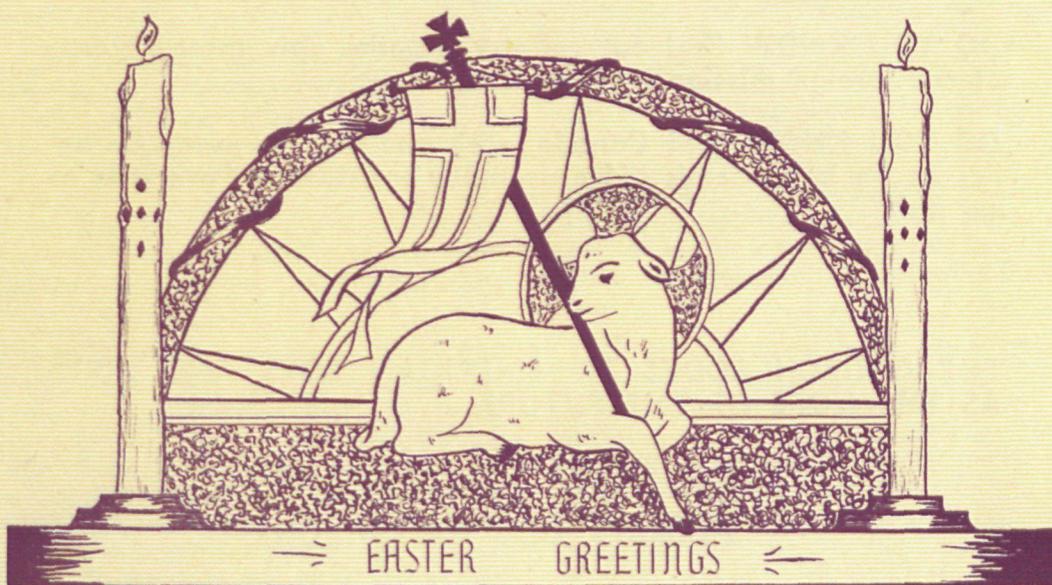


The Missionary Catechist



Volume XXI

April, 1945

Number 5

Consecrate Your Life to God

**A WAR-TORN WORLD LOOKS TO AMERICA FOR PRIESTS,
BROTHERS AND SISTERS.**

**"The harvest indeed is abundant but the laborers are few."
(Matt. IX, 37)**

**DO YOU KNOW that every diocese in the United States needs
priests and religious?**

**DO YOU KNOW that Europe will be unable to supply foreign
missionaries for years to come?**

**DO YOU KNOW that our country supplies only three percent
of the foreign mission personnel?**

**DO YOU KNOW that Canada, with one-fifth as many Catho-
lics as we have, sends twice as many missionaries overseas as
we do?**

**THE CHURCH LOOKS TO AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS
AS THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE.**

PERHAPS GOD CALLS YOU!

Perhaps He calls YOU to be a Soldier in His Army!

WILL YOU RESPOND?

The Missionary Catechist

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Bring Peace to the World

*By uniting your Sacrifices with the daily Sacrifice
of Christ on our Altars*

THE world is sad this Easter. Its peoples are at war. For many of the nations it is the sixth Good Friday on which the sun has set without hope that Easter Sunday might bring the dawn of peace.

THE world should be able to understand the sadness and utter desolation of Good Friday. It has known grief, separation, heartbreak; it has seen strife and bloodshed; it has sacrificed the flower of its manhood in the gigantic struggle in which it is now engaged. Surely, ere this the nations must have felt the utter dereliction of Christ on the cross and with Him have cried out: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken us?"

AND to this cry, what answer could the Omnipotent God make, but "My people, My people, why have you forsaken Me?" The world has turned from its God. It will have nothing to do with Him. It has echoed the cry of the Jews on that first Good Friday "Away with Him, away with Him!" The state does not recognize Him. Pride and self-sufficiency have turned Him away. He has been put out of the schools. Divorce and birth control have robbed Him of His place in the home. Men have no love for Him who died for love of them.

IS THERE, then, to be no Easter Sunday to follow the Good Friday through which the world is passing? Is the world never again to "rejoice and be glad?" The world has done away with the Prince of Peace and like the Jewish nation of old which rejected Him, has brought upon itself sorrow and destruction.

BUT the Saviour has not rejected the world. He is still the meek Lamb of God; He still begs for the hearts of men. And the Catholics throughout the world living close to Christ, united with Him, following ever in His footsteps, offering themselves with Him in the Sacrifice of the Mass, could bring back to the world the peace of Christ.

CATHOLICS of the world, rally to the standard of your King! Your hearts are heavy with sorrow; unite them to the Heart of your Saviour bleeding and dying on Calvary's heights. Each morning, or as often as possible, unite your sacrifice with the sacrifice of the God-Man as He offers Himself a Victim for the sins of men, the one perfect sacrifice to the Triune God. Unite yourself with Him as He offers to the Eternal Father the only perfect act of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and love, in the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

Peace must come from the Author of Peace

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

We Pray for our Fighting Men

by Catechist Loretta Srill

NO TITLE of Our Blessed Mother is dearer to the heart of the Mexican than that of Our Lady of Guadalupe. From the day in 1531 when she appeared to Juan Diego, every Mexican has taken her for his own dear Mother. Even small children are familiar with the title, and nearly every family has one member by the name of Guadalupe after their much beloved patroness. Countless are the churches named in her honor.

IT IS because of this devotion of the Mexican people to Our Lady of Guadalupe that the 12th of December finds their churches crowded to capacity in honor of the Virgin. And not only on the 12th of December, but on the 12th of every month special devotions are held in her honor. Here in our parish the devotions take the form of a rather unique service in behalf of those who are serving their Country in the Armed Forces.

IN PREPARATION for this Service, a small box is kept in the church all during the month, and in this the parishioners may, at any time, place the names of their relatives and friends who have answered the call of their Country. On the 12th of the month the picture of our Lady of Guadalupe is decorated with flowers and candles, and the small box of names placed in front of it.

AT THE beginning of the Service, the faithful leaving their places in the church, assemble at the entrance. The Pastor in his white cope, and the altar boys in cassocks and surplices bearing lighted torches, head the procession. Then follow the faithful, going all the way down the aisle on their knees. Old men and women pleading for their sons and grandsons; young women interceding for their husbands or fiancés; children begging for their fathers or brothers; all these suddenly make the aisle become a swaying mass of heads as each one slowly treads the way on his knees.

"ORA pro nobis" is the plea the whole congregation sings out in answer to each invocation of Our Lady's Litany. On arriving at the end of the aisle, each one draws out a name from the little box, and promises to offer special prayers and good works for that particular service man during the coming month. As the last one draws out a name and returns to his



Our Lady of Guadalupe, protect our fighting men.

place in church, the Rosary is begun. Between the mysteries the pleading voices of Mary's children are again heard in the beautiful Spanish hymn inviting all Mexicans to come and sing to the "Glory of their Nation," the Virgin of Guadalupe.

AFTER Rosary all join with the priest in reciting a prayer, asking the Blessed Mother to plead with her Divine Son in behalf of all those who have left home and dear ones, whether they are on land, at sea, or in the air. No one's voice pleads more earnestly than that of seven-year old Pedro. He never misses the Guadalupe devotions, and at any time during the month he may be seen tiptoeing up to the little box to slip in his father's name. Although his father has already been reported "Missing in Action," he is certain that prayers in his behalf will help him in the next world, if not in this. It is for all those brave young men like Pedro's Father, who have given their lives for their Country, that the priest vested in black cope sings the

(Continued on page 18)

From A to Z

by Catechist Viola Wopperer

IF you were to ask about the origin of the word **AZUSA**, you would probably be told that the word is derived simply from the fact that Azusa contains everything from A to Z in the USA.

THAT may be true, but the word Azusa also has a bit of interesting history connected with it. Azusa is founded upon the site of an ancient Indian village known as "Azuksa-gna." This was the home of the Gabrieleno tribe of the Shoshonean Indian, and it was noted for the abundance of good water, acorn bearing trees, and moderate climate. As the Spanish and Mexicans began coming into Southern California, the district became known as "El Susa." In 1844 it was named the Azusa Rancho, and in the late '60s a postoffice was established on the ranch and the name changed to Azusa.

AZUSA is situated at the mouth of the San Gabriel Canyon, the entrance to the huge Angeles Forest watershed in the Sierra Madre mountain range. The first gold discovered in California was in this canyon, and many miners still pan enough dust to make a comfortable living while searching for the "real" thing. Azusa's chief industry, however, is the growing, packing and shipping of citrus fruit. This provides employment for the majority of the Mexican population.

IN September, 1937, we opened a mission center in Azusa to provide religious instruction for the five hundred children there, as well as for the children in the surrounding districts of El Monte, Arcadia, Baldwin Park, Glendora, Irwindale, Covina, Pomona, Claremont, LaVerne, San Dimas and Puente. In each of these places we conduct



April, 1945

religious instruction classes once or twice a week, which means we cover many miles each week. And speaking of distances, we cannot help but think of others who travel even greater distances to give the wrong kind of instruction,—the various Protestant sects who go many miles for the sole purpose of proselytizing.

ONE day as we were driving home from class, we saw a group of children apparently very much interested in something. We stopped the car, and there in the midst of the children was a woman handing out what proved to be Protestant Sunday School leaflets. As we walked over to the children they came running to show us what they had. When we told them the leaflets were not Catholic, a few of the older children collected them and gave them to us to burn. The woman met the children the following week as they were going home from class, but she could not interest them. She did not try again.

THE workers from this Sect had been going to our camps every Sunday, but since we have been going there regularly for religious instructions their attendance has been so small that they have discontinued their visits.

ONE day as we were going down the street, a Pentecostal woman stopped us. "Sisters," she said, "I am very sad." Upon questioning her, we learned that she was a fallen-away Catholic. She told us that her children do not like to go to the Pentecostal church. One day her little boy said, "Mama, the Catholic Church is always crowded, and only a few people go to the Pentecostal Church. Do you know why, Mama? Because God is there and He is not in the church we go to."

AT another time the little fellow said, "Mama, you are not baptized in the Pentecostal church. You were baptized in the Catholic Church, and that other baptism is just like taking a swim in the river, it doesn't mean anything."

AS the poor woman was telling us her story, I could not but think "And a little child shall lead them." Evidently grace is working to gain an entrance into that home, and we can only pray that the mother will have the strength and courage to cooperate with it and bring up her family in the religion which is their rightful heritage.

AND even though Azusa boasts that it possesses everything from A to Z in the USA, there is still a great need for the grace of God, spiritual enlightenment, and the work of the zealous Priests and Catechists assigned to this portion of the Vineyard.

Each Child is Different

by Catechist Elizabeth Clifford

DID you ever close your eyes and picture to yourself a class of children whom you taught only yesterday, or last week, or even last year? Immediately some faces will stand out. Others you will have to grope for, even if it is a class you had yesterday. I was thinking of that the other day while working on some class records. How different each child is; and how non-descript some are, so much so that it is an effort to remember their names even after several months of classes. (In this particular class I have an average attendance of between seventy and eighty children.)

RACHEL is one of the children you would pick out immediately. She is the kind of child who is a joy to every teacher,—serious in class, well-behaved, and eager to learn. Carmen is another one. But Jenny is probably the one you would notice were you to visit that class. Ah, Jenny! When I am away from class—merely thinking about it I think I am very fortunate to have a child like Jenny in it. But when she is actually before me, I sometimes heartily wish she were miles away.

JENNY is bright, talented, a real leader, but not always so well-behaved as I would wish. She is an only child. The father went away and married again, and Jenny's mother has to work. Knowing Jenny's background makes one more understanding and forgiving. She is a Girl Scout this year, after having been a Brownie for two years. The girls elected her secretary of the troop because she reads and writes well. Whenever she is naughty—which is very often—she comes to me and asks if she is still the secretary; only she separates the syllables and draws them out in a way I cannot show you. Her minutes are classic. Here are a few examples picked at random:

Meeting called to order by Rachel Gomez. Troop 29 gave troop 14 a hall-oween party. Tillie, Lucille, and Connie danced la comadre. Catukist gave the old Brownies their wings and they flied up to be Girl Scouts. We had a lot of fun and thanked Catechist (spelled right this time) for the good party we had.

Meeting called to order by Catikist We decided to go to the fire station on next Tuesday afternoon. After a little talking we played a game named clock,



Some children you would pick out immediately.

and we played another game named this is my nose.

We opened our meeting with Scout promise and sang our chalet song. We tried to make a trail around the block but the boys wouldn't let us. They kicked away our rocks as soon as we laid them. Catechist said we would make a trail when we go over to the Catechist's house.

NOW, you see, I have given more space to Jenny than I intended, but that's the way she is!

DONALD is another problem child. Last summer he dived into Lake Arrowhead and came up with a broken neck. I say he came up. Anyone else would have stayed down, but Donald is the one in a thousand who survived. Even now he is wearing a brace on his back. He is so wiggly and talkative with the brace on that I wonder what he will be like when he takes it off. I have discovered his weakness, however, and often take advantage of it. He has a beautiful soprano voice and loves to sing. And he likes best to sing Gregorian Chant! The children are learning the Gregorian Easter Mass, and when Donald misbehaves I simply tell him that if he is not quiet he will not be able to sing, and he is good for—well, fifteen minutes at the most.

BUT it's about Barbara I want to tell you. Barbara is also a child of a broken home. She is quiet and rather old fashioned. One day I told her the story of her Patroness, St. Barbara. I really tried hard to make it a good story and thought I had succeeded. That was about three months ago. The other day Barbara came to

me and said, "Catechist, remember a long time ago you told me a story about St. Barbara? Well, I don't think we finished that story, did we?"

I SEARCHED my memory, feeling quite certain we had finished. I am not so adept at telling stories that I can spread them out over two installments.

"I THOUGHT we finished it, Barbara, but perhaps I am wrong. Where did we stop?"

"WE STOPPED," answered the Saint's little namesake, "where Barbara's father cut her head off!"

NOW I really had thought that was the end, but of course Barbara was right. It was only the beginning. So we followed St. Barbara to Heaven and learned how she takes special care of little girls named after her, especially little girls whose fathers are modern counterparts of St. Barbara's father. That's the kind Barbara's father is. He comes to see the child, takes her with him sometimes, and tries to undo all that Barbara learns in religion class. She has need of a patroness as strong as St. Barbara.

Mission Intention for April

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

MOHAMMEDANS WHO LIVE AMONG CHRISTIANS

THERE is growing apprehensiveness regarding the future position of the Mohammedans after the conclusion of the present war. Their importance in world affairs is no longer a matter of little interest to the people of America, for theirs is a voice that is resounding around the world. The forthcoming Arab conference, the possibility of a strong Arabic union, the question of Palestine migrations, all point to issue that must affect the west as well as the east.

WE APPRECIATE England's role in Islamic affairs and we see, with concern, Russia's eagerness to court the favor of the followers of the prophet. In India the Hindu-Moslem impasse remains the same, with neither side willing to concede to the other. However, it becomes evident that there are two distinct forces striving for Moslem favor — the one Christian — the other pagan.

FOR this reason it would seem that upon certain Christian communities must devolve the herculean task of rescuing the followers of the prophet from the pitfalls of paganism. This is particularly true of those communities where authority has been vested in the hands of Christian, and in many instances, Catholic leaders.

WE APPRECIATE the difficulties of all forms of colonial government and the need for strength of character, strong moral force and strict adherence to duty on the part of those in authority. It is to them that the eyes of the Holy See are now turned. The Mohammedan respects the man who respects himself; he recognizes the high caliber of him who is not afraid to practice his religion and abide by its commandments.

THEREFORE there is an urgent duty on the part of Christians among whom Mohammedans live and over whom they may have authority. The force of example is something the Moslem understands and respects; hence his admiration for the followers of Charles, Vicomte de Foucald, who pray and fast in the desert and offer the highest kind of Christian charity to all, regardless of race, color or creed. They appreciate the tireless care of the missionaries who labor in the orphanages and hospitals, who bind up their sores and nurse them back to health.

HOWEVER, the greatest force for good must come from the conduct of the Christians among whom the Mohammedans live. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, at the request of the Holy See, asks then the prayers of the faithful for both the Moslems and the Christians who are their neighbors. Through the supplications of our American Catholics the eyes of the one may be opened to the love and knowledge of Christ, the Redeemer, while the hearts of the other may be inspired with understanding and fortitude to act and live the ideals of Catholicity.





GREEN and BLUE and BROWN

by Catechist M. Alice James

"CATECHIST?"

GLORIA'S small brown finger edged exploringly along the sleeve of my habit.

"YES, Gloria," I said encouragingly for I knew she had something on her mind.

"CATECHIST, why don't you wear a Scout uniform like the other Girl Scout leaders?"

LUISITA, a Scout of three years' standing, looked up. She had once asked me a similar question.

"LET me tell her, Catechist. I remember how you explained it to me."

AS I nodded approval, Luisita continued, "Gloria, why do I wear this uniform?"

"TO SHOW you belong to the Girl Scouts," came the prompt answer.

"AND why do you wear your uniform?"

THE small brown-clad figure straightened proudly. "That shows I belong to the Brownie Scouts."

LUISITA went on with her questioning. "Now, why do you think Catechist wears blue? I'll tell you. Catechist wears blue and white to show that she belongs to God. Those are His Mother's colors. Gloria, if you wore a habit (that's the name of a Sister's dress) and it told everyone you belonged to God and His Mother, would you change it for any other one?"

"OH, no!" came Gloria's response, and a number of other interested listeners, in the neat uniforms of green and blue, echoed Gloria's emphatic negative.

"WHEN people see Catechist with us," continued Luisita, "they know we are Catholic Girl Scouts and they expect us to do everything that a good Scout should do. So we have to be 'specially careful of our Promise and Laws.'"

I LOOKED at my watch, and then at the circle of up-turned faces. "Time for Scouts and Brownies to sing their Hiking song. We promised to be home at five o'clock. Would you like to get a drink of water before we leave the park?"

AS twin lines of green and brown formed around the two drinking fountains, there

was ample time to reminisce a bit over our Girl Scouting venture in El Paso.

THREE years ago we had decided that Scouting could fill a particular need in the lives of our Mexican girls. All were more or less segregated in schools built especially to accommodate their race. To the Anglo children, the Mexicans represented the "over the track" species. We felt that the racial characteristics and talents of both groups could make for an enrichment of all, if only they could be brought together on a basis of equality. Much thought and investigation had convinced us that Scouting offered this opportunity.

THE question of suitable meeting places, finances for uniforms and equipment, intensive home visiting to explain the nature and purpose of Scouting, all rose up like Marley's ghost. We hesitated. "Strike out into the deep," Someone had told a hesitant group of fishermen, "and let down your nets." They had been dumbfounded at the results. We, too, decided to strike out into the deep. Would the results come up to our expectations?

FIRST of all, we wrote our families, friends, and former schools. We explained our reason for beginning the Scouting program, and mentioned the difficulties anticipated because our children belonged to the poorest class. We asked for old uniforms and equipment no longer in use, or in lieu of these any donation, small or large.

IN SOME instances the response was very generous, but all along the way it was up-hill work. Again and again we reminded ourselves that all good things grow slowly.

NOW after three years, I was able to take inventory just for my own satisfaction. I began with the spiritual gains, for these are always of prime importance. The Scouts and Brownies in the nine troops under our care had all begun their Scouting with a beautiful ceremony of Reception. It had taken place before the altar in the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord, with each Pastor officiating in the troops' respective parishes.

FLAGS, pins, badges, and other insignia received the blessing of the Church and were presented the children by their Catechist leaders. A solemn Act of Consecration to God's Holy Mother was included in the ceremony. Parents and friends listened with interest as the Pastors explained the Girl Scout Promise:

On my honor, I will try:
To do my duty to God and my country,
To help other people at all times,
To obey the Girl Scout Laws.

OUR Scouts have found that duty to God means regular attendance at Sunday Mass, frequent reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion, and faithful attendance at Religion Class. Members of our troops are outstanding in Parish activities, although many of these girls formerly refused to join Parish sodalities and clubs. They did not want to be termed "las piadosas" (the pious ones.)

DUTY to their country is evinced in their enthusiastic participation in bond drives, stamp sales, grease collections, and scrap drives. The desire to serve their country has brought to the Scouts a truer knowledge of their duty and their benefits as its citizens. Visits have been made to Red Cross stations, Airports, Military Hospital, Canteens, and the offices of the City Officials. Eager to prove their worth in the War program, the Scouts have worked diligently to win their badges in Junior Red Cross and Home Nursing projects. Their recently acquired skills in these fields have been put to practical use.

IN SOUTH El Paso, a Catechist leader found one of her thirteen year old Scouts giving her sick mother a daily bed bath. The Visiting Nurse commented on the child's efficiency at a task which often tries the skill of an adult. Another Scout added a dime to her Troop Fund. It had been given her by a neighbor after the Scout had obligingly bandaged the bleeding arm of the woman's small child.

COLLECTING empty medicine bottles, washing and sterilizing them for use in San Jose Clinic is another through-the-year project.

"TO HELP other people at all times." Fulfilling this part of their promise, Scouts and Brownies are learning the very essence of Christlike charity. Some go on errands regularly for old and infirm people of the neighborhood. At Christmas and Easter these poor people are made happier by the small boxes of goodies prepared by the children.

DURING the holiday season, the trays at San Jose Maternity Hospital and the County Hospital blossom with colorful favors fashioned by Scouts' and Brownies' nimble fingers. Babies in San Jose Clinic wear gay, flowered jackets, and kick tiny feet encased in warm booties, which helped the Scouts earn their needlecraft badges. Opportunity for Christlike service is unlimited in Scouting.

"AND to obey the Girl Scout Laws." The final part of their promise is giving our girls a sense of responsibility that should stand them in good stead throughout their lives. Pastors,

(Continued on page 15)

FOR NEWS OF THE CONFRATERNITY IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SANTA FE, WE TAKE YOU DIRECT TO ALBUQUERQUE, IN NEW MEXICO.

STATION CCD, Catechist Drexler announcing:

ON SEPTEMBER 5th, we started a visit of our missions in the mountain districts. Magdalena was our first stop. We began classes immediately for the Confraternity teachers and for the children. The zealous Pastor, Father Perez, is trying hard to organize sodalities. He has converted the little house next to the church into a hall with tables, games, radio, so that the people will have a place where they can get together for social affairs. The people like to play Bingo, and every Sunday evening after Rosary and Benediction, there is a Bingo party until ten o'clock. Father thinks that is late enough for the people to be out.

ONE morning on our way to Santa Rita, an out-mission from Magdalena, we saw fifteen deer here and there along the road. One stood right in front of the car. They are very beautiful and extremely graceful.

FROM Magdalena we went to Lincoln. Lincoln is a little town, or perhaps I should say a long town, as it consists of one street between two mountain ranges. It is a real beauty spot. The children and the grownups were happy to have the Catechists with them. We received splendid cooperation from the principals and teachers in the various schools, and during our stay in Lincoln prepared First Communion classes in San Patricio and Picacho. We lived in a house belonging to the proprietor of the store, a non-Catholic. He refused to accept rent because "the Catechists do so much good for the people and their children."

OUR next stop was Manzano. When we arrived there the mountains were a riot of color. One day, unable to resist them, we took a trip up the mountains. After driving four miles, we parked the car and climbed. We were within about half an hour's climb of Capilla Lookout when we had to return in order to get to class in time. Well, perhaps the next time we can make the summit.

WE HAVE an excellent group of Confraternity teachers in the Manzano parish. All of them are school teachers, and each teacher takes his or her own pupils for an hour or two half hours a week after school hours for religious instruc-

In The Home Field



The mountains were a riot of color.

tion. While in this parish, we had meetings for the Confraternity teachers of the district at Manzano and Torreon. They were well attended and the teachers showed real interest in their work.

THIS is Catechist Drexler saying "Goodbye" as she turns the microphone over to Catechist LoRang. Come in, Catechist LoRang.

THIS is Catechist LoRang, station CCD, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Albuquerque and vicinity have been a worry to us for the past three years, as there are hundreds of public school children not receiving religious instruction. This year the girls from St. Vincent Academy and the seminarians from Lourdes Seminary have come to our assistance.

WE HAVE given the Confraternity course to nine girls from the Academy, and we are now giving the course twice a week to six of the seminarians. Both groups have responded enthusiastically. With their help, we are taking

care of five large public schools and have twelve hundred children attending the classes.

THE seminarians are teaching twice a week at San Jose school. They use our extra car. There are about 375 children attending classes in this school.

WE TAKE the Academy girls to and from the other schools. We enjoy the ride back to the Academy with them, as the girls are bubbling over with enthusiasm. They always have questions for us to answer and problems to be solved. Two of the girls were asked if they were Catholic. It amused them greatly because they know how hard it is for these New Mexican children to realize that an Anglo-American can also be a Catholic.

THE Confraternity seems to be the only solution to the problem of religious instruction in this great Archdiocese, where the population is scattered over thousands of miles. We ask your prayers for its growth and continued success.

THIS is Catechist LoRang saying "Goodbye and God bless you" for the CCD in Albuquerque.



Signs of Spring

THIS is our rainy season, but it does not seem to bother our little ones in the camps. When they see "Las Madrecitas" coming, they tramp through mud and rain to reach us. Yesterday when the children were running towards us, their shoes weighted with clumps of mud, we saw a little girl carrying an extra pair of shoes over her shoulders. The old pair she was wearing through the mud, the "best" ones she would wear inside.

Catechist D. Leahy,
Los Banos, Calif.

THE Catechists were getting into their car for the homeward trip after their classes in the new catechism center. A blond, toothless maid of six came running towards them. "Can I come to class, too, when you guys come round again?" she asked.

Martin: Last summer my uncle took me to Los Angeles, and we saw the ocean.

Catechist: Did you go swimming in it?

Martin: Yes, Catechist.

Catechist: That must have been fun. Did you enjoy it?

Martin: Naw. The water tastes like pepper.

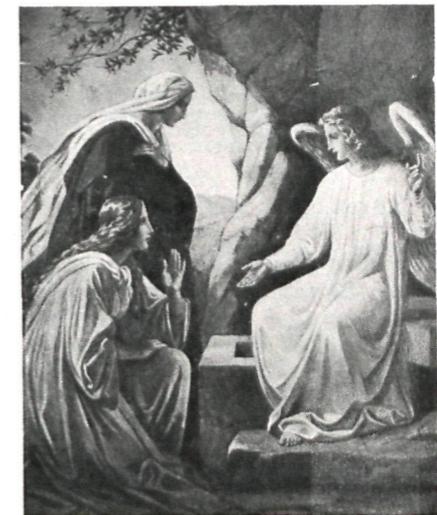


Catechist: Can you tell us one thing that God made, Marilyn?

Six-year-old: Gas.

Catechist: (Surprised by the unexpected reply) What did you say, Marilyn? What did God make?

Marilyn: Gas. You know, Catechist, all the p'itty g'een g'ass.



He has risen, He is not here. (St. Mark, XVI-6)



Associate Catechists

Dear Associates,

EACH morning when we are at Mass before sun-up a cardinal, perched on a budding tree, announces in gladsome notes: "cheer, cheer, cheer—spring is here!" He reminds us that Easter messages are in order.

True enough, everyone feels downhearted. Black clouds of War continue to envelope the earth. Peace has not yet dawned for us. Still we can take courage in the thought that as surely as a glorious Easter Day followed the eclipse of a Good Friday, so in Christian hope we can look forward to the day when we, having done sufficient penance (willingly or imposed upon us by the sufferings of War), may again be at peace with God and each other.

Patron Saint of Card-Players



WE HERE use the word "saint" with reservations because Pauline Marie Jaricot, foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has not yet been raised to the altars of the Church. We do not doubt, however, that in time she will be.

How many of you know that the inspiration for the founding of this Society, which has been one of the greatest factors in the spread of our Holy Faith in Mission lands in modern times, came while a card party was in progress? Pauline, not having anything else at the time upon which to write, jotted down the plan on the back of a playing-card taken off the card-table.

"Aren't We Mercenary?"



Miss Madeline Morro, Corresponding Secretary for the *Sacred Heart Mission Club*, Newark, New York, who has endless schemes in the back of her head for raising money for our Catechists, ended a letter to us lately with the remark, "Aren't we mercenary?"

Yes, Miss Morro, and so have been all apostles for the poor and needy—whether they lived in ancient or modern times. We cite St. Vincent de Paul whose name is synonymous with charity for God's poor. More recent apostles for the

Missions and for the under-privileged include well-known but uncanonized saints like Matt Talbott, longshoreman of Dublin, Ireland, who gave a portion of his weekly wages to help support the Missions, and Father Pro of Mexico City who was always begging for the dear poor under his care. He was glad to get money offerings, but would take anything else even though it burdened his own person and caused embarrassments and inconveniences. Once he boarded a street-car with a live, flopping turkey given him for a poor family. (Who is reminded, in the mental picture this conjures, of the old pastor in "Going My Way?")

ONE group of Associates from whom we hear frequently, with regular donations is the *Saint Raymond Nonatus Band* of Chicago. Early in February we received the distressing news that the Promoter, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan, mother of three small children, had to see her husband leave for military duty.



It is only a strong Christian spirit—which fortunately Mrs. Quinlan has—that enables our people in the world to bear up under the crushing burdens the War has laid upon them today. Pray for her and all like her.

Helen Gaethke, Promoter of *Archbishop Stritch Band*, has faithfully sent in monthly contributions for years. She, too, has followed the work of our Society since its pioneer days, having seen some of the first Catechists receive their habit at Longwood, when she was too young to understand "what kind of Sisters they were."

We do not often hear from *St. Jude Mission Society*, Fort Wayne, Indiana, of which Mrs. Mary Noll is Promoter. But when it comes to doing things in a big way they are right there. More than \$200.00 was received from these good women during the past year.

of Mary



PERHAPS few of you know that *Les Petites Fleurs Club*, Chicago, of which Miss Elsie Jachmann is Promoter, was founded way back in 1926. Ten young girls started out to help the foreign missions through monthly dues and socials.

Since one of their members left shortly afterward to be a Missionary Catechist (Catechist Dorothy Wilke), they decided to adopt her as their Missionary and have worked for her ever since.

Mrs. Anna Meng, Promoter of *St. Anthony Band*, Los Angeles, California, sends regular donations. She is ably assisted by her daughter, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier, with whom she lives, and a fairly large group of very zealous women. She complained recently that because of serious ill health "about all she can do any more is to sit and look on, with the Rosary in her hands." We feel she is accomplishing far more for the Missions than she thinks with *the Rosary in her hands*. She begs prayers for a grandson who was killed in action over Italy when his plane was shot down.

One of our newest Bands is the *Ave Maria Band* of Elkhart, Indiana. Miss Hannorah Pindell is Promoter. They are aiding very materially in the support of Catechist Gildea, a former member of their Sodality.



Ave Maria Band Members of Elkhart, Indiana.



NEESON WHITE

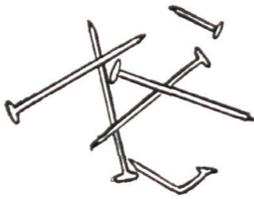
Mrs. Pauline Ulbrich, Promoter of *San Jose Mission Club*, Bloomington, Illinois, sent us a magnificent donation during the Christmas season. Due to circumstances beyond control, their Club has greatly dwindled in numbers, but Mrs. Ulbrich hopes to secure new members to replace those who married and moved away.

Christmas letters from Miss Catherine Lipert and Miss Marie Lenert, Promoters, respectively, of *The Little Flower Mission Circle* and *Our Lady of Victory Band*—both of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—indicate these Bands are still alive and pulling for the Missions. These, too, have been helpers of long standing.

A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

January 23rd to February 28th

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Helen Gaethke	\$ 10.00
Ave Maria Band, Elkhart, Indiana, Hannorah Pindell	126.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mo., Adelaide Fitzpatrick ..	16.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Murphy	20.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunn	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	4.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, O., Mrs. E. C. Bollinger	15.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	5.00
Our Lady, Queen of Poor Souls, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	5.00
Poor Souls Band, Berywn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	8.00
St. Ann's Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Ann Brink,	3.75
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace Kern	5.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	42.50
St. Clara Band, St. Mary Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Wm. Ryan	15.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Detroit, Mrs. T. R. Donahue	20.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	4.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	6.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Maxwell	50.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Margaret Zahn	5.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	7.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Elizabeth Welchart ..	10.00
St. Mary's Sodality, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	18.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Mary Schaefer	15.00
St. Raymond Nonatus, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	7.50
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. J. Huebl	31.46
Srillians Band, Cheviot, Ohio, Miss Marion Mueller	1.00



Nails

by Catechist Dorothy Oehler

WE WERE riding smoothly along the highway thrilling to the early morning—the air with a tang of frost in it, the sun just beginning to take charge of the day and the birds singing the Benedicite, when—ssssss, ssssss, and we had a flat tire! Soon the tools were out from beneath the back seat of the car, one Catechist removing the flat while another took the spare tire from its resting place. “I hope,” said Catechist Driver, “we will not be late for Mass—this is First Friday,” as she searched for the cause of the delay. “Here it is,” says she, standing erect with the objectionable object between her fingers, “a small nail, scarcely big enough to fasten close a cigar box, yet strong enough to upset a whole day’s schedule.” Yet it didn’t!—in ten minutes we were again rolling merrily along, arriving in time for Mass. A small nail—a puncture!

LATER that morning we were visiting the homes of our poor, seeking those children who are attending public schools and who should be receiving instructions in the “Faith of their Fathers.” I noticed that where there was a large bent nail turned over the edge of the screen door to hold it shut, there was no need to knock, as no one was at home. A bent nail—not at home!

IN ONE of the houses a picture of a child’s smiling face seemed to dominate the room and gladden the very atmosphere. It was hanging from a bright nail on the wall. Why I should especially notice the nail I do not know, unless it was that my experience of the morning made me nail conscious! A small nail—a bent nail—a bright nail!

BUT my day was not yet finished. At Christian Doctrine class that afternoon one of the little tots asked, “Why is the nail in Jesus’ Hand?” Another nail, this time a large blunt ugly looking nail—the nail that opened the Hand of the Saviour to let His grace stream upon you and me, yes the blunt nail of suffering!

NAILS—the small almost insignificant nails of

unforseen happenings that puncture our plans and could wreck character if we did not instantly change the flat tire of our disappointments for a spare well-inflated with confidence in God, then continue to roll merrily along knowing that “He Who ordereth all things sweetly” has care of His children!

NAILS—the bent nail of selfishness that says “not at home” to those in need, especially those in need of an encouraging word, a bit of kindness or consideration; the crooked nail of self-love that closes the door to true friendship, using friends to advance selfish interests,—ah worse, the rusty, twisted nail of indifference that refuses to open to Him Who asks only that He be permitted to make Himself known, so that from a knowledge of Him may grow a truer knowledge of self, and from both a love that will have its fulfillment in eternity.

NAILS—the bright nail of understanding upon which hangs the countenance that smiles away gloom and encourages others; it is fastened to the wall of “looking at things from God’s viewpoint.” It does not make itself conspicuous in its attitude of helpfulness, but rather radiates peace like an evening sunset or the warm glow of a fireside. This countenance does not fall (in the biblical sense of the term) for it hangs from the perfect security of an understanding set deep in the mind of God “seeing everything as God sees it.”

NAILS—the blunt ugly nail of suffering—ah yes, that nail which in the piercing at first makes the muscles contract and shrink with the pain of it, but afterward opens the hand to generous giving. Where there is sorrow and need it gives sympathy and aid, not in a cold off-handish manner, but in union with Him Who offered His Hands to be pierced with the blunt nails of human ingratitude. Yes, those who suffer in union with Him compensate in some measure for those who are ungrateful, the seemingly ugly nail of suffering opening their hands in sympathetic love and generosity to all in Christ and Christ in all!

GREEN AND BLUE AND BROWN

(Continued from page 9)

parents, teachers, and friends, have told us what Scouting is doing for these future wives and mothers. And we feel that the years to come will prove that we did not let down our nets in vain.

"CATECHIST, we're ready!"

I SMILED into the eager faces of Scouts and Brownies as we formed our Goodbye circle. We ended with our usual salute, but in my heart echoed another one, silent and prayerful:

"A CONTINUED and blessed success to you, small wearers of the Brown and Green . . . and for all of us the ever watchful protection of our heavenly Patroness, the lovely Lady in Blue."



ACT OF CONSECRATION

From the "Investiture Ceremony for Girl Scouts in the Catholic Church" by Rev. Robert Brown

Most Holy Mary, Virgin Mother of God, kneeling before your Divine Son in the Blessed Sacrament, we consecrate ourselves to you under your title of the Immaculate Conception, and ask you to be our Patroness and our Mother. We solemnly renew our Promise as Girl Scouts. Help us to keep this promise, and to live by the Girl Scouts Laws. Aid us in every action, and give us the grace to please you in all our thoughts, words and deeds; to do our duty to God and our country; to help other people at all times; and to obey the Girl Scout Laws, so that we may always be worthy to be called your children. Amen.

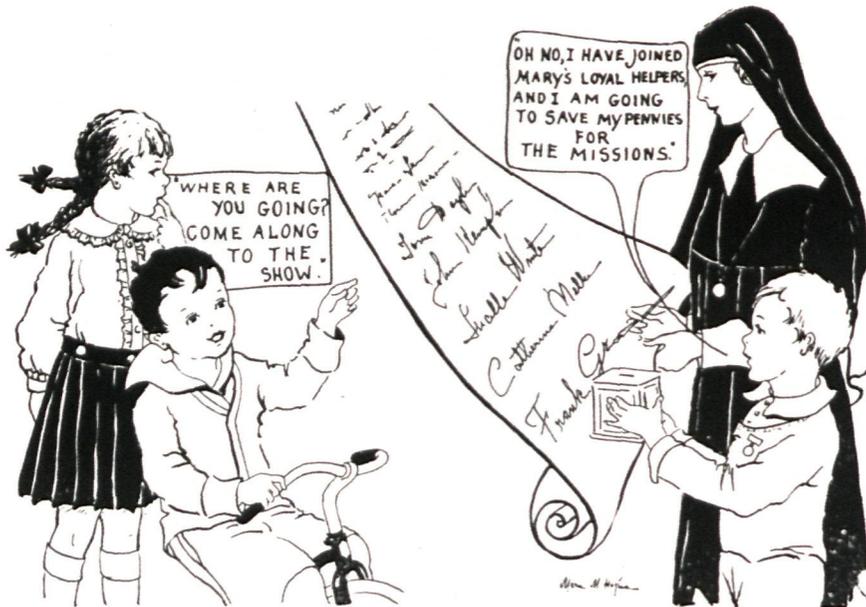


Killed In Action

During the past week, Catechist McBride has learned of the death of her brother, PFC James J. McBride, who was killed in action in Belgium on December 28th. James was the son of Mrs. Rose and the late Thomas McBride. A graduate of St. Ignatius High School in Chicago, he was twenty years old at the time of his death. His father's death about six weeks before his own, was a great sorrow to the young soldier who had just arrived in England when the news reached him.

His mother, whom we like to compare to the valiant woman in the Gospel, has been an active member of the Holy Family, St. Katherine's and St. Jude Thaddeus' Bands for many years. Her duties as devoted wife and mother of a large family, have not kept her from reaching out and trying to help those children more unfortunate than her own.

To Catechist McBride, her mother, brothers, and sisters, we extend the sincerest sympathy of our A.C.M. members and the readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. We pray that God in His mercy may have already united the son and the father in that land where partings will be no more.



Mary's

SUNSHINE BAGS JOIN THE ARMY

Even our Sunshine Bags are doing "service" in the army, and we are mighty proud of the soldier, a corporal, who "inducted" them. This corporal, in addition to filling a Sunshine Bag himself, is distributing some of them among his friends, thus getting them to become soldiers in a two-fold sense—soldiers fighting for their country, and soldiers helping to win souls in the missions.

How about an extra prayer, Loyal Helpers, for these "associate" Loyal Helpers? It would surely be appreciated by them.

St. Patrick's School
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Catechists,

The Kindergarten and First Grade of our school used the little mite-box you sent. They put in their sacrifice money during Lent 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.
Sister M. Dorothy, R.S.M.

Des Moines

Dear Secretary,

During Lent we have tried to do a bit to help others.

You will find enclosed four dollars from the first grade. God bless you!

First Grade
Rita Rae Gergdy.

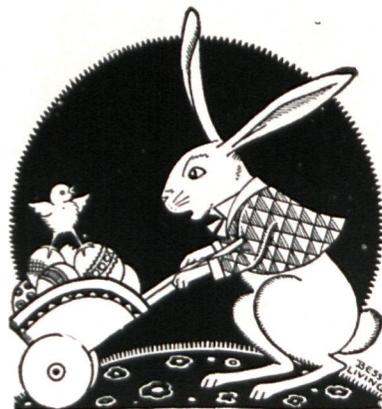
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Catechists,

The enclosed is an offering from the little mission workers of our school. It is a "mite" to aid your Catechists in their noble work among the poor of Christ.

May God bless your labor in spreading our holy Faith.

Sincerely yours,
Sisters of St. Joseph



Irvington, N. J.

Dear Sunshine Secretary,

This is just a mite from the girls and boys of Grade Three—Two.

We hope that it will help Carlos and some of his companions to become good Catholics.

Pupils of St. Leo's School, Grade 3-2

Loyal Helpers

Donald Renier, whose aunt is a Catechist, believes in doing his share for the missions. In a letter to Catechist, Donald says,

"I am sending a picture of myself taken on my paper route. Don't you think I have a wagon full? I have 145 papers to deliver on Wednesday. On Thursday and Friday I collect.

"I am also sending two dollars in my Sunshine Bag. I am putting ten cents each week from my pay into the Sunshine Bag."



Part of Donald's "savings" goes to the missions.



Baltimore

Sunshine Secretary,

Enclosed you will please find our check for \$5.00 as our contribution to the Sunshine Bag in hope that it will help in your great work among our children in public schools.

We hope that the Sunshine Bag contributions have gone over the top.

Sincerely yours,
Sixth Grade Boys and Girls
St. Andrew School.

Chicago

Dear Catechist,

Enclosed you will find \$2.00 which I have saved. I hope my little offering will help you to carry on your wonderful work of helping children to come nearer to God. As soon as I have saved more pennies I will be glad to send them to you.

I'm in the seventh grade and I attend St. Francis Xavier School.

Yours truly,
Marilyn Hahn.

TWEET, TWEET

"Tweet, tweet," sang the little red bird from the tree
"You have ever so many Helpers, I see;"

"Oh yes," came my ready response in glee,
"There are ever so many who've answered our plea."

"Tweet, tweet," sang the little red bird once again,
"Are they really good helpers, or just so in name?"
"Oh no," shouted I, in joyous acclaim,
"Our Helpers work hard, very much to our gain."

And then this wise little bird cocked his head,
He looked at me wisely, and chirped as he said,
"Although you have some, many more should be had,
And then we'd be happy and ever so glad."



WE PRAY FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN

(Continued from page 4)

Libera, the special prayer of the Church for the deceased. After the Libera, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given.

AS A fitting climax comes the heartfelt rendering of another Spanish hymn begging all to follow under the leadership of the Virgin of Guadalupe that they may surely come out victorious defending their God and their Country. Surely Our Lady of Guadalupe could not refuse to plead with her Divine Son in behalf of these faithful souls. God grant that their number may increase!

My Haven

by Catechist M. Brosnan

The world is in a turmoil,
In throes of greed and hate.
Conditions are chaotic,
Men fear what they await.

But I've a little haven
Where I find peace and rest,
In calm, contented converse
With my indwelling Guest.

Flower Memoriam

PFC James J. McBride, Chicago, Ill., brother of Catechist M. Rose McBride.
Private Edward A. Jacobson, Chicago, Ill.
Ella M. Harper, Chicago, Ill.
Irving Paddock, Chicago, Ill.
Leo Kane, Chicago, Ill.
Richard Walsh, Chicago, Ill.
Paul Angerer, Dayton, Ohio.
Helen O'Brien, San Francisco, Calif.
Joseph Schuette, Breese, Ill.
Mrs. E. Nohe, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. John Seidl, New York, N. Y.
Francis Scanlon, Upper Darby, Pa.

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

BOOKS

El Chico de Lima, Spanish translation of the "Lad of Lima" by Mary Fayban Windeatt. Order from Blessed Martin Guild, 141 East 65th St., New York, 21, N. Y.

With Blessed Martin de Porres, Favorite stories from The Torch, 1935-1944, compiled by Norbert Georges, O.P., S.T.Lr. Order from Blessed Martin Guild, 141 East 65th St., New York, 21, N. Y.

The Reign of Jesus through Mary by Gabriel Denis, S.M.M. This is the first American Edition of this popular book, thoroughly revised and somewhat larger. True Devotion and the Secret of Mary are interwoven and are followed by eighty-two pages of prayers, which combine to form an excellent spiritual reading and prayer-book. Order from The Montfort Fathers, Bay Shore, N. Y., price \$1.00.

The Secret of Mary and Il Segreto de Maria, Italian translation of the Secret of Mary, are published in pamphlet form at 15c and 10c respectively. Order from The Montfort Fathers, Bay Shore, N. Y.

My Requiem Missal and Mass Card explained by Father Stedman. Like all Father Stedman's missals, the Requiem Missal is a gem of practicality and compactness. A layman will, with the aid of this convenient missal be able to attend prayerfully, intelligently and easily, requiem Masses of whatever kind or rank. All the requiem Masses are given in English, and illustrations indicate clearly the position and action of the priest at the altar during the Mass. The booklet explains briefly the Catholic teaching on Purgatory and our obligations towards the poor souls. It also treats of the important question of indulgences. Order from Confraternity of Precious Blood, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn 19, N. Y., price 25c.



Addresses of Our Mission Centers

Please send your mission boxes directly to the MISSIONARY CATECHISTS and add one of the addresses listed below:

St. Coletta's Mission, Box 679, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.

Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles, 23, California.

Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.

Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.

Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.

Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, 13958 Fox St., San Fernando, California.

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

Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth St., Santa Paula, California.

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

Regina Angelorum Mission, 306-14th Ave., Greeley, Colorado.

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

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

St. John the Baptist Mission, 1401 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, 2, Indiana.

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

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

St. Anne Mission, 1009 E. Dayton Street, South Bend, 14, Indiana.

Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, Detroit, 2, Michigan.

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

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

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

Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street, Paulding, Ohio.

St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry St., Big Springs, Texas.

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

Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1321 El Paso St., San Antonio, Texas.

Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, 4, Utah.

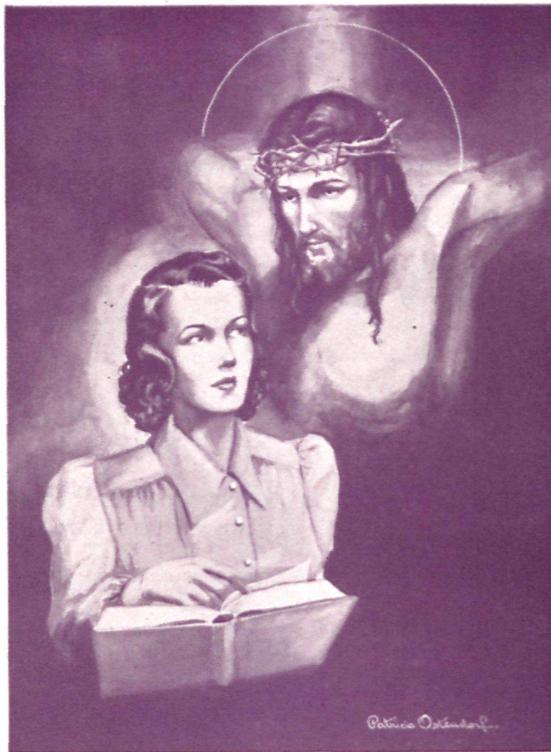
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.

Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, 338½ Melarkey Street, Winnemucca, Nevada.

"Come Follow Me!"

Christ Pleads for Co-Workers



Courtesy of Sisters of Notre Dame,
Julienne High School,
Dayton, Ohio.

Young women between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who are interested in the religious life and who wish to labor in the home missions, please write to:

Catechist Catherine Olberding,
Superior General,
P. O. Box 109, Huntington, Indiana.