

December 1946



The

Missionary Catechist



## *A Christmas Wish*

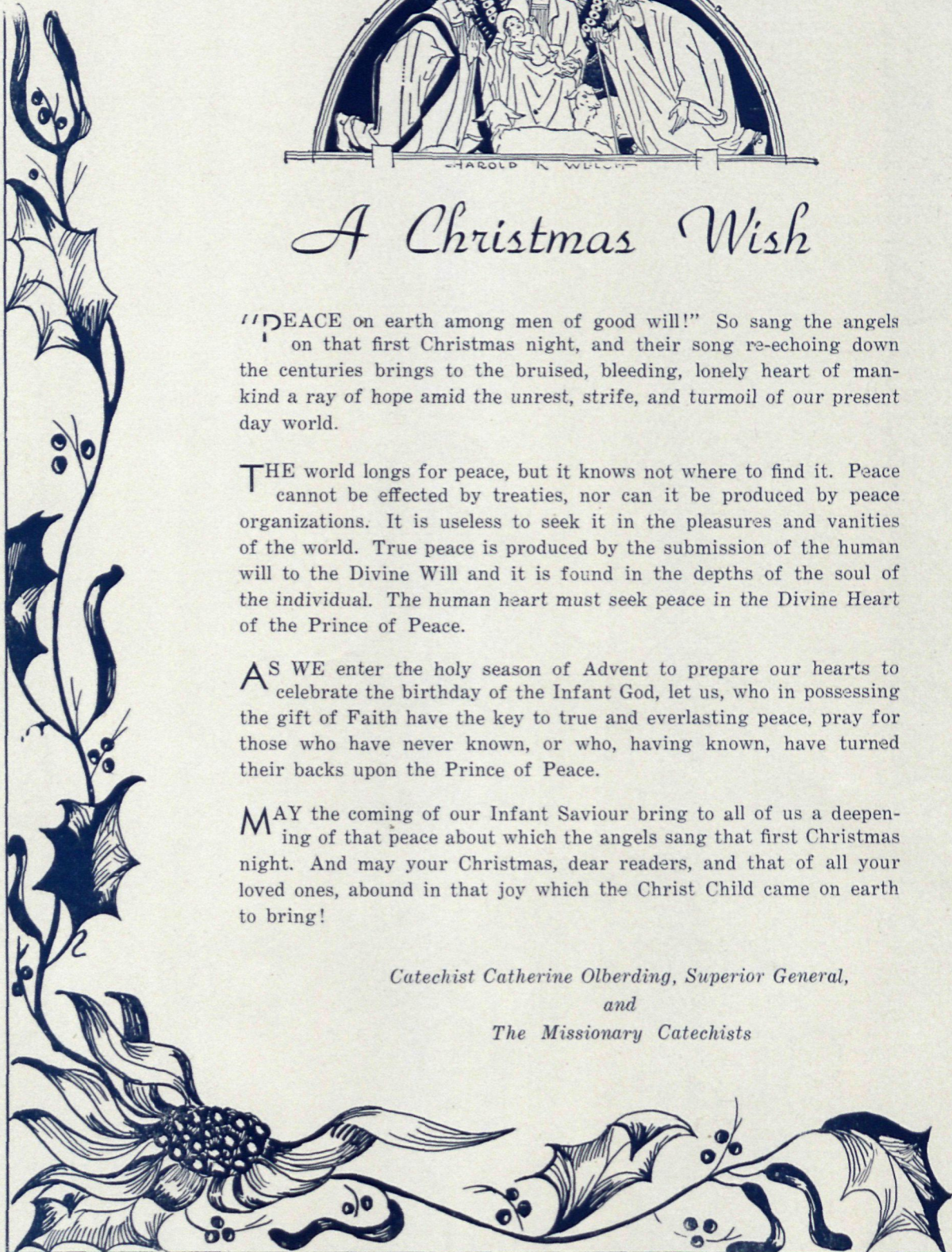
"PEACE on earth among men of good will!" So sang the angels on that first Christmas night, and their song re-echoing down the centuries brings to the bruised, bleeding, lonely heart of mankind a ray of hope amid the unrest, strife, and turmoil of our present day world.

THE world longs for peace, but it knows not where to find it. Peace cannot be effected by treaties, nor can it be produced by peace organizations. It is useless to seek it in the pleasures and vanities of the world. True peace is produced by the submission of the human will to the Divine Will and it is found in the depths of the soul of the individual. The human heart must seek peace in the Divine Heart of the Prince of Peace.

AS WE enter the holy season of Advent to prepare our hearts to celebrate the birthday of the Infant God, let us, who in possessing the gift of Faith have the key to true and everlasting peace, pray for those who have never known, or who, having known, have turned their backs upon the Prince of Peace.

MAY the coming of our Infant Saviour bring to all of us a deepening of that peace about which the angels sang that first Christmas night. And may your Christmas, dear readers, and that of all your loved ones, abound in that joy which the Christ Child came on earth to bring!

*Catechist Catherine Olberding, Superior General,  
and  
The Missionary Catechists*



# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXIII

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Number 1

## Mission Intention for December

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

### FREQUENT PUBLIC PRAYERS FOR THE MISSIONS

IN THE 18th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew we are told of Christ's own promise "Where two or three are gathered together for My sake, there am I in the midst of them." That statement held forth a double promise: it gave assurance of the presence of the Divine Advocate to plead the cause before the throne of the Most High; it afforded a guarantee "that if two of you shall agree on earth about anything at all for which they ask, it shall be done for them by My Father in heaven."

THESE words of the Redeemer have a special significance in relation to the December Mission Intention "Frequent Public Prayers for the Missions," for they would seem to insure the future of the missions during the most crucial period of their history.

#### APPLYING WAR METHODS TO PEACETIME PURSUITS

WITHIN the past few years, we have personally witnessed the truth of the axiom that in union lies strength. Millions of our countrymen were not concerned with the war in Europe, even less so with the Sino-Japanese struggle. They felt that these were the concern of the nations involved. However, with the Pearl Harbor attack the whole picture in America was changed. One hundred percent co-operation marked the efforts of the people of the United States. If man power was required, if guns, tanks, planes, and other equipment were needed we were ready to give of our time, our strength, and, in millions of instances, of our prayers. Because we wanted something, wanted it so intensely that the cost was dwarfed by the need, no effort was considered too costly.

NOW a new challenge confronts the Catholics of America. In the words of Archbishop

Rummel of New Orleans, "By a paradoxical turn of events we may say that this evil which we call World War II has, in the ways of Providence, become the instrument for turning the minds and hearts of the world towards the message of Christ. The world is now willing to try religion, Christianity, for the Christian way of life may prove a solution for its many problems.

#### THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE

WE ARE not blinded, however, to the insistent and insidious efforts made by our enemies to overthrow this willingness to try Christianity to solve the present day problems. In every mission country in the world, as well as in Europe, Central and South America, Canada and our own country, our foes are willing and eager to step into the breach created by war and unrest and to erect an insurmountable wall against the Church. We must act now if we are ever to act. As Archbishop Cushing stated at St. Patrick's Cathedral on September 24, last, "Where before we preached to a few, now we shall preach to a multitude. Where before we built as we could, now we must build even better."

LET us add that where before we prayed, now we must storm the portals of heaven for the success of the mission apostolate at home and abroad. Christ has given His promise that "if two of you shall agree on earth about anything at all for which they ask, it shall be done for them by My Father in heaven," and for what greater boon could they plead than for the extension of His kingdom on earth. Into the hands of the hierarchy, the clergy, and the faithful has been placed the future of the mission cause; it may succeed or fail in the measure of our united prayerful intercession.

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# Joy and Peace at Christmas

by Catechist Loretta Srill

"GLORIA in Excelsis Deo!" sang the angels on that first Christmas night as they announced the birth of the Saviour of the world. What joy was heralded to earth! "Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis," continued the heavenly choristers. Peace!—but only to men of good will. After two thousand years this still holds true today. Christmas is a day of rejoicing among men of good will. The peace and joy announced by the angels flood the hearts and lives of those who in the real spirit of Christmas endeavor to honor the new born King.

EACH year as the beautiful feast comes around, the sacristan at the church finds her great joy in arranging the crib, placing the figures in the little stable, thereby helping others to visualize the great mystery of the Incarnation. To her the brilliant red of the poinsettias speaks of joy as she places dozen after dozen on the white altar. For California is the land of poinsettias; nearly every yard has its share. And loving hands care for them all year until the eve of the great day when they are cut down, treated to prevent drooping, and proudly carried off to church. Each gardener hopes that his will be the chosen ones to be placed close to the tabernacle.

WHAT joy comes to the hearts of the choir girls as they, too, share in honoring the new born King with their hymns of praise and exaltation! At the Gloria of the Mass their voices ring out in repetition of the words of the angels. In her heart each one knows that peace will be hers as long as she rejoices the Heart of the Infant King by the virtues of her life.

THE children also want to do their part in spreading the real Christmas spirit. Breathlessly they wait to see who will be chosen to represent the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph in the Nativity tableau. How the little girls love to dress up in the colorful angel costumes, and with folded hands kneel beside the little crib. The boys vie with one another to be shepherds and kings. Of course, they are well aware that only those who have pleased the Infant Jesus by regular attendance at class may have the privilege of portraying these saintly characters.



THE good women of the parish, too, succeed in bringing much joy to themselves in their efforts to please the Babe. Each year at a meeting held shortly before Christmas, they volunteer in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem to make all the articles necessary for a complete layette. When all the pieces are finished, they are carefully wrapped and a tag put on bearing the inscription "In honor of the new born King." On Christmas day a search is made in the parish for the baby born nearest to the traditional hour of the Saviour's birth. The mother of this baby is then presented with the layette. The good will of these women in helping another fills their souls with peace.

JOY fills the heart of Don Miguel, our sixty-eight year old Mass server, as in Mass after Mass on the beautiful feast he has the privilege of tinkling the little bell and raising his eyes to gaze on the Sacred Host—the Body and Blood of the Incarnate God. One of Don Miguel's happiest remembrances is of the Christmas he assisted at twelve Masses, six of which he served. It is there kneeling in adoration in the real Presence of the Babe of Bethlehem that his soul knows real peace.

THERE is no doubt but that Christmas is the time for giving. When the Giver of all gifts gave Himself to the world men learned from Him the joy of giving to others. Bernie had learned this lesson, too. In looking over the display of religious articles at the church one day, his eyes lighted on a combination crucifix and sick call set. "That is just what I want to give my mother for Christmas," he exclaimed. "Two dollars and fifty cents," he read on the price tag. "I don't have that much money, but I'll work this week and save enough to buy it next week." True to his word he came the following week, bought his mother's Christmas present, and concealed it at home until Christmas eve when he wrapped it in white tissue and placed it under the Christmas tree.

SHORTLY after, Bernie went to town with his uncle. On returning home they met with an accident; the car was hit by a train. His uncle had not noticed the swinging light at the railroad crossing. Bernie was thrown from the car and instantly killed. Imagine the sorrow of Bernie's mother on that Christmas eve! The following day, however, when she got up courage enough to open her Christmas gifts, her sorrow was suddenly changed into joy on seeing that Bernie's last gift to her was an image of the dying Saviour. She knew his thoughts must have been with Our Lord that Christmas eve, and surely the Saviour had given him the reward promised to all the faithful. Bernie was a privileged child who received the highest measure of peace and joy as his Christmas gift from the Babe of Bethlehem, Himself.

INDEED there are many in the world today who in honoring the new born King bring joy and peace to their own hearts and to the hearts of their fellow men. But alas! how many are too taken up with the cares of the world to unite themselves in spirit with the Infant Jesus? Just as two thousand years ago the inhabitants of Bethlehem had no room in their homes for her who was to be the mother of the Messias, so today millions have no place in their hearts for the Divine Babe. Is it any wonder then that they never feel the joy and peace of a blessed Christmas?

WHAT happiness can Christmas bring to those married couples who, setting aside the primary purpose of the holy Sacrament of Matrimony, have barred from their homes God's little ones? They have at the same time barred from their lives the joy and peace of Christmas. How sad it must be for them to gaze on the tiny image of the Infant in the crib. During the holy season they endeavor to enjoy themselves by an unceasing round of parties, dances, and

various social engagements. What a sham joy! How devoid of true peace!

SOME look forward to Christmas only for selfish gain. The merchant who rejoices in the Christmas season only because of his increase in sales finds joy in his earthly gain. This kind of joy does not endure, nor does it bring peace.

OTHERS there are in whose hearts reigns a craving for the pleasures of the world. I recall Donna, a little slip of a girl about fourteen years of age, her body wasted away by tuberculosis. I could readily see that Donna was not destined long for this world and spoke to her of the approaching feast of Christmas, telling her how happy the Christ Child could make her if only she would receive Him in Holy Communion. To all this she was listless. Apparently her soul was as diseased as her body. The manager at the show house had arranged to have a free movie and to distribute candy and fruit on Christmas morning. Donna was going there; she could receive Holy Communion some other time. True to her word, on Christmas morning one could see her going down the street, hardly able to walk, leaning on the arm of her sister. She was going to the show. Each step was labor for Donna, but she counted not the cost for the few moments of fleeting pleasure she would derive from seeing the picture. Two weeks later the Divine Master called. She who had preferred the pleasure of the world to the joy and peace of a holy Christmas had now received the summons. She had to answer and could not delay. She asked for a priest so that she could receive the last sacraments. He arrived ten minutes after her death. Too late had Donna sought the joy and peace of the faithful friends of Jesus.

ALL who want the Christmas message to resound in their hearts must go back to the stable of Bethlehem and there in humble adoration pay their homage to the new born King. Only in this way can they ever know the peace that surpasseth all understanding; only in this way can they enjoy a truly happy Christmas!



# A Blanket for Baby Jesus

by Eileen O'Keefe

"COME here, Father John, if you've a minute to spare," called Father Cavanaugh, Pastor of St. Mary's, to his young assistant, as the latter came bounding down the stairs on his way to take the bulletin—already hours late—to the printers. "Just take a look at that little fellow over there trying to open the church door. Sure, that bundle he's carrying is twice as big as himself."

"Well, Father, he'll never get the door open—that's for sure," said Father John laughingly. "Why, he can scarcely reach the handle; but I'll give him a hand as I go by. Very tiny youngster to be out by himself, isn't he?"

"He is that, and it's a mighty cold afternoon, too," replied the Pastor.

A moment later Father John had opened the Church door for the little boy, led him to a radiator in the vestibule, for he was blue with the cold, and placed the big bundle on a chair near its owner, who kept one hand on it all the time.

"What is in the bundle, son?" the priest asked kindly.

"B'anket," was the reply.

"And what are you going to do with a blanket?"

"Cover Baby Jesus; Baby Jesus hasn't any b'anket," came the surprising answer.

"Uh, huh, I see." Father was a bit taken aback, but he continued, "What is your name, son?"

"Paulie."

"Paulie what?" The youngster looked blank. "What is your other name, Paulie?" the young priest tried again.

"Paulie."

"How old are you, Paulie?"

Paulie responded by holding up three fingers.

"And did your mother send the blanket for the Baby Jesus, Paulie?"

"Ain't dot no muvver."

"Well, then, who gave you the blanket?"

"Paulie took it. Dot too many b-anket's . . . Baby Jesus dot none."

"Who takes care of you, Paulie? Who cooks your meals?" continued the priest, still trying to find out where the little fellow had come from.

"Nora 'n' Esther."

So far the information was not very enlightening. Father John tried once more, "And you haven't any mother or daddy?"

"Course Paulie's dot a daddy. Every day Daddy goes to a big, big house where there are lots and lots of sick people. Daddy says I dot a mamma in heaven, too," he continued, getting confidential now, "but Paulie wants a muvver in his house."

"Well, at last we're getting places," thought Father John to himself. "Paulie, three years old, mother dead, father a doctor, Nora and Esther—whoever they may be—take care of him. Looks like a case for the Pastor—he's better acquainted with doctors than I am." Aloud he said, "All right, let's go over and see Father Cavanaugh."

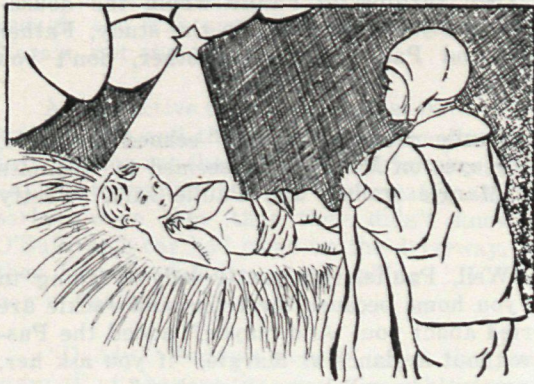
"No," said Paulie firmly. "Paulie has to give b'anket to Baby Jesus."

"Oh, oh, I forgot about that precious blanket. We'll put the blanket on the Baby Jesus, then we'll go see Father Cavanaugh. How's that?"

"O.K."

Perhaps it was just as well that the thermometer, hovering right around the zero mark, kept the devout parishioners of St. Mary's hugging the fireside—or more correctly the radiators—instead of making *visits* on the afternoon of the day after Christmas. Otherwise they might have been distracted—and perhaps amused—as Father John, six feet-two and weighing 203 pounds, walked solemnly up the aisle, holding a tiny three-year-old by the hand, and carrying a pretty blue and white blanket.

The two stopped at the Crib, and awkwardly but tenderly, the young priest and the little boy covered the statue of the Infant. Paulie, his head close to that of the Infant, was soon talking earnestly but very softly to the Baby Jesus. Meanwhile, Father taking advantage of Paulie's diverted attention, motioned to the sacristan, who



had just entered the church, and asked her to take the blanket to the rectory as soon as the child left.



"Look what I've brought you, Father Cavanaugh," smiled the young priest as he took Paulie into the Pastor's study. "This little man brought a blanket to cover the Infant Jesus."

"And Baby Jesus is going to be nice and warm," said the "little man" happily.

"Yes, Paulie and I covered the Baby Jesus with his nice warm blanket."

"You didn't, Father! Not in the church. But who is the youngster? Seems familiar to me."

"I thought you might be able to solve the problem of his identity. Here's the information I've been able to gather—name, Paulie; age, three years; mother, dead; father, a doctor. . . ." The young priest looked up, a grin on his face, as he continued, "I thought you'd know more about doctors than I," for the Pastor had developed a heavy cold, and last evening his old friend, Dr. Murray, who had dropped in accidentally (the Pastor wasn't so sure it was an accident), had ordered him to remain in the house.

The Pastor chose to ignore the last part of Father John's remark, except for a look which said plainly, "Wait until you are sick." "Well, Father, that's not much of a problem," he said, "Paulie is young Dr. O'Sullivan's son. And I've been telling Tom for three years that his children need a mother. Take the child out and have Annie fix him a hot drink before he gets pneumonia or something, then I'll tell you a bit about the family. And I'd better be calling the house—they'll be frantic if they've missed the boy."

"Tom O'Sullivan's a fine fellow, John," be-

gan the Pastor when his assistant had seated himself comfortably, forgetful for the time being of the urgency of the bulletin. "He was scarcely out of high school when he fell in love with Mary Mulherin, as fine a girl as ever lived. Tom had enrolled in a pre-medical course at the University, but the young people wanted to marry, and Tom was all for giving up his idea of a profession, and going out and getting a job.

"Tom's father was too wise a man to oppose his son's marriage to a girl like Mary, but he was dead set against the boy's giving up his studies. He would continue paying the lad's expenses and would give him an allowance that would enable him to live comfortably until he could earn his own living as a doctor. The lad couldn't see this at all.

"Why, Father," he said one evening when he and Mary called on me to help solve their problems, 'Even if I'm good, it will be ten years before I can support a family. That's no way for a married man to start out . . . depending on his father to take care of him.'

"Listen, Tom,' I said, and I remember the disappointed look on his face when he felt I was going to side with his dad. 'Your father has enough money to take care of half a dozen sons and their families; he is getting along in years; you are an only child; now, tell me, what will he do with his money when he dies?'

"I suppose most of it will be mine, Father.'

"Good,' I said. 'And you won't hesitate about accepting it then. It won't be doing things to your honor and your morale and so on. Why do refuse to spend some of it now, when your doing so will bring your dad the greatest pleasure his money can bring him?'

"It took a long time, Father John, but eventually Tom decided he would continue his studies as a married man. He was only twenty and Mary nineteen when the wedding took place. A year later Frances and Frank, the twins, were born. Let's see, they're about eight now. Jackie is six, he started to school this year. And it would be about three years ago that Paulie opened his eyes upon the world as Mary closed hers in death.

"Tom took Mary's death pretty hard and we were all worried about him for a while. But his devotion to his children saved him. Then, too, things were changing pretty rapidly in those days. Tom had just about finished his internship. That over, he enlisted, his mother and dad moving into Tom's home to take care of the

children while he was with Uncle Sam. A year ago Tom came back, and ever since I've been trying to induce him to marry, but I'm getting nowhere."

"Four children, Father!" interrupted the assistant. "Maybe it's not so easy to find a woman willing to take care of four children in this day."

"It's not that, Father, though the difficulty involves the children. You see, Margie Graham and Tom are deeply in love, all right, and they had the wedding date set a few months ago."

"Margie Graham, Father!" interrupted the assistant once more. "Why she's one of the best looking girls in the parish. I should think she could have her pick."

"And she couldn't pick a finer husband than Tom, Father. A promising young surgeon, they tell me, with enough money to keep the wolf away, straightforward, sincere, a charming personality . . . and deeply in love with the young lady. But it isn't that Margie doesn't appreciate Tom, it's some silliness she's heard about the twins not wanting a stepmother that's putting off the wedding. And I'm willing to wager my last quarter that the twins have no idea of what a stepmother is. Some busybody has put that notion into their heads. Why they'd adore Margie if she'd just give them a chance.

"And you know, Father, that gives me an idea," continued the Pastor. "I'm going to call Margie up and ask her to take Paulie home, and maybe I can impress her with the fact that those children need a mother. Oh, they're not neglected physically. Nora's been in the family since before the twins were born, and Esther has been there since Jackie's arrival. Tom, himself, is devoted to them . . . but children need a mother."

"The bulletin!" cried Father John, as the Pastor reached for the phone. "Hope you succeed in getting Paulie a mother . . . but four children. . . ."



It was a pathetic story that the wise Pastor put to Margie Graham when she was finally seated in the rectory in response to Father's summons. What if the pastor hadn't been confined to the house with that pesky cold . . . perhaps no one would have seen Paulie, and he'd have frozen hands or face . . . it was a wonder he didn't anyway. And think of that little fellow crossing the busy boulevard alone . . . and so

on. Then turning to Paulie whom the housekeeper had just brought into the study, Father said, "And Paulie needs a mother, don't you son?"

"Paulie needs a muvver," echoed the child, his big eyes on Margie who seemed to fascinate him. Margie smiled, and Paulie said, "Pretty lady!"

"Well, Paulie, this pretty lady is going to take you home because the twins and Jackie are worried about you. And maybe," added the Pastor without a glance at Margie, "if you ask her, the pretty lady will be your mother."

"Father!" said Margie not a little embarrassed.

"A bit of favorable propoganda will do no harm, Margie. And I'll publish those banns just as soon as you and Tom give the word. Good-by now. Good-by, Paulie; come see me again."



Little people don't often forget something they've wanted very much when it finally comes within their grasp. Neither did Paulie. Ever since Grandmother and Grandfather had moved back to their big house, and more especially since Jackie had started to school, Paulie had felt lost. Realizing this, Dr. O'Sullivan, ably assisted by Nora and Esther, had kept the idea of a mother in Paulie's mind. Now in spite of Margie's efforts to divert his attention, Paulie kept asking over and over, "Will pretty lady be Paulie's muvver?" The fact that Margie seemed not to hear didn't bother Paulie; he had learned during his young life that repeated requests usually brought what he wanted.

[By the time they reached the front door of Dr. O'Sullivan's home, the twins, Jackie, Nora, and Esther were at the front door. They nearly smothered Paulie with their attentions.

"Sure, Margie," said Nora, "Paulie gave us a real scare. We had searched the house and had just decided he wasn't here when Father Cavanaugh called. And we're so grateful to you for bringing him home. Sure, it's a mother these children need," she added wistfully, for she knew well the reason Tom and Margie weren't marrying. "But come, nothing would do the twins but that we have tea for the lady who was bringing Paulie. And if you don't mind the children's chatter, they'll have a bite with you."



"I'd be delighted, Nora," said Margie, though she was sure the suggestion had been Nora's, not the twins.

An attractive table had been set in the library and Margie and the children made a pretty picture as they sat there, the youngsters keeping up an uninterrupted flow of conversation. So absorbed were they that they didn't know Dr. O'Sullivan's car had come up the driveway, until they heard a familiar voice calling, "Hi, Nora, how's Paulie?"

"Daddy! Daddy's home!" cried the youngsters all at once, as they made a dash to see who could reach him first. That is, all but Frances. Frances remembered their guest, in fact she hadn't taken her eyes off Margie since she came into the house. Now she stood quietly by her until she could introduce her to Daddy.

"I say, Miss Graham," said Daddy, when he had gravely acknowledged the introduction, "this is a surprise. So you're the *parishioner* who brought Paulie home."

"I think there's a conspiracy afloat, Dr. O'Sullivan," Margie smiled back.

"I'm beginning to see the light, Margie. Father Cavanaugh called the office just about fifteen minutes ago and told me about Paulie. I asked the nurse to tell the rest of my patients I had been called out on an emergency and I rushed home, expecting to find Paulie suffering from exhaustion, wrapped up in blankets, hot water bottles piled high, and here he is as active as ever, thank God." Then turning to his little son, he said, "Why did you run away, Paulie?"

"Didn't run away, Daddy. Paulie went to church."

"I know, Paulie, but you are still too little to go to church by yourself. Why didn't you ask Esther to take you, if you had to go?"

"Esther said Baby Jesus wasn't cold. But Paulie knows. Paulie touched Baby Jesus' hand yesterday and it was *very* cold. And, Daddy, Paulie took nice warm b'anket and covered Baby Jesus, and Him liked it and Him told Paulie Him's going to get a muvver for Paulie."

"Fine, Paulie. That's just what we need around here—a muvver," said the Doctor, his eyes on Margie.

"And Father said if Paulie asked her, pretty lady will be Paulie's muvver."

"Did you ask her, son?"

"Pretty Lady won't answer Paulie. You ask her, Daddy," he said in his most coaxing tone.

The twins and Jackie had sat quietly, absorbed in this conversation. Margie flushed a pretty red and her eyes sparkled. Dr. O'Sullivan looked at the children. "What does the regiment say? Shall we ask the pretty lady to be Paulie's mother?"

"What about us, Daddy? Couldn't Miss Graham be our mother, too?" asked Frances shyly, looking at Margie.

"Oh, Fran, maybe she doesn't want to," responded her twin, a bit wistfully. "You know we're an awful lot of responsibility. Nora said so this afternoon. But we'd be awfully good, Daddy, if we had a mother." Frankie's gaze traveled from Margie to his dad, as he added, "And we'd look out for Paulie better."

Jackie had left his place and gone over to stand by Margie. As he looked up at her now, he said, "You won't leave me out, will you?"

Dr. O'Sullivan looked at Margie, "Too much responsibility, Marge?" he asked quietly.

"Not if the children really want me, Tom."

Paulie, with a wisdom beyond his years, caught the conversation, and jumping up and down happily, he said, "Paulie did dat. Paulie dot a muvver for Daddy and the twins and Jackie. Paulie made Baby Jesus nice and comfy and Baby Jesus sent pretty lady for everybody's muvver!"



"I'm publishing the Graham-O'Sullivan banns, Sunday, Father John," said St. Mary's Pastor at dinner that evening.

"You mean Margie Graham is accepting four children!"

"That was never the problem, Father John. I mean four children are accepting Margie Graham. I knew they would if they had half a chance, and that blessed baby showed me how to give them the chance."





Christmas in the hospital may not sound pleasant or inviting, but if you were to ask our Elko patients I'm sure they would all agree that theirs was a happy Christmas.

For several weeks the Junior Sodalists, under the direction of their Catechist, worked diligently making figures for a crib set to be erected in the main entrance of the hospital. The figures, some of which were four feet in height, were all painstakingly cut from heavy cardboard, then covered with paper. Next artistic fingers set to work with pencil and crayon, and soon beautiful lifelike figures emerged. Mary, Joseph, shepherds, angels, little lambs with fleecy coats, and a big brown cow were ready for a crib.

The boys were called upon to make a rough frame for the cave, and this the deft fingers of the girls covered with rock paper and made very realistic. Lastly a little doll was wrapped in swaddling clothes to represent the Infant Jesus; a halo was placed on its tiny head, and it was laid on a bed of straw.



On Christmas eve spicy pine trees were brought from the mountains to the hospital to serve as a background for the crib. When completed the crib was very attractive and proved a source of inspiration to all who saw it.

The Catholic Girl Scouts and Brownies came to add their bit of cheer to Christmas eve. They, too, had been busy and had prepared a little gift for each patient. The Scouts and Brownies went through the hospital singing Christmas hymns and carols and distributing their gifts.

Christmas day brought another surprise for the patients when a famous violinist—then engaged at a local place of amusement—came over to entertain them. The first sight that met the eyes of the violinist when he entered the hospital was the Crib surrounded by all the patients who could possibly get there.

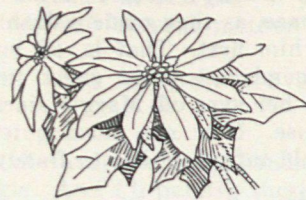


The violinist paused in reverent admiration—how different was this from the atmosphere of the amusement center. "This is the true Christmas spirit," he exclaimed. "Here I will play my favorite piece. Can you guess what it is?" Intuitively the children named it—Silent Night. For almost an hour the violinist charmed his listeners with the stirring strains of his violin.

## In The Home Field

Surely the Divine Infant looked with pleasure on this little group—patients on stretchers, in wheel chairs, on crutches, and a world famous musician, all gathered to celebrate the day on which Christ was born.

Catechist M. Monica Gogin  
Elko, Nevada.



### PLAY TIME



Christmas time is play time in the missions. Usually the children present a Nativity play a few days before Christmas, but long before that feast another kind of play takes place in the Catechists' convent. One sees Catechists with worried looks rummaging through old trunks and boxes looking for costume material. Now and then one or other will pull out a piece of material, joyfully hold it up high for all to see, then a twist here, a pull there, a few stitches, and lo! a discarded curtain has become a king's mantle.

We become designers not only of gowns, but of hats and crowns, of hair and beards. The other day one of the Catechists spent hours making a hat for Zachary. She cut cardboard the size and shape of a bishop's mitre, then covered it with red chiffon decorated with tiny gold beads. But when Zachary tried it on the next day, it was decided that it didn't suit. A shorter, plainer hat was more correct. The pride of Catechist's heart had to be abandoned.

But one of the other Catechists was having a play for her little ones at another mission. She had no crown for King Herod. Someone suggested the red mitre and Catechist decided it might do. Then came the day of the play. The

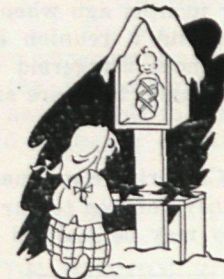


Scene from an outdoor Christmas play.

boy who was to be Herod was sick. Catechist did not have another boy to replace him, so Herod's part was given to a little girl with black curly hair. Her name, which describes her perfectly, was Pudgy.

With a chair for a throne, Herod—her black curly hair and the red mitre making a pretty picture—sat very dignified and still, lest the big hat take a tumble. When the curtain was drawn, the first remark that Catechist heard was, "Say, wasn't Herod's crown a honey?" The mitre had stolen the show.

Catechist M. Monica Collins  
Paulding, Ohio



### INCARNATION

by Catechist Blanche Richardson

He whose Immensity all bounds defies,  
Once wrapped in swaddling bands,  
Now in the Holy Mass so helpless lies  
Within anointed hands.

He who the lily clothes and raven feeds  
And charts the stars we scan  
Now, wistful, lifts His chubby arms and pleads  
The love of sinful man.



Dear Catechist,

Greetings in the Divine Heart of the Babe of Bethlehem!

Surprised? I'm delighted. Catechist asked me if I could squeeze in time to write you our post Christmas letter, and I assured her it would be a pleasure, as it really is. Our Christmas here in El Paso was a "Christmas different," and I'm going to share it with you.

The Irish Chaplain at the U.S.O. had his Midnight Mass all scheduled, but could not get a choir. Knowing that missionaries seem to arise to all occasions, he called on us. What a response! You see, just about everyone in the community has a relative in the forces, so we were happy to do our part. Father got permission for us from the Bishop and, incidentally, the loan of the Bishop's car. All we had to do was to be ready.



Eleven P. M. found us all assembled in the chapel. It was so peaceful and quiet there that I found myself recalling the lines about the night and its silent course . . . but the silence was shattered with the arrival of the army's representatives. Our door sounded as if it were saying good-by to its hinges when the gentlemen in khaki pounded on it.

With military precision they escorted us to the cars, held the doors open for us, then hopped into their own places, and we were on our way. Through the heart of the town we went, passing all the Christmas decorations, the merry-makers, and the faithful on their way to Midnight Mass in the various churches of the city.

The large auditorium of the U.S.O. had been converted into a chapel. Beautiful panels of the Nativity scenes graced the walls. A huge American flag stood near the altar. A soldier and a sailor served the Mass perfectly. Father's sermon went straight to the heart. He told the boys that when he was a young soldier in the last World War, his chaplain had had a Midnight Mass for the regiment "somewhere in

(Continued on page 18)

# Associate Catechists

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Dear Associates:

**M**AY the tender charity you have shown to the poor and suffering members of the Christ Child's Mystical Body, as well as to Missionary Catechists who serve them as spiritual mothers (we are *madrecitas* to the Mexicans), return to you in a flood of Christmas blessings which will remain with you throughout the New Year!

**L**IKE the Magi of old who, "opening their treasures offered Him gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh," we bring forth the only gift which as Religious we can offer you—the incense of our prayers. This ascends to Heaven *every day* in the form of a Perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory for your intentions, *every week* through a remembrance made of you in our Saturday Mass, *every month* in a special Mass offered for our Associates' intentions. Usually this Mass is celebrated on the First Friday of the month. Finally, *every year* you are included in all the Novenas offered by the community before the feasts of Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother, as well as in special devotions offered during May, June, March, and October.

**WE** ARE most happy to testify our gratitude for your faithful help in these offerings.

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR

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He (Christ) is born every day in the Sacrament by means of the priests and the words of consecration. The altar is the manger. . . . Faith teaches us that when we communicate, the same Jesus who was in the manger of Bethlehem is not only in our arms but in our breasts."

—St. Alphonsus Liguori

## IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND (Detroit, Mich.)

**A**MONG other methods for raising money for our Catechists, this Band under the direction of *Miss Lillian Dunn*, Promoter, has recently undertaken the sale of Christmas greeting cards. Maxine Collins, a daughter of Mrs. Oneita Collins, one of the members, sold one hundred and twenty-five boxes of these cards.



**T**HE Band sponsors Catechist Monica Gogin, of Salt Lake City, Utah, who is a sister of one of the members.

## ST. CATHERINE BAND (Los Angeles, Calif.)

**T**HIS Band, presided over by Mrs. Margaret McMannamy, during the past year completed Poor Souls Burse No. 3, which had been started many years ago. They are now working on St. Anthony Burse No. 2.

**W**E were favored by a visit from Mrs. McMannamy a few months ago when she returned to Chicago to attend a reunion of the Renier family. Mrs. Frances Fitzgerald of Chicago is a member of the Band. Both are sisters of Catechist Renier.

**L**AST year St. Catherine Band made a beautiful quilt which they donated to our Catechists in order that money may be realized from its sale.

## HOLY GHOST BAND (Elkhart, Ind.)

**U**NDER the able leadership of *Miss Mary E. Nye*, Holy Ghost Band was organized in 1939. A year later another Band known as Our Lady of Snows was opened in the same city. The latter Band lost many of its members recently, one of them entering the convent. Those who remained in it decided to affiliate themselves to Holy Ghost Band so one strong Band has evolved out of two. Through their united efforts, we have received some very substantial help.

# of Mary

## ST. LUKE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

ACCORDING to our records, St. Luke's Band is over ten years old, and the large figures entered year after year under that title are silent testimony of the aid given us through these faithful Associates. *Mrs. Edward Vaughn* is Promoter and there are eleven members in the Band.

THE group works for our Catechist Bridie O'Sullivan who is stationed in San Antonio, Texas.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

September 23 to October 23, 1946

## OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND (San Antonio, Texas)



ALTHOUGH our Texas Band is only a little over a year old, it has within the brief period of its existence contributed no less than \$170.00 to our Society. This is due to the untiring efforts of *Mrs. E. G. Walsh*, Promoter.

*Mrs. Walsh* accumulates donations for us the hard way, contacting persons whenever a suitable occasion presents itself and asking of them free-will offerings for our Catechists. Many of her friends are wives of military personnel who have gone overseas with their husbands during the last several months, which meant making new friends to take the place of those who could no longer remain active members.

sonnel who have gone overseas with their husbands during the last several months, which meant making new friends to take the place of those who could no longer remain active members.

## ST. JUDE MISSION SOCIETY (Ft. Wayne, Ind.)

BOTH of our Fort Wayne Mission Societies are an aggregation of smaller Bands located in and bearing the name of their respective parishes. St. Jude's Mission Society comprises ten Bands and *Mrs. Fred Potthoff*, out on Kensington Boulevard, is President of them all.

IT WOULD seem they began to work for us about fifteen years ago and the yearly amounts entered under their Society's name is a monument of praise to their efforts in our behalf.

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan .....	12.00
Dolores Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel .....	50.00
Dolores Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bech told .....	11.00
Good Shepherd Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. R. Staley .....	53.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Sec. ....	34.50
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins .....	7.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann .....	2.00
Little Flower Mission Club, Chicago, Miss Veronica Foertsch .....	75.00
Mary, Queen of Hearts Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Wilma Wengritzky .....	10.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier .....	10.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Miss Sheila Woodworth .....	25.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	6.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. J., Miss Mary Muscalino .....	100.00
St. Ann Mission Circle, Fort Wayne, Miss Ann Brink .....	6.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern .....	2.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy .....	5.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh .....	5.00
St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....	18.75
St. Justin, Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	21.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Agnes Shanahan .....	5.00
St. Michael Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Dale Bryant .....	15.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary C. Schaefer .....	9.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	5.00
"The Marians" Chicago, Mrs. Lolita Maher .....	10.00



# The Legend of the Poinsettia

by Catechist Trinidad Luna

THE traditional Christmas flower, the scarlet poinsettia, is a native of Mexico. The Mexicans call this flower "una noche buena," which means good or holy night. No matter how well it is cultivated, it blooms profusely only at Christmas, at which time the patios and narrow streets are aflame with *noche buena* blossoms.

ON CHRISTMAS eve, a night dear to the heart of every Mexican, rich and poor gather at the churches for Midnight Mass, bringing with them gifts for the poor. These they place before the altar, giving them in the Name of the Christ Child whose birthday they have come to celebrate. No one comes to church empty handed.

ONE Christmas eve, Pepe sat on the doorstep of his poorly constructed, palm-thatched hut, looking anxiously into the growing darkness. Poor Pepe had no gift he could offer to the Christ Child that night.

A PERFORATED gourd, from which sputtered a lighted candle, was hung before each home to show the Christ Child that in that home there was room for Him. But Pepe was too poor to possess even a gourd, much less a candle. Pepe's parents had died, leaving him—an only child—all alone.

IN VAIN, Pepe searched his hut that Christmas eve for some little gift for the Christ Child. But at last he had an idea. A tall, bushy flowerless shrub grew out in his back yard. Many a time Pepe and his faithful dog had rested under the shade of its branches. Pepe hurried away to look at it.

PEPE'S mother had taught him the value of sacrifice, and now he reminded himself over and over again that "no sacrifice is ever too great for the Christ Child's gift." That is what his mother had told him. Would the Christ Child like the dark green, glossy branches of his bush as much as he did? Pepe patted them lovingly with his small brown hands. He knew how much he and his faithful dog would miss the welcome shade of his leafy bush, but he must make the sacrifice.

VERY carefully, Pepe cut off the branches one by one, tying the stems with an old rag to keep the sap from dripping. Then holding them carefully, Pepe and his dog trudged through the narrow, winding streets leading to the church.

THE brightly lighted church was crowded with worshippers, as Pepe slipped inside and made his way down the aisle to the Crib. Kneeling he placed his gift on the steps and begged the Christ Child's blessing on his humble offering.

WHEN the Mass was over, Pepe went quietly out into the night, where he could see the lanterns, crude but beautiful, twinkling and sputtering before each humble home.

IN THE dim half-light of early Christmas morning, Mexicans were again on their way to Mass. The Christ Child had brought them happiness; now they were coming to give Him thanks for all His blessings. When the worshippers drew near the crib where the gifts for the

(Continued on page 18)

# Our Lady Trims a Tree

by Catechist Mary Ruth Karl

THE practice of the *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary* is a treasure of divine grace—"a sure way," says Blessed de Montfort, "to find Jesus." Yet some souls who have desired to practice this devotion have found it a "crooked way"; they have paid too much attention to exterior details and practices. Other souls have found it a "rough way"; they have stumbled over the theological or mystical language used in even the simplest explanations of this devotion.

THE *True Devotion* IS mystical; but because it is also simple and sweet, it can be quite easily described in simple terms as well, in terms of the simple spiritual life that most of us are called to follow.

MARY herself was simple. Picture her among children. She would act as did her Divine Son on the day He called the little children to Him when the Apostles would have sent them away. Mary would exert herself to draw to her the shyest child, to make him feel at home. And so today she calls to the practice of her *True Devotion* *not only* the gifted and intelligent, *not only* the holy and learned, but *every* soul of good will.

CHRISTMAS is the children's feast. Christmas is the family feast. The Christmas tree, decorated in joyous anticipation by Mom and Dad, maybe with Big Brother or Big Sister helping; the Christmas tree, standing in glistening darkness of cellophane and tinsel; the Christmas tree, at last blazing forth in light and sparkle, surrounded by shining eyes and merry voices—isn't it part of our family life? And so it can be a symbol of the *True Devotion* to Mary, save in one thing only: when Mary "trims a tree" it is not discarded in a week or two, for her work has to do with the soul and her work endures and grows more beautiful with the passing of time.

A CHRISTMAS tree is always a Christmas tree, regardless of size or decoration. It may be in a tenement room, a tiny tinselled tree only a foot high. It may be a beautiful giant of the forest, towering from floor to ceiling in some great hall, so that many may come to see and admire. If it has been decorated by loving hands for the happiness of little hearts, in honor of the Christ Child, THEN it is a Christmas tree. Nothing else matters. Little or big, thick



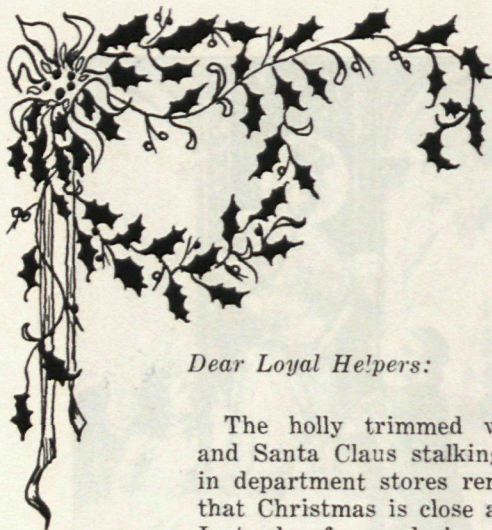
branched or scrawny, bright green or dull, this particular tree has the right to share in the most joyous feast-day celebration of the year.

SO IT is with the souls that Mary joyfully decorates—those who practice her *True Devotion*.

IF YOUR spiritual stature is small, your spiritual life poor and meager, still you can give yourself into the hands of our Blessed Mother that she may beautify your soul, for the happiness of the Christ Child. Who knows but that your littleness will make Him cherish you all the more?

IF YOUR spiritual stature is great, your spiritual life rich and glowing, still you are not perfect, and you can give yourself into the hands of our Blessed Mother. She will beautify your soul still more, for the happiness of the Christ Child. Who knows but that He will want to show your beauty to the world, and thus make of you a means of attracting many souls to seek and to find Him?

LITTLE or BIG, your spiritual life will be deepened and beautified if you trust it to Mary just as it is, whether you have much to offer or little to offer. And would you not like to give it to her to decorate and make more beautiful for the happiness of her little Son? Christmas, after all, is His birthday; He longs for your birthday gift.



# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

The holly trimmed windows and Santa Claus stalking about in department stores remind us that Christmas is close at hand. Instead of wondering what you're going to *get*, let's give a little thought to what you're going to *give* and to whom. All right, have you got your pencil and notebook ready? If you've got a good memory you don't have to write anything but just register these thoughts there.

**F**IRST of all, the Baby Jesus must top your list.

What He wants is a priceless gift, a gift which all the money in the world cannot buy, and yet it is easy for you to make Him that gift if you sincerely love Him. He wants you to open the door of your heart to Him and let Him live there always. You can do that by frequent sacramental and spiritual Communion. ("Dear Jesus abide in my heart always and *grow* there.") Only those who commit big sins turn Him out in the cold and I am confident you will never be of that number.

**N**EXT He wants you to remember His dear poor. If you have put some dimes in the little red sock I sent you, you have taken care of that matter.

**T**HEN there are Mother and Dad. Of course you can buy them gifts with *their* money but there's not much fun in that. If you've no chance to earn a little money with which to buy a gift why don't you offer them a *spiritual bouquet*? Say your Rosary for nine days for their intentions and then, on a nice greeting card you've made yourself or bought, write: "As my Christmas gift I've offered my Rosary nine times for you." That's a very nice Christmas gift which even Sunshine Secretary would like!

And now,

A "Mary" Christmas to you all,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

## FATTENING THE MISSION PIG

**D**ONNA Wengert of Immaculate Conception School, Elmhurst, Illinois, tells us that in her classroom Sister has a piggie bank and each student caught chewing gum or otherwise misbehaving must drop an offering in it for the Missions. Within a short time the pig gobbles up quite a few coins which are sent to us Catechists to aid our dear poor.

**T**HAT'S like the story of the man who cured himself of profanity by a self-imposed fine every time he used a bad word.

**A**FTER your school manners are perfect, children, *don't forget to feed the Mission pig!*



## SCHOOL RETREAT

**R**ECENTLY a three-day Retreat was held at Aquinas High School (New York City) and Margaret Ellis, one of our Loyal Helpers, who is a student there, comments in a letter, "Since then I feel so close to God, I can't express it, but you probably know how I feel."

**R**ETREAT time is the time to make generous resolutions. It is also the time prayerfully to consider one's vocation. Does God want me to enter the religious life? Does God want me to become a Missionary? If I listen closely God will answer these questions for me.



# Helpers Pages

## A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BIG HEART

LOIS ELBERT of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, wrote us, "May this small donation find its way from my heart to the heart of a poor child so that he or she may have as happy a Christmas as I have always had. Your wonderful missionary society makes it possible for me to do this."

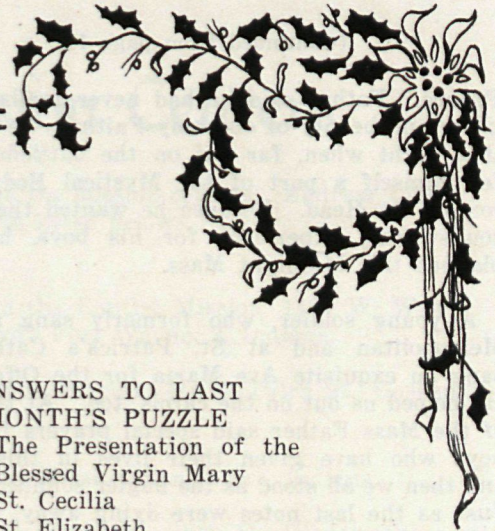


## TRIMMING A TREE FOR JESUS

IN THE Missions we used to have a large poster on which was a tree made of green construction paper. A small cardboard box was placed in a prominent place near the tree. In the box were little cut-outs—a ball, a woolly lamb, a tin horn, etc. There were also a number of baby garments, like a blanket, a pair of baby shoes and a bonnet. On the back of each cut-out was written some good deed which a child might do. Every week if the Catechism pupil had performed the good deed mentioned on the cut-out he was permitted to put the gift on the tree. By Christmas vacation the tree was laden with gifts representing spiritual offerings made to welcome Jesus.

## DAYTON (OHIO) FRIENDS

PERHAPS our most frequent contributors are Mary Anne and Jacqueline Huber of Dayton, Ohio. We can expect to hear from them often with a nice big money order into which they have turned their Sunshine pennies.



## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

- 1) The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary
- 2) St. Cecilia
- 3) St. Elizabeth
- 4) Sts. Elizabeth and Zachary
- 5) St. Catherine of Alexandria

## DECEMBER PUZZLE

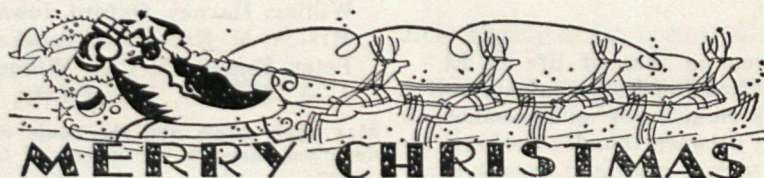
THESE jumbled words contain some objects which the eyes of the Infant Jesus must have rested upon in the Cave of Bethlehem.

WARTS	YARM
NARLTEN	SHEJOP
NIMKALBS	XO
PHERSHEDS	NEDYOK

Whoever sends in all the words correctly spelled out may have a holy card.

## OUR HELPERS, THE MONNIN SISTERS

TWO faithful friends of ours are June and Emily Monnin of Houston, Ohio. June worked long hours during summer vacation which taxed her strength very much. In other words she *earned* her money. She shared her wages with us by sending a nice donation for our Missions. Emily has had poor health for many months now, and, besides prayers and Sunshine money, she offers up for us her silent sufferings. These girls are doing *big* things for God and souls.





## A POST CHRISTMAS LETTER

(Continued from page 11)

France." Father said he had never realized the unity and beauty of our holy Faith as he did on that night when, far out on the battlefield, he felt himself a part of the Mystical Body welcoming its Head. Because he wanted the same soul-stirring experience for his boys, he had planned this Midnight Mass.

A young soldier, who formerly sang at the Metropolitan and at St. Patrick's Cathedral, sang an exquisite Ave Maria for the Offertory. He helped us out on the carols, too. At the end of the Mass Father said special prayers for the boys who have given their lives in this war, and then we all stood as the bugler sounded taps. Just as the last notes were dying away, a tiny baby in the arms of its young soldier father began to cry. It seemed to be a reminder that death is really the herald of life; a reminder that these boys would face death, and many of them actually give their lives in order that this babe and thousands of others like him might have life and freedom; a reminder that the Babe whose birth we were celebrating would die that we might live in eternity.

The whole Mass, from beginning to end, was something I don't think any of us will ever forget, for the sight of those boys in uniform devoutly offering the Holy Sacrifice and receiving into their hearts their Eucharistic God, made a deep impression on all of us.

Christmas afternoon found us back at the U.S.O. with our colored children for a Christmas party. Everyone enjoyed the antics of the children. Some were dressed as brownies, and when Father decided that they should be Santa's helpers and throw bags of popcorn into the audience, the fun began. Depend upon them to pick out the bald heads for targets. All in all, a hilarious time was had by all. John, Jr., aged four, summed it all up with, "Catechis,' yoah all and us am in de ahmy now, huh?"

Was your own Christmas a joyous one? I am sure it was, for you have much to offer the Babe Divine. We were wondering if you were able to be with the Catechists for the day. We had a *sweet* reminder of California . . . a box of dates from Coachella.

And just to give you an idea of life in El Paso—we went to the Chapel of Perpetual Adoration (about two blocks from here) on December 26. We made our visit between thunder showers, and on the way home picked roses and deep pur-

ple violets from a lady's yard. Do you wonder that we lose our hearts to El Paso?

May the New Year bring you health, and all those other blessings and graces we have asked for you at the manger bed of the Christ Child. Don't forget us and our mission in your prayers.

Affectionately yours in Jesus and Mary,

*Catechist M. Alice James.*



## THE LEGEND OF THE POINSETTIA

(Continued from page 14)

sick and poor had been piled high, they paused in amazement, for among the gifts they saw a gorgeous bouquet of scarlet flowers. They gazed in wonderment; never before had they seen such flowers! Upon closer examination, they found that the petals were shaped exactly like the leaves on the flowerless bush which they all knew so well.

"WHERE did the flowers come from?" "Who brought them?" Such were the questions that were asked on all sides. And no one knew the answer—no one except the old man who swung the censer before the high altar. He had seen Pepe lay an armful of dusty, wilted branches before the crib, and later he had seen the beautiful flowers in the place where the branches had been placed.

"IT WAS the Christ Child's miracle," he told them. And the people listened in wonderment then—as they do to this day—to the story of how the Christ Child had passed and blessed Pepe's small gift, small in itself but made at the cost of great sacrifice. Thus the poinsettia became known as "una noche buena"—the flower of the good and holy night.

## IN MEMORIAM

Amelia Wengritzky, Lombard, Ill., mother of Catechist Elizabeth Wengritzky.

William Harney, Oxford, Iowa.

Mrs. A. M. Kacsynski, Topeka, Kansas.

Peter Francis McCall, Wilmette, Ill.

J. A. Doherty, Canon City, Colo.

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

# Addresses of Our Mission Centers

Please send your mission boxes directly to the Catechists in the mission centers. Address THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS and add one of the addresses listed below:

Our Lady of the Rosary Mission, Grove Hill, Alabama.

St. Coletta's Mission, Box 679, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.

Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles, 23, California.

Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.

Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.

Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.

Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, 13958 Fox St., San Fernando, California.

St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell St., San Pedro, California.

Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth St., Santa Paula, California.

St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare, California.

Sacred Heart Mission, 178 S. 6th Ave., Brighton, Colorado.

Regina Angelorum Mission, 306-14th Ave., Greeley, Colorado.

Mount Carmel Mission, P. O. Box 643, East Gary, Indiana

St. John the Baptist Mission, 1401 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, 2, Indiana.

Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. Third St., Goshen, Indiana.

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

St. Anne Mission, 1009 E. Dayton Street, South Bend, 14, Indiana.

Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, Detroit, 2, Michigan.

Blessed de Montfort Mission, Box 1527, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady of Victory Mission, Route 2, Box 108, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.

Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.

Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street, Paulding, Ohio.

St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry St., Big Springs, Texas.

Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1223 S. Trinity St., San Antonio 7, Texas.

Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.

Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, 4, Utah.



## What one gift would please them all?

No matter what their tastes . . . their hobbies . . . their likes or dislikes . . . there's *one* gift that will please them, each and every one.

That gift is a United States Savings Bond.

This Christmas, put at least one Savings Bond under the tree for someone you love.

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