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PANCHO

(See story on page 7)

February, 1942

The Missionary Catechists

THE Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is a missionary community of American women dedicated to the preservation and propagation of the Faith in our home land. It was founded in 1921 by the Reverend John Joseph Sigstein of the Archdiocese of Chicago. Soon after its inception the new community won the favor and sponsorship of the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne and Editor of *Our Sunday Visitor* (then Monsignor Noll). Bishop Noll established the Society and built a Motherhouse and Novitiate for the Catechists at Huntington, Indiana, aided by a substantial donation from the late Peter O'Donnell of Long Beach, California.

The Society of Missionary Catechists was founded to answer present day needs. Thousands of Catholic children throughout the United States live in scattered mission settlements or in rural districts. Other thousands are congested in the slums, or in the foreign sections, of big cities. Poverty, distance, indifference, and other factors, combine to make Catholic schools an impracticable solution to the problem of religious instruction for these children.

For various reasons, many of the families from which these children come are no longer actively united to the Church. As a result they are ignorant of the most rudimentary Catholic teachings. From this arise bitterness and misunderstanding. These people, nominally Catholic, are impotent to better their spiritual condition. They can hardly be expected to seek what they scarcely know, and consequently, do not appreciate. To them God is an impersonal Being, and membership in the Church an unnecessary burden. To them God and His Church must be brought, taught, and proved lovable. Each family constitutes a distinct problem, or many problems. Each family demands individual, persevering and intelligent treatment if its members are to be saved or brought back to the Fold. The much overworked pastor or missionary priest cannot cope with this situation alone.



Yet the Missionary Catechists are not exclusive-



ly teachers of religion. They are servants of Jesus and Mary, ministering in whatever capacity the condition of the poor demands. According to their rule, they may not conduct hospitals, teach schools, or do institutional work of any kind.

That part of the Catechists' day which is not devoted to teaching or club activities, is spent in home visiting. Through these home visits fallen-away Catholics are discovered and reclaimed, converts are won; and uninstructed adults are taught the truths of Faith and prepared for the Sacraments.



Upon opening a center, the Missionary Catechists' first concern is to become personally acquainted with every family in their missions. They try to win the confidence and love of the people under their care. By sharing the joys and sorrows of all, they lighten the burdens of poverty or suffering. At the same time they instruct both young and old in the knowledge of our holy religion and encourage them in the practice of it.

The body is considered for the sake of the soul, so that in the end both may be saved. In cases of extreme need, the Catechists obtain emergency relief for the families in the form of food or clothing.

If there is sickness in a home the Catechists care for the patient and instruct the members of the household in what to do. Medical care and surgery are obtained when necessary. Not infrequently the Catechists take a patient many miles over mountain roads to the nearest doctor or hospital.

It is evident that the work of the Catechists is fundamental and truly missionary. In imitation of Our Divine Master, the Missionary Par Excellence, they go about doing good to all. Their one desire is to bring Christ to souls, and this they do not only by word of mouth but especially by the performance of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.



The rapid growth of the Society of Missionary Catechists, and the continual requests for "more Catechists" from missionary bishops, indicate that the Catechists are indeed a practical solution to the problem of religious instruction in many dioceses of our country.

Many holy lovers were present at the death of our Lord, among them those who loved most, grieved most, for love was then all steeped in sorrow and sorrow in love; and all who passionately loved their Savior were in love with His Passion and His Sorrow. But the gentle Mother, who loved so much more than all the rest, was far more deeply wounded by the sword of sorrow than any other. The anguish of her Son was in truth a sharp sword piercing her heart—that Mother's heart which was joined and united so closely to that of her Son with a union so perfect, that nothing could wound the one without inflicting as deep a wound upon the other.

—St. Francis de Sales

* * *

At Communion

*Stay with me, Lord, and if I should die today,
Be my Viaticum—
The Food for that long journey.
But if I should do Thy Will another way,
Stay with me, Lord, to guide and strengthen me
That I may do all things Your way today.*

Catechist M. Murphy

* * *

If I were to read, much less answer all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for all other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can. And I mean to keep on doing it to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

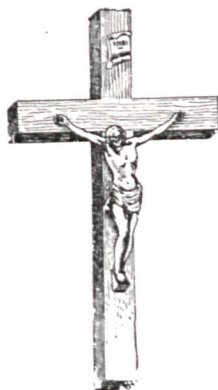
—Abraham Lincoln

* * *

*My soul, ask what you will of Christ,
You cannot be too bold
Since His own blood for you He shed,
Nought else will He withhold.*

* * *

Do you wish to see your most ardent admirer?
Look in the mirror.



The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 18

Number 3

February, 1942

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Mary's Purification

by the Rev. Marcellus Scheuer, O.Carm.

IT was eminently fitting that He Whom the prophet Isaias called "Flower of the Root of Jesse" should be conceived in the village Nazareth which means *Flower*, and that He Who called Himself "The Bread giving life to the world" should be born in Bethlehem which signifies *House of Bread*. And now He Who is "Our Peace reconciling all things in Himself" was to come to an unknowing Jerusalem, a name denoting *Vision of Peace*. And He was coming for the rite of purification. Legal prescriptions of the Old Law required a daughter of Israel bearing child to come forty days later to the temple, offering in purification two sacrifices, one a sin offering, and one a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Moreover, should the child be her first born son, she was to buy him back into the family with five shekels, because originally, before a priestly caste had been formed in the nation, the eldest son was consecrated to God's service.

MARY, carrying not only her first Born but the First Born of all Creation, Image of the Invisible God, Begotten of the Father before all ages, and He Whom the Scripture calls the "Ancient of Days," entered the stone court of the hallowed temple. Now was there come into the temple He to Whom the temple was in thirty-three years to cede its rights. On that day an unrealizing priest accepted five shekels to redeem veins of the Blood that one day was to redeem the entire world. It was precious Blood of infinite worth that, in purpling tragic cross beams, was to render useless in the future the

shedding of such animal blood as now flowed under priestly knife upon the stone altars of the temple. For it was the Blood of God Himself.

WE sometimes think how blessed we should have been if we had lived in Palestine in the days of Jesus. But it is not likely that we would have appreciated many points of the parade of events in which heaven touched the earth. Those in parades, seeing neither beginning nor end, seldom enjoy them as onlookers do. Who among those that saw the young maiden, poorly clad but noble in gait, as she mounted the temple steps leading from the court of women, suspected that the Child she carried was their God, and she the Queen of angels and of men? But we living, by God's providence, many centuries later are able to look back and see all the things from beginning to end and many of the connections of events, realizing and relishing for our own soul's sake many of the shades of beauty in the happenings of God's greatest pageant on earth, the grace-giving life of Christ.

OBEEDIENCE was the outstanding virtue of the Purification. The legal prescriptions of this rite were made for the spouses of men, but hardly for one who was espoused to the Holy Ghost, Almighty God. The virginity which Mary so highly valued before the Incarnation was now, after childbirth, more angelic than human. Yet, Mary, since she saw God making no evident exception in her case, humbly obeyed a seemingly useless law. But strangely enough,

Mary, by her obedience in coming to the temple, was to learn more clearly where her own Son's obedience was leading Him: to contradiction and, as time would prove, to death even as a criminal. Her tiny Babe did not as yet speak to make known to her His Will, but through the just Simeon in the temple she was to hear much.

SIMEON taking the Child in his arms told her how "He Who was set for the salvation prepared before the face of all the peoples, a Light to the revelation of the Gentiles and a Glory to the people of Israel" was yet to be also set for the "fall as well as the resurrection of many in Israel." He was a sign that was to be contradicted. Only those who try to realize how much more intimate and binding than all other mother loves was Mary's love for her Child and God can appreciate the fear that gripped her heart as she heard the God Who created and embellished her above all creation now calling upon her to allow her Treasure to be taken from her. Moreover, though perhaps now she did not know it, on Calvary she was not only to allow but to will that others harm Him in taking Him away from Her. It was what God demanded of her so that she might be co-redemptrix. She was to offer Him as sacrifice as He was to offer Himself. The words that immediately followed were an inkling of this, "and thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

ALL this she was to understand really on Calvary, but even now Calvary was casting its shadow in Mary's life, though but dimly.

Mary turned and went from the sanctified, shadowed portals of the temple. She left behind her a temple with its incense ascending heavenward and its trumpets announcing the hours of sacrifice. It was finishing its last few years of use, while Mary at home saw the Lamb of God grow in grace and truth, until the day when the temple's veil was to be torn from top to bottom, for its God was sacrificed on Calvary's heights. That temple which had been sanctified was now unholy, and that cross which had been unholy was now sanctified by the sprinkling of the Blood of God.

ON that day, darkened in mourning for its God, Mary learned, as the most sorrowful Mother that earth shall ever see, how her obedience at the purification had but occasioned a prophecy of this greater obedience she now underwent in the path laid out by her Son. Her Son was laying down His life because He willed it, and He expected that she too, despite the sword of untold sorrow that pierced her motherly heart, should will His death; should see the horror of it all and yet make no effort to stop it for she was sacrificing her Son for us along with Him sacrificing Himself. And so Mary, Mother of God, becoming co-redemptrix, was now Mother of God and men.

GIVE BOOKS

THE National Defense Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, American Red Cross, and United Service Organization, seeks ten million books for U.S.O. houses, army "dayrooms," ships, naval bases, etc. Books should be taken to libraries, where they will be sorted, repaired if necessary, and sent on as quickly as possible to the spots where men in the service want books. In many communities schools and other conveniently located places will be designated as collection centers.

Unbound magazines and newspapers will not be handled.

Although the Government provides libraries in the larger camps, the smaller units have no library at all, and even in most camps where libraries do exist, the demand for recreational reading is usually far greater than the supply.

Books provided through the Book Campaign will thus supplement the Government's existing library facilities. Men on leave—and in "off hours"—depend on the dayroom of their company and their U.S.O. house for their leisure-time reading.

About the kinds of books to be collected—well, what kind of books do YOU like? Our soldiers and sailors have a wide range of reading interest and like those very titles, too! They are particularly eager for up-to-date technical material to help with their problems, as well as books on current affairs and plenty of good fiction.

Put your name and address in the books you give—the boys will be interested to know "who gave what"!

—Release from Headquarters Office

Lenten Hymn

Now, with the slow revolving year,
Again the Fast we greet;
Which in its mystic circle moves
Of forty days complete.

That Fast, by Law and Prophet taught,
By Jesus Christ restored;
Jesus, of seasons and of times
The Maker and the Lord.

Henceforth more sparing let us be,
Of food, of words, of sleep;
Henceforth beneath a stricter guard
The roving senses keep.

And let us shun whatever things
Distract the careless heart;
And let us shut our souls against
The tyrant tempter's art;

And weep before the Judge, and strive
His vengeance to appease;
Saying to Him with contrite voice
Upon our bended knees:

Much have we sinned, O Lord, and still
We sin each day we live;
Yet look in pity from on high,
And of Thy grace forgive.

Remember that we still are Thine,
Though of a fallen frame;
And take not from us in Thy wrath
The glory of Thy name.

Undo past evil; grant us, Lord,
More grace to do aright;
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

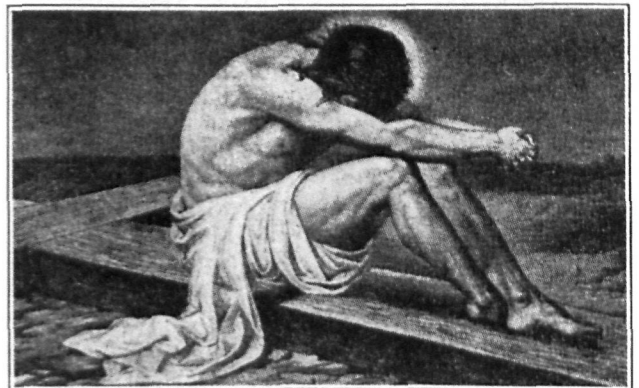
Blest Trinity in Unity!
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

—From the Roman Breviary

Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord,
in Thy Blood, out of every tribe
and tongue, and people and nation,
and hast made us to our God a
kingdom.—Apoc. 5

Prayer

Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people, that they,
being justly chastened because of their iniquities,
may through Thy mercy find time of relief.
Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who
liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of
the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.
Amen.



Pancho

by Catechist Elizabeth Clifford

PANCHO was five when I started to know him. He is six now. I say "started to know him," for I really do not know him yet. I think I do, and then he says or does something that reveals an altogether different side of his character.

THERE is no doubt about it; he has spent his six short years in this world with his eyes and ears wide open. Someone suggested that he almost has intuitive knowledge! It would seem so sometimes. For instance: Pancho likes to look through religious goods catalogs. He came to a page on which tabernacles were advertized. I pointed to one and said, "What's that?" I expected him to say, as any other six-year-old would if he had the least idea what it was, "The little house where Jesus lives." But not Pancho. He replied unhesitatingly, "A tabernacle." Where he learned the word, I do not know. He cannot read, for he is just starting to school this fall.

ANOTHER day he startled me with this: "Catechist, do you know what? Jesus said, 'Upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell won't break it.'" He did not learn that in the prayer class last year.

A three-year-old child from Bingham Canyon was killed last summer in an automobile accident. The funeral was to be on Saturday afternoon. Pancho noticed that something was going to take place in church and he inquired about it. I told him that little Mike's funeral was going to be at three o'clock. He looked puzzled and said, "But Catechist, isn't Mike in Heaven? What's Father going to have a funeral for him for?" Somehow funerals were associated in his mind with Requiem Masses in which one prayed for the repose of the soul of the deceased person.

PANCHO is just like any other little boy when it comes to keeping himself clean.

Father told him one day that the next time he got a dime he should buy a little brush and use it on his hands. Some time later Father again noticed his very black hands. He said, "Pancho, what did I tell you about getting that brush for your hands?" And Pancho replied, "I forgot, Father. You didn't give me a note to remind me!"

BUT he does try to remember correction. He has the bad habit of saying "ain't got no." I told him to say "I haven't any" instead of "ain't got no." So a few days later when he wanted to tell me that he did not have a sweater, he said, "I ain't got no haven't any sweater."

PANCHO is a pet in Bingham; everyone admits that. He is a favorite with the miners, the merchants, and everyone. He makes himself at home in the stores, and he has such a way with them that the owners find it hard to put him out. One man said to him one day, "Now, Pancho, you have to get out of here. You've been hanging around all day. I'm getting tired of you, and besides, I'm going in to Salt Lake now." Pancho wisely kept still, but when the man started to put on his overcoat, Pancho jumped on a chair and helped him on with it. When he walked out of the store a few minutes later, it was with a nickle in his pocket instead of with a rebuke in his ears.

HE is a little beggar. He is an expert at begging. One day I brought a picture to class to illustrate the lesson. It was not so very large but Pancho found it attractive. He loves holy things. He admired it from every angle and stayed after class and threw hints for it. But I didn't give in. Then, when all the others had gone, he tried one last ruse. He said, "Catechist, do you know what I'd do if I had that picture? I'd hang it up on the wall—like this—you hold it. And every morning and every night I'd kneel down in front of it like this and say my prayers." And he made the sign of the cross and recited some baby prayers that no one could resist. I couldn't. Pancho has the picture.

Prospecting for Souls

by the Reverend R. Mac Ewen

MY first acquaintance with the work being accomplished by the Missionary Catechists came when I was sent on a temporary assignment to Calipatria in the Imperial Valley, in the spring of 1940.

FOR a time I persisted in calling them *Sisters*. I couldn't get my tongue around the word *Catechist*. It is a hard word with sharp edges, like a piece of newly machined steel; and it lent itself to a rather crude and uncomplimentary pun that kept popping up in my mind each time I tried it.

BUT my tongue gradually developed the required technique, and the pun receded into the background, so I finally found myself snapping off the word like the crack of a Texas whip.

THE Catechists lived at Brawley, ten miles away, from which they conducted their operations. Twice during the week, two of them drove to Calipatria and rounded up the children in relays as the classes were released from school, and

assembled them in the church, the garage, and out under the trees, where they were taught their prayers and Christian doctrine.

OTHER classes were held in the yards and under shelters in private homes. Any place where a few boards could be laid out for benches was converted into a school. The Catechists' cars were always filled with children on the way to class or home.

ON Sundays they came to assist the children in their attendance at Mass and the singing of hymns.

THE Catechists also attended the mission of Westmoreland where a small church had been built recently, and at Niland where Mass was offered once a month in a vacant store, warehouse or private home. They made all the arrangements for these services, finding a new location when the one used became unavailable, acting as sacristans, and often answering the responses when no altar boy was at hand.

BEFORE the close of school a good sized class had been prepared for First Communion and several children trained to present a little entertainment in which the traditional scenes connected with the famous picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe were portrayed.

IT was about this time that the earthquake struck the Valley with devastating consequences. Brawley suffered severe damages, and although their home escaped with minor injuries the Catechists were compelled to sleep out of doors for several nights until the earth had settled back to normal.

LATER in the year I found the Catechists at Chino in another section of the Diocese of San Diego. Here they had a larger concentration of children, and through the friendly co-operation of the school authorities, were enabled to extend their instructions to children who traveled to and from their homes on the school busses. Here, too, the Junior Sodality was included in their activities, and under their guidance these young girls put to shame the older members in their active assistance in parochial work.

AT the congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine held that year in Los Angeles, I was amazed to see a perfect replica of the sanctuary and altar of the Chino church on display, and to learn that it was the work of the school children directed by the Catechists.



Maria Silva as Our Blessed Mother in the annual play in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.—Brawley, Calif.

AT Christmas time when the local firemen were preparing their gifts for the children of poor families, the lists furnished by the Catechists were of great assistance to them.

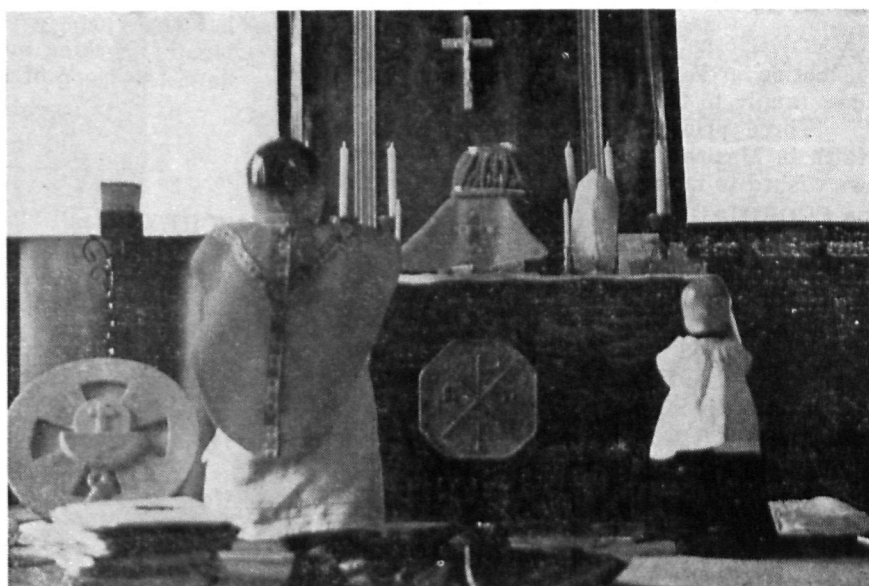
THE Casa Colina home for crippled children was another port of weekly call; and not only the Catholic children but all those in residence at the home looked forward to these visits.

THE Catechists have the knack of accomodating their teaching to the capacity of the Mexican temperament. Where intellectual processes are inadequate, truth must be presented through other channels, and the faculties trained through

emotional impulses. The Catechists understand how to make the most of these less favorable methods.

I am hoping that some day they may find their way to Vista and the surrounding districts of Oceanside, Carlsbad, Fall Brook and Escondido, where they would find a wonderful field for their talents and be of immense assistance to the priests in charge.

IN the meantime we can only pray that God will bless their work, send increased vocations to their doors and furnish us the ways and means to make their services available in this locality.



This liturgical display—mentioned in Father Mac Ewen's story—was part of the beautiful exhibit held at the sixth National Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Los Angeles, October, 1940. It was the work of the children who attend the Catechists' religion classes in the Diocese of San Diego. Catechist Renkey, superior of the Catechists' mission center in Ontario, wrote:

"The children were delighted with the project, and the knowledge that they acquired while working on their various assignments is bringing most gratifying results in practical Catholicity.

"The Redlands center furnished the Benediction service; Brawley, the complete vestments—gothic style—in all the liturgical colors; Coachella, the cassocks and linen vestments worn by the priest and the altar boy; Ontario, the altar, altar linens and other article which are necessary for the holy Sacrifice.

"Through the courtesy of Father Don H. Hughes, Tucson, Arizona, who had a colored slide made of the booth, our children were able to see the articles which they had made just as they appeared in the exhibit room."



MARTYRS OF TODAY

ISN'T it strange how one incident leads to another?

"You look just like Dolores Jiminez who went to the convent not long ago," a woman said to me the other day. This remark piqued my curiosity; it was the third time since my recent arrival in Azusa that I had been told I look like somebody else. I was glad when an opportunity presented itself for a visit to the Jiminez home.

IN Dolores' mother we found a beautiful example of Mexican gentility. We were thoroughly fascinated by her womanly poise and her sincere and charming graciousness of manner. But above all, her deep spirit of faith, manifest from the beginning of our conversation, humbled and edified us.

AMONG other things, we spoke of the persecution in Mexico which had brought the Jiminez family to the United States.

"Three priests in our family died for the faith in Mexico," she told us simply. Of course, we wished to hear the story of their martyrdom.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Jiminez's account, two of the priests, Father Benito and Father Juan, were brothers of her father. The other was her brother-in-law. All were from Guadalajara, her own birthplace. Father Jiminez, who, she proudly told us, was Dolores' godfather, suffered most excruciating torments at the hands of the rebels. First his fingers were cut off at the joints, one at a time. Before each indignity he was told to cry "Viva Calles" but his answer always was, "Viva Cristo Rey!" This torture continued until his poor body was hacked to pieces.

FATHER Juan was summoned to a supposed sick-bed. When he arrived at the place designated he was attacked, beaten with clubs and

left to die. He managed to crawl back to his horse and the faithful animal carried him back home where he died as a result of the injuries received.

FATHER Benito also had been beaten at one time, but he recovered. Some time later he was asked to come to the church which the soldiers had just taken over. When he entered, an awful spectacle met his gaze: The soldiers were feeding the Sacred Hosts to the horses. Father Benito was stricken with a heart attack and died shortly after.

WE listened spell-bound to Mrs. Jiminez's story of modern martyrs for Christ, and we left her home more grateful than ever for the privilege of working among a people in whose veins flows the blood of true Christian heroes.

Catechist Viola Wopperer

THEY stopped their game and looked at us expectantly . . . Five years, Four Years and Three Years. We motioned to the ropes and toy guns in their hands, "What are you playing this morning? Cowboys?"

Three small faces glowed with excitement. "No, Seester, gangsters and sheriff."

We smiled encouragingly at the one they designated as sheriff—the meek little lad of three. "And you caught the gangsters and are taking them to jail?"

"O no, Seester," chorused the other two, "we caught the sheriff and now we weel *keel* him! Just like in the movies!"

Catechist M. Alice James

Catechist to little girl:
Are you a Catholic?
Little girl: I'm nothing;
I'm just a little girl.

In the shade of a friendly tree this group is enjoying an informal religious hour.

In The Home Field



MILITANT RAMONA

WITNESSES of Jehovah knocked on the door of the shack which is home to Ramona and her grandmother. Ramona opened the door and greeted them politely. With the wisdom of six years she surveyed the proffered reading matter, then looked up at the visitor indignantly and said, "I don't want any of your books. I'm a Catholic." With that she closed the conversation and the door.

A few days later, while Ramona was at school, the Witness made another call. The grandmother accepted a book not knowing what it was all about. Ramona came home at three and spied it. Without a word to anyone she ran to Catechist.

"Catechist," she panted, "you know . . . you know what! A lady . . . she came and she gave . . . she gave my grandma a book about God, but it's a bad book!"

"How do you know it's a bad book, Ramona?"

"I know . . . I know! I saw the pictures. What should I do, Catechist?"

"Burn it," suggested Catechist.

"All right. I go." She darted away and returned in a few minutes triumphantly exclaiming, "I burned it, Catechist. I burned it."

Oh for more militant Catholics like Ramona!

Catechist M. Florence Michels

AFTER CLASS MINTS

EVERYONE knows of after dinner mints but few know of the religion-teacher's after class mints.

During an out-door class Theresa's eyes seemed to be following passing cars but her ears must have caught the instruction. In explaining the lesson reference was made to the ninth promise of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary. Theresa stayed after class obviously for some definite purpose. She talked of the new baby brother and the medal she wished for him, then stopped abruptly and handed me the mint: "Catechist, you must have your name written in Jesus' Heart too."

"Why do you say that, Theresa?"

"The promise says that if we get others to love Jesus He'll write our names in His Heart. You do that when you teach us, so I figured it out, your name must be written there too!"

Catechist Rosella Lengerick

DONA INEZ has been suffering severe headaches for years. She has gone to many doctors but none seem to give her much relief. Half-impatiently, she is now seeking out strange doctors and questionable cures. Her daughter, Juanita, is seven and a great help and consolation to her mother. One day Juanita reproached her mother gently, saying, "Mother, why do you want so much to get well when God wishes you to suffer."



"Raphaela always brings her little sister and the dog to class—and anyone else she happens to meet along the way."

—Catechist V. Wopperer



"Our Associates" are the Associate Catechists of Mary, members of the mission clubs which are our lay auxiliary. By their prayers, alms, and mission boxes they help supply the ammunition needed to keep our missionaries at the front, to carry on their spiritual warfare against the enemy of souls.

SAN JOSE BLOOMINGTON BAND, ILL.

organized by Miss Elizabeth Ulbrich, announces reorganization and election of officers for the ensuing year. Miss Mary Alice Morrissey was elected president; Miss Ann Lowry, treasurer, and Miss Julianne Middleton, corresponding secretary.

A very successful rummage sale was held by San Jose Band on Armistice Day. The members devoted a good deal of their time to collecting material, and helped to sell it on the day of the sale as well. "We really enjoyed it," Miss Middleton writes, "and that makes a little work seem doubly pleasant and profitable." The proceeds from the sale helped Catechist Perl and our missionaries in Brawley, California, make the holiday season a doubly enjoyable one of cheer and happiness for the little ones under their care. The making of bandages, altar linens, and religious articles are among the projects carried on successfully and energetically by this zealous Mission Band.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL CHICAGO HELP BAND I, Mrs. Fred

Ahner promoter, is one group that likes to work along silently and quietly, and then out of a clear sky, surprise us with a substantial contribution for the Burse of their missionary, Catechist Rose McBride. Late in November such a gift came, the proceeds from small card and bunco parties held during the fall months. These affairs for the benefit of the missions were given in the homes of Mrs. Ahner, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Hubert, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Holzer, Mrs. Cronin, Mrs. Mungovan, Mrs. Stender, Mrs. Luetkenhus (who is likewise promoter of the Mothers and Daughters Club) and Mrs. Egan. To each one, our grateful thanks for an interest and a loyalty that would bring cheer to every missionary laboring for Christ and for souls.



CHICAGO

ON Dec-
ember
12, feast of
Our Lady

of Guadalupe and patrons feast of our Mexican people and their country, ST. ANTHONY MISSION BAND sponsored their annual card party for the benefit of our Society. Mrs. A. F. Beck, promoter, kindly wrote the welcome details both before and after this affair. Proceeds go towards the Burse of their adopted Missionary, Catechist Otilia Mendoza. Named as this Burse is in honor of the Child Jesus, the gift was truly a Birthday present for Him.

A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS November 27 to December 27

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	\$15.00
Charitina Club I, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	4.50
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	7.30
Delores Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Anne Bechtold	25.00
Ellen Lemm Circle, Chicago, Mrs. Johanna Schweits	15.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	8.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	16.75
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary E. Nye	40.00
Little Flower Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	20.00
Mother and Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus	5.00
Holy Rosary Band, Clyde, N. Y., Miss Rose Stanzinia	1.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Marie Lenert	5.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, O., Miss Rose Marie Heier	20.25
Our Lady of Mercy Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Heneghan	45.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help II, Evanston, Ill., Miss Celia Henrich	25.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wis., Miss Hilda Kitzinger	28.00
Our Lady of the Snows Band, Elkhart, Miss Kathryn Hall	5.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Miss Bertha Collins	5.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois	10.00
Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	27.50
Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	37.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	10.00
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck	101.00
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Mary Walton	2.00
St. Bridget's Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern	1.00
St. Bridget's Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern	1.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss Clea Schneider	20.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Margaret M. Karas	23.25
St. Joseph Band, Baldwinville, N. Y., Miss Margaret Bocchino	1.35
St. Joseph Band I, Chicago, Mrs. M. McNamara	50.00
St. Joseph Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Alice Voight	60.00
St. Jude's Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Mary Noll	115.00
St. Jude Thaddeus Band, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Finla	25.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	27.00
St. Luke's Band, Chicago, Mrs. W. Maxwell	50.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebr., Miss Helen McAuliffe	10.00
St. Mary's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen	50.00
St. Mel's Band, Chicago, Mrs. L. E. Lopez	16.50
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. B. Redig	4.23

LOS ANGELES **OUR LADY QUEEN OF ANGELS BAND**, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier promoter, and **OUR LADY QUEEN OF THE POOR SOULS BAND**, with Mrs. Anna Meng promoter, joined forces in December to raffle a lace tablecloth made by Mrs. Sauthier for this purpose. Members of **ST. ANTHONY BAND**, Mrs. Mary Walton promoter, also cooperated to make this raffle a success.

Mrs. Alice Meng, secretary, wrote us the result of this ambitious effort for the cause of our missions. "We were very pleased with the result, considering the short time we had in which to sell chances. Every member worked hard to make the raffle a success." The contribution received from this undertaking, and the monthly dues given by the members, have been divided between the Burses which these loyal Associates are steadily building for their missionaries, Catechist Cecelia Schmitt and Catechist Gratton. At the monthly meetings they are busy making layettes for mission babies. Twelve were completed during the past year. In order to finish the last six, the members gave up the party and exchange of gifts annually planned for the holiday season. This sacrifice of their own pleasure will surely be blessed by God.

FORT WAYNE, IND. **O**FTEN do our Associates give an inspiring example of the trust they have in prayer to aid their activities for God's cause.

Early in the fall Mrs. Mary Noll, promoter of **ST. JUDE'S MISSION SOCIETY** which is formed by members of ten Bands in St. Jude's Parish, gave us one such example. She wrote: "We are putting on our annual raffle to augment our donation toward our St. Jude Burse. I am humbly asking all to pray most earnestly that we will be successful in our undertaking. Conditions in the world make it more difficult now, but cheerfully and confidently we carry on."

That God blessed this effort is shown by the result of the raffle held in November. A substantial amount, \$115, was realized for St. Jude's Burse. It shows likewise the whole-hearted cooperation given by every member, which is in itself a reason to give thanks to God for such devoted friends of our missions in the Southwest.

CHARITY for the missions surpasses every other work of charity, even as the soul surpasses the body, as eternity surpasses time. Be not ashamed to make yourselves beggars for Christ and for the salvation of souls.

—Pope Pius XI



OHIO and KY.

TWO other A. C. M. Bands have likewise come to be associated in our minds, though like the Elkhart groups they are two separate Cincinnati and nearby suburbs, and **ST. BRIDGET'S CLUBS**. The **SRILLIANS**, whose members live in **BAND** across the river in Bellevue, Ky., worked together on the toys, beads and other gifts for the Christmas Kermes in El Paso Mission, Texas. Miss Rita Busche is the Srillians' promoter, and always sends most interesting letters keeping us posted on their activities.

Miss Grace M. Kern, promoter of the second group, wrote: "We joined the Srillians at Rita's home to pack our box for El Paso. It was a lot of fun, and an inspiration that has had its result. We are wondering now what to do next—baby things or First Communion outfits. Have you any suggestions?"

We like the spirit in these two mission clubs, who find in their activities for the missions real joy as well as treasure for Heaven, and a rich profit in spiritual benefits.

ELKHART, IND.

THOUGH they are two separate A. C. M. Bands, we can not help but think of our Elkhart mission clubs together. **HOLY GHOST BAND**, with Miss Mary Nye promoter, originated a plan when they organized several years ago. It was adopted later by **OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS BAND**, led by their promoter Miss Kathryn Hall. The members hold no meetings or social affairs, but save mites individually which are collected by the promoters three times a year, and sent to Victory-Noll on chosen feasts of the Church. A donation that was truly a substantial help in these days of special need was received from the eight members of the Holy Ghost Band for the feast of Our Lord's Nativity. Easter and Pentecost are the two other feasts on which they send contributions designated for the aid of Victory-Noll, our Motherhouse.

THE four members of Our Lady of the Snows Band chose feasts of Our Blessed Mother for sending their contribution. The first is their patronal feast on August 5, and the other two the days on which we honor her Immaculate Conception and Annunciation. On December 8, Miss Hall wrote:

"Enclosed you will find just a little gift from our Band on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. We hope this will help in your work of bringing people into the true Church to which God wishes everyone to belong, and in bringing many back into the Church from which they have wandered."

"There is a little world of such souls as Simeon and Anna within the Church. But it lies deep down, and its inmates are seldom brought to light, even by the honors of canonization. It is a subterranean world, the diamond-mine of the Church, from whose caverns a stone of wondrous lustre is taken now and then to feed our faith, to reveal to us the abundant though hidden operations of grace, and to comfort us, when the world's wickedness and our own depress us, by showing that God has pastures of His own under our very feet, where His glory feeds without our seeing it . . . Everywhere evil is undermined by good. It is only that good is undermost; and this is one of the supernatural conditions of God's presence. As much evil as we see, so much good or more do we know assuredly lies under it . . . Evil makes more show, and thus has a look of victory, while good is daily outwitting evil by simulating defeat . . . Simeon and Anna are disclosures to us of that hidden world."

Note: Quotations in this article are from "Bethlehem" by Father Faber.

DAILY we Catechists are on the road to one outmission or another for classes or visiting. As we pass through the business districts or the little towns along our way, headlines stare out at us from the news stands or may be thrust at our momentarily waiting car by spry newsboys: "Blitzkrieg," we glimpse; "London Bombed" "British Advance" "Greeks Resist"; words as unlovely in sound and meaning as the sad realities they connote. Surely evil makes more show, screams in headlines, gets itself known. But Candlemas reminds us of other quiet scenes in "the diamond-mine of the Church" whose beauty will be new and fresh still in the Heart of God when the last futile spark of the last futile bomb has fizzled out and died . . .



"God has widows like Anna in all Christian cities."

Portraits

"Good people knew Simeon well, for they said of him that he was a just man; modest and self-possessed, attentive yet unobtrusive. Devotion was the very life of his soul. The gift of piety reigned in his heart."

HIS attire is usually the same—a shabby suit, tan with a light brown check. Pleated and belted in back, the coat gives a sport effect that seems incongruous as one's eyes travel upward to a semi-halo of grizzled white curls lying low across the back of his head. There is no other trace of hirsute adornment there; all is shiny baldness. His eyes must be dimmed with age, for he holds his worn prayerbook quite close to them when he uses it. He walks slowly and a little heavily; his genuflection is a quick jerky bob, just a slight, painful bending of both knees. . . . Daily he is at church a half-hour or more before Mass begins. His thanksgiving is protracted to another half-hour afterwards. On Sundays, our first parish Mass is at eight o'clock. This morning as several of us left in the car for various out-missions where we supervise the children during Mass, I saw him walking slowly toward the church. I looked at my watch; it was just five minutes past seven. Little enough for headlines . . .

A FIRST Friday first brought him to my attention. We came to church a half-hour before time for Mass, and as we walked up the dawn-dim center aisle I was conscious of melody that seemed to fill the church. I had no idea of its source until we had almost reached our place in front. Then I saw him, dim eyes focused on the aged prayerbook, singing. Occasionally it is part of his unconventional devotion to raise not only his heart, but his voice, to God; and this is not regarded as so unconventional a thing among our Mexican people, whose expression of feeling toward God flows naturally and is not so hedged about with rule and shyness as is ours. An old man, singing a song to God in a hushed temple, before him lying the Lamb of God . . . Little enough for headlines, this Simeon-like simplicity!

THE song was a Spanish hymn of sublimest praise and adoration in honor of the Blessed Trinity, beauty-filled in every line, one verse lovelier than another. And over and over came the refrain, clear and sweet, heart-hungry and

haunting—I can hear it yet—"Con seraphines dicen Santo! Santo! Santo!" "With the Seraphim saying Holy! Holy! Holy!"

LITTLE enough for headlines, reporters would say. And yet, when the last bomb shall have gone out in impotent blackness, the white light of this "Holy Holy! Holy!" will still be breaking in shafts of golden music before the Throne of God.

by Candlelight

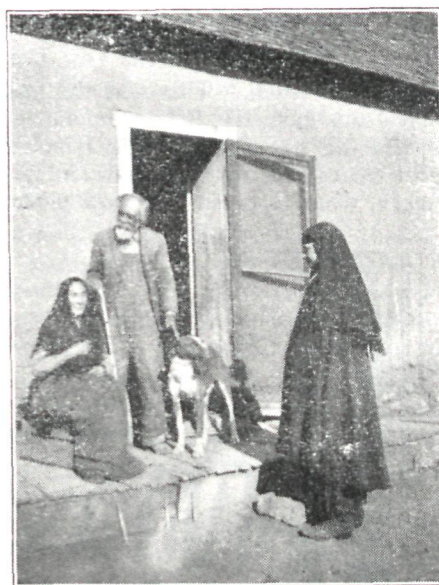
by Catechist Mary Ruth Karl

"ANNA was a figure familiar to the eyes of many in Jerusa'em, whose piety led them to the morning sacrifices in the temple. Herod, most likely, had never heard of her, but she was dear to God and was known honorably to his servants; God has widows like her in all Christian cities."

THERE were two worn mattresses on the bed, but no sheets: she had evidently grown tired of the pillow pushed to one side, and had rolled up an old coat for a head-rest. Pictures of all kinds, holy pictures and photographs of relatives, covered one small wall; and around the entire room near the low ceiling were hung beautiful religious pictures, the Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Guadalupe, and others, in good order. A chair, and a stand holding the usual accessories of a sick-room, completed the few furnishings.

HOW she beamed when we entered the room! She was fully dressed, but resting, and now she sat up on the edge of the bed to talk to us. Her face, good and kind in expression, was almost entirely discolored and darkened by a long illness; sparse white hair was drawn straight back and fastened in a knot at the back of her head. Eyes and lips smiled a glowing welcome.

THE conversation was all in rapid Spanish, too fast for my unaccustomed ears to catch more than occasional words and phrases. But I could sense a story in it, for there were tears and tears (I knew she was speaking of her illness) and then the tears were drowned in floods of smiles and chuckles. Finally, there were some earnest directions, and before we left, my companion went to the low window-box outside the little room and plucked—a snowy white carnation. The flower was like a symbol; a symbol of the beauty that grows under God's eyes even in dark and unexpected places, a symbol of beautiful simplicity that will make for its gift a single white flower.



"There is a little world of such souls as Simeon and Anna within the Church."

GOING home I learned of the conversation. She was crying because, since her illness had now become worse, she could not walk, and therefore she could not go to church to receive Our Lord every day. It was not her illness she was regretting, as I had thought, but her inability to assist at daily Mass, to receive Holy Communion daily! But she was resigned, though grieved; it was the Will of God! The white carnation seemed to glow with a deeper beauty as we gave it to Our Lord.

DAYS pass swiftly in the missions. Three weeks later came the last day of the Forty Hours. Kneeling in the choir making my thanksgiving after Holy Communion, I was suddenly conscious of the last communicant approaching the altar rail. It was an old, old lady, and a young girl was assisting her to the railing. What there was about the figure to draw my attention I did not know: but I watched as, after receiving Our Lord, she rose painfully, leaned heavily on her cane and made her way to the first pew. Then, heavily, painfully, bent almost double, leaning on the cane with her right hand, supporting herself from one pew to the next with her left, she slowly dragged herself back to her own place, about six seats from the front. Only then did I recognize her: my lady of the white carnation! And I am afraid my own thanksgiving was completely forgotten in a flood of delight. My thanksgiving was for her that morning. Another Anna had come to the Temple, had held the Child of her longing. No headlines here; but what great love!

Dear Loyal Helpers,

"Go . . . and teach." This was the "assignment" that Jesus gave His first missionaries, the Apostles. He did so only after He Himself had spent three years and forty days training them who to teach, what to teach, and how to do it.

One Big Family

THE missionary's name I have forgotten. However, that does not matter, since neither you nor I are acquainted with him. Supposing then that we call him Father Ignatius. His feast comes in February, and he was such a great missionary himself.

In his mission in China, Father Ignatius



Jesus has been giving the same assignment to His missionaries every year since that first time in 33 A.D. Through the superiors of His religious missionary Orders, He tells His missionary priests, Sisters, Catechists, to "go and teach" His people in distant lands or nearer home. He wants all, men, women and children, to be members of His Church, that they may know, love and serve His Father in Heaven.

WHEN such an assignment is given to priest, Sister and Catechist after their years of preparation in seminary or motherhouse, they go to the mission field with an eager heart, ready to face every situation—and expecting most anything to happen. They are usually right. Most anything can happen to a missionary. Sometimes he finds himself in a situation that is serious, calling for plenty of prayer and much grit and courage, if the souls at stake are to be rescued for Heaven. (You may be sure that it is always souls that are at stake. Missionaries fight and work and sweat and pray only for this; never for money or pleasure, or that they may conquer a neighbor's country.)

Sometimes the situation is both serious and amusing. It gives the missionary many laughs at himself, and much to write home about. A missionary in China found himself face to face with such a situation not many months ago. He told the story of his plight in a letter to one of the Catechists, and now I share it with you, our Loyal Helpers.

has an orphanage for abandoned babies. There are about thirty babies there, and several missionary Sisters take care of them—or did, until the war got under way in dead earnest. Then the Sisters were taken away. It was several weeks before others could get through to replace them. But babies cannot live several weeks without loving care. Father Ignatius found that it was up to him to be father and mother, big sister and big brother, to thirty abandoned baby orphans. Imagine that! He dressed and fed and bathed and amused them, trying to keep them laughing and contented all day long . . . and sound asleep at night. The situation sounds amusing to us when written down, and perhaps now it does to Father Ignatius too. But during those few weeks we may be sure that Father Ignatius was much too busy taking care of his family of thirty to be amused.

The Vacant House

THE missionaries in the West, South and Southwest of our own America often find themselves in situations as serious, and situations as amusing, as do missionaries in foreign lands. The story of one such experience is told by a Missionary Catechist in California. She writes:

"The modern trend for sensation once caused the disruption of my noon-hour class. On the lot across from the school, where we teach catechism in an outdoor classroom, stands a large old weather-beaten house. It has been vacant for some time.

LENTEN SUPPLICATION

by Mary Gene Macomber
Immaculate Heart College
Hollywood, California

Oh Lord,
You looked upon the deaf and blind
And gave them ears and eyes;
You looked with love upon the dumb
And made them gently wise.

Oh, Lord, you gave Yourself to us,
You gave Yourself in death;
You gave Your love, Your heart, Your strength
You gave Your last sweet breath.

Oh Lord,
You taught us how to love like Thee,
As only God could love;
You taught us meek humility
Though Infinite King above.

You gave all-light, all-love, all-life,
And did not count the cost;
Oh give us now the grace to find
These gifts which we have lost.

"The other day while teaching a catechism class at twelve-thirty, I heard a loud commotion behind me. Turning around, I discovered a group of shouting, excited children running towards me. When I inquired the reason for this unexpected visit they informed me that some one had told them there was a dead body in the house, and that I was guarding it. I assured them that there wasn't anything to the story, but that someone was trying to play a joke on them. One little boy who had never seen a Catechist before pointed to my habit and very skeptically asked, 'Well, if it isn't true, then why are you wearing that outfit.'

"After explaining why I wore a habit—that I was a religious and it showed that I belonged to God—I finally decided to take the children into the vacant house and let them investigate for themselves. By the time the inspection was completed, the one o'clock bell rang for school. The children, both Catholics and non-Catholics, returned to school much relieved with the results of their search."

A Deeper Meaning

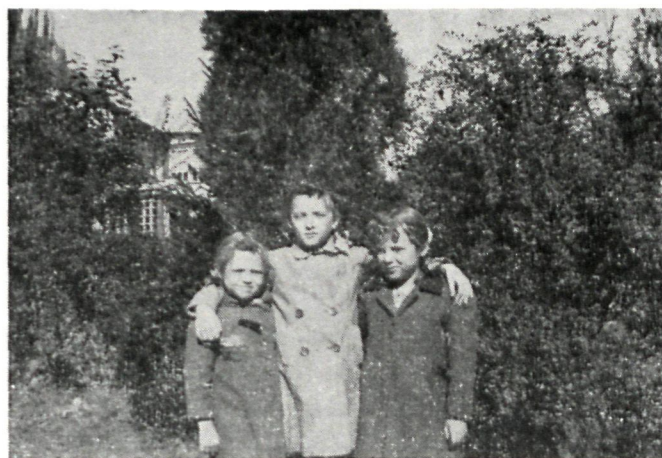
CATECHIST'S story tells us something more than a strange situation in which she found herself one day during her noon-hour catechism class. It tells us that even in the big cities of our own country there are

boys and girls who do not know God's priests, Sisters or Missionary Catechists, and do not understand why they live and act as they do. In other words, they know nothing about Religion—the true Religion of Christ, nothing about God. Many have learned to hate or despise or make fun of these things, which are dearer to us than our own families.

It is for boys and girls like these, as well as for boys and girls who are Catholic, that the Catechists go to the West and Southwest. It is for those who have not had our chance to go to a Catholic school, where we learn to know, love and serve God, that I ask you again to join us in a crusade of prayer for our missions.

Will you? You may do so even if you do not care to write and tell me so. Simply decide on one day of the week—Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, or any other you may choose—and offer it to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for His Missionary Catechists. If you have a favorite missionary, you may offer it for her. If you have a favorite mission, you may offer it for the Catechists there. Or you may prefer to offer it for a particular intention of all the Catechists; for their First Communion classes, for their converts, for their fallen-away Catholics, for the children they visit and teach in the Sanitarium, for older boys and girls in their teens who have not yet made their First Communion.

OFFER that one day for your Catechist, for your mission, or for all the Catechists, every week. What a powerful "behind the lines" help you will be! And oh, you could never count the blessings of grace and happiness that God will give you in return.



Eileen, Patricia and Violet O'Neill, a trio of Loyal Helpers in Upper Darby, Pa. Their apron raffle gained us 300 Pennies of Sunshine for that Sun's Line Mile of Pennies.



Our Lady of Lourdes.
pray for us.

Books Received

LITURGICAL WORSHIP, a Historical Inquiry into Its Fundamental Principles, by the Reverend Joseph A. Jungmann, S.J., translated by a Monk of St. John's Abbey, with a forward by the Rt. Rev. Alguin Deutsch, O.S.B., Abbot of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. Order from Frederick Pustet Co. (Inc.) New York and Cincinnati. \$1.25.

A LIGHT TO MY PATHS by the late Reverend Peter Lippert, S.J., well-known ascetical writer and orator. English version by Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D. of Cleveland, Ohio. Order from Frederick Pustet Co. (Inc.) New York and Cincinnati. \$2.50.

PLEASE send your mission boxes directly to one of our centers listed below:

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.

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.

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

Pre-ious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.

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

Mount Carmel Mission, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.

Sacred Heart Mission, 4860 Oleett Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.

Our Lady of Victory Mission, 435 Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

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

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 720 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 172, Winnemucca, Nevada.
Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.

St. Coletta's Mission, Grants, New Mexico.

Blessed De Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Box 671, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N., San Angelo, Texas.
Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 524 West Fourth South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.

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

Holy Rosary Mission, Box 209, Bingham Canyon, Utah.

Letters

from 2500 Club Members

(See page 20)

"It is impossible for me to support a Catechist alone and so I am eager to add my small offering to the contributions of others who, as members of the 2500 Club, are uniting to help keep the Catechists in our needy home missions. Thank you for remembering me in your prayers."

"I am enclosing my usual monthly offering of \$1.00, which I am always glad to send. I want to ask prayers for my special intention."

"I am glad you reminded me of my monthly offering toward the 2500 Club. I am over eighty and very forgetful. Enclosed is a check for five dollars. Please let me know how I stand for I want to keep up my membership."

"I am a member of your 2500 Club but I believe I have not paid my dollar for some months. I hope to catch up now. Enclosed is a money order. I read THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST regularly and truthfully say that I am impressed at the wonderful work your Society is accomplishing."

"I am enclosing \$5.00 as an offering in honor of Mary, Queen of our Hearts, to be used to help support a Catechist. Thank you for the privilege of sharing in the Catechists' noble work."

"I am enclosing my small monthly donation toward your admirable work. I sincerely wish I might be able to send a larger sum."

"As a member of the 2500 Club I am sending twelve dollars towards the support of the Catechists in the missions. I am happy to be able to help in so great a work. Please pray for my intentions."

"Enclosed is my offering of \$1.00 which as a member of the 2500 Club I am happy to send monthly to help support a Catechist in the home mission field."

"I am enclosing twelve dollars towards the 2500 Club. I know what wonderful work the Catechists are doing for the salvation of souls and so as long as I am able to work I will send my monthly offering of \$1.00."

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. N. C. Heinrich, Evanston, Illinois.

Thomas McHugh, Chicago, Illinois.

Michael Wallace, Chicago.

James J. Wall, Chicago.

Thomas Moran, Chicago.

Edward Farrell, Oak Park, Illinois.

Mrs. Elizabeth Whoenker, A.C.M., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Mrs. Sherdie Krebs, New Orleans, La.

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

In Desert Land

by Catechist Catherine Durkin

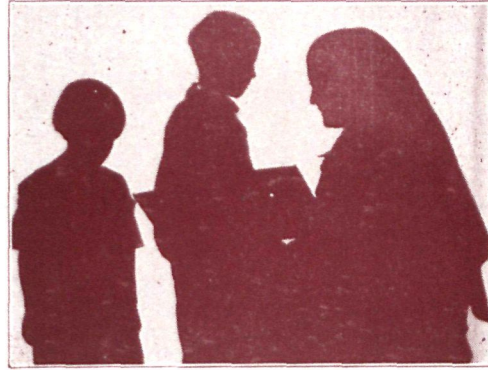
A YOUNG man traveling through Nevada the first time exclaimed cynically, "What an ideal place to love one's neighbor! There would be so few of them."

THOUGH Nevada is desert country and sparsely settled, yet it has a God-given beauty that cannot be found elsewhere. Twice a month, while the town of Winnemucca is still wrapped in sleep, two of us start for our most distant mission. Rabbits scurry across our path and an occasional coyote darts after a luckless rabbit as the sun rises over the mountains to the east, coloring the clouds and lighting up the crevices in the hills about us. We travel north for thirty-five miles on highway 95; then on dirt road for the next sixty-nine miles. As we draw closer to our journey's end we can see a few houses on the side of a hill. That is Denio.

DENIO is on the Nevada-Oregon state line. We do not have many pupils but those we have are earnest. Eagerly they look forward to our coming.

THIS is the fourth year of teaching in Denio. That the people have profited by our visits can be seen from the reception given a Protestant minister who tried to evangelize the town. The minister called on one mother and asked her to allow the children to attend his services. The mother answered, "We are Catholics and when it is possible we go to Mass in Winnemucca. We cannot be good Catholics and go to your church."

THE minister then tried to get the children interested but he failed in this



also. After three or four attempts, he gave up. The Protestant Sunday School is now disbanded because there are not enough non-Catholics and our loyal Catholics refuse to swell their congregation.

WE finish our work at Denio and start for Quinn River Crossing. A road sign just south of Quinn River reads: "Leonard Creek, twenty-one miles." We turn off here and the road takes us between mountain ranges to a lovely ranch in the hills. This is Leonard Creek, one of the most hospitable ranches in this hospitable state. We teach at this ranch, and spend some time in friendly visiting. Then we are on the road again, this time going homeward. Before we reach highway 95 the sky is once more ablaze with beauty as the sun sinks in the west. Completing two hundred and fifty miles of travel over a ribbon-like trail across mountains and through valleys, we at last arrive at our convent home, at the close of a full day.

Catholic chaplains are asking you to help them keep our Catholic boys in the service supplied with rosaries. Ask your friends and relatives for their whole, unused rosaries and send them directly to
THE CHAPLAINS' AID ASSOCIATION, Inc.
401 West 59th St.
New York, N. Y.

Big Things

THERE is satisfaction in knowing that you are doing BIG THINGS; and when those BIG THINGS are for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, that satisfaction becomes a deep joy which wipes away the memory of any sacrifice that the DOING entails.

OUR 2500 CLUB is doing BIG THINGS for God and for souls. It is helping support the Catechists in the missions, and through them it is reclaiming many, many adults to the Church and instructing thousands of public school children annually in Catholic Doctrine.



THE 2500 CLUB is composed of men and women who agree to pay a dollar a month for one year towards the support of the Catechists in the missions. These offerings of one or two individuals would not amount to very much, but when the monthly offerings of many are gathered into a special fund, that fund provides the support of several missionaries and BIG THINGS are the result.

THE aim of the 2500 CLUB is to enlist enough volunteer members—twenty-five hundred of them—to support 100 Catechists at their posts. Then the Catechists could go freely, without the burden of financial worries, to give spiritual and temporal succour to the poorest of the poor wherever they may be in our home land.

WILL you volunteer for membership in the 2500 CLUB now? You too can taste the joy of doing BIG THINGS for God. Read what some of the members say. Their letters appear on page 18.

Application for a year's membership in the 2500 CLUB

Please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB for one year.
I shall pray for the Missionary Catechists and contribute one dollar each month towards their support.

Name

Address