

# THE *Missionary Catechist*



September, 1945

Volume XXI

Number 9



# God's Love for Me

by a Postulant

**G**OD loves me with a love of predilection. From all eternity He has destined me to associate myself with Him in working for the salvation of immortal souls. From my childhood, He has showered me with special graces to enable me to prepare for this great work. Now, lavish with His grace, He has given me the strength and courage to leave father, mother, home, and all that I held dear, to follow the path He has marked out for me. God calls me to live a life of intimacy with Him; He bids me climb the highest pinnacle of perfection to union with Him in love.

**W**ORDS are powerless to express the interior joy, the love and gratitude, mingled with awe and wonder, which are mine when I realize the immensity of God's personal love for me. Egoism? No, for out of all the thousands of girls in the world whom He might have called, Christ calls me to be His bride. How many others, far more worthy than I, virtuous souls, excellent students, capable teachers, talented musicians and artists, have been passed over, while I have been chosen. How many others who have heard the call, have not had the grace, strength and courage, to follow it! But God, in His goodness, has brought me to this happy home to begin the preparation for my life's work in His vineyard.

**S**OME have refused this invitation? Yes. Foolish mortals that they be, they are afraid to place their trust in God, afraid to walk hand in hand with Him in the enclosed garden of convent life. They are afraid to place their future in the safe keeping of Him who is the One True Guide to everlasting happiness. They are reluctant to exchange the petty baubles of time for the precious gems of eternity.

**H**APPY are they who have responded to the grace of their vocation; happy they who have left all things to find the one thing necessary, eternal life; privileged are they who have been



One of God's chosen ones—(not the writer of this article).

called and who are ready and eager to follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master; thrice happy are the postulants at Victory Noll, among whom it is my privilege to be numbered. Soon we shall begin our Novitiate, blessed time of preparation for our nuptials with the Divine Bridegroom. Trials, temptations, difficulties, may lie ahead, but trusting in the love, mercy, and goodness, of Him who has called us to become His spouses, we go forward with confidence and courage. In His company we shall not stop until we reach the summit of perfection, the life of union with Him in love, which is the aim of our religious life.

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

# The Service Rendered to the Church by Religious

by the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D.

WHAT is the purpose of a religious vocation?

THE purpose is twofold: (1) to enable the one who embraces it the better to grow in sanctification and perfection; and (2) to enlist one's services directly and professionally in the service of Christ.

YOU know what the teacher in the public school is for, although you are not so sure why she embraced that profession. She may have been thinking more of earning a livelihood in honorable work than she did of instructing children in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, domestic science—all regarded as of possible help to the child in making its adjustment to life in this world, to business, or to marriage.

NOW, the members of most Religious Sisterhoods also believe that children must be taught, but besides teaching them the same things which are taught in the public schools, they, conscious that the little ones are also "children of God," instruct them in the knowledge of God, in all the things needful for their sanctification and salvation; and, in addition, they show them how to live by their example, and they guide them. Their very garb keeps children mindful of their only worthwhile future life—Heaven.

YOU know what the lay nurse is for. Sicknes, physical or mental, becomes the fate of practically everyone some time during life. Those who are ill must be cared for either in the home or in hospitals, and persons properly trained for the work are best able to help them under a physician's care. That is the function of the lay nurse, who, as a rule, engages in this work as a temporary avocation. She may have a charitable heart or she may be motivated entirely by the pay check she expects in return for services rendered.

NOW members of Religious Sisterhoods, and even of some Brotherhoods, make nursing a lifetime profession, and they expect no returns whatsoever here on earth for their ministrations. They know how superlatively Christ Himself

praised the performance of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and the great reward He promised in eternity to those "who instruct the ignorant" and who nurse and comfort the sick in the name of Christ, who see Christ Himself afflicted and suffering "in His least brethren."

WHAT is the Missionary Catechist for?

SHE instructs children in areas where their number in any one locality is insufficient to warrant the erection and maintenance of a parish school. Such children, often living at a distance from a Catholic Church, are in far greater need of religious instruction than those who could easily have it because of the nearness either to a Catholic school or at least to a priest. More than one-half the Catholic children in the United States are in public schools, where they receive no religious or moral instruction whatsoever. In Christ's own words "they too must be brought in." If it be impossible for them, because of



His Excellency, Bishop Noll, in the patio at Victory Noll.



Catechism class at San Fernando, California. Children are taught to be good citizens of their country, as well as future citizens of heaven.

distance, to go for religious instruction and guidance to the nearest church, then evidently the teacher must go to them—and this is what the Missionary Catechists do.

**T**HE Missionary Catechists establish themselves at some center, and each day, at least after school hours, drive to the place where the children attend public schools, to instruct them. If from that center, eight or ten or a dozen or more missions are attended, the Catechists will visit one or two places today, others tomorrow, and still others the next day, etc. Then there are certain missions which they visit practically all day Saturday and part of Sunday.

**P**RACTICALLY every Catechist must be able, therefore, to drive an automobile. Some of the mission centers have two or three cars so that they may instruct on the same day two or three groups of children, each separated from the other by miles.

**W**HAT do the Catechists do on week days up until the time school closes?

**T**HEY drive from house to house within the area assigned to them looking for children for their instruction classes. Incidentally, they take up a complete census for the pastor of the area, and succeed in inducing many, who had grown indifferent about religious practice, to return to their duties.

**I**N what states do the Catechists chiefly work?

**T**HEY labor, for the most part, in the large states of the west and southwest, where Cath-

olics are most scattered, and where the Mexican children, usually not in parochial schools, are numerous. Fortunately they labor in those states where the climate is usually delightful throughout the year so that they are not hampered by heavy winter snows, or icy roads, or even cold. They have many centers in three dioceses of California, Los Angeles, San Diego, Monterey-Fresno. They are in Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Colorado.

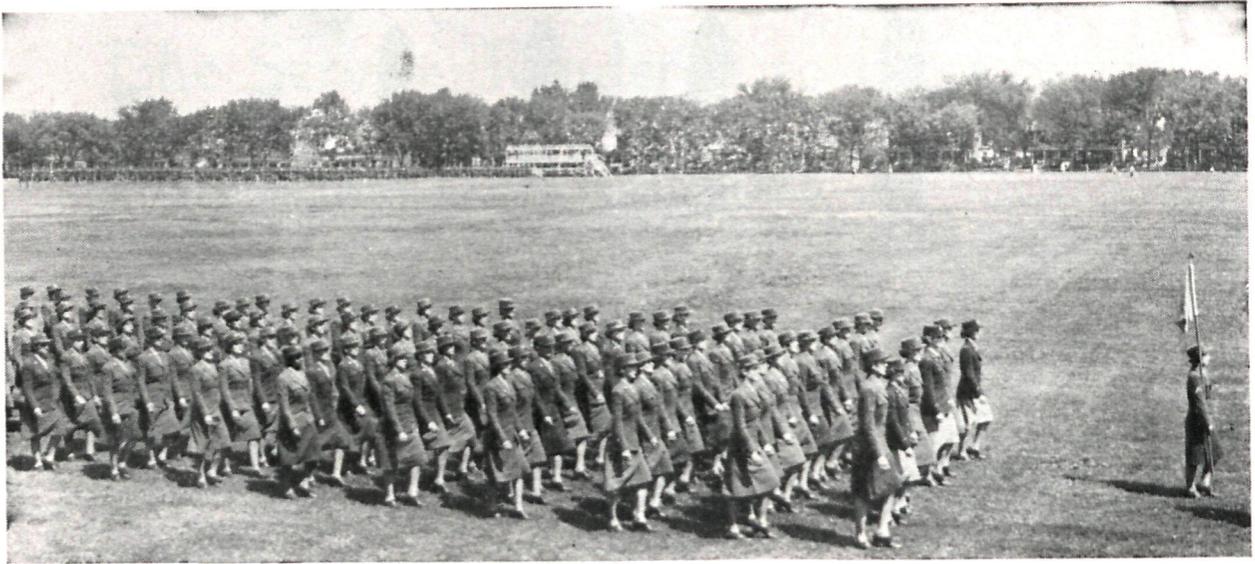
**A**RE there none of them in the middle states or in the east?

**A**T present there are none in the east, although many applications come from Bishops of the eastern states for their services. Some of them are engaged, also in groups of rural parishes, in Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio.

**M**AY any one competent to impart religious instruction become a Missionary Catechist?

**O**NE'S present competency to teach is not the primary requisite. The Society of Missionary Catechists is established the same way as other Religious Communities of women. Candidates must go through a spiritual formation as Postulants and Novices, extending over a period of two and one-half years. Then they make a Religious Profession, binding themselves to observe the three Religious Vows for one year. After the first year expires they renew their vows for another year, and then for a third year; at the end of the third year they make vows for three years, and at the expiration of these vows, they are admitted to Perpetual Vows.

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The pride of their Commander-in-Chief.

WAC OFFICIAL PHOTO

## Pass on Review!

Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

DEAREST ANN:

DAY before yesterday was a day of days for your WAC sister, and I had to wait two whole days to write to you about it. Military secret, no less!

EARLY Wednesday morning an air of mystery began to lurk around the Post. Weekly inspection was very detailed, but brief. Lt. X gave orders right and left.

"CLASS A uniforms!"

"SHOES shined!"

"NO hair touching collars!"

DID we ever snap to it. Do you remember that I wrote to you that our Company had won the Blue Ribbon last week? That was for our Guidon (detachment flag). So on Wednesday when Lt. X ordered us to the reviewing field you should have seen us swinging along with our colors flying and our WAC Band playing lustily. Colonel Bogey's March (WAC's own) never seemed so inspiring before.

FINALLY we halted, stood at attention and waited. The Georgia sun beat down on several thousand WACS but no one seemed to mind. The air dripped suspense.

SUDDENLY the canons roared! A twenty-one gun salute! Even the greenest recruit knew what that meant. Our Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States, was on our reviewing field!

FOR a split second after the salute, there was silence. Then roar after roar of cheering swept the length of the field, as thousands of the Women's Army Corps voiced their surprise and pleasure. The great wave of sound died almost as suddenly as it had begun.

"ATTENTION!"

I DON'T think we ever stood more at attention. Although I held my eyes straight ahead, I was aware of the slow approach and the halt of the large limousine, and oh! so intensely aware of the tall figure standing in the rear.

"PASS on review!"

OUR Commander-in-chief received a perfect salute from the women before him. Then followed the command for which we all were waiting.

"PRESENT Arms!"

I WAS the Right Guide, and as I led my group forward and stopped at the point for their turn, I found myself looking straight into the kindly face of the man in the car. He was smil-

ing broadly. I noticed that his hair was much whiter and his face deeply lined. There was a surge of exultant joy that I was a part of this great division of our country's Army.

OUR great adventure was over all too soon, and as we returned to the barracks the air buzzed with everyone's comments. We decided this was the most important entry for the scrap-books which we are making to keep among our souvenirs.

I KNEW you'd enjoy the account of your little sister's biggest adventure—wish you could have looked in on the whole affair. As soon as the official photos of the President's visit are released I'll send you some. Who knows, there may be one showing your WAC sister, standing right in front of the President!

UNTIL a little later, goodbye and God bless you, and keep the prayers flying down Georgia way! As always,

Pat.

=====

Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia.

DEAREST ANN:

SURPRISED to hear from your WAC sister so soon? Perhaps you are wondering if the President made a return visit. No. Or if there is another military secret in the offing. Not a military secret this time, but a Big Secret! To begin at the beginning . . .

I TOLD you about Father X, who has the small mission several miles from the Post. He has been a real friend to all of us. We've caught some of his enthusiasm for his work among the

colored folks. Some of us go regularly to give him a helping hand. We've decorated altars, played for Benediction, drilled his Sodality girls, and put in an appearance at the various booths during the Summer Festival.

FATHER X is an old priest with a young heart—reminds me of our own Father O'Brien back home. We all love and respect Father, even the non-Catholic WACS. We've decided that his little informal talks are better than many sermons we have heard.

SUNDAY evening four of us went down to the Mission to sing Benediction with the Junior choir. Afterwards we sat in the coolness of Father's trim little lawn. Of course all our conversation turned to the President's visit and his obvious pride in the WAC. Father listened, smiling quietly.

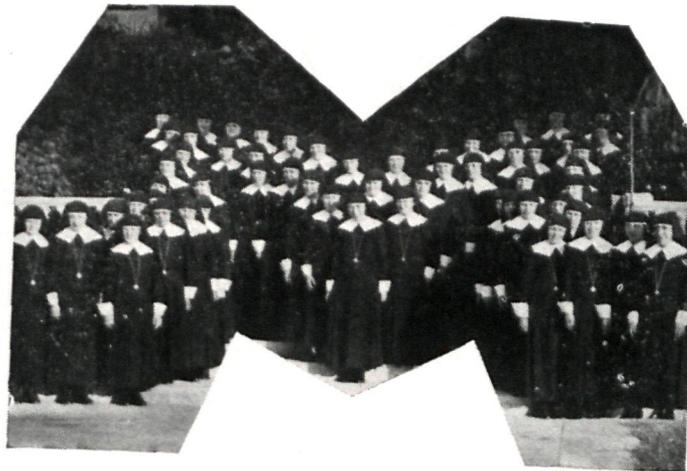
"SO you passed on review for the President of the United States!"

HE paused. His eyes had a far-away look as they turned towards the setting sun. He seemed to have forgotten us. Then he went on.

"AND one day you will pass on review for One Who is greater than any President . . . will He be pleased? . . . proud of you?"

HIS voice trailed off into the gathering silence. We all sat quietly, each with her thoughts—mine were rather befuddled, I assure you. I felt Father had something very definite in mind, his musings were only a lead. I looked in his direction.

(Continued on page 18)



Army of Christ. Their aim—His honor and glory.

# Important Lessons = Not in the Curriculum

by Catechist Miriam Doyle

"DO you really think, Joan, that Maureen is disappointed because you are not entering the teaching community with her?"

THE questioner was Catechist Brennan who had been delegated to entertain Joan during the latter's visit at Victory Noll. Catechist Brennan had known Joan and Maureen since they were little tots in the primary grades and she was a high school student.

WITHOUT hesitation, Joan replied, "Yes, Catechist, she is. Maureen and I have never been separated since 'pigtail and pinafore' days. Of course, she'll get over it. Maureen has a lot of good common sense."

"YES, she has," Catechist agreed. "I'm sure she'll realize that God's work requires many types of laborers, Joan. And there is still a vast field for work in the home mission field."

"THAT reminds me, Catechist," said Joan, "the other evening we were discussing our respective choices and Maureen said, 'Just think, while I'm slaving over text books and more text books, you'll probably get a review course in Catechism and a preparatory course in driving a car and that will be that!' She was just teasing, Catechist, but I made a mental note to inquire about the studies. I'm sure the Missionary Catechists have to learn more than a little Catechism and how to drive a car."

"RIGHT you are, Joan," quickly responded Catechist. "You will have organized classes in subjects like Christian Doctrine, catechetics, Spanish, liturgy, child psychology, church music, and so on. And I'd like to tell you about some of the other subjects that you will study in different ways. Let me take you around the building and grounds. There isn't a spot where you can't learn many a lesson."

"FIRST, we'll go to the chapel. Since it's summer the center door is open, and we'll go through the patio. There! You've learned that this courtyard enclosed by the wings of the building is a *patio*. Aren't these vines that cover the outside of the building beautiful? Wait until you see them painted in autumn colors. That's an art lesson that only a Divine Artist could teach. There are lessons like that all around Victory Noll. Before we go inside, look



The Science of the Saints.

up at the golden statue of our Blessed Lady of Victory."

JOAN looked up at the statue in its niche high above the main entrance, and said, "Her title is very appropriate to our times, isn't it, Catechist?"

"IT surely is, Joan. You'll learn to love it dearly."

Passing through the facade into the chapel, Catechist and Joan knelt for a few moments in silent prayer before their Eucharistic God, each busy with her own thoughts.

AS they came out of the chapel, Joan said, "Your chapel is beautiful, Catechist, and so very peaceful."

"I KNEW you would like it, Joan," said Catechist, "everyone does. That's where you'll study the science of the saints. There you will listen to conferences, spiritual readings, and especially to the wordless teaching of the Voice from the Tabernacle."

"AND since 'we learn by doing,' that's where you'll really learn mental prayer, liturgy, and Gregorian chant, even though your Novice Mistress and other Catechist teachers give lessons in those subjects down there in the classrooms."

"HMMMM, classrooms," interrupted Joan. "Maureen should be here."

"YES, the classrooms are in that corridor," continued Catechist, "but we won't go there now. Desks are pretty much the same anywhere. Let's go to the left instead. When the portress pushes the electric button below the clock there, the bell rings throughout both buildings. If you've never lived by bells, you'll appreciate that excellent discipline."

"THIS is the dining room. Besides learning to eat whatever is served, and to enjoy a certain percentage of meals accompanied by spiritual reading, you'll find this is where you do a lot of your getting acquainted with your sister Catechists when we do have conversation. Decorating and serving for big feast days, you'll become adept at devising novel, beautiful, sometimes humorous, place cards, and other decorations."

"AND over in the corner is the bulletin board, a source of much information, such as class schedules, important announcements, and news notices."

JOAN was used to bulletin boards. "We took turns arranging our school bulletin board for sodality announcements . . . What a beautiful statue of the Little Flower!" she exclaimed.

"ISN'T it?" agreed Catechist. "We all love St. Therese. She'll be one of your best teachers, reminding you of her Little Way, so indispensable to a religious."

"THIS wing leading down from the Little Flower statue contains offices, a room where you'll probably practice the organ many a period, guest dining rooms, and at the end, the large reception room where you may first experience the thrill of 'having company.'"

"I CAN just see my brothers, Catechist," said Joan smilingly. "They just love to hold forth on the merits of convent parlors."

"I THINK all brothers are alike, Joan," replied Catechist. Then she continued, "Now we'll go through the side door to the patio again, and down the walk to start our trip around the grounds. To the west, the heavenly canvas is stretched for a series of master lessons in sunset painting."

"IS that a statue of Our Lord, Catechist?" inquired Joan as she looked down the terrace in front of the building.

"YES, Joan, that is a statue of the Sacred Heart overlooking the highway. If you try to walk down this grassy hillside to see it better now, you'll learn right away to appreciate sensible shoes like mine instead of high-heeled, toeless sandals."

"BUT we can stay on the walk a while, until we cross the lawn to the outdoor Way of the Cross, down this little ravine. The beautiful lesson of His Love meets you again out here, and you'll find an appealing spot in the little grotto where the Sorrowful Mother stands at her Son's tomb. You'll never go away without a reassuring glance at the Resurrection statue above."

"NOW, if you look over the hill, you'll see outdoor fireplaces and . . ."

"AND wiener roasts?" interrupted Joan.

"YES, you've guessed it, Joan. Summer days bring vacation from regular classes but furnish almost daily lessons in picnic lore, building fires, roasting *weenies*, and all the rest."

(Continued on page 14)



Hundreds of chickens supply Victory Noll with plenty of fresh eggs.



Upper: Future workers for the Vineyard.



Lower: Catechist Rogers takes advantage of a summer afternoon, a cozy spot, and a good book.





Upper: Girl Scouts from San Bernardino, California.

Center: Catechists in Field inspect new charts.



Lower: First Communion Class, Bingham Canyon, Utah, prepared by Catechists Schneider and Lara. Reverend D. E. Leahy is Pastor.





# Associate Catechists

## ST. PHILOMENA'S BAND (Chicago)

THE Promoter of this Band is Miss Mary Schaefer of Lombard, Ill. This is one of our older Bands, and we think they are deserving of special admiration and commendation when one considers that the Band members live far distant from each other and yet are faithful in getting together regularly in order to help the Missions under our care.

## INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND (Chicago)

SPECIAL tribute is to be paid this Band, headed by Miss Catherine M. Lichter, for their fidelity in helping us in spite of the difficulties with which they were confronted this year. At meetings this group busily ply their needles. Last Christmas they made layettes for poor babies in one of the Missions under our care. Recently, they made attractive bean bags from colorful felt, salvaged from winter hats, and cut in animal shapes. These helps, together with substantial donations, cause us to feel very much indebted to them for their charity. We try to discharge that debt by fervent prayers to Jesus through Mary.

## ST. MARY'S BAND (Chicago)

HERE we have a striking example of persevering help given our Catechists over a span of twenty years! Mrs. Annie Hansen is Promoter of St. Mary's Band. Although Mrs. Hansen was absent for several months this winter, the Band proved very faithful and carried on successfully during that time. We feel special thanks are due to Mrs. Estelle Scully, secretary of the Band who took charge of activities during Mrs. Hansen's absence.

## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS' BAND (Chicago)

THIS Band works quietly under the zealous leadership of Mrs. Marie Brogi McDonald. After several weeks silence on their part, they are sure to report with a nice sized donation. Mrs. McDonald has many relatives in the Armed Forces. This we learned when she sent us a long list of them begging our prayers for their safety of body and soul. Our sincere thanks to all the members of *St. Thomas Aquinas Band* for their continued financial aid to our Missionary Catechists.

## HOLY FAMILY BAND (Chicago)

THIS Band is under the able guidance of Mrs. William Murphy. We believe the most noteworthy fact about Holy Family Band is that all members in it are closely related. They consist of mothers, fathers, married sons and daughters, who meet monthly to raise money, through parties, raffles, etc., for our needy Missions. Some of the younger members are now in Service. One of them, a young man overseas, wrote recently saying he is eagerly awaiting the time when he can return home and attend Band meetings again! The members of Holy Family Band have made a record for utter selflessness in their zeal to help the souls of the poor and underprivileged.

The accompanying picture shows James W. Clement with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Clement, Associate, and sister of Mrs. Fred Kiefer, Promoter, of Chicago, before he embarked on a ship bound for the South Pacific theatre of War. Word has since been received that he was killed on January 11th near Leyete.



# of Mary

## VIA MATRIS BAND (Chicago)

**D**URING the month of May, we received a nice letter and check from Miss Alice Fenton, present Promoter of *Via Matris Band*. She reports that "it is the aim of each member to have bigger and better parties. We hope this spirit continues so we will be able to help your worthy cause still more in the future."

We echo the hope of the Promoter with a hearty Amen!

This Band raises funds chiefly through their popular penny Bingo parties. They also aid our new Missions with shower gifts.

## ST. ELIZABETH'S BAND (Dearborn, Mich.)

**H**ERE we have another Band, like the one mentioned in Chicago, which consists largely of closely related persons. Mrs. T. R. Donahue, from whom we hear frequently, is a very busy person and a very successful Promoter. Her sister, Cleta Schneider, left the care of the Band in her hands when she entered the Waves a year or two ago.

## ST. CECILIA'S BAND (Cleveland, Ohio)

**T**HIS item announces a new Band with a brand new name! We are happy to tell our Associates that a friend of one of our newly professed Catechists, Catechist Cecilia Renk, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, has recruited twenty-five members who will labor for the support of our Catechists. The name of the organizer and Promoter of the Band is Mrs. M. Koczan. Since it would be difficult for them to hold regular meetings they have pledged themselves to pay monthly dues.

## ST. BRIDGET'S BAND (Bellevue, Ky.)

**I**T has been the custom of *St. Bridget's Band*, whose Promoter is Miss Grace Kern, to make up First Communion prayer-books at this season. We saw a sample of them and they are very neat. The pages of suitable First Communion prayers are mimeographed by the members, and then stapled together in book form. They are further embellished by colorful pictures. This Band also sends regular donations each month. Our thanks to them for their faithful help.



## SRILLIANS BAND (Cincinnati, Ohio)

**I**F one seeks for a definite proof that the *Srillians*, of which Miss Marion Mueller is Promoter, has been blessed by Almighty God, one finds it in the little event chronicled under date of March 30th. One of their members, Charlotte Gardner, entered the convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in early Spring. They have been privileged to have one of their number singled out for His immediate service. This group meets monthly and sews for our Catechists in El Paso.

## DUES HAVE BEEN DOUBLED

**R**ECENTLY an active Promoter wrote us along these lines: "I had the ladies here yesterday and took it upon myself to raise the dues. Everyone agreed so I hope that in the future they will all be willing to pay one dollar instead of the fifty cents we used to give. After all, it's for charity and as everything else has gone up in price, I feel we all can afford to give a little more now to help you out. If times become hard again we can always go back to the old dues." (Needless to say, this kind of letter makes us very happy.)

## A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

May 31 to July 7

Adrian Club, Chicago, Miss Florence Dietz	\$25.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Miss Adelaide Fitzpatrick	17.00
Ella Lemm Circle, Chicago, Mrs. Johanna Schweibs	10.00
Florentine Club, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger	25.00
Good Shepherd Band, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	52.00
Good Will mission Club, Carrallton, Ky., Mrs. Casper Hill	6.00
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	4.50
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	6.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Brooklyn, N. Y., Anne Tierney	150.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	18.50
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	17.50
Sacred Heart Mission Circle, Newark, N. Y., Miss Ann Cassano	25.00
St. Ann Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Miss Ann Brink	5.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	11.00
St. Gemma Galgani Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. Vogt	11.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	7.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	3.00
St. Joseph Mission Society, Baldwinville, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Bucci	7.25
St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	20.00
St. Jude Band, W. Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Polakowski	30.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	6.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	10.00
St. Mary Sodality, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	22.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Orva Egan	50.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer	16.50
St. Raymond Nonatus, Chicago, Mrs. Kathrynne Quinlan	4.25

IMPORTANT LESSONS—NOT IN THE CURRICULUM

(Continued from page 9)

"HERE the road leads down the hill to the highway, but at the spot where it forks off to the back stands our Blessed Mother's lovely statue. You'll find it a novices' delight to group here for hymns at the close of evening recreation.

"FROM this point you can see both buildings, the original Victory Noll and the newer St. Joseph Building. The road leads back of the building to many instructive spots. First, there's the washline on the right, where you get practice in hanging huge quantities of linen and clothing. Beyond are flower gardens, and a small orchard, where you may exercise the art of picking on a small scale. But the vegetable gardens out farther will be no small scale affair. Wait until strawberry time, and later beans and tomatoes."

"GUESS I'd better read up on gardening," remarked Joan.

"WOULDN'T be a bad idea," Catechist responded. "But the Catechist in charge helps all new-comers, who often don't know the difference between a weed and a plant. Let's cross the lawn here to the larger orchard. Apples and cherries will teach you many lessons, from the blossom to the point of consumption, especially if the latter is preceded by the process of canning and serving at table.

"AT the back edge of the orchard, over there near where the woods begin, you can see a row of beehives. Not everyone at Victory Noll gets to study bee culture, but the few who do are always fascinated with the wonderful little creatures.

A busy place during the canning season in normal times, it may be closed for the duration.



"BETWEEN the orchard and the road, the white cross of the cemetery brings a sweet, somber lesson again. It's a favorite spot for a quiet walk and meditation."

"THE roses against the white cross are beautiful," said Joan as the two paused for a moment to say a prayer for the three Catechists who have gone to claim their eternal reward.

CONTINUING their "tour," Catechist and Joan came to the chicken yard.

"SINCE you're city bred, Joan," Catechist began with a twinkle in her eye, "you may find a lot to learn out here. Again, this work may never be one of your assignments, for I think the Catechist in charge prefers assistants who are used to the farm . . . not that she'd ever admit it. The atmosphere out here reminds me of a remark made by a Catechist who took care of the chickens. She had read of a holy religious who tended the pigs and the chickens for many years and died in the odor of sanctity. 'Now I know what that aroma is,' she exclaimed triumphantly."

JOAN laughed. Then looking admirably at the woods in back of the chicken house, she asked, "Do the woods belong to Victory Noll?"

"YES, Joan," Catechist replied. "The woods belong to us, and the cornfields and gardens to the right are also Victory-Noll property. We won't follow the lane to its end now, but some time you will. It leads past a farmhouse to the road on which the Capuchin monastery stands. You can see the red-tiled roof of the monastery from here. You'll often take a hike over to their chapel for special devotions, or just for the fun of walking. Of course, you'll be acquainted with the good Fathers who come to Victory-Noll for religious instructions and

confessions. And you'll certainly grow to revere and admire the sandaled, bearded Capuchin Friars.

"DID you feel a drop of rain? If we hurry, we'll get to the back door of St. Joseph's building before it rains hard.

"THERE, we made it, and now we can see the wonders of St. Joseph's Workshop. It's called that because it was built to house the work departments, as well as the novitiate upstairs. About the most interesting room is the printing shop at the end of this corridor. Here *The Missionary Catechist* magazine is printed, folded, assembled, stapled and trimmed. You'll learn at least one of those operations, I can assure you, while you are still a postulant—assembling is an all-out job."

"SOUNDS familiar. We edited our school paper," Joan remarked.

"THEN you'll probably feel right at home," Catechist said. "In this room to the left, the distribution is taken care of, and you'll have a hand in some of the filing, addressing and wrapping, that starts *The Missionary Catechist* on its way to its readers.

"DOWN at the other end of the corridor is the sewing room, where you'll have the thrill of trying on your first habit. You'll have plenty of opportunity to practice patience if you aren't used to sewing much, for you'll have yards of black sateen to sew into aprons and slips. Oh, yes, you may learn how to rip, too, in that room.

THERE are more work departments downstairs, and since it's really raining hard now we'll go down and get a glimpse of them, and go through the tunnel to the main building.

"SO there are tunnels in convents!" exclaimed Joan with mock horror.

"JUST to protect us from the elements," replied Catechist serenely.

"HERE is the laundry, where you may start with simple mangling like a few hundred handkerchiefs, and work up to ironing altar linens, and graduate with honors. With all the washing machines, the extractor, and mangles in here, you can get a real education.

"THE canning kitchen offers intensive courses in cleaning fruits and vegetables, open to all during the canning season.

"NOW through the rest of the basement—yes, some day you'll know where all the doors and stairs and passages lead to—ah! here's the auditorium, a scene of work and play."

"WORK and play?" asked Joan.

"YES, on rainy washdays, you'll find out how many sheets you can hang in the least possible space to leave room for the rest of Victory Noll's washing. And you'll play ping pong, shuffle board, folk dances and other games during recreation time . . . you can even roller skate. Some Catechists have worn skates for the first time on this smooth floor. The stage is used for entertainments by postulants and novices, and at other times moving pictures are shown—not the latest hits, but interesting and enjoyable. Dramatic art and ingenuity really flourish here."

"EVEN Missionaries believe that all work and no play isn't advisable!" exclaimed Joan enthusiastically. "Won't I have plenty to tell Maureen!"

"NOW up to the first floor," continued Catechist, "and as we come to the main corridor we pass the kitchen door. That spacious room, or set of rooms, will be a school, not only of domestic science, but of solid virtue—if you study right.

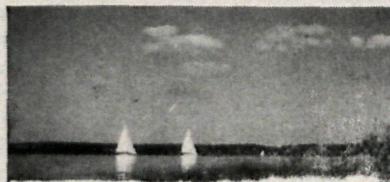
"WE can't take you up to the sleeping quarters, of course, but there are lessons up there too—in silence, neatness, detachment from worldly trifles, promptness, and the peaceful sleep of the just."

"AND the peaceful sleep ends at 5:30 a. m., Catechist?" smilingly inquired Joan.

"THAT'S right, Joan," responded Catechist, "but you'll get used to it.

"AND here we are back to the chapel. Shall we go in and say another prayer, now that you've had a preview of your course of studies at Victory-Noll? Yes, there's an official prayer for study that you'll have to learn, too."

"I'M convinced I'll need it, Catechist . . . And just wait till I see Maureen . . . just wait!"





# Mary's

**D**EAR Loyal Helpers,  
 School days are just around the corner. After a glorious summer you are glad to get back to school again, aren't you? All the boys and girls enjoy summer with all its gay and happy times,—no books, no home work, no school to think about. But as a general rule, I know that you are all glad to get back to school again.

Some of our Helpers were very faithful during the summer and did not forget to drop an occasional penny, nickel or dime into their Sunshine Bag. Some, I fear, hid their Sunshine Bag way down under their books in the closet and promptly forgot all about their generous resolution to work for the missions just as hard during vacation as during school days. I do hope they did not forget us and our missions in their prayers.

It really was a grand opportunity to slip off to church occasionally to whisper a little prayer to our dear Lord, to attend daily Mass and to receive Holy Communion often and ask our dear Lord to bless the Catechists and their missions. If you did forget the missions during the summer, I know that you will make up for it now that you are back in school again.

Don't forget, Loyal Helpers, that we depend a great deal upon your help—especially on your prayers and sacrifices. All our mission children do not have good Catholic parents such as you have to help you and to remind you of your duties to our dear Lord. I can tell you of a little boy in the missions whose family did not attend holy Mass, and to whom our dear Lord

gave very special graces.

Timmie was ten years old but he had not received his first Holy Communion, nor did he attend Mass. The first time I saw him I did not know this. I talked to him and asked him if he wouldn't like to study and become an altar boy. Some of the boys who were with him looked at me questioningly and then at Timmie. Finally in one breath they all shouted, "Oh, Catechist—he can't be an altar boy. He never even made his first Communion yet. And he never goes to Mass, nor to class."

Poor Timmie looked very uncomfortable and he hung his head without saying a word. I felt sorry for him, so I said, "But you are going to come to class now, aren't you, Timmie? Then you can receive our dear Lord in Holy Communion."

Timmie looked up, his eyes brightened. "Yes, Catechist, I'll come." And he did come, very regularly thereafter.

It must have been at least six months later when, as we were walking home from Mass one day, a group of small girls caught up with us. One of the little ones, all excited, asked, "Catechist, did you know that Timmie is very sick?"

Some of the other girls chimed in with, "Gee, Catechist, he isn't very sick. He's just got the measles, that's all."

That night during recreation we were discussing Timmie, and Catechist who had his class, said that he had not attended the last few classes. She also mentioned how faithful he had

# Loyal Helpers

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been until the past week and how extremely interested he had been in the class on Extreme Unction, which was the last he had attended.

The following day we learned that Timmie had asked to see Father so that he might go to confession. It was still a month before the children were to receive their first Holy Communion and Timmie had not yet made his first confession. When Father came into the room, Timmie said, "Father, I have been going to Mass and to class. I know all my prayers and I want to go to confession."

Father decided that as Timmie was not very ill he could wait to receive his first Holy Communion with the class. So they talked about the happy time when Jesus would be Timmie's precious Guest the first time, and he told Father that he would work very hard to get his heart ready for the big day.

A few days later complications set in and Timmie seemed to feel that he was not going to get well. Father was sent for in the wee hours of the morning. When he entered the room Timmie said, "Father, something is wrong with my eyes. I can't see anything any more. May I make my First Communion?"

Father saw immediately that Timmie was a very sick boy and would not live long. So, on his deathbed, he received our dear Lord for the first and last time.

I like to think that perhaps it is the prayers and the sacrifices of our Helpers that go straight to the Heart of our good Jesus and help to win little souls like Timmie's for Him.

Wouldn't it make you happy if you had even a tiny share in helping Timmie or some other child get to Heaven?

## THE SUPERVISOR



Dear Supervisor,

I should like to join MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS Sunshine Club and help to spread sunshine among the poor mission children. Please send me a Sunshine Bag and I will save my pennies. I also promise to pray for the Catechists and their missions.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

## THE SERVICES RENDERED TO THE CHURCH BY RELIGIOUS

(Continued from page 5)

**S**EVENTY Missionary Catechists are instructing more children in the State of California than one thousand Sisters are instructing in the parochial schools of any large diocese in the east. Bishops regard their ministry as indispensable, because the scattered lambs of the flock could not be instructed, and have their faith preserved, by any other measures known to them. Only two days ago we had a letter from the Archbishop of Los Angeles in which he expressed that very idea, and in which he requested that the Catechists establish another foundation in his city. Six Catechists operating from one center in Los Angeles, the Archbishop says, are instructing 2,700 children. Think what an immense school would be required for that many children! It would need seventy classrooms with forty pupils each, and seventy Sister-instructors.

**I**F the lesson of Christ's parable be true that the one lost sheep must have attention even though it be necessary to slight the ninety-nine to some degree, you can readily understand how important must be the Society of Missionary Catechists, whose aim is to instruct the more than 2,500,000 Catholic children in the United States for whom no parish schools have been provided. Leakage is greatest where children are reared without any religious instruction and guidance.

**Y**OU young women who would like to dedicate your lives to the service of Christ for your own soul's sake, and who would like to become real missionaries and religious instructors in outdoor life, could realize your ambition by entering the Society of Missionary Catechists, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.



## PASS ON REVIEW!

(Continued from page 7)

**A**ND then, Ann, Father looked straight into my eyes and his voice filtered down through the jumbled thoughts and the reawakened memories, down into the innermost corner of my heart.

**"O**R will He say, 'You served your country nobly, but what did you do for the least of My little ones?'"

**M**AMMY ROSE, Father's housekeeper arrived on the scene at that moment. The pitcher of iced juice looked so inviting and we fell on it with such enthusiasm that for the time Father's words were seemingly forgotten.

**B**UT I hadn't forgotten. Ann, I couldn't! And a little later, when we were saying goodbye and I stopped a second to ask the time of the next Sodality meeting, Father smiled kindly at me and remarked, "You know, Pat, there are other corps of women engaged in a more noble work than yours. They fight a daily battle against sin, ignorance, and disease. They are unsung heroines!" His eyes twinkled in sheer mischief. "They don't wear khaki, Pat. Usually their uniform is a combination of white and some other color, black, Mary blue, Franciscan brown—I don't believe there is a Paddy's green." He burst into a hearty laugh.

**"F**ATHER X, you certainly know how to emphasize the—obvious! But thanks a million!" I ran to catch up with the others.

**A**ND so, Ann, it took a thousand mile trip to an Army Training Post, a Presidential visit, and an old priest's knowledge of souls, to make your little sister realize her true vocation. My mind is made up. Just as soon as Uncle Sam permits me to leave his service, I'm signing up in the Lord's service—for life! So step a little to one side, sister mine, and make way for another Missionary Catechist in your ranks!

**C**AN'T you just picture Mom and Dad when I tell them. I can hear Mom's fervent "Thanks be to God!" and Dad will have to change the title of that verse you sent him to "I'm the Daddy of Two Nuns." But they'll both be so proud and pleased!

**I** KNOW your own prayers and sacrifices helped tip the scales in the Lord's favor—here's hoping that when His command comes to "Pass on Review," we'll be side by side as always, in the midst of the Ladies in Blue.

**L**OTS of love (and then some)

Pat.



Victory Noll Postulants

## My Quest for Happiness

*by a Postulant*

AS I stood on the high balcony outside the Auditorium, the dark sky overhead twinkled with myriads of tiny diadems. In the distance shone the bright lights of the city where men and women were ever rushing onward; in the background came the voice of one of my classmates, reading our "Freshman History," for it was parents' night, and in three days I was to be graduated from High School.

I SEEMED to be all alone amid all this activity. And out of this silence, I heard the voice of Christ calling me, asking me to be His bride. I had heard this voice many times before, but never with such clearness, with such force.

THEN came the oft repeated question. Was God really calling me, or was it mere imagination? Imagination, of course. Christ calling me? How ridiculous! Out there among the bright lights of the city, lay my path; not in the convent. I was going to be a teacher. Oh, but not the ordinary teacher. I was going to soar to the top. People would flock to hear my lectures on child psychology. The world of education was going to be mine. Spend my life in a convent? Never.

THREE days later I was graduated and won a scholarship to college. My dreams were beginning to be realized.

THE next September I began my normal training. I put all my energies into making a success of it. But gradually, as the days slipped

by, I began losing interest in my work. I realized that my life was not complete, there was something missing.

RETREAT time came. Again I heard the voice of Christ calling me, this time more gently, yet more compellingly. My heart cried out against the idea of religious life, but I could no longer put it out of my mind. I worked harder, trying to build up an interest in my work, an interest which was not there. I tried to occupy myself wholeheartedly in sports and other hobbies, but still there was an emptiness in my life that nothing could fill. Even my former dream of outstanding success in the educational field was as a hollow shell that was beginning to crumble.

FINALLY, I turned my mind toward religious life, and my heart followed slowly but certainly. As time went on, the thought of giving up all and consecrating my life to God in religion was no longer a sad one; rather, it joyfully permeated my whole life. I looked forward eagerly to the day when I could begin my life's work.

AND here at Victory Noll I have found the happiness I sought so long, the emptiness has been filled, and the incompleteness has been made complete. "For better is one day in Thy courts above thousands." It is true, I still have my dreams, but they are no longer dreams of my own glory; instead they have become ardent desires for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.



*Christ  
His Cross  
His Children*

*Home And Family  
Wealth  
Pleasure*

*Which Shall I Choose?*