

The Missionary Catechist



Mission Sunday

IN order to comply with the wishes of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, we wish to remind our readers that October 21st will be observed throughout the world as Mission Sunday. This day, set aside by the Holy See to focus attention upon the mission apostolate, affords the faithful with an opportunity to take an active part in the magnificent work being done by our missionary bishops, priests, brothers and sisters in winning souls to Christ.

THE future of the Missionary Church for many years will be dependent entirely upon the charity of American Catholics, who have so generously carried the burden of responsibility during these war-torn years. We feel confident that the sacred trust and privilege which is theirs will continue to be met with the same generosity, especially during the years when so many of the peoples of the world will be trying to rebuild their own war-devastated homelands.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith on Mission Sunday will insure the future of the Missionary Church, whether at home or in foreign fields. Regardless of the hardships which they must face, in spite of the devastation which has fallen upon so many of their stations, our missionaries are eager and willing to continue and expand their work if they have your help. Prove your Catholicity by a generous response to the plea of Christ's Vicar for aid to his own pontifical mission aid organization, The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

FOR further details concerning Mission Sunday observance contact the Director of that Society in your own diocese.



The Missionary Catechist

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Not far from the city of El Paso, at the junction of Texas, New Mexico, and Chihuahua in Mexico, is the mount of Cristo Rey. At the summit of this mountain, a 42-foot-high monument to Christ the King has been erected. (See our Cover.) Each year on the Feast of Christ the King thousands of pilgrims march up this mountain to pay homage to their King and their God.

On the March

by Catechist M. Clara Puls

AN army was on the march! Preparations had been in progress for weeks. The roads along the line of march were carefully gone over and repaired and a great deal of thought and effort were put into the planning of a well organized program that would function smoothly and reach its objective as far as was humanly possible. The ultimate goal of this army was not destruction, but a just and lasting peace and the alleviation of the countless sorrows and sufferings which all but overwhelm the greater part of our present day world. Mindful of Our Lord's express command: "Come to me all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you," many thousands of people from the vicinity of El Paso united to form an imposing army of reparation and petition in honor of Christ the King.

AS we neared the foothills we could see the procession already beginning its ascent to the summit of the mountain whose peak was crowned with the massive monument of Christ the King. Soon we too were one with the moving throng. All classes, poor and rich, young and old, were united in their common aim and desire.

THERE were various parish groups who marched prayerfully behind their colorful banners. An air of sincerity and deep piety pervaded the atmosphere. Some of the pilgrims were praying aloud; others in deep meditation trudged silently. A frail old man, whose strength gave out half

(Continued on page 18)

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A Small Silver Rosary

by Catechist M. Alice James

"I'M not sure you'd really want to visit me if you knew . . ." A loud crash in the interior of the house brought a string of profanity from the woman's lips. Someone by the name of Dick was at fault.

"SEE what I mean, Sisters?" she continued. "I ain't your kind. You'd better go to the folks next door. I think they're Catholics."

"BUT we are visiting all the families," my companion told her. "We just opened our Convent about a week ago, and now we're busy getting acquainted."

THE hard blue eyes softened perceptibly. "Well, let me see if that fool Dick is out of the house . . . All right, come in."

THE interior of the room was a confusion of overstuffed furniture; gaudily painted pictures mocked our sense of the decent and the aesthetic; table tops were etched with a fine sprinkle of dust and cigarette ashes; empty liquor glasses were stacked in rakish fashion with several ash trays between. A huge black cat unrolled its sensuous length from the depths of a satin cushion and came to rub itself against our mantles.

OUR hostess had thrown herself among the soiled and faded cushions of a lounging chair. She looked at us from between half-closed lids. I had an opportunity to study her as Catechist began some routine remarks in census taking.

THE woman was large and well developed. Her firm, yet effortless carriage, suggested the born horsewoman. A mop of red hair, its flaming glints proclaiming the beautician's rather than the Creator's art, was piled high upon a well-shaped head. A thick layer of make up, that had evidently remained from the day before, in its garish effect, suggested the painted clown of tent and sawdust realm; the powder a dead, caked white, rouge a glaring red, lipstick a bluish purple, mascara a burnt cork black. Her upper and lower teeth plentifully interspersed with bright golden ones completed what seemed a caricature of feminine beauty.

A SHRILL laugh came from the woman. "My occupation?" she exclaimed derisively. "Care-



Queen of the Rosary, pray for us.

taker of a no-account man." She jerked her head toward the rear of the house. We could hear slumbering sounds. "Dick . . . dead drunk as usual," she said.

THE woman looked at Catechist's pencil poised above her notebook. "Put me down as 'Western Club Hostess,' Sister. I'm the gal that lets drunken cow-punchers step on my feet during the Saturday night dances. I sit in on their card games so I'll rake in a few winnings, and I stand at the bar as long as the best drinker among 'em."

AND again the shrill laugh filled the room. I caught myself wondering if there was a hint of tears beneath its strident harshness. As Catechist handed the woman a few leaflets and a holy picture, she promised prayers for her and "Dick." As I started to follow Catechist to the door, the woman grasped my mantle with a jerk. I turned. A paroxysm of weeping was shaking her.

"DON'T go . . . not yet . . . I need you," she sobbed.

SHE flung herself face downward into the cushions. My companion and I stared at each other. We both had the same thought. Could the storm of weeping be the result of the drinking that had evidently preceded our call? The smell of liquor had been faint, but noticeable, on the woman's breath. So we waited, sending up a little prayer to a Gentle Lady for guidance. The uncontrolled sobbing gradually lessened, then ceased entirely. The woman sat up.

"FORGIVE me, little Sisters," she said softly. "I should have allowed you to go. You are both so young."

FORTUNATELY she looked at Catechist, which gave me the opportunity to recover from my surprise. Her voice had changed completely. This was the softly modulated tone that bespoke the gentlewoman. Even her smile had a different quality.

"I STOOD at my window," she said, "and watched you go from door to door. I prayed that you would come to mine, yet I feared you would. It's a long time since I was your age. Once I dreamed my dreams of living the life you live. I was educated in a convent school on the Coast. I loved the Sisters dearly. There was one in whom I confided. Sister encouraged me in my desire to follow the religious life. When I was sixteen my father died suddenly. My mother sent for me. I think Sister sensed that I would not return. She pressed a tiny package into my hand the morning I left.

"HER apprehension for me was to come true. I did not return. In one year I was on my way down here, a young married woman. Mine was a whirlwind courtship. Dick came on a short visit. Handsome, fun-loving, well-dressed, and generous, he proved a powerful attraction for a young girl just arrived from her convent school. My mother liked Dick. Everyone was happy over the match, except old Father A. He married us in the rectory parlor; perhaps he suspected what my life with Dick would be.

"I DID not know until we were down here for several months that my husband was a confirmed drunkard and gambler. I can't tell anyone what those first years were. In time I thanked God that no children had come to us. It wasn't too bad as long as my mother lived. Each year she spent several months with us. During that time Dick would get a hold of himself. But after her death, he went from bad to worse. In spite of it all, I still love him for what he was and could have been, if he were free from the curse of drink and cards. We finally lost everything about ten years ago. Then we settled here. I make the money and Dick drinks it up. I'm used to this now . . . don't believe I'll ever break with it. Dick and I will just drift to the end."

SHE arose abruptly and walked into the next room. She stopped beside the bed and reached under the pillow.

"I DID not tell you what Sister gave me that morning I left school," she said, as she placed a small silver rosary in my hand. "There was a note with the rosary. I remember the last sentence . . . 'Promise me that no matter what comes you will never let a day pass without telling our Mother's beads.'

"I WONDER if you will believe me, little Sisters," our friend continued. "I've had some terrible days these last years. Everyone in this town knows my reputation. But no matter what else I've done, I have never gone to sleep without saying these. Only God knows what good it will do me. One other thing has helped me to go on. Father X up at your church has seen me around here all these years. He knows what I am. But no matter where I was or with whom, he never failed to lift his hat and greet me courteously as he would the most respectable woman in his parish. Things like that count when you're down."

"H AVEN'T you ever thought of coming back to the Church and starting all over again Mrs. Z?" Catechist asked hesitantly. The reply was instant:

"L ORD, no, little Sister. The day I'd put my foot in that church the four walls would cave in from the shock . . ."

A DOOR slammed in the rear. Mrs. Z arose. "That's Dick," she said. "I don't want you to see him. Please go . . . and don't come again. This is no place for Sisters!"

HURRIEDLY we made our exit, with the repeated promise of a remembrance in our prayers. We were both grateful that there was no more time for visiting that morning.

* * *

THANKSGIVING Day in the County Hospital! All the patients were happy that we had braved the terrific snowstorm to pay them a holiday visit. All wanted news of the accident that had happened about an hour before. A flyer speeding through the blinding snow hit a small car. We had not heard of the disaster.

O UR talkative cow-punchers had many of the facts ready for us. The car had stalled on the crossing. There were three passengers . . . two men and a woman. The men's bodies, crushed and mangled, were found several miles up the tracks. The woman was buried beneath the twisted wreckage of the car. To the astonish-

ment of the rescuers, she was breathing.

"DO you know who the woman is?" we inquired.

"THEY think she is Mrs. Z from down the tracks," someone informed us.

I STARTED. The name sounded similar to that of our poor friend. I explained briefly to Catechist. We bade the boys a quick farewell and started for the Information desk.

MY heart sank as we approached the desk. The woman in charge, a bitter, fallen-away Catholic, was very unfriendly to us. She seldom gave us information about any patient.

"WE'VE just heard about the woman in the train wreck," I began. "Can you give us her correct name?"

"HAVEN'T had time to get it yet," she answered shortly. "It's an emergency case."

I TRIED again, knowing this might well be a case of spiritual emergency, "Can you give us any description of her? Does she have red hair and blue eyes?"

MISS B laughed unpleasantly, as she said, "Yes, she's got red hair . . . because it's soaked with blood. Can't tell you about her eyes; one's gone and the other's swollen shut. She's probably dead by now. Doctor says he can't understand what's kept her alive this long."

AS I turned, heartsick, from the desk, a small figure approached us. It was the little nurse from the second floor. She spoke softly and hurriedly.

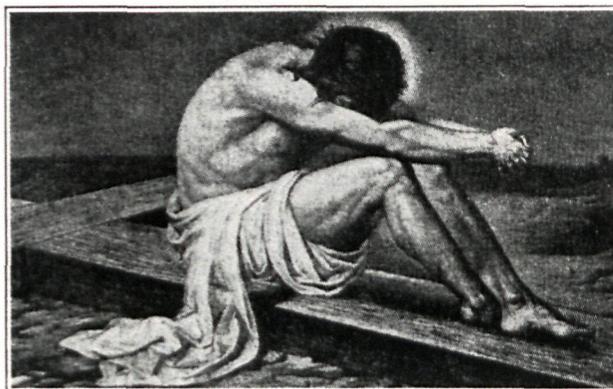
"CATECHIST," she said, "I saw her when they brought her in. She does have red hair. Most of her teeth were knocked out, but some of those left were gold ones, if that will help you any."

WITH a "God bless you" flung over my shoulder, I almost ran to the 'phone booth. Father X answered immediately. At the end of my story, he said, "You bet. I'll be there right away, Catechist. I am sure it is Mrs. Z."

THAT evening Catechist called us to the reception room to hear Father's X's part of the story.

"WHEN I walked into the room," Father told us, "the Doctor was just turning away. He saw me.

"NOTHING more can be done, Father," he said gravely. "It's a matter of seconds. Does she belong to your Church?"



"I'M not sure, Doctor,' I replied. 'I'll talk to her.'

"SHE has never regained consciousness, Father. It is a blessing she hasn't. Her agony would be unendurable.'

I WALKED over to the mound of sheets and bandages, the latter bloodstained. I placed my lips close to the ball of gauze and bulges of cotton that was the head of the patient.

"MRS. Z,' I said, "I am Father X. I want to help you. If you understand what I say, try to press my hand.'

A MOAN came from the shapeless mass; it moved, and the bandaged head lifted slightly. I began the Act of Contrition. In agonizing whispers the dying woman repeated it, word for word. Then she gave a long, quivering sigh. All was still. Quickly I anointed her. As I turned away, the Doctor shook his head.

"YOU must have been the one she was awaiting, Father. It is one of those things that we in our profession cannot explain."

* * *

TWO days later Father had the funeral. He asked us to sing the Requiem Mass. The Church was empty except for Father, the one server, and the four of us grouped about the organ. The sad expression in Father's eyes did not prepare us fully for what was to come.

THE undertaker's assistant rolled the cheap coffin forward. Four men whose flushed faces, unsteady gait, and wrinkled clothing, gave evidence of a night spent in drink, walked two on either side. The undertaker and another assistant half carried the woman's husband, the sole mourner, up the aisle. They eased him into a pew. He fell over against the shoulder of one of the pallbearers and remained there in a drunken stupor throughout the Mass.

A SHEAF of red carnations on the coffin lid was tied with a tulle ribbon on which was printed in gold letters, "From the Gang." I have never seen a sadder funeral. Not even the beautiful liturgy of the dead could dispel the atmosphere of coldness and neglect.

* * *

FOUR days later Father called to tell us the final chapter in this story of a soul reclaimed. Dick had come to call. He stood in the rectory entrance, befuddled and embarrassed, digging into the recesses of his trouser's pocket.

"A'M pullin' up stakes, Mister. Ain't the same around here since the old girl's gone. Reckon ah'll head a little more South. 'Fore Ah go Ah want to give you somethin'. It's a kind of prayer contraption. The old girl always had it around. Set great store by it. Ah reckon you're the one she'd want to have it."

AN assortment of odds and ends lay on his calloused palm. He reached into his pocket again. This time he was successful. He pulled out his plug of tobacco. With fumbling fingers, he unwound from it . . . a small silver rosary.



TO THE MOTHER OF CHRIST FOR THE MOTHERS OF TODAY

by Father Lynk, S.V.D.

O Mary, you saw Him go away,
Away from your home in Galilee,
Away to the Garden Gethsemane,
Away to the summit of Calvary . . .
O tender Mother of Christ, we pray,
Please, comfort the mothers of today!

You stood by Him 'neath His gaunt, hard cross,
You heard Him utter His last faint plea,
You saw His Heart break in agony
Amid the jeers of the enemy . . .
O valiant Mother of Christ, we pray,
Please, strengthen the mothers of today!

You held His body, so ghastly pale,
Upon your lap, and you kissed His eyes,
Plucked out His thorns with pitying sighs
And said the fondest of all goodbyes . . .
O sorrowful Mother of Christ, we pray,
Please, solace the mothers of today!

You wept as only a mother weeps,
Who buries in grief her only son,
But bravely you said: "Thy will be done!"
You knew He would rise, your Holy One . . .
O loving Mother of Christ, we pray,
Please, mother the mothers of today!

The glory of Mary is always the glory of Jesus, and the glory of the reign of the Heart of Jesus is His triumph of love in the Holy Eucharist.—Father Mateo.

Following in His Footsteps

from a Talk by the Reverend Leopoldo Creoglio y Burgos

Translated from the Spanish by Romie Vigil

Editor's note: Though far away from the mission field, it was the privilege of the Catechists at Victory Noll to receive a visit from a priest direct from Mexico, the Reverend Leopoldo Creoglio y Burgos, who is studying at the University of Notre Dame. During his visit, Father addressed the Catechists in his beautiful, flowing Spanish, speaking so slowly that even the most recent students in the Spanish class could understand him. We enjoyed his talk so much we are sharing it with you.

"GO, therefore and make disciples of all nations . . . teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you." (Matt. 28, 19-20). Christ addressed these words primarily to the apostles, but in the apostles were included all bishops and priests to the end of time. And since bishops and priests are not numerous enough for this divine task, they are in need of you Catechists.

IN your mission is reflected the spirit of the mission of Christ-Jesus of Nazareth—preaching and teaching the poor, the humble, in the cities, towns, villages, and countryside.

IN your mission is reflected the spirit of the Catholic Church, which is the same as the spirit of Jesus Christ, Our Lord, teaching to all the world the way of truth and of eternal life. That is why I admire so very much your mission of giving religious instruction to the humble and the poor; the other activities, although very important, rest on the foundation you have laid in each soul when you instruct it for Christ.

MY dear Catechists, your mission is very great and for that reason it demands great sacrifices. Like the Divine Master, you form in each soul that you convert, a new Christian, that is, a new member of the Church, a candidate for Heaven. But since the disciple cannot be greater than the Master, you will have to follow in the blood-stained footsteps of Christ. Like Him, you will receive no other reward than ingratitude, misunderstanding, and disdain. Your earthly recompense will be the same as His, but do not forget that your reward is in Heaven, not on earth.

CHRIST redeemed the world with His life, His precious Blood. Your work for souls will bring you many trials, worries, sufferings, perhaps tears of bitterness when you feel that those

whom you are trying to help do not understand. But the words of St. Augustine, the holy Bishop of Hippo, are very consoling, "Animam salvasti, tuam predestinasti." You have saved a soul, you have predestined your own; that is to say, the more you engage in saving the souls of your fellowmen, the easier will be the salvation of your own soul.

CHRIST shows us the road that we must follow in the bitter hours of suffering and sorrow. That road is very easy to follow, and it is called "prayer." He Himself felt the need of prayer. He prepared Himself for His public life by forty days of prayer and fasting in the desert. In the most bitter moment of His life, when with His divine knowledge He foresaw how fruitless His sufferings and death would be for many, He sought consolation and strength in prayer in the Garden of Olives, a prayer which was a veritable agony.

THUS, you here in this holy place, which is your desert and your garden, should seek the necessary strength, courage, and consolation, for the sacrifices which will most certainly attend your work later on in the mission field. Fill your souls now with love of God and of neighbor, and with this love you can conquer all the difficulties of your arduous labor for souls.

CHRIST chose twelve men, most of whom were poor, humble fishermen, to teach us that it is not our work, but divine grace which converts souls. Man is the instrument of divine grace for this work of salvation. You are more than twelve, and with divine help you can win many souls for God.

I want to conclude by summarizing this talk in two principal points: 1st, Your mission is very great because it is the work of God; 2nd, Your mission demands many sacrifices, it requires much prayer, in order that your soul may be united with its Creator, for it is by sacrifice, prayer and union with God that souls are won.

I shall leave you with a thought which will encourage you in your mission. When your soul is saddened and pained because of human ingratitude, and tears fill your eyes because of the many who refuse the grace of God, make of these trials a prayer which will reach to Heaven, and which will convert your tears into precious pearls to adorn the crown which will encircle your forehead as an eternal reward in the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord.



Drying yards at Hemet

Courtesy of Hemet News, Hemet, Calif.

Plucked and Ready for Pie

by Catechist Mary Masterson

WHEN you select a cellophane-wrapped package of dried apricots at your local grocery, do you realize the amount of processing it takes to make a dried apricot out of a fresh one? I didn't until last summer. It was my privilege to get apricots for canning direct from the well-equipped orchard of Mr. and Mrs. Veiga of Hemet, California. It was then that I learned. I am sure many of you would like to share my knowledge.

AS the apricots begin to ripen, our Portuguese friends and their two sons make numerous trips in their car to secure help for the picking and halving. Many of our Mexican people from San Bernardino are employed for this work. Whole families are transported in large trucks to the orchard. They sleep in tents, but cook, wash, and eat in the out-of-doors because a tent is barely large enough to contain beds for all the members of the family. In front of one tent we saw a baby sitting, watching the men pick apricots.

AFTER the apricots are picked, they are put in field lugs which are twice as large as the ordinary store lugs. When filled, the lugs are brought on trucks to the cutting shed where women and children halve the apricots and place

them on trays. These trays are piled one on top of another upon a four-wheeled cart until three quarters of a ton have been loaded. The cart is then pushed up to a cement oven with a wooden door in front. Just inside of the door is a pit about five feet deep. A bucketful of sulphur is put into the pit and a lighted match applied. The purpose of the sulphur is to keep the fruit from turning black and to keep the flies away while the fruit is drying. The wooden door is opened from time to time to let air in under the fruit.

AFTER four hours the apricots are removed from the ovens and left to dry in the sun. It takes several days for them to dry. When they have dried sufficiently, they are put in a refrigerator box car which stands on a side track in the orchard. They are now ready for shipping.

MR. and Mrs. Veiga were confronted with special difficulties this year. First an early frost killed part of the crop; then there was the labor shortage. Mr. Veiga had to do all the hauling; Mrs. Veiga took charge of the halving done in the cutting shed; their fourteen-year-old son John took care of the apricot carts and checked them for the cutters. Even eight-year-old Freddie did his share by removing the small pieces of apricots which sometimes fell into the pits.

MISSIONARIES IN MINIATURE

Missionary Catechists are used to the routine work of assembling children for class, Mass, devotions, etc. But recently there was a "turn about" on the children's part which delighted the Catechists working in La Mesa.

The roads had been impassable and we had been unable to get to this mission for three weeks. When we finally did arrive on Sunday afternoon, no one was expecting us. We visited a few families and asked the children to go around and tell the others that we would have class in about an hour.

Soon after class had begun, we were surprised to see a family, who live about a mile and a half from the town, enter the church.

"This is a real surprise," I said, interrupting my class to greet them. "How did you know we were here for class today?"

"The children were in town visiting Mrs. Rodriguez," the mother told us. "As soon as they saw your car, they hurried home to tell us to get ready and come. That's why we're a little late, Catechist."

I glanced over the heads of the assembled group. Two small faces, shining with enthusiasm, smiled up at me. Their owners had walked the mile and a half to tell their mother the good news.

Our "Missionaries in Miniature" I christened them. Don't you agree?

—Catechist M. Wirtz.



In The Home Field

SUNNY SUE

"Another one for the Red Cross!" exclaimed Susan as we entered her room.

The paralyzed hands could not lift the sweater very high, but high enough for us to admire.

"My article is coming along nicely, too," she continued. "Thank you for your prayers."

It was hard to believe that Susan, pretty, vivacious and talented, was a victim of the dread paralysis that started at her throat and deadened her body. This had happened five years ago, shortly after her graduation from High School. As the sunlight danced upon her soft hair and the delicate colors of her bed jacket, it found its match in her smiling eyes.

Susan keeps busy and happy in spite of her affliction. Her greatest delight is the knitting of warm sweaters for the boys "over there." The editor of a town newspaper likes her witty articles, so that gives her another interest. And always there is her sunny, cheerful manner; never a complaint about her great trial.

After a visit with Susan, we feel more grateful to the good God who has lavished so many gifts upon us, gifts which we take for granted.

—Catechist Marie Wilbers
Ely, Nevada.

K. P.—PERMANENTLY?

Twelve-year-old Manuel is the oldest of the five boys in his family. His mother told us how good he was in helping her with the dishes and other household tasks. Recently a new baby sister arrived on the scene. Manuel came to class his face covered with a big smile. I guessed the reason.

"How's the new little sister, Manuel?"

"Just fine, Catechist," he replied. "We're glad to have a girl in the family at last."

He paused, then grinned as he continued: "But Catechist I've been doing some figuring. Until my little sister gets big enough to take over, there's still a long stretch of K. P. ahead for me."

—Catechist M. T. Gerlits
Ontario, California.



BOBBY MAKES GOD HAPPY

In the little town where Bobby lives, Mass is celebrated only once a month. Father makes the long trip on Sunday morning, and the Mass is at a late hour. This makes it hard for the children to fast for Holy Communion. Winnemucca—the nearest town where Mass is celebrated each Sunday—is about eighty miles from Bobby's home.

One week end recently Bobby came with his parents to visit relatives in Winnemucca. Bobby was not going to waste this opportunity . . . he and his four cousins attended the early Mass in our parish church, and received Holy Communion.

The next time we went to Bobby's town for class, he came running up to see us and said, "Catechist, were you surprised to see me at Mass in Winnemucca last Sunday?"

"I certainly was, Bobby," I replied, "and I was very happy that you were able to receive Holy Communion at an early Mass."

"So was I, Catechist, I bet God was happy, too, and I'm sure He was surprised when He saw me and all my cousins."

Catechist M. G. Rochel
Winnemucca, Nevada

LOVERS

Grandma Gutierrez, a little old lady, is a frequent visitor to our chapel. It is inspiring to hear her pray, often in an audible tone, to her Friend in the tabernacle. There are all the children to be committed to His care, and the boys overseas to be protected by His loving hand.

When all her petitions have been told and her fervent thanks offered, Grandma shifts wearily on her tired old knees. Then the dearly beloved Friend receives a bit of a scolding because He leaves her so long upon this sinful earth. But the scolding ends with a kindly smile on her wrinkled face and a loving prayer of acceptance of His Holy Will.

Grandma loves to attend holy Mass whenever her failing strength will permit. Almost every Sunday, leaning on the arm of her daughter, she trudges the mile and a half to church.

Anita is a small child who also loves to visit Jesus in our chapel. She kneels upon the floor in front of the tabernacle in an upright position. With her small hands folded over her heart and her bright eyes fixed on the tabernacle door, she remains motionless for over an hour. One can sense the intimacy of her conversation with her hidden Lord.

Lovers—one in life's beginning, the other in life's evening—yet so alike in their love for their Eucharistic King.

—Catechist Jeanette Gratton





Associate Catechists

CHARITINA CLUB NO. 1 (Chicago)

MEMBERS of this Band favored us with a visit early in the summer. They told the other Band members of the pleasant time they had while with us. One of the members wrote us recently, "I would like to tell you how much I enjoy those stories and actual incidents which appear in the magazine, and which are written by the Catechists in the Missions. I think the last issue was very fine."

Miss Katherine Hennigan is Promoter. This is one of our pioneer Bands organized back in the early twenties. One of its charter members, Miss Nora Hennigan, has already gone to her eternal reward. The Band is named in memory of Sister Charitina, deceased, of the BVM order, another of Katherine's sisters.

Dear Associates:

LET us pour forth our fervent thanks to Almighty God, through our beloved patroness, Mary Immaculate, for the end of World War II. During this month of October we might show our gratitude in a practical manner by pledging ourselves to the recitation of the Rosary in common with the other members of our family. Some of you will remember the radio program in which the famous Sullivan family recited the Rosary together. On that occasion, Bing Crosby announced his intention to recite *The Family Rosary*, and urged all Catholic families to adopt the custom. It takes only 10 minutes to say. We know of one business man who, when an engagement is pressing, finishes the last beads while putting on his hat and coat. He wouldn't miss this family "get-together" for anything.

ST. JUDE THADDEUS BAND (Chicago)

WE believe few Bands can excel this one in its ardent charity for God's poor and its frequent generous contributions toward the support of one of our Catechists.

They have discovered many little ways of aiding our missions, through special drives during the course of the year. For instance, they have a "Penny-a-Day Christmas Fund" which they start in the month of January. By Christmas it netted (last year) the neat sum of \$26.84. They also have a "Quarter-a-Month Fund" for persons who wish to help our Catechists but who find it impossible to attend meetings or entertain. Occasionally they have a joint meeting with another Band in the neighborhood. This is splendid for mutual encouragement, and a larger amount is collected for the Missions. We know God blesses them for their generous efforts in behalf of His dear poor.

PERPETUAL HELP BAND NO. 1 (Chicago)

TOO much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Fred Ahner, Promoter, who has oftener than not been a "committee of one" in aiding our Missions. At the same time we do not wish to slight Mrs. McHenry, who in spite of ill health has continued a contributing member. Recently, Mrs. Ahner was able to give a very successful card party, among her friends, and we received a large check in consequence. She hopes to reorganize her Band which was nearly on the rocks due to abnormal conditions resulting from the war.

THE sinister shadow of War II fell on this happy quartet when the father was inducted last winter. However, there is now a bright hope that Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan, Promoter of St. Raymond Nonatus Band, may soon have her husband home again.



The Quinlan Family, Chicago, Ill.

of Mary

FORT WAYNE PROMOTER TAKEN IN DEATH

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Mary Noll had been in ill health for some time, we were shocked and saddened by the recent news of her death. Mrs. Noll was the pioneer founder and Promoter of St. Jude's Mission Society, and organizer of many smaller Bands operating under the Society's auspices.

About three months ago, she wrote us it was necessary for her to relinquish her office of Promoter, due to age and increasing infirmities. At the meeting in which she tendered her resignation, the office of Promoter passed to her daughter, Mrs. Fred Potthoff. Our loving sympathy is extended to the family and Band members, also the promise of our prayers for the happy repose of the soul of their departed one.

LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE

(Chicago)

THIS apostolic Band of twelve, with Miss Veronica Foertsch as Promoter, sends us generous donations from time to time towards the support of our Catechist Siegfried who labors in one of our Southwest Missions.

Miss Foertsch writes, "We enjoy reading THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and use the magazine at our card parties."

This is another of our loyal Bands which has helped us over a decade of years.

JUANITA CLUB (Chicago)

WE do not often hear from the Juanita Club, of which Miss Marie Cummings is Promoter. But when we do, there is a check enclosed which was well worth waiting for. Last week we were hunting for some information as to when the Band was organized. Unfortunately we could not gather much data, but the fact that the Band truly has *history* is proved by the fact that these faithful members have contributed to our Catechists' support for more than ten years.

PATIENCE, PLEASE

We cannot publish amounts in Band Contributions column until two months after receipt.



A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

July 9 to August 24

Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	6.50
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	10.00
Dolores Bend I, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel	5.00
Good Shepherd Bend, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	10.00
Holy Family Bend, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	20.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	20.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	21.50
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	6.00
Marians Club, Chicago, Miss Margaret Daniels	20.00
Mission Club, Chicago, Anna Deibert	6.50
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band I, Mrs. Fred Ahner	55.00
Our Lady of Snows, Miss Kathryn Hall, Elkhart, Ind.	9.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	20.00
Poor Souls Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. V. McGovern	17.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y.	50.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Miss Ann Brink	11.75
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	5.75
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	43.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Miss Lucille M. Dea	18.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	8.00
St. Joseph Band No. I, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman	50.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Bucci	15.60
St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	15.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	33.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Ed Vaughn	5.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebraska, Mrs. Chris. Kenny	20.00
St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen	36.00
St. Mary Band, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	7.00
St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Thos. F. Quinlan	4.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. Huebl	24.28
Srillians Band, Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Marion Mueller	5.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Alice Fenton	25.00

OUR LADY OF SNOWS BAND

Elkhart, Indiana

THIS Band, of which Miss Kathryn J. Hall is Promoter, was organized five years ago. They have since given one of their members to our Society as a Missionary Catechist. Catechist Josephine Gildea was professed and assigned to her first Mission in August. We are sure their having a personal representative in our Home Missions will bring them added blessings and increase their zeal in laboring for God's poor.



I Fulfilled my Purpose

by Catechist M. H. Sullivan

I'M just an old, soiled, rather ragged looking release-time card but I thought you might like to hear my story. For I have been the instrument that God deigned to use to bring a soul to Him, and maybe, who knows, many souls. In bringing a soul nearer to its Maker we always perceive God's pursuit of the individual. Truly He is the Hound of Heaven. This is my story.

MRS. BROWN re-read the letter from her son overseas, and again the handkerchief was put into use to wipe away the tears. Tears of remorse, for the letter was an accusation of a mother's duties left undone.

THE letter read:

Mom dear,

If there's one thing I'm grateful for since I've been in the army, it is the fact that I found my God. Remember how you told me when I went to fill out my blank that I was a baptized Catholic? I never gave religion a thought before that. Well, with hell let loose around me in the midst of battle, I called upon my God, the God I scarcely knew, to whom I had not given much thought; and He heard me. He didn't turn me down.

When I got back to the base where things were more quiet I got in touch with a Catholic chaplain. Gee, he was a swell fellow! He seemed to understand, and it wasn't long until I was taking instructions and going to Mass. Best of all, he taught me some prayers and now I know how to talk to God and use the proper language. I'm to make my First Communion in about a month. The reason I'm writing all this, Mom, is because I thought maybe you could do something about Nancy, Jim, and the squirt. I sort of hate to have them go through what I've gone through. Maybe they could start learning something about God now.

THE letter was folded and put into the envelope.

The mother again wiped away tears and then sat down in the nearest chair to think and ponder. Her Catholic school training seemed like a ghost haunting her, reminding her of the heri-

tage that she had denied her children. She had married against the wishes of her family and the laws of her church. Tom, her eldest, had been baptized. It had been a matter of life or death. A flickering of faith was still burning within her.

BUT the other three had never even been baptized. How was she to begin broaching a subject of which they were totally ignorant? Nancy was in high school, a young lady with ideas of her own. Jim in the eighth grade was already getting beyond her control. True, she might have more success with Johnnie, the squirt. He was only in the fifth grade.

HOWEVER, instructions as she recalled them were always given after school hours or on Saturdays and he had his daily newspaper route and garden work to take care of on Saturday. Silently she began to pray, the first time in many years. The words were faltering but gradually they came back. "Hail Mary, full of grace, pray for us sinners now." The word "now" seemed to hold such a depth of meaning.

HER reverie was broken by the sound of footsteps running up the stairs. She glanced quickly at the clock, finding to her dismay that it was Johnnie home for dinner. The telltale teardrops were again wiped away.

"HEY, Mom, got a card for you to fill out," was Johnnie's greeting. Then he handed me, a simple release-time card, to her. Mrs. Brown scanned me and re-read me more carefully. This was an answer to her prayers, to that little word "now."

"JOHNNIE," she exclaimed, "I am going to sign this right away and whatever else you do be sure to take it back to Mr. Wallace, the principal, this very afternoon." Yes, I was signed, and the word *Catholic* was underlined. That afternoon I found myself on a return visit to the principal's office.

JOHNNIE began to await eagerly eleven o'clock on Tuesday mornings. He was really interested in this treasure he had just found. Though the subject was entirely new to him, and he had no background in religious matters, he paid strict attention while he tried to grasp all he could. Sunday mornings found him at the eight o'clock Mass and sometimes he even managed to

inveigle Nancy into going with him.

ONE day all the fellows were talking about going to Confession and getting rid of their sins. "Not a bad idea," was Johnnie's interior comment, "I'm going to do the same." Sunday morning he joined the line outside of the confessional. The saintly old pastor, after questioning Johnnie, called the usher and requested that the boy be turned over to the Catechist for instruction. Then Catechist explained to Johnnie the reason why he couldn't go to confession and told him that there was much to be learned before he could receive the sacraments.

JOHNNIE studied his prayers and was so earnest that he began to attend the regular First Communion classes on Fridays after school. He managed somehow to have his pal take the route for him. Special classes for a week found him always "Johnnie-on-the-spot." He was the type of pupil that teachers dream about, a pride and joy. He caused no disturbance, and any lesson that was assigned was learned perfectly. Finally one day came the momentous statement: "Catechist, I want to be a real Catholic. I want to be baptized and receive Jesus in my heart."



JOHNNIE and his mother went to see the priest. Arrangements were made and Johnnie became a child of God; his heritage had been restored. A short time afterward he made his First Communion. I only wish you could have seen his happiness for it surely was not of this earth. Wistfully, Mrs. Brown and Nancy watched Johnnie. He seemed to have so much and they so little.

NOW Johnnie attends Mass regularly and never fails to receive his Eucharistic King. Proudly did he march in the procession in honor of Mother Mary and present to her his flower, symbol of his love.

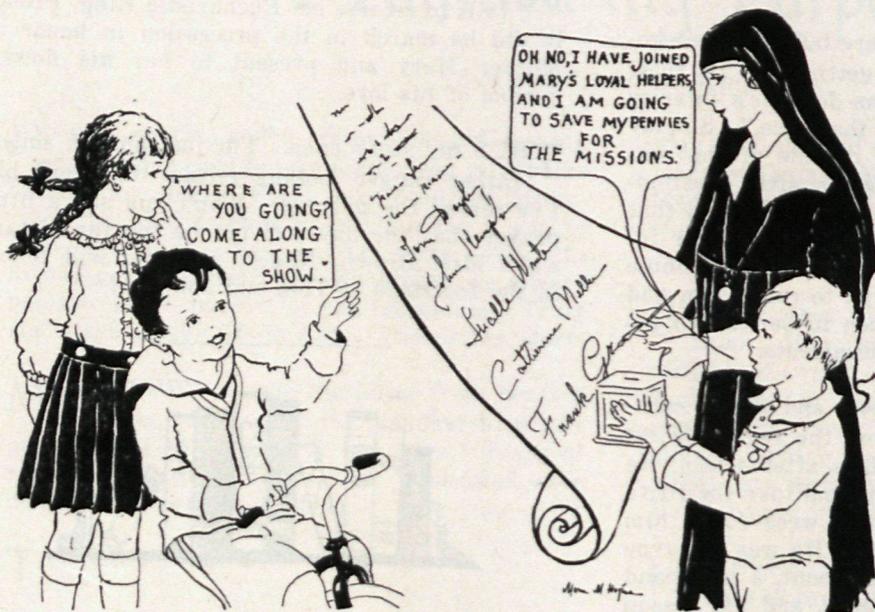
THUS my story ends. I'm just an old, soiled, rather ragged looking release-time card but I've served the purpose. Won't you say a little prayer that the day will not be too far distant when Mrs. Brown, Nancy, and Jim will follow in the footsteps of Tom and Johnnie?



CIRCULATIN' LIBRARY

by Art Foster

Once there was a lot of books
Sittin' on some shelves,
Just ashowin' off their looks,
And livin' by themselves.
They didn't work, nor teach, nor talk,
And just sat there all crusty;
They didn't even take a walk,
But jist kept gittin' dusty.
But still their owner kept them there.
He didn't cut the pages.
They never got a bit of care
Through many, many ages.
Until one day the old man died;
The books went in the ash can.
In two hours' time them books was spied
By some old foxy trashman.
A dealer put 'em out in front.
(He hadn't time to read 'em.)
A bookworm, browsin' on the hunt,
He come along and seed 'em.
And now them books has come to live
Where they git read quite often,
While the old guy who wouldn't give
Is mouldin' in his coffin.
So take them books down off your shelves
That you ain't never readin'.
Before you shuffle off yourselves
Just send them out God speedin'.



Mary's

Dear Loyal Helpers:

ONCE upon a time (May 13, 1917, to be exact) three children—two girls and a boy of Fatima, Portugal—were reciting the Rosary together in an open field. Nearby were some sheep they tended. Raising their eyes, they beheld in astonishment the blessed Mother of God. She told them not to be afraid and appeared to them several times thereafter. She proclaimed herself Our Lady of the Rosary, and her message to the world was to do penance, to consecrate the world to her Immaculate Heart, and to have recourse to her, especially through the devout recitation of the Rosary. She also told the little ones that *she alone* could bring about the end of wars.

Well, now, you know she did that very thing on the eve of her beautiful feast of the Assumption. Some of you will soon be seeing your brothers, or fathers, who have been in the service of our country. Don't you think that calls for great gratitude on our part? Let us show it to Our Blessed Mother Mary by saying the Rosary every day during October in thanksgiving for this great favor she has obtained for us all.

THE SUPERVISOR.

Dear Catechists,

Thanks for the Sunshine Bags. I gave them as little prizes to the pupils when they brought in pennies for your work among the poor.

Enclosed find \$5.00 to help your good work.

God bless you,

Sister M. Materna (Wheeling, W. Va.)

LILLIAN has a variety of interests. In addition to being a Loyal Helper and helping the Missions, she has been active in Girl Scout work. Lillian has a cousin who is a Missionary Catechist.



Lillian Whitfield, Dubuque, Iowa



Phyllis Anderson, Albuquerque, New Mex.

PHYLLIS ANDERSON is 13 years old. She has been sick in bed for two years. Recently the doctor said she could be up for a few hours daily. She found she had to learn to walk all over again! Her cheerful smile shows how brave she is. The last time she wrote she said she had more than two dollars in her Sunshine Bag.

Loyal Helpers



THIS is one of our Mission children. Pedro is a descendant of the Onesimo Indians. His mother is one of the last members of that tribe. These Indians, once very numerous, lived at Carmel Mission in California. They were converted to Christianity by the saintly Father Junipero Serra, who founded twenty-one Missions in that State. Pedro lives much too

far away to attend a Catholic school, but our Catechists have him regularly for religious instruction.

OUR LADY'S GARDEN

I dream about a garden site
All filled with lovely flowers;
Within it lilies glisten white,
Red roses hang from bowers.

Beneath one's feet the violet
Lies hid—o'er there sweet peas;
Blue larkspur tall in minuet
Move gently in the breeze.

Our Lady tends the garden plot
With mantle like the snows,
Her robe like the forget-me-not,
Her cheeks like petaled rose.

These flowers are souls ordained to bloom
In Heaven near Her Son;
Their prayers and works like rich perfume
Mount there till time is done.



Dear Catechist:

V-J day came and was surely welcomed in this household. This is the first time our family has been together for three years.

Mom and Dad are in good health—that's plenty to say for them. My brother, Paul, who was a prisoner of war is home on a 60-day leave. His health is fair and he is as happy as he used to be. Charles, who is studying for the priesthood, had an operation and pulled through beautifully. Marge is entering the Poor Handmaids this fall and Mary has her eye on a sailor. Lawrence is just lazying around the house and makes you sweep under him. Vickie is always over at her girl friend's house when you need her. Me, well I do my work and try to keep on the good side of Mom. I graduated from grade school

and took second scholarship this year.

I still remember the Catechists in my prayers.

Your Servant in Mary,

Ruth Banet,

Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Ruth's letter needs no comment. It indicates that she belongs to one of those Christian American families which are at once the pride and the hope of our nation.



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

We are happy to tell you that Sisters and Parochial Schools have come to Indiana Harbor and East Chicago. When a parish has been worked up sufficiently to warrant the opening of a parochial school, the work of the Catechists is finished, and we are ready to move into new fields. We have, therefore, closed both these houses. There will no longer be Catechists at 4860 Olcott Avenue, or 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank our many kind benefactors who have helped in our work in these two places. We especially thank the many friends who have helped us in Indiana Harbor during the past twenty years, particularly during those long years of the depression when poverty, want, and suffering walked the streets of the large Mexican district there. It was only through your assistance that we were able in some measure to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless. May you one day hear from a merciful Judge those words "As long as you did it for one of these, the least of My brethren, you did it for Me . . . Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

(Continued from page 3)

way up the mountainside, leaned exhausted against a friendly rock, supporting himself the while with his heavy cane. Several women accompanied their petitions with the powerful appeal of penance—they were ascending the rocky mountain trail barefoot! A few, unable to walk, made the pilgrimage on the back of a wiry little burro whose sure-footedness enabled them to reach their goal despite their handicap.

HIGH above the moving throng of pilgrims the forty-two foot monument to Cristo Rey extended its protecting arms over Texas, New Mexico, and the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. In a little valley just below the summit an altar had been erected and we were fortunate enough to secure a place from which we could observe the entire spectacle. We turned and faced the way we had come! We caught our breath—up the mountain path the crowd was still toiling—but in our little valley and across a neighboring peak, a large number of people were already kneeling or seated. Off in the distance were more mountain peaks, a glimpse of the Rio Grande, and all about us the clear invigorating mountain air.

AS I called to mind the picture of Our Lord instructing the people from a mountain, I heard the far-off tinkle of a bell. Around the bend of the mountain trail His Excellency, the Most Reverend Edwin V. Byrne, Archbishop of Santa Fe, accompanied by our own beloved Bishop Metzger and a number of the clergy, appeared bearing the Blessed Sacrament. As if a gentle breeze had passed over the waiting throng, heads bowed reverently and all knees bent to the ground. The King was enthroned and the Franciscan choir raised their voices in praise and adoration of His Hidden Majesty. Both His Excellency, the Archbishop of Santa Fe, and Bishop Metzger, addressed the attentive congregation—the one in Spanish, the other in English—on the prerogatives and honors due Christ the King. All joined in the solemn act of reparation and consecration which followed. Then a solemn hush came over the crowd, and there on the mountain our Sacramental Lord was raised in Benediction over His faithful followers.

THE sun cast long shadows across the mountain paths as the pilgrims began the descent. As if loath to go they once more faced their beloved Cristo Rey and the air reverberated with the stirring cries of "Viva Cristo Rey!" and "Viva la Virgen de Guadalupe!"



Rev. John P. Pierron, Burlington, Wis.
Jack Mueller, Chicago, killed in action.
James W. Clement, Chicago, killed in action.
William Townsend, Chicago, killed in action.
Louis C. Young, Chicago.
Albert Isaac, Chicago.
P. O'Shea, Chicago.
Robert O'Boyle, Chicago.
Mary Whelan, Chicago.
Mrs. John King, Chicago.
Mrs. Agnes Corley, Chicago.
Mrs. James E. Walsh, Chicago.
Mrs. Albert J. Bono, Chicago.
Mrs. Catherine Thompson, Chicago.
Mrs. Mary Singel, Evansville, Ind.
Mrs. Faye Hughes, Frankfort, Ind.
Mrs. Hannah Kennelley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Mary Nell, Fort Wayne, Ind., Promoter, A.C.M. Band.

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

Mission Intention for October

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

CHRISTIAN KINDNESS TO CONVERTS FROM MOHAMMEDANISM

ONE of the most gripping tales recounted by two missionaries who arrived in August on the Gripsholm is the story of the spiritual struggle which is being fought in the heart of a wealthy and respected Moslem who, convinced of the truth of Christianity, has not yet acquired the courage to make public his adherence to Catholicity. Nicodemus-like he comes daily, but stealthily, to the feet of his Eucharistic King enthroned in an humble shrine of perpetual adoration in the heart of pagan Bengal, India. His knowledge of the catechism is complete, there is no doubt of the sincerity of his love of Christ, the Good Shepherd, but the coils of Islam have so enmeshed his life, that he has not the strength to loose them. According to our informants "the social resistance of Islam makes it impossible for a convert to brave ostracism and contempt without exceptional heroism." Actually there must be a rebirth of the early martyrs' courage if the ranks of Mohammedan converts are to be increased.

"THIS is not an isolated case," stated Sister Edwina and Sister Mary Josephine, Franciscan nuns of the Most Blessed Sacrament. "There are many others for whom we have been asked to pray. And this is not surprising because the Moslem who renounces his adherence to the tenets of the Prophet must be thrust from the home of his parents, repudiated by his relatives and friends, and pursued like a mad dog."

IN their hours before the Blessed Sacrament these good religious, with the other members of their community and the other priests and nuns who have dedicated their lives to the salvation of those who are staunch in their Moslem faith, pour forth a seemingly endless plea of supplication in their behalf. Truly Christlike charity marks their contact with the followers of the Prophet, whether they be arrogantly proud of their affiliation, indifferent in their attitude toward Catholicity, or humble in their quest for truth.

HOWEVER, it is not for religious alone that the admonition for Christian kindness to converts from Mohammedanism is sounded. It has a particular call for the laity—not only for those who live among them but for Catholics the world over, particularly in the United States. True our contact here is almost non-existent, since, in the western world, there are few adherents to Islam, but the need for prayer is ever present. If you would prove your true Catholicity have a daily remembrance for these converts in accordance with the wishes of the Holy See as relayed to The Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Remember that these people, differing from you in the fact that they were not born in the faith, have had the courage to take up the cross of the Good Shepherd, renouncing all things to follow Him. Prove by your Christian kindness that you admire their courage and will sustain them in the trials which they must surely undergo.

The Family Rosary



Courtesy of Father Peyton, C.S.C.

**Invigorated by the daily Family Rosary
Mr. and Mrs. Catholic America safeguard
our Nation's most vital institutions—**

Church, Home, and Family