



THE  
MISSIONARY  
CATECHIST

May 1948

# Dreaming of Our Lady

*by Sister Mary Magdalene*

I saw the stars come twinkling 'round  
To nestle in her hair;  
The bright sun made a golden cloak  
So he could have a share;

The pale moon cast a shim'ring path  
Of silver neath her feet;  
The multi-colored rainbow turned  
To offer her a seat!

The white clouds, soft and fleecy,  
Presented her a bed;  
Some little ones said, "Let us be  
A pillow for her head."

The blue sky said, "And I will make  
A cover ever-changing,  
Like sunrise or like sunset gay,  
From pale to bright tints ranging."

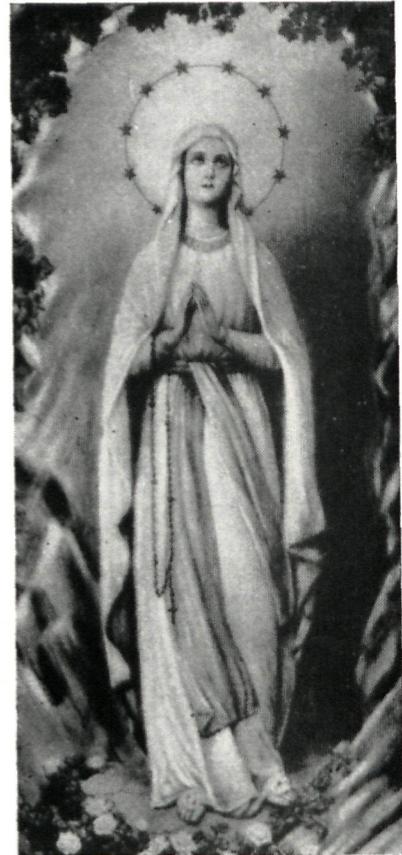
The flowers came from miles around,  
Of every form and hue;  
They made a wondrous garden  
To beautify her view.

The forest stood, with bated breath,  
Hoping patiently,  
That she would choose to walk therein,  
Her loveliness to see.

The springtime's dainty blossoms lent  
Their fragrance to the air;  
The snowdrops—fairy, crystal beads—  
Produced a ros'ry rare.

Caressing summer breezes made  
A fan, with scarce a sound,  
And autumn's leafy brilliance  
Spread carpets on the ground.

The purple night a mantle placed  
Around, and I was told  
'Twas every kind of precious gem  
That glittered in each fold.



I heard the birds and bees and brooks,  
Wind whistling in the trees;  
The ocean, too, its deep voice joined  
In nature's melodies;

They'd serenade whom God so loved—  
Yes, more than any other—  
The Queen of heaven and of earth,  
His masterpiece—His mother!

Then, best of all, I saw her smile  
So tenderly—'twas when  
She noticed at her blessed feet  
Were laid the hearts of men!

But, ah, she did not keep those hearts  
Approaching one by one;  
She safely, swiftly, graciously  
Led them to Christ, her Son.

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXIV

May, 1948

Number 6

## Mission Intention for May

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

THAT THE MOTHER OF GOD MAY LEAD THE CHILDREN OF JAPAN TO JESUS

ALMOST three and a quarter centuries after the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in Japan, Father Petitjean, first Catholic missionary to reach Nippon's shores after the lifting of the exclusion ban, knelt before the little church in Oura, Nagasaki. Although the government permitted the erection of churches, the Japanese people themselves were still forbidden to enter them. Suddenly the good Father was startled to hear the frightened voice of an aged woman whisper, "Where is the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary?"

DISGUISED his emotion, Father Petitjean pointed towards the altar, beside which stood the statue of Our Lady. The woman and her companion gazed in wonder and admiration; then casting themselves on their knees, forgetful of their fears of being seen and reported, they poured out their hearts in prayer, as their eyes filled with tears of indescribable emotion. They, who had been orphans all their lives, now saw the image of their true Mother, whom they had revered in secret since their birth. Such is the story of the discovery of the Christians of Nagasaki, as told by Bishop Taguchi of Osaka. "These women," concludes His Excellency, "were descendants of the Christians, who for two hundred years, in the absence of priests and churches, in the face of cruel persecution, had maintained their faith inviolate."

CERTAINLY this incident should prove conclusively the high respect in which the Blessed Virgin is held by Japanese Catholics, and should explain the reason for the request by the Holy See for prayers during the month of May

"that the Mother of God may lead the children of Japan to Jesus."

FOR the third time in her long history, Japan now stands upon the threshold of renewed mission endeavor. On Christmas day, 1946, the occupation authorities opened the doors of Nippon for the entry of a peacetime army of priests and religious. The former restriction regarding prior service in the country was lifted. The only assurance now required is the guarantee that sufficient food and clothing are available from church resources in Japan to take care of the missionaries entering or that supplementary shipments of food and clothing will be made to support them.

THE entire world today knows with what affection the Japanese regard their children. If these offspring, through the good offices of our missionary priests and Sisters, can be taught to honor and respect the Mother of God, there can be little doubt that they, and their parents, will be brought to the Feet of Our Lord. This is the hope of the Holy See and it should become also the prayerful wish of every Catholic who is sincere in his daily supplication "Thy Kingdom come." Remember also that courage and fortitude have been found to be characteristics of the children of Japan. Young Thomas Kosaki proved that when he begged to accompany his father to martyrdom upon the hill that faced the sea off Nagasaki. Today that boy is honored as St. Thomas Kosaki, having been canonized in 1862 with his father and twenty-four companions now revered as the *Twenty-Six Martyrs of Japan*.

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.

# Along Mission Trails

by Mother Catherine and Sister Kathleen

(Continued from last month)

## FEBRUARY 22

**WE ARRIVED** in Los Angeles on the hottest day of the winter. However, the fog on the following mornings and then the bright sunshine gave us ideal days for our stay here. Thursday evening, while seated around the recreation room table, we felt the earthquake which shook the downtown and the east side areas. The only casualty reported in the paper was a broken ankle suffered by a woman in the rush to get out of a theater. The only casualty in our convent was the interruption of an interesting game while we took time out to reassure our younger Sisters, as this was the first tremor they had experienced.

**DURING** the past two years the part of the parish northeast of our convent has taken on an entirely different appearance. In place of the many small, poor homes along the former streets, we now see a beautiful, wide speedway, with underground and overhead passageways, making it much safer for the children coming from the public school to the church.

**YESTERDAY** we enjoyed a picnic at Ferndell park in Hollywood. The name of the park is quite appropriate, as all along the stream, which runs the length of the park, are various species of ferns. We visited the Griffith observatory and planetarium, which offers most interesting exhibits. The planetarium program for this month is "The Seasons," and one cannot help but appreciate more and more the greatness of the Creator as His works are unfolded and explained. We took a year's trip around the world in an hour, and viewed the mysterious workings of the planets from other points. One enjoys the lectures and soft music while watching, from swivel tipped chairs, the imaginary sky on the inside dome.

**FATHER LORD** is conducting a two-day Sodality session at the Junior Seminary here. It was interesting this morning to see the young ladies, who just a few years ago were our little girls in Catechism class, now dressed up in their new Sodality sweaters ready to start out for today's session. The cars to take them to the Seminary lined up in front of our convent right after Mass, and soon the Sisters and the Sodalists were off to imbibe all they could of this



Mother General with the Sisters at Infant of Prague Convent, Los Angeles. Sister Maureen is showing class project to Sister Dolores (center), Superior, and Mother Catherine (right), Superior General.

particular form of Catholic action and to bring back their experiences and new ideas to the other members of the various groups.

## FEBRUARY 24

**OUR** convent here in Soledad parish is very convenient for the Sisters. The chapel is precious. Adjoining our convent is another building similar to it, where the children from the near by public school are taken for class. The Junior High School is also convenient to this building, and this morning at eight-thirty a fine looking group of boys and girls were on hand for the most important class of the day—religion. The other classes from the school are divided into groups all during the day, and it is a pleasure to see the school principals co-operating so well, thus making it possible for the Sisters to take care of the many children in this district.

**TODAY** we visited the tomb of our late Archbishop Cantwell in the Bishops' chapel of the beautiful mausoleum in Calvary cemetery. As we thought of all his kindness to us and his interest in our work, we made a special petition for his prayers for the needs of our community.

**JUST** across the street from the cemetery, and not far from our convent, is the new basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which had been

planned for many years and which has been under construction the past few years. There is still some interior work to be finished. The basilica is beautiful. The picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe hangs above the main altar, while four beautiful paintings of her apparitions to Juan Diego are around the sanctuary.

FEBRUARY 29

OUR trip from Los Angeles to Monterey was a delightful one. We had the ocean to our left and hills and mountains to our right practically all the way up. Like children, we were happy that our seats were on the left side of the train so we could have a better view of the shore along the way. We passed through four cities where Old Missions are located—Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and San Miguel. The Sisters met us at Salinas, twenty miles from Monterey, and brought us to our lovely convent here. We are blessed to have this beautiful home on the hill overlooking the Bay of Monterey. It makes an ideal place for our Sisters from this diocese during the summer months, too.

THE fishing season in the Bay ended last week and now all the fishing boats are anchored on the dock. The fishing season was poor this year, and fish were brought in from Santa Barbara to keep the canneries in operation.

THERE has been a brownout in Northern California because of the drought. Everyone is



Mother General with a group of Los Angeles children.

May, 1948

asked to save on electricity. Even Salinas Valley, which is quite fertile and produces a great many vegetables, looks unusually dry. For this reason, we were quite happy to be awakened the other night by a heavy fall of rain.

WE ARE leaving this afternoon for Los Banos.

MARCH 3

DOS PALOS, in the diocese of Monterey-Fresno, was our first mission in the State of California. This center was opened in September, 1928, and was staffed by Mother Catherine, Sister Benigna, Sister Salome, and Sister Marguerite.

FROM Dos Palos we taught in a number of centers, most of which were in the cotton camps. In the Spring of 1929 we began teaching in Los Banos, seventeen miles from Dos Palos. It was soon realized that Los Banos was a more central location for the territory covered by our Sisters, and in the Fall of 1931 the convent was moved from Dos Palos to Los Banos.

AS Sister Dorothy and Sister Salome drove us from Monterey to Los Banos, Mother Catherine and Sister Salome did a great deal of reminiscing about their first days in California. They were delighted to see the first homemade table and medicine chest used at Dos Palos still doing heavy duty at Los Banos.

DOS PALOS has grown considerably since we first went there almost twenty years ago. It now has a beautiful new church and rectory, with two Priests to serve the parish and its missions. Recalling our first Sunday in Dos Palos, when eleven persons attended the one Mass offered there, it was most gratifying to learn that the new church is well filled, even to standing room, at the two Masses now offered each Sunday. The number of children for religious instruction has increased accordingly.

A PORTUGUESE mission is being conducted here in Los Banos this week. The pastor says the missionary knows only two words in English—"yes" and "no." However, it must be a real treat for the many Portuguese people around here to listen to his sermons and to be able to secure his counsel and advice in the confessional. The mission is being very well attended.

FATHER CASEY, the pastor here, went to Ireland last summer and also to the Basilica and Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. While there he took movies and happened to be taking them

just when a miracle occurred. It is interesting to see the expression on the face of the young girl as she is cured. Father delights in showing the pictures as he has great devotion to Our Blessed Mother. He also enjoys showing the pictures he took in Ireland.

**Y**ESTERDAY was class day for the children here. They came from school, but as many live on ranches, the Sisters have to make a number of trips after class to take them home. A photographer was taking pictures for the *Register* yesterday, so the children were having a big time. As usual, a few children were trying to get out of sight, but the majority were charmed to have their pictures taken and were posing like movie actors and actresses.

**W**E SHOWED the older children the set of Victory Noll pictures and they were very much interested in them. The boys started teasing the girls about leaving on the next train for the convent, so in turn we told the boys they could leave on the same train for the Capuchin Monastery near Victory Noll.

#### MARCH 8

**I**T IS always encouraging to us to see the parishes in which we are working flourish. And Tulare is certainly one which has grown during the last seventeen years. When we opened our mission there in 1931, only one priest was stationed in Tulare. There are now two priests, and the pastor is hoping to have a second assistant soon to care for the Mexicans in the district at the other end of the town. One Mass is said every Sunday in the chapel in the Mexican district, one Mass at another mission, and three Masses in the Parish Church. This means that one of the Fathers has three Masses each Sunday.

**A**ND now a parochial school is being planned for Tulare. At a meeting of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Los Angeles a few years ago, the late Archbishop Cantwell gave as one of the purposes of the Confraternity the establishing of parochial schools. And our work is surely accomplishing this purpose. In a number of places where we have been working, schools have been built. Ordinarily these schools care for all or most of the children in the district, leaving us free to move to other parishes where our work is needed. However, the school which is to be built in Tulare will accommodate only one hundred and fifty children, while we are reaching almost eleven hundred children in our thirty teaching centers in and around Tulare and the other parishes served from our Tulare convent. Hence our work here

will continue much as it is now.

**S**INCE the property near the church is well built up, land for for the new school and convent has been acquired at the edge of town, just a mile from the church. A large house has been moved there for the convent. Father asked us to look at the place and make suggestions for the remodeling of it for the Sisters, which we were happy to do. Now we hope that the Sisters will like the room we selected for the chapel, and the other conveniences which we suggested and which we would like to have were we to live there. Many of the rooms are quite spacious and the house will make an ideal convent.

**L**AST evening we attended our first devotions in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima. There is a beautiful statue in the church and the Sunday evening Novena is held every week. It was well attended and the prayers and hymns are beautiful.

**A**T HANFORD, about twenty-five miles from here, there is a National Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. Special devotions are held there on the Sunday nearest the 13th of the month. At Benediction, the sick at the altar rail are blessed with the Blessed Sacrament in the Monstrance. Each month from May until October, there is a procession during which each participant carries flowers which are placed at the shrine.

**T**HIS is our last evening at Tulare. Our train leaves at one fifty tomorrow morning for San Fernando. So until you hear from us again, may God bless all of you with His sweet peace.

(To be continued).



#### HOW TONY UNDERSTOOD "TO SERVE"

**W**E WERE studying the first lessons in the Catechism, and I called on Tony, whose parents own a cafe, to tell us what we must do in order to get to heaven. His answer was letter perfect: "To be happy with God in Heaven, we must know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world." Then he added eagerly, "I would like to serve God, Sister. We have very good food in our cafe."

Sister Louise Marie  
Coachella, California

*The Missionary Catechist*

# We Arrive in Panama

A Jesus por Maria

Ciudad de Panama  
January 12, 1948

DEAR Sisters,

GREETINGS through Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal and St. Catherine Laboure from the Ciudad de Panama!

THINGS are happening faster than we can think or jot them down. Nevertheless, we shall do our best to relate all that has happened since we left Chicago. Our plane left Chicago at 2:10 P. M. instead of at 12:15 P. M. However, we made good time, travelling at the rate of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles per hour, and arrived at Miami at about eight-thirty that evening. We enjoyed the plane ride immensely. As we looked down from the plane window, we could see the houses, trees, and other objects, getting smaller and smaller, and all of a sudden we were going up, up, higher and higher, seemingly sailing on blue sky and white fleecy clouds.

WE WERE in Miami three-quarters of an hour. Rapid and fluent Spanish was spoken all around us and we felt right at home. The weather was balmy.

AT 9:10 P. M. we went aboard another forty-four passenger Pan American Airways plane bound for Cuba, Jamaica, and Balboa. We arrived at Camaguey, Cuba, at 11:10 P. M. There we had a twenty minute stop. We spent the time looking around the beautiful station and writing some postcards. When we asked for stamps, the Cuban at the counter picked up an empty cigar box, shrugged his shoulders, lifted his eyebrows, pulled at his moustache, showed us the empty box, and said, "*No hay. Se acabaron. Mala suerte.*" But when we spoke to him in Spanish, he was much relieved, and taking the money for the stamps, promised to mail the cards for us as soon as he could procure stamps.

WE ARRIVED at Kingston, Jamaica, Sunday morning, January 11, at 1:10 A. M. We were told we had a twenty minute stop. At one twenty-five passengers were back in the plane. A few minutes later an announcement was made

that there would be an indefinite delay. Something was wrong with the plane and it would be a matter of hours before it could be repaired. At four o'clock all passengers were transported in taxis to the Myrtle Grove Hotel, a distance of about ten or twelve miles from the airport. We enjoyed this early morning ride along the Caribbean Sea. Soft, balmy breezes were blowing, and the stars seemed so near—almost as if we could reach up and touch them. Even at that early hour people were on the streets—women with baskets on their heads and men carrying bundles of wood. We also spied some donkey carts and little burros here and there.

THE hotel was magnificent. We were taken to a lovely room with twin beds, bath, telephone, and electric fan. We retired for a couple of hours rest, arose at six-fifteen, and attended seven o'clock Mass at the Cathedral. The drive from the hotel to the Cathedral reminded us somewhat of the districts where we used to have missions in Indiana Harbor and Gary—the windows, doorways, balconies, and streets were full of grown-ups and children. A bishop from England, the Apostolic Delegate to the British West Indies, celebrated the Mass and preached the sermon. During the Mass there was congregational singing of the Christmas hymns, all in English. Although the language spoken in Kingston is English, it was almost unrecognizable to our ears.

AFTER Mass we returned to the hotel, ate a delicious American breakfast, all at the expense of the Pan American Airways, and then walked about the beautiful grounds of the hotel, along the shore of the Caribbean Sea, for about half an hour. A little ten-year-old English boy staying at the hotel took great pride and delight in escorting us around and explaining the different varieties of trees, plants, and flowers. Here we saw our first coconut tree.

AT 9:45 A. M. we received a call from the airport to get ready to leave. All passengers were transported to the airport in taxis, and at eleven-fifteen we began our non-stop flight to Balboa. The entire route was over water. The day was gorgeous, beautiful blue sky, sunshine, and white, fleecy clouds.

WE ARRIVED at Balboa at two o'clock in the afternoon. Balboa is in the Canal Zone, and a ten minute walk takes one to Panama City. We were certainly surprised, as we had been under the impression that we would have to take a train or bus from Balboa to Panama City, and that it would take at least a couple of hours to get there.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francisco G. Beckmann, C.M., D.D., Archbishop of Panama, with Sister Monica, right, and Sister Mary Bernarda, left. The little Panamanian boy was dressed as a Bishop in the Mission Sunday procession.



**D**ONA Catalina de Benedetti and Senorita Carmen de Vergara, our future Missionary Catechists, met us at the station. The Archbishop's car and chauffeur were at our service. We were taken immediately to our palatial convent—just to see it, as it is not quite ready for occupancy. We climbed up and down stairs and inspected every nook and corner. It is three stories high and has balconies, patios, open courts, with the latest modern conveniences. It is a combination of the modern and antique. The Chapel, or Church, around which the convent is built, has an interesting and historical background, having been the first church erected in Panama. In another letter we shall tell you more about the Convent and Church.

**A**FTER the tour of the Convent, we were brought to the *Santa Familia Colegio* where we are staying with the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. At about 5:00 P. M., His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francisco C. Beckman, C.M., D.D., Archbishop of Panama, came in to greet us and to welcome us to Panama. We had a lovely visit with him. Before leaving he told us to sleep late this morning. We did.

**T**HERE are twelve Sisters here at the *Colegio*. Sor Gabrielle, the Superior, is French and has been here for more than fifty years. There is another French Sister here, also a German Sister, five Colombianas, one Nicaraguan, two Guatamalans, and one Panamanian. Sor Maria, who serves us our meals, is a Guatamalan of

Italian descent. Every one of the Sisters is just grand to us. Sor Jeanne is from a royal French family, but she is so humble one would never know it. We have much to learn from these dear Sisters. Their spirit of charity, devotedness, and self-sacrifice is truly heroic, and they are always so cheerful—almost gay.

**W**e have a nice bedroom with a balcony on the east overlooking the Pacific. In our room are three beds, the four rods of each going almost to the ceiling, and white curtains are drawn all around the bed at night. We have not as much as seen a hammock, nor mosquito netting, nor any mosquitos for that matter. And—we have seen only one fly since we arrived.

**W**E KNOW you are wondering about our meals, so we have jotted down a few menus for you. Breakfast is called *el desayuno*; lunch is called *almuerzo*; and the evening meal is called *comida* (dinner) or *cena* (supper). Our first meal in Panama was the evening meal at the *Colegio*. The menu consisted of *sopa de fideo* (noodle soup); fried eggs, well done on both sides; *empanaditas* or tarts filled with a deliciously spiced ground meat and fried in oil; *arroz panameno*; French rolls called *Michas*, and canned cherries. For *el desayuno* the first morning we had bananas, oranges, French rolls, and real butter, and, yes, we had delicious coffee—*cafe con leche*. The Panamanians call it *essen-cia de cafe*. It is very strong, so along with the little pot of coffee, a larger pot of hot milk is

served. One part of coffee to two parts of milk, or equal parts are used, depending on how one likes it. It is delicious!

WE HAVE also had our first banana browned in the oven. The banana used for cooking is very large and thick, while those that are eaten without cooking are small, thin, and very sweet. We have had tea made from fresh corn tassel and we like it very much. Another interesting dish has been a very delicious meat and vegetable soup. The vegetables used in this soup were nama, which looks like pumpkin but doesn't taste like it; chayote, which is something like a turnip but without the turnip taste; yampi, which resembles a sweet potato but in appearance only.

SUNDAY evening we retired early and slept well. The next morning we went to San Francisco de Asis Church about three blocks away. The Spanish Jesuits are in charge of this Church.

AFTER breakfast we went to the office of the *Extranjeria Policia Nacional* to claim our passports. Senora de Duque, one of Dona Benedetti's friends, kindly drove us around in her car. More "red tape" at the *Extranjeria*. Our finger prints were taken and we were asked for three photos of each of us, so we had to go to a Photo Studio and have our pictures taken. We didn't get our passports until the next day when we presented our pictures.

SENORA de Duque took us over to visit the Maryknoll Sisters who live in the Canal Zone. They were just dismissing the children. The morning session ends at 11:00 A. M. and the afternoon session begins at 2:00 P. M. The Sisters were just lovely to us. Most of them are from the States.

THIS afternoon we met several *damas*, all members of the *Accion Catolica*. The ladies, and for that matter all the people, including the children, like our habits very much.

JANUARY 13

WE AROSE at five o'clock this morning, after a good night's rest. We assisted at Mass in the Sister's chapel at five forty-five. Sister Martina and Sister Joan Muriel, Maryknoll Sisters from Balboa, called on us and welcomed us to Panama.

THIS afternoon we went to our convent again to see how the carpenters and painters are progressing. His Excellency was there prying open the deposit boxes at the various shrines.

May, 1948

They hadn't been opened for almost four years. He took out about four dollars and fifty cents.

JANUARY 14

THIS afternoon we went to Bella Vista, a suburb of Panama City, to visit the cloistered Visitation nuns. We had the privilege of entering into the enclosure. In fact, Madre Cecilia took us all through the convent, even up to the attic. From the attic we had a marvellous view of the whole city, including Balboa and the Canal Zone. All the Sisters, thirty-nine of them, embraced us in true Latin style as we entered. Most of the Sisters are Colombianas, though some are from other South American countries and from Spain.

SOME of the Panamanians call us *Madre*; others say *Hermana*; and others *Sor*. The girls here at the *Colegio* address us as *Ma Soeur*, meaning "My Sister" in French.

THIS is summer time in Panama. Throughout the Republic schools will close in about two weeks and reopen in May. It hasn't been as hot here as it gets in the Coachella and Imperial Valleys in March. It is either pleasantly cool or pleasantly warm. There always seems to be an ocean breeze. The nights are cool.

THE Panamanians are very gay and happy-go-lucky. Their conversation is always *con mucho animo*. Their Spanish is very rapid and *r* and *s* are often left out of words. Newspaper boys selling the daily paper—*Estrella*—go around the streets calling out *E'trella, E'trella*.

THE streets are very narrow and the houses are all European style, with balconies, courts, patios, and roof gardens.

IN OUR next letter we hope to be able to tell you of the new community and of our work here. Meanwhile may God bless each of you. Keep up your prayers for us.

Devotedly in Our Blessed Mother,

Sister Monica and Sister Mary Bernarda



We ought to be persuaded that what God refuses to our prayers He grants to our salvation.—St. Augustine.

## In the Home Field

IT IS Saturday afternoon. The month is February, and the Southern California sun is shining brightly on the broad valley. Lawns, lavishly trimmed with borders of floral patterns in myriad shades, are putting on their new spring frocks of green. The stillness around the somber buildings seems in perfect harmony with the calm bright sunshine. We have just finished visiting the patients in the General Hospital and pause a moment to enjoy the beauty of the afternoon before turning in to the sanitarium where the patients are awaiting our weekly visit.

"GOOD afternoon, Sister," the Superintendent says, smilingly, as we enter. A passing nurse smiles her greeting, as does everyone we meet, for we are always welcome here.

AS I reach the first bed, Juanita's "Hello, Sister," is followed by her usual question, "What have you for me to read today?" Reclining comfortably on her pillows, she spends many hours perusing magazines and other literature. She likes spiritual articles, and is at length learning to appreciate the faith of her forefathers. During her short twenty years, Juanita had never thought seriously of her last end, but now, with twenty-four hours a day in which to think, her thoughts often center upon death.

OVER the partition Ethel has recognized my voice. Pale and ethereal, she lies very still.



Sisters distribute literature to patients at sanitarium.

"Good afternoon, Sister, it is so nice to see you," she says. Then catching her breath rapidly, she continues, "I've had my second operation this week. I often recall that prayer you told me to say about uniting my sufferings with those of Jesus. Thinking of His sufferings has made my pains easier to bear."

JESSIE is sitting up in bed, anxiously waiting for Sister to visit her. Ever since the days when she lived in St. John's Orphanage, she has loved the Sisters. Our little Jessie has a great sorrow. She is married to a divorced man and consequently cannot receive the Sacraments. Her heart is torn, but she has only one choice to make. We pray that she may be strong enough to make that choice, giving up her unlawful love for the infinite love of Christ.

AND thus we pass from bed to bed, from ward to ward, stopping for a friendly chat here, a word of encouragement there, or perhaps, for a short instruction to one whose religious education has been neglected, and always distributing the much desired reading material with which kind friends supply us. Our weekly visit is eagerly anticipated by the patients and we are happy to have the privilege of bringing them that happiness each Saturday afternoon.

Sister Celeste  
Redlands, California

### CATHOLIC ACTION IN A JEEP

Mary Anne and Roger live miles out in the country. The family car is temperamental. So in order to give the children a chance to attend Catechism classes regularly, the president of the parish Rosary Society went out to their home in her sturdy jeep each class day and brought the children in for Catechism. Four-year-old Paul came along, too, just to see how he would



like it. Here are the three of them waiting for their driver after class. The smiles speak their approval of the arrangement. Mary Anne and Roger received their First Holy Communion at the end of the course. Even Dad, who is not a Catholic, came to Church that day, and Mother proudly played the organ for High Mass.

Sister Mary Eva  
Goshen, Indiana

### PARISH LOYALTY

PEDRO, more frequently called *Captain Midnight* because of his dark complexion, was in charge of the meeting of the Knights of the Altar. When he finished the opening prayer, he added spontaneously, "Holy Trinity," and the boys chorused, "Pray for us."

Before I could interrupt them, they had repeated their newly formed prayer several times in true litany fashion, and what seemed more impossible, each adolescent countenance bore the seriousness of a Supreme Court Judge.

"Where did you get that addition?" I asked as soon as I could make myself heard.

"Well," explained Peter, "when we're at Mary Star of the Sea parish, they make us say 'Mary Star of the Sea, pray for us,' so we thought we would give our own parish a little honor for a change."

Sister Melita  
San Pedro, California

### THE TEST

HOW often Our Blessed Mother shows her loving protection for those who are devoted to her! Our people have a very tender love for their heavenly Mother, and this affection often keeps them within the fold of the Catholic Church.

Near the Catholic Church here in Brighton is a Mission Church of a Protestant denomination, whose workers have organized clubs and conduct a nursery school for the children. When going from door to door in an attempt to increase their attendance, these workers insist that they do not teach religion. The people, seeing a chance to give their children a little extra training, allow them to spend hours in this dangerous atmosphere. When we try to explain to the parents the danger in which they are placing their children, their only response is, "They don't teach religion."

Betty, a little fourth grade girl, was quite disturbed one day when Sister explained that Catholics must never attend any other than a Catholic Church.

"Isn't it all right to go to their clubs?" she asked. "They don't teach any religion."

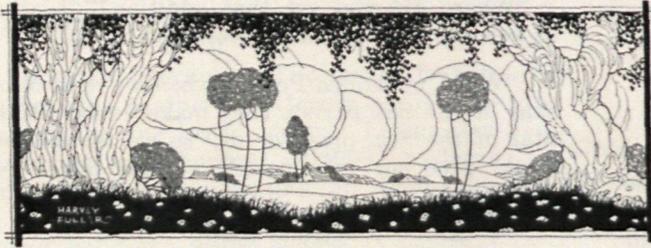
Sister told her how dangerous it was, and explained that the Protestants do not believe what Catholics believe. Betty was unconvinced, but she said no more.

At the following class, however, it was revealed that the little girl had decided to find out for herself if these people believed what she believed. When class began, Betty raised her hand.

"Sister, you know that club I told you about?" she began. "Well, they don't believe in our holy Mother!" And the look on her face as she gave Sister this information was one of utter amazement. "My mother said I should quit, and I did."

Once more Mary had shown her special protection for those who love her.

Sister Doris  
Brighton, Colorado



# Our

---

Dear Associates:

GREETINGS to you in the lovely month of May! God grant that the love and devotion we cherish for Mary, our Mother, may grow deeper and stronger. May we place all our hopes in her. May we do *all for Jesus through Mary.*

IT MUST be a source of great satisfaction to know that you are helping to stem the tide of irreligion in our country by sponsoring a group of Missionary Sisters who labor for spiritually famishing children. Recent statistics reveal that for every *Catholic* child of grade school level enrolled in his parochial school, there is one enrolled in the public school. They also show that three out of four *Catholic* high school students are going to public schools.

WE BELIEVE that your work of aiding our Sisters amounts to a holy crusade. We think you should interest other Catholic women of your acquaintance to join existing Bands or start new Bands. This would lend us greater assistance in the herculean task of trying to reach millions of our Catholic children subjected to the de-Christianizing forces at work in our beloved country.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

---

## ST. MARY'S MISSION SOCIETY

(Fort Wayne, Indiana)

WE ARE always sure to hear from *Mrs. Augusta Hake*, Secretary for St. Mary's Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Indiana, sometime during the month of March with a handsome check for \$150.00 or more representing dues of members.

ST. MARY'S Mission Society began to help our Sisters in 1927. We are grateful for the many contributions given us throughout the ensuing years.

THESE ladies collect good, serviceable garments for the poor and send them to our Sisters, in their city, for distribution.

## ST. JUDE MISSION SOCIETY

(Fort Wayne, Indiana)

THE ladies of this Society, headed by *Mrs. Fred Potthoff*, conducted a successful raffle for us a few months ago. We were delighted with the check for \$213.80 which represented annual dues of members together with the amount realized from the raffle.

THE members of the Society also aid our Sisters in Fort Wayne who conduct the Holy Family Mission in the Colored district. Each year our Sisters set up a "store" at their teaching center, for the pupils of their religion classes. At that time the children may purchase attractive toys, not with money but with Catechism attendance tickets.

OUR good friend, *Mrs. Potthoff*, made no fewer than twenty animal toys for the last store. *Mrs. Rager* and *Mrs. Venderley* also made toys. Other members of the Society contributed new toys which they had purchased for the affair. *Mrs. Potthoff* says it is great fun to watch the children enter the store, examine a toy and then count their tickets to see if they have enough to "buy" a coveted prize. It compensates one for all the labor involved.

---

## ST. CECILIA BAND

(Cleveland, Ohio)

DURING the year just ended we received a check for \$25.00 from *Mrs. M. Koczan*, Promoter. This, of course, was commemorative of the Silver Jubilee of our community.

OUR Cleveland group of thirty women sponsor Sister Mary Cecilia Renk, who is stationed at our convent in Ida, Michigan.

# Associates

## OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND

(San Antonio, Texas)

WE DO not hear often from Mrs. E. G. Walsh, Promoter, but when we receive a letter she makes up for intervening silences with a generous check.

OUR San Antonio Promoter is an aunt of Sister Madeleine Sophie Renier.



## OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSION CIRCLE

(Pittsburgh, Pa.)

BEGUN in 1935, this Mission Band is at present headed by Miss Catherine Lenert... It has been hard for the members to hold together due to unavoidable circumstances. However, an occasional check from the Promoter serves to apprise us that the Band is still active.

## SACRED HEART MISSION SOCIETY

—Newark, N. Y.

FOR sheer enthusiasm in backing up the work of our Sisters, we do not think any group of

women excel the members of this Society. Newark is situated in the Diocese of Rochester, New York.

A Valentine Bingo party sponsored by this mission society netted \$24.45. Before that a bazaar and raffle brought \$190.00. Among the articles sold at the bazaar were home baked goods, canned goods, embroidered pillow cases, scarfs, aprons, lace edged handkerchiefs, clothespin bags, stuffed animals, crocheted and knitted articles—even potted plants and fresh flowers!

The latest venture of Sacred Heart Mission Society is a blanket club from which they hope to make money for the Missions.

Mrs. Florence Foti, the recording secretary, keeps us informed of club activities.

## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

February 19 to March 17, 1948

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan .....	\$ 6.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Adelaide FitzPatrick .....	20.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz ....	15.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins .....	25.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann .....	27.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	20.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. F. Foti .....	15.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace M. Kern .....	4.25
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Florence Bucher .....	5.75
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh ....	3.50
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold .....	11.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Miss Anna M. Knusman .....	25.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere .....	17.75
St. Mary's Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Augusta Hake .....	165.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer .....	14.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	3.50
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Alice Moorhead...	15.00

# A Progressive Pupil

by Sister Avila

IT WAS our first year at this mission, and we were in the midst of a very busy rehearsal for our first program when the hall door opened to admit a woman whom we had visited a few weeks before. Behind her was her sixteen year old son. She approached the nearest Sister and asked about the Catechism classes, adding, "This is my boy, David. He is not confirmed, and he should be."

WE MADE the necessary arrangements, which meant that David would attend the regular catechism classes with the younger boys. That was all that day. I wondered if David would come to class, for that square jaw and determined look did not promise what I later experienced.

MY CLASSROOM at that time was a kind of storeroom for wood, scenery, Christmas decorations, and old benches. Class time came and so did David, catchism in hand, just like the smaller youngsters. To my horror and his embarrassment, the little old-fashioned benches were too small for him. His knees wouldn't fit under the desk. The one and only chair in the room saved the situation. David gratefully accepted the chair and seated himself in the rear of the room.

VERY conscientiously he began on the first lesson in the catechism. The following week he knew the next two lessons, and so on, week after week he studied and recited perfectly. He lingered a bit after class one day, which gave me just the right opportunity to speak to him about confession and Holy Communion.

"TOMORROW is the boys' Communion Sunday, David. Wouldn't you like to receive with the other boys?"

HE HESITATED, blushed, then said, "You see, Sister, I haven't gone to confession for a long time."

"WELL, then, now would be a good time to go again."

"BUT I . . . I don't exactly remember how. I received Communion only once since my First Holy Communion, about eight years ago. We lived in a town where there was no church, and that's how I got away from it."

SO DAVID'S next lessons were on the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. He

studied faithfully, and the following week he went to confession and received Our Lord in Holy Communion for the third time in his sixteen years. He was just as relieved as I was that he could now receive the Sacraments regularly.

DAVID also realized by this time his obligation to hear Mass on Sunday. So, although his mother could not make him go to Mass before, he now attended of his own accord. I was able to give him extra instruction on the Mass, the liturgy, and the use of the missal. These vast treasures of the Church delighted his studious mind, and he began to live the liturgical year with deep fervor and intelligence.

YET all this had not been easy for David. His shy, retiring nature must have suffered a great deal when once one of the smaller boys called out thoughtlessly, "Hey, what's that big fellow doing in our class?" Poor David turned scarlet, and for a moment I thought he would leave. I'm glad he didn't, though, because the novelty of having a bigger boy in the class soon wore off and the younger boys learned to respect and look up to David, and soon this respect developed into a great liking for him.

THE example of David's practical Catholicism became a great influence for good among his fellow students at the public high school, where he was an honor student, the editor of the school annual, and a member of every worthwhile club.

IT STARTLED me when I realized that this boy who began on the first lesson of the catechism two years ago, was now asking for something to read about St. Bernard, and how to explain the term "transubstantiation" to a non-Catholic inquirer. David became a constant reader of *Our Sunday Visitor* and several other Catholic publications, with which he was formerly wholly unacquainted.

OH YES, it took many prayers and a great deal of effort—David's and ours—to bring David, who is now a college freshman, to the point of appreciating God's point of view. We know that Our Blessed Mother will enable him to persevere, because David has developed a tender, confident devotion to her, and especially because his sincere desire to know, love, and serve her Divine Son better, must be very pleasing to her Maternal heart.

# Under Our Lady's Mantle

by Sister Mary Louise

**A**LONE! Utterly alone! A great wave of loneliness swept over Ramon as he lay beneath the New Mexican sky. It was almost an hour since Tony, his faithful horse, had left him. The events of the morning passed again and again before Ramon's eyes.

**I**T had been about three o'clock that morning when Ramon, after a hurried breakfast, had saddled Tony, made sure that Mr. Campbell's papers were secure, mounted, and headed for Albuquerque. Just as horse and rider were crossing *Old Baldy*, after having been fully three hours on their journey, the horse, usually so certain of his step, stumbled, and before he could recover his balance, stumbled again and fell, throwing the rider.

**T**HE horse had been uninjured in the fall, but when the less fortunate rider recovered consciousness, he knew from the queer shape of his leg that it must be broken in at least two places. He realized it would be useless to attempt to set it himself, or to try the remainder of the ascent which might bring him nearer help. The horse had whimpered, pleading as best he could that his master mount. He could not understand what it was all about, but when Ramon had ordered, "Home, Tony, home to Old Pete," the faithful and obedient friend had started down the mountain side for the ranch and Pete. There was nothing for Ramon to do now but wait and pray that the horse would make it and that somehow before nightfall help would come; otherwise . . . he just dared not think of that!

**S**TRANGE, he never noticed before how blue the sky was, nor how white and fleecy the clouds. In all his life he had seen but one blue like that, and that was years ago. Fifteen years, to be exact! He had been a little fellow, just ten years old then. It was the year Dad had been so ill. On the doctor's advice, Mother had taken them both to a little town in sunny California. There was a church there, but no Catholic school, so every year during the month of June the Missionary Sisters conducted a religious vacation school for the children. He had arrived just in time for that. It had begun each day with Holy Mass, followed by a class in Christian Doctrine, and then an interesting period of project work.

**I**T was in this little church that he had learned so much about the goodness of God, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints. Here, too, was the statue of Our Blessed Mother which he would never forget. Our Lady's blue mantle had made a deep impression on his childish mind and heart. He had listened breathlessly to all the stories Sister told, but those about the Mother of God had thrilled him through and through. There was one about Ignatius, the soldier, who after a long illness had laid his sword at Our Lady's feet promising to fight in the future only for her and her Divine Son.

**S**ISTER had urged the children to say the rosary daily and always to wear a medal of the Mother of God. He felt in his pocket, took out the little medal he always kept there, and kissed it. Although he had said the rosary faithfully for a while, he had at length forgotten it.

**T**HE change of climate had not been as beneficial for Dad as the doctor hoped, and that fall they laid him to rest. Mother had taken Ramon back East and the two carried on as best they could. When Ramon was sixteen, Mother, too, passed away, and then—nothing seemed to matter. Gradually he had drifted West, working here and there, until he had secured the permanent position on Mr. Campbell's ranch. Mr. Campbell had been very kind to him and the ranch had become his home.

**A**GAIN and again Ramon closed his weary eyes, always to open them upon Our Lady's blue and the fleecy clouds. What must she think of him? Yes, he wore her medal, but he didn't even have a rosary now, much less say it. How far he had drifted from the ideal of the sturdy lad of ten. Why, he was to have been her knight! In his youthful vision he had pictured himself gallantly placing his sword at her feet. He had gone so far as to see her smile of acceptance.

**W**OULD she forgive him now? Sister had said that she loved sinners because her Son had loved them so much that He gave His life for them. She was eager to bring sinners back to her Son. Soon Ramon's Act of Contrition resounded over the mountain side. Then it seemed easier to pray, and he found the words of the

(Continued on page 18)

# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

**D**URING this blessed month of May, many of our younger Helpers will approach the Holy Table for the first time. Among the intentions you have been asked to pray for, dear children, we beg you to include the many boys and girls in our missions who will make *their* First Holy Communion this year. Pray that these children who get their education in public schools where they do not hear the Name of God mentioned will remain faithful to the practices of their holy religion as taught them by our Sisters.

**W**HILE we are on the subject of First Communion, here is a beautiful poem that I chanced upon in my reading. I wish to share it with you.

## FIRST COMMUNION DAY

*Oh! heaven I think must be always  
Quite like a First Communion Day,  
With love so sweet and joy so strange,  
For heaven above will never change!*

Father Frederick Wm. Faber

*Mary-ly yours*

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

## A LEHIGHTON (PA.) HELPER

**H**ERE you see an untiring worker for the Missions. Helpers meet *Patricia Cossman*,



of Lehighton, Pennsylvania... Patricia and Barbara Gresh are mission leaders at school. Their teacher, Sister M. Clementia, O.S.F., has high words of praise for both.



## LOYAL HELPERS OF HOLY INNOCENTS SCHOOL, CHICAGO.

This will introduce Virginia Palasz and Rosemarie Velcing, both pupils of Holy Innocents School, Chicago. You cannot find a better mission team anywhere in the United States than the boys and girls comprising this school.

Sister M. Patricia has greatly encouraged the children in their efforts to aid our Missions.



# Helpers Pages

## A CANADIAN HELPER

WE ARE happy to make you acquainted with Annie Rosenberger, of Goodsoil, Saskatchewan, Canada.



Our little Helper is nine years old and in the fourth grade at school.

## MAY PUZZLE

FOR the month of May we have selected a puzzle which has reference to Mary, Our Mother. In the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Our Heavenly Mother is invoked eleven times as Queen. In the jumbled words below you will discover seven of these invocations. To give you a start we will work the first.

1. LASGEN (Queen of Angels)
2. TRYMRAS (Queen of .....
3. RIGINSV (Queen of .....
4. OSTELSAP (Queen of .....
5. CEAPE (Queen of .....
6. PETSPORH (Queen of .....
7. SCREFOONSS (Queen of .....

Send the worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana*, and she will send you a holy card.



## MLH DAY AT VICTORY NOLL

WE WISH to remind you again that we are willing to set aside the third Sunday of June as "Mary's Loyal Helpers Day" at Victory Noll. If you can join us that day for dinner (outside if weather permits) and a round of games and contests, please write us as soon as possible.

## A MILWAUKEE (WIS.) HELPER

OUR friend, *Rosemary Pfeiffer*, joined us a little more than two years ago. She goes to St. Aloysius School.



We cannot tell you very much about our friend, except that she belongs to a "mission-minded" family. Her mother is a member of a mission club which helps our Sisters.

## UNDER OUR LADY'S MANTLE

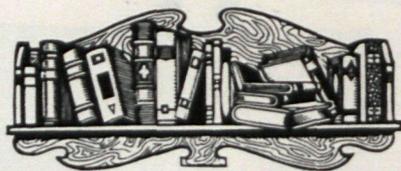
(Continued from page 15)

familiar, though all but forgotten, Our Father and Hail Mary on his lips. Night had fallen, but he was not afraid, for he was no longer alone. Wasn't Our Lady's mantle spread over all and even dotted with twinkling stars?

AT last the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of horses' feet. Tony had made the return trip safely and Old Pete, seeing a riderless horse, had known something had happened. He had come with some of the cowboys from the ranch to rescue the injured man. Ramon knew that Our Lady had not let him down.

SIX months later, a stalwart figure knelt motionless before a statue of Our Blessed Mother in a little church in Southern California. Our Lady's mantle was a beautiful blue; she appeared to be standing in fleecy white clouds. The afternoon sun fashioned a halo about the pair. Brown eyes, alight with love and longing, were gazing intently into Our Lady's. There was no movement except for the rosary beads slipping through the man's fingers. Then he spoke, "I have no sword, but I have come at last to give you my heart and to be your knight."

THE long, lonely hours of suffering under a New Mexican sky had been hours of great decision for Ramon. Soon monastery doors would close upon him, but meanwhile he had come to offer his life to Our Lady in the little church where he had first met her.



A CANADIAN MYSTIC OF OUR DAY, short biography of Mother Marie Sainte-Cecile de Rome, by Mother Mary St. Cuthbert, R.J.M., of the Convent of Jesus and Mary, Simla, India. Order from Convent of Jesus and Mary, 2047 St. Louis Road, Quebec, Canada. Paper bound, price \$1.00.

THE MESSAGE OF FATIMA, a short account of the apparitions of Our Lady at Fatima, by Don Sharkey. Cover and illustrations by Paul Eismann. Published by Geo. A. Pflaum, Inc., 124 East Third Street, Dayton 2, Ohio. Price 15 cents each; 20% discount on order for 100 or more.

SHORT PRAYERS FOR BUSY PEOPLE, by Rev. Richard Ginder. Twenty page pamphlet containing short prayers and aspirations compiled from the Missal and the Raccolta. Published by OUR SUNDAY VISITOR Press, Huntington, Ind. Price 10 cents per copy, postpaid; \$4.00 per 100, plus transportation.

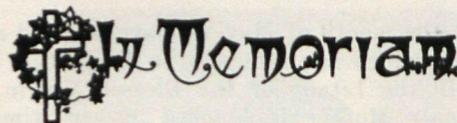
THE SONG OF THE CHURCH, by Marie Pierik. Miss Pierik, who is the author of "The Spirit of Gregorian Chant," gives us in "The Song of the Church" the historical background of Gregorian Chant, its development in the Liturgy, the foundations of its melodic and rhythmic structure, and the various movements toward reform. All who are interested in Church music will find a great deal of information on the important subject of Gregorian Chant in this latest work of Miss Pierik's. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

The following books, published by the Montfort Fathers, Bay Shore, New York, may be purchased from the publishers or from the *Confraternity of Mary Queen of All Hearts*, c/o O.L.V. Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Ind.

TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN by St. Louis Grignon de Montfort, translated from the French by the Reverend Frederick William Faber. Price \$1.50.

THE REIGN OF JESUS THROUGH MARY, a Marian Prayerbook, by the Reverend Gabriel Denis, S.M.M. Price \$1.25.

THE SECRET OF MARY, a short explanation of the TRUE DEVOTION. Price 15 cents.



Oscar Windolph, Grand Island, Nebr., father of Sister Mary Rita.

John Puls, Cincinnati, Ohio, father of Sister Clara.

John Kreutzer, Peru, Ind.

Edward Ryan, Oak Park, Ill.

Rose M. Walsh, Nutley, N. J.

E. M. Foley, Busby, Mont.

Mrs. Thomas Jordan, Chicago, Ill.

Ann Gude, Lafayette, Ind.

Mrs. Theresa Richter, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

# Oh, How Beautiful!

by Sister Viola



**T**HIS little lassie, a pre-schooler, doesn't know what Jesus "looks" like at Mass, but she knows that she loves Him very, very much. And Jesus must love her very much also, as He has singled her out to be one of His closest friends by giving her a share in His cross, for Sharon has been blind from birth.

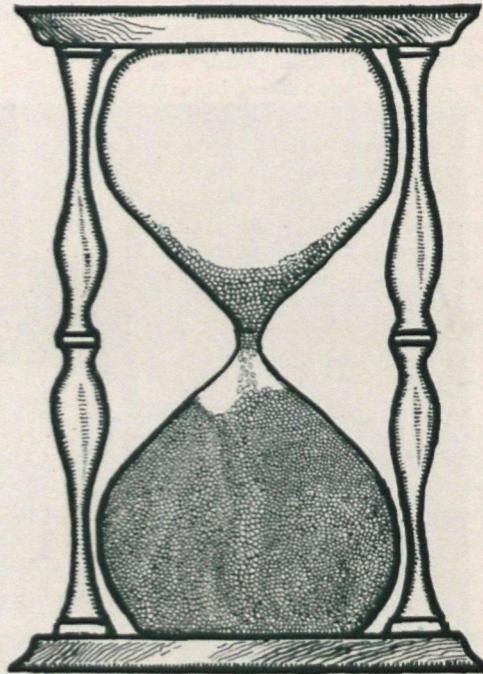
**S**HARON'S handicap, however, never keeps her from coming to learn more about God. To see her kneeling reverently, with hands folded and sightless eyes turned toward the tabernacle, one would never suspect that she is blind.

**B**ECAUSE she cannot see the altar or tabernacle, Sharon receives special instructions so that she will know more about the little home on the altar where Jesus dwells. When she was first taken into the sanctuary, her sensitive fingers were guided so that she could feel the communion railing, the altar, the tabernacle. Touching the tabernacle very, very reverently, she whispered softly, over and over, "Oh, how beautiful!"

**I**T is touching to see Sharon come down the aisle slowly, hands folded just so, genuflect, find the kneeler, kneel down and then have her little confidential chat with Jesus in His home on the altar which she cannot see.

# Don't Let It Run Out

*As a gift for  
Mother, renew her  
membership in*



## ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

*Members are entitled to the following benefits*

EVERY DAY a remembrance in a Perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory,

EVERY WEEK a remembrance in a Mass offered for our benefactors,

EVERY MONTH a remembrance in the Holy Mass offered especially for ACM members.

(Deceased persons may also be enrolled.)

---

Write the Sister Supervisor, ACM, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana, for a Certificate of Enrollment for your loved mother today.

---

The usual offering for ANNUAL enrollment of an individual is \$1.00; for PERPETUAL enrollment of an individual, \$10.00, and for PERPETUAL enrollment of a family, \$25.00.