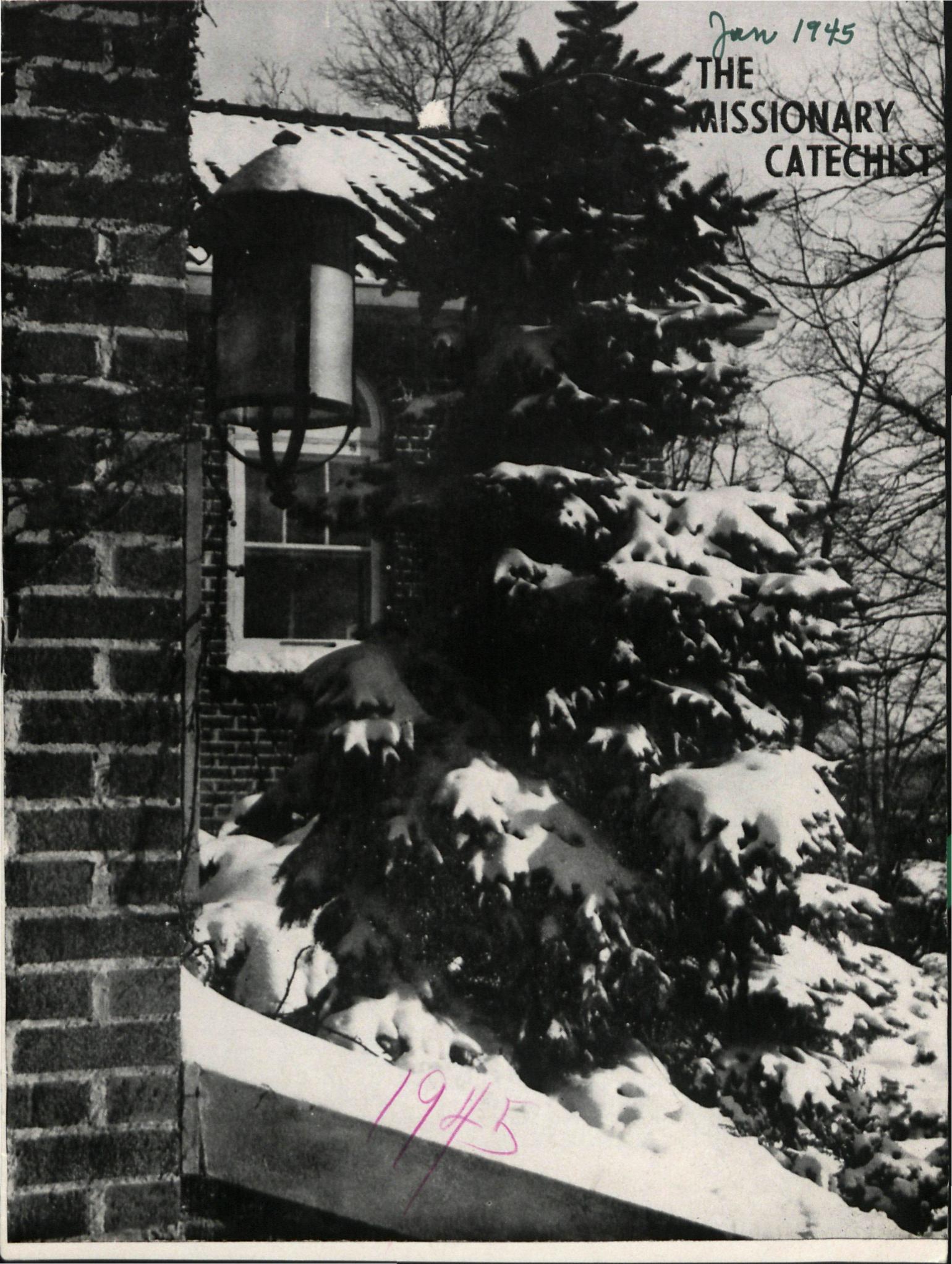


Jan 1945

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST



1945



True Joy in the New Year

HAPPY New Year! This old, familiar greeting has an exultant note this year as we look forward to 1945, which can mean so much to us. It may, and we pray it will, bring the end of the war, the making of a just and lasting peace, the return of loved ones from the battlefields of the world. Yes, let us welcome the New Year and face it with renewed hope and courage.

YET as we pause and look forward seriously to the coming year, we know that 1945, like the years passed, will bring its share of sorrow. It cannot be otherwise; joy and sorrow will ever mingle throughout our lives. What proportion will be joy and what sorrow? We do not know. An all-wise Providence has veiled the future from our eyes. Only this we know, though sorrow be our part, if we follow closely our Crucified Saviour, He will teach us to turn our sorrow into joy, our trials into blessings.

LET us, then, as we begin this new year, unite our trials and sufferings to those of our Thorn-crowned King, and with great love follow in His footsteps to Calvary. Close to Him, loving Him intensely, let us be content to remain with Him in sorrow on Calvary, or ascend with Him in joy to Thabor, whatever be His will. As long as we are united to Him in the bonds of a deep, ardent love, it matters not whether our life be filled with happiness or suffering, for in union with Christ we shall find our joy, "and our joy no one shall take from us." (John XVI-22)

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXI

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Number 2

Ralph's Guardian Angel

Catechist Dorothy Schneider

"WHO is always near you, to watch over you, to keep you from sin, to help you to be good? Ralph, do you know?" I asked.

RALPH stood up, confidently. His face beamed. He was one of the children in the First Communion class. Our lesson had been on the angels and Ralph had listened attentively. He replied smilingly, "my Mother!"

I LIKED him for it; it was said quietly, lovingly.

WE focused our attention again on the Guardian Angels pictured in the chart, but my thoughts were on Ralph and her who filled an angel's place in his young life.

HOW will Ralph feel about this same mother when Confirmation prints its indelible character on his soul and he stands on the threshold of the "teen" age, so alluring in its invitation to assume liberty and leadership, too often in unwarranted directions?

AT a recent confirmation ceremony the Bishop emphatically warned parents to grasp the wheel of parental authority and firmly direct the course of family life in their homes. Will his grave denunciation of lack of parental discipline and control be necessary in another half decade?

WITH angels' wings and heaven's secrets still mirrored in his eyes, Ralph at seven is gen-

eration after generation's permanent appeal for a mother's loving protection through childhood and adolescence.

IN visiting homes to urge greater regularity in class attendance or home study, we meet mothers notably indifferent to the spiritual welfare of their children. Their approach to every problem relating to their children is: "How will Johnny like it?" "What will Betty say about this?" "I will ask Johnny what he thinks about it."

IF Johnny's judgment at twelve, or fourteen, or sixteen, is superior to mother's, it is time for mother to reflect seriously on her maternal ability and her responsibility to Almighty God as guardian of an immortal soul destined to live eternally in heaven. If a mother's interest does not extend to the religious instruction and moral training of her child, what does it include?



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Our Blessed Lady of Victory Press, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Mary Triumphant Over Heresy

by Rev. Charles H. Helmsing

Over the Embodiment of All Heresies?

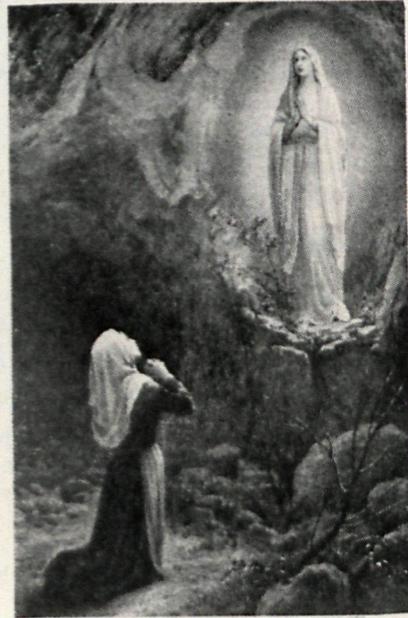
"Thou hast destroyed all heresies throughout the whole world" is one of the Church's praises of Mary. Surprising, then, would it be if with the rise of that movement which Pius XI called the embodiment of all heresies, namely, atheistic communism, there should be no evidence of Mary's continued victorious warfare over the cunning "father of lies" and his attacks against God's truth.

Ephesus, Albi, Lepanto

The story of the Catholic Church is the story of Mary's Motherly intervention against error. The jubilant cry of the people of Ephesus in 431 A. D., "Mother of God! Mother of God!" marked Mary's triumph over the deceptions of Nestorius. The Rosary Crusade of St. Dominic in the thirteenth century over errors very much like those of present day communists marks a victory that every other means from kindness to violent warfare failed to achieve. Again Our Lady of Victory appears triumphant as Queen of the Most Holy Rosary in the battle of Lepanto where Christian defenders, hopelessly outnumbered, conquered the Mohammedan forces whose false way of life threatened to engulf Christian civilization.

True Meaning of Lourdes

But all that belongs to the dim distant past. Catholics have wept and non-Catholics have been puzzled by the beautiful dramatization in "The Song of Bernadette." They have, one and all, been awed by the story of Mary Immaculate's visits to St. Bernadette and by the realization of the hundreds of miracles that attest to all of good will the infallible truth of God's one, holy, catholic and apostolic Church. Was it not Mary's way of destroying heresy? To affirm through a little girl—one of the foolish and contemptible things of this world—that proud scientists who measure microbes and stellar spaces have not attained all of reality, that the spiritual realities in no way measurable are far more important than things visible and tangible, that the supreme truth worth knowing is "to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice." Yes, this divine supernatural life of sanctifying grace, is it not boldly proclaimed by Mary's revelation



Our Lady of Lourdes
February 11, 1858

"I am the Immaculate Conception?"

Triumph of the Supernatural

That was in the nineteenth century. Our Catholic life in these United States must ever manifest itself as other-worldly, supernatural, worthy of Her whom we proclaim our Heavenly Patron. Future Church Historians will be compelled to gauge the unheard of gains of the Church, so often dubbed as superstitious, obscurantist and unprogressive, as the triumph of Our Immaculate Mother's simple assertion in our scientific age of the reality of the supernatural.

Apparition at Fatima

But what of our own life time? For more than twenty-five years rumors have reached our ears of Mary's visit to three little children in a rural section of Portugal. Curiosity, not unmixed with positive opposition and unbelief,

have been the reaction to these rumors. No longer are they rumors, however, for the Church has officially recognized Mary's message at Fatima and desires it to be broadcast.

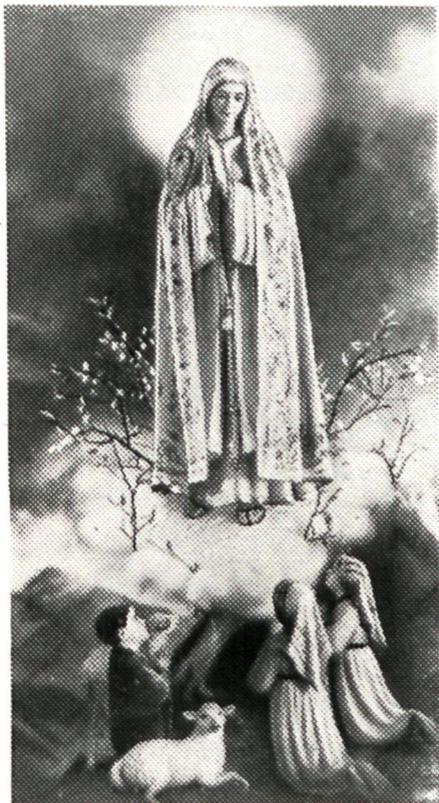
It is not our purpose here to tell the story of how our Mother Mary appeared to Lucia de Jesus Santos, Francisco Marto, and his sister, Jacinta Marto, on May 13 and each month thereafter until October 13, 1917. That is beautifully described by Archbishop Finbar Ryan, O. P., in his little volume, *Our Lady of Fatima*, and by two pamphlets *Our Lady of Fatima Queen of the Most Holy Rosary*, and *A Novena to Our Lady of Fatima* edited by Rev. Wm. J. Smith, S.J. Like Lourdes, Fatima has Heaven's miraculous seal of its genuineness.

The Message of Fatima

It is the message of Fatima—a plan of heavenly strategy against the Prince of Darkness—that we would give as a final proof that Mary is indeed the Destroyer of all heresies:

“You must say the Rosary and say it properly.”

“Are you willing to offer yourself to God, and



Our Lady of Fatima
May 13, 1917

bear all the sufferings He wishes to send you, in reparation for the sins whereby He is offended and as intercession for the conversion of sinners?”

“Pray, pray much, and make sacrifices for sinners! Many souls go to hell because there are none to make sacrifices and to pray for them.”

Heaven's Strategy Against Communism

Such were some of Mary's injunctions added to a burning invitation to be devoted to her Immaculate Heart. The little ones and all who received their message were to pray the rosary and to live it. In company with Jesus and Mary they were to pass through life's joys and sorrows with eyes ever fixed on the glory to come. Is not all this a bold assertion with most convincing proof of the reality of eternity, the paramount importance of repentance and conversion, the necessity of avoiding hell at all costs? Is it not a condemnation of those who look for a Utopia here and laugh at God's revelation of a hereafter? Is not this stress on devotion to her Immaculate Heart a challenge to the vile animality and impurity of atheistic communism? Is not this assertion of the necessity of suffering a beautiful preachment of the saving value of the Cross against the worship of pleasure everywhere about us?

Can any true child of the Catholic Church fail to recognize in Fatima a special campaign of Mary against one of the most frightening heresies of the ages? She has destroyed all heresies; she will ever do so. Is it wrong to recognize the wonderful Marian Societies such as our own Society of Missionary Catechists among Religious; and the Legion of Mary among the laity, not to mention the amazing growth of Marian devotions such as those to our Sorrowful Mother, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Our Mother of Perpetual Help, Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal and others—is it wrong to recognize all this as obedience to Mary's command at Fatima, “Pray and suffer for sinners?” Is it without significance that all this began October 1917, the very month and year in which satan launched his international campaign of atheistic communism?



HAVE you read Blessed De Montfort's TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN? Get a copy today and acquaint yourself with his consoling “Secret of Sanctity”. Order from THE MONTFORT FATHERS, Bay Shore, New York, \$1.00.

An Accident - - -

God's Way of Bestowing the Grace of the Sacraments on Two of His Little Ones

by Catechist M. Loretta Hall

"HEY, Bobby, your brother got hurt and a 'ambulance' took him away! Your Mom wants you right now!" Donny, a neighbor child, called excitedly.

BOBBY received the summons while he was at Catechism class. (His attendance was an unusual event in itself.) Alarm written on his face, he ran home. We, too, were alarmed, for we knew that neither Bobby, aged nine, nor his brother, Luis, seven, was baptized.

A HURRIED visit to the home verified the truth of Donny's message. About to jump off a cliff while playing Indian, Luis had tripped and fallen head first. An ambulance had taken him, unconscious, to the hospital.

WE notified the Pastor. He rushed to the large county hospital, and found Luis on a stretcher marked with a red bandage. He had suffered concussion of the brain and was not expected to live.

"AND he isn't even baptized!" cried his mother.

FATHER baptized him. Luis recovered. Weeks later he returned to class. The grace of the sacrament was making itself evident; Luis was corresponding with it. But poor Bobby didn't have the grace of Baptism to help him. He rarely came to class, although he was usually at Mass on Sunday morning. I do not know what prompted him to come, but it was not parental authority.

"BOBBY, wouldn't you like to make your First Communion?" I asked one Sunday morning after Mass.

"I DON'T know what that is," he replied.

AFTER some explanation, he promised to attend class regularly. He kept his promise, and finally the desire for the sacraments was awakened in him.



Let the little children come to Me, and do not hinder them, for of such is the Kingdom of God. (Mark X, 14)

AT last, Bobby and Luis were ready for their First Communion, but Bobby was still unbaptized. The parents were indifferent. "I do not care to which church they go," the father said. There was no assurance that Bobby would have any further religious instruction, and under these circumstances he could not be baptized. He was hurt. Boy-fashion, he tried to cover it by misbehaviour. How we prayed that the parents would change their attitude. In time, they did.

BOBBY was to be baptized the night before his First Communion. Luis came out of the church the afternoon of his first confession saying, "Ha, ha, my soul is all white now, but yours is still black." Poor Bobby! But he had only a few hours to wait.

THE scene enacted that night at the Baptismal font was one to make the angels rejoice, as it did the few friends present. A lad of scarcely ten, at his own request, received his priceless heritage and became a temple of the Living God.

Confirmation in a County Hospital

by Catechist M. Anna Binz

TO most people, Tuesday, the eighteenth, was just another day of the week, or another date on the calendar, but to the tubercular patients in the Imperial County Hospital, it was a red letter day. Especially was it a day of deep spiritual joy to the seven young women and two young men who were confirmed on that day by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Charles Francis Buddy, Bishop of San Diego.

THE two wards of tubercular patients are a source of joy and consolation to us in our weekly visits to the hospital. The spirit of cheerfulness in both wards is refreshing, and the active Catholicity, especially of the women's ward, is an inspiration to everyone. All the patients in this ward are Catholic and every evening they recite the Rosary together.

FOR weeks before Confirmation, the young people who were to be confirmed strove earnestly to prepare their hearts for a fitting welcome for the Holy Spirit. When the day finally arrived, all was in readiness. The nurses prepared a stretcher to serve as a vesting table in the little hall separating the two wards. Both

wards were neat and cheery; each bedside table had a vase of fresh flowers.

AS THE Bishop went from bed to bed conferring the sacrament of Confirmation on each patient, one could almost feel the Holy Spirit come and dwell among these suffering souls. In no cathedral could the faithful have been more devout, more reverent, or have had a better understanding of what was taking place, than did these tubercular patients.

ONE of the young men was in a critical condition, having had a severe hemorrhage in the morning, but he begged to be confirmed. He chose the Bishop's name, Charles Francis, for his confirmation name. The Sacrament seemed to help him through his crisis, and now he is improving slowly, but steadily.

AFTER the ceremony, the Bishop paid a brief visit to the patients of the tubercular wards, presenting each with a rosary. They, in turn, showed their appreciation by presenting His Excellency with a beautiful Spiritual Bouquet, painted by one of the patients.



Two of the patients confirmed by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Charles F. Buddy, at the County Hospital.

White blouses and veils were made by the patients who were well enough to sew.

A Dream and A Reality

by Catechist M. Hazel Sullivan

THE portable classroom was ideal in every detail. It contained row upon row of shining desks and inviting seats. Blackboards efficiently taught a portion of the day's lesson. Beautiful statues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary reminded both Catechist and pupils that all was done for love of Them. Florescent light dispelled the late afternoon dusk. A small heater stood snugly in the corner awaiting an invitation to take off the chill of a rainy California afternoon.

RELEASE time was such a blessing. Promptly at one o'clock came the kindergarten children who made up the Prayer Class. Two o'clock found the first and second graders coming on the run, eager for instructions, for they were the First Communion Class. Three o'clock and it was time for the third graders, the Post Communion Class. As usual, all the children brought their Catechisms; all had studied their lessons and all were able to give perfect recitations.

INDEED, it was all very ideal,—for, you see, it was only a dream. Grim reality was altogether another matter.

ACTUALLY, classes were held in a semi-private hall. Your classroom was the kitchen. Before class could begin you had to make a

tour with the broom, sweeping down the cobwebs that the poor spiders had so diligently spun since your last class. It was a shame to have to destroy their masterpieces, and send the spiders scattering here and there, but cobwebs do give a haunted and eerie impression. Besides, Tommy, a future "bugologist," would be pleading to take one of the spiders for a specimen if they were still around when he came.

A GENERAL sweeping of the entire room was next in order. The last occupants had left the remains of an uneaten lunch and the ants were feasting on it. Apparently, they had invited all their relatives to the banquet.

THE ants disposed of, you proceed to stuff the pantry door with papers to keep it from banging. Then you covered the paneless windows with cardboard to keep out the chilly breezes. Next you covered the old fashioned sink with lavender tissue paper in an effort to disguise it. Then you hung the chart you were going to use in connection with the day's lesson, placed a picture of the Sacred Heart where all could see it, and you were ready for the little ones.

AT TWO o'clock came a mixed group of Prayer Class and First Communicants, at 2:30 the

Outdoor classrooms are a reality in most of our missions.



A stairway makes an acceptable classroom in El Paso, Texas,—in nice weather.

third graders of the Post Communion class, and at 3:00 o'clock a combination of various classes.

"JOHNNY can't come today, Catechist. He has to read for the P.T.A.," one little boy informs you.

"JEANNE isn't coming either, because she's going to sing," someone else announces.

OUT of the entire group five had really remembered to bring their catechism. Fewer still had studied the lesson assigned, even though you had sent a note home with each child just last week, asking the parents to cooperate with you in your endeavor to instruct their child. "Mamma just put the note in her pocket and said nothing," one little girl tells you. Evidently most of the other parents had done about the same, so you say nothing and go on with the class.

YOU have hardly begun the explanation of the day's lesson when a fond mother comes up to you and says: "Catechist, I do hope I'm not interrupting your class, but could Marie be excused today? It is the only afternoon this week that I have time to take her to Monterey to buy her a pair of shoes. You know one is so busy now-a-days with Red Cross work and other activities."

IT IS the only day of the week you have class in this center, and Marie is one of your backward First Communicants. Reluctantly you agree to part with her. You urge her to study at home and you hope she keeps the promise she so willingly makes.

YOU resume class. All goes well for a few minutes. Then the thought of the school bus comes into your mind. You glance at your watch. Yes, it is time to send some of the children back to school in order to get the bus.

THUS the weeks pass on. The children are more or less faithful in attending classes, despite the many inconveniences and unfavorable surroundings. Sometimes you wonder if they are learning anything. But the grace of God has been working silently and effectively. As the year comes to a close you find that the little ones of the Prayer Class have really learned their prayers; the First Communicants have gained sufficient knowledge to partake of the Banquet of the Lord, and the Post Communicants a further knowledge and appreciation of their holy Religion. You bow your head in gratitude to your God who has not permitted His little ones to be deprived of the knowledge and love of their Creator.

Luna Pier

by Catechist M. Patricia Knapp

LISTEN, Catechists, and you shall hear
Of our new adventure in Luna Pier.
'Twas September the fourth in forty-four
That we made our appearance and now we know
more

About Luna Pier.

'T WAS then that we walked from door to door,
Knocking once, twice or maybe more,
To let them know that our work had begun,
And the coming year we'd be teaching the young

From Luna Pier.

SINCE teaching in classrooms is best as a rule,
We decided to ask for the use of the school.
The permission they gave for they knew that the
youth
Were lacking in knowledge of doctrine and truth

At Luna Pier.

AFTER teaching but twice we received differ-
ent word,
That did not agree with the first that we heard,
We were promptly excused from the school and
its lawn.
Undaunted, we felt 'twas the darkness 'fore
dawn

In Luna Pier.

WE'VE started anew, with God's help from on
High,
To teach in the homes of the people nearby,
Till the Pastor in Erie can get us a stove
To heat the new chapel near Allen's Cove—

That's Luna Pier.

THE PRAYER CLASS INTERPRETS

I'VE heard it said that teaching is a fifty-fifty proposition, also that one learns by mistakes, and I'm fully convinced of the veracity of both statements.

ONE day when I was teaching the perfections of God to a Prayer Class, I told them of the eternalness, all-powerfulness, omniscience, and omnipresence of God (not using these terms to be sure.) Having concluded the lesson, I gave the signal for prayers. Just as I did so, I noticed that Patricia had something to say. I asked what she wanted.

"CATECHIST," she said, "are you God?"

IMAGINE my dismay, if you can, after spending an entire class period on the perfections of God and then being asked, "Are you God?"

"CHILD," I replied, "of course, I'm not God—God is a Spirit, a beautiful, good, holy, Spirit. He is everywhere at the same time. He can do everything. Just think, He made the whole world from nothing, and He made you. I couldn't do anything like that."

IMMEDIATELY came the response, "Well, Catechist, how come you know everything then?"

Catechist M. Helen Flaspohler
Azusa, California.



THE first time I saw Helen after returning to our mission in the Fall, I said, "Where is Rudy?"

"AT HOME," she answered.

I KNEW she had never been impressed by her small brother's good behaviour, so I said, "How is he behaving?"

"NOT very good," she answered, "and if you are the same Catechist, you are going to have the same trouble with the same boy."

Catechist M. Gertrude Kelly,
Coachella, California.

In The Home Field

NO BABY—BUT THE BUGGY WASN'T EMPTY

I WAS a newcomer in the mission, and Catechist had just taken me over to see the Church. As we rounded the corner of the churchyard, Catechist said: "Oh, here comes Dona Beatriz." Coming down the street was an elderly woman, pushing a baby carriage.

"OH, it must be a grandchild," I thought. I love these little dark-eyed cherubs, so after Catechist introduced me to Dona Beatriz, I leaned over the buggy to enjoy a moment with the gurgling bit of an angel. I leaned over—but there was no gurgling or cooing,—there was no baby,—just a mound of beautifully ironed and perfectly pleated altar linens.

MY amazement must have been written on my face, for Catechist hastened to explain that Dona Beatriz always brought the altar linens back in this manner; it saved them from getting wrinkled, and it was much easier than carrying them.

DONA BEATRIZ smiled as we exclaimed over the beautifully ironed linens, but her whole demeanor showed that her work was for her King, and that it was a labor of love.

Catechist M. Gabrielle Skupien
Los Angeles, Calif.

Small Boy: If somebody would be giving away twenty-dollar bills down town, on a rainy day, the people would all go to get them, but they would only get pneumonia and die, and have nothing. But if they went to Mass in a pouring rain and got pneumonia and died, they would get heaven, and have everything.



The Missionary Catechist



NO DIFFERENCE?

ONE day, while giving an instruction on the Souls in Purgatory, I found that my class of older children had a superstitious fear of dead bodies. I tried to explain to them the foolishness of this phobia, but without success. I decided to bring out my point by a practical illustration.

"NOW just think for a moment," I began. "You know very well that death simply means that the soul leaves the body. It is exactly the same body, but it no longer has power to move, to speak, or to think. Just suppose that some day during class I should die. You are not afraid of me now. If I were to die, my hands would be exactly the same hands, only I could not lift or move them; my feet would be exactly the same feet, but I could not walk; my whole body would be the same body, but because the soul had left it, it would be lying perfectly quiet, unable to move or speak as I am doing now. *Everything* would be *just the same*, except that my soul would no longer be here; except for that there would be *no difference, no difference at all.*"

I PAUSED for a hopeful, split second, and then a voice spoke solemnly, but emphatically:

"OH, yes, Catechist, there'd be a difference. *You'd be here, all right, but we wouldn't!*"

Catechist Mary Karl,
Azusa, California.

THE Prayer Class of little colored folk was just getting under way when a knock came at the door. Frankie Lee, in whose home we were having class, answered. He returned and announced, "Catechis', dey ah two persons to see yoah." I started for the door, expecting to see two adult visitors, since friendly colored parents often look in on the classes; but I stopped short.

WITH a dignity one would have to see to appreciate, a solemn-faced six-year-old was ushering a chubby four-year-old into the room. They advanced to the center. I sat down.

"CATECHIST, ah brought this new boy to de class. His name is—"

FOUR-YEAR-OLD looked at him reproachfully, drew his small self up until the large white buttons on the front of his suit seemed ready to pop into my lap, and declared: "Ah told yoah, ah can tell de lady mah own name. Mah first name is Danny, mah second name is Baby, mah third name is Wilcox. Ah am Danny Baby Wilcox!"

AND so he is inscribed in the Prayer Class attendance book.

Catechist M. Alice James
El Paso, Texas



AS WE started catechism class one Saturday morning after Mass, I was interrupted with: "Catechist, there are some boys out there in back of the hall."

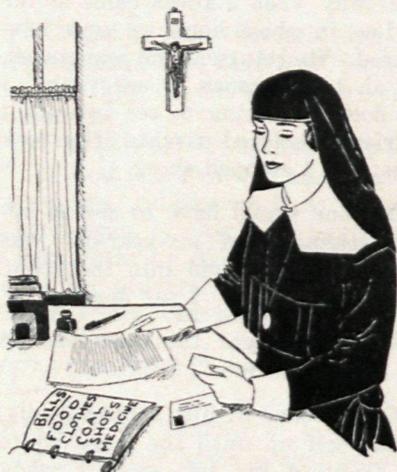
"ALL right," I said, "go and tell them to come in."

AFTER class I tried to reason with Larry, who was evidently the leader in the group. "Larry, what did you gain by staying outside this morning, instead of going in to Mass?" I asked.

QUICK as a flash he replied, "I had twenty-five cents when I came, and now I have a dollar and thirty-five cents."

"HOW is that?" I inquired and in answer received a detailed description of how they had been flipping dimes, and Larry had been the winner.

Catechist M. Louise Berard
Azusa, California.



Associate Catechists

At the close of an old and the beginning of a new year, one automatically takes stock, as it were, of all the blessings encountered in the path of life during the past year.

As we close our books for 1944, we recount the many blessings we have received through the generosity of our faithful Associates. We know that every check received at Victory Noll, every box sent to the missions, every effort expended in behalf of our missionary work, has meant sacrifice, toil and many prayers on the part of individual members, as well as for the untiring promoters. We know that every effort has been made for the greater honor and glory of God and as our hearts rise in loving gratitude and deep appreciation for all that has been done, there is also whispered very fervent thanks to you, and the prayer that while it is not in our power to adequately thank you, our Blessed Mother, under whose patronage you are working, may obtain reward in abundance for you.

May your new year be a prosperous, happy one, filled with deep spiritual joy and much happiness—the happiness that only spiritual joy can bring.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Catechist,

Enclosed please find check for \$52.25 toward St. Jude's Burse.

Kindly remember us in your prayers, and thank you.

Mrs. Berghoff

St. Jude, patron of one of our Bands in Fort Wayne, has obtained many blessings for missionary work of Mrs. M. Noll, Promoter, and her group of self-sacrificing women. In

addition to the many boxes that have found their way to the Missions from St. Jude's Band, their checks come with unfailing regularity to Victory Noll to help further the work of the Missionary Catechists. We beg our little Infant King to shower precious blessings down upon this faithful Band.

POP BOTTLES HELP THE CAUSE

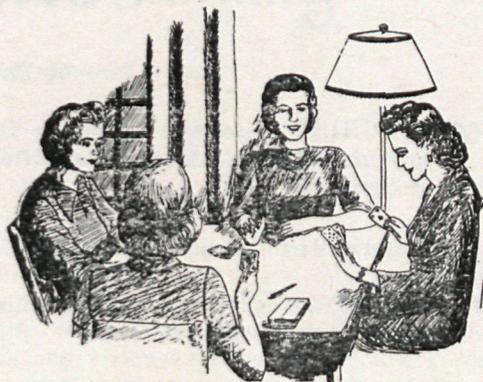
Even pop bottles can help the mission cause. Miss Elizabeth Bien, former promoter of Christ the King Band, Detroit, Michigan, has proved this by sending us a number of checks, one of which amounted to \$125.00, the result of collecting pop bottles. Because of her work in a defense plant, Miss Bien has been obliged to discontinue active work with a band. A happy solution was found, however, when she adopted the idea of collecting empty pop bottles which the workers left strewn about after lunch and selling them. A number of the girls, with whom Miss Bien works, were glad to do their bit also by helping in this novel idea of raising money for the missions.

Miss Bien also sets aside a certain percentage of her salary each week for the missions. As a result of this, we received a check for \$80.00 to aid our new missions which we opened in 1944.



Miss Elizabeth Bien, Detroit, Michigan

of Mary



Evanston, Ill.

Dear Catechist,

Enclosed please find \$31.00 from Our Mother of Perpetual Help Band No. 2.

We were fortunate in getting another new member to join our ranks. One would think more people would be interested in a worthwhile cause, and an opportunity to help along in good works. Here's hoping our one new member will bring another, and maybe a few more.

Miss Celia Henrich (Promoter)

Every new Band member is a help to us in our work of spreading Christ's Kingdom. Our Mother of Perpetual Help Band is to be congratulated upon having such a zealous Promoter. Miss Henrich displays a true missionary spirit in her eagerness to secure more members who will share in the great work of the Associate Catechists of Mary.

Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Catechist,

Last Monday evening we had our usual meeting, and I am enclosing check for \$15.00 . . .

One of our members makes buttonholes on her sewing machine. All the money she made doing this work (which amounted to \$2.50) she turned over to our club. We are very grateful to her as we do not have many members and this helps to increase our regular monthly contribution.

We are planning on sending our usual boxes in the fall, and hope we can secure the boxes in which to ship the articles.

Please remember us in your prayers and may God bless you.

Sincerely,

St. Margaret Mary Band

By *Mrs. Alfred F. Vlcek*, Secretary

Many thanks to you, St. Margaret Mary Band, and may God reward you! We also express our "hole-hearted" thanks to Mrs. Miller for the private venture which she unselfishly devotes to our mission cause. It is the individual interest of each member which makes a band successful, and we can fully appreciate why St. Margaret Mary Band does such splendid work.

It would be greatly appreciated if all our bands would cooperate with us in the matter of checking our A.C.M. subscription list. Many members report that they do not receive our magazine. Very often we find it is because of insufficient or change of address. Due to the acute paper situation we print the very minimum number of copies and have none to spare. Will all the members, therefore, please see that the promoter have their correct addresses? And will every promoter please send us a complete, revised list of their ACTIVE MEMBERS including addresses with zone numbers.

A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

October 26 to November 24th

Charitina Bend, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	\$11.50
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Adelaide Fitzpatrick	14.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	14.25
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrallton, Ky. Bertha Glauber	3.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Murphy	11.30
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary Perkins	20.50
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunn	10.00
Les Petities Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jackmann	2.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	120.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	10.50
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mr. C. J. Sauthier	5.00
Our Lady, Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. A. Meng	5.00
Our Lady of Victory Guild, Omaha, Neb. Esther Russell	25.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. John McGovern	12.50
St. Anthony's Mission Circle, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck	70.15
St. Bridget's Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace Kern	3.25
St. Catherine's Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret Mannamy	10.00
St. George's Bend, Chicago, Marie Vaughn	50.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, O., Margaret Karas	6.25
St. Irene's Band, Chicago, May Walsh	6.00
St. Joseph's Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Buccci	9.37
St. Jude Thaddeus, Chicago, Mrs. Chas. J. Fiala	35.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	6.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. E. Welchert	15.00
St. Mary's Sodality, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	15.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. J. Huebl	12.61
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	25.00
St. Rillian Band, Cheviot, O., Miss Marie Gadzinski	1.00

A Soldier of Christ

by Catechist Mary Rose Conroy

"CATECHIST, Nito won't come to Doctrina any more!" My informer was Nito's roly-poly brother, Jim.

"WHY not, Jim?" I asked.

"BECAUSE he is awful sick, Catechist. He has to stay in bed all the time."

THIS was sad news. We had but recently found this family tucked away in a tiny camp in the midst of a vineyard. The children had received none of the sacraments except Baptism. Nito was about fourteen, Jim, twelve, and Rose, ten. They had been coming to class faithfully for the past four months. Soon they would be ready to receive their First Communion. And now Nito was sick.

We visited his home and found him in bed. The family didn't know just what was the matter with him, but the Doctor had said he must not get up. Since Nito was eager to continue his preparation for First Communion, we arranged to stop at the house each week and give him an instruction.

HE WAS a brave youngster and never complained, but I often saw him biting his lips to keep back a cry of pain. Each week it seemed to us that Nito was growing weaker. He was eager to receive his First Communion, and we felt that he was sufficiently prepared. Father visited him and agreed with us that it would be best not to delay longer.

NITO was delighted when we told him that Father had decided to give him his First Holy Communion the following day. He insisted on keeping the prescribed fast, as an extra welcome for his little King, although he knew that his illness dispensed him from doing so.

AFTER going to confession and receiving into his heart for the first time his Saviour and his God, Nito had one more privilege. Father considered Nito's condition grave, and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. How happy Nito was that day! He had received three sacraments in one short morning.

I SHOULD end this little story by saying that Nito died the next day, eager to meet face to face his little King, whom he had but recently

received into his heart for the first time. But truth is stranger than fiction. Nito rallied. We continued our weekly visit and class. He wanted to be confirmed with the other children. Each day he got up and dressed so that he would be strong enough to go to Church.

CONFIRMATION day arrived, and so did Nito, pale but smiling, triumph and joy glowing in his dark eyes. With one hundred and fifty other children and adults, he became a soldier of Christ that day.

BESIDES being of spiritual benefit, the sacraments have proven a physical boon to Nito. We saw him the other day out in the vineyard picking a bunch of grapes for his lunch. He is not well, but he is gradually gaining strength.



THE little negro folk are very faithful to their practice of saying, "Jesus help the soldiers," each time an airplane sails overhead. Small Jeanie, who cannot pronounce her words so distinctly, has her own version—"Jesus help de tailors!" Her Daddy is in Uncle Sam's Navy, but Jeanie can't quite manage her s's.

RECENTLY we talked about a prayer for Peace, which could be added to the first aspiration. I wanted the little ones to arrive at the conclusion that the war is such a tragedy that we need God's special intervention to bring it to an end. I was certain they were primed to give me the correct answer. In a serious manner, I asked the question, "and what are we having now, that makes all of us very sad?"

BIG black eyes blinked back solemnly, but no answer. I tried again.

"WHAT are we having that makes us very unhappy, and that we want to end?"

BONNIE LOU sat up straight, hand waving enthusiastically. And her answer was, "Class!"

Catechist M. Alice James

The Missionary Catechist

Mission Intention for January

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

"MUTUAL GOOD WILL BETWEEN CHRISTIANS AND MOHAMMEDANS"

WHEN the first of our American troops arrived in Africa on that fateful November 7, 1942, one of their first requirements was a knowledge of the various taboos by which they would give offense to the Mohammedans and perhaps militate them against the Allied cause. Thus many Americans received their first knowledge of the chasm of misunderstanding and doubt which separates Christianity from Moslemism. Now, if such was the case in military matters, how much more so in spiritual affairs. For this reason it is not surprising to find the Holy See requesting the prayers of the faithful for the establishment of mutual good will between these two peoples.

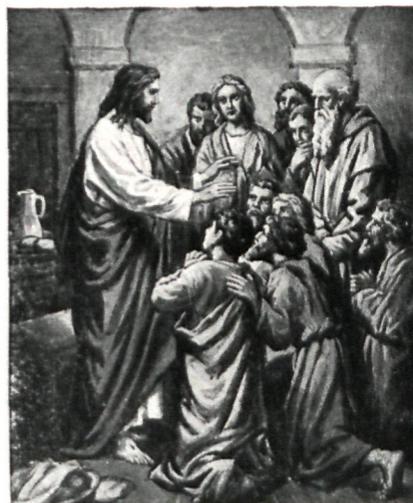
THE need for understanding and good will between Christians, particularly between Roman Catholics and Mohammedans, is something which should concern all of us, especially those interested in the mission activity of the Church. The true followers of Christ, and the adherents to the teachings of the Prophet, constitute two of the largest religious bodies in the world. The Roman Catholics, according to 1944 statistics, number some 338,385,939 members, while the Mohammedans total 220,978,848.

FIVE long centuries of bloodshed have proved the fallacy of matching strife with strife. It required the presence of the gentle Saint from Assissi—and charity alone, could constitute the real bridge by which these two peoples could be united. Long after the sands of Arabia and Africa had obliterated the strongholds of the Crusaders, the followers of St. Francis and other Catholic missionaries continued to erect, little by little, the structure of Christian charity in the midst of Mohammedan force.

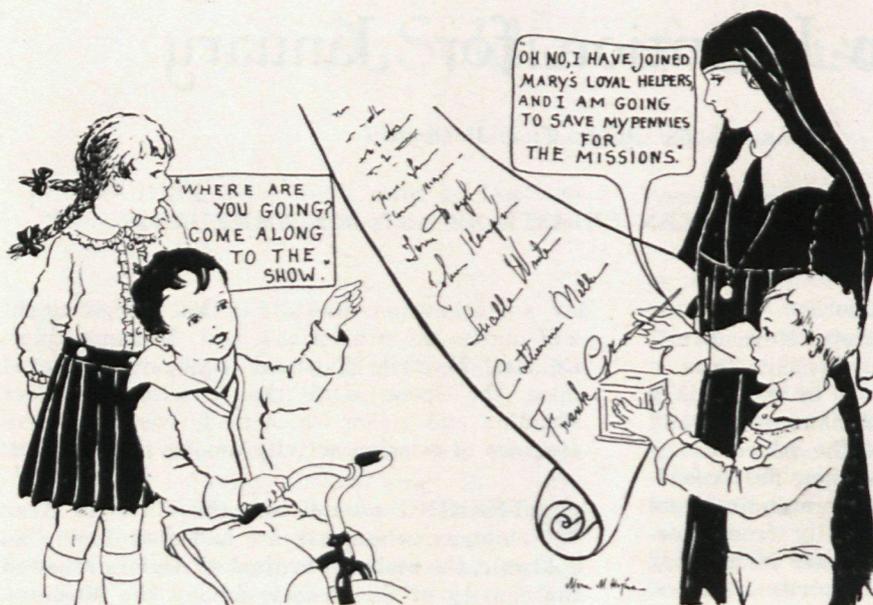
SEVEN long centuries have passed since St. Francis received the admonition of the Soldan Melek el Kamel "Pray for me, that the Most High may deign to show me which is the true religion." More than 700 years during which countless missionaries have dared to invade the citadels of the Prophet, many of them like their Leader, pouring out their life's blood for the salvation of souls. Then, almost within our own

day, a new keystone was laid in that bridge which will unite the Christians and Mohammedans. Charles Martial, Cardinal Lavignerie, entered upon the scene with the breadth of understanding and vision which made possible a renaissance of mission activity among the Moslems.

GATHERING around him the homeless Arab children, whose parents had died during an epidemic, the zealous Cardinal of Algiers renewed the charity of St. Francis among the Moslems. Today his followers, the White Fathers and White Sisters, together with other great Missionary Orders who labor in Africa, the Near East or India, where the followers of the Prophet are so numerous, rely upon the prayers and alms of the faithful to continue this apostolate which will bring about the mutual good will for which our Sovereign Pontiff pleads.



"All power in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." (Matt. XXVIII, 18-20)



Mary's

Happy New Year, Loyal Helpers:

The past year has been a grand one from the viewpoint of real missionary endeavors on the part of our helpers. I am sure that your Guardian Angels have been kept busy marking down all the good you have done for the missions—each little sacrifice that has caused a penny, a nickel or a dime to jingle into your Sunshine Bag; each little extra prayer whispered for the Missionary Catechists that they might save another soul. Every little sacrifice offered and every little coin, you know, means another step in the Mile of Smiles and helps to bring sunshine—spiritual sunshine—into the lives of our mission children.

We are thrilled that there are so many generous little co-missionaries helping us. We know that your charity makes Jesus and Mary happy, too. So, now, with a new year before you, you will keep up your good work, won't you? Let one of your main New Year resolutions be—if I was a good missionary in 1944, I am going to be a still better one in 1945—one that Mary, my heavenly Mother, will be proud of; more extra Masses offered, more Holy Communions received, more prayers offered, and more pennies in my Sunshine Bag to help further the honor and glory of God.

God love you and keep you, Loyal Helpers.

Dear Catechists:

We are enclosing five dollars for the Missions. All the children of the fifth and sixth grades are writing you a letter, then Sister is going to pick out the best letter and let that child send it.

We have been saving for the Missions off and on since we were in the first grade. We think it's the best thing we can do outside of praying for them . . .

The sum of five dollars isn't very large but it may help a little.

Yours sincerely,

Rita Yager



Dear Catechist,

I am enclosing my money for the missions, which I have saved. Also my picture which you asked for. I am ten years old.

I will keep my promise and pray for the missions every day. Thank you for your kindness in writing to me.

Patricia Breakey (Chicago, Ill.)

The Missionary Catechist

Loyal Helpers

Fowler, Michigan

January 11, 1944

Dear Catechists,

Enclosed is a check for \$2.50 which we are sending you for the benefit of your missions. It is the mite-box offering of our unit during Advent. We hope to do better during Lent.

Very truly yours
Sister M. Winifred and the
Missionary Unit
Grade Seven



Leon Schmitz with his sister.

Little Leon talks it over with his sister, a novice at Victory-Noll to whom he gave a bank of pennies for the missions when he visited her. Upon receiving a letter of thanks from the Catechist in charge of the Mission fund, he was very thrilled and made a big promise. He said, "Next year I'm going to get a bank as big as both my arms can reach around, and as high as I am, and fill that full of pennies for the Catechists."

To Sister Clementia and her class at St. Peter and Paul's School, Leheighton, Pennsylvania, we wish to express our belated thanks for their gift of \$3.00 toward our mission work. Since our needs become greater and greater as our mission field extends itself, we are ever more and more grateful to our Mission friends.

Port Washington, Wis.

Thanks for your interesting magazine. You certainly are doing a wonderful work.

Enclosed find a little donation to further the cause. We would gladly do more but there are so many demands on our charity this year.

May God bless and prosper your work.

With every good wish for the New Year, we are

Pupils of Grade Six
(Sister Mary Zelota)

St. Patrick's School
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Sister Superior,

The Kindergarten and First Grade of our school used the little mite-box you sent. They put in their sacrifice money during the past several weeks and the amount was \$6.00. I am enclosing a money order for it. I hope this will be a little help in your Mission work.

Sincerely in J. C.

Sr. M. Dorothy, R.S.M.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Catechists

The children of our Third Grade are making this little donation (\$5.00) to your missionary work as their special Christmas offering.

It is the result of their saving pennies.

May the Infant Jesus continue to bless your work among the needy and the poor.

Sincerely in Christ,
Sister Miriam

A Small Sacrifice - - - An Eternal Reward

Catechist Josephine Cima

THERE are times when we think we are doing very little for the salvation of souls, but we reckon without the power of grace. It may be just our little sacrifice of time or work or money that is needed to set in motion the action of God's grace in souls.

FOR instance, there is the story of the Italian family who lived in a remote mining camp in Nevada. Mass was never offered in this place, yet when the Catechists visited the family they found the children apparently well instructed in their catechism. None of the children had made their First Communion, so we felt there was a story to tell, and one of the girls related it to us.

IT HAPPENED that in this family three of the children were born on the same day of the same month of different years. Because this is rather unusual, someone sent the information to a newspaper. The newspaper featured it in

the "believe it or not" column. A priest, reading the item, and noticing the Italian name, thought the family very probably Catholic. He realized that in that part of the country they might have little opportunity for religious instruction and mailed them a catechism. The little book was treasured by the family. The children memorized its contents. They learned the prayers and recited them faithfully.

THE children, now grown, were anxious to make their First Holy Communion, and after a few instructions had the happiness of receiving their Eucharistic King in the Sacrament of His Love.

THE good priest who sent the catechism to this family may never, in this world, know the good he has done. But the grateful prayers of the family follow him, and in eternity he will reap the reward of his zeal.

Trinity Memoriam

Rev. George Dinneen, S.J., Pastor St. Ignatius Church, Chicago, Ill.

Thomas McBride, Chicago, Ill., Father of Catechist McBride.

John J. Buckley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Fred Ramp, Chicago, Ill.

Albertina Hennessey, Chicago, Ill.

Ellen V. Mathieu, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Mary Hammes, Monterey, Ind.

Frank Hanrahan, Chicago, Ill.

John C. Myers, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. John B. McNulty, Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Tatarzk, Detroit, Mich.

Fred Tacke, Columbus, Ohio.

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



The Missionary Catechist



Desert Volcanoes

By Catechist Mary Stech

ANYONE who has difficulty giving serious consideration to the "four last things" might find a solution to his problem in a brief visit to the region of boiling mud pots here in the northwestern portion of Imperial Valley, California.

THE MUD pots are elevations varying in height from one to ten feet and appearing prolifically over a large area of salt-caked land. These mounds have the appearance of miniature volcanoes. Some of them noisily belch forth a hot, brown slime at intervals of about one minute. This burning lava slowly runs down the side of the crater, turning to a dull grey as it begins to cool, and becoming, finally, a black, cindery substance.

OTHERS of these boiling mud pots emit no lava but send steady fountains of steam into the air. Still others spurt out water together with steam. All these effusions are accompanied by gulping, gurgling or rumbling noises.

A STRONG sulphurous odor permeates this entire region. Nearby are wells of natural carbon dioxide gas which is compressed 450 times to minus 109 degrees Fahrenheit, forming commercial dry ice.

TO THE penetrating, analytic mind of a scientist, this land of boiling mud pots is impregnated with volcanic mystery, material for endless study and research. The ordinary visitor, however, is not distracted by the probings of a scientific mind. If he has a normal sense of the supernatural, his thoughts will undoubtedly turn to the fiery dungeons of eternal punishment. The sulphur in his nostrils; the dismal, guttural noises issuing from the bowels of the earth; the steam shooting up into the air; the burning lava vomited over the face of the parched, barren land; all combine to incite the visitor with thoughts of the infernal region. He cannot help, moreover, feeling impressed with the Omnipotence of God. Who having created nature, restrains its tremendous forces, according to His good pleasure, with the strength of His Almighty Arm.

At the Beginning of the New Year Resolve to:

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and Stamps

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Renew Your Subscription
to
The Missionary Catechist



KEEP THEM PRAYING



KEEP THEM WORKING

Send in a New Subscription
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VICTORY NOLL
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Dear Catechists,

Enclosed please find \$..... for my renewal subscription to The Missionary Catechist for years.

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P. O. Zone State

Also \$..... for the following new subscription:

Name Address

P. O. Zone State