

December 1947

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To Our Lady of Guadalupe, Queen of all the Americas,*

Sister Mary Karl

In Remembrance of a Catechism Class

The Land of Guadalupe,—
Of course that's Mexico,—
Has for Queen and Mother
A Lady pure as snow
Who walked its southern mountains
Four centuries ago.

People of Guadalupe,
To northern lands they came:
Bringing their Lady's story,
Her portrait, and her fame;
And living in their loved ones
They brought her lovely name.

The Fourth Grade sits before me,
It's time to call the roll.
Hark, you who love Our Lady,
Deep joy will fill your soul
At all the lovely mysteries
The children's names extol.

Victoria,—Dolores,—
Soledad,—Lupita;
Stella and Virginia,
Consuelo and Conchita;
Maria, Carmen, Gracia
Luz and Maria-Anita.

Dolores, for her Sorrows;
Victoria, the Queen:
Virginia,—Virgin-Mother
Mary alone has been.
Estella, for the Morning Star
Shining her ray on men.

Soledad, the Lonely—
Great Mother of the Word;
Consuelo, for her Pity—
The kindest ever heard:
Lupe, her Apparition
When roses in winter stirred.

Mercedes, for her Mercy;
Esperanza, our yearning Hope;
Luz, a Light to our pathway,—
We who in darkness grope.



Our Lady of Guadalupe, pray for us.

And in one Altagracia
Find all her virtues scope.

Children of Guadalupe,
They love her, every one:
From Victoria, little housewife
(To heaven her mother's gone)
To quiet-eyed Dolores
Who means to be a nun.

Virgen de Guadalupe,
Reina de Mejico,
Bless your loving children
Wherever they may go;
And bless us too, sweet Lady,
Who love your Mexico.

*The Spanish language is very rich in Christian names celebrating the virtues and titles of Our Blessed Mother. **Queen of All the Americas** is the title given to Our Lady of Guadalupe by our Holy Father.

The Missionary Catechist

December, 1947

Volume XXIV

Number 1

In the Mobile Diocese

OUR Silver Jubilee year is drawing to a close. We have enjoyed bringing you the "month by month descriptions" of the work of our Sisters in the various missions entrusted to our care. We hope you now have a better idea of the work we are doing for God and souls; we hope we have shown the great need there is for our work in this country, where fifty per cent of our Catholic boys and girls of grammar school age and seventy-five per cent of those of high school age are attending public schools.

Not only you, dear Readers, but we, too, have become better informed regarding the work of our missions. Although we spent ten years in the missions of New Mexico and Texas, we knew little of the work of our other missions. Besides, it has been ten years since we left the mission field for more prosaic, though equally necessary work at Victory Noll, and during that time many changes have been made. So while presenting the work of our Sisters to you, we have been absorbing mission details and living once again, in spirit, the life of the missions.

In this issue of the magazine—the last of our Jubilee year—we tell you just a little of our first mission in the Southland. Our convent there is located at Grove Hill, Alabama, in the diocese of Mobile. Grove Hill is the central point in the four counties which are under the care of the zealous Pastor, Reverend Frank Giri. The parish comprises thirty-two hundred square miles and has but two hundred Catholic souls.

When the Sisters went to Grove Hill last year, there was not a single Catholic church in the four counties. At Grove Hill Mass was said and the Blessed Sacrament reserved in a large



Sisters' Convent at Grove Hill. A recent letter from our Sisters tells us the convent is being enlarged.

room above a garage, but since that time a beautiful little church has supplanted the garage, and Our Lord is more fittingly housed. Churches have also been erected at Jackson and Monroeville.

During the summer months Father Giri spends much of his time in street preaching. Moving his chapel car to various points within his parish, he spends a week or more at each place, preaching to the people, teaching them to pray, and answering their questions. Anyone who wishes further information regarding the Catholic Church is invited to turn in his name and address, and during the year Father endeavors to continue the instructions.

It was to assist Father Giri in this work, as well as to help preserve the faith of the few scattered Catholics, that two Missionary Sisters began their work in the Southland in the fall of 1946. We could not more fittingly describe the religious situation in Grove Hill, and throughout the South, than in Our Lord's own words, "The harvest indeed is abundant, but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest." (Matt. IX, 37-38).

The Editor

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with Ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. 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.

O. B. L. V. Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

Sister Julia Goes Home

by Sister Helen

ONCE again in the beautiful month of October, the Queen of the Rosary reached down and plucked from the garden of our community a choice flower for the heavenly Gardener. The flower was full blown, ready and eager for the transplanting, for it was the noble soul of our first member, Sister Julia Doyle.

IT had been October, too, that the last death in the community had occurred, when Catechist Marie Bodin—the third member to enter our community—had passed to her eternal reward on the feast of the Holy Rosary, 1939. Then, Sister Julia had traveled from Las Vegas, New Mexico, to Victory Noll to attend Catechist's funeral; now, her remains would be brought from Sante Fe, New Mexico, to rest beside those of Catechist Bodin in the community cemetery.

SISTER Julia assisted our founder, the Reverend J. J. Sigstein, in establishing our community. For several years before the actual launching of the little community, she had worked and planned, side by side with Father Sigstein, for the work which was to help preserve the Faith of little children in our own country.

FINALLY, all was ready for the first difficult venture into the mission field. Sister Julia and her companion, Sister Marie, made their first vows at the Academy of Our Lady in Chicago, on August 3, 1922, and left the same day for Sante Fe, New Mexico, arriving there on the feast of Our Lady of Snows, August 5.

TODAY, thank God, there is nothing strange in the thought of a religious community which instead of conducting schools, hospitals, or other institutions, turns its attention exclusively to the religious instruction of children not attending parochial schools. There are several communities now whose members do such work, while many of the older teaching communities have taken on some missions where they do this type of work. But twenty-five years ago such was not the case, and the new venture was frowned upon not only by the laity, but also by some zealous priests and Sisters.

THEN, too, the New Mexico of today is far different from that of twenty-five years ago. New Mexico has made great strides in material progress since those days; cars have lessened



Sister Julia.
Requiescat in pace.

distances; many people now speak English. But in 1922 Sister Julia and Sister Marie found themselves among a people of another language and another culture. The Sisters lived in missions thirty-five or forty miles from a railroad center, they had no telephones, no telegraph service, and mail came but three times a week. Spiritual privileges were few; for the Missionary priest had to travel many miles to reach his scattered flock, and he traveled by horse and buggy, or more often on horseback, so that his visits were far apart.

BUT no obstacle proved too great for Sister Julia, and for twenty-five consecutive years she worked in the missions of the Archdiocese of Sante Fe. She watched the little community she had helped establish grow from its original two members to the present membership of 295 Professed Sisters, Novices, and Postulants. She

saw the little mission center she and Sister Marie opened at Watrous, in northern New Mexico, multiply like the proverbial mustard seed, until at the time of her death the community had thirty-nine houses located in five archdioceses and ten dioceses throughout the country.

SISTER Julia was missioned to Santa Fe the past two years, and was engaged in active work until shortly before her death. On October 6 she went to St. Joseph's hospital, Albuquerque, New Mexico, for X-rays. She died there the afternoon of October 21. She was anointed Sunday evening, October 19, at her own request, though at the time it was not thought that death was imminent. She received Holy Viaticum at 9:30 the day of her death, and then remained recollected, absorbed in prayer, until she expired at 2:15 P.M. She was fully conscious to the last.

WE, who knew and loved her, received the telegram announcing her death with feelings of mingled joy and sorrow—sorrow over the passing of a loved Sister, joy in the knowledge that her beautiful soul had flown heavenward to rest in the arms of Jesus and Mary, whom she had loved and served so well in the person of the poor in the mission field.

SISTER Julia's work was done. She had given the needed maturity to the struggling, young community. Last summer she had come to Victory Noll to assist in the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the community; it had now achieved some degree of maturity—or so she must have thought—and surely she could safely leave it. Within three months she sped to her heavenly home.

SISTER Julia was retiring, self-effacing, yet withal strong, intrepid, valiant. She had a fund of common sense and a wealth of true Irish humor. She had the simplicity of all great souls, and she leaves to her Sisters in religion a shining example of humility and self-sacrificing devotion to duty.

SHE was seventy-two years old and was in the twenty-sixth year of her religious profession.

A Solemn funeral Mass was celebrated in the little mission chapel at Agua Fria, near which our Santa Fe convent is located, on October 23. The celebrant of the Mass was the Reverend James J. Rabbitt, Pastor of St. Anne's, of which Agua Fria is a mission; Rev. Father Leo, O.F.M., Cathedral parish, was deacon; Rev. Father Anthony, Chaplain of our Santa Fe convent, subdeacon, and Rev. Sigmund Charewicz, Secretary to the Archbishop, Master of Cere-

monies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Jos. M. Dardis, S.J., of Immaculate Heart of Mary Seminary, Santa Fe. Present in the sanctuary also were Reverend Father Robert, O.F.M., Cathedral parish; Rev. Charles A. Carmen and Rev. Jos. Wood, Raton, and Rev. Henry Green, Santa Fe.

DOMINICAN Sisters, Poor Handmaids of the Precious Blood, and Franciscan Sisters attended the funeral. Our Sisters came from Flagstaff and Las Vegas to join the Sisters at Santa Fe as they paid their last tribute to their deceased Sister.

THAT same evening the body was placed aboard a Santa Fe train bound for Chicago. Sister Louise, Superior of our convent at Santa Fe, accompanied the body. At Chicago she was joined by Mother Catherine, Superior General, and Sister Cecilia, Vicar General, who arrived there that morning from Utah, where they had been making visitation of our convents. Together they accompanied the remains for the last stage of the journey, via the Erie train to Huntington, arriving here at 12:15 Saturday noon.

SISTER Julia was laid out in the reception room until the following afternoon, when the body was taken to the chapel. A guard of honor kept watch, day and night, from Saturday noon until the time of the funeral.

THE solemn Pontifical funeral Mass was celebrated in Victory Noll chapel at 9:00 o'clock on Monday, October 27, by His Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne; Rev. Thomas E. Dillon, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Huntington, was deacon, and Rev. Father Ambrose, O.F.M. Cap., instructor of religion at Victory Noll, was subdeacon. Rev. Simeon M. Schmitt, Pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Huntington, and Rev. Father Herbert, O.F.M. Cap., were deacons of honor; Very Rev. Msgr. Charles J. Feltes, Chancellor, was Master of Ceremonies. Also assisting were Rev. James Conroy, Chaplain at Victory Noll; Rev. Edward W. Roswog, Rev. Edward Keever, and Rev. Father Dominic, O.F.M. Cap. Bishop Noll preached the sermon.

SISTER Julia was laid to rest in the community cemetery.



Bishop's Residence
400 Government Street
Mobile, Ala.

April 30, 1947.

Mother Catherine
Victory Noll
Huntingdon, Indiana

Dear Mother:

May I join with your friends and admirers to tell you how glad I am that I have your sisters in the Diocese of Mobile? You have not been with us very long, but already your sisters have proved the great and wonderful work you are doing for God and His Church.

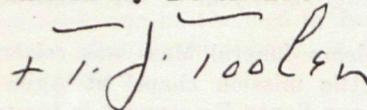
They are pioneering down here, putting up with many hardships and doing it with a smile that has won the admiration of every one with whom they have come in contact.

Your years have been fruitful, but you are just beginning. Twenty-five years in God's work is but a day, but these years have shown the fruitfulness of your work and you will go on from here.

All we can do, Mother, is to pray that God will increase your numbers and that you will keep the spirit of love, humility and sacrifice that now motivates the lives of your sisters.

I shall keep your Community in my Masses and prayers and will ask God to bless, protect and prosper your work.

Sincerely in Christ



Bishop of Mobile.



His Excellency

Most Reverend Thomas J. Toolen, D.D.

Bishop of Mobile

In a New Field

by Sister Mary Gabrielle

THERE is a first to everything, and a year ago we were the first Sisters to live in Grove Hill. Sometimes we smile as we recall those first visits to the people, some of whom had never even seen a Sister, much less talked to one in their parlor. How interesting and how different was each contact. . . and how fruitful, too, for each contact gave us food for thought.

WE were so often mistaken for professional people in the most amazing fields. Quite often we were thought to be Red Cross workers. One woman sighed with relief when we told her we were Catholic Sisters. Her husband had left for an overseas assignment, and she thought we were the bearers of bad news for her. I thought to myself, "We are bearers of good news, if only you would listen and accept it."

ANOTHER time a woman came to the door, but made no answer to our greeting. She just looked, and looked, then said: "Is there anyone dead around here?"

"**D**EAD? No, why?" we wondered.

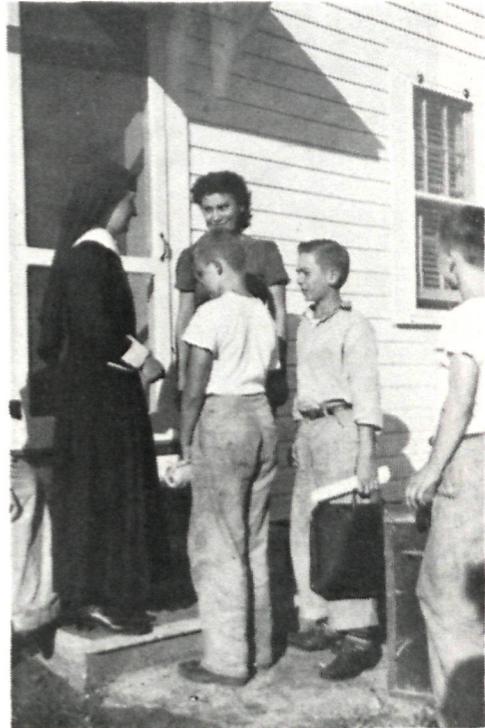
"**W**ELL, you'all is wearin' them clothes like, like. . ."

SHE did not know like what, neither did we, but we informed her we were Sisters, women who worked for the Catholic Church. This made me reflect. Did we look like professional mourners?

CHILDREN often see us first and run in to tell their mothers. One mother laughingly



Church on wheels goes to people scattered throughout four counties.



Sister Mary Gabrielle lines up class which she will teach in private home in Jackson.

explained that her little boy had run in, breathlessly, to tell her "the graduating people are here!" He had seen the high school graduating class in cap and gown and to him our habit and veil looked like cap and gown.

WE are always graciously received, but then, why not? These people, really good people, are intensely interested in things religious. In most cases they are non-Catholics because of their non-Catholic parents, but occasionally there is a faint glimmer of the true Faith in an otherwise staunch Baptist or Methodist family.

ON one occasion, in answer to our knock on the door of a fine old southern home, a very pleasant, "Good morning, won't you come in?" greeted us. We went in, but even before we were seated we noticed something most unusual. There in a very prominent place hung a large oil painting of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. We felt at home with Our Blessed Mother, and when during conversation we were informed

that this was a Baptist family, we commented on the painting. Our gracious hostess did not know whom it represented, so we told her. All she had known of the picture was that it was very old and had belonged to her uncle, and maybe, she thought, it had come from Ireland. No doubt it did. How we prayed that Mary would continue to have the place of honor in that home.

SINCE then we have seen many pictures and statues of the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother, and even of St. Therese, in homes of people whose religion frowns on religious objects. We were amazed, too, to learn that in one of our non-Catholic churches the Ave Maria is beautifully sung on special occasions. Surely Mary will hear the prayer—unconscious though it be—of those who, like an infant that knows not that it calls its mother, are calling her. And because she is their Mother, too, she will answer these prayers in her own good time by showing the light of the True Faith to these people.



IN THE SOUTHLAND

Alabama is a land of thrills. Since coming to Grove Hill we have been enjoying one thrill



Temporary chapel above garage, since replaced by beautiful church in Grove Hill.



Grove Hill's only Catholic child of school age comes to first Religion class at Sisters' Convent, accompanied by his mother.

after another, and look forward now to still more in store for us as our work unfolds during the next few months. We Sisters at Grove Hill have become distinctive as private tutors in religion . . . no mass classes for us; our pupils receive private, individual instruction. And our speedometer shows that during the first nine months we traveled 23,000 miles in order to impart such instruction.

The thought of a religious vacation school for our few year-round-pupils seemed preposterous, but when it did materialize we had gathered so many new recruits that the large attendance brought commendation from our beloved Bishop. The Superintendent of Catholic Schools was passing one day during summer school, and seeing the large number of children on our playground, stopped to visit. With a long, drawnout whistle, he said, "Where did you get that many children?"

Vacation school closed with a picnic and all the trimmings. The children enjoyed the all day picnic and swim at the springs, and for the first time in my life I heard children say, "Sistah, don't dive me any moah ice cream, I just can't eat moah."

We also conducted a vacation school for the colored children and surely enjoyed our first work among them.

Sister Marguerite
Grove Hill, Alabama



Sister Julia, first member of our community. The picture was taken on the occasion of her Silver Jubilee, August 5.

THE words of the Psalmist: "All the beauty of the king's daughter is *within*" might aptly be applied to our Sister Julia Doyle, senior member of our community in age and vocation, who departed this life on October 21, 1947. Certainly Sister was not possessed of great physical beauty, but one had to be in her presence only a short time before noticing the irresistible charm which diffused itself about her.

SISTER Julia grew up within the boundaries of Holy Name Cathedral parish, Chicago. Many of her classmates were persons who later were to become noted persons in the Church—bishops, monsignori, priests of outstanding piety and learning, nuns of renown in the educational and literary worlds. With justifiable pride she followed their careers, and kept in touch with some of them all through the years.

Our First Sister

by Sister Blanche

SISTER Julia never made a visit to Chicago without visiting the Cathedral. If you were her companion, you observed that she would kneel in prayer for a moment at a certain spot along the long, marble steps leading up to the Communion rail. "That is where I received my First Holy Communion," she would whisper. It was but a single manifestation of the deep faith that was hers. Indeed, she seemed to have the faculty of detecting its presence or lack of it in others. "They haven't the light of faith in their eyes," she would say of some of the children she was trying to convert in the mission field.

HER belated vocation might be attributed, on the one hand, to the very great reverence she entertained for priests and Sisters, and, on the other, for the humble opinion she had of herself. "When I was a girl," she said, "I thought an angel from heaven had to tap you on the shoulder and point in the direction of the convent, if God intended you to be a Sister." Of course, we know that God was holding her in reserve for a special vocation—that of assisting our Founder, the Reverend John J. Sigstein, in the establishment of our community.

IT was not an easy task, at forty-six years of age, to break away from a busy life in the heart of Chicago, from a large circle of friends, from numerous interests, and set forth with a single companion for distant missions, which though not on foreign shores, were as different from her former surroundings as if the United States were actually left behind. It was necessary for her to acquire a new language and become acquainted with the customs of a people very unlike those she had ever known.

BESIDES being a woman of great faith, Sister Julia was distinguished by that other virtue, which complements and completes the Christian character, a burning charity. On more than one occasion we have seen her leave the dinner table, food untasted, in order to succor someone who was ill and had sent for her. She was, moreover, a tireless beggar when she sought food, clothing, or other assistance for the needy in her missions. She endeared herself to the people, who spoke of her affectionately as "Catechist Doily."

SOMETIMES a tramp would stop at Sister's convent and ask for food. If he virtuously announced that he was a Catholic, as was often

the case, Sister would say, "You are? Then show me you can make the Sign of the Cross." And the bewildered knight of the roads, at the little general's insistence, would trace an unaccustomed hand over head, breast, and shoulders. Sister would then give him some good advice about practicing his religion, which ended with the admonition to be sure to write his mother or his sister that same day, informing her of his whereabouts.

SISTER'S letters were always very short, always to the point, and always contained a dash of Irish wit.

IF Sister Julia was a seasoned missionary, she was first and foremost a solid religious. Those who have vowed Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience will agree that the proof of a genuine re-

ligious is his or her practice of obedience. And Sister Julia stood this test. As a subject, she executed orders with the same alacrity with which she gave them during twenty years as a Superior.

IN spite of her advancing years, she often spent hours washing, ironing, preparing meals, or in other household tasks. "Sister," someone would protest, "this is a free afternoon. Why don't you do something you like to do?" Sister would flash a smile as she answered "Yes, I know it is a free afternoon, and I *am* doing something I like to do. . . I like to iron collars and cuffs for my Sisters."

WE don't know whether the waiting room outside the heavenly portals is large or small, but we doubt if any was needed for Sister Julia. We suspect she was too well known to the Queen of Heaven and Her Divine Son, whom she loved with a special love and served in the person of Their poor for twenty-five years, to be kept waiting.



His Excellency, Bishop Noll, reads special prayer over Jubilarians, the late Sister Julia, left, and Sister Marie, right. Bishop Noll is assisted by Rev. Thomas E. Dillon, right, and Rev. Alphonse Heckler, O.F.M.Cap., left.

Associate Catechists



Dear Associates:

THE word "Christmas" has a wealth of meaning for Catholics, which is hidden from those outside the fold. *Christ* and *Mass* joined together spell *Christmas*. We find Christ, the living Christ, in the Mass on Christmas Day, when we pack our churches to join our praises with those of the angels, adore Him with the humble shepherds, and mingle our tears of joy with Mary as we clasp Him in our hearts at Communion time.

Our newborn King will accept our protestations of love and devotion, if they are sincere. And they *are* sincere if we are not exclusive in our love, but can embrace, with the Head, all the members of His social or mystical Body—those we find agreeable and those we find disagreeable, the rich, the poor, the white, the black, the brown.

You have given ample proof of the universality of your love by aiding the Sisters who

labor for the poor, the lowly, and often the despised races.

May Our Blessed Saviour, Lover of the poor whom you befriended these many years, from His altar crib extend His hands in benediction over you and yours.

SUPERVISOR ACM

P.S. We shall remember all your intentions in our Solemn Christmas Novena.



A SISTER DOLL

Mrs. John Sullivan, mother of our Sister Isabelle, dressed a beautiful doll like one of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. She made \$400.00 on it for our community. The doll, presented to us, will be sent to The Little Flower Mission Circle in New York City, which fosters religious vocations among young ladies.



AVE MARIA BAND
(Elkhart, Ind.)

The accompanying photo shows a Bingo party by the members of *Ave Maria Band*, Elkhart, Ind. The members raise funds for our community in various ways. During the Christmas season they sell greeting cards and wrappings for gifts. They help make gifts, too, for the annual Bazaar which our Sisters hold each Spring and from which a good sum is always realized.

The group sponsors our Sister Noreen, who is missioned at Salt Lake City, Utah. Sister formerly resided in Elkhart and was well known for her many charitable endeavors.

of Mary

THE CHICAGO ACM RECEPTION



A VERY happy afternoon was had by our Associates when *Miss Mary A. Perkins*, President of the Central Committee, Chicago Area ACM, sponsored a reception held on Mission Sunday, October 19, in the Roosevelt Room, Morrison Hotel between the hours two and five P.

M. She was ably assisted by *Mrs. H. F. Staley*, *Mrs. Emilie Rupp*, and *Miss Marie Dwyer*, officers.

THE reception, which commemorated the Silver Jubilee of our community's founding, was well attended by Promoters and members of many Chicago Bands, as well as by old time friends of our Sisters, most of whom have assisted us from the very beginning.

WE noted with pleasure that among those present were Mrs. L. J. Owens and Miss Frances Maginn, who collaborated with our founder, *Father Sigstein*, in plans for the original "Mission Helpers", the name of which was later changed to *Associate Catechists of Mary*.

SOME of the ladies we talked with that day were Mrs. Helen Garrity, Mrs. Rice (senior member present), Mrs. Carr, Miss Nellie McHugh, Miss May Walsh, Miss Nellie Ramp, Miss Nellie Bray, Miss Mary Reed, Miss Eva Galvin, Mrs. Johanna Schweihs, Mrs R. Lynch, Mrs. T. Tobin, Mrs. Fred Kiefer, Mrs. Thomas McBride, Mrs M. Schumann and daughters, Mrs. Joseph Walz, Mrs. Lester Lopez, Miss Dorothy O'Brien, Mrs Katherine Hammer, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan, Mrs. M. McDonald, the three Mrs. Sullivans, and Mrs. Kestler. There were, of course, more ladies present, whose names do not readily come to our mind.

A BEAUTIFUL centerpiece of multi-colored chrysanthemums and fall flowers graced the table where refreshments were served.

TOWARD the close of the afternoon, the Associates sang "On this day, O beautiful Mother," accompanied at the piano by Miss Frances Maginn.

A CHECK for twenty-five dollars as a Silver Jubilee gift was presented to us on the occasion.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

September 19 to October 21, 1947

Central Committee, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins	25.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	12.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Adelaide Fitzpatrick	20.00
Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Klingel	25.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	30.00
Les Petites Fleurs Club, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	3.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	10.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, San Antonio, Tex., Mrs. E. G. Walsh	50.00
Poor Souls Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. V. McGovern	16.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Anna Brink	4.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace Kern	5.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	10.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	14.50
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Mrs. Williamson	5.00
St. Jude Band, Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Polakowski	25.00
St. Jude Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. F. Potthoff	9.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	19.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	26.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. A. Wichert	5.00
St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen	18.50
St. Mary Mission Club, Maywood, Ill., Mrs. E. Lehman	10.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. L. H. Lopez	5.00
St. Michael Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Dale Bryant	15.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	5.00

We are sorry we neglected to mention a June donation of \$25.00, which came from *Our Lady of Fatima Band*, San Antonio, Texas, of which *Mrs. J. G. Walsh* is Promoter. It is included this month in our Band Contributions column with another donation received later.

Bernie's Secret

by Sister Eugenia

WITH a "S'long, gang! See you tomorrow!" Bernie bounded up the front steps.

THE sixth grade altar boys had their meeting every Friday after school, so it was usually after four when they got home. He was glad now that Mom had insisted that he rake the yard yesterday. He tried the door, but found it locked. That was unusual. Mom always liked to be home when he got there. He fished the key out of the pot of hanging ivy and unlocked the door. Once inside the house, he made straight for the kitchen to get his after-school snack. Supper wasn't until six, so he couldn't possibly spoil his appetite. As he reached for the jam, he spied a note lying on the kitchen cabinet.

"BERNIE," it read, "Cecilia and I have gone Christmas shopping. If we're not back by 5:00, light the oven and put the potatoes in to bake."

SO Cis was getting in on the Christmas shopping this year! He always thought of her as his kid sister, even though she was two years older than he.

HE spread his bread thoughtfully. This was going to be the first Christmas without Mary Ellen. It was almost a month now since she left home to become a Missionary Sister at Victory Noll. He remembered vividly the day she went. They had all gone down to the station with her,—Mom, Dad, Cis, himself, and even his married sister, Irene, with her two little ones. His married brother, Joe, had said good-by the night before.

MARY ELLEN was breathless and starry-eyed, the way she always used to be before a recital.

"WELL, who wouldn't be excited?" he had thought. "Going from California to Indiana!" Some day he would go to Indiana, too. Notre Dame! He'd had his mind and heart set on it ever since he could remember. He'd be a great football player. . . Only lately—since he'd met those two priests from Notre Dame—he'd been thinking of something else, something that almost scared Bernie, even though kindly Father White had told him to pray and ask God and Mary to help him.

THEN the train had pulled in and before he knew it Mary Ellen was waving good-by. She had kissed him last of all, lightly, and her voice had been husky in his ear. "Bye, Bunny," she said. "Be good to Cis."

SHE had called him by his baby name, "Bunny." He hadn't been called that since he was in second grade. And, "Be good to Cis," she had said. Well, he *was* being good to her. Didn't he dry the dishes every night now?

HE hoped Cis would grow up to be like Mary Ellen, but he doubted it. The way she tried to boss him around sometimes was almost too much. He had to hand it to her, though. Coming home that morning in the car, everyone had been so quiet, and he'd had a strange lump in his throat, but Cis had rattled on as usual. For once in his life, he hadn't felt like telling her to *pipe down*.

HE swallowed the last bite, caught an imaginary football, and fought his way into the living room. O boy! Football practice tomorrow morning! He remembered when he had first broached the subject to Mom.

"ASK your father," she had said. Dad had been reading the evening paper. He bit the stem of his pipe thoughtfully, then removing it from his mouth, replied, "On one condition . . . that you continue to keep your marks in school above average."

THAT was easy. He liked school,—and Mary Ellen was always there to help him with his home work, if he got stuck. Mom wasn't much help in arithmetic, but she always listened patiently to his catechism lessons. She would laugh and say she'd had catechism for breakfast for the last twenty years, and a little more wouldn't hurt her.

HE snapped on the lamp, turned up the heat, and stretched himself out on the floor. The piano glistened in the soft light. He remembered how Mary Ellen had taken care of it, polishing it nearly every month, it seemed. It was hers, and how she had loved to play it! She had had to practice, too, long hours every day. Mom had been proud of having a daughter at the Conservatory, and she'd been very happy when Mary

Ellen, though only twenty, had received her degree in music.

PERHAPS that was why Mom had been rather upset when Mary Ellen told her about going to Victory Noll. Bernie could see her point of view. "But, Mary Ellen," she had said, "If you *must* enter a convent, why not enter here, and teach music at the Academy?"

IT wasn't entirely Mom's fault. The professor had been putting ideas in her head. "Soon she'll be ready for the concert stage," he had told Mom.

BUT Dad had settled things quickly. "If Mary Ellen wants to spend her life teaching catechism instead of music, we won't stand in her way," he said quietly.

MOM had gone out to the kitchen, her head held high; but she had said no more about it. Dad seldom spoke his mind about things, but when he did, that finished it.

MOM recovered quickly, though, and she and Mary Ellen spent pleasant hours together in town, shopping for this and that.

BERNIE looked at the clock on the mantle piece. It was almost five. "Time to get supper started," he thought. Dad didn't get home from work until half-past five, and if Bernie knew Mom when she went shopping, she wouldn't be home much before that time, either.

HE went to the kitchen, lighted the oven, shoved in the potatoes, and then began to take inventory. There was a casserole of corn on the table. Mom probably intended to put that in to bake when she came home. The refrigerator revealed butter cut, the milk poured, and the salads ready. Well, then, he'd set the table. That was one thing Mom insisted on . . . the table had to be set before Dad got home, regardless of whether supper had been started or not. She said it was good psychology, whatever that meant.

HE wondered if Mary Ellen liked setting the table at Victory Noll better than here at home. She had written such enthusiastic letters about the place,—and how Mom enjoyed those letters! She'd run over to Irene's or call her on the 'phone and relay the latest from Indiana. Mom certainly was proud of Mary Ellen. You could tell it by the way she spoke to others of "my daughter in the convent."

HE was putting the last cup on the table when he heard the car in the driveway. Oh, oh, Dad was here, and Mom wasn't home yet.

THE door opened, and Mom came in, her face radiant, her arms loaded with packages. "Dad picked us up downtown," she explained. "Here, Bernie, take these bundles. We'll have to start getting Mary Ellen's Christmas box ready tomorrow."

CIS bounded in, yelling, "Bernie, Bernie!" as if he weren't right there where she could see him. "We got a letter from Mary Ellen today, and she wants us to come and see her!"

"COME 'n' see her? What for?"

MOM was already in the kitchen, unwrapping the fish. "It won't be until August," she called. "She wants us to come for her reception."

"THAT's when she receives her habit and veil," put in Cis.

BERNIE was excited now. "Do you think we'll go, Mom? Do you think Dad will take us?"

"I DON'T see any reason why we can't go, young man." That was from Dad, as he came in the back door.

"YIPPEE!" Bernie shouted. "Mary Ellen . . . and Notre Dame in August." Just wait until he told the fellows tomorrow!

"WHO said anything about Notre Dame?" asked Dad, his eyes twinkling.

MOM laughed. "We'll see, Bernie, we'll see," she promised.

OF course, Mom and Dad knew Bernie wanted to go to Notre Dame to college, but they didn't know he might want to go sooner. That was still a secret between him and Father White and God.

CIS was cutting the pie. Bernie grinned at her. She wouldn't have to tell him to dry the dishes tonight. He felt like washing them too, he was that happy.

MOM turned the fish in the broiler. She was speaking to Dad. "Let's go over to Irene's tonight. I want to show her Mary Ellen's letter."

Mary's Loyal



Dear Loyal Helpers:

CHRISTMAS is the great festival of children. Even old people are young of heart that day. Young people sing carols in honor of the little Son of God, who came down to earth and was born in a lowly stable, with a blue-mantled Virgin for His mother, and a brown-eyed, bearded man for His foster father.

IN the midst of our merry-making let us remember there are some children who cannot sing because they are hungry or cold or sick. The Sisters at school have told you about the destitute children in European countries whose homes were destroyed in the recent war.

THERE are poor children right here in America, too. Among these are the Mexican children whose parents are constantly moving with the crops. Some of these live in regions where much fruit is grown. It is not an uncommon thing to find them living in makeshift houses fashioned of pieces of carton and tin. Other seasonal workers migrate from the cotton fields of Texas to Northern States where they work in beet fields or pick tomatoes for canneries. These people often live (two and three families together) in abandoned houses which are tumbling down. Finally, there are the children of the poor sharecroppers in the Southland.

BEg our Little King in your Christmas Communion to comfort them in their poverty and to send more devoted priests, Sisters, and lay apostles to work among them.

ON the Feast of the Holy Innocents I shall offer my Mass and my Holy Communion especially for you, dear Helpers. This

will be my Christmas gift.

A MARY Christmas be yours!

SUNSHINE SECRETARY



WON'T YOU PLEASE
RENEW?

LAST year many of our new Helpers sent us their "first dollar."



To these we sent a free copy of our magazine for one year in order to let them know about our Missionary work. We hope these boys and girls liked the Mission monthly so much that they will gladly pay the subscription price (\$1.00 a year) when their subscriptions expire.



ALTAR BOY HELPERS

FOR several years the altar boys of *Holy Innocents Church, Chicago*, have taken up a collection among themselves at Christmas and Easter to aid our Missions. They send us five or six dollars each time. They have the mission spirit.

God may call one of them to be a missionary priest some day. We pray that He will do so.

Helpers Pages



TOPPING THE YEAR'S RECORD

If we could give away trophies, silver loving cups, or some kind of adequate reward, our honors this year would go to the members of *Mary's Loyal Helpers Club, St. Rose, Illinois*. These children have sent goodly donations all year. In August they mailed us a check for \$18.72, which represented the proceeds of a Mission benefit party.

Three of the members, *Bertha, Irma, and Mary Anne Wilke* have grown up sisters who belong to our Order. Two are doing missionary work in the Southwest, while the third entered Victory Noll as a postulant last month.

EARNING MONEY FOR THE MISSIONS

SOME of our Loyal Helpers like to *earn* money for the Missions. One Loyal Helper secured employment as a baby sitter and then sent us her earnings to help the work of our Missions. Another gave us the money she made securing subscriptions for a Catholic paper. The small children of one family sent us the money their parents paid them for cleaning up the yard.

Perhaps some more Helpers will tell us how they earn money to help Missionaries.

December, 1947

A HELPER IN AKRON, OHIO

THIS month we are pleased to introduce another Helper from the Buckeye State. Loyal Helpers meet *Priscilla Tratnyek*



of Akron, Ohio. Priscilla belongs to St. Anthony Club at Holy Trinity Church. She has a sister *Dorothy* (also a Loyal Helper) who graduated last summer at the Hower Vocational High School where she specialized in Commercial Art. The girls say their entire family enjoys reading THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.



PRESENTS

I think, dear God, the nicest prayer
Is thinking of You, everywhere!
All day long my heart keeps saying
"For You, God!" And that is praying.
So, out of all I think and do
I can make presents, God, for You.
O! I will always try to give
You lots of presents while I live!
From "*The Child on His Knees*,"
Mary Dixon Thayer. By permission of *The Macmillan Company, publishers*.

DECEMBER PUZZLE

Fill in the blanks with the proper words after you have unscrambled them.

About the time Our Blessed Lord was born in, three saw a in the East. They journeyed a long way on so they could come and adore Him. They offered Him gifts, and

THELMEEBH
NIGKS
TARS
CELMAS
LOGD
RHYMR
SCENEINNKARF

"Verily the old Order Changeth"

by Sister Blanche

DEEPLY etched in the memories of all our members will be this year of our Silver Jubilee, because of the changes which took place. Perhaps the greatest change of all occurred on New Year's day itself.

AT the sound of the retiring bell on December 31, we dutifully turned out our lights, and with the usual aspirations prepared ourselves for sleep. At the stroke of midnight we were to cease being *Catechists* and become *Sisters* instead! If any member of our community heard the blare of whistles, the honking of horns, or the firing of pistols from our nearby town of Huntington, as they ushered in the New Year, she was reminded that a new year and a new era was dawning in our lives, also.

ON the following morning it was hard to convince ourselves that we were *different*, because to all outward appearances we were just the same. True, we had been living the lives of Sisters in every respect, with a regularly established novitiate, temporary vows followed by perpetual vows, approved constitutions, office recited in choir, yet we had always (at least, nearly always) called ourselves *Catechists*.

IF any of us had made a New Year's resolution not to forget to address her companion as "Sister," or our Superior General as "Mother," it was a foolish resolution, for we all slipped up dozens of times within the next few weeks. It seemed as if we were going to be "Cate-sters," for awhile, as the old title faded into the new one.

SOON the loud speaking system at our Mother House was echoing with "Sister . . . Sister Mary Eunice," and the petrified Sister, not recognizing her own name, would answer in a frightened voice, "You called Sister Eunice Marie. She is in the missions." Whereupon the caller would rejoin indignantly, "I called Sister *Mary Eunice*." And off in a corner Sister Marjorie would cackle delightedly over the excitement of it all and the mistakes being made . . . though she would probably not respond at all when *her* name was called.

WE said we had *nearly* always called ourselves *Catechists*. It was interesting for most of

our Sisters to discover that during their first year in the missions our two pioneer members had addressed each other as Mother Julia and Sister Marie. They had become Sisters, as it were, enroute, finishing their veils aboard train. The matter of a title had concerned neither them nor our Father Founder before they left for New Mexico. But after concluding their retreat at Santa Fe and donning their habits and veils, they quite simply drifted into the custom of calling each other by the titles Mother and Sister. It was not until a year later that the title *Catechist* was formally adopted and used by the members of our community until this our Silver Jubilee year.



SILVER JUBILEE BOOKLETS

We are offering to our readers—while they last—a sixty-six page pictorial review of our Community's beginning and its expansion during the past twenty-five years. Price \$1.00.



Sister Julia Doyle, O.L.V.M., Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Rev. Claude S. Balland, Las Vegas, New Mex.
Rev. Leo Oelmann, Davis City, Ariz.
Mrs. Charles Kozla, Chicago, Ill., mother of Sister Agnes.
Mrs. Nicholas Shannon, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Louise Dick, Dayton, Ohio.
Edward C. Gerlits, Silverton, Ore., father of Sister Agatha and Sister Mary Teresa.

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

Addresses of Our Mission Centers

Please send your mission boxes directly to the
LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

Sisters in the mission centers. Address OUR
and add one of the addresses listed below.

Our Lady of the Rosary Mission, Grove Hill,
Alabama.

St. Coletta's Mission, Box 679, Flagstaff, Ari-
zona.

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Ave-
nue, Azusa, California.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356,
Brawley, California.

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella,
California.

San Basilio Convent, 126 S. Fetterly Avenue,
Los Angeles 22, California.

Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street,
Los Angeles, 23, California.

Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los
Banos, California.

Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine
Street, Monterey, California.

Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East
G Street, Ontario, California.

Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, Cal-
ifornia.

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, 13958 Fox St.,
San Fernando, California.

St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell
St., San Pedro, California.

Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth St.,
Santa Paula, California.

St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare,
California.

Sacred Heart Mission, 178 S. 6th Ave., Brigh-
ton, Colorado.

Our Lady of Grace Mission, 2161 Tremont St.,
Denver, Colo.

Our Lady of Grace Mission, 2161 Tremont Place,
Denver, 5, Colorado.

Mount Carmel Mission, P. O. Box 643, East Gary,
Indiana

St. John the Baptist Mission, 1415 W. Washing-
ton Blvd., Fort Wayne, 2, Indiana.

Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. Third St., Goshen,
Indiana.

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

St. Anne Mission, 1009 E. Dayton Street,
South Bend, 14, Indiana.

Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, De-
troit, 2, Michigan.

Blessed de Montfort Mission, Box 1527, Las
Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady of Victory Mission, Route 2, Box 108,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26, Win-
nemucca, Nevada.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court
Street, Elko, Nevada.

Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely,
Nevada.

Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street,
Paulding, Ohio.

St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry St., Big
Springs, Texas.

Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East
San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1223 S. Trinity St., San
Antonio 7, Texas.

Holy Family Mission, 108 N. Avenue P, Lubbock,
Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N,
P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.

Christ the King Mission, 635—25th Street,
Ogden, Utah.

Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd
South, Salt Lake City, 4, Utah.

A Merry Christmas



From Victory Noll we send to all our readers our sincere wishes for a Happy Christmas. We pray that the Babe of Bethlehem may bless each heart and home with joy and peace throughout the New Year.

*Mother Catherine, Superior General,
and the
Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory*