



**THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST**

**Volume XXV
February, 1949
Number 3**

Jottings from Panama

by Sister Mary Bernarda

WE have been quite busy the past two weeks entertaining His Excellency, the Argentinian Ambassador to Panama, his charming wife, and sweet little nine-year-old daughter, Maria Christina, who made her First Communion in our chapel yesterday morning. They had been dropping in three or four times a week, as they wanted us to give the final instructions on confession and communion to the little girl.

THE altar and sanctuary were a dream for this First Communion morning! Sister Monica had fifteen dozen white gladioli to decorate with. Maria Christina was accompanied by some of her little friends, children of the other ambassadors. There were several diplomats present. Ambassador and Mrs. Constanzo Escobar both received Holy Communion with their little girl. It was certainly a wonderful example to those present. The music was beautiful. The organist, a Czechoslovakian, is famous throughout the city. There were also two violinists. The girls from Colegio Santa Familia did the singing.

LAST evening after supper Sister Monica and I went over to visit the Sisters at Santa Familia. We hadn't been there for months and we certainly enjoyed the recreation with them. The Maryknoll Sisters from Ancon and Balboa visit us occasionally, so we don't feel entirely forgotten.

THE Papal Nuncio from Costa Rica was here for the inauguration of the new President and he again said Mass for us in our Chapel. We enjoyed our visit with him.

THE new president, Dominguito Diaz Arosemena, took the oath of office on the first Friday of October. Everything went off beautifully and peacefully. Living so near to the Presidencia and to the Teatro Nacional, we saw and heard practically everything that took place, from the presenting of the credentials of the ambassadors from other countries the day before to the colorful parade which took place on our street, with Dominguito being carried on the shoulders of men of his party.

PARADES are an almost every day occurrence here. Many times we have to stop reading, praying, or a class, because a band, or the cavalry, or the bomberos (firemen) are going by in their colorful uniforms, and the noise is terrific.

NOVEMBER 3rd is a national holiday in commemoration of Panama's independence from Colombia in 1903. The city celebrates for three days, and the events which are scheduled to take place are like our Fourth of July celebration, with bull fights and cock fights, as additional features. On November 28 Panama celebrates its independence from Spain in 1821.

WE celebrated Thanksgiving Day with the Maryknoll Sisters. They took us sight-seeing in the morning, then served a delicious turkey dinner, in true American style, at the Ancon Convent.

ON the feast of the Miraculous Medal, patronal feast of our new Panamanian community, we invited the Maryknoll Sisters here for Mass. His Excellency celebrated the Mass and we were delighted that he was in Panama for this occasion. He was to have been in Venezuela for some big celebration, which had to be postponed because of the revolution there. The Maryknoll Sisters helped us with the singing. As none of the Sisters had seen the Archbishop's new palace, we took them over there after breakfast. We visited with His Excellency for more than an hour.

THE Archbishop has invited Sister Monica and the Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Cali, Colombia, on January 25. It is not far from here, about two hours by plane. We have also been invited to attend the Eucharistic Congress in San Jose, Costa Rica, in 1950. The Nuncio invited us on his first visit with us.

SISTER Monica has started giving music lessons to the Novices. She is right behind me now, and all I can hear is "do-mi-sol-do." There are many interesting incidents that we would like to share with our Sisters and friends in the States, but we are pressed for time. In addition to our spiritual exercises and classes, we have to do the shopping, answer door and telephone, meet and talk to people who come to the convent, and supervise everything that has to be done in so large a convent. Do you wonder that Sister Monica and I take a cup of coffee every afternoon in order to keep awake and going? No, we never drank coffee in the States, but this is Panama, and somehow the coffee is—different.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXV

February, 1949

Number 3

Valentines for the Sacred Heart

by Sister Mary Karl

THERE are many things very dear to the Heart of Jesus, and among them we know of one particularly: the Christian, Catholic home. Jesus blessed marriage at Cana. He insisted to the Apostles that the little children be permitted to come unto Him. He has not changed since the days of Galilee, and so we know His blessing goes out today to those united in Christian marriage and to the little ones with whom God has blessed them.

IT may be news to you who read, that among our Catholic homes today there is a movement to gratify the Heart of Jesus in His desire to be beloved by families and by children; to make our American homes "His Valentines," by a special exchange of mutual affection between the family and the Sacred Heart. It is called the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the home. It is a very simple thing, but so full of life, so full of love, that no Catholic family should let it slip by them. Here is a very short history and general description of the movement enthusiastically expressed in a letter written some years ago:

"HAVE you ever heard of Father Mateo, the priest who is spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart in the form of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home? This devotion has been spreading in our parish, and just a few weeks ago a small group of us had the privilege of hearing Father Mateo speak. A few days before Father Mateo's talk, we heard Father Crane, who told us that Father Mateo is a very saintly man. Father Mateo was born in South America and became a missionary Father. He became seriously ill and decided to go to the chapel where Our Lord appeared to St. Margaret

Mary. There Father Mateo was miraculously cured, and he received the inspiration to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart in the form of the Enthronement in the home and Night Adoration in the home. They say Father Mateo is now world famous and this devotion has spread through many countries. We learned of it during the month of May when we were invited to a friend's house to witness the Enthronement there. It was beautiful.

"ON the First Friday of July we were privileged to have it in our own home. Father Maly, our parish priest, came to our home and blessed the picture and read the prescribed prayers, and those of us present (we, too, invited friends) recited the prayers of dedication. It is a beautiful ceremony, and if you have never read of it I'll be glad to forward a pamphlet to you, telling all about it. We also have become Night Adorers: that is, once a month we spend one hour during the night in prayer in atonement for sins committed during the night. Father Mateo has promised to come back to our parish during the month of December and this time address the whole parish. His intention on his first visit was to meet the Night Adorers. If you have not yet heard him speak, I hope you have the opportunity some day."

ANOTHER letter a few months later added: "I want to say I certainly will and have remembered your work during my hours of Night Adoration. I don't know whether I told you our night for adoration is the third Friday of each month. Of course, there are only three of us in the house so only three hours of that night

(Continued on page 18)

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with Ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50 Canada and Foreign. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

O. B. L. V. Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

A Page from Her Diary

by a Postulant

OCTOBER 28—Entrance day, the early beauty of a Wisconsin morning, last minute packing, checking train connections, an early breakfast. Then to the depot, my mind filled with thoughts of a great adventure and yet not without certain vague misgivings. Chicago, Huntington, Sisters at the station to meet me, Victory Noll—my future home, Mother Catherine at the door with a smiling, "Welcome to Victory Noll."

The remainder of the day a blur of twenty-one new faces and twenty-one new names, numerous questions asked and answered, the discovery that postulants were just ordinary girls like myself, teachers, stenographers, clerks, nurses, girls just out of high school. But the ordinary girls were here to begin preparation for an extraordinary life work. I took my place among them. . . .

OCTOBER 30—"This evening you will meet Bishop Noll," said Sister early today. Imagine our consternation! What would we say to him? But our concern was so unnecessary. The evening was a most pleasant one. After we were presented to His Excellency, he led the conversation, and soon we found ourselves listening to a most interesting account of his visit with Theresa Neuman. When later the talk turned to some of the Bishop's good fish stories, I felt even more at home. How I, too, had enjoyed fishing, as I perched on the banks of the Mississippi.

NOVEMBER 4—Our first week at Victory Noll is over. We know each other better, we feel at home with our Postulant Mistress, we've met the Novices, but we still haven't mastered the art of being at the right place at the right time when the bell rings for prayers, for our various classes, or for recreation. Somehow we manage the bell for meals more easily.

NOVEMBER 25—Thanksgiving holidays. No Christian Doctrine, Spanish, sociology, or other classes until Monday. And what a feast! Not to mention the movie shown in the auditorium. We all enjoyed it thoroughly.

DECEMBER 8—Today, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, marked the close of our Forty Hours Devotion. Oh, the peace of these days spent so close to our Eucharistic Lord. Thank You, dear God, for this opportunity to approach

nearer You. Christmas is coming, too. Just a few days ago a postulant voiced the feelings of many of us when she said, "This will be my first Christmas away from home. How I dread it!"

DECEMBER 25—"This is the happiest Christmas I've ever had!" How many times have we postulants said those very words today! And how many times have we laughed over our glum prediction of a few weeks ago. The convent is a fairyland of evergreens, candles, and wreaths, which were fashioned but a few days ago by professed Sisters, Novices, and Postulants, in loving anticipation and in preparation for His coming.

We had the closing of our solemn Christmas Novena yesterday afternoon. Then an early supper and to bed for a few hours' rest. Shortly before eleven-thirty we heard the soft strains of organ and violin, then the voices of the Novices as they came through the corridors singing the Christmas hymns. We arose, dressed quickly, and went to the chapel. What a beautiful sight! Poinsettia banked altars, and the Crib beautiful beyond words. Soon followed the Midnight Mass in all its splendor; our Christmas Communion—when we seemed to realize more than ever Christ's presence in the Eucharist; two Masses following the Midnight Mass; breakfast in the beautifully decorated auditorium, then to the postulancy for our Christmas gifts and mail. Do you wonder that some of us found no further need of sleep that night?

JANUARY 1—A whole year lies ahead. Looking back upon the Old Year and recalling all my unfounded fears, the words of Our Lord, "O, ye of little faith!" appear strikingly significant. My want of confidence, my hesitancy in following Him, and my vague misgivings as I embarked upon my life's work, have often deserved this reprimand. Yet He, in His infinite goodness, urged me on, and now, God willing, on August fifth of this New Year I shall be received into His service as a Missionary Sister. O, Lord, make me worthy.

JANUARY 12—I'm sorry to leave you here. There is so much more to tell. Just now, though, examinations have a way of claiming all our extra time. And so, with a tinge of regret, I bid you adieu in behalf of the postulants of Victory Noll.



by Sister Blanche

YES, we worked with migratories! That statement implies a certain amount of accomplishment, for a migratory worker is on the move constantly, or nearly so.

IN the summer of 1948, fourteen hundred laborers and their families helped harvest approximately thirty-eight hundred acres of tomatoes in Huntington County, Indiana, alone. Adjoining counties also depend upon migratories to harvest their tomato crop.

THESE workers came from Arkansas and Texas. While the greater number of tomato pickers in this locality were from Arkansas, we learned, upon taking census, that there were at least fifty Mexican families from Texas. These constituted our chief concern, as nearly all of them were baptized Catholics.

EACH year in the month of May, from twenty to fifty-five thousand Mexican laborers swarm out of the Rio Grande Valley, joining northbound caravans, consisting of jalopies and trucks loaded with seasonal workers. In the trucks one may find from fifteen to forty persons, ranging in age from babies to eighty-year-old men and women, together with all the paraphernalia needed to outfit the tents or cabins in which they will live during their temporary so-

jour in the North.

THEIR destination might be the sugar beet fields of Colorado or Minnesota, the vegetable fields of Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, or the fruit orchards of Michigan. Often the same migratories work at these three types of seasonal labor.

FOR several years the members of St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Mary's Church, Huntington, have made the Mexican laborers in this territory their special charity and have put forth every effort to help them. It was at their request that Mother Catherine, our Superior General, assigned some of our Sisters to visit these people and instruct them in our Holy Faith.

OUR first step, on being assigned the Mexican work early in July, was to secure a large map of Huntington County at the County Surveyor's office. Next, we started out in a car to look up the families. When we found a Mexican family we interviewed the parents, filled out a census card, and marked the location on the map, giving the same key number to card and map for future reference.

THE census was completed by the middle of the month and we were ready to begin relig-

ious instruction—or so we thought. Imagine our dismay to learn that most of the families were pulling up stakes and setting out for Michigan to pick cherries. The tomato fields had been cultivated and there was little for the workers to do before the fifteenth of August when the tomatoes would be ripe. They were not paid during this season of enforced idleness, and the fruit growers of Michigan were bidding for their services.

THERE was nothing for us to do, either, but bide our time and wait for their return! This would give us about six weeks time in which to work with them before the early frosts would kill the tomato vines. Then the exodus would begin. The families would again be on the move—this time to the cotton fields of the South. Some would go to Mississippi and adjoining States, but most would return to Texas, whence they came.

IN our census taking we were appalled at the lack of instruction—both religious and secular—on the part of adults and children. Most of them were baptized Catholics. That was all. It was not religious indifference but lack of opportunity which kept them from being practical Catholics. As for secular education, it appeared to us from our contacts that four out of five persons were illiterate. Few could speak English.

WE met a fine young couple who had just arrived from Texas. This was their first experience as migratory workers in the North. They had been assigned a dark corner of a large red barn as their living quarters. We

found them that July morning sitting, rather disconsolately, on the springs of an old iron bedstead, waiting for their American employer to assign them to their field of labor. No, they had not made their First Holy Communion, and Pedro admitted shamefacedly that they were married by a justice of the peace. Their faces brightened when we told them we would prepare them for the reception of the Sacraments. We handed them a Catechism, and Rita, the sixteen year old bride, asked eagerly how much of it they were to study. Her husband could not read but she would teach him the answers. Alas and alack, it was the last time we ever saw them. Two weeks later when we returned they had changed employers and no one knew their whereabouts.

ANOTHER splendid young couple, Luis and Carmen, were eager for instructions. They had two baby girls, one a year old, the other three weeks. Neither of the babies was baptized. Yes, they had been married by a priest in Texas, who had heard their first confessions, but who withheld Holy Communion until they could be properly instructed. Here again we and they were doomed to disappointment. The young mother had gone to work in the fields too soon after the birth of her youngest baby and collapsed one day. She was hurried to a hospital in an adjoining county and her husband and babies moved to that county to be near her. Thus ended our planned course of instruction for this couple.

IT was this constant shifting of habitation which made it extremely difficult for us to be



One of the homes at which we stopped to give religious instruction each evening during the tomato picking season. The girl and two boys at left in picture were First Communicants.

Sister Mary Ida with a group of the children we t a u g h t after Mass on Sunday. At right in background is a corner of abandoned s c h o o lhouse, which served as our Mexican center.



of real assistance to many. Three different families lived in one hut at different times during the six weeks of tomato picking.

IN spite of these setbacks we were able to do something in behalf of a number of the migrants.

THE members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society secured an abandoned schoolhouse for our use as a Mexican Center. The building was in a bad state of repair, full of rubbish from long disuse, and surrounded with high weeds. The owner agreed to put on a new roof, and the St. Vincent de Paul men cleaned up the building and burned the weeds.

FATHER William Lester, Assistant Pastor at St. Mary's, and Father James Conroy, Associate Editor of *Our Sunday Visitor* and Chaplain at Victory Noll, took turns offering Sunday Mass at this center. On Wednesdays we had rosary devotions during the picking season, but the latter were poorly attended. We had hoped that groups of families would come to the schoolhouse nightly for religious instruction, but we had to readjust this part of our program. The people arrived home from their work in the fields very late, after which supper had to be prepared by women workers on small oil stoves. It would have been too late for us to wait until the workers had washed, removed their working clothes and donned better clothes to make the trip to the center. The nearest families were a half mile distant and most of them were three or four miles away.

WE finally worked out a schedule by which we taught four families regularly every evening in their huts, Monday through Friday, for six weeks. In addition it was the common practice of neighbors to drop in frequently and benefit from the instructions given to these four families. To carry out this program, four of our Sisters left Victory Noll's driveway between six and six-thirty each evening, returning to Victory Noll between nine and nine-thirty. Fortunately for us, Northern Indiana has daylight savings time in the summer. We journeyed south about fifteen miles where most of the Mexican pickers in the county were to be found. Two Sisters were let off at one dwelling, and the other two taught farther down the road at two different places before returning for the first two. Usually one Sister taught adults in the family groups and the other Sister taught the children. Approximately two hundred miles a week were covered for six weeks in order to do this catechetical work.

IN addition to this daily work for smaller groups, we were able to reach larger groups of men, women, and children for religious instruction on Sundays at the Mexican center. One or two Sisters would take the children outdoors under a tree and teach them Catechism. Another Sister would teach the adults indoors. These men and women would listen to the doctrines of our Holy Faith as eagerly as if they were children. We were glad for our former missionary experience in the Southwest, as we were able to speak to these people in their own tongue—Spanish. We were also able to use the right psychological approach, because of our knowledge of the hab-

its and customs of the Mexicans.

IT made the Mexicans very happy to find Americans willing and eager to teach them their religion. The children grew confident in our presence and expressed their innermost thoughts and desires. "Sister," inquired a lad of twelve, "is it a lot of work to prepare for one's First Holy Communion?" A fourteen-year-old boy asked, "Sister, just what is Holy Communion?" Oh, the pang in our hearts that inquiry brought! It grieved us that the descendants of a race whom the Queen of Heaven loves so tenderly that she stamped her image on a poor man's coat, should be so ignorant of the things pertaining to their holy Faith.

By the end of the tomato season, the results achieved by our Sisters were not spectacular. However, taking into account all the difficulties to be surmounted in providing religious instruction for people who follow such a nomadic life, we felt pleased with our modest accomplishments. Through our efforts, two marriages were blessed by the priest. The first was that of a young couple, without children, who had attempted marriage the previous year before a jus-

tice of the peace. The second was that of a man and wife who had been living together a long time and who were the parents of six children. (It is hard to tell who was happier the day this mother made her First Holy Communion—the woman herself or the Sister who instructed her.) In addition a girl and two boys, aged, respectively, eleven, thirteen, and fifteen, made their First Holy Communion. We also prepared the fifteen-year-old boy for baptism, as he had never been baptized. Lastly, we had under instruction about fifteen other children, ranging in age from eight to fourteen.

IN addition to spiritual aid, we distributed something like two hundred garments among the Mexicans, and when two families were quarantined for diphtheria at the end of the season, our Sisters, together with the members of St. Vincent de Paul, helped to provide blankets, food, and other necessary articles.

BASED on last summer's experience, we are planning to improve our methods in the summer of 1949, so as to prepare a greater number of adults and children for the reception of the Sacraments.

In Honor of Our Lady of Fatima

by Sister Denise

SURELY the whole heavenly court must have rejoiced at the demonstration of faith and love which characterized the celebration of the feast of Our Lady of Fatima here in Los Banos. The celebration was held in response to Our Blessed Mother's appeal at Fatima for prayer and sacrifice, and it did involve a good share of each.

THE preparatory novena, conducted by a Franciscan missionary, was well attended, in spite of the fact that this is harvest time and most of our Portuguese people are ranchers. Their attendance at the novena was in itself a big sacrifice, for their work is hard and their hours long, especially at this time of year.

ON the day before the feast, an Italian priest was present to hear confessions in that tongue. So with Portuguese, Italian, and English speaking confessors, everyone in the parish was given the opportunity to go to confession. And judging from the Communions on the feast

day, the parishioners took advantage of the opportunity given them, for the altar rails were filled time after time at each of the Masses.

THE celebration opened with solemn High Mass. Immediately after the Mass, the procession was formed. The directions came over the loud speaker and everything went just like clockwork.

FIRST came the Angel of Peace, followed by the representatives of the nine choirs of angels. Next came the Living Rosary, the Hail Marys of which were represented by last year's First Communicants in white dresses and wreaths, and the Our Fathers by High School girls in beautiful and modest formals. Then followed a float depicting the tableau of Our Blessed Mother's apparition to the three children at Fatima. So realistic in their attire were the characters that even those who long to have

(Continued on page 18)



Procession in honor of Our Lady of Fatima at Los Banos, California. Preceding the float, which depicted the apparition of Our Blessed Mother to the three shepherd children, is the "Living Rosary." High school girls represented the Our Fathers, smaller girls the Hail Marys.



THE KNIGHTS HAVE THEIR DAY

THIRTY-SIX boys of Holy Trinity Parish, San Pedro, California, participated in the solemn reception of the Knights of the Altar.

While "Hail, King of Kings" was played in the choir, the Knights who had been received previously, marched into the church, vested in cassocks and surplices. Upon reaching the front of the church, the Crossbearer stopped, and all formed a guard of honor for the boys who were to be received. When the latter had taken their places in the pews on the Epistle side, the officers proceeded to the sanctuary to serve the Mass, while the other vested members occupied the benches on the Gospel side.

After Mass, during which all received Holy Communion, the reception ceremonies took place. First, the candidates walked single file into the sanctuary where Father Gallagher, their pastor, handed them their cassocks. The boys went to the sacristy and put on the cassocks, then returned to the sanctuary where they were vested with their surplices.

At this point the pledge of the Knights of the Altar was recited by all. Then the Apprentices were called to receive their certificates of membership. Next, in order of rank, came the



A Knight becomes a Knight Commander. Assisting Father are two Grand Knights, who hand him cassocks, surplices, or pins, as candidates are received or members advanced in rank.

In the Home Field

Pages, Knights, Knight Commanders, and lastly the Grand Knights, each boy receiving the pin denoting his advancement in the ranks of the Knights of the Altar. After all the pins had been given, the Grand Knights remained in the sanctuary to serve for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

After Benediction, the knights were invited to the auditorium where a delicious breakfast was served by the boys' mothers.

Sister Melita
San Pedro, California

THIS MODERN AGE

SISTER had just waxed eloquent on the story of our first parents, Adam and Eve. The first grade listened with eager interest, displaying the normal reactions of children.

Having finished her narration, Sister looked at a very alert little boy and asked, "Juan, would

you like to tell the story all over again to the class?"

Juan, happy over the opportunity of expressing himself before the class, began his version of the story. Juan's account of the lesson taught was perfect enough to delight the heart of any Sister; but as he came to the climax of his story, Sister was compelled to smile just a little as she heard, "And then God just took His truck and drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise."

Sister Mary Martin
Los Angeles, California

A VICTORY FOR THEIR GUARDIAN ANGELS

LITTLE boys are funny creatures—especially mischievous little boys whose heads seem to overflow with an assortment of pranks for every occasion. Two such characters can be found in a certain First Communion class that has yet to experience a dull moment.

Not very long ago Sister was telling the children about their Guardian Angels and how they protect them and try to keep them from

evil. The two class comedians were at their best in furnishing distractions for each other and the rest of the class. Sister kept the two youngsters after the others were dismissed and tried to impress upon them the need of paying attention in class, at the same time expressing her regret that they had missed so much important doctrine. She was sure they had assimilated nothing that day.

In the middle of class the following week, in rushed the two truants, puffing and gasping for breath. "Sister," began the first, "they won the battle."

"Who won what battle?" asked Sister, looking from one to the other.

"Our Guardian Angels," was the reply. "We wanted to skip Catechism to play. The devil kept telling us not to come, and our Guardian Angels kept telling us we ought to come."

"Yes, Sister, that's right," interrupted the second boy, "but our Guardian Angels won the fight."

Sister smiled and gave a sigh of relief as she thought what a delightful revelation it will be some day to discover all that has penetrated mischievous little heads.

Sister Francesca
Los Angeles, California



Girls withdrawing books from Juvenile Catholic Library, Holy Angels parish, Sturgis, Michigan. The Sisters from our Goshen convent give religious instruction at Sturgis weekly.

Associate Catechists



Dear Sister:

The check for Three Hundred Dollars (\$300.00) I am enclosing will bring to a new high our total contribution for this year. It represents our proceeds

from our recent bazaar which was a grand success.

The results amazed us and it is almost incredible that so few of us could accomplish so much. We have about twenty active members and everyone of us worked very hard for weeks getting ready for this affair. Our afghan raffle netted us \$120.00.

Our friends supported our cause most generously. Merchants donated merchandise for prizes and the members made many beautiful articles for the sale.

Every year we try to beat our previous rec-

ord, and we have quite a task ahead of us next year. Mission work is such a worthy cause that our enthusiasm knows no bounds.

We tried out several new ideas this year. We made a handkerchief tree as suggested in one of your magazines, and we sold many more. We had a white elephant table that made over \$25.00. Our baked goods were displayed on a long table which we called the "Cake Walk." Our dairy donated a case of milk and we served milk and cookies. The children went for that. Our fish pond did not make any profit, but did furnish a lot of fun. We played bingo, and the prizes donated by the merchants were given to winners. They even included groceries.

We are not unmindful that your prayers and ours helped to make this year's bazaar such a grand success, and put a grand finale to our 1948 activities.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Theresa Pitrella

SACRED HEART MISSION SOCIETY, NEWARK, NEW YORK



Seated from left to right: Jeanette Celestino, Guard of Honor, Margaret Fillipello, Mary Cresibene, Treasurer, Theresa Pitrella, Corresponding Secretary, Mary DeVito, Promoter, Sue Albanese, Second Promoter, Inez, Hamelick, Financial Secretary, Angeline Janto, Mary Marro.

Standing from left to right: Mary Logash, Florence Palmeri, Sunshine Chairman, Florence Foti, Mary Muscolino, Rose Vianese, Jennie Pagnataro, Damenuca Vianese, Mary Bramante, Catherine Amaro.

of Mary

OUR COMMENT ON ABOVE LETTER

The members of *Sacred Heart Mission Society of Newark, New York*, whose present Promoter is Mrs. Mary DeVito, certainly didn't expect publicity in these pages, but I think you'll agree they rated the extra space we've allotted them this month. The Band began in 1936 to send us small offerings. Each year showed a gain over the preceding year. In the year 1948 their total contribution reached the magnificent sum of \$616.00! Our annual letter to Promoters stated that "top honors" for the past year had gone to these ladies.

We know you found Mrs. Pitrella's letter as interesting and as inspirational as we did.

POOR SOULS BAND (Berwyn, Ill.)



This Band consists of ladies who live in Berwyn, Oak Park, Maywood, Elmhurst and West Side Chicago, under the leadership of Mrs. J. V. McGovern. As a card

club they were organized in 1936, but many of the individuals who comprise it began helping us long before that date.

Members meet the second Sunday of each month and pay fifty cents dues. They augment dues money with personal donations as thank offerings for favors received.

INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND (Chicago)

THESE twelve ladies specialize in making stuffed animal toys for poor children at our Salt Lake City, Utah, Mission. They also make Easter baskets for them when that season rolls around. Money is sent to Victory Noll for Sister Mary Genrose's burse. It is raised through monthly dues and an occasional raffle.

New officers are elected in January of each year. Miss *Syvella Hammer* was president in 1948 and we have not yet learned who succeeded her.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

November 22 to December 22, 1948

Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	\$ 6.00
Charitina Club, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	5.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian T. Dunn	15.00
Mothers & Daughters Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Leutkenhus	50.00
Our Lady of Fatima Discussion Group, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	2.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	43.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. H. V. McGovern	15.00
St. Ann Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Miss Ann Brink	3.75
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace M. Kern	6.50
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	32.50
St. George Band, Chicago, Miss Marie Vaughn	30.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio., Miss Helen Melke	7.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	4.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	\$21.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	30.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. A. Wichert	5.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Earle Leu	25.00
St. Margaret of Scotland Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. Leu	93.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Miss Ann Huhn	25.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Heights, Ill., Mrs. Martha Jankun	15.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	5.00
St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Chicago, Mrs. Marie B. McDonald	13.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Marie Gouy	3.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Alice Moorhead	5.00



St. John Bosco's Midgets

by Sister Mary Eileen



A group of St. Bosco's Midgets with their coach, Joe Davila, center, second row.

"ARE we too big to make our confession?" asked a fourteen-year-old boy one evening after school.

"Why, no," I assured him, "we are never too big to go to confession. And I'll be glad to teach you how to go."

"Gee, thanks. When are you going to teach us?"

"Right now, if you can come over to the hall a few minutes," I replied, knowing it would be advisable to take advantage of the opportunity immediately lest it slip away.

"O.K. What do you say, fellows?" He said, turning to his four companions, boys ranging in age from sixteen to eighteen.

"Catechism is for kids," replied one of the boys. "But we'll go along and wait for you, if

the Sister doesn't mind."

I assured the boys I didn't mind, and since they were coming to class, I felt I had scored at least a little victory, and so said nothing about the first part of their remark. By the end of the class the four older boys admitted they had not made their First Communion either, and all arranged to continue the instructions.

The boys came to their own special class faithfully, and after the course of instruction had been completed the five made their First Communion together. Three weeks later, they with five other friends received the Sacrament of Confirmation.

The following fall these same boys and a few others came to the convent and asked if we would help them organize an athletic club, as they

needed something to do to keep out of trouble.

We were well aware of that fact, as the boys were already labeled "nuisances" in the district, so we assured them we would do anything possible to help them. We told them the very first thing they would need would be the services of a good coach to direct their club. But where was one to find a coach who would donate his services to the welfare of these boys? We left no stone unturned in our efforts to secure a coach for the newly organized club, but we seemed doomed to failure.

Finally, we decided to place our problem in the hands of St. John Bosco. Wouldn't he still be interested in boys? Weren't his boys called rowdies, too, and wouldn't he have a particular affection for our boys if he were in Los Angeles today?

The answer came on the ninth day of the novena, when Joe Davila came to the door and introduced himself as one of the members of the Catholic Youth Organization. He was an ex-G.I., and was deeply interested in the youth of the East Side. He said he had heard of our efforts to secure a coach for the boys, and because he felt he understood just our type of boy, he would be glad to take over the direction of their new club.

At the next meeting Joe was introduced to the members of the club.

"Are you a probation officer?" asked one boy.

"Are you connected with the law?" asked another.

When Joe had answered "No" to both questions, with a certain definiteness that the boys sensed, he was at once accepted by them. He told the boys his plans and they were all enthusiastic, and their enthusiasm has never diminished. The first thing Joe suggested was that they would need funds, and he asked what they thought about a raffle. They were not so sure they could sell enough tickets to buy their equipment, but after a little encouragement they decided to try it. They surprised themselves when they found that the raffle netted them enough to buy a sweater for each boy. The new coach made arrangements at the near-by park for the use of the playground equipment.

Vacation days gave the coach more time to spend with the boys. They played many baseball games with the neighboring teams, winning some games, losing others. One of the important

lessons they had to learn, and one which Joe was successful in teaching them, was good sportsmanship, especially when their team lost.

A camping trip was organized during the summer. The boys planned it themselves and provided their own food supply. The most important items on the provision list were lard, flour, and salt for tortillas. The boys camped in the open and went fishing and hiking. For most of them it was their first trip away from a big city.

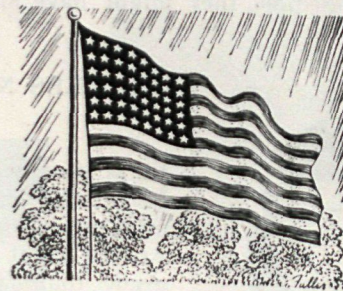
When the boys returned home they told us all about their trip and added that they hoped Joe would take them again.

"Perhaps if we are good, he will," said one boy.

"I guess we aren't so bad after all, Sister," said another. "Joe likes us, so maybe we do have a little good in us."

After Joe's seven months' work with the boys I was convinced that Joe did understand these boys, not only as a group, but individually. He was interested in them. The boys knew it and they knew he wanted to help them become better citizens of our country and future citizens of heaven. Because of this he was able not only to coach their team, but by word and example to lead them on to more manly lives. This year Joe is attending college, but he still meets with St. Bosco's Midgets.

When I look back and think what might have happened to these boys except for Joe's kindness to them when they most needed help, I breathe a little prayer of thanks to St. John Bosco, who proved once again his love for boys.



And having thus chosen our course, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.—Abraham Lincoln.



Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

HOW do you like our *Mary's Loyal Helpers* pages? Do you like the puzzles? Is there something else you would like to see in our columns? What is it? These are your pages. We want them to please you.

WOULD you like to help us make the pages more interesting? Then write us letters about yourselves.

HERE is something which all Loyal Helpers wish to know—including Sunshine Secretary. Just where do the pennies you put in your Sunshine Bag come from? Does Pop just reach down into his pocket, or Mom reach down into her purse and hand out the money when you say, "I'd like to have a dollar for the Missions"?

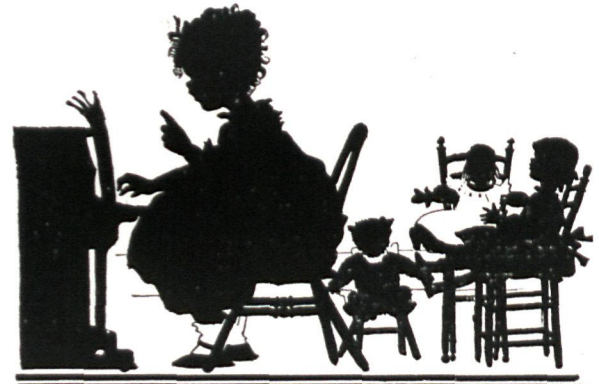
I PREFER to think you earn the money that goes into your Sunshine Bag, instead of it's being handed out to you for the mere asking. I know a girl who gets an "allowance" each month and she shares some of it with the missions. I know some small children who live on a farm who earn their Sunshine pennies picking up corn cobs in the barn lot. I know two boys (you heard about them last month) who earn their Sunshine money for the Missions picking berries in the summer. I am sure there are many children—especially during Lent—who drop the nickel or the dime they might have spent for

candy or bubble gum into their Sunshine bags. Such a sacrifice earns a double reward—the reward of practicing penance and the reward of almsgiving (helping the poor).

PERHAPS you save or earn your money for the missions in a different way. We'd be glad to hear of it.

THE best letters will be published with your name and address in our "Letter o' the Month" column.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY



BEST MISSION GIVERS IN 1948

THESE honors go to *Barbara and Joan Grzeslo*, sisters, of Chicago, Illinois. Barbara sent us \$11.00 of her own, and Joan interested her classmates at school to give \$15.50, making a total of \$26.50 received from the two girls. This fine record was beaten in 1947 by the Breese Sunshine Savers Club, Breese, Illinois, who sent us a total of \$29.72 for that year.

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHERE YOU LIVE—



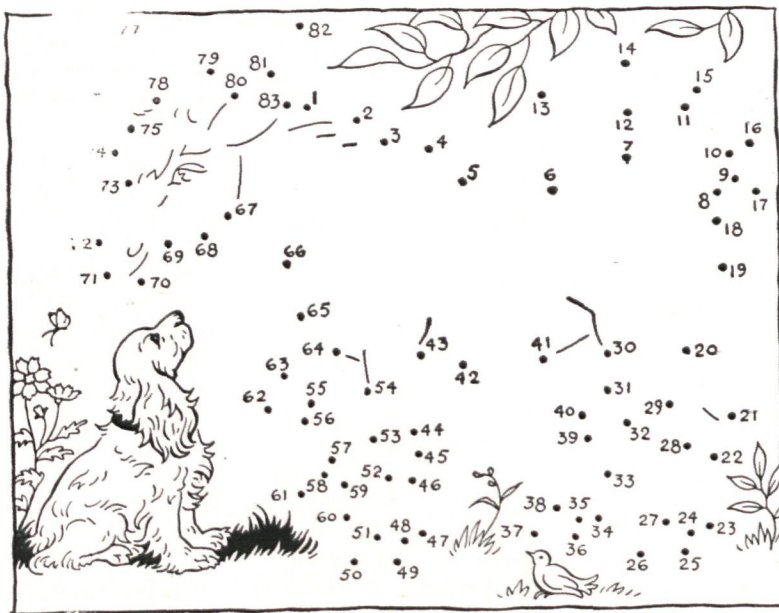
IT is your zeal for the Missions which counts.

At the left is *Henrietta Lewandowski*, age nine, grade four of *St. Turibius' School, Chicago*. At the right is *Jane Dichello*, also age nine, grade four (when this picture was taken) of *Holy Trinity School, Wallingford, Connecticut*.

Both girls are Mary's Loyal Helpers. Both say a daily Hail Mary and save Sunshine pennies for our Missionary Sisters.



Helpers Pages



Benjie, our cocker spaniel, observes that someone else also has long ears, but that he is very different from himself. Draw a line from dot to dot and see that he is quite right. Send the worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister:

I owe you an apology for not writing to you for a long time. My sister Annie and I made an agreement to take turns writing to you. We received the Sunshine Bag and we will gladly do our part.

The Catechist Sisters come every Friday and Saturday to Raton. One of the Sisters holds classes at our house; the other at our neighbor's house. Annie and I go to the classes with the other children. We are trying to get a little club together to give the Catechist Sisters some money. After all they gave up their lives to teach people and children.

I guess I better sign off because I have to get my Catechism.

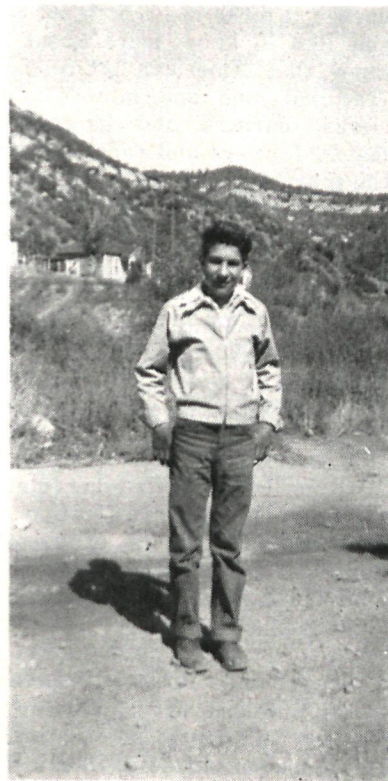
Respectfully yours,
Sammie Lucero, Van Houten, New Mexico.



ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLE

1. (a) New York. (b) Yearling, The.
2. (a) Newspaper. (b) Yearn.
3. (a) Newfoundland. (b) Yearbook.

NEW MEXICO HELPER



Pictured above is Sam Lucero, of Van Houten, New Mexico. You will find his interesting letter opposite his picture. Sam and his sister Annie, both Loyal Helpers, go to St. Patrick's School in Raton, New Mexico.

VALENTINES FOR THE SACRED HEART

(Continued from page 3)

are covered in our home. It's grand where the family is large enough to take care of all hours from ten to five. We have a family of friends who are able to cover all but one of the hours.

"SINCE writing you last, Father Mateo has again been with us. It was wonderful. This time all the parishioners were invited, and the church was crowded. He came on the 14th of February and solemnly consecrated the families of the parish to the Sacred Heart. It was a beautiful service and he gave a most inspiring talk. He is so full of fire in this love for the Sacred Heart, you just can't help catching some of the sparks. The priests of our parish are doing all they can to promote this devotion."

THOSE of our readers who have had the Enthronement or heard Father Mateo will find these extracts enjoyable reading. If you have not yet learned what the Enthronement means, doesn't it make you a little bit curious? Wouldn't you like to know more about it? Didn't you know that American lay-people like yourselves (railroad men and miners, stenographers and clerks, barbers and grocers, housewives and maids, farmers and ranchers) are getting up in the middle of the night (or at the beginning or end of the night, it may be) to pray for one hour in reparation to the loving Heart of Jesus for the sins being committed against Him? This "Valentine" of adoration is offered only once a month, so there are few who could not do it. It is made in one's own home. Those who are sick can make it in bed. It is sometimes a consolation to them in wakeful or pain-filled nights.

THE Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home is for all Catholic families. It is separate from the Night Adoration and each may be practiced without the other although in many homes, as described in the letter, they are united. Individuals as well as families may become Night Adorers.

FOR complete information send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your request to Victory-Noll, or to the National Center of the Enthronement, 4930 S. Dakota Ave., N.E., Washington 17, D. C.

Our Cover: Mary Garcia, Los Banos, California, in the role of Our Lady of Fatima.

IN HONOR OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA

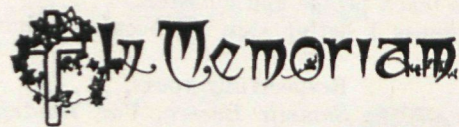
(Continued from page 8)

things done here as "in my country" were happy. Comments were heard along the way of march as to whether the girl portraying Our Blessed Mother was real or a statue. Just as it was decided she was a statue, she moved her eyes and one of the onlookers thought she was witnessing a miracle.

THE various Society members, the Portuguese choir, the queens from previous celebrations both here and in near-by towns took part in the procession. Three bands took turns in furnishing appropriate music. Bringing up the rear of the procession, a climax as it were to all, came fifty flower girls strewing the flowers from their baskets in front of the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Fatima, which was being carried on the shoulders of the men.

UPON arrival at the hall, the sermon for the day was given in Portuguese, and then all joined in the singing of the hymn to Our Lady of Fatima. The statue was then placed in a side chapel and throughout the day families took turns reciting the rosary before it.

A BARBECUE dinner, prepared and served by the men, brought the crowd back to a sense of reality and for the remainder of the afternoon visiting and innocent merrymaking took place. A fitting climax to such a day came in the evening when once again the procession was formed, this time with the participants holding lighted candles and reciting aloud the rosary. Our Blessed Mother was enthroned once again in her niche and all knelt to receive the blessing of her Divine Son during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



Valentine M. Ollier, River Forest, Ill.
John Milton Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.
William Noack, Chicago, Ill.
Hannah Gildea, Chicago, Ill.
James McInerney, Chicago, Ill.
Rose McCumsky, Chicago, Ill.

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

The Missionary Catechist

A Prodigal's Return

by Sister Ruth Anthony

IT would take more than January's bitter winds to keep Dona Teresa from Sunday Mass. For years, she and her husband had driven six miles in an unheated car to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Now a month had passed, and not once had Dona Teresa appeared for Mass.

"Dona Teresa" is much too formal a title for this dear little old woman. At home, we affectionately call her "Grandma." Her motherly heart seems to embrace the entire world, and to make her everyone's grandmother.

Knowing that something was surely amiss, we decided to stop at Grandma's on our way to class that afternoon. In spite of her age, Grandma answered our knock with a bear-hug which left us almost breathless. Yes, she had been ill. It was rheumatism again, this time exceptionally painful. Even now, though she claimed to be almost well, it was very difficult for her to move.

Unlike her usual self, Grandma spoke briefly about her own illness. She did mention how difficult it had been for her to watch the family go off to Mass while she lay in bed. But this was not what she wanted to speak of. After all, what is a little rheumatism in comparison with the story of a soul's struggle. She wanted us to share her joy, so she began to speak eagerly of what was uppermost in her mind.

"You know my son, Ruben? Oh, that boy! What sorrow he has caused me. He started to drink when he was very young. His *senorita* thought he would change after they were married. He did, but for the worse. Sometimes he was so mean she couldn't stand him. Finally, she left him and their baby girl. He moved next door, in the cabin, see? Ever since—that was nineteen years ago—I have been taking care of him and his child, Luisa. Now Luisa married and has moved away. I think she was glad enough to go, too. Ruben lives there alone now, but he comes here for all his meals.

"There was hardly a Sunday when Ruben was sober enough to attend Mass. When he was, he said he was ashamed to go. We begged him often, my husband and I. Especially at Easter we wanted him to attend to his duties, but he wouldn't hear of it. Now, after all these years,

God has heard our prayers, but surely not in the way we had expected."

Grandma paused and sat smiling contentedly. Like the good Catholic mother she is, she would prefer to see her boy dead, rather than know he is not living in the friendship of God. Even though his conversion entailed great suffering for her son, she was happy.

With a half smile still on her lips, Grandma continued, "About three months ago my boy came over for breakfast one Friday morning. He looked sober, much too sober for his own good. 'Mama,' he said, 'I'm scared. I had a dream last night, an awful dream. A voice told me that on Saturday the world will end.' I thought it was his drinking that had caused the dream, so I said, 'Don't believe any of that stuff. It's foolish. The old devil is putting that in your head.' But Ruben did believe it, and all that day he wasn't himself. He kept thinking that the world would end the next day.

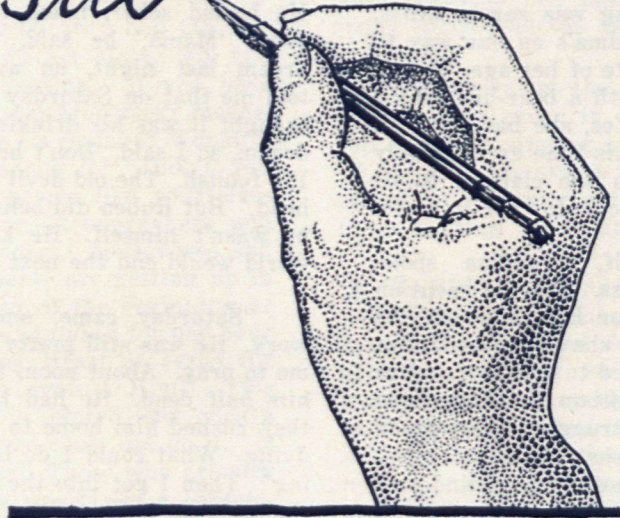
"Saturday came, and Ruben went off to work. He was still pretty worried, and he asked me to pray. About noon, the men came bringing him half dead. He had taken sick at work, so they rushed him home to me. I thought he was dying. What could I do but give him my blessing? Then I got into the car with him and told the men to take us to the hospital. I called Father as soon as we got there. Ruben thought sure this was the end of the world for him. He went to confession, received Holy Viaticum, and was anointed.

An emergency operation was performed and for days Ruben's life hung in the balance. But he is getting better now, and I'm not surprised, because I know God is letting my boy live in order to give him a chance to do better."

"We noticed Ruben has been coming to Mass on Sundays, Grandma," Sister remarked, as the devoted mother paused a moment.

"Yes," she replied, "he hasn't missed Mass one Sunday since he came home from the hospital. And what's more, he doesn't drink. He knows that if he does, it will kill him. He doesn't want to die. He wants a chance to live for God."

please
renew my
sub



THIS IS CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

Every Catholic should regard it as a duty to support the Catholic Press, especially in these times when so much anti-Christian and anti-Catholic propaganda has been let loose in the world.

Musts on his subscription list should be his diocesan paper, then a mission magazine. Additional Catholic periodicals may be chosen according to education and taste, but heads of families should be sure that wholesome Catholic literature for youth is among the periodicals coming into the home.