

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 36

NOVEMBER 1960

Number 10



Little Feet ... and Sister's Intentions

by SISTER EVELYN MARIE



HAVE you ever been inspired by
... feet?

Yes, I said feet; human feet! Many times I have been inspired by the feet of little children. Several times a day, in fact! It happens like this . . .

Before we say our prayers at the opening and close of our religion class I solicit intentions from my pupils. Having secured one from the girls and one from the boys, I try to lead them to an attitude of recollection before we actually begin to pray, by saying: "Let's close our eyes and think about God and love Him with all our hearts."

In the act of lowering my own eyes, I invariably become aware of the row of small feet directly beneath my gaze. Immediately I am led to make a few silent "extra intentions" as I reflect somewhat along these lines . . .

Billy is here today, Lord; the first time in months. Please help him with Your grace to continue regularly from now on. And there is Elaine who just never gets to Holy Mass on Sundays. I know it isn't entirely her fault, but will You do something about the indifference of her parents in this regard? I see Tommy, our little "wiggly worm," is here as usual. Bless his heart. He does try, but how seldom does he succeed in being anything but a distraction to the others. Maybe You will give him a little extra help today . . .

More than one happy answer has resulted from these rapidly made intentions, and I have had occasion to thank God that . . .

*Little feet on the floor before me
Raise my heart to the God above me.*

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

November 1960

No. 10 Vol. 36

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana



Victory Noll Press

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COVER

Sister Mary Martin ties a large bright bow on the fruit basket as she puts the finishing touches to the Thanksgiving Day decorations in the convent dining room.

CREDITS

Cover photo by Sister Evelyn Marie; p. 9, Church Studio, Norwalk, California.

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Navajo School

by SISTER ESTELLE



Mary Etsitty and Alberta Ganado faithfully help the sisters to prepare the altar every Sunday for Holy Mass.

"THEY are coming now!"

These words signaled the beginning of another year of work with the Navajo Indian boys and girls in Inter-mountain School near Brigham City, Utah. It was 3:30 p.m. on the first Saturday in September.

Boys and girls literally poured out of the large auditorium across the street from the chapel. We waited on the porch, ready with our greetings. The children had been attending a movie. This was only one group of the more than 2000 enrolled at the school. Because of such a large registration, any function in the auditorium takes place three times.

A large number of these students walked sedately away toward the near-

The Missionary Catechist

Convent Addresses

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

ARIZONA

357 N. SECOND ST.
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

120 PLUM STREET
NOGALES, ARIZONA

CALIFORNIA

506 SOLDANO AVENUE
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

1166 K STREET
BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA

545 ENCINAS AVENUE
CALEXICO, CALIFORNIA

10191 CENTRAL AVENUE
MONTCLAIR, CALIFORNIA

45-358 DEGLET NOOR
INDIO, CALIFORNIA

161 SOUTH FETTERLY AVENUE
LOS ANGELES 22, CALIFORNIA

943 SOUTH SOTO STREET
LOS ANGELES 23, CALIFORNIA

1143 FIFTH STREET
LOS BANOS, CALIFORNIA

598 LAINE STREET
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

10264 RINCON STREET
PACOIMA, CALIFORNIA

1205 WEST CRESCENT AVENUE
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

1747 KEARNEY AVENUE
SAN DIEGO 2, CALIFORNIA

1669 COLUMBIA STREET
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA

563 WEST O'FARRELL STREET
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

222 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET
SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA

OLD MISSION SANTA INES
BOX AA
SOLVANG, CALIFORNIA

120 SOUTH F STREET
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

1151 WEST WOOD ST.
WILLOWS, CALIFORNIA

COLORADO

178 SOUTH SIXTH AVENUE
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

14 WEST COSTILLA STREET
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

2161 TREMONT PLACE
DENVER 5, COLORADO

306 FOURTEENTH AVENUE
GREELEY, COLORADO

518 WEST SECOND STREET
LAJUNTA, COLORADO

529 SOUTH FIFTH STREET
MONTROSE, COLORADO

FLORIDA

331 WEST ARCADE
CLEWISTON, FLORIDA

125 HICKORY STREET
SEBRING, FLORIDA

INDIANA

3868 BLOCK AVENUE
EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

1103 SOUTH CALHOUN STREET
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

778 LINCOLN STREET
GARY, INDIANA

1385 VAN BUREN STREET
GARY, INDIANA

338 SOUTH OAK STREET
KENDALLVILLE, INDIANA

BOX 37
SAN PIERRE, INDIANA

1009 EAST DAYTON STREET
SOUTH BEND 14, INDIANA

IOWA

BOX 14
DELHI, IOWA

KENTUCKY

264 SUNSET AVENUE
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

MASSACHUSETTS

R.F.D. 1
WEST HARWICH, MASS.

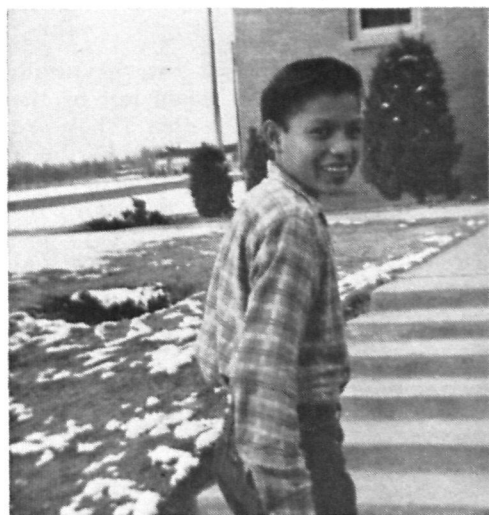
MICHIGAN

290 ARDEN PARK
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

by dormitories. Another gratifyingly large number headed toward the chapel.

In their quiet, refined manner some of them greeted us shyly. Many said nothing at all. We knew that the question uppermost in their minds was, "Will there be confessions?" That is why they were coming to the chapel and yet no one inquired.

In one glance the Indian boys and girls looked to see if any of the sisters they had known last year were on the porch. When they saw a newcomer, they looked quickly away. Yet one could sense that in that short glance the newcomer had faced a stiff test and that the children had taken her measure. Months were to pass before I came to understand them. Their shy, reticent manner is difficult to penetrate but as we become better acquainted with them, we find them to be very lovable.



Henry Yazzi, personable Navajo teenager.

One thing that it does not take long to learn is that the Navajo loves a good joke. Their humor is of the quiet kind. Rarely is there an outburst of laughter. Sometimes only a smile in their eyes betrays their amusement. Toward the end of the school year smiles come more readily and warm, sincere friendships are formed.

As the children gathered in the chapel this September afternoon, Father's station wagon arrived. Two Jesuit Fathers from St. Henry's parish in town were soon busy hearing confessions. On the reservation in Arizona or New Mexico, many Indian families live many miles from the trading post and still farther from the church. Hence the children, deprived of the sacraments during their summer vacation, flocked to confession on the first Saturday.

Each succeeding week there were long lines at the confessional, for most of these boys and girls receive Holy Communion every Sunday. The "stray sheep" whom we round up during the year, and the newly baptized cause the lines to grow each week.

While confessions are in progress "orderly confusion" reigns in the chapel itself. The Blessed Sacrament, of course, is not reserved here. It is an inter-denominational chapel. We sisters are seated in different parts of the chapel giving individual instructions to those who need it. Our regular religion classes are held on weekdays.

It is interesting to observe the children moving quietly here and there in the chapel. It always amazes me to see so many teenagers in one place and to hear so little noise. On Saturday afternoons the students are free from classes and duties. Some of them come

to chapel just for a place to go. They will sit in the rear seats and read Catholic books and comics.

Here and there in the chapel one can see groups of two or three engaged in earnest, quiet conversation. These groups are friends, aiding one another in their examination of conscience. In a little while they will stand up and take their places in the confession line.

Beginning in November something new is added to this "orderly confusion" on Saturday afternoons. Those who have been under instruction since the previous year or longer are baptized. These baptisms take place in the sanctuary since there is, of course, no baptistry. A large silver bowl substitutes very nicely for the font.

Each group for baptism has five or more children in it. Sometimes there are twelve in the group. Father often repeats the ceremony for two or three different groups. These pupils have been registered as Catholic by their parents, but for some reason or other, they were not baptized as infants. Now, after instructions, they freely choose to become members of the Mystical Body of Christ. One cannot describe the happy smiles of the teenage Navajo boys and girls as they step down from the sanctuary, the light of sanctifying grace shining in their eyes.

Roll call time at 5:15 p.m. finds the chapel almost deserted as the pupils hurry to their respective dormitories to prepare for the evening meal. We sisters, tired but happy, gather up our comics and catechisms and put them away for another Saturday.

Two Masses are offered at Intermountain on Sunday. The first Mass,



"Let me carry the Mass kit, Sister!" says this lad to Sister Stephen'e.

at 7:00 is in the chapel; the second one, at 10:30, is in the auditorium. Juniors and seniors are permitted to walk to St. Henry's for one of the Masses if they wish.

When we arrive at Intermountain at 6:30, dark spectres loom out of the bushes near the chapel door. They are the Indian children who have been quietly awaiting the opening of the chapel. Another long line is formed for confession. Some of the older boys and girls work in town on Saturday and are not able to go to confession with the others. Two priests are again busy. One Father continues to hear confession all during Mass and sometimes after Mass. Nearly all the children return for the second Mass.

At the early Mass the children who were baptized the previous week receive their First Communion. The boys wear white shirts if they have one.

We have veils for the girls to wear. They wear white blouses if they can, but their skirts are always as many colored as Joseph's coat.

Due to the kindness of some mission-minded benefactors, we are able to give a leaflet missal to each child.

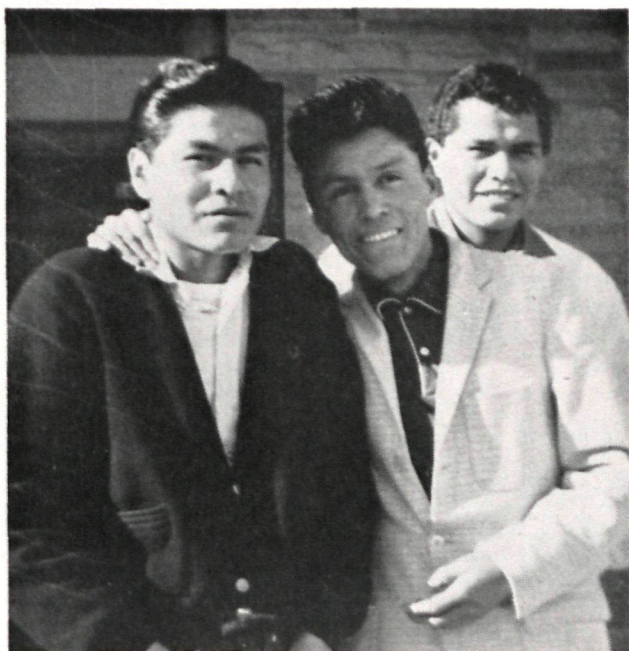
The parts of the Mass are announced over the microphone. In this way the children learn to follow the Mass. When they get older and have money of their own, almost all buy a large missal and faithfully bring it to Mass.

The quiet simplicity of these teenagers makes it a joy to work with them. Most of them were shepherders until they were corralled and sent off to school. It takes them months to over-

come their shyness. There is, of course, a language handicap and that accounts for much of their shyness. Now, however, more and more students are coming to Intermountain with a knowledge of English. This is because there are more opportunities now for them to attend schools on the reservation.

Though we refer to our Intermountain students as children, many of them are in their middle teens. Some are younger, but others are actually young men and women. Intermountain is divided into four schools or departments. Some of the older students are given intensive vocational training.

We have many hopes for these Indian youth. They show great promise for the future and for the spread of the Faith among the Navajos at home.



Young Navajos like these will be real leaders of their people.

The catechetical apostolate is not just for girls and women. Young men like Benny who are devoting themselves to it find great satisfaction in doing so.

Assistant Catechist

by SISTER MARY LAWRENCE

IT was the week before classes were to begin. I was cleaning my teaching center and trying to put things in order when a young eighteen-year-old boy passed by, stopped to introduce himself, and offered to help. He had won a scholarship to the University of Redlands and would attend school there during the year.

I had been looking for a helper so I asked Benny if he thought he could give a little time two days a week to the catechetical apostolate. With a large group of children it is almost impossible to check each one for the work assigned unless it is written work that the teacher can take home. And if you do not hear the lesson or prayer or whatever it is, the child will say to himself, "Why study? Sister doesn't know whether I study or not."

When I hear a boy or girl say this, I answer, "God knows whether you study. That is really the only thing that matters."

But when only God knows, they do not always study very hard!

Benny was quite willing to help

me and proved himself very faithful. In fact, in all my years of teaching I found him to be the best helper I ever had. His kindness and patience with the children were remarkable. I was amazed to see how much the children liked him and respected him.

One day I remarked, "You certainly understand children."

Benny answered simply, "I like children. I have seventeen brothers and sisters."

Then I learned that all seventeen are living except one. He had been killed in a car accident only a short time before.

One day Benny did not arrive. The children kept asking where he was. I had to tell them that I had no idea, but I knew he must have had a good reason for missing class. Surely he would have sent word if he could.

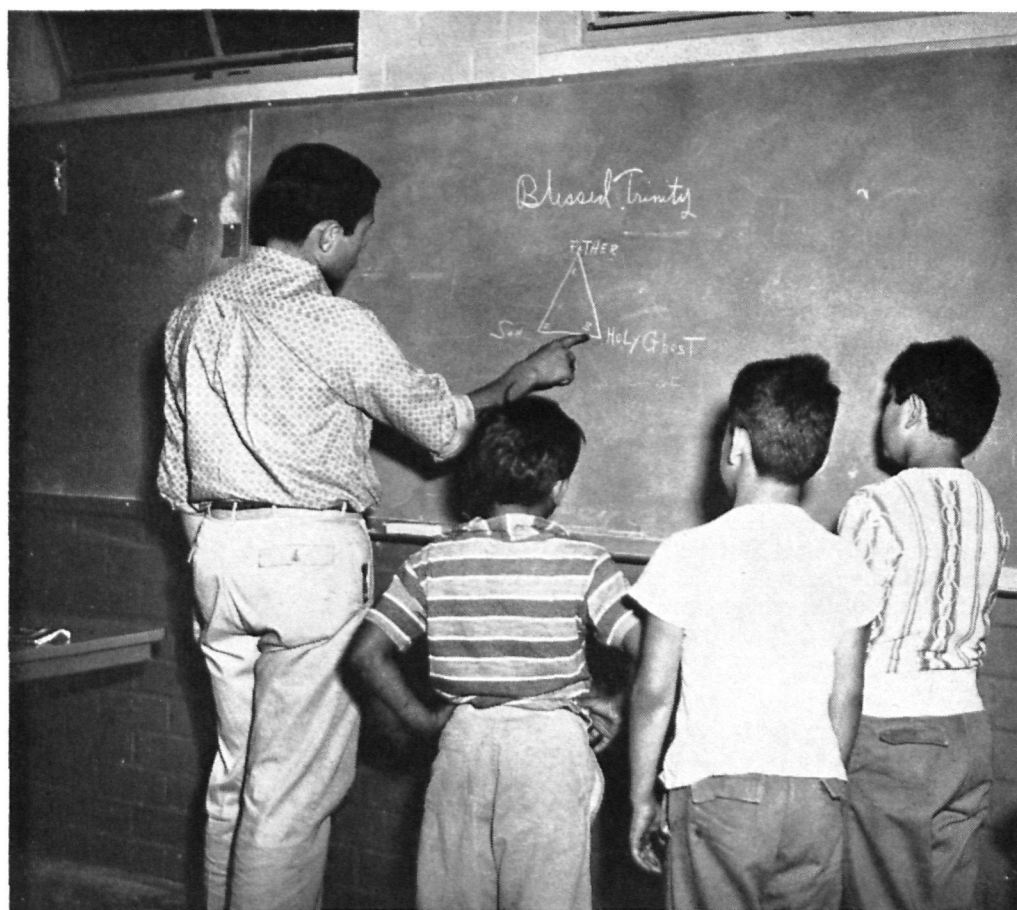
The next day we learned that Benny had been seriously injured in an automobile accident. He and a Catholic friend from the university had gone to

visit their homes—about 260 miles away - over the weekend. On their return trip they had an accident only about fifteen miles from Redlands. Benny's friend was killed outright and he himself seriously injured.

We visited Benny quite often during the month he was in the hospital. At first he was very ill and in constant pain; yet he never complained. It was wonderful to see how much his Faith meant to him during this time.

Although, when Benny finally returned to school, he had to use crutches, he insisted on continuing to help with the children. This meant a walk of four extra blocks - and on crutches.

Like so many other lay people who help with the religious instruction of public school children, Benny had learned what a wonderful source of grace is the apostolate. Like others, too, he was willing to make many sacrifices to continue the work.



Like Benny of Sister Mary Lawrence's story, Bill de la Torre, Los Angeles, is another apostolic young man who helps the sisters. Bill offers the added attraction of playing football with the boys after class.

It is regrettable to report that Mrs. Patton, who wrote this article, was seriously injured recently when she was struck by an automobile on her way home from daily Mass. We ask our readers to pray for her that she will recover soon. Meanwhile, the children ask every day when their beloved teacher is coming back to them. Like all Confraternity teachers, Mrs. Patton found the work

Difficult But Worth It

by ROSE V. PATTON

LAST year a friend of mine casually told me that she was attending a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Teacher Training Course conducted by Our Lady of Victory Sisters at Our Lady of Guadalupe hall in San Bernardino. Immediately I was interested and joined the group.

Having completed the course I offered my services to Sister Mary Catherine. She put me right to work in one of the parishes. I assisted her with children in the lower grades from the surrounding public schools on Wednesdays and again on Thursdays at another center.

The physical arrangements were novel to me who had been a public school teacher all my life. The classes on Wednesdays were held in the sacristy of a church and the appointments were very meager.

At the Thursday center they were still worse. We had to teach in a garage

surrounded by junk. Some rustic benches were provided by the parish for the children to sit on. One group sat on the benches in the garage; the other group sat on boxes and old carpet remnants outside the garage - to the back of it. I was intrigued by Sister's ingenuity in arranging boards, boxes, and cans on which to place her visual aids.

A variety of races was represented in both teaching centers. Some of the children were from broken homes; others came from homes in which wedding vows were ignored. In one case the father did not care *where* his children attended religion classes, and one child - God bless her - chose to come to us. There were, then, both physical and spiritual problems to be met.

Next I was asked to help in still another parish. This was also "below the tracks" but a bit nearer to the north side. I had to take the bus every Monday and be there by one o'clock, conducting three classes between then and five when I returned on the bus, tired but satisfied with my day's work.

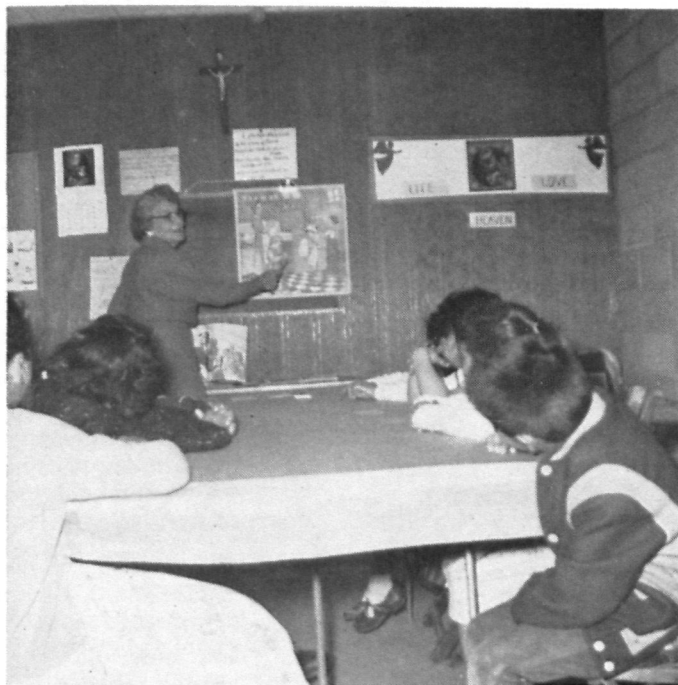
At this place we met in the parish hall and had long tables and chairs (adult size) for the small children. Since there was no storage place in which to keep our supplies safe from meddling hands, we had to carry them to and fro. But we did have walls on which we could display things!

Our teaching, of course, is carried on through motivation of the senses, by use of pictures, charts, flash cards, dramatics, stories, hymns, etc. We have a good course of study for each grade and I am pleased to note that the methods therein are similar to those I used so long in the public schools.

At times I am dismayed as well as amused at the answers the children give, and very often my ego is deflated. The use of "braise" for "praise," "lard" for "Lord," "race" for "grace," "only Ghost" for "Holy Ghost" may be the result of a language problem as well as one of comprehension.

When I asked the meaning of "hallowed," one little chap - eyes beaming - said, "That's when the witches come and we have fun."

Though the work is hard, it is compensating to see God's truths grow in the minds and hearts of His children.



Mrs. Patton teaching in the center where her first graders sat on adult-size chairs at adult-size tables.

One day after class Edith, a Puerto Rican girl, asked me, "What is poetry?"

After I explained as well as I could, Edith replied, "Thank you, Sister. I wanted to know because I have to bring it to church on Sunday."

Then I realized what she was talking about. "You mean poultry," I said.

The ladies of the altar society were giving a food shower for the sisters and had published a few suggestions in the church bulletin.

SISTER MARY RUTH

* * *

MYSTERY GAME

I wrote the letters O.P.J.P.M. on the blackboard, but did not explain that they are the Latin initials of the motto of our community: All for Jesus through Mary. Underneath I listed the names of the two teams competing in a catechism game.

Some weeks later a pupil asked, "Sister, when are we going to play that game again?"

"What game?"

"Oh, that O.P.J.P.M. game."

SISTER MARY BERNADETTE

* * *

ONLY DANDELIONS

A very little boy presented me with a bouquet of dandelions.

"You brought me some posies," I exclaimed. "Thank you very much."

My small knight replied, "Oh, I call them dandelions."

SISTER LOUIS MARIE

* * *

Sister: Name the two kinds of contrition.

Hector: The short one and the long one.

In the Home Field



For many years Mr. Colunga of Colton, California, let the sisters use his garage as a teaching center. It was fitting that the first graders pause in front of his home to pray for the repose of his soul only a few minutes after his death.

MILEAGE RECORD

Our new converts are a little compensation for the fact that in five years the mileage we have covered in Nevada is equivalent to three and a half times the distance around the earth. Recently, a family with seven children and two with five were received into the Church. The most treasured convert, however, is an old man eighty-two years of age.

SISTER FRANCES THERESE

* * *

"And how old is the new baby now?" Sister asked a first grader.

The little six-year-old, for whom age is calculated in years only, replied, "Nothing."

RX FOR DOGS

One of the newly professed sisters was assigned to taking census in a district famous — or infamous — for its many dogs. She set out courageously, first arming herself with a formula suggested by one of the other sisters: a squeeze bottle filled with ammonia to shoot at dogs when they came too close for comfort. She was determined to stare the beasts straight in the eye and not give in one inch.

Before she had to resort to the ammonia, however, articles began to appear in the local paper warning of rabid dogs. In a short time the situation became so bad that the whole country was quarantined. No dogs or cats were allowed on the streets. All pets had to be tied or chained.

"Our Lord always provides for our needs," commented Sister.

SISTER CONSUELO

* * *

GOD BLESS YOU!

Little Joey, who is in kindergarten, sat near the confessional while his father was receiving the sacrament of penance. Afterward he inquired, "Daddy, did you sneeze in there? I heard Father say, 'God bless you.'"

SISTER CATHERINE MARIE

* * *

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

The party over, I brought out a pan of sudsy water for the Knights of the Altar to wash their glasses. I was somewhat surprised when they asked for clear water in which to rinse them. "Why, Sister," they said, "you always have to rinse dishes before you dry them."

SISTER MARY ALICE

Hi, SISTER!

It was the first Sunday after our return to our mission after being gone most of the summer. It was almost time for Mass and the church was rapidly filling. In the front seat was a young widowed mother with her five small charges. She was making a valiant effort to keep all five quiet.

Just then I walked down the center aisle. The three-year-old spied me and announced in a shrill but clear voice, "Hey, Mom, one sister came back home." She then waved a tiny hand and called, "Hi, Sister!"

Needless to say, the whole parish was now aware of the fact that the sisters had returned.

SISTER CLARE MARIE

* * *

NO CHANGE

In answer to the question: "What did Jesus do when St. Joseph died?" one of my second-graders wrote: "Jesus took care of Mary and took on all St. Joseph's work, but he never changed the sign over the door—JOSEPH AND JESUS, CARPENTERS."

SISTER DENNIS ROSE



The boys washed the glasses, but they wanted clear water to rinse them.

Our New Postulants



Rita Thimons
Natrona, Pa.



Judith Allard
Punta Gorda, Fla.



Melanie Persche
Three Bridges, N.J.



Barbara Kahley
Dundee, Mich.

OUR postulants are here! By the time you read this, they will be very much at home Around Victory Noll.

The class includes several relatives of our sisters. Palmira Perea from Albuquerque is Sister Maria Carmen's sister. Joanne Karnitz is a niece of Sister Ann Therese, and Rosalind Garcia is a niece of Sister DeMontfort.

Mary Jane Francisco is our very first Navajo subject. She is from Tohatchi, New Mexico, where our sisters work among her people. Mary Jane is a graduate of St. Michael's, Mother Drexel's school, in Arizona.

A number of the other postulants are also from parts of the country where we have convents. They attended our schools of religion or our CCD training courses.

Judith Allard knew our sisters for many years in Punta Gorda, Florida. Barbara Kahley is from Dundee, Michigan, which is a mission from Ida where our convent is located.

Melanie Persche lived in Three Bridges, New Jersey, which is very close to our Flemington center. Breckenridge, Texas, Carolyn Schwind's home, is not far from our Abilene convent.



Judith Blake
Barre, Vt.



Carolyn Schwind
Breckenridge, Tex.



Joyce McCabe
Muskegon, Mich.



Mary J. Francisco
Tohatchi, N. M.



Rose A. Kaiser
Jefferson City, Mo.

Around Victory Noll



Palmira Perea
Albuquerque, N.M.



Catherine Malloy
Tarentum, Pa.



Joanne Karnitz
Milwaukee, Wis.



Mary K. Loughren
Masonville, Iowa

Rosalind Garcia was one of our own pupils in LaJunta, Colorado, and Judith Blake met our sisters in Vermont. Rachel Jaquez, too, knew our sisters in New Mexico.

As our community grows and spreads across the country, it is heartening to know that it is attracting applicants from those places where our sisters are working.

Still with us as we write is the canning season. We peeled our way through eighty-seven crates of peaches and lost count of the number of tomatoes, beans, etc., we prepared for canning and freezing.

Our apple trees are weighed to the ground. It looks like a record year. That means many an apple peeling party during the winter evenings. Our "apple box" is so large that we have apples from one season to the next.

Next month we will have a surprise for you. With the start of a new volume, our thirty-seventh, we are changing our format. It will be the first magazine run on our new press and the change is being dictated by practical reasons. We hope you will like it.



Judith Turnock
Edwardsburg, Mich



Rachel Jaquez
Blanco, N. M.



Rosalind Garcia
LaJunta, Colo.



Loretto Levins
Sea Cliff, N. Y.



Mary Bannantine
Milwaukee, Wis.

Saturday Afternoon Club

by SISTER PAULA

"CAN I help you, Sister?"

"Let me erase the blackboard, Sister. Please let me!"

"Where do I put this, Sister?"

These are the questions that fly back and forth when class is over. With a few simple directions things disappear into their proper places. After a few times the helpers are so proficient that they can do everything without directions at all. This leaves time for me to give some child the individual attention he needs or to do something that only I can do.

Little girls love to help Sister. The more I thought about it, the more I decided that we should make use of such energy. I said to myself, "There are many things that we want to do but just don't seem to get around to. Why not start a sort of club on Saturday afternoons? Children like clubs. Maybe we could call it the Saturday Afternoon Club."

In one of my classes of all girls some of them lived near enough to our convent to be able to come and help. I announced, "We are going to start a club on Saturday afternoons for all the girls who want to come. The meetings will be at our convent next door to the old Holy Trinity Church. It will be a club to help the sisters do different things. You will come at 2:30 and go home about 3:30."

I could hardly finish the announcement when I was deluged with questions.

"Is it for everybody?"

"Can I come, too?"

"What time do we come?"

Everybody was going to come the following Saturday. Of course I knew they would not all come. And what would I do with forty girls anyway? But I did hope that some of them would come.

Saturday came, and at 2:00 one girl arrived. At 2:30 two more came. This was the sum total of the membership for the first day, but I kept the three girls busy cutting paper and mimeographing notes for the next week's classes.

On the following class day when the notes were given out, I heard, "We made these, didn't we, Sister?"

How proud they were of themselves! The other girls could hardly believe it at first, for they thought it meant that the girls had typed each note! They too wanted to be able to do this, but many said they lived too far to come.

This I knew was true so I suggested that Sister John Joseph invite the girls in her class who lived close to the convent. Sister picked out one girl who she was sure would want to come and help. Although she had asked her quietly, speaking only to her, it was not long before the girl next to her said, "Can I come, too?"

Others wanted to know where they were going. This meant more explanations and questions of "Can I come, too?"

As a result, the following Saturday and for some time afterward we had

an increase in membership from both Sister's class and mine.

Each week I had to insist that the meeting started at 2:30. "We'll come at 1:30. OK?" one little girl would say.

"No; 2:30 is the time it starts."

"But let's start at 1:30."

"No; 2:30 is better."

"All right."

Then on Saturday someone would be sure to come at 1:30 or 2:00.

Each week we would try to have something different for them to do, for it was well to keep them wondering, "What are we going to do this time?"

There were always notes of some sort to be run off. There was many a discussion over who would have the privilege of using the little hand mimeograph. Some weeks we pressed ribbons and rolled them onto cardboard. We cut reams of paper for notes. We mounted pictures in many different ways.

The biggest job the girls helped with was the cleaning of x-ray film. The film had been soaked in a lye bath overnight. The girl's job was to clean

off all the excess gelatin after the film was rinsed. After many warnings to be careful not to get any of the solution on themselves, they set about cleaning it with gusto. All offered to come back on Tuesday after school to hang it up to dry after the bleaching process.

Cracking nuts had an added attraction, for they could eat as many as they wanted while they cracked them. The boys who helped Sister John Joseph wash the car enjoyed the nuts too. They came into the patio and helped themselves. For a while shells were flying through the air in a miniature battle, but it soon calmed down.

To make it really a club, a secretary was duly elected to take attendance and make any notes that might be necessary. She very officially called the names and checked the role at the end of each meeting. Making plans for a picnic gave her a chance to make extensive notes.

A cool drink and cookies or doughnuts always topped off the hour's work.

"I'll see you next week. Father is hearing confessions if you'd like to go," I would suggest as they went out the door.

"Yes, Sister. Goodbye, Sister."



"Are there any streaks, Sister?" a girl asks Sister Paula as she holds up the cleaned x-ray film. The boys helped Sister John Joseph clean the car and then they helped themselves to the nuts.

True Devotion to Mary

TRUE devotion is not merely another devotion. It is a way of life.

When we practice the True Devotion we go to Jesus through Mary to our Heavenly Father. It is the most perfect way to reach the Father, the way that Jesus Himself chose.

True Devotion is the perfect renewal of our baptismal vows. When we are baptized, we are born to a new life, the spiritual life, the life of sanctifying grace. Before that we are the slaves of Satan. "Unless a man be born again, he cannot enter into eternal life." John 3, 5.

By this new birth — baptism — the Three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity take up their abode in our soul. We begin to live the life of grace. This is the first step in the spiritual life. It is the Christian Life.

Then when we begin to practice the True Devotion we give ourselves once again — but more completely — to Our Lord. We consecrate ourselves to Him through Our Blessed Mother.

It is a life of love that we embrace. Love is not just a means; it is the end. To attain this end — to love — we must have deep faith and we must exercise the virtue of hope. We can do this more easily by the practice of True Devotion.

True Devotion simplifies the spiritual life. It is all so logical. When we practice it, we have no fears, no difficulties. Everything falls into its proper perspective. We put our poor efforts into Our Blessed Mother's hands. She em-

bellishes them with her own merits so that they attain a great value when she presents them to her Divine Son for us.

There is no phase of the spiritual life with which the True Devotion is incompatible. There can be no conflict in practicing it. See how it fits into the religious life. We give up everything of our own. That is holy poverty. We give up our will, our own desires. This keeps us humble and more ready to practice holy obedience.

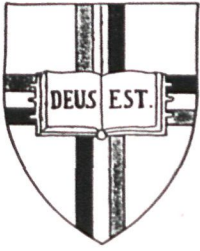
It is easy to see from this that the practice of the True Devotion is the practice of Christian Perfection. It is, indeed, a way of life—the highest form of perfection open to all.

* * *

Do you know that Victory Noll is headquarters for the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of All Hearts? Those who practice True Devotion are eligible for membership. All you have to do is give the date of your act of consecration. You will then receive a certificate of membership.

At Victory Noll, also, is a Secretariate of Enthronement of the Sacred Heart. If the Sacred Heart is not yet enthroned in your home, write today to learn how you can carry out this beautiful ceremony. If you wish, you may obtain an hour for Night Adoration once a month, by writing to Victory Noll. This hour of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus may be made in your own home. Address:

Sister Mary Agnes
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana



Your CCD Question

We have no question this month that is of sufficient interest to share with our readers. The few that come to us have already been answered in these pages. Perhaps everyone was too busy during the summer to take time to write letters. Or perhaps our various parish Confraternities are doing such a good job that questions directed to us are unnecessary.

At any rate, we will use this page to tell you about a teaching arrangement we learned about—an arrangement somewhat different from the usual ones. Since we merely heard of it and have no way of testing its merits, we cannot pass judgment on it. We tell you about it just because it is different and it might be adapted in whole or part to a like situation.

The pastor of a small, out of the way parish has two grades come every day for instructions. Father himself does all the actual teaching. He has eight lay teachers, but their role is really that of helpers, not teachers.

Some of them are there every day to give the children individual attention, helping them with any difficulties, hearing their prayers, and checking the homework that is assigned.

The basement of the church is the catechetical center. The classroom

proper is well equipped with chalkboards, screen, projector, and other visual aids. In the special section where the lay teachers work there are card tables where helper and pupil seat themselves. Also in the basement is a catechetical library containing graded text books and many references.

The high school students attend class on two evenings a week. Whether all come two evenings and are taught together or whether the first two grades come one night and the next two the other night, we do not know. Neither do we know the enrollment of the school of religion.

Such an arrangement certainly makes demands on the pastor, but it shows it can be done.

* * *

Adult religious education classes are being held at Victory Noll this year under the sponsorship of the Huntington deanery Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Father Lester, O.F.M. Cap., of nearby St. Felix Friary, is conducting the course in doctrine. Sister Michael of our own catechetical department, has the classes in methods of teaching and in the other CCD courses.

Such an arrangement makes it more convenient for those adults who found difficulty in traveling to Fort Wayne for the classes. Sister Loretto, newly appointed diocesan supervisor of Confraternity teachers, now conducts the classes in the see city.

Books



Bringing the Mass to the People by the Rev. H. A. Reinhold, D.D. Helicon Press, 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$2.95

Were you surprised at some of the changes that were incorporated in the Holy Week liturgy a few years ago? Were you even shocked a bit, perhaps, when our late Holy Father Pope Pius XII changed the rules for the eucharistic fast?

Perhaps you weren't, but it must be admitted that some Catholics were. It must be admitted, too, that many have not yet caught the spirit of the Holy Week restoration. This is because our people were not properly prepared for these changes.

In order to prevent misunderstanding, and prepare us for the reform of the liturgy Father Reinhold has written this excellent book. This reform has been discussed for at least two generations, though some are not yet aware of its extent. Father Reinhold would inform us about the state of the discussion and the reforms that we are most likely to expect. There is no doubt about it; some of these reforms will seem startling, to say the least, to those who are not prepared for them.

Father Reinhold, then, is not offering suggestions of his own. He does not, as he says, "have a private wire to the authorities." Neither is he disclosing private information. Rome moves slowly, and all of these proposed changes have already been thoroughly discussed at special liturgical congresses (Rome,

Maria Laach, Assisi, Lugano, etc.) and reported in books, magazines, and newspapers.

In making these reforms, the Church is guided by reasons both pastoral and liturgical. Father Reinhold points out these reasons in order to forestall any bewilderment among loyal Catholics.

After setting forth the proposed changes and the reasons for them, the author illustrates them by giving us what he calls a "Sample Mass," choosing for the proper, the Third Sunday after Pentecost.

This is an exciting book. It makes us hope that the reform will come soon. Then we shall have a truer appreciation of what the Mass really is and will become more active members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

That the reform may be fruitful, however, it is absolutely necessary that priests especially be aware of these proposals so that they can explain them to their people. Then there will be little excuse for Catholics to ask, when the reform comes, "Why didn't someone tell us what was going on?"

Father Frederick McManus, president of the Liturgical Conference, has contributed a lengthy and valuable Introduction to this book.

* * * *

Liturgy and the Missions. The Nijmegen Papers. Edited by Johannes Hofinger, S.J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York 8, N. Y. \$5.95

The collection of these papers certainly proves what Father Reinhold says in his book, *Bringing the Mass to the People* (review on this page): The reform of the liturgy is the result, ultimately, of proposals submitted by bishops from all over the world.

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REED CITY, MICHIGAN

MISSOURI

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ELSBERRY, MISSOURI

11 DONALD STREET
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Box 405
KENNETT, MISSOURI

504 SOUTH WASHINGTON
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25 THIRD AVENUE
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SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

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SAN ANTONIO 7, TEXAS

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BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH

635 TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
OGDEN, UTAH

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SALT LAKE CITY..4, UTAH

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SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT

VIRGINIA

628 JEFFERSON STREET
CLIFTON FORGE, VIRGINIA

WYOMING

314 EAST SIXTH STREET
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

Box 904
GREEN RIVER, WYOMING

350 NORTH BERNARD SREET
POWELL, WYOMING

Our Lady of Victory Press
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These papers were given at Nijmegen, Holland, in 1959, at the first International Study Week on Liturgy in the Missions. The assembly, presided over by His Eminence Valerian Cardinal Gracias of Bombay, was made up of thirty-seven missionary bishops, several superiors general of missionary congregations, and one hundred priests, many of them experts in their field.

Of the twenty-seven addresses reported here, fifteen were made by members of the hierarchy. The others were specialists like Father Luykx, O. Praem., Father Gelineau, S.J., and others.

The liturgy has special missionary value, for worship is a pastoral factor of primary importance. With this in mind, these missionaries from all over the world gathered in Holland to engage in fruitful discussions, but not, as Cardinal Gracias emphasized, "to anticipate, by any means, the directions or the decisions of the Holy See, much less to bring pressure on the higher ecclesiastical authorities."

It is interesting to note that the discussions covered many of the same topics treated in liturgical congresses elsewhere although naturally, special emphasis was put on adapting already existing cultures to the liturgy and using more effectively native music and the language of the people.

The background of each contributor is briefly given. The conclusions that were approved are summed up under three heads: On the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, On the Ritual, and On Liturgical Formation. In an appendix are examples of the privileges Rome has granted in recent years to the missions with regard to using the vernacular. An index covering thirteen pages is some indication of the variety of topics treated in these Nijmegen Papers.

Teacher's Handbook for Hi-Time by Sister Marie, O.L.V.M. Hi-Time Publishers, Inc., Box 293, Milwaukee 13, Wis. \$1.00

Hi-Time is a weekly magazine devoted to teaching religion in the Parish High School of Religion. Besides a well-planned course of study, it covers other topics of interest to the teenager. In the short time in which it has been in existence, its circulation has increased spectacularly.

From the very beginning, the publishers of Hi-Time have furnished a Guide-Line designed to help the busy teacher. Now something new has been added — a Handbook to help you use Hi-Time. Yet it is more than that, for it is geared not to Hi-Time exclusively; it covers a much wider field.

For example, Sister Marie discusses at length the important problems of how to attract high school students to class and how to keep them coming. She gives practical suggestions on how to conduct class and what techniques to use.

Among other topics covered are the characteristics of the teenager, the qualities of the religion teacher, the problems that come up in class, suggestions for record keeping, and many other valuable hints. Two final chapters cover the organization of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and where to find teaching aids.

Sister Marie, a member of Hi-Time's Advisory Board, is well qualified by training and experience to prepare such a manual as this. Whether or not you use Hi-Time in your classes, you will find the Handbook invaluable. Like the Guide-Line, it is supplied gratis with bulk orders.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

Chrissy has been coming to Victory Noll since she was a baby. She knows all about the goldfish in the pond at the foot of the hill. She knows where the birds build their nests, where the little chipmunks and the baby squirrels and rabbits live.

The chippies are her special friends, but this time she made a new discovery, and a delightful one. She took her little brother Joe to see it and Martie, too, though he is only a toddler.

When she came back to make her report, she was so excited she was almost breathless and the words simply spilled out. "We saw a lot of little chipmunks and some baby chipmunks in a nest. And then we saw some baby chipmunks that weren't BROWN chipmunks. They were little BLACK chipmunks and they had white stripes going down their backs and had big tails!"

We have known for a long time that those little black chipmunks with the white stripes were around here. We have had plenty of evidence; but it would take somebody like Chrissy to find their nests.

Like Chrissy, animals have always fascinated me. I would like to go to the zoo with her. But whenever I am in a big city that has a good zoo and I say I would like to visit it, no one takes me seriously. Or they just wrinkle up their delicate noses.

It might be only nostalgia and I would not enjoy it so much as I think I would. I might now be glamorizing our childhood excursions to the zoo in Cincinnati. We lived a hundred miles away, but every summer the Hickeys up the street would join us and we would spend a day at the zoo.

The trains conveniently ran morning and evening, and certainly it was an economical outing. We furnished no revenue for the railroad because we were all deadheads. Our fathers worked for the B and O. We brought our own lunch with us. Probably there was an admittance fee. I don't remember; but it could not have been much.

Besides all the fascinating animals there were to see, there was wonderful music to hear. I am not sure whether the famous Cincinnati Zoo Opera was then in existence, but I distinctly remember that there was music — beautiful music — to listen to.

Maybe someday someone will believe that I am not trying to be facetious when I say I would like to go to the zoo, and I will get there again. Meanwhile, I would like so much to investigate the hiding place of the little black chipmunks with the white stripes, but not having Chrissy's simplicity and innocence, I wouldn't dare. SEA

We will remember your intentions in our Solemn Novena for the Feast of the Nativity. Every morning for the nine days preceding Christmas, Holy Mass will be offered for our friends and benefactors. In the evening, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, we will chant the prophecies that foretell the coming of Our Lord. We invite you to unite your intentions with ours.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Julia O'Sullivan, Rosscarbery, County Cork, Ireland, mother of Sister Mary Patrick, O.L.V.M.

Rev. Liguori Nugent, C.S.S.R., Chicago

Mrs. A. C. Kaufman, Decatur, Ill.

Ferd. J. Ley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. T. F. O'Connor, Aurora, Ill.

Catherine Fennell, Darlington, Pa.

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



Mrs. Thiel with the flannel board stand that once was a curtain stretcher.

IF GREAT-GRANDMOTHER could come to the classrooms of our catechetical center in Brown City, Michigan, she would have a very pleasant surprise. Up in the front of the room she would see what had once been her useful tools: a curtain stretcher and a form on which she made dresses. But then, there is a possibility that Grandmother would not recognize them now, for they are part of our modern teaching equipment.

It all started when Mrs. Thiel, our first grade teacher, was rummaging through her attic and came across an old wooden curtain stretcher. Her practical mind was at work and out of it came this idea. Why not cut off those two end pieces and use the one as a stand for a flannel board?

Attic Treasures

by SISTER GRACE

Mrs. Thiel called her husband, told him her plan, and in no time at all he had converted the stretcher into a stand. Mrs. Thiel then covered a large piece of cardboard with flannel and nailed it to the stand. When the other teachers saw the result, they too searched their attics. Now five of them have a most useful and much appreciated teaching tool.

What once was Grandmother's dress form has been a chalkboard for several years. Mrs. Monaghan, another one of our teachers, conceived the idea of taking the form off the stand and attaching a chalkboard in its place. A piece of tin was added to serve as a tray for chalk and eraser.

Have you looked in your attic recently?

For Thanksgiving

O God, whose mercies are without number,
And whose goodness is an infinite treasure,
We give thanks to Thy most gracious majesty
For the gifts Thou hast bestowed on us,
Evermore beseeching Thy leniency,
That as Thou dost grant the petitions of them
that ask Thee,
Thou wilt never forsake them,
But wilt prepare them for the reward to come.
Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son,
Who lives and reigns with Thee
In the unity of the Holy Spirit, God,
For ever and ever.
Amen.

ROMAN MISSAL