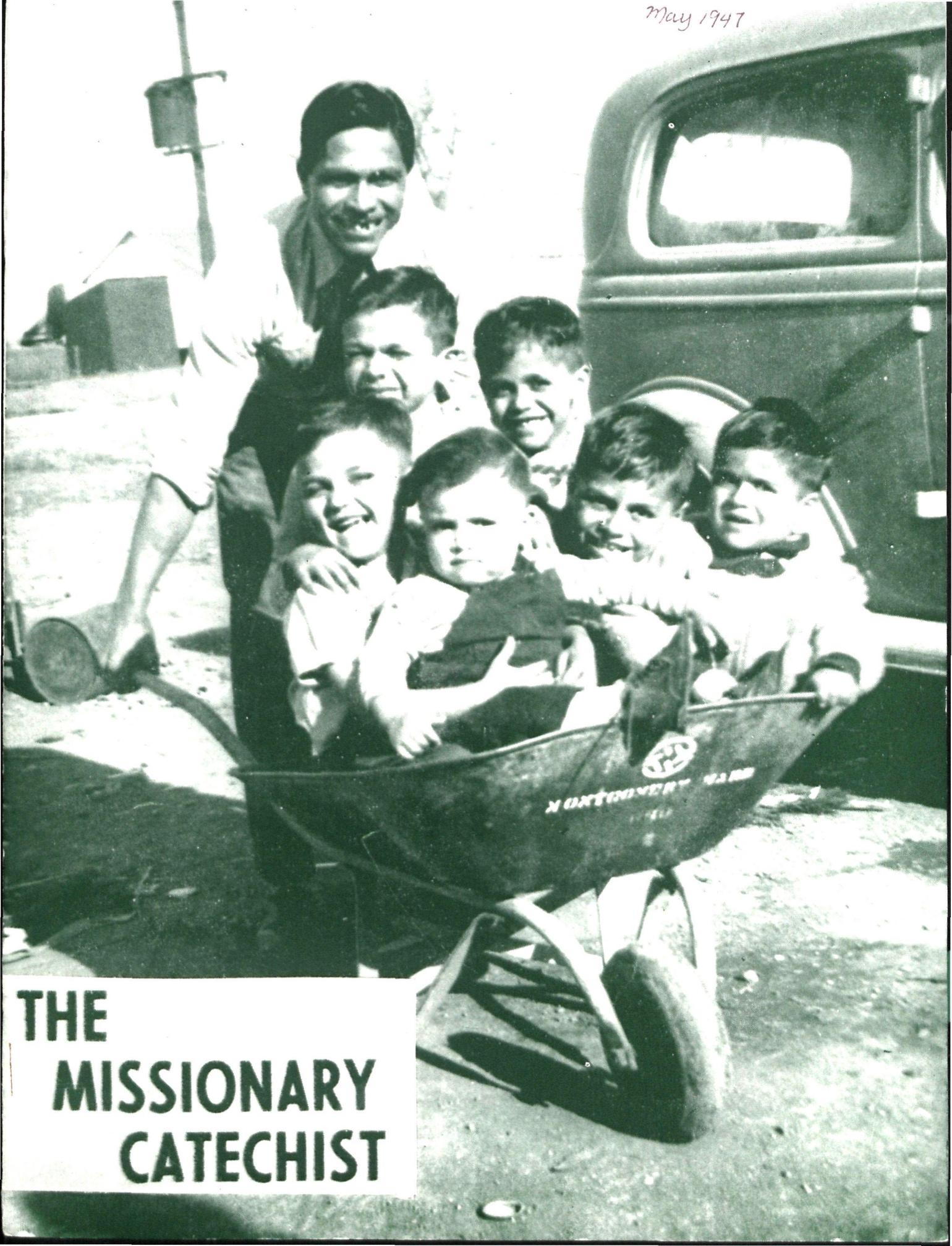


May 1947



**THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST**

Within the Cup

by Sister Regina



THE glory of a Colorado morning flooded the room, as we knelt absorbed in the greater, though unseen, splendor before us. Mass was being celebrated for the first time in the chapel of Regina Angelorum Convent, Greeley, Colorado.

ALTHOUGH we said the responses together, not one of us held a Missal. We needed not even the sublime words of the Sacred Liturgy to assist us in celebrating Mass with Father this morning. Our hearts were full to overflowing with prayer.

THIS was a memorable day. Christ was coming to remain under the same roof with us, to guide and direct us in the great work of saving souls; to temper our enthusiasm; to encourage us in times of apparent failure; to be our ALL in this new enterprise—the establishment of the first center of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in the State of Colorado.

NOT a little fear was mixed with the feelings and emotions that crowded our surcharged hearts. What if we should fail the loving Christ, who had confidently sent us forth to preach His gospel to the poor, to those dearest to His divine Heart?

THE consecration bell! . . . Every thought was quelled for a moment. This was the time for love only.

THE golden chalice was raised high, held for a second, and then reverently lowered. We were kneeling close—thrillingly close—to the altar, for the room was small. And as the chalice was held high for our loving adoration, we could see all four of us mirrored in its burnished surface.

"PLACE you in the chalice . . ." words of our beloved founder, came back to me at that instant; words with which he was accustomed to close his letters or his talks, or after giving us his blessing before leaving on some journey. "I place you in the chalice at Mass and offer you, through the heart of Our Blessed Mother, with Christ, a living sacrifice to the glory of the Father and for the salvation of the souls of the poor."

"PLACE you in the chalice. . . ." For the first time I saw myself, as it were, within the Cup, being offered up with Christ, a living sacrifice. Here indeed was the answer to that fearful question, "What if I should fail the Heart of Jesus?"

NEVER would I fail him if daily, hourly, I offered myself a living sacrifice; if I remained "within the Cup" with Christ, humbly, patiently, cheerfully obedient to the will of God. No, I could not fail Him, if as a living victim, I spent myself for souls.

NOW, when the two-edged blade of self-immolation and service cuts deep into suffering flesh and spirit, it is simple and heartening to breathe the brief petition, "Dear Jesus, keep me within the Cup." These words have become a covenant between Him and me. They are also the magic key that opens the reserves from which the superabundance of His strength and courage flows down upon my needy soul.

"LORD Jesus, keep me, my Sisters, and all who labor for souls, within the Cup with Thee, a living sacrifice for the glory of Our Heavenly Father, the honor of Our Blessed Mother, and for the salvation of precious, immortal souls.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXIII

Number 6

May, 1947

The Family Rosary

by Sister Blanche

The loveliest stories ever told, the sweetest songs ever sung, and the most inspired poems ever written, have always centered around the home and family life.

Who does not recall the many beautiful descriptive passages of home life found in "Little Women," by Louise May Alcott; or hearken back to the times when gathered around the piano we sang, "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood," from *The Old Oaken Bucket* by Samuel Woodworth; or read with relish those immortal lines of Whittier which portray the family household in "Snowbound?"

It is most encouraging, then, in this age of broken homes and divorce courts to find a group of fifty of the greatest moving picture and radio stars, the greatest script writers, and the greatest producers gratuitously lending their time and talent to the enormous task of holding the families of the nation together. In response to a personal appeal made to them by Father Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., founder of the *Family Rosary* and *Family Theater* movements, they have rallied around this humble, self-effacing priest, afire with love and devotion to Mary Immaculate and have signed contracts in which they pledge their support to these movements.

The highlight of each weekly Family Theatre program is a short talk in which the announcer earnestly exhorts family prayer as the mainstay against the dangers which threaten the solidity of the family both from within and without. The slogan adopted by the Family Theater group is "The family that prays together, stays together."

When the going is hard, when misunderstandings arise, their listeners are reminded to

recall Our Blessed Lord's own words, "Ask and you shall receive." They advise the partners of marriage in such circumstances to ask for help, where it is sure to be had—from Almighty God.

It must not be overlooked that the same persons who are behind the Family Theater movement are also behind the Family Rosary movement. It was Bing Crosby who spoke on a radio program on Mother's Day, 1945, urging the importance of prayer in family life and recommending the practice of the Family Rosary each evening. At that time he announced his intention of introducing it into his own home.

Surely, American Catholic families cannot find a greater inspiration for family life than that furnished by the Holy Family of Nazareth. Mary was the most perfect Mother on earth, and Joseph the model father, while Jesus in His boyhood and young manhood was the Divine Exemplar of filial love and obedience to parents. We may be sure that family prayer was an integral part of their daily lives: Mary who could and did worship her Son because He was God's Son as well as her own; Jesus who, clothed in His human nature, worshipped His Eternal Father, and Joseph who joined both in his worship of Father and Son. Catholic parents and children cannot do better than meditate and imitate this greatest family the earth has ever seen, and they will do it best while contemplating the scenes of Our Lord's life as depicted in the mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

During this blessed Paschal season, we think an outline of the glorious mysteries, as set forth by Father Peyton in his **Family Rosary* booklet,

(Continued on page 18)

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

Regina Angelorum Mission

by Sister Regina

THREE years is hardly a beginning in a long-range program such as ours. This is what we tell ourselves as we come to the close of the third year in Greeley, Colorado. The time has passed quickly. We have worked hard and happily, but now that we attempt to calculate the results of our efforts, we find ourselves baffled. What have we accomplished? Frankly, we don't know.

ON September 4, 1944, four of us arrived in Greeley to open the first center of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in the State of Colorado. Our convent was placed under the patronage of the Queen of Angels and called Regina Angelorum Convent.

THE welcome which we received into the Archdiocese of Denver was so warm and cordial that the memory of it will always serve as a spur to our zeal.

HIS Excellency, Archbishop Vehr, personally supervised the renovation of the home that had been purchased for our convent. Under his direction, the Archbishop's Guild—an organization of young women in Denver—assumed the responsibility of redecorating and furnishing the home. Much of the success of the project was due to Father Gregory Smith's enthusiastic cooperation and assistance. Father Smith is Pastor of St. Frances de Sales Church, Denver, Archdiocesan Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and Spiritual Director of the Guild.

WITH a car at our disposal and a comfortable home ready to receive us upon our arrival at Greeley, we did not need to lose time in preliminaries, but could launch at once our intensive catechetical and social welfare program.

THE territory in which we had come to work was the recently organized parish of Our Lady of Peace, of which Reverend Dominic Morera, S.F., is Pastor. It comprises Greeley, fifteen out-missions, and the ranch country within a radius of approximately twenty miles. Father Morera had paved the way for us by three years of zealous and untiring labor in his new and extensive parish. Now we were to assist him by taking census, by home visiting, and principally by giving religious instruction to children and adults. Our work was to be almost

exclusively among Spanish-speaking people, the majority of whom are sugar-beet laborers. About a third of these are transients, following seasonal crops for their livelihood.

FOR years the Spanish-speaking Catholics of Northern Colorado have been subjected to fanatical proselytizing campaigns. This continual proselytizing and the resultant large numbers who have fallen away in the past, together with the fact that a great many families live scattered over expansive ranch country, make the Greeley area a field for genuine missionary endeavor.

IN order to reach the ranch children, we started teaching religion by correspondence. Private lessons in the homes or at our convent also help bring the knowledge of our Faith to older children and to adults who have missed their chance for formal religious instruction.

THE number of adults and children who have enrolled in our regular classes this year has reached the nine-hundred mark.

SEVERAL small chapels serve the spiritual needs of Our Lady of Peace Parish. These chapels, some of them adobe, are being renovated and rebuilt as materials are available and hard-earned pennies accumulate. Catholic Church Extension Society has been generous toward this cause, and occasional gifts of friends also help greatly.

AT present, all the Catholics of Greeley attend St. Peter's Church, the only Catholic church in the city. It is not adequate to accommodate the large numbers. It is hoped, however, that some day a church for the members of Our Lady of Peace Parish will be erected in Greeley.

DENVER ISSUE

Our work in the Archdiocese of Denver, to which this issue of the magazine is devoted, is comparatively new. It began in September, 1944, with the opening of our center at Greeley. A second center was opened in 1945 at Brighton, and plans are now being made for the opening of a third center in the city of Denver. We pray that the work of our Sisters in this portion of the vineyard may be productive of much good for souls.—The Editor.

Archbishop of Denver



*His Excellency
Most Reverend Urban J. Vehr, D. D.,
Archbishop of Denver*

St. Augustine's Parish

by Reverend Roy Feglino

IN the annals of Church History, St. Augustine's parish is a mere infant in swaddling clothes. Yet in the service of God and country it would be hard adequately to estimate the work accomplished. The spirit of the courageous pioneers is still felt and revered, although today Brighton is a modern, thriving city of almost five thousand population. It is located in the center of a rich agricultural area, and is only twenty miles from the See city of the Denver Archdiocese.

THE church in Brighton was born in the year 1887, when Father W. J. Howlett, an outstanding pioneer priest, came to administer the spiritual needs of the small farming community. During the first seventeen years of its existence, the parish was served by seven different pastors. Then in 1904 the Very Reverend Bernard J. Froegel was appointed pastor, and he was to remain in the parish for twenty-five years.

WHEN Father Froegel was appointed pastor of St. Augustine's and *all its missions*, those missions included all the territory from Brighton along the Union Pacific railroad tracks to the Kansas state line. That same territory today has twenty-one parishes. Under Father Froegel's guidance, his parish grew in numbers and became strong in the faith.

FATHER FROEGEL collected the money for a new church and rectory, which were built by his successor in 1930.

THE present pastor of St. Augustine's, Father Weakland, was appointed in 1938. Under his leadership the parish grew both in spirituality and in numbers. But in 1941, after a very serious attack of pneumonia, Father Weakland's health began to fail. In August, 1945, the writer was sent to assist Father Weakland and to administer the parish. Father Weakland, through his labors, and perhaps even more through his sufferings, continues to do much for the spiritual welfare of the parish.

ANOTHER spiritual advantage to the parish came in September, 1945, when through the kindness of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Urban J. Vehr, D.D., Archbishop of Denver, four members of Our Lady of Victory Missionary



Father Feglino

Sisters were secured for work in our parish. Since the coming of the Sisters the parish has grown spiritually to a degree that would be hard fully to appraise. Almost 700 children of St. Augustine's parish are now receiving systematic religious instructions each week.

IN the short time that the Sisters have been in Brighton, they have endeared themselves not only to the members of the flock, but to all the non-Catholic members of the community as well. Their work will last because they are molding the souls of children. In this, the silver jubilee year of the founding of their community, we offer thanks to God for His blessings on their institute, and we wish the Sisters "Ad multos annos."

Our Cover: A proud father with a wheelbarrow full of sturdy sons. (Greeley, Colo.)

Busy Days

by Sister Agnes

ON a warm sunshiny day in September, 1945, four Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, accompanied by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Urban J. Vehr, D.D., Archbishop of Denver, and some of the members of the Archbishop's Guild, motored to Brighton—twenty-two miles north of Denver—to open our second mission convent in the Archdiocese.

EVERYTHING was in readiness for our coming. Faithful workers from the Guild had come to Brighton a few days before to arrange the last details in our convent, hanging curtains, and even making lunch for the group which accompanied us to our new home.

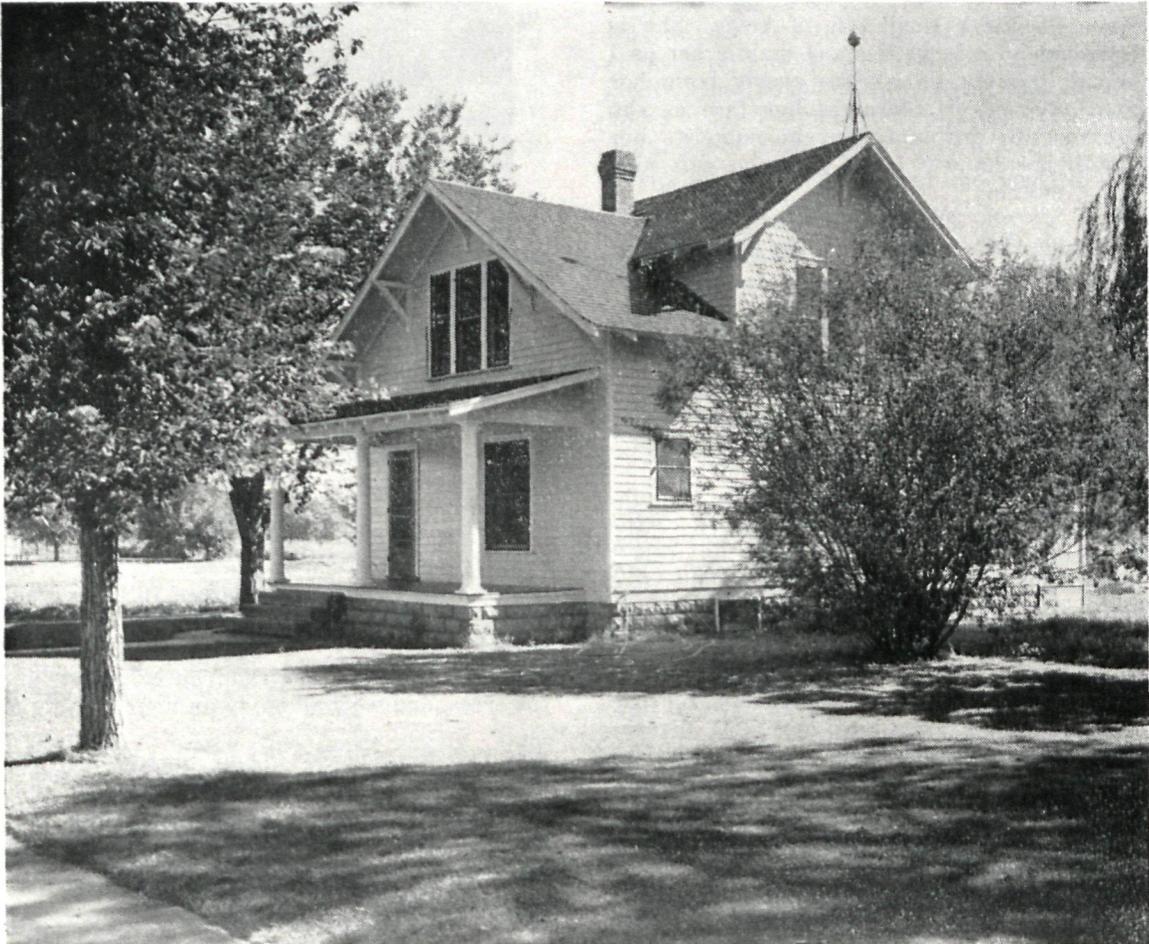
SHORTLY after our arrival, we organized Catechism classes and began taking census.

Our Catholic population—in town and country—comprises over five hundred families. Brighton is in the midst of a farming country and sugar beets are its main product. The great Rocky mountain range to the west supplies the necessary water for irrigation.

RELIGION classes are held every afternoon after school hours in the beautifully remodeled church basement. Each Sister has a room, equipped with chairs and blackboard, for her group of children. We have 468 children, including Junior and Senior high school students, enrolled in our Brighton classes.

IN addition to these classes, we teach in Barr Lake, Wattenberg, Tonville, and Fort Lupton,

(Continued on page 18)



Our convent at Brighton

The Sweetness of Sugar

by Sister Regina

"WHAT makes sugar sweet?" asks my helper.

THREE years ago I would have answered the five-year-old's question with a lengthy expostulation on the love of an indulgent God who puts the sweetness in sugar for the enjoyment of His spoiled children. Today, however, the question finds me silent, for the sweetness of sugar speaks to me not only of the love of God but of something else besides.

THE little one prattles on, not waiting for an answer. I continue to pull weeds. A series of pictures arrange themselves before my mind's eye. . . .

I AM standing ankle-deep in the loose dirt of an immense beet field. It is my initiation in the art of beet-topping. A young woman is on her knees beside a small pile of beets. She is tossing them to a large heap. I startle her as I call out a greeting. She rises slowly from her knees. A look of pain crosses her face as she straightens up. Involuntarily she supports her back with her hands. I see that she will soon become a mother.

"YOU shouldn't be working like this," I gasp in surprise.

SHE laughs softly, trying to hide the pain. "That is what my husband says, but I know we need the money for our baby. Perspiration is pouring down her face. She continues, "It isn't so bad, really. A little hard on the back."

MAKE her rest. We both sit down on the pile of beets. She laughs at my concern. "My baby—perhaps she won't have to work like this," she confides in a husky whisper, and I know that mother love is driving her on to provide for her child an easier lot than is her own.

THE scene shifts. It is a quiet summer evening. At least a dozen boys and girls, fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age, are gathered before me. Some are sprawled on the dry sand. Others are seated on cushions, backs leaning against trees. One is lying flat on his back. I am the only one sitting sedately on a chair. This group doesn't look like a class, but it is one. None of these young people have received the Sacraments. They are eager to do so. They have worked hard from early morning until six in the



A young beet-topper . . . Missing school in order to help increase the family income.

evening, in the beet fields, under a broiling sun. Tired out, aching, and dirty, they gather for religious instruction in the evening.

AT first they were reluctant to come. I sensed the reason. "Oh, you needn't bother to dress up," I told them. "The longer it takes you to tidy up the less time we will have for class, because I must start for home before dark. And don't bother about chairs. You can relax under the trees, and we'll all enjoy an hour of religion."

ENJOY it they did. Their perfect attendance proved it. They learned their prayers by saying them over and over to each other in the fields. They brought questions and problems for discussion each evening. They invited friends to the "meetings."

THIS particular evening we started early, so I have a few minutes after class before

leaving for home. We just talk. They tell me about their work, their dreams for the future, their disappointments and fears. A delicately beautiful girl in the group stretches a brown, rough hand towards me.

"See, my fingers healed up O.K.," she says irrelevantly.

"She thought her hand was a beet," one of the boys remarks with mock scorn.

I notice that the tips of two fingers are missing.

"I topped them with the beets," their owner says simply, and hides her hand.

OFTEN since that evening, when I reach for a sugar bowl, I see a mutilated hand held out before the lovely, lovely face of a young girl. . . .

ANOTHER shift in the scenes. A handsome, intelligent lad of sixteen is standing before me in our reception room, hat in hand. He is looking at his hat, not at me, as he confides in a low voice, "Sister I won't make my grade in school again this year. Missed too many days in the beets. I don't think I'll go back to school next fall. I'll be two years behind my class."

Shame, disappointment, discouragement are written plainly on his face and in his drooping, young shoulders.

"If I talk to your dad, don't you think he will permit you to start school on the very first day next term?" I ask, trying to persuade him not to quit school.

"There's no use, Sister. There are nine of us, and we must all work or we couldn't keep the home a-going."

I turn quickly from this picture. It is too painful and too re-occurring. . . .

A BEVY of young girls crowd the scene. Our reception room hardly holds them. They sit down without being invited to do so and exclaim in chorus, "Sister, look at our knees! We used clorox and every kind of bleacher we know of, and they won't get white! We are going to Lila's wedding dance tonight. How can we have a good time with such knees!"

POOR knees! I look them over slowly. Caloused and hard knees they are, and dark from the sand and the dirt and the constant kneeling at work in the sugar-beet fields. There is a silence while the girls look at me for an answer. I am to know all the answers!

"Oh, the knees!" I try to speak lightly. "Have you tried a little cream and the powder puff?"

"We never!" came the surprised chorus.

May, 1947

"FEEL sure that you can cover up much of the unsightliness of your knees just as you hide the sun-blisters and the tan on your noses. And girls, remember that you are Our Blessed Mother's girls. See to it that your skirts aren't too short. . . . Yes, that length is all right. Promise? Fine! Your knees won't matter too much now, will they? . . . Be sweet and good and clean and the men will be so busy trying to look into your eyes that they won't even think about your knees."

"OH, you make it sound wonderful!" they exclaim, all a-giggle. "We'll come over tomorrow night and tell you about the dance."

"RUN along then. Get scrubbed up. Put most of the make-up on your knees and only a little on your faces. And remember, you are Our Blessed Mother's girls. I'll be praying for you."

"We'll be good. . . . Don't worry, Sister!" . . .

"WHY is the grass green?" my five-year-old helper asks, and his question turns off the sugar-scenario in my mind.

"I don't know about grass," I answered, "but for me the sweetness is put in sugar by the sweat and toil, the sufferings and disappointments, the abandoned dreams and frustrated hopes of those who earn their daily bread making sugar-beets grow and produce."

The five-year-old looks at me puzzled.

"I am too sentimental, eh, Jerry," I accuse myself aloud, with a laugh.

As though he understands, he exclaims, "Yes, Sister!" and flashing a gorgeous smile, throws his arms around my neck.

MAY BLESSING

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

Above the sin-drenched marts of men,
Above the ocean's ceaseless roar,
Above the mist of glade and glen,
Above the lofty mountains' floor,
Mary the Queen of Heaven stands
And holds up in her virgin hands
Her little Son Divine,—
And, Mother of the true high-priest,
She blesses with this Living Host
The high, the low, the great, the least,
Until all earth feels innermost,
It has become her shrine,
Her shrine, where all hearts sing her praise,
And where all flowers bloom for her,
Where every tree in rapture sways,
And each bird is her harbinger,
Until the Saviour's holy peace
Reigns fondly over lands and seas.

HAVE A DRINK?



"Can I treat you guys to a drink?" is a familiar refrain as the boys make a dash for the pump next door as soon as class is dismissed.

FAIR PLAY

Angel's face was set in hard lines. "The principal at school told me that I wouldn't pass to the next grade this year," he said grimly, "but I told him, 'I missed school working in the sugar-beets so that you, and fellows like you, can have sugar in your coffee. Now it's only fair that you give me a chance to make up the work I missed.'"

Angel was given a chance to make up his work.

Sister Regina
Greeley, Colorado

A BLACK EYE? OH, NO!

Little Georgie came to our convent to find out when confessions would be heard. When I noticed his very black eye, I excused it by saying that probably the earth came up and hit him in that particular eye. "Oh, no!" said his companion, "that is only a blood clot."

Sister Mary Margaret
Brighton, Colorado

In The Home Field

WHAT CONSTITUTES HAPPINESS?

When reviewing my favorite story of Adam and Eve, with the little ones, I was surprised at the trend of thought their minds took and at the answers they gave. We had discussed how Adam and Eve lived a delightful life in the garden of paradise, and how nothing was wanting to their happiness. Then a bright little lad of six raised his hand and said, "Sister, mustn't it have been nice there in that garden where the dogs didn't bite and the cats didn't scratch?"

But Jackie had another idea of what made up happiness. "Sister," he said, "it sure must've been swell to have all the ice cream they wanted and be able to go to all the movies without paying."

Sister Agnes,
Brighton, Colorado



The "bell" which calls worshippers to Mass and children to religion class in Gill, Colo.



Willing workers keep the Sisters' car shining . . . in fair weather.

THE MESSENGER HELPS

The fourth graders were thrilled with "The Messenger" they were taking home. Imagine! stories, games, and Catechism, all in one paper! As the week unfolded and class time came round once more, Paul was very anxious to report how much *they* liked "The Messenger." *They* stands for Paul's family, because Daddy had a hard time figuring out one puzzle. The following week Paul failed to bring his messenger to be corrected. "Mother isn't through reading it yet," was the excuse he gave. "Dear Lord," I prayed silently, "keep the family interested in this kind of reading."

Sister Patricia
Brighton, Colorado.

BUSY?

"Will you please run home for a bench or some chairs, Dolores?" Sister whispered to a small child who had been kneeling reverently in the mission chapel since the doors were opened some half hour earlier. Already most of the benches had been taken by the families who had come from the neighboring ranches. Ordinarily the benches were more than sufficient to accommodate the people who attended the regular bi-monthly Mass, but this was First Communion Day, and it was evident that more chairs would have to be provided to prevent confusion during the Holy Sacrifice.

Quickly Dolores rose, glad to be of service. Her usually serious face wore a happy smile as she made a hurried, half genuflection on her left knee. Not long after, she returned, empty-handed and unsmiling. "We haven't got no chairs," she said, evidently much disappointed.

By this time Sister was absorbed in helping Bobby. For six months Bobby had been reciting the Confession form perfectly. But now, in the excitement of actually making his First Confession, his memory was failing him. Sister's thoughts were so taken up with the lad that she had almost forgotten the need of chairs. "You haven't any chairs?" she asked rather absently.

"Oh, we got some," Dolores admitted more truthfully, "only they are all busy."

Sister Mary Jean
Greeley, Colorado

Shep likes Catechism day as well as the children. He waits at the door of the home where classes are held, eager for his share of petting before the bell rings for the prayer class.



Associate Catechists

Dear Associates:



THE Church—always divinely inspired — has dedicated this most beautiful month of the year to Mary. It is because of Mary, Mother of mankind, that all mothers receive, as in a reflected halo of light and glory, honor on the second Sunday of May.

OUR Associates, many of them mothers of large families, have always exhibited a special devotion for Our Blessed Mother. Our pioneer Associates learned this from our revered founder who never spoke the name of Mary without reverently removing his hat or bowing his head.

THE members of our community—and many of you—have always practiced what is known as *True Devotion to Mary*, as propagated by Blessed Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort. Blessed Louis Marie is to be raised to sainthood in midsummer, and we feel we have mutual cause for rejoicing over his approaching canonization.

ACM SUPERVISOR

AVE MARIA BAND (*Elkhart, Ind.*)

THE gradual development of this Band, as delineated by its present chairman, Miss Elizabeth Wozniak, is very interesting. The Band is an outgrowth of young Sodalists who comprised an apostolic committee. There are thirteen members ranging in ages from 25 to 35. A few years ago they were very active in CYO work under the direction of Father Grutka, then stationed in their parish.

THE group meet the second Tuesday of each month at the home of one of the members. The meetings follow in alphabetical order so there is no confusion over where they will be held.

BESIDES contributing to Sister Noreen's Burse (Sister is a former resident of Elkhart) they help our Sisters at Goshen with their annual spring bazaar.

EXCHANGE CORNER

VERY popular just now and easy to run up are the new plastic aprons. Miss Marian Turek, who with her sister Dorothy have been staunch helpers of our Missions, tells us she sews on them during lunch hours at her place of employment. They make acceptable table prizes at card parties.



THE CHICAGO PARTY

OUR out-of-town Associates are doubtless awaiting news about the March luncheon and card party. They will want to know if it was a success. They will also want to know who became the proud possessor of the hand crocheted bedspread donated by Mrs. C. J. Sauthier of Los Angeles, California, and disposed of for our benefit by the officers of the Central Committee of the ACM, Chicago area.

WE believe when we tell you that \$800.00 was realized on this spread, you will agree that the affair was a tremendous success, thanks to the splendid co-operation of so many Associates.

MRS. PRENDERGAST, living on the South Side of Chicago, was the fortunate woman to whom the bedspread was awarded.

DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO HAS THEM?

Our librarian needs the following copies of the National Geographic magazine before she can have bound volumes made of the magazines.

- 1932: March, July, August, October and December.
- 1933: February, April, July, August, September and October.
- 1934: January, March, May, June, July, August and November.
- 1935: January and April.
- 1936: March, April and August.
- 1938: May.
- 1941: September, November and December.
- 1945: June and September.

of Mary

HOLY GHOST BAND (Elkhart, Indiana)

ABOUT a year ago this Band, under the capable leadership of *Miss Mary E. Nye*, absorbed Our Lady of Snows Band of the same city whose membership was dwindling in numbers due to unavoidable causes. Together they make one strong Band.

ON February 5th of this year, Miss Nye sent out a circular letter to all the members urgently appealing to them to raise \$132.00 by Pentecost Sunday, 1947, inasmuch as this amount will complete their first \$1,000 given toward our Sisters within eight short years. The group hope to accomplish the goal set in honor of our Silver Jubilee year.



OUR FORT WAYNE (INDIANA) BANDS ST. MARY'S MISSION SOCIETY

FOR a number of years, *Mrs. Augusta M. Hake* has served as financial secretary for the above-named Society. We can always expect a large check in March, which represents the annual dues of some 138 members belonging to 11 Bands.

OUR Sister Margaret Anne, accompanied by Sister Gabriel, attended their February meeting and the ladies were delighted with the informative talk she gave the ladies about the work of our Sisters in the home missions.

ST. JUDE'S MISSION SOCIETY

A MEMBER of St. Anne's Band of St. Jude Mission Society—which comprises ten Bands—wrote us that they celebrated March 2nd as the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of their Band. "During all this time," wrote Mrs. John H. Stinerock, "we have met every two weeks, with the exception of the three summer months."

ALL of you will agree with us that this is indeed a record worthy of special observance.

Mrs. Irene M. Potthoff has been in charge of all the Bands since the death of her mother, Mrs. Noll, about two years ago.

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

February 19 to March 19, 1947, inclusive

Dolores Club I, Chicago, Mrs. Charles Klingel	\$ 35.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mr. Joseph Walz	16.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	10.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	15.00
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	4.00
Montfort Band, E. St. Louis, Ill., Miss Bernice Kinsella	6.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	10.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	27.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N.Y., Miss Mary Muscalino	30.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern	1.75
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	10.00
St. Gemma Galgani, Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. Vogt	2.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Florence Melke	7.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	6.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	20.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Adelaide Wichert	10.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Augusta M. Hake	150.00
St. Mary Sodality Circle, Detroit, Miss Ann Huhn	10.00
St. Michael Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Dale Bryant	65.00
Strillians Band, Cincinnati, Miss Marion Mueller	2.00



Sister Martina, left, and Sister Mary Jean, right, with a group of catechism pupils at Greeley Spanish Colony. The picture is taken in front of the mission chapel.

No Mail

by Sister Mary Jean

"NO mail today, not even a bill." The little girl's disappointment was genuine. After all, everyone likes to receive a letter. Perhaps it is this universal love of letters which gives the zest to religious correspondence classes. At any rate, the number of our correspondence pupils has been increasing steadily since the course was first introduced in the fall of 1945.

FOR many of our ranch children the school year is very brief. During the beet season, these youngsters work in the fields with their parents, thinning, hoeing, and topping beets. After the harvest, sometimes as late as December, they enroll in school. With assistance from their teachers many are able to make their grades. Others fail year after year, until discouraged by their failures, they do not return to school. It was these children—deprived not only of sufficient secular education, but also of many spiritual advantages—who were occupying our minds and whom we were anxious to contact.

ON a beautiful morning in late Autumn, we started out in quest of these souls. Our route took us westward, ever nearer the snow-covered Rockies. After a few visits we had no difficulty in discovering the homes of the Spanish-speaking laborers. Usually the tiny dwellings are built close to the ranch houses which seem palatial in comparison.

SOMETIMES we found the mother at home cooking large quantities of nourishing food for the workers. Again, one of the young daughters was keeping house while Mother took her place in the fields. Once we found a very capable seven-year-old cooking and caring for her four little sisters, the youngest a two month old baby.

EVERYWHERE the parents realized their children's need of religious instruction. They had done their utmost to instill a love for God and His Church in the hearts of their little ones, but when it came to formal instruction, many

expressed a feeling of incompetence. "They think we're preaching. Somehow they listen better to someone else," one mother explained confidentially.

AS we drove from farm to farm, we began to wish for a forty day week, or what is more possible, release time in the schools. Until the latter becomes a reality, we decided to inaugurate a fair substitute, the religious correspondence course. The suggestion was accepted gratefully by parents and children. Father Heeg's "Jesus and I" course was selected, as nearly all were preparing for First Holy Communion. It was supplemented by the weekly Catholic Messengers. Before long, thirty-six children from fourteen families were enrolled in these classes. After the close of school, we were able to give a few instructions in their homes to those who had completed the course. In this way, eight teen-age youngsters were prepared to receive their First Communion last spring. The others have continued their instructions and will receive the sacraments this year.

OUR pupils frequently send a note along with their lessons. Sometimes it is to explain that the lessons are a bit late because Johnnie had a sore throat, or Dad forgot to mail the letter. In March of last year, we received a letter from a sixteen year old pupil in which she asked to be permitted to make her First Communion in April. She gave no explanation, but stated that her sister would wait for the regular class in May. At the first opportunity, we visited the family at the ranch. Again Anita spoke of making her First Communion early. Being a

woman, she naturally had the problem of clothing. "My mother wants us to be all in white," she explained. "We've had a lot of doctor bills this year. My dad bought one white dress and the rancher gave me a lace curtain for a veil. But now the money's all gone. We thought if I could make my First Communion in April and my sister in May, we could use the same clothes." Fortunately, charitable friends of the missions had sent a few dresses and veils. When this difficulty had been settled, the girls were more than happy to make their First Communion together, with the regular class.

IN the same First Communion class were two brothers and their sister, all teen-agers. Their aged father could no longer work. Joe, the eldest, had quit school and was doing a man's work on the farm. Of the three, he was the most faithful. After a hard day in the fields, he spent his evening memorizing essential prayers and studying the "Jesus and I" lessons. These classes so aroused his interest in religion that he made arrangements to go each Sunday to a nearby town for additional instruction.

LOYOLA had hoped very much to be among the First Communicants last spring. Because of difficulty in obtaining her baptismal record, she was forced to wait. When she finally received it, she asked to be allowed to receive Holy Communion at the next monthly Mass in a nearby mission. Since then, each time Father comes to the mission for the regular Mass, Loyola walks

(Continued on page 18)

Knights of the Altar
at Brighton, Colorado.
We now have twenty
Knights, all faithful
servers.





Dear Loyal Helpers:

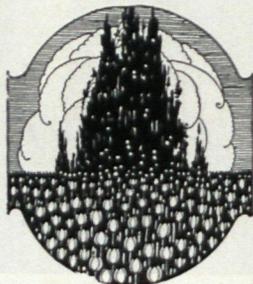
THIS is the month of our Blessed Patroness — Mary. What are you doing to show her special devotion?

DOWN in New Mexico the children used to make little altars in their homes in her honor. These altars were made of small cardboard or wooden boxes covered with silk and lace, and in them they placed an image of Our Blessed Mother of plaster, metal or paper, according to what their parents could afford. The children would pick wild flowers and put them in a tiny vase on the altar. Here, they would recite daily a decade of their beads or even five decades.

HOW nice it would be if you did that. Best of all, how wonderful if you could induce your parents, brothers, and sisters to say the Rosary each evening with you during May — making it a *Family Rosary!* What great blessings you would draw down upon your home. Try it, won't you?

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY



Mary's Loyal

ANOTHER HAMILTON (O.) HELPER

LAST month you heard about some *little* Helpers in Hamilton, Ohio. This month we are happy to introduce a *Junior Helper* from the same city.

ANN joined us about a year ago. She promises to be faithful in sending us Sunshine money. Don't forget the daily Hail Mary, Ann, that God may bless our missionary labors.



Loyal Helpers meet *Miss Ann Toerner*, who is a junior at Notre Dame High School.

OUR "MLH" PICNIC

DON'T forget the date of our picnic. It is June 22nd. If you plan to come, please send us a letter or postcard not later than June 15th, telling us you will be here.

THE picnic starts at 10 A.M. and ends at 4 P.M. with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in Victory-Noll chapel.

Be sure to bring a big appetite with you for our picnic lunch in the woods!

LOIS ANN IS A PUZZLE FAN



WE are pleased to show you *Lois Ann Dorsten's* picture. She is 14 years old, an eighth grader, and lives in Celina, Ohio. Yes, Lois Ann likes to work our puzzles.

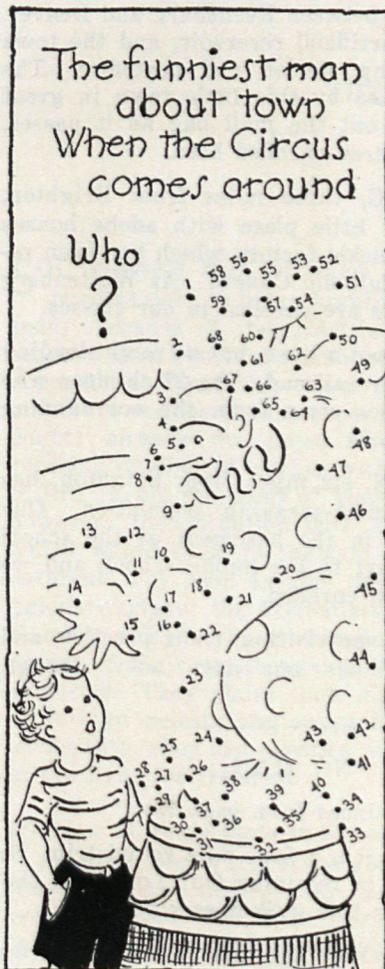
OUR OKLAHOMA HELPER

LAST month you heard about the little six-year-old Helper who daily rides fourteen miles on a bus to the nearest Catholic



school. It gives us pleasure to print *Elizabeth Anne O'Neill's* picture. She lives in Ponca City, Oklahoma.

Helpers Pages



MAY PUZZLE

During the month of May the circuses start on the road. What fun to watch the big parade with its elephants, caparisoned horses and — I mustn't tell you because you are supposed to guess!

Each one who works this quizie dot puzzle correctly and mails it to us will receive a colorful holy card.

Sunshine
Secretary

Victory Noll
Huntington
Indiana

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLE

Easy, easel, east, term, termite, terrify.

THE CONTEST WINNERS

NEXT month we shall announce the winners of our Lenten contest letter on "Lent: What it is and how Catholic students should keep it."

May, 1947

FIRST COMMUNION

It's almost time! Dear God, I kneel
And wait for You to come! I feel
A tiny bit afraid—but O!
I love You, and of course You know
I do, and yet You like to hear
Me say how much when You are near.
Dear God, I love You more than I
Can tell—but O! Before I die—
I want to love You more than now!
So, won't You come and show me how?

From "The Child on His Knees," Mary Dixon Thayer. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

WANTED: PEN PALS

Carol Coogan, 124 11th Street, Lincoln, Ill., age 9, grade 5, and Madonna Post, R.R. 1, St. Henry, Ohio, age 13, grade 8, would like to correspond with some of our children in the Missions.

Will our Sisters in California and the Southwest see this notice? If so, we hope they'll oblige.

THE BEST LETTER WE RECEIVED DURING LENT

Dear Sister Blanche,

I'm having one awful time! My knees are all scarred from saying Stations. Last night (Friday) I knelt on a pin and it stuck in my knee. Today I got a typhoid shot at school and had nervous reactions (they said) and my brother brought me home. Also, today another tooth came out and I can hardly chew. Oh dear!

Mama says, "Offer it all in honor of Jesus' sufferings." Please send another folder for my dimes. I'm making the whole family save now for the Missions. It's fun!

I'll write more when my arm gets well.

Love,

Elaine Walker, Houston, Texas

THE FAMILY ROSARY

(Continued from page 3)

will convince our readers of both the beauty and the need of this devotion in their family circle:

The Resurrection:

Dear Mother, this is a happy day for you. Your Son has come back to life, and His glorious body will live forever. Our bodies, too, will rise from the dead and will live forever. Help us to live so that our family will be together again in heaven.

The Ascension:

Dear Blessed Mother, we kneel beside you as your Divine Son ascends into heaven. He is going to prepare a place for you—you will be Queen of Heaven and of Earth. Ask Him to prepare a heavenly home for our family.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost:

Blessed Mother, our family cannot be good unless the Holy Ghost lives in it. As you prayed with the Apostles, the Holy Spirit came upon them. Pray with us now that during this Family Rosary the Holy Ghost may come and bring His wonderful gifts to our family circle.

The Assumption:

You are in heaven, dearest Mother, body and soul. You are preparing a place for us. You made a promise that the true children of the Rosary would enjoy great glory in heaven. We know that you will keep that promise.

The Coronation:

Your Son, Jesus, dear Lady, is the King in our family. You are the Queen. Our Lord has promised to be with us when we pray in the family group. We know that you, too, are in our midst when we say your favorite prayer—the Daily Family Rosary.

*The Family Rosary booklet will be sent to anyone requesting it.

Address: *The Reverend Patrick Peyton, C.S.C.*
The Family Rosary
923 Madison Avenue
Albany 3, N. Y.

We appreciate the prompt renewal of your subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. It means time and money saved for our missions.

BUSY DAYS

(Continued from page 7)

out-missions from Brighton.

BARR LAKE is just a little spot in the road on the highway between Keensburg and Denver. The lake is an artificial reservoir, and the town has only a filling station and postoffice. The streamliner rushes by this little town in great haste, throwing out the mail bag as it passes. We have 35 children enrolled here.

WATTENBERG, three miles from Brighton, is a quaint little place with adobe houses and a one time pickle factory which has been remodeled for a Catholic Church. At Wattenberg 60 faithful pupils are enrolled in our classes.

TONVILLE is not a town, but a freight-loading section on the railroad. The 27 children who attend our classes come from the surrounding farming district.

FORT LUPTON, six miles from Brighton, has a large Spanish-speaking population. Our classes are held in the basement of the school library, right next to the public school, and we have 125 children enrolled.

TEACHING, home visiting, choir practice, and club work make our days busy, though happy ones.

NO MAIL

(Continued from page 15)

to and from Church, a four mile round trip. So great is her joy in receiving Our Lord that she does not consider this walk a sacrifice.

WITH these and similar incidents in mind, we extend a word of thanks to Father Heeg for his course. And may God bless the postmen who co-operate, though unconsciously, in spreading the kingdom of Christ.



Reverend D. D. Miller, Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Anna Weyenberg, Appleton, Wis., mother of Sister Marian Frances.

Frank J. Vogt, Monongahela, Pa.

Nora Baker, Baldwinsville, N.Y.

Mrs. M. Dietrich, 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

THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH IN ANNAM

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

SOUTHEAST Asia, of which Annam is an important part, is being highlighted in the news today, because of the unsettled conditions consequent upon the Viet-Namh government for independence. That this desire for independence may have serious consequences there can be little doubt; already the press reports an ever-increasing number of clashes with a mounting loss of life. From the point of view of the missions, however, the situation has alarming aspects, which would seem to indicate that the present outbreak may soon assume the nature of a religious warfare; the extremists among the Viet-Namh contingent have vented the greatest evidences of their wrath against the Catholic missionaries. They claim that, since the majority of foreign priests and religious are of French nationality, they are enemies to be exterminated in the fight for freedom.

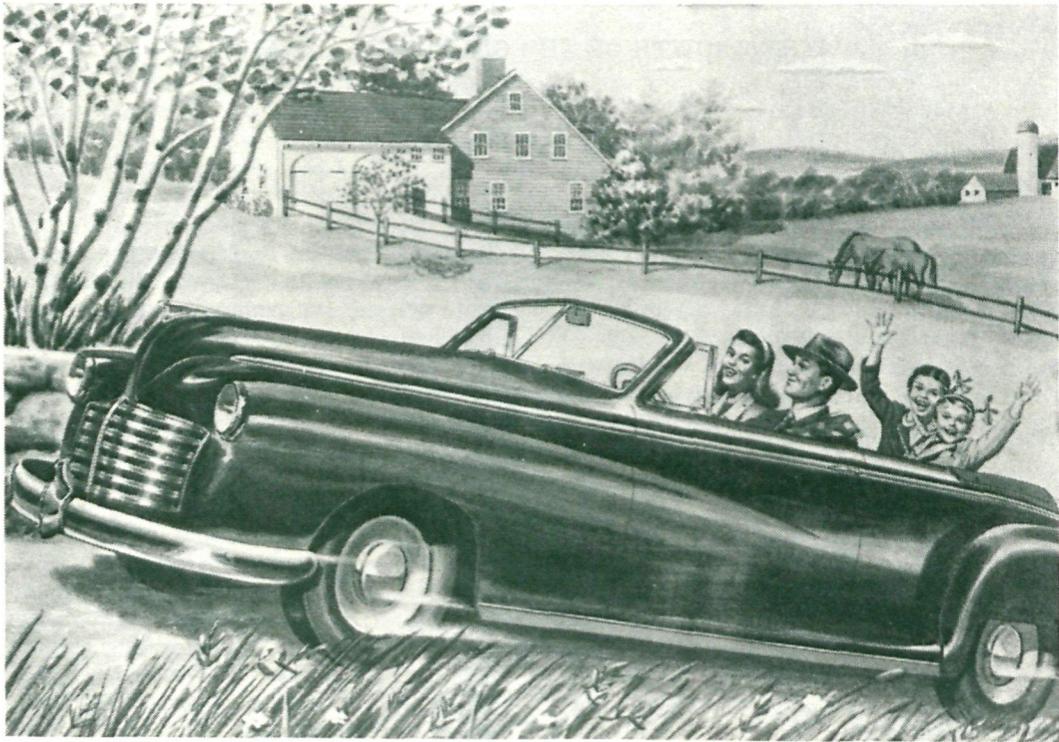
IN view of these facts it is not surprising that the Holy See is concerned about the situation. However, the request for prayers for "the growth of the Church in Annam" is far from being as paradoxical as it would appear. With the wisdom of many centuries, Rome knows that Catholicity in Indo China, all of which was formerly included in the kingdom of Annam, has always expanded there most rapidly during the time of persecution.

For two hundred and fifty years the Church has passed through successive waves of violent persecution, which began in 1627 and ended only in 1882. Tens of thousands of Annamites, Tokinese, as well as native and foreign clergy, gave their lives for the faith. History has proved, however, that their steadfastness constituted the measuring rod of conversions, for the natives, amazed at the courage and tenacity of the mar-

tyrs, flocked to the mission centers begging for baptism. During the five year persecution lasting from 1857 to 1862, we find that 115 Annamite priests, 100 Annamite nuns, and more than 5,000 of the faithful received the palm of martyrdom. Yet in 1862 we find that the baptism of adults numbered 1,365, while in 1869 the number was increased to 4,005; all this despite the fact that almost 100 towns, the centers of Christian life, had been razed to the ground.

A Hopeful Sign

A HOPEFUL sign for the future of the Church in Indo China is the number of natives who aspire to the priesthood. This is traceable, in part at least, to the action of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, who, when it assigned the mission work in Annam to the Paris Foreign Mission Society in the 17th century, gave the following instruction: "Instruct young natives and spare neither pains nor labor to form them and render them suitable for the priestly state. If you ordain twelve good native priests, you will render a greater service to the Church than if you baptize twelve thousand idolators." Today the wisdom of that admonition is being proved, not only in Indo China but in all sections of the mission world. No "foreign entanglements" can be charged to the priests who are native to the country, and it is to be hoped that the staunch and well-trained Annamite clergy may prove the boomerang to Viet-Namh policies. According to the latest statistics available at the present time, they number 1,379, while the foreign priests total only 418. In addition there are 599 native brothers and 4,568 native sisters, standing as a guard to protect the 1,600,000 Catholics in the country.



This car is running with an "EMPTY" gas tank!

EVEN AFTER the gas gauge says "empty" a modern car can keep going for a good many miles. Here's why.

Automobile manufacturers know human nature. They figure that, sooner or later, we'll get careless, or misjudge how far we have to go. So the gas gauge is set to show "empty," while there are still a couple of gallons left in the tank.

This reserve supply is a swell idea that has kept many a family from getting stuck.

It's an even better idea for a family's budget!

A reserve supply of dollars is a lifesaver in case of financial emergency. It will keep your family going if sudden illness strikes, or unexpected expenses show up.

And one of the easiest ways to build just such a cash reserve is *buying U. S. Savings Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan!*

Millions of Americans have discovered that *automatic* Bond buying is the quickest, surest way of saving money. What's more, the money you save in Bonds buckles right down and starts *making more money*—in just 10 years you get back \$100 for every \$75 you put in today.

So keep on buying Bonds on the Payroll Plan. Buy all the extra Bonds you can, at any bank or post office. And remember, you're helping your country as well as yourself—for every Bond you buy plays a part in keeping the U. S. strong and economically sound!

Save the easy way..buy your bonds through payroll savings

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