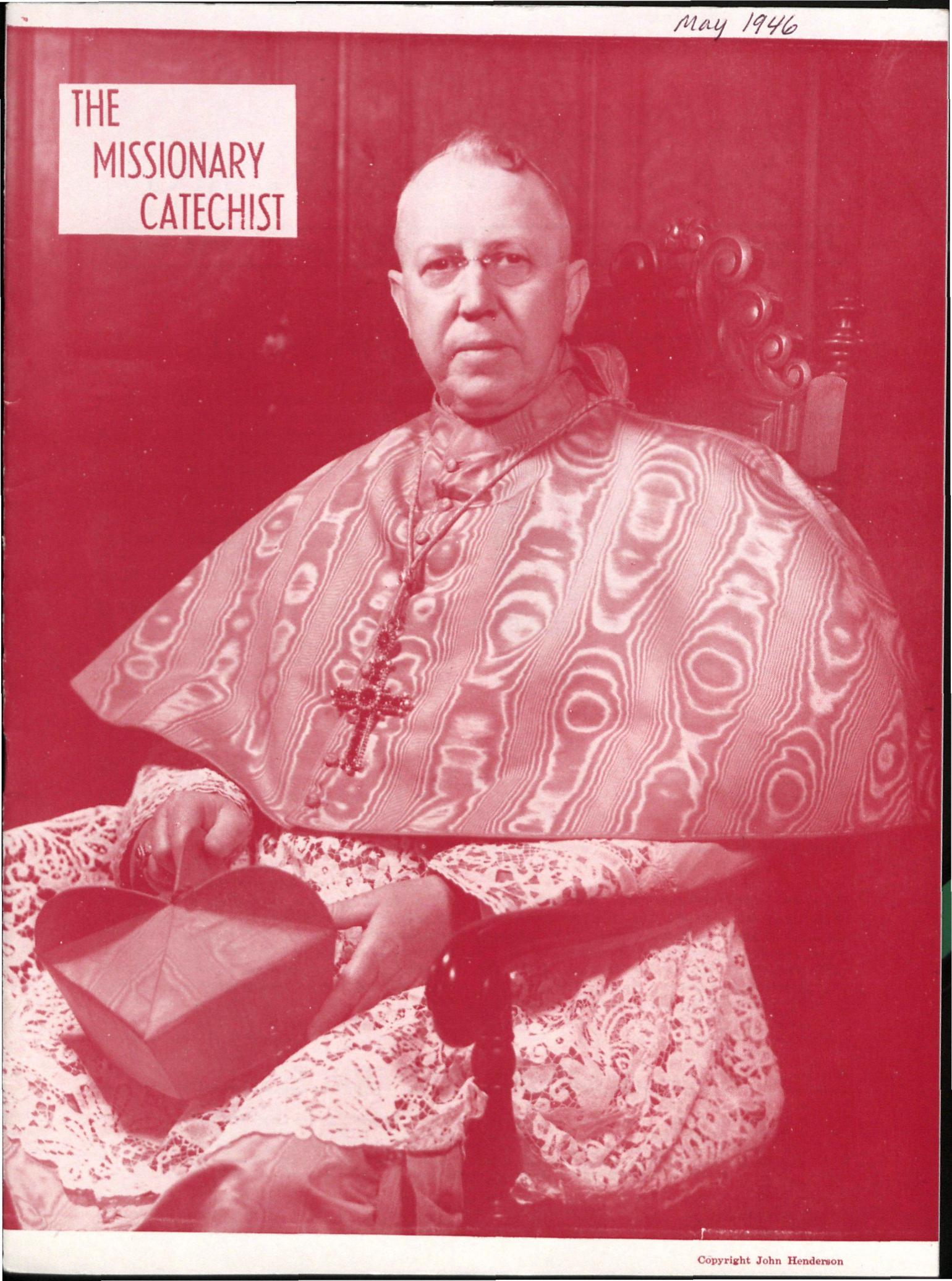


May 1946

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST



THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

CONGRATULATE

His Eminence, Edward Cardinal Mooney

Archbishop of Detroit

and

PRAY

that

GOD'S CHOICEST BLESSINGS MAY BE HIS

AD MULTOS ANNOS!

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXII

May, 1946

Number 6

In the Archdiocese of Detroit

IN THE Fall of 1941, three Missionary Catechists left Victory Noll to take up work in the Archdiocese of Detroit. Their destination was Ida, Michigan, a town so small that it would be possible for one to drive through it without realizing it was there.

BUT the size of the town was not important to the Catechists, for they knew they were going to work in a rural parish and that their work would be in country districts.

REVEREND BERNARD LOEHER was the zealous pastor of the parish. He had seen the work of the Catechists in New Mexico, and felt that his problem of religious instruction for the children was not too different from that of the more isolated missions of the Southwest.

AND thus it happened that the Catechists went East instead of West and found a fertile field for their work.

IT WAS not long afterwards that the great Archdiocese of Detroit was faced with the problem of ministering to the spiritual needs of thousands of Catholic workers coming from all over the country to work in the war plants of the City. It was then that the Archbishop asked the Catechists to open a second house in the Archdiocese, that by census work and the religious instruction of the children attending public schools, they might be another cog—small though it must necessarily be—in the magnificent spiritual machinery of this large Episcopal See.



Tabernacle in convent chapel, Detroit.

THIS time—the Fall of 1943—five Catechists left Victory Noll, not for a tiny town in a rural area, but for one of the largest cities in the United States. Their destination was Detroit. Since that time they have worked under the kind and capable leadership of the Reverend John C. Ryan, Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

AT PRESENT there are four Catechists in Ida and six in Detroit, and they are proud to be a part of the great Archdiocese whose head has been the recent recipient of the highest honor the Holy See can bestow—the Cardinalate. They are happy to have for their Archbishop, His Eminence, Edward Cardinal Mooney.

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.

Behold your Mother

by Catechist Marie Clark

YOU are any age between, say, fifteen months and three years—the baby of the family, a pretty little child, not too sure of your footsteps, perhaps, and subject to frequent tumbles—loving all and loved by all.

SOME of your mother's friends come to visit her. You are brought in to become acquainted and to be admired. 'Round you go from one to another, each vying to attract your attention and favor. Now you are at the point of the circle farthest from your mother, and teasingly the lady asks you, "Where's Mamma?"

YOU look around. "Where's Mamma?" In the pleasant excitement of their admiration, you had forgotten the one who is *all* to your baby heart. One smiling face after another greets your circling glance, but these kind, smiling faces are not the *one* face you are seeking. If you are at all inclined to be timid, your face plainly shows that you want to cry.

AND then! all at once, two eyes that you know are looking down at you from the other side of the circle. A loving smile is awaiting your recognition, perhaps two arms are slightly outstretched to assure you that you are right—and toddling across the circle to the one who spells health and rest, comfort and security in your baby world, you are clasped into Mother's arms!

THERE you stay, content, while the talk goes on around you. Only perhaps you raise your head, just once, to cast a challenging glance around to find that bold questioner who had asked "Where's Mamma?"—"Do you know your mother?" that was what she meant. *Of course* you know your mother! You'd show her! And down drops your head again on Mother's breast, in blissful, contented rest.

SEVEN years have passed, and now you are a businesslike little miss of nine or so. We come to ask you very seriously, "Do you know your mother?" Amazed, you tell us:

"Of course, I know my mother! Don't I live with her? Don't I see her every day? Don't I help her all the time? I can do the dishes and lots of things for her. I can sweep and dust—Mother showed me how. Sometimes she lets me cook things, too. I can't cook like she does, but

I make little pies when she makes big ones.

MOTHER does everything for me, and when I was sick her hand was so cool on my head. She stayed up nights then to help me get well. I was awful sick, but Mother took care of me. I can watch the baby for her, too. And she had a surprise party for me on my birthday and asked all the kids to come. It was the most fun. She's pretty, too. And she knows everything. She can always tell me all the things I ask her. She can help me get the *worst* problems in arithmetic. She's swell. Do I *know* her? Why, of course, I do.

AGAIN the cycle of seven years has passed, and you are about sixteen, blossoming into the loveliest years of girlhood. Again we come to you and ask, "Do you know your mother?" Thoughtfully you answer:

"Of course, I know my mother! I love her dearly. Mother is—well, it's too big to say in a few words, but I think the world of her. She's my pal, yet she's something more than that—a guiding star, I guess you'd say, if you want to be poetic. I only hope I grow up to be like her. She knows how to do things and how to get us children to do the right things, but she does it all in the nicest way. I wish every girl had a mother like mine; there wouldn't be half so much trouble in the world today. She's always busy with our housework, but somehow she finds time to be interested in everything and everybody. She isn't a bit out-of-date.

THE gang like to have my mother around when they come to the house; she almost seems like one of us, she's so jolly. And there are five ladies in our parish who probably wouldn't be Catholics if it weren't for Mother. She helped them just by being interested in their problems, and then making it easy for them to talk to Father Allen or going with them to convert classes. She's very kind that way, always doing something for somebody."

THERE is deep beauty in your eyes as you grow still more thoughtful and add: "And I know that my mother loved me before I ever existed, and because of her love God performed the stupendous miracle of forming my body from hers, so that my soul might live there. She grew

weak and ill, that I might be alive and strong. She suffered great pain because she knew it would bring life to me. . . . Do I *know* my mother? Indeed, I *know* her and I *love* her dearly!"

TO CARRY out our example, let's imagine this time that you are a girl following your mother's own vocation in the world. It is fourteen years since the last question. You are thirty years of age, happily married, and have a little family of your own. We ask you, "Do you know your mother?"

"OF COURSE, I know my mother! I lived at home with her until I was married, and, except for the few years Jim was working out of town, we've always lived near her. We see each other often. She is a wonderful person, and the



more I have to do with my own children, the more I realize what a wonderful mother she was to all of us.

"THE awful suspense that comes when the children are sick—how well I can recall that quiet confident way she had with us, and yet I know that in her heart she was burdened with a great fear and anxiety all the while, and only her splendid self-control made it all seem so ordinary to us.

"DOROTHY was spilling flour all over the kitchen the other day trying to mix a cake like I was making. It made me think of the

countless times I got in Mother's way when I was that age, yet she always seemed anxious for me to learn; she never lost patience, but what a trial it must have been!

"AND when I was going to high school—I knew nothing of the little economies that Mother and Dad were practicing in ever so many ways, so that all of us could have a good Catholic education. She never let us know, and we never felt them, because she did it so cleverly. But now I can look back and see and appreciate her sacrifices as I never did then.

"WHEN the three older children were small, and Jim came home that night to tell me he was out of work, my first feeling was one of total loss. What would we do? But somehow I thought of my mother. And I knew I was going to be everything to him and my family that she had been that time after Dad's long illness, when we had pretty hard sledding for a while. Jim always said it was my courage that helped him to get over his own despondency and buoyed him up until he got this other job; but I still don't know how I managed it, except that it was through the grace of God and the memory of my mother's example.

"I'VE suffered for my children, and because of the love I have for them I know now more than ever before the depth of my mother's love for me.

"DO I know my mother? Never have I known her better, never more deeply, never with more love!"

BY NOW you may be wondering why we should choose such a strange, such an almost childishly simple example, to illustrate true devotion to our Blessed Mother. There are two very good reasons, very different and yet equally important.

NOTICE that in the four episodes there are always the *same* mother, the *same* daughter, the *same* question. Persons, words, are identical.

WHY are there such *different* answers? No two answers are alike. Yet each answer is perfectly true and perfectly complete. The answer of the little tot who runs to her mother is fully as *complete* as that of the woman grown. But how very different they are! How the passing years, the natural growth of body and soul, have added to the thoughts, the ideas, the perception and appreciation of mother-love!

LEARN the reason for the difference in answers and you have mastered a secret of the

natural and the supernatural life, as well as a secret of true devotion to Mary. God works in us by growth. Just as a tree grows leaf by leaf and branch after branch, just as a child grows inch by inch, forming thought after thought, so in the ordinary spiritual life (and in the ordinary practice of the True Devotion to Mary) the soul grows in the knowledge and love of God by successive stages. Grace after grace, humbly and faithfully corresponded to, finally brings us to spiritual maturity. This explains our first reason for using the example of the deepening love and appreciation of a mother by her growing child.

THE second reason is this: the Blessed Virgin Mary is truly our spiritual Mother. She is the Mother of Jesus, through Whom we hope one day to reach Heaven and to receive everlasting life, the fruition of the divine life now within us by sanctifying grace. Mary looks upon our souls with a tenderness and affection beside which all the deepest solicitude of earthly motherhood fades into insignificance. Should we not in turn wish to be in our hearts and to show ourselves in our actions her loving, grateful spiritual children?

WE know that Jesus is God as well as Man. We know that God willed that the Blessed Virgin Mary should come closer to Him than any other creature, in order that God the Holy Ghost might form from her pure flesh and blood the Body that was to be animated by the Person of the Son of God—by His Soul united to that Body and both united mysteriously to the Godhead.

MARY, a creature of God, endowed with free will just as you and I are, was informed of God's Will for her. At once, by an act of her free will, she freely yielded herself to God's plan. Mary consented. In this consent lay in bud the salvation of the world. In this consent lay your hope and my hope of Heaven.

IF YOU and I, with the help of God's all powerful grace, some day reach to the enjoyment of Him, our Beatitude, in Heaven, the beginning of that joy can be traced back to one moment of time—the moment when Mary gave her consent.

MARY obeyed God's will for her, and became the Mother of Jesus. A mother is one who co-operates in giving life. And thus we may say that through Mary's co-operation in God's plan of redemption, our souls have hope of divine life. Mary, our Mother, gave us hope of divine life by giving us Jesus. She is His Mother according to nature. And because of this, Mary is our Mother according to grace.



Behold your Mother!

GOD has willed both motherhoods for Mary. We glorify Him by recognizing, acknowledging, loving, and honoring her spiritual motherhood of us, just as Jesus glorified God by submitting Himself to her, by acknowledging, loving, and honoring her as His Mother.

“**B**EHOLD *your* Mother!”



TO THE QUEEN OF MAY

by Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D.

If all the flowers of earth were mine,
I'd bring them all to thy dear shrine;
Ah, what a nosegay it would be,
O heavenly Queen of May, for thee.

If all the songbirds in the wood
I could call to this solitude,
Ah, what a concert it would be,
O heavenly Queen of Mary, for thee.

If all the human hearts that beat
I could assemble at thy feet,
Ah, what a wealth of love 'twould be,
O heavenly Queen of May, for thee.

Casualties on the Home Front

by Catechist M. Alice James

RRRRR—rat-a-tat! rat-a-tat! rrrrrr!

THE staccato *beat, beat*, of the guns had gone on the entire morning. Their sounds leaped out at us from alley and doorway; at times we walked into the very mouths of them.

OUR lives had been spared . . . only because the guns were wooden ones in the hands of five and four-year-oldsters in Saragossa Alley. The sounds were achieved by the energetic exercising of the voice organs.

BUT there was an element of the real in the little lads' make-believe. When we turned one corner of the tenement court and saw a small figure sprawled grotesquely in front of a door, my heart skipped a beat. Had the small soldier fallen from the rickety porch above? My companion and I both leaned over him. His breathing was normal. Unperturbed, he raised one eyelid slightly, looked deliberately at us, dropped the lid, and didn't budge. The fright he had caused us made me a bit impatient.

"**A**LL right, sonny," I said, "suppose you hop up and let us knock at the door. We have to visit the lady who lives here!"

DEAD silence—

RRRRR—rat-a-tat! rat-a—The rest of the gang rounded the corner. Their small leader took in the situation at a glance. His tones were crisp and businesslike, as he said,

"**S**ORRY, Madre. He can't move. We just killed him before you came!"

AT THE big tenement on the corner of Chihuahua Street, bombing was the order of the day. The game went thus: the five-year-oldsters on the sidewalk were the Americans with odds against them. Their companions on the porch above were the Japanese, with all the ammunition—a quantity of egg shells salvaged from the garbage cans in the alley behind the Chihuahua Restaurant.

AS THE Americans ran from the shelter of the cans to the space beneath the second floor porch, the bombs (egg shells) fell upon them. If an American were hit, he promptly fell

prone on the sidewalk. The game progressed lustily with the Americans doing a splendid job of dodging bombs.

ON THE nearest doorstep sat a dejected three-year-old; he had been declared a non-combatant because of his tender years. Enviously he watched the game. All at once a smile brightened his fat face; he eased his roly-poly self off in the direction of the Chihuahua Restaurant. When he returned a few minutes later there was a delightful twinkle in his black eyes. A suspicious bulge caused the waist of his coveralls to protrude noticeably.

THE battle was tense. Very slowly the Americans crawled from beneath the porch to begin the return to the cans. Each one raised a searching glance to the porch above. At any moment, the bombs might fall.

THEY did. Pop! Crash! Crackle! Five little Americans lay stiff upon the ground. Three-

(Continued on page 18)



Three-year-old smiles as he gets ready for action

What!! School During the Summer

by the Reverend John C. Ryan, Director Confraternity of
Christian Doctrine, Archdiocese of Detroit

"IN THE name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The children and the Catechist paused. "Thank you, Catechist, we had a swell time at vacation school, and we sure learned a lot." With these words, the annual vacation school at a Federal Housing Project in Wayne, Michigan, ended.

DURING four weeks, the Catholic children were daily instructed for three hours—many for the first time, others after a minimum of instruction given in a variety of places of residence. These children came from many states. Their parents were war workers, who, in order to work in a crowded city, were forced to live removed from church and school facilities, often to deny themselves and their families the very essentials of religion.

DAILY the Catechists drilled essential prayers; daily they explained the simple truths of faith, and daily the children learned from slides

and pictures to know and love the Mass. And when the time was up, the children from the upper grades received their First Holy Communion. A picnic given by the parish priests, Fathers Dorr and Brennan, made the vacation school a success.

WHILE the school was in progress, the homes of all the children were visited, and many of the domestic difficulties influencing religion were solved. Such progress alone is productive of results.

ABOUT five miles down the road, three Catechists conducted a "Catholic Bible School" in a town that had never before been visited regularly by Sisters. The "Town Hall" was the classroom, and the eighty-five children who responded to the house-to-house visitation enjoyed four weeks of regular class work. The result—this town now has a pastor who will erect a church for their instruction and practice of faith.



Let us pray.



They grew into a parish.

THE religious vacation school conducted by the Missionary Catechists is the first step in making careless children interested in their faith, and uninformed children aware of their responsibility as Catholics. The vacation school is another way of reaching both parents and children in areas where the ordinary facilities for church and school are lacking.

THE routine work of the Catechists in teaching and visiting is for many the beginning of their return to the Church. The many Catholics who have strayed, like the lost sheep in the Gospel, will come back only when they are sought, and the kindly, personal invitation of the visiting religious brings many a one back to his or her home—the Church. This is practical charity in operation. This is Christ's plan for saving the negligent.

THE laborers are few; the opportunities for work are many. If the Archdiocese of Detroit, and every other diocese, had a full quota of Missionary Catechists to supplement the teaching and visiting program of the Church, the work of salvaging the careless would be simplified, the results outstanding.

THANKS to the Missionary Catechists who have worked and are now working in the Archdiocese, and thanks to those who are yet to come—not our poor thanks, but the thanks of countless children and adults who will be better Catholics for having known and worked with religious. And thanks from the Giver of all we have, Christ Jesus, Our Lord.

OUR COVER: His Eminence, Edward Cardinal Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit.

Peter followed Jesus Christ afar; he would not have denied Him if he had followed near.—St. Ambrose.

LET us honor Mary, because such is the will of God, Who would have us to obtain everything through the hands of Mary.

—St. Bernard

In The Home Field



Waiting room of San Bernardino clinic. Catechist Wapiennik is pictured with mothers and children who are waiting to take advantage of the clinic.



Catechist Wapiennik and Skupien look on as Doctor examines tiny patient. The Catechists assist the Doctor and act as interpreters on clinic days.



Mobile Unit of the San Bernardino County Tuberculosis Association spent two days at the clinic of Our Lady of Guadalupe parish, San Bernardino, California.

GUADALUPE CLINIC

"BUT there's nothing wrong in here," Don Juan protested, pounding his chest; "it's my leg."

DON JUAN was one of those who had chest x-rays made at Our Lady of Guadalupe Clinic in San Bernardino, California, recently. Over eighty years old, Don Juan underwent a serious operation last year, and now would make many a younger person envy his good health if it were not for that game leg.

BUT if Don Juan thought he was going to have his leg x-rayed, the other 450 persons who attended the Clinic knew they were there to cooperate with the San Bernardino County Tuberculosis Association in its effort to discover tuberculosis in its early stages.

SO WELL did the members of the parish respond that the Clinic had to be held over another day. For two days, from early morning until late afternoon, the patient x-ray technician made picture after picture. The Catechists from Redlands took histories and acted as interpreters.

THE first day of the T. B. Clinic was also the regular day for the Well Baby Clinic held in the same building. The children over ten, who

were eligible for chest x-rays, put their own interpretation to the cries of the infants who were protesting against the nurse's inoculation needle. It must hurt awful to get an x-ray! All that crying! But there was no escape now; they were next in line. What was their relief to discover that all you did was hold your breath for a second and it was over! "Why, there's nothing to it," they said, as they left the Clinic.

OUR LADY of Guadalupe Clinic, a parish project, has recently undergone extensive repairs and renovations which will enable it to make its future work more effective than ever before. Since the establishment of the Clinic in 1941, 4,097 babies have been cared for, the service including immunizations as well as examinations. Although it is principally a Well Baby Clinic, 2,009 children of school age have received their inoculations there, and 151 adults have been treated.

THE Clinic is held once a week, with a public health nurse in charge, and once a month a Well Baby Conference is conducted by a pediatrician. The Catechists serve as receptionists and assistants to the nurse.

Catechist E. Clifford
Redlands, California

RELEASE TIME FOR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

JUNIOR High School release time is now a reality in San Pedro. The San Pedro Boys' Club, once the old High School building, is changed into a Catholic school each Tuesday morning for one hour. It has a teaching staff of two Priests and five Catechists.

TO ONE not acquainted with San Pedro, it would be an inspiring sight to see almost two hundred children file out of the school building to attend religion classes. To us, however, who know that a possible seven hundred should be coming, it is a disheartening sight.

DURING the first few months, we were reminded often of Mother Cabrini who believed trouble and hardships in the beginning of an undertaking were a good sign of future success. Our difficulties began the first morning when we found the building locked and had to begin class along the sidewalk. Unusually cold weather, unheated rooms, a complicated system for release of children, unfavorable comments by teachers, and—worst of all—parents too easily persuaded by their children that it is impossible to miss subjects held at the same time as religion classes, are a few of the problems we have had to meet.

NEVERTHELESS, we thank God for the success we have had thus far. We have no disciplinary problems, and we find among our children many real heroes and heroines who prize their faith above everything else.

Catechist M. Joan Ginsterblum
San Pedro, California

EMPHASIZING THE LESSON

WHEN the fire department siren sounds around Aoy School it means "Action!"

HAD it not been that the only standing room I had in our crowded quarters, on this particular day, was by the door, I would have been a lonely teacher giving an instruction on the punishment of sin to the four walls. As it was, little Manuel was the only one who managed to sneak out before I realized the siren was blowing.

BEFORE class was dismissed Manuel came back to ask if the fire I had been talking about was really like the one at the Lumber Company. When I told him that the fire I was talking about would last forever, he there and then made the resolution never to miss class again. The fire must have made a real impression on him.

Catechist M. Trinidad Luna
El Paso, Texas

Associate Catechists

Dear Associates:



IT IS the month of our glorious Patroness, our dear and blessed Lady of Victory! There are various ways of honoring her, as we learned in the days of our childhood. However, it would seem that the *social reign* of Christ Our King and Mary Our Queen is what God wishes of us today, if we are to take the preaching of modern apostles, who have traversed our country, as an indication of His Holy Will.

A FEW years ago Father Mateo traveled the length and breadth of the United States, urging the enthronement of the Sacred Heart in every Catholic home. At present Father Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., is devoting his life to the apostolate of *The Family Rosary*. He urges every Catholic to say the Rosary daily, not individually, but in common with the other members of the family. In spite of apparent obstacles, it is being said today by thousands of families.

MOST of the families who have adopted the practice agree that the best time for saying the Rosary is after the evening meal, before the dishes are washed, before Father leaves for a lodge meeting or buries his face in a newspaper, before big son or grown daughter bolt from the house to keep a date, before the smaller children are tucked in bed. Having spent ten minutes with Mary, reciting her Rosary, the family rises from its knees and "life goes on as usual," but with God's blessing and Mary's upon its members. *It can be done.* I am hopeful that as many of our dear Associates as possible will adopt the practice during this month of Our Mother.

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR

MARY'S hands are the very whitest of lilies, and assuredly the Divine Lover of lilies will never complain of anything presented by His Mother's hands.

—St. Bernard

LITTLE FLOWER BAND (Chicago)

IT is neither a secret nor are our Chicago Associates jealous of the fact that Mrs. Helen Garrity has won our highest esteem and love by the generosity with which she has aided our Catechists for nearly a quarter of a century.

HER faithful Band members engage in a variety of good works. "Anything to make some money for God's poor and needy ones" is the way Mrs. Garrity would put it. Recently they raffled a quilt which brought in \$36.00. The children of Big Spring, Texas, are still enchanted with the sturdy toys of wood fashioned by the aged father of Mary Eschbach and included in a large shipment from this Band to that Mission.

MANY of the original Band members have gone to their eternal reward, but Mrs. Garrity fills up the vacancies by enlisting new members.

WHATSOEVER thou hast a mind to offer to the Lord be sure to entrust it to Mary.
—St. Bernard



of Mary

ADRIAN CLUB (Chicago)



THERE are some things we do not know about the Adrian Club of which *Miss Florence Dietz* is Promoter. For instance we do not know when this Club began to work for us. But this we *do* know. These eight Associates have been generous donors to our Society for more than ten years. Our sincere thanks to them for their continued support of Catechist Kowalewski.

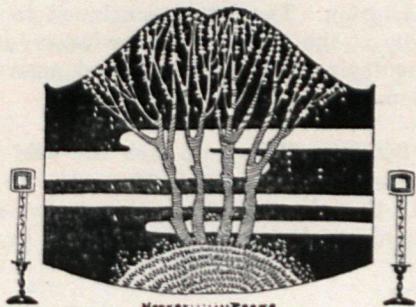
ST. KATHERINE BAND (Chicago)

WE WERE pleased to hear that this Band, headed by *Mrs. Katherine Hammer*, is constantly growing in numbers. At present they are twenty-four members strong. It would seem that soon they will need to find a hall in which to have meetings because they've nearly outgrown "parlor-sized parties." Our congratulations to them on their successes, and our heartfelt thanks for their generous offerings toward Catechist McBride's support.



ST. IRENE AUXILIARY (Chicago)

A BAND of eleven members, these Associates led by *Miss Magdeline Sebraska* have been helping us since 1941. Besides sending money orders to aid all our missions in general, they pack mission boxes at the principal seasons of the year for some mission in particular. Our Catechists in El Paso, Texas, were the fortunate ones to receive the last box.



A.C.M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

February 20 to March 15, 1946

Charitina Band, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	\$6.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mo., Miss Adelaide FitzPatrick	16.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Sec. Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Mich., Miss Lillian Dunn	21.00
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	6.00
"Marians," Chicago, Mrs. M. Maher	12.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. E. G. Walsh	25.00
Our Lady of Victory Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. E. McCaffrey	5.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	20.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	6.50
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern	1.75
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	15.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	3.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	4.00
St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. Charles J. Fiala	25.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	15.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	25.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Vaughn	50.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Agnes Shanahan	10.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Augusta Hake	150.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	13.00
Srillians Band, Cincinnati, O., Miss Marion Mueller	2.00

A Gift for

Mother's Day

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

IF YOU are trying to figure out a way to please our Blessed Mother during her own month of May, or if you are wondering what to give her for Mother's Day, just read how these two innocent little youngsters, in spite of difficulties, brought happiness to their mother on Mother's Day.

PEE-WEE DANNER and his little brother Johnny were simple, unaffected, wholesome youngsters. On the Friday before Mother's Day, Sister Martha, Pee-Wee's teacher, said,

"SUNDAY is Mother's Day, children. Your mother thinks of you all year round, but on this day you should think of her. Good boys and girls offer beautiful flowers to their mothers on that day."

NOW, perhaps, Sister Martha had explained that these flowers might be little sacrifices, little acts of kindness, little duties cheerfully performed, but of all this Pee-Wee heard nothing. Yet of the thirty-five fidgety ten-year-olds who listened to Sister's advice on that warm Friday afternoon, none was more resolute in his determination to carry out the injunction of presenting flowers to his mother than Pee-Wee Danner.

AS SOON as he reached home, Pee-Wee sought his little brother and unfolded his project to him.

"O. K.," responded Johnny, "I'll help, too. I've got twenty-five cents in my bank."

"AND I have seventy-five cents, so that will make a dollar," figured Pee-Wee.

EARLY the next morning the two boys stood outside the florist's windows looking at the display of lilies, roses, carnations, pansies, and other flowers and plants, exhibited for Mother's Day. The flowers bore price marks, probably to save the clerks the trouble, on such a busy day as this would be, of telling each customer the price of the various flowers and plants.



"THERE'S the kind I like!" said Johnny enthusiastically, pointing to a small box of multicolored pansies. "How much, Pee-Wee?"

"LET'S see," said Pee-Wee, looking in the direction of Johnny's finger. "Gee, I like those best, too. They're not all the same color, and see how velvety they are!"

"HOW much?" repeated Johnny impatiently.

"TWO dollars," answered Pee-Wee, "and we've only one dollar. Besides, Johnny," he added dejectedly, "they are the cheapest flowers here."

THE two boys were silent. Tiny Johnny twiddled his fingers and looked up at his big brother from time to time, as if expecting a possible solution. The latter continued to gaze distractedly at the flowers in the window, at the same time trying to find a practical answer to the problem.

"I SUPPOSE we'll have to look for wild flowers," he sighed at last, as if coming to himself. With that, he thrust his seventy-five cents back into his pocket, took his younger brother by the arm, and off they scampered to a near by meadow.

A LITTLE while later, Pee-Wee stood holding their bouquet before his little brother, and said smilingly, "How do you like our flowers, Johnny?"

THE tiny one squinted, then commented, "They're not so nice as those in the window, but they're nice just the same."

"WE'LL hide them in the cellar," said the elder, "and tomorrow morning after Mass we'll bring them up to Mother."

THE following morning, after the Children's Mass, the two brothers hurriedly bounded down the cellar steps to get their surprise bouquet. But—lo and behold!—an unexpected, heart-sickening change had taken place during the night, and instead of a beautiful, fresh bouquet, the flowers were now shriveled and faded. Why they were so was a mystery to both Pee-Wee and Johnny. If anyone had told them it was from lack of water, they would have been amazed.

"WHAT are we going to do?" inquired the tinier lad.

THOUGH Pee-Wee tried very hard to be brave, a big tear trickled down his cheek, as he said, "I don't know."

JOHNNY was baffled. He stood in front of his brother and waited for him to decide what they were to do. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out his twenty-five cents.

"I KNOW," said Pee-Wee, coming through once again with one of his meteoric solutions. "We haven't enough money to buy flowers, and there aren't any more in the meadow, 'cause we picked them all yesterday, so there's no use trying to get more flowers. But we'll give these to Mother and tell her the whole story, and we'll give her all our money, too. She'll understand, don't you think, Johnny?" There was disappointment and grief in Pee-Wee's voice, but there was conviction, too.

"O. K.," responded Johnny loyally, but not too sure that Mother wouldn't be disappointed. "You give her your money first, 'cause you've got more than I have. I'll give her the bouquet and my twenty-five cents, and you tell her everything, 'cause you're bigger than I am."

MRS. DANNER was busy preparing dinner when the two boys came quietly into the kitchen. At once she sensed that something was wrong.

"WHAT'S the matter, boys?" she said. "Why are you so sad?"

"O nothing, Mother," ventured the elder one.

"SURE as I live" exclaimed the mother, "something has happened! Now, tell me what it is."

A REPRESSED smile spread over her face as she sighted the bouquet of faded flowers. Turning to Pee-Wee she asked again, "What is it all about, Son?"

"WELL, Mother," Pee-Wee began hesitantly, "Today is Mother's Day, and me and Johnny wanted to give you some pretty flowers. But we didn't have enough money to buy them, so we went and picked these in the meadow. They were very pretty when we put them in the cellar yesterday, but something happened to them. Now we only got this to give you for Mother's Day." And Pee-Wee held out his seventy-five cents.

JOHNNY, following Pee-Wee's example, held out his twenty-five cents.

THE mother gathered them both in her arms. "Oh, there's something you can give me, better than your savings," she said happily, smiling through gathering tears.

"WHAT, Mother, what?" the boys cried spontaneously.

"YOURSELVES," she responded. And with that she hugged them tightly for, oh! so long a time.

DOES this story solve the problem of what to give your Mother Mary on Mother's Day? Whether your name be Pee-Wee or Johnny, Mary or Tommy, you, too, are small and poor, weak and dependent, when in the presence of your Heavenly Mother, aren't you? If you were big and rich, strong and self-sufficient, how could you call yourself Mary's child? If you needed nothing, what would you be doing, hanging on to your Mother Mary's apron strings? If you were not small and dependent, what joy would you get in calling Mary your Mother?

THE gift of oneself—that is what counts. Why fret and worry over what you will offer your Heavenly Mother for Mother's Day? Why worry, like Pee-Wee and his little brother, about the beautiful flowers you could buy if you had the money? Why seek in the meadow of your fertile imagination for long-stemmed words and unending, vine-like prayers that tire you uselessly? Why weep over the faded flowers of your good actions confined to the waterless cellar of your self-love? Briefly, why worry over what you

(Continued on page 18)

Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

MANY times you have looked into and admired the crystal clearness of a little brook. Without difficulty you could see right through it down to the golden grains of sand and smooth white pebbles that lay at the bottom of the stream.

In the same way, dear Helpers, we should always be able, *at all times*, to keep our thoughts crystal clear for God's pure eyes to penetrate. We should keep nothing in our mind that we would wish to hide or be ashamed for God, Our Blessed Mother, our Guardian Angel, our mother, sisters, anyone, to see. To accomplish this, we should not only banish impure thoughts, but also every other kind of thought unworthy of God's penetrating eyes, such as uncharitable thoughts, envious thoughts, mean and revengeful thoughts. When these kinds of thoughts come, we must renounce them, push them out, and lift our crystal clear eyes to God once more, unafraid, but humble, *very* humble.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

A KANSAS HELPER



earns by working the puzzles, she generously passes them on to her brother in the Navy.

WE ARE proud to introduce a little Helper from the big State of Kansas. Rosemary Baum lives in Sacred Heart parish, Topeka, Kansas. She is 9 years old and in the fourth grade at school. We can always be quite sure that Rosemary will work our Quizzie dot puzzles. Instead of keeping the holy cards she



Our Loyal Helper Margaret Ellis lives in New York City, where skyscrapers instead of mountains form the skyline. Margaret would like to join us as a Missionary Catechist but she must wait two more years until she is old enough. Meanwhile, she gives herself to earnest prayer and to furthering her education.

A FAITHFUL MISSION FRIEND

ONE of our BEST Mission Helpers is Margie Uhlenhake of St. Henry, Ohio. She is always filling a Sunshine Bag or a sock or something with coins for our Missions.

MARGIE has five sisters and two brothers. She is in the 11th grade. Although they do not have a Catholic school in her town, all their teachers are Catholics and they have religious instructions twice a week from a Precious Blood Father.

Helpers Pages

AGAIN WE HEAR FROM DANBURY, CONN.



WE, ARE happy to introduce another Third Grader of St. Joseph's School, Danbury, Conn. Loyal Helpers meet Geraldine Pasquene.

DO YOU know why these Third Graders are such eager Loyal Helpers? It is because their teacher, Sister Germaine, used to be a Loyal Helper herself, when she was a little girl.

These Loyal Helpers, the Foltz sisters, live in Humphrey, Nebraska. Beginning with the "littlest" and then mounting the stairs we introduce them as follows: Cleo, age 5, Bernice, age 7, Frances, age 8, Lucille, age 9 and Alvina, age 10. Their aunt is our Catechist Valeria Foltz.

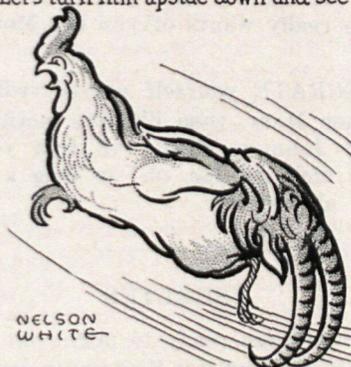


*"Tis the month of our Mother,
The blessed and beautiful days,
When our lips and our spirits
Are glowing with love and with
praise."*

TURN-AROUND TALES TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

This rooster seems to be afraid
To stop and have a chatter—
Let's turn him upside down and see



NELSON
WHITE

What seems to be the matter.

SIGNED UP TOGETHER

IT PLEASED us immensely to get a letter from five Juniors at St. Joseph's Academy, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, whose principal is Sister Mary Angelica. These girls asked for membership in MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS. Their names are:

Miss Leona I. Kluck
Miss Gene Ann Skibicki
Miss Zita Zukowski
Miss Katherine Olsheski
Miss Phyllis Collins

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

1. Violets
2. Tulips
3. Lilies
4. Jonquils
5. Peonies
6. Roses

A GIFT FOR MOTHER'S DAY

(Continued from page 15)

have to offer your Mother Mary, when it is not so much your bouquet she prizes as YOURSELF.

BLESSED DE MONTFORT has masterfully expounded this most consoling doctrine in his "Treatise on True Devotion to Mary" and in his popular "Secret of Mary." In these books he advocates an entire and perfect consecration of SELF to Jesus through Mary. To give oneself entirely to Our Mother and Queen, as a slave of love, for now and eternity, and then to live that consecration, is the substance of True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother, and is explained in Blessed de Montfort's two books.

CONSECRATE yourself to Mary as her slave of love, during this beautiful month of Mary, and you will thereby offer your heavenly Mother what she really wants of you for Mother's Day—YOU.

CONSECRATE yourself unreservedly to your Mother Mary, then like the mother of Peewee and Johnny, Mary will fold you in her Motherly embrace for, oh! so long a time . . . even for all eternity.

SHELTER

WHEN we were ready to begin our classes at Mission Colony last September, we were told that we could not use the building in which we had our classrooms last year. Trying not to feel too badly about it, we thanked the owners for the kindness shown us in the past and went to seek shelter elsewhere—feeling much as I imagine Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph felt when in Bethlehem they went from door to door seeking a place where the Infant Jesus might be born.

FINALLY we came to a home where we were received with open arms. The woman was happy to give us permission to use her garage, which consists of three walls and a roof, for a classroom. The garage allows for plenty of fresh air (and running water when it rains, as the roof leaks badly) and makes a very satisfactory classroom. So far the rain has not interfered with our classes.

THE woman also generously offered us the use of a room in her home, which we gratefully accepted, for it means that the other children—who had only the shelter of a shade tree—are now the happy occupants of a very comfortable classroom.

Catechist M. Louise Berard
Azusa, California



May Queen and her train bearers, Brawley, Calif.

CASUALTIES ON THE HOME FRONT

(Continued from page 7)

year-old smiled proudly and broke his remaining egg shells on each of the five heads. That was too much! One of the fallen heroes opened a cautious eye. His expression, as it changed from the ludicrous to the wrathful, sent us off into a gale of merriment. With a shout to his lifeless buddies, he was on his feet.

AS WE turned for a last glimpse, three-year-old, with a defiant swagger, was being led to the nearest telephone pole. One end of a ragged rope was tied around his waist, the other obviously was to be tied to the telephone pole. The ominous gleam in the eyes of his fellow Americans said more plainly than words, "We'll have no mutiny in our ranks—especially not from three-year-old non-combatants."

IN MEMORIAM

James P. Rauschenbach, LaPorte, Ind., father of Catechist Agnes Rauschenbach.
Michael Lohr, Clark, S. Dak., father of Catechist M. Florentine Lohr.
Bernard Kelly, DuBois, Pa., brother of Catechist M. Gertrude Kelly.
Martin Regan, Chicago, Ill.
Bridget McCreary, Chicago, Ill.
George J. Hauber, Fort Myers, Fla.
Anton Godie, Chicago, Ill.

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

Mission Intention for May

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

CHRISTIAN CHARITY TOWARD ALL NATIONS

AS A consequence of the war it would seem that the floodgates of hate overran the earth, unleashing distrust, deceit, and cruelty with their consequent effects upon the human relations of nation with nation as well as the individual man with his fellow men. Perhaps none was more aware of this state of affairs than that great apostle of peace, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, who recommended to the faithful of the world a plea for prayers during the month of May for "Christian Charity toward all nations." Certainly his appointment of the thirty-two new members to the College of Cardinals proved the exemplification of that charity as did his words addressed to them and members of the diplomatic corps on February 25.

"ON THEIR part, our venerable brothers of the Sacred College, almost all shepherds of souls in their respective nations, will bring to it with the splendor of the Roman purple, the light of the church, one in its universality, universal in its undividable unity," stated His Holiness. "They will bring with solicitude their devotion, the material heart of the church, and tenderness to all men. They will bring to it the zeal of the church in promoting the vitality, health, and peace of human society and of every fatherland on the basis and according to the order established by the Creator, the all powerful Sovereign and all loving Father.

THERE are, perhaps, no truer exemplars of the Christian charity so desired by the Holy Father than the bishops, priests, brothers, and sisters, who volunteer for the foreign mission apostolate. During the war just ended thousands

of these gallant souls suffered internment, hundreds lost their lives, while practically all those who labored in the war areas endured untold privations and hardships as they led their people along the torturous paths of flight during invasion. Despite the trials they encountered there is never any thought of forsaking the work they undertook among the distant peoples in strange lands.

ONLY recently a report came to the office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith concerning conditions in Indo China. Little direct news had come out of this territory since its invasion and the present details were far from consoling. However, one fact stands out strikingly: the steadfastness of the missionaries. As a case in point let us quote the following: The superior of the mission of Chau-Laos, in the Vicariate of Than-Hoa, was taken prisoner, and, after severe punishment, was asked to apostatize. His refusal infuriated his captors who punished him severely. Only the intervention of some of his more influential parishioners saved his life. Now he is in the hospital recovering from the beatings he received, but he has written to his Christians, "As soon as I am better, I will return to you."

WE ARE not called upon to make the heroic sacrifices of our missionaries in exemplifying real Christian charity toward all nations. But we can and should remove from our hearts all feelings of hatred toward our enemies and unite our prayers for the restoration of true charity in this harassed world.

The BEST Gift



For your mother (Whether she is living or dead)

Is Membership in an Association where she will be remembered in the prayers and good works of consecrated religious.

Usual Offering for Perpetual Enrollment is \$10.00; for Annual Enrollment is \$1.00

Catechist Supervisor, Associate Catechists of Mary
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed please find \$..... to enroll my Mother as a Perpetual (Annual) Member of the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY. Please send me a hand tinted Certificate of Membership for her.

Name

Street

City Zone State.....