



THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

**All Aboard for
Panama!**

(Story on Page 3)

March 1948

Mission Intention for March

by the Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, D.D.

THAT CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES BE FOLLOWED IN DEALING WITH JAPANESE

THE cessation of hostilities in Japan brought into being the nation's first real contact with Christianity. True, missionaries had been working, sporadically but none the less effectively, for intervals during the past four hundred years, but the people as a whole, the seventy million Nipponese of the Island Kingdom, had had little actual understanding of Catholicity due to the restrictions of Shintoism.

NOW, with the defeat of the nation's militaristic aspirations, Japan stands upon the threshold of a new era—an era in which two mighty forces may be said to be struggling for supremacy. The one founded upon Christian principles, would recognize the rights of employer and employee, as well as the inalienable justice of private ownership for rich and poor alike. The other, stressing the supreme importance of the state, would usurp the rights of the individual by allocating to the government complete control over industry. All class distinctions would be levelled by the institution of national collectivism, while the efforts of every man, woman, and child would be transformed into a mere cog of the state.

IT was the latter condition which Pope Leo XIII tried to forestall in his famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum* almost sixty years ago. "The great mistake," he wrote, "is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to

class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. Each requires the other; capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital."

THE solicitude of the Holy See in regard to the future of the workingman in Japan may be better understood when one appreciates how receptive the people of Nippon have always been to national directives. Under Shintoism, belief in the infallibility of such directives led the nation into a devastating war, even though the militarists constituted but a small minority in state affairs. It must be remembered also that, as in most countries in the Orient, labor by human beings is the cheapest available. However, the Japanese have a frugality, an industry, as well as a dexterity and power of assimilation which differentiates them from other nationals in the Far East.

UNLESS, therefore, Christian principles are judiciously and faithfully applied in Japan, the future of the workingman in that country may be seriously jeopardized. An obedient people might easily fall prey to Marxist doctrines, especially if they were sanctioned by the state. Now, therefore, is the opportune time for the leaders in Japan to realize that Christianity alone represents the measuring rod of justice for rich and poor alike.

The Missionary Catechist

March, 1948

Volume XXIV

Number 4

All Aboard for Panama!

by Sister Eunice



His Excellency, Most Reverend Francisco C. Beckmann, Archbishop of Panama. Picture was taken in patio at Victory Noll.

TWO very happy Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory boarded a Pan American Airways plane at Chicago on January 10, 1948. Their destination was Panama City, and their purpose, of course, was "to be about their Heavenly Father's business," only this time that work was to be something new in the life of a Victory Noll Missionary.

SISTER Monica and Sister Mary Bernarda were enroute to Panama at the invitation of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francisco C. Beckmann, C.M., D.D., Archbishop of Panama, to assist the Archbishop in the development of a new community of religious women which he had recently founded.

IN September, 1945, His Excellency had visited Victory Noll to plead for our Sisters to work in his archdiocese. The Archbishop told us that in the archdiocese there were 540,000 baptized Catholics without religious instruction. At that time he had only 32 secular priests and 36 regulars.

THERE was no lack of enthusiasm among the Sisters who heard the Archbishop's talk, nor were volunteers wanting either at Victory Noll or in the mission field. The language of the Panamanians is Spanish and their characteristics would be much like those of the Mexican people among whom we work in the Southwest.

BUT what would four or five Missionary Sisters do in a country where there were more than half a million people in need of religious instruction? In our own country, with more

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.

than two hundred Sisters in the field, we are reaching only about 50,000 children. No, a foundation of our Sisters in Panama was not the answer to the Archbishop's problem.

ARCHBISHOP BECKMANN was born in Holland and he has the intrepid zeal of all the missionary sons of that country. He would leave no stone unturned to procure religious instruction for his people. Early in 1947 he made another proposition to our Superiors. He was founding a religious community, whose members were to do the same work in Panama that our Sisters are doing in this country. But he needed our help. Would we send a Novice Mistress and another Sister to assist in the formation of his young religious?

THE answer was the appointment of Sister Monica as Novice Mistress for the new community and Sister Mary Bernarda as her assistant. The Sisters were to leave for Panama the middle of October, but the convent was not ready. Finally the date was set for January 2, but it was impossible to get reservations. Then on the feast of the Epiphany, as the community was saying Office, the telegram came with reservations for January 10.

THE Sisters would arrive in Balboa early Sunday morning, January 11, the feast of the Holy Family. There they would be met by some of the members of the new community, who would accompany them to Panama City. The two Sisters were quite certain that it was the Magi who brought the reservations and arranged that the first work of our community on foreign soil should begin on the feast of the Holy Family. And what feast could be more appropriate for the beginning of a new family in the Church?

ARCHBISHOP BECKMANN has spent more than thirty-four years in Central America. He went to Panama the first time in 1913. He spent a number of years as a Missionary in Salvador and Guatamala. He was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Panama on July 7, 1940, and was installed as Archbishop of that See on February 4, 1945.

EARLY in his missionary career the Archbishop began sleeping in a hammock. Even now, as Archbishop, he told us, he continues this practice, and when he goes to the "interior" he takes his hammock with him. As we go to press, we have not heard from our Sisters, except the cablegram announcing their safe arrival, but we are wondering if they, too, sleep in hammocks. We wonder how it feels to be the only members of the community in a foreign country, for the Archbishop was very care-

ful to inform us in his talk at Victory Noll that the Republic of Panama is an independent nation with its own National Government. Only the Panama Canal Zone is under the jurisdiction of the United States. The Canal Zone consists of territory leased from the Republic of Panama for the purpose of maintaining and defending the Panama Canal. This land extends five miles on either side of the canal.

WE miss Sister Monica at Victory Noll. For the past eight years she was Sacristan and Spanish teacher here. She entered the community in 1926 and after her profession, in

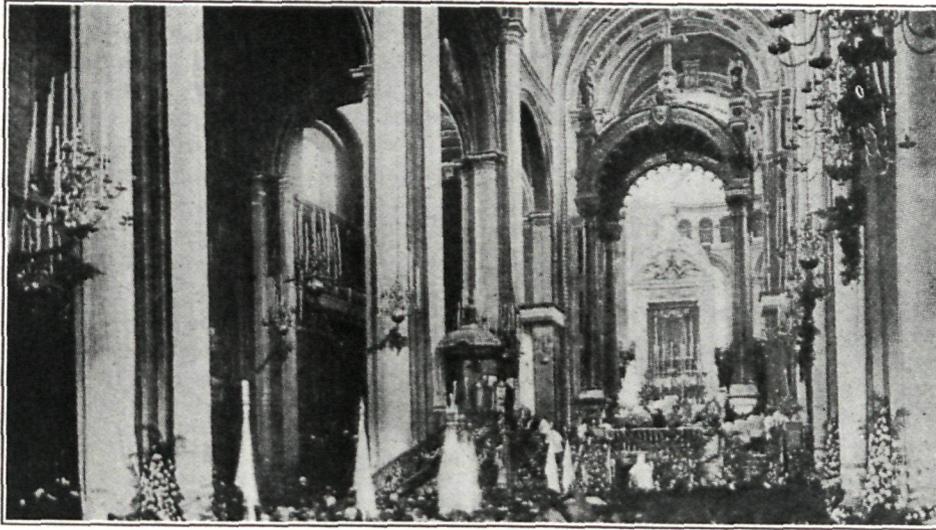


Sister Monica (left) and Sister Mary Bernarda (right) as they waited for plane which would take them from Chicago to Miami on first stage of their journey to Panama. The Sisters are loaned to the new Panamanian community for two years.

1929, spent ten years in the missions of New Mexico and Texas.

SISTER MARY BERNARDA entered the community in 1933 and was professed in 1936. Most of her missionary career was spent in Southern California.

WE pray that both Sisters may be happy in their new work and may do much for the honor and glory of God and the good of souls in the Republic of Panama.



Interior of the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe

Destination - - - Mexico

by Virginia Spencer*

AT two o'clock on a spring afternoon in 1947, Nogales, Mexico, was teeming with more than usual excitement. The Southern Pacific's train to Mexico City chortled with impatience in the station, as perspiring porters, haughty baggage inspectors, suave *caballeros*, and charming *senoras* thronged the platform and ticket office.

WHILE my parents and I waited with the other American tourists for completion of baggage inspection, I amused myself by contrasting the adjoining American and Mexican towns, each bearing the name of Nogales, and separated only by a fence and government inspection stations. This line marked the division between two cultures as widely divergent as those of nineteenth and twentieth century America. Nogales, Arizona, is a typical Southwestern town of friendly people in whom the frenzy of city dwellers is entirely lacking. The Mexican Nogales, with its tree filled *plaza*, querulos *ancianos*, and placid *senoras* wearing black lace mantillas, is a worthy introduction to the subtle charm which is a part of Mexico.

THE train whistle suddenly interrupted my musing, and amid the porters' shouts of "Vamonos a Mexico," we boarded the train to begin the first stage of our pilgrimage to the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

IN THE intervening country between Nogales and Mazatlan, the scenery is much the same as that of our own Southwest. From what we could see of the towns through which the train passed, they are small, with dirt streets and the usual adobe or frame houses. The chief means of transportation is by burro, although one sees an occasional horse and wagon and sometimes an auto or two. The people are hardworking, and always the church spire dominates the scene. These villages have a certain charm, but diseases, such as typhoid and dysentery, which are seldom heard of now in this country, are still rife there. The general impression one gets is that this could be the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The women dress almost the same as in those days, and life goes on much as it did then.

AT MAZATLAN we saw the Pacific Ocean for the last time, and then headed directly up into the mountains toward Guadalajara. The landscape suddenly became as beautiful as it had been barren. We passed among thick verdure, over seemingly bottomless gorges, and through sixty-six tunnels to reach an elevation of some six thousand feet. Fifteen miles of this railroad track is built on solid ebony rather than ordinary wood ties in order to withstand the ravages of the tropics.

*The writer of this article is now a Postulant at Victory Noll.—Editor.

Guadalajara is the second largest city of Mexico and is located some four hundred miles northwest of Mexico City. It is a large, bustling city, replete with office buildings and store-lined boulevards, yet retaining the Old World atmosphere of a European capital. Horse-drawn cabs, called spiders, are everywhere, and so are taxis, driven in that inimitable Mexican style which means you ride at your own risk.

THE Cathedral of Guadalajara is of Gothic architecture and is considered by many to be the most beautiful in the country. The Blessed Sacrament is not reserved in the larger churches in Mexico, but in the *Sagrario*, which is an adjoining chapel.

WHILE visiting the Guadalajara cathedral, we saw a priest and a laywoman conducting a catechism class in the *Sagrario*. It seems strange that in a country as intensely Catholic as Mexico the laity must do this work even in the large cities. The reason is that Sisters are not permitted to appear on the streets in their religious garb, hence cannot reach the children who do not attend Catholic schools.

WE LEFT Guadalajara with regret, but found that in the country between Guadalajara and the Capital, all Mexico's tropic splendor unfolds before the visitor. Orchids, azaleas, and gardenias are common sights during their proper seasons.

AS OUR train approached Mexico City, it seemed as if we were entering an American industrial city. Ford, Knudsen, Chiclets, and other American firms have large factories on the outskirts, with beautifully landscaped grounds and modern buildings. Mexico City itself is very cosmopolitan, with much less of the country's venerable antiquity apparent than in Guadalajara. There are beggars everywhere, a thing rarely seen in the States. Many young people fill positions beyond their years. Teen age boys drive taxis, and little fellows of five and six peddle gum and papers. On the surface Mexico City seems rich; but before long, undeniable signs of the nation's unhealthy economy begin to show.

THE main objective of our trip was the Basilica of Guadalupe, which holds the miraculous image of Our Lady that she herself gave to the Indian, Juan Diego, in 1531. Situated about three miles directly north of the center of the city, this shrine is built entirely of brick and comprises an entire city block. Adjoining it on the left is a small chapel where daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is held. At the

top of a small, steep hill, about a block to the left of the main building, is the Chapel of the Well, built to commemorate the fourth appearance of the Blessed Mother to Juan Diego, and also to mark the spot where, at her direction, he gathered the miraculous roses.

THE interior of the Basilica is almost beyond description. The floors, walls, and columns are of white marble; the confessionals are of dark green agate; the sanctuary is very deep; and the main altar, which enshrines Our Lady's miraculous image, is of marble. To the right of the main altar is another marble altar, dedicated to St. Anne. The choir stall is behind the main altar, and halfway between the floor and the vaulted ceiling are two organs facing each other from opposite walls.

IN THE right wing of the Basilica is the *Sagrario* or Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. It is large, with a beautiful high altar encrusted with gold leaf, and a magnificent altar railing of pure silver. A small glass case in this Chapel houses a silver crucifix, bent almost



Queen of Mexico. Our Lady of Guadalupe is enshrined in the heart of every true Mexican.

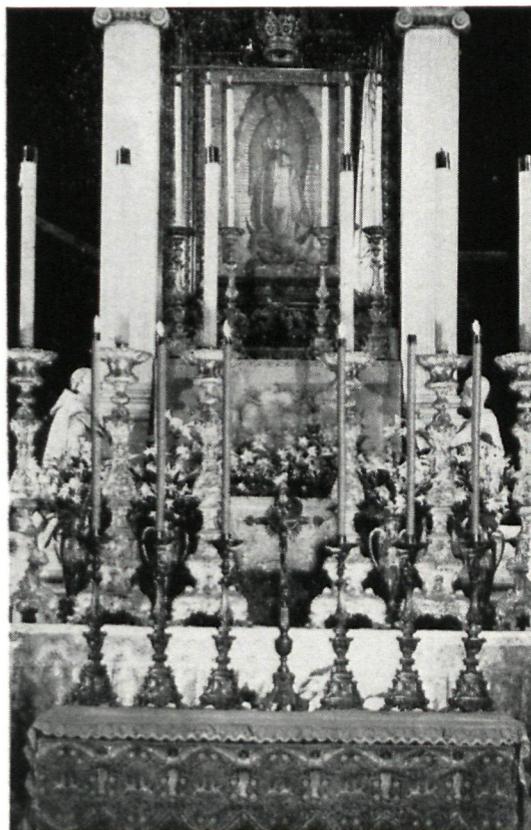
double, which was on the main altar when it was bombed in 1921. A man, apparently bringing flowers, left a time bomb just below Our Lady's image. In exploding, it almost demolished the altar, but not even the glass covering of the picture was cracked. This was a miracle, of course, as photographs attest to the terrific force of the concussion.

THE pivot and center of all this magnificence is the miraculous picture of *Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe*, set in a beautiful frame of silver and gold, and hanging high above the main altar. Two angels hold a crown of precious stones above the frame. Directly below the picture are kneeling statues of Archbishop Zumarraga, the Franciscan who was the first Archbishop of Mexico and the first person to see the miraculous image, and Juan Diego, the Indian to whom Our Lady appeared and on whose cloak the Archbishop found the painting. The process for Juan Diego's beatification has been initiated.

BECAUSE it is difficult to see the picture clearly from the nave, we asked and obtained permission from the Father Sacristan to enter the sanctuary. As we knelt on the steps just below the main altar, the impression was unmistakable that Mary was near, at least in spirit, looking down lovingly upon the congregation. Her image is unsurpassingly beautiful; the colors are delicate but firm; her complexion is dark; her hair black; her expression tranquil, sweet, tender, with just a trace of sadness. Or is it just that her face is so calm? There is certainly no trace of melancholy. Rather it might be described as deep, unalterable, spiritual joy. Great artists of every succeeding age have tried to copy this painting, but even the most prejudiced have been forced to concede it could have been painted by no human hand. They note especially the impression of suspension in mid-air and the exquisite coloring.

THE impression that we were in the presence of an image direct from Heaven, painted by no human hand, but called into existence in an instant by Divine power, engulfed our minds. We felt no sensation of fear, however, for there is no fear where Mary is concerned—only love and tenderness.

THE devotion of the Mexican people is truly inspiring. When the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, they approach the altar walking on their knees and carrying lighted candles. They sometimes pray with arms outstretched during the entire Mass. They are absorbed in their prayers; they notice nothing. They are com-



Close-up of main altar of Shrine, above which hangs the miraculous picture.

pletely oblivious to everything except the fact that they are in the presence of God. The men are just as devout as the women. One young workman in faded overalls purchased a candle from one of the innumerable stands outside the Basilica and proceeded to make his way across the flagstone courtyard and up to the main altar on his knees. Even tiny children imitate their elders in these devout practices.

The seventeenth century Cathedral of Mexico City is the largest on the American continent. This immense monument of the past possesses a somber and ageless beauty, which exhilarates and at the same time chills the visitor. It is now undergoing much needed repair, and clouds of plaster dust and the din of carpenters' hammers accompany the "Dominus Vobiscum" of the Masses, which are continuous at one or more of the nine altars from early morning until early afternoon.

THE Church of San Felipe is also noteworthy. Located across from Sanborn's restaurant



CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO

on the Avenida Madero, it is one of the most centrally situated and consequently most crowded in the Capital. The visitor steps from the teeming street into another world, where the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually exposed on a high altar draped with velour hangings of varying shades of green.

A BLOCK from the hotel where we stayed is the little chapel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. During the week the attendance at the 8:00 o'clock Mass looks like that at Sunday Masses in this country. Men, women, and children attend in capacity crowds, and the percentage of daily communicants is proportionately high. There is daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, with Rosary and Benediction each evening. One morning the young Pastor came out after Mass and urged the congregation to visit the church more frequently during the day, otherwise it might be necessary to withdraw the privilege of daily Exposition. The people were visibly shaken by the talk and gathered in worried little groups outside the door to discuss the situation. We couldn't help wondering what their pastor would think if he visited some of our American churches during Forty Hours, or on First Fridays when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and saw the

small number of adorers. He could only conclude that he had angels for parishioners.

OUR pilgrimage ended, we returned to the land of the Stars and Stripes with an entirely new conception of our neighbors to the South. Mexico does not have our stable government, our wealth, our industrial genius, nor our standard of living. What she does have is a deep, sincere devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Mary is the Queen of the Mexican heart, and where she reigns, Jesus triumphs. The piety of the majority of the Mexican people is wholehearted, sincere, intense, and constant. Attendance at daily Mass and the reception of Holy Communion break all records, and not infrequently the ordinary Mexican bears unmistakable signs of true sanctity.

EVEN a casual observer can see the difference in the philosophies of the two countries. American Catholics might do well to ponder the living Faith of our Mexican neighbors, lest it be said that the Catholics of our beloved country, who have always enjoyed freedom of religion, prove less faithful in the practice of their holy religion than the Catholics of Mexico, who have been so often sorely tried by persecution.

Her Via Crucis

by Sister Alice Marie

DONA CARMEN'S wrinkled hands trembled as she feverishly jabbed the final pin into the black lace mantilla. Pepe and Ana would be displeased, but she could not help it. She had to go to the Via Crucis because . . . it might be the last time!

DONA CARMEN was ashamed of the tiny thrill of fierce delight that was hers at the thought. It seemed disloyal to the children, but truly she wished that this heart condition, over which the doctor gravely shook his head, might prove to be her passport to Eternity. It was not only that so many of her loved ones were awaiting her there, while here she felt so old and helpless, but, oh! how she longed to meet her God, whom she loved so ardently and tried to serve so faithfully these many years. How eagerly she looked forward to seeing the Blessed Mother of God, with whom she had shared every joy and sorrow throughout her long life, to whom she had ever looked for strength and comfort

in trials and sorrows.

THE shrill voice of her neighbor's little daughter broke in upon her musing. "Dona Carmen, are you ready?"

"Yes, mi hijita, come!"

THE small accomplice of Dona Carmen's scheme to attend the Via Crucis, slipped like a shadow into the dimly lighted room. With nimble little fingers she made the final adjustment of Dona Carmen's mantilla, and then the two walked quietly through the vine-covered doorway.

DONA CARMEN and her companion arrived at their destination just as the moving spectacle of the Via Crucis was beginning at the door of the Church of Calvario. The muffled drums announced the coming of the tall

(Continued on page 14)



The Fourth Station—Jesus Meets His Blessed Mother—as it is portrayed in the outdoor Way of the Cross dramatized each Good Friday by the parishioners of Calvario Church, El Paso, Texas.

PERSECUTION

"UGH! Catholics! I hate them worse'n I hate Jews!"

The words, spoken vehemently by a boy of about twelve years, were evidently intended for our ears. We were standing outside the school waiting for the Catholic children to come out on release-time for their religion class, when the boy and a few companions passed us. But we, who are Christ's, are inured to this kind of persecution; in fact, we expect it, so the remark did not cause us even fleeting resentment. Instead it aroused in us a feeling of deep pity for the youngster, indicative as it was of the type of home from which he came, a home that must foster hatred of others, hatred of their nationality, hatred of their creed, hatred of their race.

This incident brought to our minds the suffering many of the children in our classes have to bear not only because of their religion, but especially because of their race. In a way racial prejudice is harder to bear. Particularly was this true during the recent war, when movies, radio, and comic books combined to impress the minds of our children with an unreasonable hatred for our country's enemies.

During this time many a Filipino child underwent a minor form of persecution because of his Oriental ancestry and appearance. And many of them, like Joe and his little sister, will be rewarded in heaven for their constancy and loyalty to Our Lord during those troubled times.

It would have been so easy, Joe knew, to stay away from religion class, thereby escaping the taunts and jibes of thoughtless or cruel playmates. But to stay away from *Doctrina* was a thing that would weigh heavily on one's conscience. After all, Our Lord loved you, even if you did look a little different from other children, and He would feel very bad if you didn't go to church to learn as much as you could about Him!

So it was that Joe bravely bore such epithets as "To-jo!" and "Hiro-hito!" and not only continued coming to class faithfully himself, but encouraged his little sister to accompany him, even though the mere sound of the word "Jap!" would send her into tears.

If repetition is a sound pedagogical principle, then the recent world-conflict gave us ample opportunity to apply it. Our most frequent subject for class was St. John's favorite exhortation, "My little children, love one another."

In the Home Field

"Children," I said one day, trying to emphasize the need of love for neighbor, "if you have hate in your hearts for anyone, you cannot have love for God there, too."

"But, Sister," said one boy earnestly, "we have to hate the Germans and the Japs."

I tried to explain that we hate the evil that others do, but that we may not hate the people themselves. Over and over again during the war we met with the same objection when trying to instill the love of neighbor in the hearts of little ones. How often we succeeded in counteracting those agencies that were spreading the doctrine of hate, we shall never know. But we pray that the day may not be too far distant when the God of peace will grant to all peoples the ability to live in peace and harmony with one another, seeing in every person another loved child of the One Heavenly Father.

Sister Eugenia
Los Banos, California



Sister Ellen with group of children on way to "release time" religious instruction class.

FOR THE DIVINE GUEST

New Mexico was Grandma Olivas' birthplace. It was there that her faith was deepened so that it could be compared to those great marvels of faith praised by Our Lord in the Gospel stories.

Grandma Olivas lives alone in a comfortable little home in Pierce, Colorado. Her two greatest joys are to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in her home once each month

and to have the weekly Catechism class for the little ones held there.

Each Saturday she has the children seated, waiting quietly, when I arrive. Any laughter or noise during the class brings Grandma quickly from her kitchen to make sure there is no misbehaviour.

This year, just before Christmas, her children arranged a trip to New Mexico for her. I told Grandma how happy I was that she was to be among her loved ones at Christmas.

"Oh, no," she said, "I'll be back for Christmas. The next day is the Fourth Friday, you know, and Father will say Mass here."

No one else could take her place. Her preparations have to be made just so. Our Lord is, indeed, welcome in her home. And the gift she had to offer this Friday must have been very pleasing to the Infant Jesus.

Sister Mary Joan,
Greeley, Colorado

A CATHOLIC—BY RIGHT OF INHERITANCE

Three years ago Louis was in the First Communion class. He attended class regularly, always knew his lesson, and was at Mass every Sunday morning.

Then just before First Communion day, Louis' family decided to move. For the next three years Louis was shifted around from one school to another. His parents not being practical Catholics—his mother is Spanish American and a nominal Catholic, but his father is American and non-Catholic—Louis found it very difficult to get to Mass on Sunday.

In one place he had to take the bus early in the morning in order to be in time for Mass. After Mass, he would go to a lunch counter for his breakfast, then wander around town until late in the afternoon when he would take another bus for home.

"You know, Sister," he told us after he returned to our mission, "my mother would let me do that in the summer time when she could afford it, but not in the winter time."

"You did the best you could, Louis, and that's all that God expects of us," I said, as I stood with him on the church steps that hot Sunday afternoon before class.

"I'm so happy, Sister," Louis continued, enthusiastically, "to be back in Firebaugh where all my friends are Catholic, and where I don't have such a hard time getting to church."

He paused for breath, then added: "We're staying here for good this time, and am I glad!—because we didn't have any Sisters to teach the kids their catechism, and no one ever asked me if I wanted to make my First Communion!"

Suddenly Louis put his head down, so Sister couldn't see the tears in his eyes.

"Yes, the Father was very kind to us, but he didn't have time to teach because he had to say another Mass some place else."

There was silence for a moment, while Louis traced a pattern on the ground with the tip of his shoe. Then he added, "The ladies used to teach some of the children during the week, but I couldn't come 'cause I lived way out on a ranch. But now since I'm back, I'm going to come to class all the time!" and Louis' face brightened visibly at the thought.

"That's fine, Louis. Let's go in the church and thank Our Lord for bringing you back to us again."

We went inside, and after praying a few moments, Louis looked around, finding everything, organ, statues, pictures, the same as when he left it three years ago. But now he was no longer "a baby who couldn't read," so he passed a few moments reading the names written on the stained glass windows.

"Look, Sister, look!" he cried suddenly. "This window was donated by my grandfather! See, it says, 'This window donated by Emilio Juan Castro.' He was my grandfather."

His grandfather belonged to that Church. Now let anyone try to tell him he wasn't a Catholic! He made up his mind then and there that he was going to be as good a Catholic as his grandfather. Once more Louis knelt and this time he prayed, "Dear Jesus, I thank you for making me a Catholic. Please help me to be a good one—like my grandfather."

Sister Lucia
Los Banos, California



Our

Dear Associates:

A FEW of our Band members do not attend meetings during Lent. "Card parties," they say, "are hardly the proper thing at this penitential season." Others say, "The hostess feels obliged to serve the customary coffee and cake, and this creates an embarrassment for those bound by the law of fasting."

LET'S consider the problem in this column.

TO BEGIN with, we do miss those monthly contributions very much. Lent is the season of penitential practices and fasting, but it is also the season of almsgiving.

WHY not do something else besides play cards at your meeting which occur during Lent? Some of our Associates cut out religious pictures from art calendars, used Christmas greeting cards, or purchase gummed religious pictures in stamp albums at religious goods stores. These they mount on colorful construction paper and send to the Sister in the missions, whom they are sponsoring, as Catechism awards for the poor children. Others take old felt hats and make attractive animal toys or bean bags for our mission children. Still others who can meet in the afternoon like to make layettes for poor babies.

THE Lenten fast is not broken by a cup of hot coffee or tea, or by a glass of ginger ale, root beer, or cream soda. If your meetings are held on Sundays, lunches may be served without a qualm of conscience.

FOR those who think that card-playing should be discontinued in Lent, here is a suggestion.

On the last meeting night before Lent, let the hostess hand a mite-box (we will furnish as many as are needed) to each member and ask her to deposit her usual monthly dues in it, together with a special Lenten sacrifice offering, and bring the contents with her to the first meeting to be held after Easter. In this way our Missionary Sisters, greatly in need of your financial aid, will lose nothing. On the contrary, we will gain.

Yours in the Sorrowful Heart of Mary,

ACM SUPERVISOR

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS BAND (Chicago)

TWELVE years old, this West Side Band, presided over by Mrs. Marie Brogi McDonald, sponsors our Sister Mary Patrick who was formerly Miss Bridie O'Sullivan of Chicago. Sister was transferred in August from the congested Mexican district of San Antonio, Texas, to the mountains and mesas of New Mexico. There are souls to be won to Christ in these widely scattered mission regions, too—and often at the cost of greater personal sacrifice.

HOLY FAMILY BAND (Chicago)

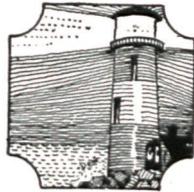
FORMED in 1939, the members of this Band sponsor the Jesus, Mary, Joseph Burse held by our Sister Rose Anne McBride until her death. In the summer the Burse will be given to one of our newly professed Sisters.

AN UNCLE of our deceased Sister, Mr. Joseph Walz, is in charge of the Band.

Associates

ST. CATHERINE BAND (Los Angeles)

THE members of this Band are sisters and sisters-in-law of our Sister Madeline Sophie Renier, as well as other ladies whom they have interested in our Missionary work. In 1946 they completed Poor Souls Burse No. 3, which they began many years ago. Since that time they have been contributing to St. Anthony Burse No. 2, which was begun by Sister Madeleine Sophie herself before she joined our community twenty-five years ago.



THE Promoter is Mrs. Margaret McMannamy.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER CLUB (Chicago)

THE usual year-end party was held by the members of the Club which always nets us a sum close to one hundred dollars. As the name implies, the Band is made up of mothers and their daughters. Mrs. M. Luetkenhus is the President. They still call us "the Catechists," as do many others.

LES PETITES FLEURS (Chicago)



ONLY two "originals" belong to this Mission Band of which Miss Elsie Jachmann has charge. Their special interest has always centered around our Sister Dora Wilke inasmuch

as she was a member of the Band before joining our community in April, 1927. At present the Band numbers thirteen members.

DOLORES BAND II (Chicago)

THE Band which functions under the above-named title was begun in 1939 and comprises twelve ladies. Its leader is Mrs. A. Bechtold. They sponsor our Sister Mary John (a former Chicagoan—Miss Hazel Sullivan), who is at present missioned in Ontario, California.

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

December 19, 1947 to January 17, 1948

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	\$ 12.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Mary C. Gibbons	82.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	45.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary E. Nye	60.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins	12.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago Elsie Jachmann	1.00
Mary, Queen of Hearts Band, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky	35.00
Mothers and Daughters Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus	85.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Marion Dempsey	15.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wis., Helen Arens	100.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn Ill. Mrs. J. V. McGovern	36.50
Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	30.00
St. Ann Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Ann Brink	3.50
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Beck	123.45
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	25.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich. Dolores Schneider	18.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Florence Bucher	27.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	10.00
St. Irene Auxiliary, Chicago, Madeleine Sebraska	25.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	100.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	12.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. A. Wichert	5.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Ann Huhn	10.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary C. Schaefer	13.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Quinlan	8.25
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Marie V. Dwyer	25.00
St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Chicago, Marie B. McDonald	20.00
Tip Top Twelve Club, Cincinnati, Ohio, Irene Stanley	5.00
Upsilon Chapter, Pi Kappa Epsilon, LaPorte, Ind., Minnie A. Metherd	25.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Alice Moorhead	14.00

A CORRECTION

Due to an error in the January issue, two Bands were telescoped. They should have read:

St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	\$15.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. A. Wichert	5.00

HER VIA CRUCIS

(Continued from page 9)



The first fall occurs shortly after the procession leaves the Church.

figure bent beneath the heavy cross. Dona Carmen pressed her hand to her heart; its hard pounding frightened her. But she couldn't have stayed away!

JESUS FALLS THE FIRST TIME.

YES, he was down in the dust of the road, this poor Mexican, who was giving such a sympathetic and realistic interpretation of the suffering of his Lord. The crowd watched in silence; the small boys dressed in colored tunics and carrying the instruments of the Passion hovered near. Again Dona Carmen's hand was pressed to her heart. Its low, uneven murmuring was more terrifying than the hard pounding.

JESUS MEETS HIS BLESSED MOTHER

AH, yes, there she was, the lovely godchild whom Dona Carmen had carried to the baptismal font thirty years ago. She was now a dignified, beautiful matron, taking the part of the great and sorrowful Mother of God. How beseechingly, how pityingly the dark eyes of the young woman were fixed upon the thin face above her, as if she were in reality begging the

pardon and mercy of the the Suffering Redeemer for those who had caused Him so much pain.

DONA CARMEN'S eyes were closed; she leaned heavily upon her small companion. Was this her Via Crucis? Her pallid lips moved in silent prayer. When she opened her eyes, the man beneath the cross was surrounded by a group of young women dressed in colorful robes. One pressed a snowy veil to his sweating, dust-covered countenance. Softly, Dona Carmen whispered:

VERONICA WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS.

AND now her own pain had lessened somewhat as she pushed forward with the hundreds of other spectators who were following the bowed figure along the dust-covered road. Once again the muffled drums sounded. Dona Carmen knew the signal, and she murmured:

JESUS FALLS THE SECOND TIME.

AS the man sank beneath the cross, a purple-robed figure swayed above his fallen form. It was Judas; money bag clutched to his breast,



Judas absorbed in watching the game does not see the procession until the man portraying the Christ falls near him. When Judas sees the prostrate form beneath the cross, he sways a moment, then disappears in the crowd.

The portrayal of the Sixth Station. Only the Stations from the Third to the Seventh are dramatized. After the Third Fall the procession winds its way back into the Church. The dramatization is often called the "Three Falls."



an insane gleam in his shifting eyes. Suddenly he was gone through the crowd of onlookers. Dona Carmen marveled once again that this mild-mannered old neighbor of hers, Don Concepcion, could imitate so realistically the cupidity and avarice of the traitor.

JESUS FALLS THE THIRD TIME.

IT was as the figure lay prone upon the ground for the third time, his face in the dust, that Dona Carmen crumpled into a quivering little heap; a spasm of pain wracked her tired body and a soft moan escaped from between her chattering teeth. She heard little Isela's scream above the muffled drums as unconsciousness descended upon her.

* * *

"NO, it is not the end. Your mother can live for years if she has rest and proper care." The doctor spoke softly to Pepe and Ana so as not to disturb the quiet figure on the bed.

BUT Dona Carmen heard. A contented smile played about her colorless lips; her fingers pressed more lovingly about her crucifix. The doctor was good and wise, but he did not know what Dona Carmen knew; for it was in the sacred intimacy of the rendezvous she had kept with her Lord that the first heralding of the end had come . . . Yes, it would be her last

Via Crucis. That is why Dona Carmen had to be there.

GOD'S CROSS

Let not the cross sent you by God
By other eyes than yours be seen,
But hide its rough and splint'ry wood
Neath flowers and leaves of brightest green.

Oh! bear it all alone for Him,
With sturdy heart and smiling face,
Thus, His alone, the fragrance sweet
Enclosed within your fragile vase.

For hidden crosses, borne with love,
Distill a perfume rare and sweet,
And as your heart breaks neath the pain,
Once more anoint your Saviour's Feet.





Mary's Loyal

MORE WALLINGFORD (CONN.) HELPERS

Dear Loyal Helpers:

LENT is nearly half over. What have you done to show your love for Jesus Crucified? What have you done to "make up" for your sins and those of great sinners? Do not say you are too young or too little. Remember how pleasing were the penances offered by the three little seers of Fatima. Jacinta, the youngest, was only seven years old. Some of the sacrifices she made might appear insignificant, yet they cost her a great effort. She didn't like milk. Later she drank it with a smile so that her own mother thought her taste had changed. Jacinto *still* didn't like milk but here was a sacrifice she could make for souls. Maybe you like milk but don't like something else placed on the table. Eat something you don't like cheerfully as a sacrifice. When Jacinta had to suffer much pain she would whisper: "O Jesus, I think you can convert *many* sinners with this sacrifice. It is so great!" All her sacrifices were accompanied with a little prayer. Let each small sacrifice you make be accompanied with a short prayer, too. The sacrifice will not seem so hard to make. You may even experience joy.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

A FEW months ago we printed a picture of our fourth grade friends (we believe all have been promoted to the fifth grade by now) of Holy Trinity School, Wallingford, Conn. Some of the children were not present when the picture was taken. These are some of the children who were left out of that picture. Elsewhere on this page are more Loyal Helpers from the same school.



Front row: William Yankus and William Coyle. Second row: Naomi Michelin, Marie Balderacchi, and Patricia Sittnick. Third row: Ronald Bish and James Capelletti. Standing behind Ronald and James is Marie Cei.

A TRIO OF MISSION FRIENDS



Reading from left to right: Patricia Ann Lewis, Barbara Lee and Mary Louise Gahan of Wallingford, Conn.

A CELINA (O.) HELPER

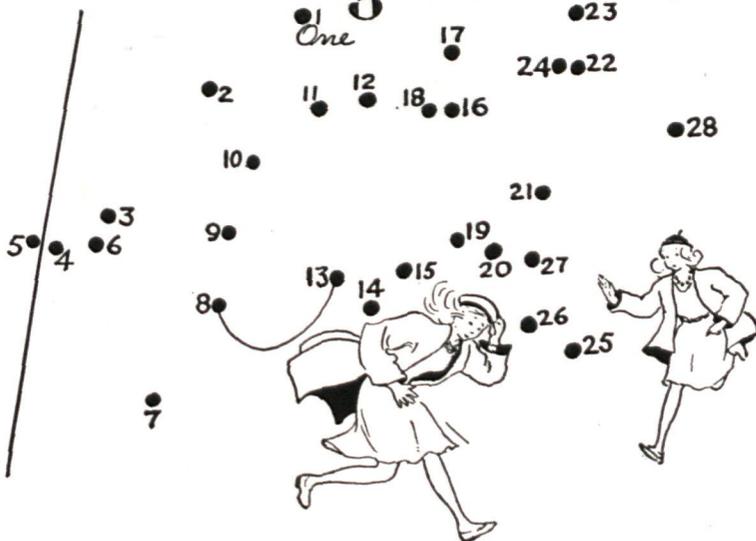
WE are happy to introduce *Rita Ann Borger*, who is a sophomore at the Immaculate Conception High School of Celina, Ohio. Our friend is fifteen years old. We notice she is a typist of no mean ability. She wrote us in part, "When I read (in your magazine) about the poor children I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am helping them by sending my pennies to you."



Helpers Pages

MARCH PUZZLE

What letter-
or three letter word-
is a girl's name?



To find the answer to this Alphabet Puzzle, draw from dot one to dot two, and so on.

LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister,

I have been trying to save my money but it just burns holes in my pocket! But don't worry I am still praying for the missions, and for missionary sisters and priests that their work may be a success. Starting right today I am going to save every penny I get my fingers on. I have a little club and my members have decided to help me fill the bag I have and change the pennies into dimes.

I intend to be a Franciscan Friar and missionary priest when I grow up. I am an altar boy at our church—St. John's—and the church itself is bigger than the Cathedral.

Please send me another bag, any color. I have a blue bag now. Just call me "Dennie."

Dennis Lyden, Bellaire, Ohio



ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE

1. vale
2. Lent
3. tin
4. ant
5. veal
6. tea
7. tale
8. lane

WHAT AN ORDEAL!

SOMETIMES it's very hard to get a Loyal Helper's picture. *Barbara Jean Gibson* of *Chester, Pa.*, consented to be



shot by the camera man only on condition that her trusted friends *Regina Pranton* and *Whitey*, the cat, stood by her.

Faith

by Sister Alice Marie

FATHER finished distributing Holy Communion and turned back to the altar. The Communion railing had been filled again and again as the usual Holy Thursday crowds received their Eucharistic Lord.

The blind man leaned on the arm of his wife as the two made their way slowly to their places. The bent figures of the older men and women seemed a little less feeble, as though strength had come from the Bread of Life. The children returned to their various places beside their parents, stealing admiring glances at the white-robed flower girls waiting patiently for the procession to begin.

But one familiar form had been missing. Senor Lopez, one of the saintliest of the parishioners, was lying on a bed of pain, unable to leave his home. Not even the powerful medicines the doctor gave could any longer check the agonizing suffering caused by the cancer which was slowly eating away Senor Lopez's life.

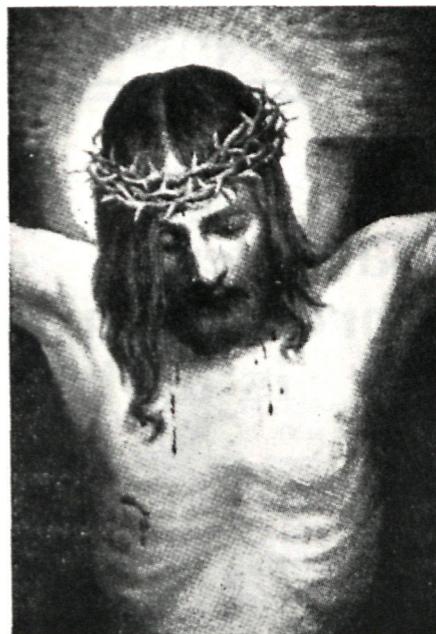
As I left the sacristy later in the morning, I found Ramon, one of the younger boys of the Lopez family, sitting on the steps.

"How is your father today, Ramon?" I asked.

"Just about the same, Sister; but he feels very sad. For many years he has not missed coming to Church for the *Semana Santa*, but now he cannot even get up from bed. Father came yesterday and heard his confession and brought him Holy Communion, but Dad still wants to come to Church."

"I know, Ramon. It must be very hard for him. Tell him that we shall pray for him especially during these days."

When we drove up to the Church for afternoon services, we saw a man slumped on the steps. Hurrying over to him, we saw it was Senor Lopez. He could hardly speak. His wife, standing over him, a distressed look on her face, explained that he had insisted on leaving his bed and dragging himself to Church. She had tried to persuade him to wait until she could get the Sisters to bring him in the car, but to no avail. The sick man interrupted to remind her that this was the time for extra sacrifice.



His Sacrifice

With great difficulty we half carried him to the car. His feeble strength seemed to be giving way. When we finally reached the Lopez home, Mr. Lopez was suffering so intensely that we were afraid we would not be able to get him to his bed. Leaning upon us, he slowly climbed the steps. At last he lay upon his bed. He was breathing heavily. The sweat of exhaustion beaded his forehead and lips. His eyes were closed in pain; but on his face was a look of peace and contentment. It was the *Semana Santa*. He had repaid a little of the debt he owed to the Crucified One, who had given all for him.

Memoriam

Norbert A. Bodin, Beaumont, Texas, father of
the late Sister Marie Bodin, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Gladys Horn Babin, Clearwater, Fla.
Mollie Ahern, Chicago, Ill.
Richard Lynch, Chicago, Ill.
Elizabeth Geiger, Chicago, Ill.

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 Sisters in the mission centers. Address OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS and add one of the addresses listed below.

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

St. Coletta's Mission, 224 S. Kenricks Street, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, 1166 K Street, 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, California.

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., Brighton, Colorado.

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

Regina Angelorum Mission, 306-14th Avenue, Greeley, Colorado.

Mount Carmel Mission, P. O. Drawer 301, East Gary, Indiana.

St. John the Baptist Mission, 1415 W. Washington 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, P. O. Box 157, Ida, Michigan.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, Detroit, 2, Michigan.

St. Louis 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, Winnemucca, 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.

CALLING

Young women, between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who would like to devote their lives to the salvation of souls in the Home Missions.

VICTORY NOLL

needs you! Missionary Bishops and Priests are constantly calling for Sisters to give religious instruction to children who do not have the advantage of a Catholic School education.

MISSIONARIES

in greater numbers are needed if the faith of Catholic children in our own country is to be preserved. Thousands of children are growing up in mission districts, in rural areas, even in big cities, without formal religious instruction. Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters devote their lives to the religious instruction of these children. Would you like to join in this work for souls?

Young women who are interested in the religious life and who wish to work in the Home Mission Field are invited to write to:

*Mother General
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana*