHINE! Five cents! Shine! Bola! Bola!" Esteban's lips moved, but his eyes wistfully followed the troupe of children who were trailing toward the gray church on E Street. The little wooden box, holding his brushes and polish, was strapped tightly across his thin shoulders and was uncomfortable as he hopped from shadow to shadow, for the sidewalk was like a hot stove lid to his bare feet.

"Shine! Bola!" he cried, still watching as Tomas and Enrique and Pablo disappeared into the church two blocks away.

Nina Josefa would be very angry if she knew he had gone there last night. Of course, he had not gone inside, for Nina Josefa had often warned him to keep away from the little church with the cross over it. But he had stood just outside one of the low windows to see the tiny girls in white carrying flowers to the beautiful Lady in blue; and he had listened delightedly to their singing. Conchita had explained that it was "el mes de Maria" . . . the month of Mary. Esteban did not understand what that meant, for no one had ever spoken of "el mes de Maria" at Senor Smith's church, where Nina Josefa took him.

"Bola! Bola! Shine! Five cents!"

The streets of the border town were almost deserted in the afternoon heat. On Main Street, only a few sleepy shopkeepers stood in open doorways, indifferent to Esteban's cries.

Presently, his calloused little feet turned toward E Street. He stood again by an open window where he could see the children. They sat quietly, for in this church people did not clap and jump and shout, as they did in Senor Smith's.

Soon he saw the big man with the nice smile enter. The Mexican children spoke of him as "el Padre," and the American children called him "Father."

Esteban wondered why he could not call Senor Smith "Father," though it might be confusing because the minister had children of his own. El Padre had no one, and he played baseball and marbles with all the boys.

As the man spoke, Esteban crept closer and closer; he was telling the children that soon Jesus would come into their hearts. They must make ready for that wonderful visit by being very good boys and girls.

Esteban listened in wonder. He knew about Jesus, for Senor Smith often spoke of Him. But Senor Smith did not know that He would come into good children's



"El Padre spoke to him of marbles and kites and baseball."

hearts. Perhaps, if he, Esteban, were very good and remembered to do everything Nina Josefa told him, Jesus might come to him, too.

Suddenly, el Padre saw Esteban, for he had forgotten to be cautious and was leaning on the low window-sill, his curly head inside the church. El Padre called to him, and Esteban's heart rushed to his mouth. Quickly, he turned and ran, his brown feet scarcely touching the pavement, his box bumping and rattling against his back. When he reached Main Street, he had to stop for he could not breathe, and there was a sharp pain, like a knife, in his side.

His fears slowly quieted when he saw that no one pursued him. Guiltily he remembered Nina Josefa, and that he had earned no nickles. She would be very cross and scold if he came home without a penny, for she worked for the Senor Smith on Mondays and that made Nina Josefa very tired and fault-finding.

He lingered later than usual, shouting lustily. "Bola Bola! Shine! Five cents!"

Discouraged, he was about to turn homeward with empty pockets, when a deep voice called him. "Here boy! Shine!"

Esteban twirled on his toes, slipping his box from his shoulders as he ran.

He dropped to his knees without looking into his customer's face.

"Aren't you the boy who was at the window of the church this afternoon?"

At the quiet words, Esteban's wide frightened eyes were drawn to the face that towered high above him. It was el Padre! Yet he did not seem to be angry.

"You are Esteban Valdez?" the priest asked gently. Esteban nodded because he could not speak. His hands shook a little as he began to dust the big shoes before him. As he worked, el Padre spoke to him of marbles and kites and baseball, so that when both shoes shone like two dark mirrors, Esteban and el Padre were good friends.

IT was dusk when Esteban finally neared the tiny shack that was home. He fingered the dime in his pocket; Nina Josefa would be pleased. He saw that she had opened the door to let out the heat, and the sound of voices came to him distinctly. His heart began to pound against his side, for surely that voice which was speaking to Nina Josefa belonged to none other than el Padre. Noiselessly, Esteban slipped in through the rear door. He stood quietly by the old curtain which divided the kitchen from the main room. His shirt, wet with perspiration, clung to him, but his teeth chattered as he tried to understand the words that were being spoken in the next room.

"But if you are his godmother," el Padre was saying, "you, too, must have been a Catholic . . . and it was your duty to see that the boy was reared in his religion. You had no right to deprive him of his birthright!"

Nina Josefa's voice was low; she spoke hurriedly and angrily. To Esteban her words were only a harsh murmur. He grew tired of trying to comprehend their talk, and turned to his own dark thoughts . . . perhaps, Senor Smith would discover Esteban's badness. Nina Josefa had often told him that they must be very grateful to Senor Smith, for it was he who procured work for her in order that she and her charge might live. It seemed a long time before the heavy step of el Padre crossed the room and died into the evening. Esteban heard Nina Josefa moving about. Cautiously he parted the curtain a tiny crack. She was kneeling beside the old trunk which she always kept locked; it was open now, and clothes,

Continued on Page 7



## The Missionary Catechist

VICTORY-NOLL, Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists.

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.



### A GREAT CARDINAL

FEW recent biographies have impressed us so much as that of the late Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State under His Holiness, Pope Pius X of blessed memory. The Cardinal practiced every virtue, but his humility, poverty, and charity toward the poor eclipsed all the others. He did his utmost to hide from the eyes of the world the esteem in which he was held by the Holy Father. He lived as simply as he could, even in the Vatican. His charity toward the poor consisted not merely in distributing alms to them, but in personal service. On the occasion of his consecration as bishop, instead of giving a banquet as was the custom, he gave a dinner for two hundred poor persons, each of whom received also a gift and a new garment. Again, when he was created Cardinal, he substituted works of charity for the banquet, and went to an old lady, a foreigner, ill and in need, to take her his first blessing and his first alms as a Prince of the Church.

These three virtues—humility, poverty, and love of the poor—are never separated one from the other. Unless we ourselves become humble and poor in spirit, we cannot understand the lot of the poor, and cannot truly sympathize with them and help them.

### YOUR PRAYER FOR US

DOROTHY DAY, editor of "The Catholic Worker," wrote in the guest book of the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality at Houma, Louisiana:

"May God bless you all and send plenty of people to help you and plenty of people to be helped."

We ask you to make that your prayer for us. We ask Our Divine Lord and Our Blessed Mother to send us benefactors and friends to help us feed, clothe, and nurse the poor and to instruct the little ones; but at the same time we ask Them to direct our steps to the poor who must be fed, clothed, and cared for, and to help us to find all those little ones who are being deprived of religious instruction.

### MISSION INTENTION FOR AUGUST

That Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and Pilgrimages to Her Shrines May Be Promoted in the Missions

EVEN in the days of the Church's infancy, history and tradition tell us of the high place occupied by Our Blessed Mother in the hearts of the Christian converts. As the first missionaries carried the doctrines of our Divine Redeemer to other lands, they brought with them also a deep affection for His Mother—an affection which found ready acceptance.

When the Spaniards carried the Faith to America, they brought with them their tender devotion to Our Blessed Mother and implanted it in the hearts of their converts. It is our privilege to work among the Mexicans and Spanish-Americans who have always preserved their child-like devotion to Mary. That devotion to her may be spread throughout the missionary world is the intention recommended for this month, the month of her Assumption into Heaven.

### WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO JOIN THEM?

TOWARD the end of the school year, seventy girls with the Sisters who teach them, had an all-day outing at Victory-Noll. During the afternoon our Candidates came out for their recreation. They had a big volley ball and tossed it back and forth among themselves in much the same manner that the school girls had been playing with their balls all day. The girls were somewhat amazed. Perhaps they thought that convent life was all work and no play. One of them voiced the sentiments of the others when she asked, "Are those the ones who just entered?" We told her that they had entered last March. Then she said, in rather an awed tone, "They're having a good time, aren't they?" One of the good Sisters answered her this time. She said, "They surely are; wouldn't you like to join them?"



Mrs. Elizabeth Karl, Peoria, Ill., mother of Catechist Mary Karl

Mrs. Elizabeth Freiburger, Fort Wayne

Mrs. Martha Funk, Detroit

Alice Toner, Latrobe, Pa.

Thomas Walsh, Hatley, Wis.

One of the holiest works, one of the best exercises of piety that we can practice in this world, is to offer sacrifice, alms, and prayers for the dead.—St. Augustine.

### HOW A CATECHIST LOOKS OUT HERE

Continued from page 3

Catechists here fifty years ago, the children of the pioneers would be Catholic today, and there would be a sufficiency of churches. You may be sure, too, that when the good Padre looks out his window next Sunday morning and sees the Catechist drive up with her brood, she looks like a Godsend to his scattered parish, and he will feel that all is going well when next Wednesday afternoon he goes out for the First Communion examinations to the home of Joe Bucarelli. The Catechists will be there and every youngster in the neighborhood. The little, dark-skinned Mexicans; the graceful, black-eyed Italians; the delicate, olive-skinned Portuguese; the agile, laughing Spaniards; the sharp-eyed, semitic-nosed Arabians; the tall, stout, blue-eyed Slavonians; and who are those two Orientals over there? Yes, Father, I forgot to tell you about those. They are Mrs. Wang's twins. You know Mrs. Wang. Her husband is from Canton, but she was born in San Francisco. She was baptized a Catholic there, but had fallen away. We heard about her and went to see her. They are all there, including a few Armenians, Greeks, Filipinos; to say nothing of the fair descendants of Irish, German, French, and a few bearing Swedish, Danish or German-Russian names.

In those districts where the Catechist labors today, we will have churches and priests and Sacraments tomorrow.

Would that God might move the hearts of American girls who love Him to dedicate their lives to His services in the Society of Missionary Catechists of Huntington, Indiana, and would that He would move the hearts of those whom He has blessed with the goods of this world, to give of their abundance that they might be supported. The readers of this know that the Catechists take only those fields which by reason of poverty or indifference to the Church are unable or unwilling to give even the necessities of life to those who bring them Christ's message.

When people can't, don't, and won't go to the Church, the Church must go to the people. In such cases, the Catechist is the ambassador of the Church and in many instances, our Holy Mother has no other ambassador.

Do you wonder that the Catechists look like a Godsend to us out here? And do you know that 10,000 convents for the Catechists placed strategically over the length and breadth of this land would stop every leak in the Bark of Christ?



## For Your Bookshelf

THREE THEORIES OF SOCIETY by Paul Hanly Furfey, Ph. D.; Macmillan; \$2.

This latest book of Father Furfey's is a discussion of man's striving after the ideal. The first ideal is the purely materialistic one; the second is the desire for the beautiful and cultural things; the third is the supernatural ideal. Each one of these is developed in the author's usual logical style. An index and a glossary of technical terms (of which there are necessarily very many) are valuable helps to the reader.

ST. BENEDICT by Dom Justin McCann; Sheed and Ward; \$2.75.

The civilized world owes much to St. Benedict, and even if it did not, he would still be a personality of extraordinary fascination. In the preface to this life of his Holy Founder, the author writes that he offers "this little book as a Benedictine to Benedictines and to all who admire the venerable figure of St. Benedict." Those who do not yet belong to the latter class will do so after reading this life.

HIDDEN APOSTLES by Pierre Duchaussois, O. M. I.; Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate, 348 Porter Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; \$1.10.

Father Duchaussois reveals the heroic work of the "Hidden Apostles," those devoted lay brothers who have consecrated themselves to God and are sent to aid the Oblate priests in their missionary work. In this book he limits himself to the story of those brothers who are laboring in Northern Canada.

THE HOLY GHOST by Edward Leen, C. S. Sp.; Sheed and Ward; \$2.50.

Father Leen attempts to present the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity to the average reader, and so he employs forms of expression that can readily be understood. The first part of the book deals with the Person of the Holy Spirit, and the remaining chapters are concerned with His operations in the souls of the just.

MOTHER FRANCES XAVIER CABRINI by Rev. E. J. McCarthy; Mother Cabrini League, 2548 Lakeview Ave., Chicago.

The Mother Cabrini League, organized to further the Cause of Beatification and Canonization of Venerable Mother Cabrini, has issued this 40 page illustrated pamphlet on the Foundress of the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

## BISHOP BUDDY VISITS US

DURING the month of June we had the privilege of receiving a visit from the Most Rev. Charles F. Buddy, D. D., Bishop of San Diego, in whose diocese we have three mission-centers—at Redlands, Brawley, and Coachella. After offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in our chapel at Victory-Noll, the Bishop surprised us with an informal talk. He began:



"This gives me the very delightful opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the Catechists of Victory-Noll. It was indeed with a heart of loving gratitude that

I offered this Mass to God in thanksgiving for you and for the zealous work the Catechists are doing in the Diocese of San Diego. I don't know what we would do in our diocese without the Catechists. They fill a very important need. It would mean that at least thirty-five or forty thousand people would be lost to the Faith. A special grace goes with your particular work.

"At first sight it would be a most discouraging outlook for a Bishop in a diocese like San Diego, without the Catechists and the help, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, which your Community has given us in that immense field of 35,000 square miles. So I have thanked God this morning with a full heart, in sincerity and truth, for the Catechists of Victory-Noll. I am beginning to realize and to understand now what St. Paul meant when he said, 'I thank God for you all'."

Then the Bishop told us of some of the particular problems he must meet and of his plans for the future. San Diego is a new diocese, "cut out" of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles about two years ago. Conservatively speaking, 80,000 Mexicans are scattered throughout the diocese. Most of them are migratory workers. As Bishop Buddy says, they have souls and they have suffered for the Faith. "Persecution, ignorance, and poverty make their appeal all the greater to us." He realizes that catechetical centers, not parochial schools, must be provided for the children of these Mexicans. "So what we need," said the Bishop, "is Catechists; not better Catechists, but more Catechists."

Bishop Buddy has promised to write an article for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST in which he will explain the necessity, in a diocese like this, of promoting catechetical instruction in the public schools rather than the building of parochial schools.



## EL PADRE

Continued from Page 5

books and pictures were scattered on the floor around her . . . and she was crying! Esteban went to her quickly; he wrapped a thin arm around her neck.

"Why do you cry, Nina Josefa?" he asked.

She smiled at Esteban through her tears. "Look, Esteban," she said, spreading a beautiful white shirt with a ruffled collar, "you will wear this when you make your First Holy Communion. My own little son wore it once . . ."

He touched the blouse carefully with one finger, and it was as soft as the silk handkerchief he had bought Nina Josefa across the border for two pesos.

A sudden thought struck Esteban and he turned away from the gift. "Nina Josefa," he said, "do you think I could call him 'Padre'?"

"Yes, Esteban," she answered, "we shall call him 'Padre'!"

Esteban's heart felt so big it seemed to press against his side. He had never, never been so happy.

## PERSONAL OBLIGATION OF CHARITY

NOWADAYS with our highly organized charitable associations, bureaus and community chests, so many Catholics seem to get away entirely from the idea of personal obligation of performing works of charity. It is so easy to give a contribution to a collector or to a charitable agency through the mail. This will explain why so many charitable bequests are distributed through organizations through which our Catholic people have given generous contributions. As a consequence, charity has lost that personal and vital touch which brings joy not only to the recipient but to the giver.

It has always been the custom of God-fearing mothers to train their children to give up certain pleasures and amusements and to devote the money thus saved to the poor. This is carrying out the commandment of our Dear Lord and Savior to deny ourselves. It was a beautiful custom of one of the saintly queens of Europe to have her children take the gifts of food and clothing and money to the poor. What a beautiful custom for our Catholic mothers to use! They may be sure that the remembrance of the act performed in person will impress itself on the memory of the children and the joy that they brought to the children of the poor will make a lasting impression on their character.





Benediction being given on the feast of Corpus Christi at one of the three outside altars in the old cemetery at San Carlos Mission, Carmel. Here are buried the Indians who lived at the Mission during the time of Father Serra and his successors.

#### FOR THEIR FIRST COMMUNION

Club meeting for the little group from Calumet usually takes place in the kitchen adjoining the church hall. The group is small, but earnest in their efforts to "help the Church." Their last class had been conducted mostly in the sacristy and the children were still impressed with the close-up inspection of the sacred vessels and the altar breads. Perhaps it was the little package with the thin white wafers carefully wrapped in tissue paper that inspired them to buy "bread for the priest to use at Mass." At any rate that was their final decision.

And how would they raise the money? The quite efficient way of having a raffle. Since boys predominated in the club, the prize chosen to sell chances on was a ball and bat set. Now each member is busy urging friends and relatives to take a chance, hoping to raise a little fund for the precious bread they will later receive in Holy Communion.

It may seem a long way off, but it does remind one of the beautiful ideal presented in one of Maria Montessori's books on the religious education of children: it is the practice of having the children make the bread and wine to be used in the Eucharistic sacrifice. Under their teachers' guidance they plant and tend the wheat and the grape vines, and later bake the bread and prepare the wine which they present during the Offertory of their First Communion Mass.

How happy we would be if we could guide our little charges in such a task, teaching them to put their own work into the substance which will become the Body and Blood of Him Who said, "Let the little children come to Me." But it can be only a dream when we are concerned with children living in an industrial center and receiving only with difficulty the weekly instruction necessary for their First Holy Communion.

Still the children themselves feel a desire to take part in the Holy Sacrifice in some such manner. They know little of growing things such as wheat and grapes, but they know that money buys bread, and they know how to raise money—raffle a ball and bat!

Catechist Mary Doyle  
East Chicago, Indiana

#### CACTUS AND CATECHISM

One morning our attention was drawn to a little circle of happy men and women sitting in the back yard busily engaged in cutting and cleaning cactus for canning. As we appeared on the scene they hesitated to tell us what they were doing, but we assured them that we were interested in the use of the cactus as a vegetable. There seemed to be a great deal of work in preparing it, for the large thin leaf is covered with sharp points, which must be cut off before using; then it is cooked like beans or as any other vegetable. The women showed us some of the canned cactus, and it looked very good. We were given a large bag of cactus and surprised the cook when we got home, who thought it best



Catechist Mendoza learns to can cactus and in the process finds some catechism pupils.

that we prepare the dish; nevertheless we all enjoyed eating it.

We had inquired about the children and found that none of the four had made their first Holy Communion. The baby had not been baptized and the mother had not received the Sacraments for years. After a friendly little talk she promised she would go and would also send the children to our catechism classes.

The older boy, a lad of sixteen years, apologized to us, saying that years ago when the Catechists would go around the street ringing the bell for catechism he would run and hide under the cactus. So that is why he did not make his first Holy Communion and never goes to church. He promised to join the boys club, "Knights of the Sacred Heart," and to go to Mass on Sundays. Thanks to Jesus and Mary he is here at the house every Friday night before any one else arrives and is given a short instruction before club meeting.

It is a bit harder getting up early Sunday morning for Mass, but he is coming now and we pray it won't be long before he receives Our Dear Lord and is faithful in going to Mass and practicing his religious duties.

Catechist Otilia Mendoza  
Santa Paula, California

#### PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PIONEER CATECHIST

"Las Vegas! Las Vegas!—next stop!"

My heart skipped a beat and then seemed to stop altogether. Las Vegas was not really the end of my journey but it was as far as I could travel by train. From there I was to go by car to my FIRST MISSION. Hastily I put on my cape, and grabbed my suitcase, determined to be ready the instant the train stopped. I would take no chance of passing by this station!

## Our Catechists at Work



Any kind of well is a luxury in the little villages of New Mexico. The people get their water from the irrigation ditches. If they live at a distance, like these boys at Holman, they bring it home in barrells.

With a creaking and groaning of brakes and wheels the train came to a stand-still. Needless to say, I was among the first passengers to alight. I was met by two of my sister-Catechists to whom this thrilling first-mission experience was past history. A few minutes later we were rattling along in our little car, leaving behind us the busy city of Las Vegas. We drove across the wide, open prairie for about an hour and then began to climb a narrow, mountain trail. On one side was a sheer drop of a thousand feet to the canyon below, while on the other towered a pine-covered mountain. Carefully we made the descent and were soon winding our way in and out among pines and cedars in the valley below. My first mission country was proving to be beautiful indeed!

Suddenly, topping a rise in the road, Chaperito, my first mission-center, came into view. It was a picturesque, Spanish-American village, built in the days when Indians roamed through the surrounding hills so that thought must needs be given to protection from attacks. In the center of the town stood the adobe church. Its white cross-mounted steeple reached heavenward, ever pointing out to these simple people, their home beyond the sky. Grouped around the church with

only the patio intervening, were the small, flat-roofed homes of our beloved people. At the right of the church stood the stone house of the Catechists. As our car crossed the patio, two Catechists ran out to greet us. These two and the two that met me at the station made up the only band of Catechists in the field at that time. I received a hearty welcome and was then introduced to my new home. It boasted only three rooms, all severely plain, but I loved it at once for I knew that it would be the haven from which I would daily go forth to labor for the love of Jesus and Mary, and to win souls to Their Sacred Hearts.

Happy days followed—days filled with works of love and mercy. We taught the dark-eyed little ones, visited the sick and the dying, assisted the needy. All day long we went about teaching, helping, advising, consoling, nursing—striving to be "all things to all so that we might gain all to Christ."

Among my experiences there are some that stand out in my mind more clearly than others because of their pathos, their humor, or just because they were "first experiences."

I'll never forget my first baptism. We had gone to visit a poor woman who was dying. The poverty of the wretched little hut was indescribable. On a bundle of rags nearby her infant daughter lay crying piteously. Even to my inexperienced eyes it was apparent that the little one was not long for this world. As Father was away at a distant out-mission we decided to baptize her without delay. It was my happy privilege to pour the saving waters of baptism, and that night the soul of little Rosaria winged its flight to Heaven.

There was the Sunday a pet magpie decided to attend Mass. It belonged to one of the women of the village and while she was in church, it escaped and came also. It flew in through the open door while Father was at the altar. At first no one paid attention to it, thinking it would fly out again. But not so. It flew up to the choir loft and there found a stub of a candle. Down it came and perched upon the Communion rail, vainly trying to eat the candle. Someone

chased it and it settled down, out of reach. For a while all was quiet. After the collection was taken up and the money box placed on the altar of Our Blessed Mother, down came Mr. Magpie again. Straight to the collection box he went, grasped a coin in his beak and flew toward the open door. This was too much for the outraged congregation. Certainly, no one could be expected to sit calmly and see the Padre's money carried away in broad daylight. First one, then another made wild attempts to catch the bird, but all in vain. The thief escaped with his loot. But he did not go unpunished. The very next day, with much bustle and ado, he was banished from the town. I never saw that magpie again.

#### AN OUT-MISSION ON THE PLAINS OF TEXAS

We always look forward with pleasure to the first Saturday of each month. On that day we leave home before seven in the morning, and after driving sixty-five miles we come to the little mission church at Lamesa. On our arrival, we are sure to find our two faithful boys, who have learned to serve Mass this year, getting the altar ready for Mass. In the sacristy one of the women smiles a welcome as she lights the little oil stove, on which she places a can of coffee, to keep warm until noon.

These good people live twelve or fourteen miles out in the country, but they all come fasting each month so that they will be able to go to Confession and receive Holy Communion.

My two fourteen-year-old boys are trying so hard to learn all the Mass prayers, so that they can answer Father without my help, but Tommy tells me each month, they sure wish they lived nearer to Lubbock, so we could help them more with the Latin. The boys have no surplice or cassock, so for the past two months we have brought some along for them to use, but while we are away for the summer, it looks as if they will have to serve without cassock and surplice.

After Mass there is no thought of breakfast, but they want their Catechism lesson—grown-ups as well as children, and so it is about noon before they get something to eat. All go into the sacristy, and the lunch, which each one brings with him, soon disappears.

Catechist Mary Whitfield  
Lubbock, Texas



Father Gabriel, S. A., Catechist Whitfield, and the congregation at Lamesa. Catechist Montoya, who accompanies Catechist Whitfield to this little mission, took the picture.



# Associate Catechists of Mary



**"Adopt" a Catechist**  
for One Day each month—  
by a dollar monthly offering,—or  
for Several Days each month—  
the support of a Catechist is only  
one dollar a day.

**"Your" Catechist**  
will pray for you—offer her work for  
you—and share with you the blessed  
reward of her apostolic labors.

## WHY?

Why should you make a Retreat?  
Last year, as the Retreatants were  
leaving the Academy of Our Lady after  
the final Mass on Tuesday morning, with  
many happy goodbyes and pleasant words  
of gratitude for their privilege of spend-  
ing these days so close to Our Lord, two  
young girls came up to us. Both were  
beautiful, and the contrast was striking:  
one golden-haired and blue-eyed, a little  
taller; the other, very dark, with perfect-  
ly arched eyebrows, bright red lips, and  
dark eyes that gave one the impression  
of vivaciousness and yet contained a cer-  
tain serene peace. There were introduc-  
tions, and then:

"Catechist," said the smaller girl, "I've  
been making the Retreat for seven years  
but this is the first time I've come to  
meet you. I knew I wouldn't be able to  
get here this year for it, but I sent Mary  
in my place. She was feeling like life  
wasn't worth living, and pretty down and  
out. I knew Father's talks would help  
her. And now she feels better—don't  
you?" turning confidently toward her  
friend. There was an emphatic nod of  
the golden head and we saw that the  
blue eyes held a trace of tears, like the  
peaceful calm after a storm.

"Father makes life such a beautiful  
and happy thing," continued our confi-  
dent little friend, "and that's the way  
it should be. Life IS beautiful if your  
heart's clean and you're right with God,  
and all the wickedness in the world can't  
make you unhappy. But you have to  
know how to see it that way . . . ."

That's what the Labor Day Retreat  
helps you to do—to know how to see  
things from God's viewpoint. Plan to  
make it this year—at the Academy of  
Our Lady, 95th and Throop Streets, Chi-  
cago,—from Saturday evening, Septem-  
ber 3, to Tuesday morning, September 6.  
Write Sister Mary Leo at the Academy  
for reservations. Father John Dussman,  
Glenview, Ill., will act as Retreat Master.

## CHICAGO PARTY

In making arrangements for the an-  
nual fall party to be held on September  
30th, our Chicago Bands considered the  
adoption of a special method of defray-  
ing expenses—the raffle of a beautiful  
diamond ring. This was finally decided  
upon, and the raffle has now been in full  
swing for over a month. All reports are  
that the chances are selling well and  
that the raffle will go far toward helping  
the success of the fall party.

The ring will be raffled at a Social  
Party to be given at the Morrison Hotel  
on August 7. Arrangements are being  
made for a very pleasant afternoon's en-  
tertainment and anyone who wishes to  
attend is cordially invited to do so. The  
showing of movies taken at Victory-Noll  
on the occasion of a bus trip of our  
Chicago Associates, will be a novel fea-  
ture of the afternoon. Still another in-  
teresting feature will be the Souvenir  
Booth, with novelty articles from the  
Southwest on sale.

Don't forget—the time is two-thirty,  
Sunday, August 7, the place,—Roosevelt  
Room of the Morrison, and the diamond  
ring raffle is at five. Any assistance  
given toward this party will help to  
make the big September party a success,  
and that in turn means more funds for  
our Catechists to use in caring for the  
spiritual and bodily needs of God's poor-  
est and most neglected little ones.

We are very grateful to all the Pro-  
moters and Bands who have been work-  
ing so steadfastly to "put over" the fall  
party. Any cooperation extended them  
by our friends in Chicago will be greatly  
appreciated.

## Band Contributions

June, 1938

Adrian Club, Chicago, Florence Dietz .....	\$200.00
Juanita Club, Chicago, Margaret Wirtz .....	100.00
Our Lady of Mercy Band, Chicago .....	60.00
St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, Elizabeth Martin .....	57.57
St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Mc- Namara .....	27.00
St. Mary's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen .....	25.00
St. Sabina's Band, Chicago, Marie Dwyer .....	25.00
San Jose Band, Bloomington, Ill., Eliza- beth Ulbrich .....	23.00
Dolores Band, River Forest, Illinois, Mrs. Anna Klingel .....	21.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Katherine Hen- nigan .....	15.50
St. Patrick's Band, St. Louis, Gertrude Byrne and Charlotte Keller .....	12.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois .....	10.00
The Occasional Band, St. Louis, Margaret McCord .....	7.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Flo- rence Kuenster .....	5.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Ne- braska, Mrs. Katherine Shields .....	5.00
St. Valentine's Band, Chicago, Mrs. S. Rauwolf .....	5.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. C. J. Sauthier .....	4.50
Goodwill Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. John Kuhlman .....	3.00
Our Lady Queen of the Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. Anna Meng .....	3.00
St. Conrad Band, Cincinnati, Ohio, Amy Tieman .....	2.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Newark, N. J., Emily Nies .....	1.00
Y. L. S., of St. Boniface Parish, Milwau- kee, Eleanore Fischer .....	1.00

## NOVENITES FORM A. C. M. BAND

We are happy to note the wise com-  
bination of prayer and work planned by  
these new Associates. Welcome to the  
A. C. M.! The blessing of Our Sorrow-  
ful Mother will be with you in your  
work for souls.

"Having belonged to the Blessed Peter  
Julian Eymard Band for a year, I  
thought I would start a Band in my  
neighborhood. I got a few girls together  
and on Friday night, May 6, we had our  
first meeting. We call our band Our  
Lady of Sorrows Band, and the girls  
who can do so make the Novena every  
Friday. Most of the girls had heard very  
little about the Catechists, so I explained  
to them their work and activities to the  
best of my ability.

I thought a better way of trying to  
explain their work would be to visit one  
of their missions, so on Sunday, May 22,  
we drove to East Chicago. We took  
some old clothing along which was very  
much appreciated. The girls were very  
enthusiastic about their work and are  
always willing to cooperate.

We had our first card party at my  
home on June 3, and it was quite a suc-  
cess. The proceeds amounted to five  
dollars, which I am sending in this let-  
ter. I so hope our Band will be able to  
send a monthly contribution to your  
cause. Our members are Jean Brozick,  
Marion Dempsey, Genevieve Goodman,  
Mrs. Karl Kuenster, Mary O'Connell,  
Lillian Sandman, Mary Skach, and  
Mildred Thiel."

Florence Kuenster, Promoter

## GOOD NEWS FROM DAYTON

This month ends our "health shower"  
and it has been a success in a small way;  
the members have been very faithful, and  
I am very grateful for this. Starting  
next month we are going to bring clothes  
for children and some things for adults.  
A few of the members are handy with  
the needle and these girls are buying  
material and making the children's  
clothes. Those that can not sew are buy-  
ing other articles of clothing.

Last month I wrote about mounting  
pictures and using Christmas cards for  
this purpose. This idea has been very  
successful too. We have worked on these  
for four evenings and have accomplished  
very much. Each girl uses her own  
ideas in regard to making or mounting  
her picture, and as a result we have  
many different kinds. I said "we work-  
ed," but the evenings have passed so  
swiftly and we enjoyed ourselves so much  
that "work" is the wrong word to use.  
Each month it seems the club becomes  
more interesting and each month the  
members grow more interested.

Mary E. Weaver, Promoter  
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band





Some faithful members of St. Bernadette's Band, Chicago, visit us at Victory-Noll.

### OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY

As our Patroness, Mary rejoices  
With us, in our A. C. M. friends,—  
Who, joining in God's loving service,  
By charity His Kingdom extend.

You give of your goods to the needy;  
You give of your love to the poor;  
You are "storing up treasures in Heaven"  
Where these blessings will ever endure.

When eternal decrees have been sounded  
Each gift will receive its reward;  
And the joy you have given to Mary  
Will be there 'mid the happiness stored.



Some members of St. Gertrude's Band, Monterey, California, enjoy a pleasant afternoon meeting. You will read about their "Hobo Party" in our next month's magazine.



Our Fireside Friends of the Missions, Cincinnati, are proud of "their" Catechist and former Promoter, Catechist Mary Alice James.

Meet San Jose Band, Bloomington, Illinois. This is our first photo of the girls. The Band has now completed two very fruitful years of work for our missions.

St. Joseph Band, Elkhart, Indiana, is also the Apostolic Committee of the Immaculate Conception Sodality there. They are very much interested in their mission work and are planning to adopt a Catechist.





# The Greater Gift

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D.

A group of distinguished men were gathered together one evening, relaxing from the strain of the day's business. One of those present idly picked up a newspaper and called attention to the latest donation of one of our prominent citizens, to the cause of education. A lively discussion followed as to the greatest benefactor of education and social betterment. Gradually their choice settled on two of our well-known philanthropists. All agreed that they were the greatest benefactors of education in America, and indeed in the world.

"Gentlemen," observed Father Cronin, the President of a Catholic University, who was present, "may I present another view? I do not disparage in the slightest the great contributions of these men. They are worthy of all praise. But the greatest benefactors? Would I surprise you if I were to express my conviction that the greatest benefactions made each year to education and general social betterment, are made by Catholics, but pass unheralded by our newspapers, unobserved by men? I know a Catholic workman, an engineer on the railroad, who owns merely his own little home, but who has given more generously than any of our renowned philanthropists."

A look of surprise mingled with incredulity spread over the faces of his listeners. "That sounds like an extravagant statement," continued Father Cronin as he observed their baffled amazement. "Let me undertake to prove it in my own way." Father Cronin then narrated the following true incident, the circumstances of which had come within his own observation while he was a pastor of souls.

AFTER Joseph McInerney had saved some of his earnings he was united to a lovely girl in the sacrament of matrimony. God blessed their union with that most wonderful of all gifts, a little babe, without which a home seems to be only a house, empty and hollow. When she was scarcely a week old, they took her to the priest and had her christened the beautiful name of Mary, after the Mother of God. That little babe is the dearest thing they have. When the father comes in from the grinding locomotive, tired and toil-worn, those little baby eyes smile up into his, and her little chubby hands play about his wrinkled face. He forgets all about his fatigue as he basks in the tender love of this innocent little angel that God has given to him from the invisible places of that other world. She has



twined about his heartstrings as the tendrils of an ivy vine twine about the branches of a stalwart oak. She has become part and parcel of his life.

Then in His inscrutable wisdom, God called the mother to Him. Her last words as she lay dying were: "Joe, be good to Mary." And so Joe played as best he could the roles of both father and mother to Mary, and their lives grew still more closely intertwined. With his rough calloused hands he ministered to her so tenderly. He even learned to sew for her. A new delicacy found its way into his awkward fingers as he tucked her safely in for the night. That element of a mother's tenderness had somehow stolen into the rugged heart of the father, showing itself in all his ministrations for her, as a vein of purest gold steals at times into a mountain side and runs through strata of the hardest flint.

In spite of his hardships and sacrifices, the years went by all too quickly. Mary has grown into the flower of young womanhood, beautiful and fair and innocent as the angels that minister before the great White Throne. The dreams, the hopes, and the ambitions of that father are all wrapped up in his little girl. In planning for her happiness the drudgery of the long hours at the throttle is transformed into a labor of love.

Mary has finished high school at the Sisters' academy now. As the father comes home one evening, Mary greets him as usual with a kiss. Taking his rough, toil-worn hands in her soft, white ones, she whispers: "Daddy, I've a secret to tell you." There is a serious look in her large blue eyes. The father thinks she is more beautiful than he had ever seen her look before. "What is it, my

dear?" he asks. "Daddy, I'm going. . . to leave you," she says, "to become a Sister."

The father turns his face away in an effort to hide the tear that has welled up in his eye and to drive away the lump that has formed suddenly in his throat. The bottom has fallen out. Everything seems empty and hollow. Darkness. . . emptiness. . . futility are clutching his sinking heart. In that brief moment the father has a foretaste of the loneliness and the silence of the house that will be his through all the future days. Could you get that father to part with that girl for a million dollars? For forty millions? Not for all the gold in Solomon's mines would that father part with his only child. Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, she is the sunshine of his life, the staff of his declining years.

The father hears a gentle voice whispering in his inner ear: "Whatsoever you do to the least of these my children, that do you also unto me." It strengthens him and gives him courage. He pulls himself together. Turning toward Mary, he places his hand upon her head, and with a huskiness in his voice, he says: "Mary, dear, you are all that I have. But. . . I give you up, Mary, to go as a Sister to teach little children the word of Christ. Go. . . and God's blessing be upon you." The piano is silent. The lilting sound of Mary's voice is heard no more. There is a loneliness and an emptiness about the home. For she who was its sunshine is gone.

"HAS that father not given more generously to the cause of Christian education than any millionaire ever dreamed of giving? They give a portion of their wealth, but he gave the most precious treasure in life—his only child."

His audience was visibly touched. Expressions of skepticism had given way to those of understanding and appreciation. All present agreed that Mr. McInerney had given the greater gift, the more princely benefaction. More no man could give.

The scene which Father Cronin described so vividly is one which is occurring in a thousand homes in the cities and in the countryside throughout our land. Fathers and mothers give their dearest and most beloved to labor for the great cause of Christian education and human service. There is no form of human misery for the alleviation of which the Church has not established a special agency. No institution in the world has been so potent as the Church in lifting the race up from the foul morass of barbarism and selfishness to a high plateau of altruism and service. As Richter says so beautifully of Christ: "The purest among the strong, and the strongest among the pure, Christ lifted with his wounded hands empires from their hinges and changed the stream of centuries."



# Mary's Loyal Helpers

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WE are Mary's and Mary is ours. How many of us know what MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS stands for? What do we mean when we say we are MARY'S Loyal Helpers? We know who Mary is. We know she is the Mother of God and that she is our Mother, too. But what does the name of MARY mean?

The name of Mary describes Our Blessed Mother for all that she is, for all the graces and favors she has received from God. In the Hebrew language she is called Miriam. It is just another way of saying Mary. Miriam, or Mary, means the BEAUTIFUL or PERFECT ONE. Mary is more perfect than any other creature God made. That is why we chose her for our model and patroness. She must teach us and show us how we can please God and serve Him as she did—perfectly.

(To be continued)

Our Blessed Mother Mary is calling for more Helpers. Who will rally to the call and join her army of Loyal Helpers? All you have to do is to say a little prayer each day and save your pennies in one of our little mite boxes. You can also mount your holy cards and medals. And maybe you have some toys you are tired of, or some clothes you don't wear any more. All these you can send to the poor little boys and girls in the missions. Perhaps some boys and girls could start a Loyal Helper's band. It takes only six or more members to have a band. Wouldn't it be grand to have your own little band named in honor of the Infant Jesus, or His Holy Mother? Then you could all work together. You could sew, sell papers, or have a raffle or a show to make money for the missions.

Write Catechist Supervisor, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, that YOU want to join the army of Mary's Loyal Helpers. She will send you a mite box and tell you what YOU can do to help the missions.

Show your colors and wear a Mary's Loyal Helper pin!

## PEEKING IN THE MAIL BAG. . .

WHAT'S this? Yes sir, it's for Our Lady of Lourdes band of Topeka, Kansas. They sent a lovely box to Catechist Srill when they heard how the Catechists needed religious articles for their children's bazaar. Every time a child comes to Catechism class, he receives a "ticket" from his Catechist—just a little piece of cardboard, but it is carefully treasured because when the children's bazaar is held he can exchange his tickets for the little religious articles "on sale" there. Listen to the story: Dear Friends:

The big day is over and the children who attended the *kermes* (bazaar) here in St. Francis Xavier Saturday morning and in San Juan Saturday afternoon are ready to testify that it was a perfect day. The *kermes* was scheduled for ten o'clock and at 7:30 some of the children were already here. They stood in the hot sun until 9:45 when we finally opened the gates. In order to handle the crowd, we erected nine different counters. Everything went beautifully. The children go from counter to counter, pricing everything, counting their tickets very carefully, and seeing where they can get the most value for their "money." The tickets are really money to them, and they never say such and such a thing costs ten tickets, but ten cents.

The box which we received from you last week was a wonderful help. We mounted on heavy construction paper all the beads, bracelets, etc., which you sent and they made a very wonderful showing. The rosaries and prayer-books were beautiful and were very much appreciated. The holy pictures, too, went very rapidly, as these children love holy pictures and medals. I asked one of the girls yesterday what she bought at the *kermes*. She said she and her brother went together and bought the Sacred Heart statue in the shrine for their mother. I asked how their mother liked the Sacred Heart statue and she said: "Oh, she hasn't seen it yet. Mother's birthday is Saturday and we are going to surprise her with it."

I do not know what we would have done without your box. There were so many beautiful things in it, and just the things the children like most.

Catechist Helen Srill, El Paso, Texas

Three cheers for Our Lady of Lourdes band!!!



O Mary, we love you  
By angels adored,  
As you hold in your arms  
Our Beautiful Lord.



## True Devotion to Mary

THE Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory practice the True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother as it was propagated by Blessed Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort. The True Devotion is *not* a particular devotion in the ordinary sense of that term, but is rather a method, a system of spirituality.

Father Faber in his preface to the English translation of the Treatise on the True Devotion writes: "Let a man but try it for himself, and his surprise at the graces it brings with it and the transformation it causes in his soul will soon convince him of its otherwise almost incredible efficacy as a means for the salvation of men and for the coming of the kingdom of Christ. Oh, if Mary were but known, there would be no coldness to Jesus then."

The fulness of devotion longed for by Father Faber has not yet come to maturity and yet the True Devotion is becoming more widespread in the United States. Whole Religious Communities have taken it up. We know of one very large Community in which it is taught to the novices. In other Communities, the zeal of one or two Sisters has caused it to spread with rapidity. These Sisters have in turn taught it to their pupils. A few months ago we received a letter that began:

"Sister was telling us about True Devotion to Mary. I would like to practice this devotion. I am just a boy twelve years old, but I love Mary. I go to church on Saturday whenever I can for her. That is her day. Please tell me all you can."

What is this devotion that promises us such great things in the spiritual life? In what does it consist? We can explain it as the absolute, unreserved consecration of our lives and of all that we have, ever had, or ever will have, both in spiritual and temporal things, to Jesus through Mary as the devoted slaves of the love of Their Sacred Hearts forever.

Three essential principles belong to the True Devotion; first, renunciation; second, consecration; and third, the state of absolute dependence. Each of these is not separated from the other so that we can step from the renunciation stage into that of consecration and so on. We must make a complete renunciation of ourselves and then consecrate ourselves entirely and forever to Jesus through Mary. Then we acknowledge our nothingness and desire henceforth to live in a state of absolute dependence upon Our Dear Lord and Our Blessed Mother. In future articles we shall discuss each of these principles more fully.

A little reflection will convince us of

the excellence of the True Devotion, and we will understand that it is nothing more than a perfect fulfillment of our baptismal promises. At baptism we, or our sponsors for us, promise to renounce "Satan with all his works and pomps"; then we consecrate ourselves to Jesus Christ, and promise to live under His subjection. The only difference is that in the True Devotion we make these promises through Mary, the Most Holy Mother of God.

Nine years ago at Victory-Noll the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Our Hearts was canonically erected. This is



an association of persons who practice the True Devotion. Only those who practice this devotion may become members. The many precious graces and indulgences that membership brings with it will help you to be more faithful to your consecration. Besides, we have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered every Saturday throughout the year at the Shrine of the Archconfraternity in Rome for the intentions of the members of the Confraternity at Huntington. It is necessary that one's name be inscribed at Confraternity headquarters. Blessed de Montfort further advocates the giving of an alms to the poor or the exercise of some work of penance on the day of reception into the Confraternity.

Dear Catechists

I made my act of consecration on \_\_\_\_\_ and should like to be enrolled in the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Our Hearts.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## NOVENA FOR THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

THE same Jesus Who has said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you," and Who warned us not to be solicitous "what you shall eat or what you shall drink or wherewith you shall be clothed," told us also to "ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." He wants us to ask Him for our needs, just as a child asks His Father for the things he needs or *thinks* he needs, but He warns us against being too solicitous and teaches us to seek first of all to do the Will of our Heavenly Father.

One of the means of obtaining favors from Our Divine Lord is to "make a novena," that is, to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion, if possible, and to offer certain prayers for nine consecutive days. When this can be done in common, it is all the more effective, for "where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."

We invite you to join us in our novena in honor of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother. The novena begins August 6 and ends on the eve of the Feast. Send us your petitions and we will gladly include them in our prayers.

One of the Catechists at San Pedro was reviewing the lesson on the Third Commandment with the Junior High boys.

**Catechist:** What great work did God the Father do on the first day of the week, Richard?

**Richard:** He began the work of creation.

**Catechist:** What great act did God the Son do on the first day of the week, Cesar?

**Cesar:** He arose from the dead.

**Catechist:** And what great work was performed, Carl, by God the Holy Ghost on the first day of the week?

**Carl:** He sent the Apostles out to work.

Some boys were taunting a poor barefooted lad one day making fun of his Christian faith. They said to him, "If God really loves you, why doesn't He take better care of you, why doesn't He tell someone to send you a pair of shoes?" The lad seemed puzzled for a moment, then with tears rushing to his eyes, replied: "I think He does tell somebody, but they are not listening."—Catholic Missions (Feb. '38).



# You Might Like to Know

SOMEONE asked us the other day if membership in our Society is limited to any one nationality. No, it isn't. We now have 202 Catechists. Besides the large number of "Americans" — many of whom are of Irish, German, Bohemian, and Polish descent — we have about thirty Spanish - Americans and Mexicans, several Italians, and one Portuguese. Three claim

Ireland as their birthplace, and one, Holland. These Catechists who speak the language of their people are able to do wonderful work among those of their own nationality. A few weeks ago two of our Catechists called on an Italian woman. She opened the door and with a very unfriendly expression on her face, motioned to them to leave. Then Catechist Mascari spoke Italian to her. It changed her so completely that she invited them into her house and when they were leaving, gave them fish to take home for their dinner!

About seventy are at Victory-Noll. These are novices and postulants, and professed Catechists who are our superiors, teachers, or are in charge of various departments. The other professed Catechists are laboring in our twenty-one mission-centers. Three of these are in northern

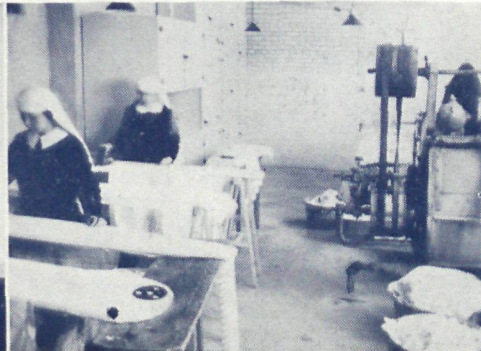
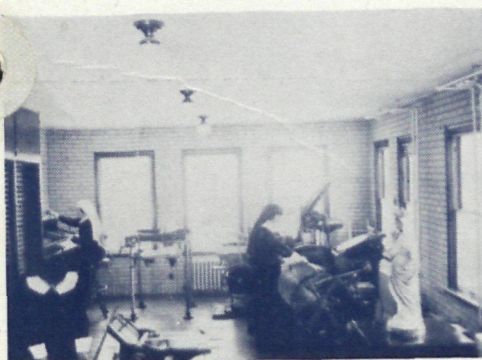


Over half the Catholic children in the United States are not in our parochial schools. A large number of these are in our Southwest.

Indiana, in the Diocese of Fort Wayne; five are in New Mexico, in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. We have four missions in Texas — two in the Diocese of Amarillo and two in the Diocese of El Paso. The remaining nine are in California—three in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, three in the Diocese of San Diego, and three in the Diocese of Monterey-Fresno.

During the past year we had 23,000 children under instruction—children of nearly all nationalities and races. In *one center alone*, Redlands, California, with its out-missions, the Catechists had 701 First Communicants this year. There were 106 in one class, 124 in another, 101 in another, and so on. Redlands is our largest center. Fourteen Catechists are working there, but we could easily use fourteen times that number.

Nearly every State in the Union is now represented in our Society. Chicago claims the largest number of Catechists from any one city, and St. Louis, next. But Dilia, New Mexico, a little town you won't find on your map, is unique in that it is the birthplace of four Missionary Catechists (two of them sisters) — and there are only fifteen or twenty families in the whole village!





# Another Profession Day Has Come

*Profession Day is  
a Great Day at Victory-Noll.  
Little wonder that souls are  
overflowing with happiness;*



*hearts filled with joy, with  
gratitude, with high resolve,  
with longing for self-sacri-  
fice. . .*

*But*

to carry out these resolutions, to fulfill these longings, we need your help. Our Catechists enter without a dowry. They receive no pay from the poor for their services in the missions. BURSSES are the means employed to secure the funds necessary for the support of a Catechist.

*\$1 a day or \$25 a month will support a Catechist. Adopt a Catechist for a day, a week, or a month and thus share in her Masses, her Holy Communions, prayers, and good works. Be a missionary by proxy!*

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THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechists

I am enclosing \$..... for the support of a Missionary Catechist for ..... day (s).

Name .....

Address .....