



**THE  
MISSIONARY  
CATECHIST**

**June, 1944**

**Volume XX**

**Number 7**

# The Clock Strikes

by Phil Guidt

WHILE studying Greek art,  
many years ago,  
I read of a certain sculptor,  
Lysippus by name,  
who fashioned a masterpiece  
dedicated to TIME.

THE figure was poised on its toes  
indicating that it had but a moment  
to stay.  
It had wings on its feet  
to show how quickly it would pass.  
Over its forehead hung  
long tresses  
inviting men to seize it  
as it slipped by;  
but behind,  
its head was completely bald  
signifying that, once it had passed,  
it could not be caught  
or retrieved.

THUS, in marble,  
did Lysippus execute truths  
which are self-evident  
and yet  
almost universally ignored.

PAGAN philosophers  
and thinking men of all ages  
have recognized  
how precious is TIME  
even though it meant  
nothing more to them than  
opportunity to develop natural gifts  
of body and mind,  
to attain perfection in the pursuit  
of some art or science,  
or simply,  
to prolong the enjoyment  
of pleasures to satiety.

TO CHRISTIANS, however,  
TIME has a far weightier purport.  
Holy men have gone so far as to say  
that next to sanctifying grace  
TIME is the greatest gift  
that God has bestowed upon man.

FOR an instant of time—  
long enough to make  
an act of perfect contrition—  
is the hair's-breadth that separates  
an eternity of Heaven

from an eternity of hell.

A MOMENT of time—  
sufficient to say a little prayer,  
to make an act of love,  
or an act of submission to God's Will,  
or an act of reparation—  
suffices to increase immeasurably  
our happiness in Heaven,  
or to lessen the suffering  
we have heaped up by our sins  
in the crucibles of purgatory.

WHY is it, then,  
that we are so careless,  
in the use of our time—  
TIME, which is the stuff  
out of which  
we fabricate for ourselves  
a place in Heaven or hell  
for everlasting ages?

IT IS *time*,  
don't you think?  
that we began in earnest  
to scrutinize our manner of using  
the twenty-four hours  
allotted to us each day  
by Divine Providence.  
How much of it is abused in sin?  
How much of it is un-used  
in wanton idleness?  
How much of it,  
though well-spent naturally speaking,  
in work,  
in study,  
in needful rest,  
in wholesome recreation,  
is without value before God  
because it is done  
purely for natural motives?

AND, lastly,  
how much of our time  
is replete with wealth for eternity—  
turned into supernatural gold—  
as it were,  
by the simple act of  
the pure intention to do  
and to suffer all  
for the love of God,  
in accordance with the Holy Will  
of Him who has planned our lives  
for His glory and  
our everlasting happiness!

# *The Missionary Catechist*

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## Home

## Visiting



**M**UCH of the Missionary Catechists' time is spent in Home Visiting. Home Visiting sounds like a leisurely occupation. It is, in fact, but leisurely in a strenuous sort of way, for it is not just a matter of stopping to enjoy a bit of pleasant conversation, but it is a planned means of winning and saving souls. As such, it requires constant and tactful efforts, and courage and ingenuity to face every situation.

**W**HEN beginning work in a new district, the Catechists take a door-to-door census. In this way they obtain a complete list of their people, a spiritual survey of the locality, and knowledge of many of the specific problems that confront the families and individuals. Subsequent visits are then arranged, and planned to meet the needs of each case. Intelligent and sympathetic Home Visiting brings results in converts, in increasing attendance at religious instructions and at Mass, in fallen-away Catholics returning to the Church.

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Enthronement  
of the  
Sacred Heart  
in  
The Home



*by the Rev. Norbert D. McCarthy, SS. CC.*

AFTER our blessed Lord had fed the five thousand men and women in the desert with five barley loaves and two fishes, the disciples gathered up the fragments which filled twelve baskets. At sight of this miracle, the people said among themselves, "This is indeed the Prophet who is to come into the world." Then they decided to come and take Jesus by force and make Him king. These people wanted Jesus to be their King, but on their own terms. They would make Him a ruler of an earthly kingdom. But according to our blessed Lord, His Kingdom is not "of this world." "The Kingdom of God is within you."

JESUS came into the world to be a king, but it was His wish to rule over the hearts of men. It was because of God's great love that the Son of God came into the world, and this divine Charity seeks to have some return from the hearts of the children of men. This is the most

astounding truth in Christianity, that God, the omnipotent Creator Who is completely happy in Himself, should desire the love of men. And yet the Words of the Holy Spirit Himself assure us that it was for this purpose that God became man in Jesus Christ.

IF THEN, it is the desire of the Heart of God to rule as a loving monarch of the hearts of men, this should be the aim of all good Christians, to make Him the King of their hearts. Every apostle of the Kingdom of God on earth should have ever before his eyes the great objective which is that His Kingdom may come.

THE Jews had good reason to wish to make Jesus their King. Here was One Who could care for their appetites with a new economy sent from heaven. Any man who could feed so many, so plentifully, with so little effort and expense, certainly deserved to sit in the highest place in the land. Strangely, when Jesus gave stronger reasons for His Kingship, reasons which were founded on His Divinity, He was

rejected. Indeed, not only rejected, but crucified. Because He loved us He became man. For love of us, that we might have eternal life, He died on the Cross. His entire claim to Kingship was based on the love of His Sacred Heart for mankind.

FOR the past thirty years and more, a world-wide campaign has developed which seeks to realize the Kingship of Christ in the hearts of men by making the Heart of Jesus, the symbol of divine love, the royal Master of men's hearths. By introducing the reign of Jesus into the home, this program hopes to conquer the world for the Sacred Heart. Jesus must reign, and so let His sovereignty take root in the FAMILY, which is the cornerstone of all society. Most logically this work of enthroning the Heart of Jesus in every home, reasons that if the unit of society can be won for our divine Lord, then society itself may soon be conquered.

THE work of the Enthronement was begun in 1907 by Father Mateo Crawley-Boevey of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts. Upon presenting the plan of the work to the Holy Father, Pope Pius X, Father Mateo not only received his permission to carry on the work, but was given a command to preach this doctrine in the whole world. The Vicar of Christ, as the Prime Minister of the King, placed the King's own approval on the work of the Enthronement.

WHAT actually is meant by the Enthronement? The object of this great work is to foster the reign of the Sacred Heart by having families consecrate themselves to His love. A statue or picture of the Sacred Heart is blessed by a priest and placed in the position of honor in the home. Acts of faith, love and consecration make evident the worship which the family pays in this way to its King. This Enthronement, however, is not a ceremony which, once performed is soon forgotten. It is more than

a mere consecration, which might be made to the Blessed Virgin or a saint. The Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the home is an act of divine Worship, an acknowledgment of the supreme authority of God over the family. It is as a consequence of this acknowledgment, a way of life.

JUST as the citizens of a country do not leave aside their loyalty after pledging allegiance or crowning their rulers, so also the families which make Jesus their King, continue their fealty by introducing His Sacred Heart into their lives. When matters of great importance are to be decided, in times of great joy, in those hours when sorrow dims the gaiety of family life, the sentiments of the King are allowed to dominate. The family, after the Enthronement, must live and have its being in the Heart of the Master. At His throne the morning and evening prayers are recited. There, at the feet of the King all the needs of the family are placed. In a word, the family surrenders itself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THE need for the Social Reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is only too apparent in a world rocked with the upheavals of a war, and torn by the ravages of tyranny and sin. The authority of God is everywhere mocked and scorned. The only sound remedy is to return to the loving rule of Him to Whom we owe our life and our salvation. If Caesar has failed to give us happiness, it is because we have given him all, and have rendered nothing to God. Let us enthrone Jesus. Let us have this Heart rule over us. Give us Christ, Our King!

FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE ENTHRONEMENT MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE NATIONAL CENTER:  
FATHERS OF THE SACRED HEARTS  
17 ADAMS STREET  
FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

The Promises of Our Lord  
To Saint Margaret Mary For Souls Devoted  
to His Sacred Heart

1. I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.
2. I will establish peace in their homes.
3. I will comfort them in all their afflictions.
4. I will be their secure refuge during life, and above all in death.
5. I will bestow a large blessing upon all their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and an infinite ocean of mercy.
7. Tepid souls shall grow fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection.
9. I will bless every place where a picture of

- My Heart shall be set up and honored.
10. I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts.
11. Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out.
12. I promise in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months the grace of final penitence; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their Sacraments; My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment.

# Mother of a Priest

by the Rev. Roger M. Charest, S.M.M.

**T**HERE is a heart that beats today  
In unison with lips that pray;  
Before an altar decked in feast,  
Behold the mother of a priest!

**M**E thinks I hear a Mass . . . so low,  
And see small tapers all aglow;  
While God is down to earth released,  
I see a mother and her priest!

**M**Y thoughts roll back to Calvary,  
Where Mother and her Son I see;  
Two Hearts are pierced . . . One Sacrifice,  
Two Hosts . . . One consecration's Price!

**A**NOTHER Mass: . . . another Christ,  
Another Mary sacrificed;  
Another Calvary, Heaven-leased,  
Another mother guards her priest!

**T**HE ruddy wine now turned to Blood,  
A tide-wave of Redemption's Flood,  
Has by your sacrifice increased,  
O, holy Mother of a priest!

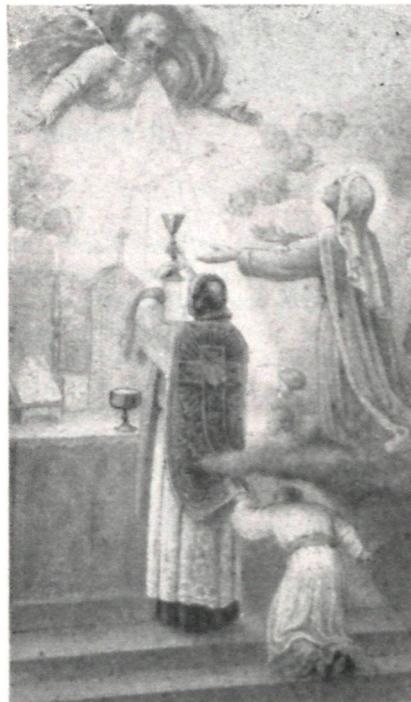
**|** SEE a board where God is Meat,  
Where host—your son—doth bid you eat  
The Bread, the Lamb of Paschal's Feast,  
O, happy Mother of a priest!

**A** GREATER name or nobler fame,  
Who but a God could ever frame?  
For 'tis a grace, not Heaven's least,  
To be the mother of a priest!

**R**OLL on, sweet tears, from out those eyes;  
Full joy must needs its vase capsize.  
'Tis but the dawn of bliss unceasing,  
For you, O Mother of a priest!

**|** SEE a crown awaiting thee,  
Which is in Mary's custody.  
On it has writ . . . not angel least:  
"I am the mother of a priest."

**|** HEAR a voice celestial, sweet.  
'Tis Mary's; and she comes to meet—  
As smiling sun greets fairest east—  
Th' eternal mother of a priest!



# Close to God

by Catechist Mary Ruth Lindenschmidt

"THANKS for calling. I hope you come again soon. Goodbye." "Goodbye, Mr. Smith. We'll be in to see you again next Sunday."

WE WERE taking leave of the patients in the County Hospital after our usual weekly visit with them. While we talked to Mr. Smith, another patient whom everyone calls "Fred," had been standing in the doorway listening in. Now he snorted his disapproval: "Hmm, ya call that SOON? Why, it's a whole week 'til next Sunday."

THOUGH his words sounded gruff and unfriendly, we knew Fred well enough to understand that he wished our visits were more frequent. In his hand he held the copy of "Our Sunday Visitor" which he had promised to read sometime during the week "when he had nothin' else to do." At one time remarks like this had caused us to wonder whether these men—most of whom had spent their youth in sheep camps or in mining towns, far from God's Church—ever read the Catholic papers we left with them. Then the sulphur incident occurred and our doubts were dispelled.

ONE Sunday we were met at the entrance to the county wards by the capable woman who serves in the triple capacity of nurse, cook and cleaner. "The men all did what your paper said, but it didn't work," she whispered. Seeing our bewilderment, she explained: "You remember that little paper you gave the men last week? Well, it said that to cure rheumatism all you had to do was to put a bit of sulphur in your shoes. So Jake went out and got some sulphur, and they all tried it. It smelled awful—and it didn't work!"

THAT day we had no difficulty in finding a topic for conversation when we visited the eighteen old gentlemen who are spending their last days at the hospital. Each one had to describe the experiment in detail, and to inform us that, though it's a good little paper, one can't put too much faith in its ads.

THE courage of some of these poor sufferers in the county wards is admirable. Charlie, for one, has been paralyzed in his right side for many years. But each year, as spring rolls 'round, he tells us that by June he'll be out rounding up the cattle. One day we reached the hospital rather late and were, consequently, cutting our visits short. The nurse noticed this. "Whatever you do," she warned us,

"don't forget Charlie. He waits all week for your visit and won't let us take the paper you bring him until he has a new one."

AMONG the women patients, also, we find examples of courage and cheerfulness. Mrs. Sweeny is almost blind. Yet she devotes most of her time to the care of Marie, a Basque widow. Marie will never leave her bed again and frequently suffers intensely, but the smile never leaves her lips. She keeps her rosary around her neck, and when we come, she shows it to us, then kisses the crucifix reverently. Her knowledge of English is very limited, but she always manages to inquire about the health of the "Sancte Padre." And when Father visits her, she is truly as happy as though the Holy Father himself had called on her.

THE third patient in the woman's ward is quite a contrast to Marie. Her never failing reply to our question, "How are you?" is "Oh, not so good." Perhaps I should not have said "never failing" for once she surprised us by changing it to "Oh, not so bad." Poor soul! She has not the consolations of religion that Marie has, or even a knowledge of God, Our Father. Reading, which is the beginning of conversion to many, has no appeal for her. But we are praying that kindness will win her, and that before the end, which is evidently near, she will learn to consider death as the gateway to the vision of God rather than as an escape from life's miseries.

OFTEN, while we are visiting the women, blind Ted passes. On hearing our voices, he stops at the door, where he waits until one of us bids him the time of day. He always evinces surprise at our noticing him, and asks, "Who, me?"

THEN Mrs. Sweeny, who is just a degree less blind than he, leads him to a large rocker where he sits contentedly humming. Occasionally, he bursts forth into an old cowboy song which contains at least eighteen stanzas, not one of which does he neglect! One day, however, Ted was strangely silent.

"What's wrong, Ted?" we asked, "Don't you feel like singing today?"

"Oh, I feel like it alright," he answered with a note of self-pity in his voice, "but they told me to keep still so that they could sleep."

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## CLOSE TO GOD

(Continued from page 7)

Then he added threateningly "But just wait until they wake up!"

DEATH is constantly thinning the ranks of these old folk. When it strikes, we always find those who are left behind more courteous toward us and more thoughtful concerning the Life to come. Even the hardest among them is respectful after death's visit, though at other times a few make fun of those who are brave enough to accept the "holy books" we offer. The fear of eternity changes their hearts, for a time at least. Our constant prayer, as we go from bed to bed, is that this fear will be changed into filial love of God and perfect sorrow for the past so that these dear souls, though they do not belong to the body of Christ's Church militant, may one day be members of His Church Triumphant.

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### WE ASK YOU TO PRAY FOR—

"Let's try this house," I said to my companion. "We seem not to have a record for this number."

A smiling woman with a darling baby in her arms opened the door to us.

"Are you new in town?" I inquired. "We are checking census and we seem not to have your name. Or perhaps you do not belong to the Catholic Church."

The woman's eyes filled as she hastened to assure us that she was Catholic, had always been one, and would never join another religion.

"And your children attend religious instructions?" I asked, though I knew their names were not in our attendance books. Two should have been in the Confirmation class and one in the First Communion class.

"No, Catechist," she answered through her tears which were really flowing now, "if only I could send them I should be so happy! Several years after our marriage my husband joined a Protestant Church, and now he insists on taking the children to Sunday School every week. He will not allow them to go to a Catholic church although they are all baptized Catholic except the baby. Oh, Catechist, it is so hard!

"Often when my husband leaves for work in the morning, he calls back, 'Have dinner at five, with enough for Brother Hernandez'. As if I didn't have enough work cleaning my house and caring for my family without serving one

who keeps my children from the knowledge of the true Faith. But what can I do?"

We had only one answer—PRAY. She begged us to come back often; she felt strengthened and encouraged after her little talk with us. May God grant her prayers—and ours for her—that some day she may have the happiness of seeing her whole family approach the Communion rail.

—Catechist Loretta Srill.

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### SPECIAL CLIENTS OF THE HOLY FAMILY

THE Missionary Catechists from Santa Fe, New Mexico, recently took census in a small mission lying outside the city. There are seventy-three Spanish-American families in the village. Each family is one-hundred per cent Catholic, and this is no exaggeration. All marriages are Catholic. All children are baptized. The Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist are duly revered and received. All are faithful in complying with their religious duties.

THE reason for the admirable fidelity of these good people is, we believe, due to their deep devotion to the Holy Family. Many years ago this devotion was propagated by an Order of Spanish priests. A beautiful practice introduced by them and still continued here is this: A statue of the Holy Family encased in a wooden shrine, and highly prized by all, is passed from one family to another for special veneration. Usually the statue is brought to the home in the evening and kept until the following evening when it is taken to another family. During the time it remains in the home it is given a place of honor, vigil lights are burned before it and special prayers are offered. Thus does the statue—or we might better say, the Holy Family—make the rounds of the village. And how could the families be other than holy if they are to keep themselves worthy of this blessed visit from the most holy of all Families.

—Catechist Agnes Kozla

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THE class had been studying the Sacrament of Penance, but in the review, the questions were not answered very satisfactorily. After receiving several incorrect answers to one question Catechist shook her head in disappointment. Little Nancy in the front row looked up sympathetically and asked in a whisper, "What is the matter, Catechist, don't you know the correct answer either?"

# Something New

by Catechist Muriel Balch

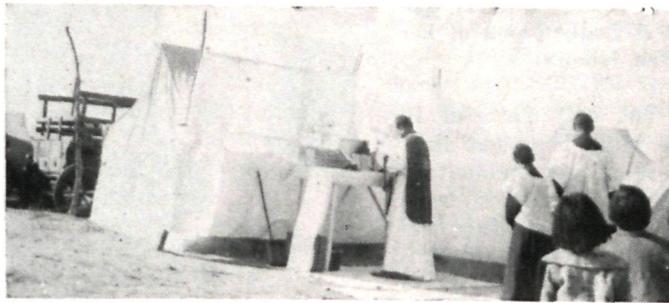
**S**OMETHING New Has Been Added! At least that is the way we felt when we had the joy of telling our people in the pea camps that the privilege of having Holy Mass there was to be granted them.

**W**E HAVE been going to these winter camps for many years because we realize that our classes are the one opportunity for religious instruction that these people have during the entire year. Now to have Mass in their camp is truly a step forward in their spiritual life.

**S**OME of those who formed the congregation that first Saturday on which the Holy Sacrifice was offered in the camp, were assisting at Mass for the very first time in their lives. This was especially true of many of the children.

Some of the older ones "had been" once or twice when they had received their First Holy Communion, or on some other very special occasion.

**A** CORNER of the camp was chosen for the site of the Great Drama. Several women offered clean sheets for a background, and these they fastened with clothespins to the wires and ropes that support the tents. The shining whiteness of the sheets made an appropriate setting for the small portable Altar. As we knelt in the warm California sunshine, upon the white sands, with our people and the children all around us, we felt that our Eucharistic Lord must have been happy to receive the adoration of this humble congregation, for He left Heaven to make His home with the poor of this world.



Sheets pinned to wires with clothes-pins form a background for the portable altar.



After Mass and catechism class, it is a case of "take up your chair and go."



To have Mass in the pea-camp is something new. The people appreciate the privilege.

## In The Home Field



Catechist Bertina Espinosa poses for a picture with the altar boys of Holy Trinity Church, San Pedro California. Catechist is justly proud of her group; she writes of them as follows:

THESE altar boys are not only faithful in their various duties as altar boys but they are also missionaries. Here is one incident to prove it. A group of boys at recreation were discussing prayer as a means of obtaining favors from God. Fred, an altar boy, said emphatically, "The *Our Father* is a powerful prayer to say for obtaining favors." Two non-Catholic boys who were present made no remarks but considered his words carefully. The next day they sought out Jerry, the president of the altar-boys' class, for further information about that prayer which Fred had mentioned. Jerry went right home, found an old catechism, tore out the pages which contained the Lord's prayer and gave it to his questioners. He did more. He went to visit their parents and asked permission to take the non-Catholic lads to religion class with him. Soon after I was introduced to my two new pupils.

THIS happened about four months ago. Ever since the new boys have been regular in attending religious instructions three times a week, and also in attending Mass on Sunday. Soon they will be received into the Catholic Church. They are looking forward eagerly to that blessed day, and to the time when they may join the altar boys in their privileged office of serving on the Altar of God.

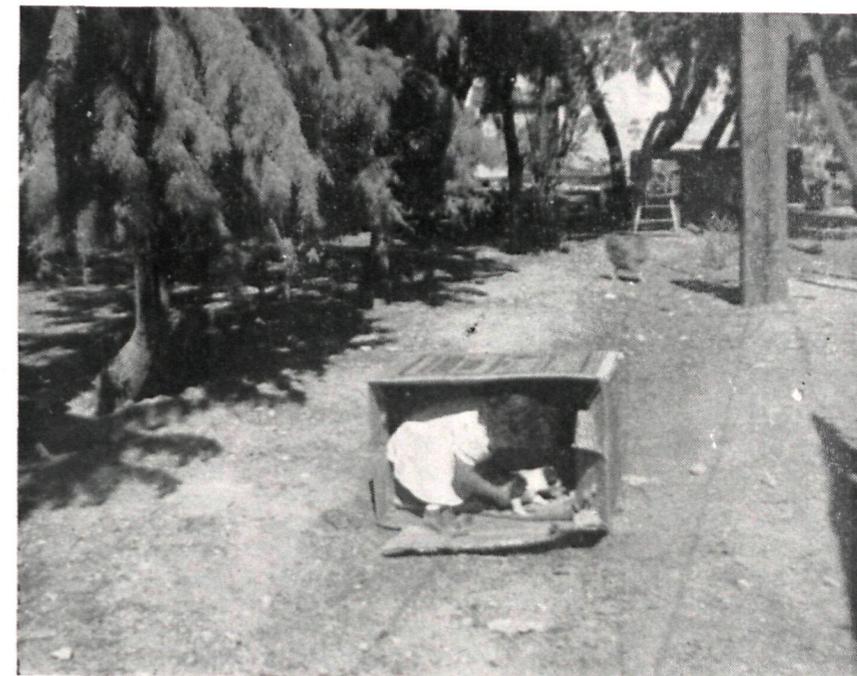
PERHAPS the colored children were attending religious vacation school "just to amuse themselves," as some of the unsympathetic white folk remarked, but there was no doubt in Catechist's mind that they were assimilating a great deal of Catholic doctrine, and that they loved it.

THERE was Laura Belle, slow in memory work but surprisingly quick to understand the truths of Faith. Asked to recite a prayer to our blessed Mother, she arose quickly and began the Hail Mary. All went well until she came to: "Pray for us sinners, now—" Rolling her serious dark eyes, she stood with lips parted and expression blank. At last her roving eyes rested on the lovely statue of Mary, and as if inspired, a radiant smile illumined her black face, and she cried out, "Pray for us sinners, now and when we comes to die. Amen!"



Salvador is always on hand to help the Catechists when they arrive at the pea-camp. "I'm the doctor," he cries playfully as he carries the brief-case and blackboard to the open-air classroom on the white sands.

How is this for being literally "in the dog house"? Little Gloria causes her pet pup no end of trouble by taking possession of his quarters and trying to teach him how to live "like a lady." The Catechists teach catechism under the graceful tamarack trees. Their classes are often distracted by Gloria and her pup. — Niland, Calif.



ANITA wished to show her affection for me in a very special manner, so she bought me a present. With glowing face she presented the gift saying, "Catechist, I saved my pennies to buy you something nice. I picked it out all myself too. It is the prettiest one there was in the store, and it cost ten cents!"

I THANKED Anita sincerely, appreciating the sacrifice of her precious pennies on my account, and proceeded to unwrap the gift. It was a colorful greeting card, and of course, Anita, who could not yet read English, did not know that the beautiful gold printing across the top said, "To My Darling Wife!"

—Catechist Catherine Larsen.

THE children were going to confession. Everything was quiet in the church while each child waited his turn. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of shuffling feet and a slight commotion at the church entrance. I turned to discover the cause of the disturbance, and was surprised to see a group of older boys from my class standing in the vestibule, apparently hesitating to go in. Then the leader, motioning vigorously with hands and head, ushered his band up the main aisle to the front of the church where all knelt down, albeit rather noisily, and prayed the rosary aloud.

—Catechist Jeannette Gratton.

Rosie is five years old and already a veteran pupil, for she has been attending catechism classes faithfully for two years. I told her class the story of Our Lord blessing the children, and then asked her to tell it. She did, as follows:

"One day Jesus was very tired because He had talked long. Then the ladies brought their babies to Him. The apostles said, 'Don't bother Him, Jesus is tired.' But Jesus said, 'Don't chase them away; I love kids.'"

Annette is in the same class. She is three and a half and still very much inclined to baby-talk. Because of this it is no easy task to teach her the prayers correctly. One day she came to class in a more serious mood than usual. I soon learned the reason: "They laugh when I pray," Annette confided. "Who laughs?" "Nick and Pete and Mike."—Her young uncles.

"Did you pray aloud, Annette?"

She shook her head in the affirmative. "Say the prayer for me just as you say it at home."

"Hail Mary,—Holy, Mary, Mother of God, pray for us cinders,—" Oh! so that was it! Cinders. No wonder her family laughed. Our Blessed Mother probably smiled too, in a very loving way.

Catechist M. Gabrielle Skupien.

WE appreciate the prompt renewal of your subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. It means time and money saved for our missions.



# Associate Catechists

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Mrs. Philomena Levenduske of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, reports on her band. "Well, here we are once again. We got our band started again and gathered the enclosed amount of \$5.50 for the poor children. I am sorry that you did not hear from us for so long but we have lost some of our members and so many people are sick."

Every little bit goes a long way these days, so we are hoping that our St. Mary Philomena Band may be able to continue now that they have started again.

Our Newark, New York, band is another faithful group who are continuing their zealous work under the patronage of the Sacred Heart. Their various activities consist of card parties, teas, etc. Evidence of the success of these social functions are the generous checks which find their way to Victory-Noll. Mrs. Inez Homlech is the promoter of the Sacred Heart Mission Society.

St. Irene's Auxiliary of Chicago, while finding it a bit difficult to keep up their splendid record, are trying hard to do their share. Miss Madeline Sebraska, promoter, expresses a beautiful thought in her letter. "The enclosed \$25.00 comes to you from St. Irene's Auxiliary. We are sorry we are not able to be as generous as formerly but it is harder to get people interested in the way they were in the past. Each one of us wants you to know that we are happy for the opportunity to share in the good works of the Catechists. Thanks for your prayers."

Dear Catechist,

Enclosed you will find \$28.00, proceeds received from several card parties given in my home and in homes of other members of St. Thomas Aquinas Band. We endeavor to do our best but these are difficult times. Our members send their greetings to the Catechists and pray that God will shower His blessings upon them," thus writes Mrs. Marie B. McDonald, the promoter.

Mrs. McDonald's letter, and those of some of the other bands, prove that our Associates are imbued with the real spirit of sacrifice and the determination to let nothing interfere with their work for God. May God reward them for such generosity.

Dear Catechist,

I am very happy to be able to enclose this check for \$26.00 from St. Elizabeth's Band, Dearborn, Michigan. It is the net result of our monthly meeting. Since it is so difficult to give large parties in wartime, we will try to make up for this by more frequent, small contributions.

Now I must tell you the big news. Cleta has joined the WAVES and is now stationed in Oklahoma. Although we miss her, it is good to know that she is contributing so much to the war effort and enjoying it. That is the reason for my taking over her job as promoter.

Our hopes are for bigger and better contributions, and much success for the coming year!

Mrs. T. R. Donahue, promoter

St. Elizabeth's Band is to be congratulated upon the splendid work they have done since their organization. They, too, not only send regular donations to Victory-Noll, but also have a very special interest in the missions. Catechist Dolores Schneider, former A.C.M. supervisor, is a sister of Mrs. Donahue and Miss Cleta Schneider. We beg a remembrance in our Associates' prayers for St. Elizabeth's former promoter, now a WAVE, and Mrs. Donahue's husband who is serving in Italy, as well as a brother who is in the Service also.

# of Mary

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Dear Catechist,

Enclosed find \$4.00 as our contribution from St. Bridget's Band, Bellevue, Kentucky. Things seem to be moving along nicely for us. We have already had one meeting this month and we are to have another, so that our prayer books will be finished in plenty of time for First Holy Communion.

Despite the war and all the hustle and bustle here and there the fervor of our group seems to grow.

Thank you for remembering us and our intentions in your prayers, and you may rest assured that you have a share in ours.

Sincerely,

Grace M. Kern (promoter)

Although St. Bridget's Band is a small one, and a comparatively new one, their zeal and their charity are very praise-worthy. We look forward to great results from this little group.

St. Brilians of Our Lady of Sorrows, Cheviot, Ohio, find great delight in preparing First Communion outfits for the missions. From Miss Marie Gadzinski, we hear:

*You haven't been forgotten by us. I had been unable to attend the last two meetings—that is the reason why you haven't heard from us. We haven't neglected our mission work, though. Last Thursday we packed our First Communion box. Besides dresses, slips, etc., we had 300 prayerbooks. We also sent \$10.00 to the missions to help defray expenses on the boys outfits.*

*I am enclosing \$3.00."*

As our Associate Catechists of Mary are one big family of missionaries, and therefore naturally interested in each other's welfare, we should like to ask special prayers for all A.C.M. members in the Service. We know that every little prayer whispered to a Merciful Father above will bring consolation and help. And so, if our various bands will send us the names of members who are serving their country, we shall be glad to print them.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, I, another one of our faithful Chicago Bands for a number of years, let us know that they are still with us. Mrs. Fred Ahner writes, "I am enclosing check for party held at the Better Home Institute, given by Mrs. Schmitz. I am sorry that it was not a bigger amount."

March 28 to April 27

## A.C.M. BAND DONATIONS

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago,	
Miss Helen Gaethke .....	\$20.00
Charitina Club, II, Paris, Ill.,	
Miss Mary C. Gibbons .....	4.20
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis,	
Miss Adelaide Fitzpatrick .....	4.50
Dolores Band, II, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold ..	10.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Wm. Murphy .....	15.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind.,	
Miss Mary Nye .....	25.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago,	
Miss Mary A. Perkins .....	15.00
Juanita Club, Chicago, Miss Marie Cummings	50.00
Les Petities Fleurs Band, Chicago,	
Miss Elsie Jachmann .....	3.50
Little Flower Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Thos. Garrity .....	39.00
Mother and Daughter Club, Chicago,	
Mrs. M. Luetkenhus .....	8.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Ohio,	
Miss Rose M. Heier .....	5.75
Our Lady of the Snows Band, Elkhart, Ind.,	
Miss Kathryn Hall .....	8.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill. ....	4.50
St. Brilians of Our Lady of Sorrows Band,	
Cheviot, O., Miss Marie Gadzinski .....	3.00
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck ..	65.30
St. Ann Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind.,	
Miss Ann Brink .....	3.25
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky.,	
Miss Grace Kern .....	3.50
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich.,	
Mrs. T. R. Donahue .....	26.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O.,	
Miss Margaret Karas .....	33.00
St. Joseph Band, I, Chicago,	
Miss Ann Knusman .....	25.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	6.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....	10.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Mrs. Regina Belz	15.00

# He Shot an Arrow

by Catechist Marcelina Montoya

PADRE LOPEZ ducked his head and brought his bicycle to a sudden stop. An arrow had pierced his hat; another swished past his face. What did it mean? Persecution?

Padre Lopez had been through persecution under the Calles' regime, and he was still suffering in consequence. But he was no longer in Old Mexico; the sign before him was his assurance. In large, unmistakable English letters it said, "County Hospital, City of El Paso."

But why the arrows? Padre Lopez looked about and wondered. Then he heard a child's voice calling: "Lo siento mucho, Padre! I'm very sorry, Father, are you hurt? I was playing Indian with my bow and arrow."

The good priest forgot the arrows and his momentary confusion as he met the bright eyes of a boy not more than ten years of age.

"Well, well! What are you doing in the county hospital so early in the morning, my child?"

The child smiled bravely and answered, "My name is Ruddy Agilar. I am a T.B. patient here, Padre. The nurse sends me out every day for my morning exercise. Then it is that I see you riding somewhere on your bike. You look sick too, Padre. Is that your exercise for getting better?"

"This is a morning exercise, Ruddy, but a spiritual one," the priest answered. "I take Jesus in Holy Communion to the sick people who can't come to church."

"You don't bring Jesus to me, Padre, and I'm sick and by myself here all day long."

The earnestness of the lad's reproachful words touched the priest deeply. He promised to bring Jesus when Ruddy had been sufficiently instructed to receive his First Communion.

The little "Indian" was in high spirits when he bade Father Lopez goodbye. Surely his Guardian Angel had directed the arrows for him that morning!

Throughout the busy day, thoughts of his new friend kept intruding into Padre Lopez' mind, and as soon as he could slip away, he went to visit Ruddy's mother. From her home he came to our convent to ask that special classes be arranged at the county hospital.

Two Catechists were appointed to visit the patients, and I was given the privilege of in-

structing Ruddy. We began with Father Heeg's inestimable little book, "Jesus and I." Together we studied the lessons, discussed the pictures and answered the questions. My pupil showed much artistic ability for coloring pictures and a charming aptitude for mixing everyday experiences and the people whom he knew into the religious story we happened to be studying. In this delightful way, and with extraordinary tact, he told me that I was not welcome in the ward by his fellow patients. They threatened to do all manner of terrible things to him if he brought in a priest or Sisters to bother them. Not that their threats frightened Ruddy, but he wisely observed that it would be better to humor his friends. In the end they would come to their senses and be as happy to see us and the Padre and he was.

When we arrived at the hospital the following week, Ruddy was sitting on a bench under a tree waiting for me and studying his little book. We were to have our class without fear of giving offence or of being disturbed.

The usual sunny smile did not answer my greeting, for my pupil was downcast. I soon learned the reason why.

"Amador took my pictures," he complained, "and colored them himself. And every day, while I rest, he studies from my book. Now he knows more than I do! Oh, Catechist, here he comes now."

A young man came across the lawn directly toward us.

"I'm Amador," he said pleasantly, as though I had been expecting him. Ruddy made room for him on the bench.

"Oh, so you are the one who has been causing Ruddy's troubles! He has been telling me about the pictures you colored."

The new-comer smiled broadly. "The kid was messing them up so I painted them for him. May I listen in?"

"Surely. We'll go right on with the lesson."

I have never had two more attentive pupils. That I was to get a third did not enter my head, but so it was. The class was about over when a young woman, with a tiny baby in her arms, came up and sat down quietly on the bench beside Amador. I did not interrupt the instruction to speak to her, nor did she expect me to. Soon she too seemed absorbed in the lesson. At the

end of the class Amador arose quickly and said, "Catechist, meet my wife."

I smiled at them and exclaimed, "Oh, so you're married!"

"No, Catechist, we're not," frankly admitted Amador. "We eloped."

Ruddy could not bear to be ignored for long, and so he chimed in with: "Catechist, may Amador come to class always and make his First Communion when I do?"

There was a moment of embarrassment for the young man. The girl came to his rescue by asking: "And may I come to class too? I should like to prepare for my first confesison."

From the conversation that followed I learned that Amador had received Holy Communion but had not been confirmed. His wife had been baptized Catholic but that was all. Their baby was not baptized.

With Amador's formal induction into religion classes began what might be called his missionary career in the field of the county hospital. Handsome and pleasant, gentle and engaging of manner, he was irresistible when he proceeded to use his charm for winning souls to the Sacred Heart. His passionate nature was no longer dissipated in many unworthy loves, for the loves of his life were merged into one and hallowed now by being centered upon Jesus, the True Friend.

Six months after his first encounter with Ruddy, Padre Lopez validated two marriages, ad-

ministered two baptisms, gave Holy Communion to five patients, and heard several long-over-due confessions in the county hospital. This spiritual harvest could be attributed largely to the zeal of Amador and his satellite, Ruddy. These two did everything in their power to improve the spiritual state of their fellow sufferers. They distributed "Our Sunday Visitors" and other Catholic reading matter. They encouraged radio fans to listen to the Catholic hour. They brought about discussions of religious topics by their enthusiasm in making scrap-books of the life of Our Lord. Best of all, by their example, they portrayed the wisdom and the happiness of living for God.

Meanwhile, the dread disease of tuberculosis was taking its customary course in the now fervent apostle who was again confined to his bed. Even then he did not cease his missionary efforts. His pastime became the making of beautiful shrines of the Sacred Heart which he would present to his friends and use as a means of drawing them closer to God.

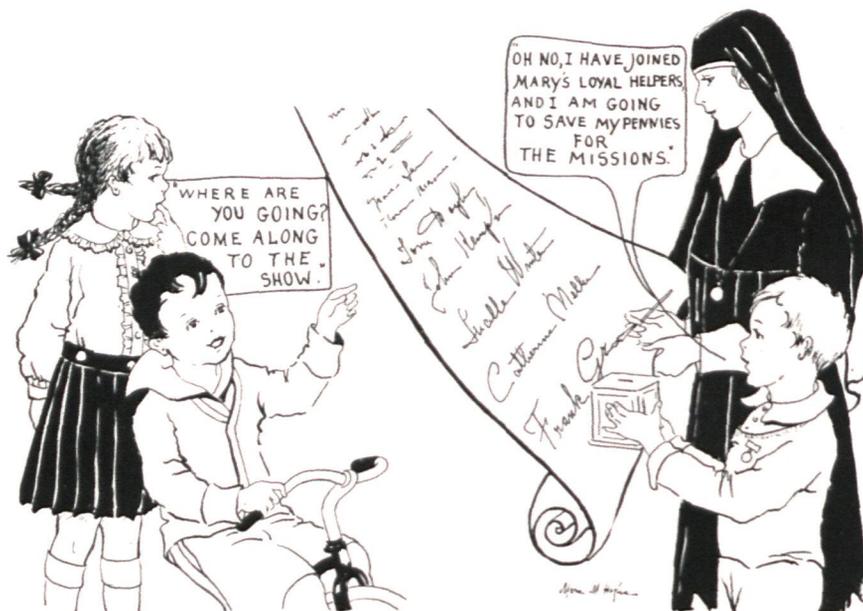
One morning, sooner than we expected, a nurse from the hospital called to tell us that Amador was very sick and wished to speak to us. Could we come at once?

Even at the point of death Amador was still the charming gentleman. He did not wish to die, he said, without thanking us again for teaching his wayward heart to anchor its immense love in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. As he talked we realized how insignificant had been the part we had played in his conversion. It had been God's doing—another singular conquest of His all-merciful love.



A goat is the prized possession of many a poor Mexican family, and the kid is the children's favorite pet.—El Paso, Texas.





# Mary's

## HAVE YOU JOINED?

The many returns we are receiving in response to our appeal for Prayer Crusade Members show that our Catholic youth are interested in souls; that they are eager to help the missions, that they are generous with their prayers and spiritual alms. Send in your name and join us. All we ask is that each Crusade Member promise to recite one MEMORARE a day. If members feel that they can also put aside a few "sacrifice" pennies to help the missions, we are grateful for the material help too.

Dear Loyal Helpers,

Vacation time will soon be here. I hope that you will have a happy summer and that September will find you all ready for another year of hard work and study.

You have worked hard for the missions this year and I know that Jesus must be pleased with your activities. I know, too, that you will not forget your missions during the summer even though it is vacation time. There is never a vacation in the matter of saving souls. In fact, during the summer, we need your help more than ever, so don't forget to pray every day for us and our charges. If you can, attend Holy Mass daily and receive our dear Lord in Holy Communion often and beg Him to watch over all His little ones in a very special manner so that none of these little souls may be lost. During the school year the children are in school a great part of the day and they attend catechism classes. But during the summer they are left

very much to themselves and in many cases they have no one to encourage them to attend Holy Mass and to say their prayers. So, we are asking all our Loyal Helpers not to take a vacation from their missionary work as we are depending upon them to help us.

May Jesus and Mary love you.

The Director

Dear Catechists,

I received your letter about the "Sunshine Club" and I would like to join. I also let one of my friends read it and she would like to join, too. I am five feet five inches tall and have brown hair and brown eyes. I attend Ft. Loramie High School.

Will close for now, and I sincerely hope to hear from you soon.

Jeanette Ratterman, (Fort Loramie, O).

Dear Missionary Catechists,

Enclosed you will find two dollars, one is for the renewal of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and the other is the money which I saved in my Sunshine Bag.

My sister, Anna Marie, has joined the WAVES, and she will be leaving us soon. That leaves me the only one at home with Mother and Dad.

A Mary's Loyal Helper,

Regina E. Jackson

# Loyal Helpers

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Dear Catechists,

I am sending the money that I put into the little Sunshine Box you sent.

I think the work you are doing is wonderful but would you please tell me a little bit more about it?

Nearly everyone in our room is writing to a missionary and doing everything they can to help them. I would like very much to help you.

Elizabeth Fuchs (Chicago)

Dear Catechist,

Enclosed you will find one dollar, money from my Sunshine Bag. I'll keep my bag and send something more later on. You will also find war saving stamps enclosed. I suppose you'll have some use for them.

Mary E. Forberger (Lancaster, Pa.)

Dear Catechist,

Thank you for the Sunshine Bag. I am sending you three hundred pennies. I will keep my Sunshine Bag so you won't have to send me another one.

I am nine years old and I attend St. Gabriel's School. I am in the third grade. Last year I was sick and could not go to school. I like to read THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Your friend,  
Marian Ginsterblum (Prairie Du Chien)

Dear Catechist,

I am interested in your "Sunshine Campaign" for souls. I started to say a Memorare every night and I am going to start making sacrifices to save pennies each week.

I am thirteen years old and I am in the seventh grade. I want to help all I can. I sure hope my pennies and prayers will help.

Don't forget to send me a membership card and Sunshine Bag.

Marian Scheffer (Hammond, Ind.)

A hobby is a grand thing to have. In fact, everybody should have a hobby. It keeps the mind occupied and interested and so brings much happiness to the "hobbyist" and does good for others. Some of our Sunshine Helpers are telling us of their hobbies which we find very interesting. But, one of our Helpers, Ruth Banet, of Fort Wayne, has chosen the best hobby, we think. Hers is the missions. She is not satisfied with being a missionary herself but is doing everything she can to get others interested in joining Mary's Loyal Helpers. Her enthusiasm is so contagious that all her classmates become interested, as the following letter from St. Paul's School shows:

*"The pupils of the 7th and 8th grades of our school have become acquainted with your mission league, Mary's Loyal Helpers, through one of its classmates, Ruth Banet. The class wishes to contribute \$5 of their mission savings toward your missions.*

*"May God bless your noble work."*

Ruth also sent \$5 as her own Lenten offering.



Tony Jones, Owensboro, Ky.

Tony is only two, but he is already a seasoned missionary. He tells us that his daddy sells piggies to get pennies for his Sunshine Bag. It didn't take Tony long to fill his bag; he was very proud to send us \$2.00.



### MARY, OUR MOTHER

**M**ARY is truly the Mother of all Christians, but she is more especially the Mother of those who have consecrated themselves unreservedly to her.

To understand somewhat how powerful is Mary's protection, it is well to remember that the Three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity have entered into the closest possible relations with her. She is the Mother of God, raised in Heaven above all creatures, and from her exalted throne she reigns as an all-powerful intercessor.

A true and solid devotion toward Mary is an earnest striving to imitate her virtues. All the virtues which God asks of His servants are seen shining gloriously in Mary.

She is a virgin, pure and intact; immaculate, because she was conceived without sin.

She is a humble and obedient servant of God, manifest in her *Fiat* on the day of the Angel Gabriel's Annunciation.

She is a model wife and mother, active, modest, painstaking, devoted. Her life in the cottage at Nazareth is proof of that.

She is an affectionate friend, loyal and tender; remember her visit to Elizabeth.

Her compassion, generosity and magnanimity are evident at the marriage feast of Cana.

Finally, Mary is courageous, patient, resigned, self-less. See her standing at the foot of the Cross on that awful Good-Friday.

## In The Ocean of Mary

by Sister M. Imelda

I cast myself into the ocean of Mary,  
And there, in that sea of deep blue,  
I seek pardon, and refuge, and guidance;  
For I belong, dearest Mother, to you.

I cast myself into the ocean of Mary,  
And there, in that heart of true blue,  
I surrender my life and my service.  
I give myself, Mary, to you.

I cast myself into the ocean of Mary,  
And there, in that deep sunlit sea  
Of ruby, and sapphire, and silver,  
I'll hide myself, Mary, from ME!

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### LET US PRAY

**O** GOD, Whose might out-weighs all forces of arms and Whose protection strengthens unto victory the defense of those who trust in Thee, stretch forth Thy hand in mercy to Thy servants, give us Thy strong help to repel the assaults of our enemies, and we shall ever thank Thee and praise Thy Holy Name. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—From the Missal

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### IN MEMORIAM

Albert Singel, Peoria, Ill., Uncle of Catechist Madelene Lenges.

Rev. William P. Boyd, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Olive Otts, A.C.M., Baldwinsville, N. Y.

Mrs. Alice Cleary, A.C.M., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. E. J. Noke, A.C.M., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. Frank Heit, A.C.M., Fort Wayne, Ind.

W. J. Fenerty, New Orleans, La.

Miss Mary Henihan, Springfield, Mass.

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

—Amen.

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**Send your offerings for the work of  
the Missionary Catechists to  
The Society of Missionary  
Catechists  
Victory-Noll, box 109  
Huntington, Indiana**

Are you moving?

Please notify us. Send us your old and your new address. Thank you.

# Mission Intention for June

*By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. J. McDonnell*

## "MORE PRIESTS FOR THE NUMEROUS CATHOLICS OF EAST AFRICA"

THERE should be a sympathetic response on the part of American Catholics for prayers for the June mission intention since a section of this territory is confined to the care of the Holy Ghost Fathers of the province of the United States. There is, therefore, a personal interest which The Society for the Propagation of the Faith feels will make our people prayerfully inclined toward the project of supplying "more priests for the numerous Catholics of East Africa."

AFRICA today would seem to be the promised land for missionary endeavor. As the late Cardinal Hinsley remarked "here you see the Church really on the march; here the tree of the Lord lifts itself up so rapidly that it seems to grow before your very eyes." However, with that same expansion must come increased numbers of workers to gather in the harvest of souls.

## TEMPESTUOUS HISTORY

EAST African history is ancient and stormy. According to Horace Philip the coastal towns were founded by the Persians and remnants of their influence are to be found at the present time. He is of the opinion also that the Chinese probably visited this portion of the continent between the eighth and twelfth centuries. "The city of Mombasa," he states, "has long been an important one. It was described by an Arabian traveller in the fourteenth century as 'an exceedingly large city,' and Vasco da Gama mentions it as a 'large city, seated upon an eminence washed by the sea.'"

THUS it would seem that many figures helped to mould the character and the life of the people of East Africa. Because of its proximity to the Red Sea it was not surprising that the hordes of the Prophet swept down upon it. Slave marts were established wherein the Arab

traders might culminate their iniquitous trafficking in human lives. The Portuguese made some settlements in this territory in the 16th century and the saintly Francis Xavier stopped at Mozambique on his way to India. In 1548 Dominican priests came to that same city to minister to the soldiers who were stationed at the Portuguese headquarters. Then in 1560 the Jesuits arrived to minister to the needs of the natives. However, after the expulsion of the Portuguese little work was possible until the 19th century when the east coast became the center of operations for the explorers who opened up the interior. The Holy Ghost Fathers became the trail blazers in this renaissance and in 1878 the White Fathers began their work in the lake districts which make up a part of East Africa.

## FOREIGN AND NATIVE PRIESTS

AS MORE territory was opened missionaries flocked, not only to the coastal centers, but scaled the heights of the great coffee belt on the sides of Kilimanjaro. Today the traveller may witness the fruits of their labors, for, as Father Considine in his recent book, "Across a World" assures us "some forty thousand Chaga, or about a quarter of the people in the region of Kilimanjaro, are Catholic." Certainly this one concrete example of the spread of the faith in a section of East Africa would prove the need for more priests to minister to the needs of the people. Already the missionaries have augmented the ranks of European laborers by training a native priesthood. However, barely seventy years have elapsed since the reopening of the territory to evangelization, so the number of indigenous priests is naturally limited. In 1933 there were over 450 foreign and 50 native priests laboring in Kenya, Tanganyika and Nyssa, which constitutes the eastern section of Africa. This may seem a large number but when one realizes the huge area involved, as well as the thousands of conversions made during the last decade, he appreciates the desire of the Holy See for more priests to labor among the Catholics of this section of the mission fold.

**Buy**  
**WAR BONDS**  
**and**  
**STAMPS**  
**For Victory**



Pray the Rosary daily for our fighting men