

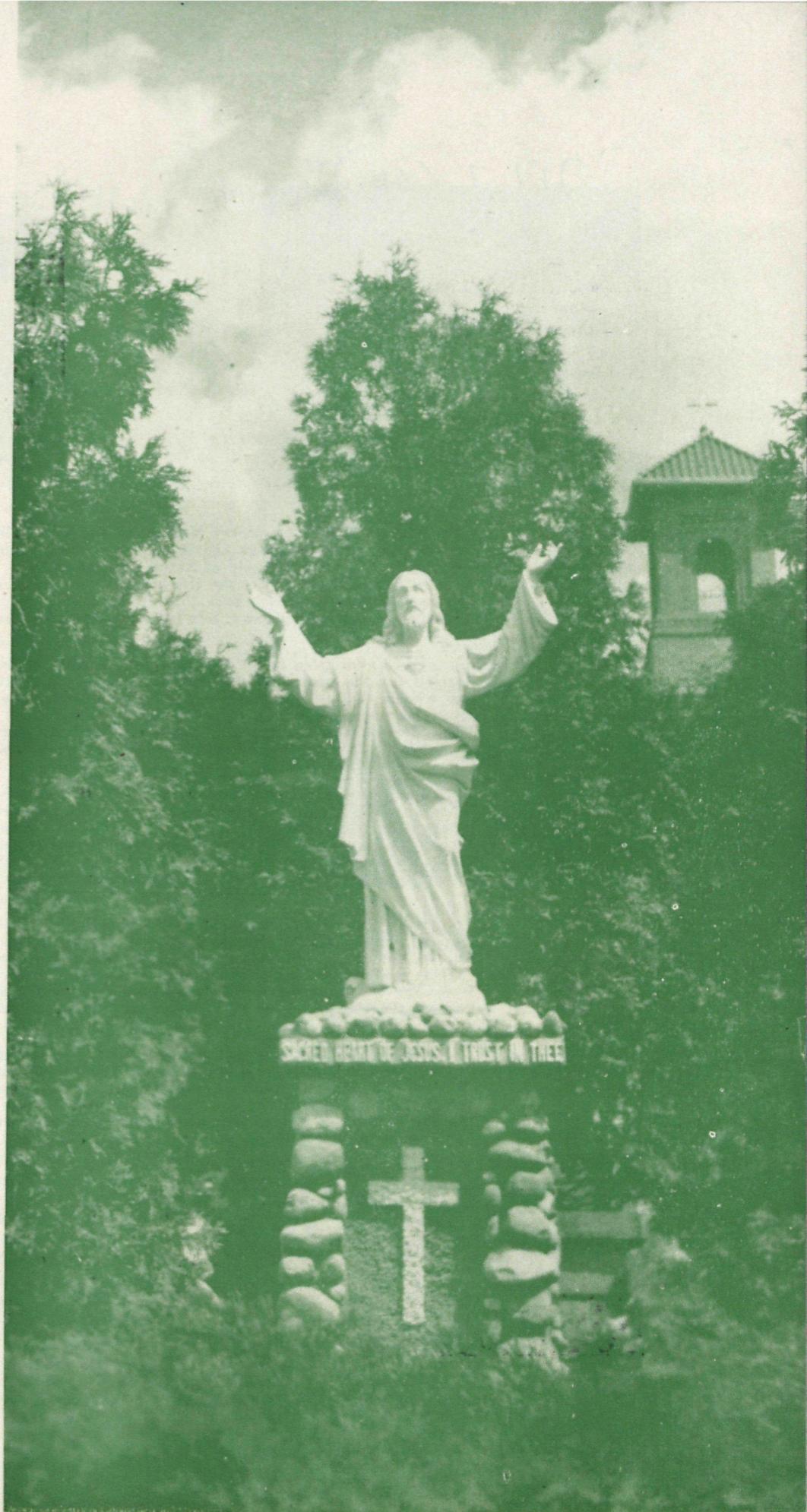
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September, 1946

Volume XXII

Number 9



# Wheels A-Winging

by Catechist Marie Clark

*I wonder what it is like in Heav'n  
Where the streets all golden are,  
And there is never a traffic jam  
As you speed from star to star.  
No empty tanks, no blowouts there,  
Not a skid in heavy showers;  
Oh, I wonder what it is like in Heav'n  
Where the roads are strewn with flowers!*



Now, Francis formed his Merry Men to set the world alight,  
And Dominic's sons through the Rosary have fought the goodly fight.  
Ignatius bold, to many a hold of Satan, sent his men  
To meet Christ's foes and strike His blows, again and yet again.  
The Lord has counted each pace they trudged, each weary mile they trod,  
And every step made history; it went straight up to God.

But we are nuns, of a latter day and quite another time,  
Formed for the poor, and the children's needs. So hails this little rhyme.  
The wheels that turn and the gears that churn to take us here and there  
Where the need is great and souls await our help, our love, our prayer.  
Most often, unlike the ancient Friars, we ride upon our way;  
So here's the Song of the Faithful Cars our comrades day by day.

Where did we see the Lord athirst, and help Him in His need?  
Where, amid His little ones, did we plant the Gospel seed?  
Where have we soothed the dying? Inspired the weak?  
Where did we urge the fallen soul its loving Lord to seek?  
Cheer the hapless shut-in? Or those behind prison bars?  
Why, everywhere that our work is spread; and we reached it in our cars!

Arroyos in New Mexico may hold the Ford at bay;  
Flooded roads in California may halt the Chevrolet.  
Oh, the meaning on Sunday morning at an unexpected flat!  
" 'Twas perfectly all right last night—who'd have expected that!"  
Times there were down the mountain roads we made the Perfect Act,  
Praying that the brakes would hold—which they did, in fact!

There was a time, on a mountain road, we met a renegade.  
Our car was stalled; he couldn't pass; we had to ask his aid.  
He'd sworn he'd never speak to nuns; he hated church and such.  
Yet in the mire he changed our tire—we thanked him very much. . . .  
The car that stuck in mud and muck set him once again "on the track,"—  
For he came next day to ask the way a "lost sheep" might "come back"!



*So here's the Song of the Faithful Cars,  
Here's to the Wheels that Wing;  
An auto wearing a halo, sure,  
Might seem like a funny thing:  
But when the tales are all tallied there—  
In the Kingdom beyond the Stars—  
How wonderful if we found in Heav'n  
The Catechists . . . . AND their cars!*

# A Letter to Her Mother

by a Novice

All for Jesus through Mary

Victory Noll

June 5, 1946

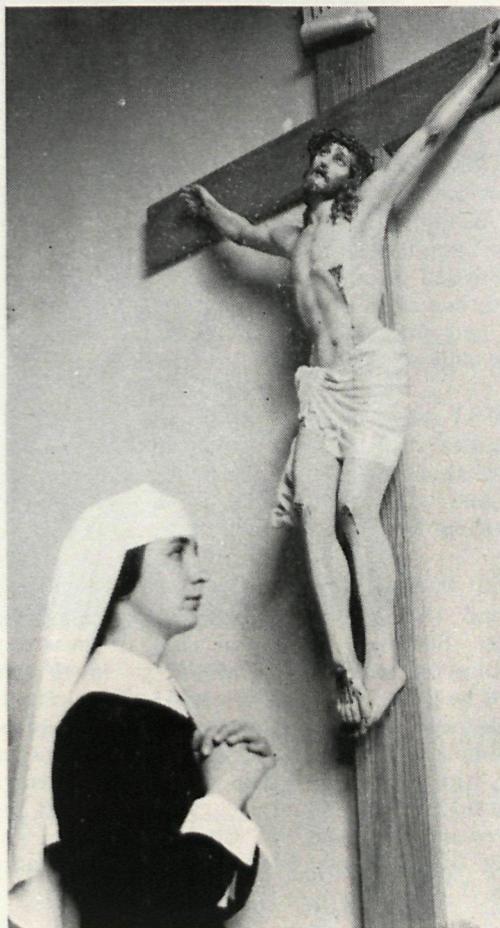
Dear Mother,

**S**O Carol's wedding day is almost here! Her last letter was just bubbling over with happiness. I am so glad for her, Mother, and I know how happy you and Dad are, even though it means giving up one more member of the family.

**B**UT, Mother, Carol is not the only one of your daughters who is looking forward eagerly to her nuptials. Today I received the official notice that I have been accepted for profession on August 5. Two months more and I shall be the spouse of the King of Kings! What a blessed privilege is mine! I am so thrilled I can scarcely write; yet I must share my joy with you and Dad, to whom, after God, I owe the priceless vocation that is mine.

**B**EFORE applying for permission to make my profession, I did, indeed, try to follow the advice you and Dad sent to consider carefully the step I was to take, the responsibility of the vows, the trials, difficulties, loneliness of religious life. But what can one do when one's heart is all on fire with love? I long with all the ardor of my soul to be united with my Divine Lover by the vows of religion. As I kneel before the tabernacle I hear the words, "My yoke is sweet and My burden light"; or again in the depths of my soul a Voice seems to whisper, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." I look upon the Crucified Christ and know that from out those Precious Wounds I shall receive the abundance of grace necessary for this frail daughter of yours to follow her Thorn-Crowned King.

**I**'M SURE, Mother, that you and Dad have given much the same advice to Carol as you have to me, and I'm sure that her answer has been that her love for Joe will make all things easy. Shall I be less generous—I who am to become the



At the foot of the Crucifix, the Novice learns lessons of love—that love which makes all things easy.

spouse of the Crucified? Shall I hesitate to go forward willingly, eagerly, to whatever my Divine Spouse has in store for me? Shall I not count on my poor love for Him and His omnipotent love for me to enable me to carry the cross which He has borne before me?

**I** KNOW this letter will bring you and Dad happiness, for I know that you are both grateful for the grace of vocation which God has given me. I deeply appreciate your readiness to welcome me home if I felt I had not a vocation. I did give the matter serious thought before applying for permission to make my vows, but the Divine Lover of my soul gave me no rest, no

(Continued on page 18)

# Parents! Cherish a Religious Vocation

## For at Least One Daughter

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

FORMERLY every mother prayed that one of her daughters might be called by God to serve Him in religion. The mother of the late Cardinal Vaughan spent an hour every day before the Blessed Sacrament praying that God might call *all* her children to His Service. She had six sons and five daughters; every son became a Priest and every daughter became a Nun.

TODAY mothers not only do not pray for religious vocations for their children, but they oppose them. In so doing, they are opposing God, and will certainly not be blessed for that opposition here, nor rewarded for it hereafter.

GOOD parents want God to love their children and their children to love God above all things. But even careless parents, in these days of unhappy marriages and of so much evil, should be glad to have their child safe spiritually and morally and have her pursue a loftier occupation than the Red Cross worker, the lay nurse, the lay teacher, the social service worker—amid life-long social security for herself and the reward promised by Christ to those who, during life, exercise the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

THE world needs Priests, Sisters, Missionary Catechists, in great numbers—and that means that God needs them—to make possible the execution of Christ's mandate "to preach the gospel to every creature."

IF SOVIET RUSSIA were not trying to throttle the Church in a dozen countries of Europe; if Communist activities were not taking advantage of the hunger and chaos in other countries, there would today be a revival of religion throughout the world unequalled by any which ever took place in past history. But most European countries are short of priests and many of them of Sisters.

IT WOULD seem only just that every parish should supply as many priests to other parishes as it has received by their contribution; it would only seem equally just that every parish should supply as many Sisters as other parishes have supplied to their respective schools; and it seems strange, indeed, that more young women who think of embracing the nursing profession, do not think of doing it as Sisters, whose hospitals are greatly understaffed today.

MANY of you who have been reading THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for several years have probably only the vaguest idea concerning what the nature of their Religious Community is, and the nature of their work. They are Victory-Noll Home Missionaries, just as the Maryknoll Sisters are Foreign Missionaries.

THE Missionary Catechists are a Religious Community of women who go through the ordinary canonical postulancy and novitiate, during which they receive a thorough spiritual formation, and prepare themselves for the instruction of children in the United States who are not in parochial schools.

ACCORDING to the latest Catholic Directory, there are 7,492 parochial grade schools with an attendance of 2,029,012; then there are 537 elementary private schools with an enrollment of 70,000 pupils. There are 1600 Catholic High Schools with an enrollment of 278,619; and 762 boarding schools for high school students with an attendance of 170,000. But in addition to all these there are probably 2,500,000 Catholic children in the public elementary and high schools because there are no parochial schools in their respective communities. This is particularly true of a great portion of western and southern United States. It is common for a priest to attend three or four missions, which have churches but no resident priest, and five or six stations where there are a few Catholic people, but no parish church.

THE Missionary Catechists are wont to establish themselves at some Center and bring religious instruction to children of one or more counties by driving from their place of residence to all small parishes located from fifteen to twenty miles distant in all directions. In some places they impart religious instruction during released school time, but more frequently they are able to be with the children only after school hours, on Saturday, and in the larger missions on Sunday.

YOU ask what they do during most of the day preceding the time the children are available for instruction? They visit homes as social workers, gather a complete census for the clergy, and, while visiting the homes of fallen-away



His Excellency, Bishop Noll, with Novices on the day of their Reception.

Catholics, do their best to persuade them to return to the practice of their religion both for their own sakes and for the sake of the children whom they now begin to send to instruction classes.

IT IS a work truly missionary, and the demand for the service of the Missionary Catechist is very great. We are very close to this Community and we have yet to meet one of their number who does not love her work, and who has not been exhilarated by her daily experiences—some of them often quite humorous. The life, while somewhat arduous, is healthful; the Catechists are out-of-doors most of the day and—in nearly every instance—in a delightful climate the year round.

PRIESTS who have the benefit of their services for only a couple of years wonder how they ever got along without them. Within that short space of time, they will have observed that the parish grew by the reclamation through the Catechists of many people who had discontinued the practice of their religion. The enthusiasm of the children and their love for the Catechists naturally are given frequent expression in their homes.

IN WHAT fields do most Catechists labor? In Southern California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona,

New Mexico, Texas, Colorado. We say *most of them* work in these areas, because some of them labor in the middle west, and there is great demand for them even in the east.

THE Bishops of Hawaii and of Panama, which are regarded as Home Mission territory because they are under the flag of the United States, have repeatedly petitioned for them. Florida and Alabama want them at this moment.

THE words of our Divine Saviour are still true: "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

THERE is then a great need for Missionary Catechists, as there is for school and hospital Sisters, and as there is for priests, and it is strange that there are not more who, without any merit on their part, have received God's most precious gift, namely, the true faith, would show their appreciation by lending themselves to its propagation and conservation. It is strange that more Catholics do not try to sanctify themselves by giving their life for the salvation of others.

ST. JAMES, the Apostle, tells us that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, descending from the Father of Lights." The "best gift" is the true faith, because through



The Missionary Catechists drive to various towns and settlements within a radius of twenty miles or more from their convent home, in order to give religious instruction to children living far away from Catholic schools.

it and its divine helps we are able to reach the "supreme" gift or reward—Heaven itself.

AS THE true faith is God's greatest possible gift to any individual, so the greatest honor that God can confer on one who has the true faith is a religious vocation, through which the true faith is brought to others.

MANY young people would embrace the religious life if they had the encouragement of their parents. When they do not have this encouragement, they are not actually truly loved, because true parental love thinks of the child's happiness both here and hereafter; and does not Christ Himself tell us that the one who leaves all things to follow Him "will receive a hundred fold—in this life—and in the end life everlasting"?

YOUNG people, please consider seriously and prayerfully the matter of your vocation in life; and parents, heed the words of Christ, "He that is not with Me is against Me."

## Home-coming

by Catechist Catherine Leven

NO, IT wasn't the same feeling! The first time I had driven up the road to Victory Noll it seemed as if a new world were opening up to me. It was, in fact, a new world of duties, friends, pleasures, all very different from the world to which I had so recently said good-by.

THERE had been such a tug at my heart as I realized that in this new home I would not see the dear, familiar faces of Mother and Dad. But that was forgotten in the thrilling assurance that I had left all for Christ.

AND now I was driving up the road to Victory-Noll after many busy, happy years in distant mission places. No, it wasn't the same feeling. This time there was a sense of home-coming, of fulfillment, of going apart for a little while to renew myself spiritually and physically at the Master's feet.

THE greeting of our sister Catechists as we stepped off the train was the first glad sign of home-coming. At the end of the mile and a half drive into the country our Home on the Hill loomed above us. The Sacred Heart statue, as it stood half way up the hill with arms outstretched,

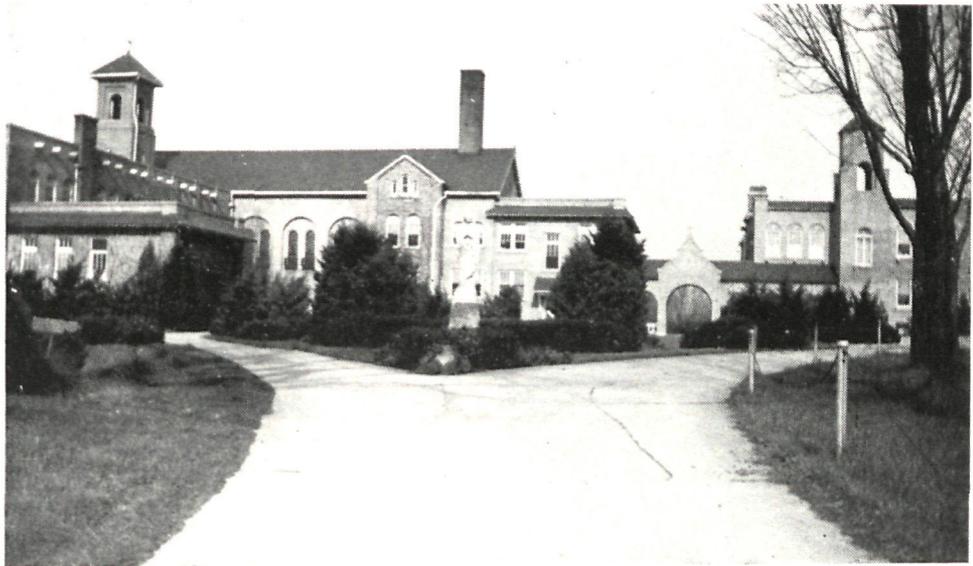
seemed to welcome us, while Our Blessed Mother's statue at the head of the driveway almost seemed to say, "Come, rest awhile."

YES, the Superior General was at home, the Catechists had told us, and as we drove up to the Catechists' entrance (how many hundreds of times we had gone in and out that door), we saw our Superior General standing there ready to welcome us home.



Superior General welcomes Catechists returning to Victory Noll for summer vacation.

Statue of Our Blessed Mother stands at head of driveway leading up to Victory Noll.



WE made a short visit to the Chapel to thank Our Lord for the safe trip and for the blessed privilege of spending the coming weeks at the Noll. We then went over to the recreation room where we met many of our sister Catechists whom we had not seen for a number of years—and some whom we had never met.

THE following morning we were told to renew our acquaintance with Victory Noll and we lost no time in beginning our tour of inspection. Here and there sections of the building had become bright and cheerful with the magic of shining paint and brighter lights. New floor covering, under its recent coating of wax, made the corridors and steps tidy and immaculate. Everywhere there were signs of the loving care and labor of those of our sister Catechists who are assigned to Victory Noll and who furnish the material and the power which make our mission work a success. Without this material—the new members who are trained at the Noll year after year—and the power of the prayers and sacrifices of all who are stationed there, what success could we hope for in the missions?

THE Chapel seemed even more beautiful than we remembered it. In that loved spot, the cradle of our religious life, we received the inspiration to carry on His own work. How often in the ceaseless round of duties in out-of-the-way missions, we had come back in spirit to the sacred stillness of this hallowed place.

THE classrooms brought memories of the happy days of preparation for our life's work. As we recalled the many children and adults we

had since prepared for the reception of the Sacraments, we appreciated the more the excellent classes we had received in the truths and practices of Religion. The remembrance of the gratitude of our older Mexican people, who speak no English, more than repaid us for the struggle we had made in these rooms to acquire the Spanish language.

THE organ was a reminder of the many practice periods during our days at Victory Noll. These had been our mainstay when the absence of a regular organist in some distant mission made our services imperative.

AS WE glanced down the corridor to the wing formerly used for guests, our first day at Victory Noll came back to us—the day the Catechists patiently answered the many questions we asked regarding the life and work of a Missionary Catechist.

THE dining room had its memories, too. Our first meal in the community was a meal "with talking," and we wondered if we could ever get in a word above the din of all the voices. Very soon we found that we not only had a chance to add our part to the conversation, but that it was a pleasant duty to contribute our share to making these meals the joyous occasions that they were. We thought of the help we had received from the spiritual reading during silent meals, and we smiled as we recalled how eager we were to be in the mission field when, instead of the spiritual book, the reading consisted of community letters from the various missions.



In the kitchen.

THE kitchen brought many pictures to our mind. There had been the agony of suspense when we wondered how we would ever get enough potatoes peeled for such a large crowd! And the embarrassment when the Head Cook discovered that in our youthful enthusiasm we used salt instead of sugar in the feast day rolls. We stopped reminiscing in order to admire the many improvements over the old kitchen of our day. The Catechist cook was happy to show us all the new conveniences. Cupboards for every need had been built, and upon examination we agreed that our Catechist carpenter could compete with any cabinetmaker.

OUR next visit was to the new building, known as St. Joseph's Workshop, which had been erected since our last visit to the Noll. We were delighted to see the spacious laundry, canning kitchen, and storerooms in the basement of this building. On the main floor the Professed Catechists have a very pleasant recreation room. On this floor also is a large sewing room. The sewing machines were going at full speed, and upon a rack were a number of newly finished habits awaiting the next Reception. On both sides of the long corridor are offices, and at the end of the corridor, across the entire width of the building, is the printing office where we saw the latest copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST rolling off the press.

THE Novitiate occupies the second floor of this building. We paused before St. Joseph's statue and asked him to take special care of the Novices, for we know how great is the need for additional workers in the mission fields where the harvest is, indeed, ripe and the laborers all too few.

WE INCLUDED a large part of the grounds in our morning's tour. Summer rains had kept the extensive lawns fresh and green. Trees, flowers, and shrubs added to the beauty of the grounds. The orchard showed great promise of a large crop of apples, pears, peaches, and plums for the fall. In the center of the orchard, on a grassy spot a little higher than the rest of the orchard, is our cemetery. We knelt before the white crosses, which mark the graves of the



In the orchard.

three Catechists whom God has called to Himself, and after praying for our departed sisters, we asked their prayers that we might be instrumental in bringing many souls to God.

THE garden, presenting row after row of various vegetables, gave assurance that our help would be needed during the next few weeks to help gather the vegetables and prepare them for the table, for canning, or for freezing.

FROM a distance we saw the beehives, but we thought it well not to make too close an inspection of them. The cattle, too, we viewed from a distance; but we did not hesitate to come into much closer contact with the seven hundred spring chickens, which in our mind's eye we saw fried a crisp, golden brown, and piled high on a platter.

AS WE came back towards the building, we glanced over to the hill and were assured that picnics still added to the enjoyment of summer days. Three new outdoor fireplaces invited us to a hamburger fry or a wiener roast. Going down the hill we found ourselves at the foot of the outdoor stations. Once again we followed the Way of the Cross, climbing the stony incline, and at its top entered the tomb where the statues of our Sorrowful Mother and of the lifeless Body of Our Lord always furnished us with abundant thoughts for meditation.

AT THE completion of our tour we decided that everything was much as it had been in the



In the garden



At study.

days of old. Our long absence served but to enhance the charm of our Home on the Hill. Once more we entered the Chapel and thanked Our Dear Lord for the privilege of being one of His chosen ones. We prayed that the next few weeks would be for us the spiritual renovation we desired, for the real purpose of our home-coming had been "to go apart for a while" with Him.

#### THE FAITH OF THE LITTLE ONES

"CATECHIST, June isn't coming to doctrina today," said one of my little ones as she came for class.

"Why not, Bertha?" I asked.

"She says 'I'm sick,' but, Catechist, she's not sick. I know. Cuz I see her eating ice cream, and she was roller-skating jus' now. Maybe she don't like God and don't want to learn nuthin' about Him."

"Well, Bertha," I replied, "when we pray this afternoon, we shall ask Jesus to help June and make her want to come to class."

"That'll be swell, Catechist; she'll want to come, all right, after we pray," replied Bertha with all the faith of the little ones.

Catechist M. Lurlien McCoy  
Los Angeles, California



Catechist Meister greets newest Postulant.



A great part of the Postulant's day is spent in study.

## The Catechists



and

## Their Work



A Novice makes use of Victory Noll library.



Catechist Martinez shares mission news with Catechist Whitehead and Catechist Collis.



Catechist Lawler instructs class of children in St. Francis Xavier Church, El Paso, Texas. This is the primary work of the Missionary Catechists.



Catechist M. Beatrice Spisak, R.N., at newly established clinic in Brawley, California. Through free clinics and home visiting, the Catechists bring relief to the sick poor.



Girl Scouts, San Bernardino, California. Clubs, providing educational and recreational activities for the children and youth, are an important part of the Catechists' work.



# Associate Catechists

Dear Associates:

THIS month (at least the latter part) brings welcome relief from the sultry summer heats. Most of our Associates called a temporary halt on Band activities during July and August, although a few brave ones persevered. This was more easily accomplished by those who do not live in apartments and who could sit under a string of colored lights on a back porch or lawn. Here's hoping each one of you will own a mansion some day—or would you want to?

AT ANY rate, we are looking forward to hearing from each Promoter with news that her Band is starting on its yearly course with plenty of zest and the intention to break all former records in Mission giving.

## CATECHIST SUPERVISOR

### LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE (Chicago)



THIS Club, of which *Miss Veronica Foertsch* is Promoter, numbers eleven members. As a rule, they stage only one card party a year but they make it a big affair, and the returns are always very gratifying.

It is the usual thing for them to make no less than seventy-five dollars and often more than one hundred dollars at their party.

THE group sponsors our Catechist *Emma Siegfried*, and has the good wishes and heartfelt prayers of all our Catechists.

### ST. JUDE BAND (Chicago)

TEN years old in March, St. Jude Band is composed of twelve members, and is one of three Bands which sponsor our Catechist *McBride*. In charge of the Band is *Mrs. Charles J. Fiala*. The members meet faithfully every month, and we are the recipients of frequent generous checks.

NOT long ago a bedspread raffle conducted for our benefit netted \$60.00.

WE RENEW our pledge of *spiritual* assistance to these good friends, who aid us with much needed and appreciated *material* gifts.

### WHITE ELEPHANT AUCTION SALE

AN interesting item for our *Exchange Corner* is the news of a White Elephant Auction Sale, conducted recently by the members of the "up and coming" St. Michael's Guild, Chicago.



A MEMBER, who was due to entertain the Guild one month, gathered from her attic, friends, and neighbors an odd assortment of supposedly useless and no-longer-desired objects and auctioned them off at the meeting, piece by piece. The guests had no end of merriment in bidding for the articles. Best of all a nice sum was realized for our Society.

### CHARITINA CLUB (Chicago)

IF WE were to attempt to discover the founding date of this Club of which *Miss Catherine Hennigan* is in charge, we would find that it actually antedates our SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS, since *Miss Hennigan* formed part of the old *Missionary Helpers Society* organized by our Reverend Founder, *Father Sigstein*. There are twelve members in the Club—two are married ladies and the rest are maiden ladies.

OUR gratitude to these dear friends who have aided so long and so faithfully, through regular contributions, the poor Missions cared for by our Catechists.

### OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND (Evanston, Ill.)

AGAIN, we are pleased to give space to a Band which rivals the one mentioned above in length of years of service to our Catechists. *Miss Celia Henrich* founded the club, we believe, and remains its permanent Promoter. There are twelve members in the group one half of them are "Mrs." and the other "Misses."

THIS Band knows that good times can also be occasions of acquiring merit by consecrating innocent pleasure to furthering God's kingdom on earth.

CONGRATULATIONS and the assurance of our continued prayers for you.

# of Mary

## ST. HELEN'S BAND (Dayton, O.)

OUR Dayton friends had a series of meetings of late, which were more than usually interesting. First of all, one of their members, Miss Mary Cogan, journeyed all the way to Monterey, California, to see her sister, our Catechist Eleanor Cogan, whom their Band sponsors. Needless to say she had many interesting things to report about her visit, and considerably pepped up the members to do more and bigger things for their Catechist and her mission.

Later, all members travelled by cars to Cincinnati to hold one of their monthly meetings at the home of an out-of-town member, Miss Margaret Karas.

FOR the past two years, Miss Helen Melke has been in charge of our Dayton Band.



## ST. RAYMOND BAND (Chicago)



PERHAPS most of our readers know that St. Raymond is the patron of young mothers. It is not surprising then to learn that this Band, presided over by Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan, is composed of young mothers.

THE mother of three small children, Mrs. Quinlan is kept very busy caring for her home. This is doubtless the reason why the messages she pens to us are brief. We are always sure, however, to find a check enclosed with them.

MOST of the members of the Band are alumni of St. Mary's High School in Chicago, which gives them a common bond and spiritual link.

## A. C. M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

May 22 to June 19, 1946

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Catherine Hennigan .....  | \$ 7.50 |
| Dolores Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold .....     | 10.00   |
| Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Secretary ..... | 13.00   |

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary E. Nye .....             | 75.90 |
| Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn .....       | 26.50 |
| Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....           | 12.50 |
| St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Miss Anna Brink .....                   | 3.50  |
| St. Anthony Club, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes A. Beck .....                | 83.15 |
| St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern .....             | 1.75  |
| St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke .....                 | 3.50  |
| St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh .....                      | 9.00  |
| St. Joseph Band, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Marie Williamson ..... | 32.00 |
| St. Jude Band, Chicago, Mrs. Charles J. Fiala .....                | 17.75 |
| St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Agnes Shanahan .....     | 70.00 |
| St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen .....                    | 50.00 |
| St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Miss Ann Huhn .....               | 10.00 |
| St. Michael Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Dale Bryant .....                 | 15.00 |
| Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann .....        | 4.00  |
| Little Flower Band, Pittsburgh, Pa. Miss C. Lippert .....          | 4.00  |
| St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy .....           | 28.43 |
| St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Hammer .....                  | 75.00 |
| St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary C. Schaefer .....           | 18.00 |
| St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. J. Huebl .....            | 36.00 |
| Srillians Band, Cincinnati, O., Miss Marion Mueller .....          | 2.00  |

# "Dear Diary"

by Catechist Mary Alice James

July 8

July 14

DEAR Diary,

TODAY I am having *moods!* In fact, I have had them for several days, and I don't know why. They are strongly reminiscent of the ones I experienced during my last days at dear old St. Mary's. You know . . . sort of a half glad, half sad feeling, because I was saying farewell to the old and familiar and reaching out to the new and unexplored.

NOT even today's visit to Father Ryan's Settlement House had its usual effect. I was more aware of the dirty faces and unkempt clothing of his small Mexicans than I was of their gay smiles and childish graces . . . During the few home visits I made, the nauseating smells and stark poverty seemed to rise up and strike me. I couldn't tell anyone except you, but when Neil suddenly swung around the corner in his new car, I almost fell into it in sheer relief.

ELEVEN bells! I'll tell you more tomorrow or the next day. Perhaps the moods will be gone by then . . . 'Bye.

---

July 11

DEAR Diary,

DO YOU remember the day I bought you? You looked so smart and lovely in your soft brown morocco jacket that I couldn't resist. Of course I hadn't wanted a Five Year Diary. To keep one for a year would have been enough of a task. But there you were as beautiful as my newest dreams. We came home together. You have been one of my best friends ever since.

I KNOW what you would say if you could, "Get to the point, Ann. Skip the preliminaries." All right . . . It was the dance last night. My formal was perfection. As usual, Neil's flowers came from the Bouquet shop and they were a glorious match. The floor and the music were smooth. All our crowd were there. This should be a description of a perfect evening. That's the trouble—it wasn't. There goes the phone! Be back in a minute.

DEAR Diary,

TO CONTINUE—sorry for the delay, but Father had some extra work for me at the Settlement the past few days—it wasn't the dance nor the evening that was all wrong. It was Neil. There! I didn't want to admit it even to myself, but it's true.

SEEMINGLY, Neil was his usual charming self, poised, courteous, thoughtful, and yet there was a difference. At times he was slightly preoccupied. There was a far away look in his eyes. I noticed him watching me with a quizzical expression. I can't forget it. I wonder if Neil has found someone. Somehow I can't picture Neil walking down the aisle with anyone, not even me.

YOU know, Diary dear, Neil and I have been pals since the days of pigtails and knee breeches. He seems my special property . . . just like Tim. Now, I've done it. Look at the tears on your smooth whiteness. But I can't help it. Tim was my favorite brother. Did I ever tell you how he planned to be a priest and go to the missions? He went to the missions, but a different kind. There were ten of them over Germany. He never came back from the last one. There's an array of medals in Dad's strong box; there will never be a chalice and a Mass.

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August 16

DEAR Diary,

ISN'T my room a sight? It is a case of making a choice by the process of elimination. After all, one doesn't take the same wardrobe to a Retreat that one takes to the seashore. Yes, I've made up my mind—seven days of prayer and silence at the Villa! I am going to do quite a bit of heart searching in the company of my very best Friend. You may have a nice vacation here at home, Diary dear. Goodness knows, you deserve it.



A professed Missionary Catechist.

August 25

DEAR Diary,

I HARDLY know where to begin. There's so much to tell. Best news first! I am going to become a MISSIONARY CATECHIST! I made my decision at the end of my Retreat. I have always felt an attraction for their work. The combination of Catechetical and Social Welfare work appeals to me. I've really been doing both at the Settlement House during the past two years. As Father Ryan said when I told him of my decision, "Only the veil was lacking." Do you know what else he said? "Glory, and I thought the Holy Mother, Herself, would be having to come down and put the veil on ye!" It seems he has been making a special commemoration in his Masses that I would finally realize my vocation.

MOM and Dad are as proud as punch. So are the boys, although they're already teasing me about the early hour for rising and the abundance of knee work (kneeling). Dad is calling me. Someone is on the porch.

September, 1946

DEAR Diary,

THE Someone was Neil. As soon as he saw me he plunged. "Ann," he said, "I am leaving to become a Maryknoller." Of course, I couldn't resist. "Neil," I replied, "I am leaving to become a Victory-Noller."

Then we had a glorious talk fest—just like old times! It seems Neil had gone through a struggle like mine. His former Army Chaplain came to his rescue, and Neil made his decision. Guess when? On the very same day that I made mine. Do you know what he said just before leaving? "Ann, this is really a two-in-one vocation—part for me, and part for good old Tim."

September 1

DEAR Diary,

I'VE been neglecting you shamefully, and I won't be writing much to you for the next few weeks. There are so many things to be done—last minute records at the Settlement, shopping (just wait till I ask for the long black dress and the high shoes! I'm glad the boys won't be around!), farewell visits, and then the last week spent quietly at home with Mom, Dad, and the boys.



Victory Noll—Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Society of Missionary Catechists.

HEAVENS! I almost forgot . . . Will you come to Victory Noll with me? I am sure you'll love it. The convent is a replica of an old Spanish mission. A stunning setting for your soft Franciscan brown. I'm so happy I'm getting balmy. But I am sure I'll find lots to confide to you at Victory Noll. And think how proud you'll be when I come to the last page and write—not just "Ann," but "Catechist Mary Ann McGovern."

15



# Mary's Loyal

NOW WE KNOW

Dear Loyal Helpers:

THIS month the school-bell over the hill will ring out again, and you'll be trudging on foot or riding the school bus with others to school.

WE are sure each one of you had a pleasant vacation and is eager to pursue again those studies which are meant to fit you for the part you will play as America's future leaders.

ABOVE all, our nation needs capable *Christian* leaders with strong moral principles. Only a Catholic education can make you such.

HOPE no *Junior Helper* will ever yield to the temptation of going to a *public* high school when it is at all possible to attend a *Catholic* high. There are some living in rural communities who have no choice in this regard because a Catholic school is not available. But this does not excuse them from the study of religion. On the contrary, these children must take time out each evening to study Catechism.

WE advise boys and girls attending public schools to subscribe for *The Junior Messenger* (lower grades) or *The Young Catholic Messenger* (upper grades). These are little Catholic weeklies designed to teach the Truths of our holy religion in an interesting manner to Catholic children attending public schools. Besides containing sound religious instruction, these papers are brimful of current news events, adventure, stories, comics, and puzzles. The first-named weekly costs seventy-five cents a year and the last-named, one dollar a year. They are well worth the subscription prices. Order them from George A. Pflaum, Publisher, 124 E. Third Street, Dayton 2, Ohio.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY



Recently, we carried a little item about *Margaret Tomaino*, but we did not have a picture of this eager Helper to use with it. Meanwhile, Margaret has sent us one, and we're glad to show you what our new Danbury, Connecticut, Helper looks like.

WE LIKED this paragraph in a letter she wrote: "I wish to help spread Sunshine among the poor Mission children with my pennies."

## A HELPER IN THE FAR WEST

THIS sprightly lady who is waving at you is *Agnes Buchler*, of Tillamook, Oregon. Her mother has been taking our magazine, *The Missionary Catechist*, for some time. All of a sudden Agnes decided she'd better join our Loyal Helpers. I suppose you think she's a *Junior Helper*. If you do, you're wrong. In spite of her "grown-up lady hair do," our little friend is only twelve years old.



—Agnes Buchler  
—Tillamook, Oregon

WELCOME, Agnes, the more Helpers we have the more Sunshine pennies we'll be able to collect for our poor Missions.

# Helpers Pages



LITTLE Billy always helps his father with their big garden each year. Can you guess some of the things they raised last summer?

TO each little Helper who works this puzzle correctly and sends it to us, we will send a holy card.

## WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SISTERS?

ONCE I attended one of Father Lord's pageants staged in the auditorium at Loyola University in Chicago. It was a special matinee for Sisters. Never before had I seen so many different habits and veils.

WHAT Order of Sisters teach you in school? Does your teacher wear a *black* or *brown*, *grey*, or *white* habit? Do you know that we Missionary Catechists wear *blue* in honor of Our Blessed Mother? It is a very dark blue. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul wear a much lighter shade of blue, and large coronets instead of veils. Franciscans usually wear brown, the Maryknollers and Augustinians grey, and the Dominicans white. There is a branch of Techny Sisters who wear *pink*! They spend their lives in perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Most Sisters, among these the Ursulines and Benedictines, wear black. Only a difference in the style of their habit or veil distinguishes them externally.

HOW is a girl to know if God has given her a religious vocation? One thing sure, no angel is going to tap her on the shoulder, point his finger at the convent, and whisper, "God wants you there." But there are certain signs, chief among which are: (1) a secret attraction for the

life, even if a girl tries hard to shake it off and forget it, (2) good health and character, (3) a fair degree of intelligence, and (4) no dependents. If all these signs are present, then a girl may know that God is inviting her to be His bride. A greater honor could never come to her!

BEFORE applying for entrance at any particular convent, a girl should stop to consider whether she prefers to devote her life to God in the classroom as a teacher, in a hospital as a nurse, in home or foreign fields as a missionary or social service worker. On the other hand, if a life of hidden prayer and sacrifice has the greater appeal, God may be calling her to a *contemplative* order rather than to one of the so-called *active* orders.

GIVE the matter serious thought, especially at your next school Retreat. Then calmly talk it over with the priest who knows you best.

## A PUZZLE FOR JUNIOR HELPERS

IF YOU look hard you will find five different Orders of Sisters in these jumbled words. They are all mentioned in the article, "What do you know about Sisters?"

- |              |            |           |
|--------------|------------|-----------|
| Sasifracann  | Naimincods | Senursilu |
| Sugutainsain | Accethisst |           |

# Appointments

by a Missionary Catechist

IT WAS a hot day, following many similar days, days unbearably hot, nights so stifling as to prohibit sleep.

BUT this particular hot day was different from the preceding hot days; in fact, it was the feast of Our Blessed Mother's Assumption, a beautiful feast, or so it should be, for Missionary Catechists.

WAS it only because of the feast that the day was so different? One wonders. Indeed, one



Catechist Collis reads her appointment.

might be inclined to doubt whether—if the altars had not on the very best altar cloths and been adorned with dozens of white "glads"—those same Missionary Catechists would even have known that it was a feast day. For them it was the most important day of the year—the day of appointments, a day of rejoicing and, perhaps, of heartache.

BREAKFAST was over promptly; dishes were done in record time. Soon the bell called all to the Chapel for Office and Spiritual Reading.

Filing into the Chapel the Catechists saw—what they knew they would see—a small white envelope at each one's place, and hearts rose or sank according to individuals.

THE great question—to open or not to open the envelope? Whether one opened it or left it unopened one's mind was sure to be filled with distractions.

OFFICE took ages that day so long ago (could it be only yesterday?). Spiritual reading lasted an eternity. It was an especially good chapter in an exceptionally good book—but it was read on the wrong day. No one heard it. All had opened the envelope or left it unopened. The result was the same.

ALL things end—so did that particular Exercise. Some of the Catechists left for the recreation room; some sought the solitude of their own rooms; some went in search of a breeze beneath the great oaks on the hill; some remained in Chapel—all thanked God for a delightful appointment or sought His help for a difficult one.

ISN'T it nice to know that an All-Wise Providence governs the world and rules over the destiny of every one? Isn't it wonderful for the religious to know that in holy obedience she cannot make a mistake? Each Catechist had the immense consolation of knowing that her appointment, congenial or otherwise, was that which her Divine Spouse wished for her and that which would bring her closest to Him in union of love.

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## A LETTER TO HER MOTHER

(Continued from page 3)

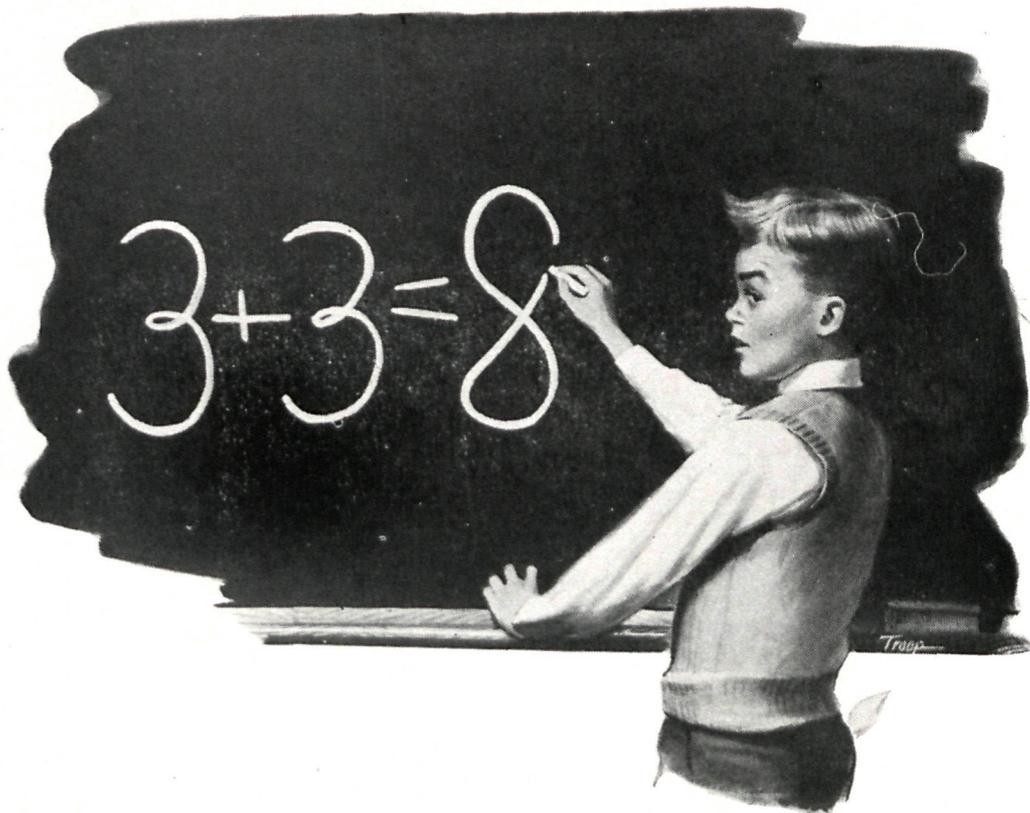
peace, until I accepted His pressing invitation. Rejoice with me at the Divine Goodness which condescends to pursue with His love one so unworthy of Him.

CAROL'S letter remains unanswered, but I shall surely get a letter to her in time for her great day. I am looking forward to seeing all of you on the day of my profession. Pray for me, and ask all the family to pray, that I may ever be faithful to the divine calling which is mine.

Lovingly in Jesus and Mary,

Anne

*The Missionary Catechist*



## This kind of arithmetic may put Johnny through college

Here's how it works out:

\$3 put into U.S. Savings Bonds today  
will bring back \$4 in 10 years.  
Another \$3 will bring back another \$4.

So it's quite right to figure that 3 plus  
3 equals 8 . . . or 30 plus 30 equals 80  
. . . or 300 plus 300 equals 800!

It will . . . in U.S. Savings Bonds.  
And those bonds may very well be the

means of helping you educate your  
children as you'd like to have them  
educated.

So keep on buying Savings Bonds—  
available at banks and post offices. Or  
the way that millions have found  
easiest and surest—through Payroll  
Savings. Hold on to all you've bought.

You'll be mighty glad you did . . .  
*10 years from now!*

SAVE THE EASY WAY . . . BUY YOUR BONDS  
THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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# His Invitation

# Your Response?

