



THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

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July-August, 1948
Number 8

Requiescat in Pace

by Sister Eunice

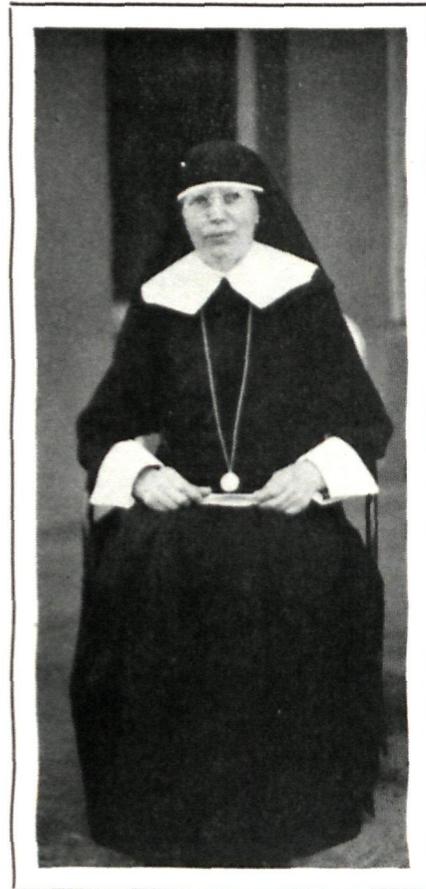
ALMOST a lifetime of patient suffering came to an end when Sister Marie breathed forth her soul to God on Saturday, May 8. Afflicted with a serious cardiac ailment for more than a quarter of a century, Sister Marie's life had been a veritable martyrdom. Sister's condition became critical on the evening of the feast of the Ascension. The following morning—the First Friday of the month—she received Holy Viaticum and was anointed.

OFTEN enough before Sister Marie had received the Last Sacraments and prepared to meet her God, only to find that He wanted not her life but her sufferings. This time, however, her Divine Spouse was coming to claim her for His own. She remained conscious, though she suffered intensely, throughout the day and until her soul took its flight at three o'clock the following morning.

WE laid Sister Marie to rest in the community cemetery at Victory Noll on May 10. His Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, was the celebrant of the Solemn Requiem Mass. He was assisted by the Rev. S. M. Schmitt, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul church, Huntington, as deacon; the Rev. James P. Conroy, Victory Noll chaplain, subdeacon; Rev. Thomas E. Dillon, pastor of St. Mary's church, Huntington, archpriest; Rev. Herbert Mathieu, O.F.M.Cap., St. Felix Monastery, and Rev. J. H. Roesler, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Roanoke, deacons of honor. The Very Rev. Dominic Meyer, O.F.M. Cap., St. Felix Monastery, was master of ceremonies.

SISTER MARIE was born in Vienna, Austria, June 17, 1897, the daughter of Karl and the late Marie Benes. Surviving are her father, Karl Benes, and two sisters, Mrs. Anna Isaac and Mrs. Caroline Casella, all of Chicago.

ACCOMPANIED by the late Sister Julia Doyle, Sister Marie left for Santa Fe, New Mexico, in August, 1922, to begin the work of the newly established community in the scattered mission districts of Northern New Mexico. An enthusiastic and zealous missionary, Sister Marie spent practically her entire religious life



Sister Marie, pioneer Sister of our community, who went to her eternal reward on May 8.

in the apostolate of suffering, and her contribution to the establishment and growth of the young community was mainly that of prayer and suffering—the two indispensable elements in the work for souls.

SISTER MARIE was in the twenty-sixth year of religious profession. Her life of patient suffering and total abandonment to the Divine Will remains an edifying example to her Sisters in Religion. May she rest in peace!

The Missionary Catechist

July-August, 1948

Volume XXIV

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Mission Intention for July

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

THAT SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN INDIA MAY BE SOLVED IN ACCORDANCE WITH CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

UNLESS one is aware how closely religion is interwoven into the social lives of the people of India he may fail to understand the concern of the Holy See as expressed in the July Mission intention. For this reason let us consider the explanation of Hinduism given in the Academia Mission Study prepared for The Society for the Propagation of the Faith for use in the major seminaries of the United States by Rev. Joseph J. Tennant and Mr. Stephen W. Johnson. According to their definition, it constitutes "that traditional Indian way of life for every stratum of Indian society in all its ramifications—religious, social, economic, and personal—which in practice is tacitly accepted by the Brahmin class and is practised by the people because of the Brahmin approval. Again, Mr. John S. O'Connor informs us that "Hindu society, whatever the shade of its belief, is stratified horizontally into hundreds and indeed thousands of castes and sub-castes, which cannot intermarry or even dine with one another."

THIS is truly a strange state of affairs to the Western mind, and yet this religio-social question has been of supreme concern for the Hindus for thousands of years. Even the venerated Gandhi, now vested with the garments of sainthood, not only by his Indian followers but by many Occidentals as well, while pleading the cause of the untouchables, still adhered firmly to the tenets of Hinduism and considered it a great "sin" for one of his followers to embrace any other religion. He might institute movements to alleviate the condition of the pariahs, but for them he believed "once a Hindu, always a Hindu," otherwise they were no longer

loyal sons of India.

WHILE there may be considerable newspaper controversy on the matter of subsidized education and transportation facilities being extended to Catholic institutions of learning here in America, the average citizen, whether he admits it or not, is deeply cognizant of the absolute severance between Church and State in these United States. For such citizens the conditions in India are inexplicable. In the latter country; however, the religious social question extends deep down into the lives of the humblest street sweeper as well as the richest potentate. The former may cause irreparable spiritual harm to a high caste Brahmin who would drink of the water from a well polluted by the lips of an untouchable; even the latter's shadow may lessen the possibilities of one of a higher caste to the right of entrance into a more elevated existence in his next reincarnation. Thus we are made to realize that every act, however trivial, is influenced by the rules of Hinduism.

CHRISTIANITY, on the other hand, with its doctrines of the brotherhood of man through the Fatherhood of God, would constitute the answer to many of the problems which confront the people of India today, not only in their political struggle for independence but for their place in the Divine Plan of Redemption. It is for this reason that The Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges the people of America to remember in their prayers during the month of July the universal Mission intention "that social questions in India may be solved in accordance with Christian principles."

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Pledge to Christian Marriage

by Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B.

"THE whole civilized world, all its branches, peoples, and relations between peoples, even the Church itself—in a word, everything really good in mankind—benefits by the happy results when (this) family life is orderly and flourishing and when the young are accustomed to look up to it, honor it, and love it as a holy ideal."

THUS, spoke Pope Pius XII in his message to the women of Rome in the fall of 1946. It was an old truth he was expressing—a sort of elaboration, one might say, of the old dictum, "as the family, so the State." But it was not an old-fashioned truth. Far from it, indeed. And we must never allow it to become so. Rather must we keep vividly in mind both the truth itself and the reasons for it, and be guided and activated thereby.

ONE could write volumes on the reasons for the importance of the family. But let us content ourselves here with merely focusing our attention on the fact that it is a great source of happiness to man—a source of, and a means towards, happiness both temporal and eternal.

IN spite of all the manifold extra-domestic distractions and relationships of the complicated civilization of our day, the fact remains that the heart of man longs for the companionship of home life. It is only at the home hearth that the heart of man fully expands. There it displays all its treasures, pours out all its tenderness. There it finds rest and solace, experiences a happiness most exquisite and lasting. When the blue sky of domestic life is unobscured by clouds, when the heart of father and mother beat as one, when their children grow up around them giving ever fresh token of filial affection, filling the home with cheerful chatter and joyous laughter, then man and woman are happy. They find rest and peace and contentment in the home. Their family life is a source of deep and abiding joy to them. One may well imagine the angels of Heaven smiling down upon their earthly charges as they witness such a scene and praying God to prolong their joy.

NOR must one lose sight of this additional important fact: this happiness is perennial. It tends to live on—yes, to live on and on, even after the children are grown up, even

after all the fledglings have flown from their nest.

WHAT a shrine of blessed memories a home nest becomes with the passing of time! Through long years of association within its hallowed walls, everything within, even the minutest details, takes on a very particular meaning to those who dwell therein. Every figure in the carpet has a story to tell. Every panel in the door, every casement in the window, has something to spell out about father or mother, about son or daughter, brother or sister, about someone who has visited or tarried there, or perhaps about someone who has gone on to God. It becomes a veritable reservoir of memories. From it, the old folks drink great draughts of happiness at will.

BUT still another fact, and one more important by far than considerations of temporal happiness, is this: family life is a great and outstanding means to happiness eternal. That is indubitably true, even though millions of Americans seem to have entirely lost sight of it. Happiness eternal, we know, is merited through the fulfillment of the great fundamental law to which Christ Himself reduced all the law and the prophets—the law of love to God and fellow man. And where, for the great mass of mankind, is there greater opportunity for the fulfillment of that law than precisely in the home? It is safe to say that by far the greatest amount of human love and unselfishness in this world is found in that divinely-constituted wellspring of love, the family. For family life calls for innumerable daily compromises and sacrifices, for the shouldering of responsibilities and hardships for the common good of the whole family group. And if that sacrifice of self for the good of others is made, as it should be, out of love for God, then indeed we have the fulfillment of the great Christian law of love. Then the members of such a family are well on their way to working out their eternal salvation.

IN view of the great importance of the family, it can hardly be surprising that God has greatly dignified marriage, its foundation. Without a sound marriage there can be no sound family life. In this day, therefore, when marriage is so often dragged in the mire, so shamefully trampled under foot, it is hardly less than urgent that we recall at times that dignity and all that



"Family life is not only a source of deep and abiding joy during this life, but it is a great and outstanding means to happiness eternal."



This picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Richard Like and their family. Mr. Like is a brother of our Sister Edna.

it implies. It was to encourage this very thing, and to do so repeatedly during these changing and disturbed times, that the Family Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has prepared and widely disseminated a short "Pledge to Christian Marriage," urging its private and public use. For the benefit of those who have not as yet seen it, we insert it here in full. It reads as follows:

In gratitude to Almighty God for all the blessings that family life has brought to me, I pledge myself always to uphold the great dignity of Christian marriage. I acknowledge it as a sacrament and a symbol of the union of Christ and His Church.

I believe: "What God has bound together, let no man put asunder."

I renew my deep reverence for fatherhood and motherhood.

I believe that in family life, parents cooperate with God.

I believe that in family life the child is

paramount.

I abhor and condemn every sinful interference with the role of parenthood.

With the help of our Immaculate Mother I pledge myself to wholesome family life.

I resolve to do all in my power to foster the virtue of purity as the bulwark of the family.

May the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, bless our families and our homes.

WE do not feel that the recitation of this pledge alone will restore Christian Marriage and a sound family life in this country, but we feel it can make a very noteworthy contribution towards that end. Hence, it is our conviction that those who help to make it known and who encourage its recitation, are making a very real contribution towards a better family life. And by doing that they are contributing towards the attainment of genuine happiness, both temporal and eternal.

Along Mission Trails

by Mother Catherine and Sister Kathleen

(Continued from last month)

APRIL 11

FLAGSTAFF is another *mission different*. Actually it is our only convent in Arizona, but when one hears the Sisters speak of the various places in which they live during the year, it would seem that we have many homes in this State.

THE four Sisters stationed here are engaged in the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Every year they visit as many missions as possible, two Sisters going to each place and remaining there a month. While in the various missions the Sisters teach the children daily. They also train lay teachers to take over the religious instruction of the children after the Sisters leave.

WE noticed many improvements in the church since last year. The interior has been re-decorated and new altars installed. New floor covering, stations, and other church furnishings add to what is really a beautiful church. It was a joy to see it well filled at each of the three Masses this morning. The last Mass was a High Mass in anticipation of the feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph. There was a procession and reception of new members into the *Union de San Jose*.

YESTERDAY morning a real Mexican wedding took place at the eight o'clock Mass. The bride wore the traditional white satin and lace, while her bridesmaids were modestly dressed in colorful formals. We realized it was a real Catholic wedding when together with the bride and groom all fourteen attendants received Holy Communion.

AS some of our Sisters had never seen the Grand Canyon, which is only a hundred miles from here, we decided a trip to Grand Canyon would be the perfect outing. Right after breakfast on Saturday morning we packed the car and started on our way, remarking what a glorious day it was, even though a strong wind was blowing.

A FEW miles from town we noticed threatening clouds in the distance, and before long we were in the midst of a terrific sandstorm. The wind and sand blew across the road so fur-

iously that at times we could not see a foot in front of the car and had to stop until the atmosphere cleared a bit. At one point a large pine tree had fallen across the road. Some men had cut enough of it away to make room for one car to pass at a time. After a while we emerged from the dense sand and thought we might be able to continue the trip, but soon we saw more clouds ahead.

THIS time we decided to turn around—and none too soon. The storm broke again within a few minutes. Fortunately there was a large open truck ahead of us which we followed through the heavy storm. When the storm cleared a little, we saw a young Indian in the truck ahead stand up and look around as if he were trying to check on the storm. Looking more closely we saw four or five persons huddled together on the floor of the truck, each covered with a brightly colored Indian blanket. Then we knew we were following some real pioneers in trail finding.

JUST as we finished the fifteenth decade of the rosary and were almost back to Flagstaff, the sand stopped blowing, but the heavy wind continued all day and throughout the night. Our little convent looked very welcome to us and in our gratitude to be safely home we were glad to forego the trip to Grand Canyon.

IT started to rain during the last Mass today and it has continued all day, with intermittent hail and snow. The clouds are heavy over the mountains and we expect a new snowfall to shine brightly in tomorrow's sun. The scenery around here is beautiful. Pine covered hills and mountains surround us. One mountain is called San Francisco, and in the formation at the top one who has a good imagination can see the saint lying as though asleep.

TOMORROW we leave for Santa Fe, and the Sisters here, who came to Flagstaff Thursday to be home when we arrived, will return to their missions in time for the afternoon classes.

APRIL 17

THIS morning while downtown we had just remarked how different Santa Fe is from the ordinary American city, when on a sign in front of a shop we read, "La ciudad diferente." To add to the atmosphere the Indians in their colorful

dress join in the crowds in the stores and markets.

OUR convent here is lovely. There is much to be done on the outside in the way of landscaping, but inside it is a comfortable, modern convent. All the living rooms are on one floor, with a large basement for laundry, furnace room, and storage space. The ceilings in many of the rooms are wood, the knotty boards running the length of the room, while crosswise are large round logs, placed about two feet apart.

THE chapel, which was the living room for the family who lived here formerly, is beautiful and devotional. Wednesday, the feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph, we had High Mass, followed by exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day. The exposition and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each evening this week are for the intention of the elections in Italy tomorrow. It has been inspiring to see the people and children from the neighborhood coming for their visits and crowding the chapel in the evening for Benediction. Their voices fill the chapel, especially when singing verse after verse of the beautiful Spanish hymns.

THE Sisters in Santa Fe, like those in Flagstaff, are engaged in the work of the Confraternity. They, too, spend a month or longer at the various missions of the Archdiocese where they teach the children and train lay teachers. When the Sisters start out for one of their missions, taking with them their cooking kits and the supplies they need during their stay, they look like professional travelers.

MONSIGNOR RIEFFER, Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in the Archdiocese, came over the other evening to discuss with the Sisters the plans for the regional conference of the C.C.D. which is to be held in Santa Fe in October.

YESTERDAY Father Hessler, who is promoting the work of Catholic Action in the Archdiocese, had another meeting here with the Sisters. Father is a Maryknoll priest, who spent almost four years in Jap concentration camps. He said the only thing that saved his life was the fact that he was in an Italian convent at the time he was taken prisoner and the Japs thought him an Italian. He asked us to pray for the priests and Sisters in concentration camps and mines, that they may offer their sufferings and sacrifices in a truly Christlike manner and should death come to them there that they may die as martyrs.

APRIL 20

July-August, 1948

IT was a beautiful Sunday afternoon when two of our Sisters from Santa Fe drove us to Las Vegas, our last stop before returning home. Practically all the way, on either side of the highway, were beautiful pine covered hills. Near Santa Fe the trees were small, but as we drove farther on they were taller and more majestic. The mountains, sometimes near, sometimes farther away, lent their beauty and color to the gorgeous scenery.

LAS Vegas is divided into New-Town and Old-Town. Our convent is in Old-Town, not far from the church of *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*. We enjoy the short walk to the church, passing along the ancient shops facing the plaza, and entering the church through the cemetery which is in the front yard.

BEFORE we opened our convent in Santa Fe in 1946, the Sisters from Texas and New Mexico came to Las Vegas each summer for rest and retreat. Since we, too, spent several summers here, it was like returning home to come back to Las Vegas.

THE two public schools in town give splendid cooperation to our Sisters, enabling the three who are stationed here to reach the thousand children in the schools for religious instruction once a week.

LAS VEGAS is one of our oldest missions, having been opened in 1926. The Sisters working here realize that countless blessings have come to the people of this town because of the continued and uninterrupted religious instruction during all these years.

APRIL 24

HOW welcome Victory Noll and the Sisters, who keep the powerhouse for the missions in constant action at the Mother House, looked to us after more than three months of mission travel. Although we arrived home after dark, via the evening train from Chicago last evening, the welcome smiles were bright as the Sisters met us at the door.

WALKING through the shining, spotless corridors of Victory Noll this morning, that "at home" feeling was quite evident. A brisk walk around the grounds disclosed the beauty right at our door. The day is warm, the sun is shining brightly. The recent rains have made our spacious lawns look like big green velvet carpets. The apple, cherry, peach, and plum trees are in full bloom. Tulips, lilacs, lilies of the valley, and other flowers add to the beauty everywhere around us. Truly it is good to be home, even though we enjoyed our trip "along mission trails."

Another "Most" for Texas

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

HAVE you seen the map of the United States States published recently by the Ford Motor Company and claimed to have been found "deep in the heart of Texas"? On it the State of Texas extends almost to the Canadian border, either blotting out completely or dwarfing to only a fraction of the size, all the states north, east, and west of it. And it is dotted with such legends as: *World's Largest Oil Wells*, *World's Biggest Watermelons*, *World's Driest River*, and so on. The prize caption is *Carlsbad Caverns, Mostly Under Texas, Most Probably*. If I had made that map, I should have added another "most." Let me tell you about some of our summer school experiences and then see if you can't guess what it is.

OUR first summer school was at Fort McKavett. Now Fort McKavett was a rip-roaring town in the days when it was occupied by the United States Army to protect the settlers from the Comanches, but since the troops were withdrawn in 1883, it has gone down, down, until today there are only about one hundred and eighty people there. It is odd that even that many stay there. There is only one little store,

stocked with a few cans, some potatoes, and onions. Mail comes from Menard three times a week. There is no bus service. It is hard to get there, and once you are there, it is next to impossible to get out.

WE had thirty-eight children for class every day, all Mexicans whose fathers are sheep-shearers and whose families have lived there for years. Since it was the first time we had been able to have a summer school there for five years, twenty-nine of the children enrolled were First Communicants. Big girls, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two years old, who had never had the opportunity to make their First Communion, came to class with the younger ones. They were so eager to learn, that more than once I found myself with a catch in my throat as I explained to them the more touching doctrines of our holy religion, such as the Incarnation and the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

We lived as I pictured missionary life to be before I entered our community. We had kerosene lamps, cooked on a wood stove, and



During our summer school at Fort McKavett the boys brought us wood every day. These two, Lorenzo and Eddie, were the most faithful. They wore these same outfits when they made their First Communion, only they had shoes—new shoes—and to see them walk in them was painful.

drew our water from a well. It was the way our first Sisters lived, not for just a few weeks, but for years; not just during the pleasant days of a Texas spring and summer, but in the penetrating cold of a New Mexican winter. By the time summer was over, Sister Mary Dolores and I were adept at cooking on a wood stove. In the beginning we made a few mistakes, like the first time we used the oven. According to the recipe, the cake would take forty minutes to bake; it was done in fifteen.

FROM Fort McKavett we went to Eden, truly a Garden of Paradise for the religion teacher. The children were as nearly perfect as any I have ever taught. They were intelligent, polite, well-behaved, and—well, let's put the superlatives on the map of Texas.

IN Junction, our next stop, we had a bit of excitement. We used to pray outside with



Four foot chicken snake (in foreground) was killed by these boys during our vacation school at Junction. We took picture after snake was safely dead.

the children before class. Then Sister Mary Dolores would take her little ones to the house where she taught and I would take mine into the house in which we were living. It was our third morning. In the middle of the prayers a boy shouted, "SNAKE!" and the boys were after it with sticks and stones. It was a rattler, a large one. They chased it down an old well and pelted it with stones. It was some time before the debris cleared away, the well was deep, and we were not sure it was dead. Besides, we had always thought that where there is one snake, there is another! Sister asked, "What shall we do if another one comes around—run for a hoe or an ax or something?" I said, "No, let's just run."

July-August, 1948



Sister Mary Dolores and some of her vacation school pupils at Fort McKavett. No, the horse is not used to attract the children to religious instruction class; rather it is a means of transportation for its youthful rider, who lives too far to walk to vacation school.

THAT was Wednesday. The next day we had another snake visitor, but only a small one. The *next day* the boys killed a large chicken snake, over four feet long, on the road in front of our house. We took a picture of No. 3, just in case no one believed us. After that there were no more snakes; at least we didn't see them.

WE got little or no sympathy from the natives, although we explained—somewhat caustically, perhaps—that we were both from civilized parts of the country where we don't have snakes in our back yard. The Pastor, also a Texan, seemed very much amused at our squeamishness. He told us that snakes wouldn't bother us if we didn't bother them. By that time we thought it useless to explain that we had no intention of bothering them. We were only afraid that we might bother them accidentally.

(Continued on page 18)



Not a village in bombed-out Europe, but one of the many old ruins at Fort McKavett.

COFFEE VERSUS CATHOLICS

We were visiting in the negro section of a government project. The little colored children, curious about what we were doing, trailed behind. They were a bit helpful with such remarks as, "She ain't home"; "Dey works."

We had made several inquiries as to whether there were any Catholics living in the project, when one little boy exclaimed, "You all asking dem if dey has coffee?"

"No," we replied, "we are asking them if they are Catholics."

The little lad was mystified. We knocked at several doors. He tried again, "Ah know. You'se asking dem if dey wants coffee."

Sister took time to explain. "We are asking the people if they are Catholics. We want to find all the people in the project who belong to the Catholic church, so that we can tell them to go to church and learn more about God."

After a little drilling the youngster could pronounce the word *Catholic* . . . but the meaning? We hope he had that, too. His pearly teeth gleaming in a friendly smile, seemed to indicate that he knew we were not selling coffee, but



Sister Mary Ruth and Sister Mary Imelda visit in housing project, San Bernardino, California.

In the Home Field

were searching for souls.

Sister Mary Ruth
Redlands, California

LABELED

THE neighborhood in which we were taking census lay still and quiet in the early afternoon of a warm spring day. Even the dogs were temporarily dormant. The only evidence of life was a group of youngsters playing at the far end of the block.

Nothing transpired to mar the serenity of the scene until the children spotted us, just as we turned into the flower-bedecked yard of the next house. We noticed that the youngsters went into a huddle immediately, but we could only surmise the effect our presence might have in this predominantly Protestant neighborhood.

Their decision was soon reached. Quickly mounting scooters and bikes, they bore down

upon us full speed ahead and skidded to a stop only a few yards away from us, as we patiently waited for someone to answer the door bell. Then, without any warning, they opened their mouths very wide and began to sing—to the ancient melody of *The Old Gray Mare* and with sufficient volume to be heard a block away—"Oh, I will make you fishers of men, fishers of men, fishers of men; oh, I will make you fishers of men, if you will follow Me."

We have been labeled often enough, and not always in a complimentary manner, but this time we thought our title truly an honor.

Sister Barbara
Monterey, California

BIG SINNERS

IT was rather early in the morning, on a cold, windy day, that we set out to visit Saticoy. As we rapped at the door of the first home, we glanced down and saw two big brown eyes staring at us through the dusty screen.

"Amos," called a strong voice from the back of the house, "you get yourself away from that door 'fore you catch yourself a cold."

"But, Mama, there's something out here," replied the small boy without taking his eyes from us.

"Amos, did you hear me? Shut that door!" But Amos remained as if glued to the spot.

Then we heard quick footsteps and in a few seconds a young woman pulled Amos away from the screendoor, saying as she did so, "You're seeing things, Amos!"

Once more Amos shouted, "But, Mama, there's something out there. Look! It's long and black!"

Putting her eyes against the dark screen, the surprised mother called out, "Good morning!"

Then it was our turn to speak. "We are taking the census of the Catholic families in this parish. Are you Catholic?"

"Catholic!" whispered the woman. "No, ma'am."

"May we ask what church you attend?" we continued.

"I'm sorry to say, ma'am, we don't go to any church. We're nothin' but *Big Sinners* in this house."

Sister Thomas
Santa Paula, California

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Among the Portuguese people there is no such thing as "the forgotten Person of the Blessed Trinity." Devotion to the Holy Ghost is of paramount importance in the home of every devout family.

This devotion is manifested by special prayers in honor of the *Espirito Santo*, particularly when the family is privileged to enshrine within its sanctum the Holy Ghost crown, a sacramental dating back to the time of St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal.



Three year old Sharon Ann.

Little Sharon Ann, however, being only three years old, was not quite clear in her knowledge of the Holy Spirit. One day, as she was playing outside, she saw us approaching her home and ran to call her mother.

When her mother came to the door to greet us, she laughingly told us that her little one had come in, crying excitedly, "Mamma, Mamma, the *Holy Ghostes* are coming to our house!"

Sister Eugenia
Los Banos, California



Our

*Frail as summer's flowers we
flourish:
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and
perish,
God endures unchanging on.*

Henry Francis Lyte

Dear Associates:

MID-SUMMER is the time to plan your winter club work. It might be well to draw up a program for the next eight months introducing some special feature for each month's meeting. Perhaps you could call a meeting for this purpose. If you are fortunate enough to possess a front porch or a lawn, the "planning committee" could have an outdoor session. If neither is available, perhaps plans could be discussed over a luncheon in an air-cooled restaurant after the manner of a "dutch treat," which I am told means each paying for her own meal. (We have to eat anyway, don't we?) If members entertain in order, each will know in advance which month falls to her lot and may want to make her party seasonal.

YOU might also use these hot months to contact by phone or letter prospective members for your Band, and invite them to the first fall party to be given by your group.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. MARY'S MISSION CLUB
(Maywood, Ill.)

ONE might say that this club is an extension of St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, because nearly two years ago Mrs. Forest Lehmann, daughter of Mrs. Mary Baldwin, who was one of the charter members of St. Joseph's Band, started the club in memory of her deceased mother.

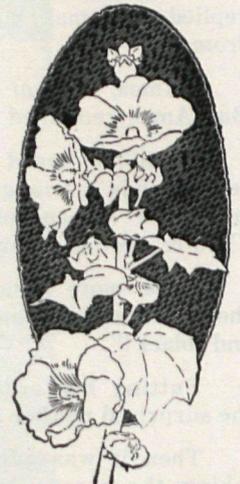
It is a small bridge club and consists of Mrs. Lehmann's sisters and close friends. They are faithful in making frequent contributions towards our Sisters' support.

ST. JUDE MISSION CLUB
(West Allis, Wis.)

A CHECK for \$35.00 and word that a new member had joined their club were received in a letter from Mrs. E. J. Polakowski, Promoter. This Milwaukee Band sponsors Sister Mary Catherine, Superior of our Brawley, California, Mission.

THE CHICAGO DOWNTOWN PARTY

OUR Associates in other cities, as well as our readers will rejoice to hear that the April party, held in the Chicago Loop district and attended by many Promoters and members of the different Chicago Bands, was a great success. More than Five Hundred Dollars was cleared. Our earnest thanks to the President of the Central Committee of the Chicago Area, Miss Mary A. Perkins, to Mrs. Mary Gleason, who was general chairman of the party, to the committee members, Mrs. Fred Kiefer, Mrs. Hubert Staley, Miss Marie Dwyer, Mrs. Johannah Schweihs, Mrs. Emilie Rupp, and Mrs. Thomas Garrity, as well as to all who contributed prizes, who helped sell tickets or bought them. God bless and reward you for your efforts in our behalf!



Associates

HURRAH FOR CHARITINA CLUB NO. 2 (Paris, Illinois)

WE were delighted to hear that this Southern Illinois Mission club, presided over by Miss Mary Gibbons, realized \$255.00 on a raffle and card party given for our benefit in May. The article raffled was an Electric Dormey Mixer, donated by Father Colavecchio, who had also won it a short time before. Special credit is due Mrs. Barbara Westerhaus, a convert, for extra hard work which contributed much to the success of the affair.



Miss Gibbons is here pictured on the occasion of her visit to Victory Noll.

ST. JOSEPH BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

ONE of the oldest Bands in Chicago is St. Joseph's Band, whose Promoter, Miss Anna Knausman, has been sending substantial donations regularly. During the winter months, Mrs. Margaret King is in charge of the Band.

July-August, 1948

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS April 23, 1948 to May 18, 1948

Central Committee, Chicago Area, Mary Perkins, Pres.	\$522.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	7.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Mary Gibbons	255.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	13.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary E. Nye	100.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunn	15.00
Little Flower Band, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	23.00
Our Lady of Victory Band, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rosemary Connor	123.60
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	15.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace Kern	2.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	5.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	5.00
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	20.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere	8.75
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	50.00
St. Jude Mission Club, W. Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Polakowski	35.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	70.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Edward Vaughn	50.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. A. Wichert	5.00



NEED ANY HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS?

In the ACM office is a booklet with information on how clubs have raised money in the past. The book is out of print, but if you need ideas and would like some help just write us and we will try to aid you.

Teaching Catechism

by Sister Mary Rita

MY very first Catechism class was a group of Colored children of the city's tenement district, who saw little of God's beautiful world. Their version of the Creation story, as one little tot told it, was: "God made the world and put the sand on it." When I told the little Protestant children that they must have their parents' permission to attend the classes, one of them—whose mother was very strict about his whereabouts—informed me, "My mother says she don't care if I goes to that big house where I learns about God."

TEACHING Catechism is a work of great responsibility, whether it be to little tots who are receiving their first impression of God's love, or the older children who must really love their religion if they are to live it. Today we see so many of our public school children growing up in a materialistic world with little love or respect for religion. Often they come from homes where Sunday Mass is carelessly neglected, prayer not practiced, and God's name seldom heard. Frequently the parents give no encouragement to the child in his religious duties, or any co-operation to his instructor; as far as religion is concerned the child "is on his own."

THE teacher, in the short time the children are under her charge, must try to make religion appear lovable to them and its practice possible in their daily lives. Most children and many parents and teachers think that religion class is only dry question-and-answer matter to be learned for First Communion and again for Confirmation, with no further additions; yet that learning—eventually, somehow—should bring the child to Heaven!

I HAVE had many different experiences while teaching religion in various mission places during the past nine years. Not only does every child and group of children differ from others, but the places, conditions, and circumstances likewise vary. I have taught in basements, sacristies, choir lofts, private homes, and club rooms; sometimes I have taught outdoors under the trees, or by the side of a building, or with the children sitting on the running board and fenders of our car. One year I taught in a small auditorium where my class had the middle space between two other classes going on at the same time—the children usually divided their attention between the teacher to my right and the one on my left. I finally moved out and took

the stairway. Stairways do provide opportunity for all the children to see well, but the teacher hopes all through the class that no one will wish to go up or downstairs until time for class dismissal!

THE best place to teach, of course, is the schoolroom, equipped with blackboards and comfortable seats. And the most favorable time to teach is during a school period, when under the *released time* program the children are released one period a week for religious instruction. The religion class then assumes importance in the child's mind. But when children must be taught out of school time, in uncomfortable quarters, at odd hours, such as after a tedious day in school, or after Mass on Sundays, or on Saturdays when they want to play, the religion class often becomes irksome.

THERE is a great diversity in the size of groups taught and in the ages of the children in the different groups. A teacher can do most for a smaller group of the same age or grade level, but such grouping isn't always possible, especially in small country districts, or in larger schools with but few Catholic children. One Sister may often have twenty children ranging in age from kindergarten to sixth grade. In fact, I am now teaching such groups in fifteen places each week. If a teacher needs more tricks up her sleeve than she can use at one



A stairway makes an acceptable classroom—provided no one wants to go up or down stairs during the class period.



"The best place to teach is the schoolroom, equipped with blackboards and comfortable seats." This is, however, the exception in the life of our Missionary Sisters. The picture shows Sister Imelda, Azusa, California, teaching under ideal circumstances—a one-age group in a well equipped classroom in the parish hall.

time, as a noted instructor puts it, with such a different age group she needs to double that ingenuity. The instruction must be simple enough for the little ones, yet rich enough for the older children.

LAST year, to summarize the lessons on the Commandments, I made a chart of the two stone tables with the numbers in certain colors and asked the older children—who boasted they knew all Ten long ago—to figure out why I used the color I did for a particular Commandment. By the time they puzzled it out, we had reviewed all the Commandments, not only negatively, but positively, and the sixth graders left class feeling it was not the same thing they learned in First Communion class.

WHEN teaching prayers to a mixed group, one can get the older pupils to learn to become more familiar with God in the short prayers taught the tiny tots, but meant for lifetime use. "Dear God, I love You right here in my heart," teaches the Divine Indwelling; "All for Jesus through Mary," the good intention. Everyone readily understands the little ejaculation, "Dear Guardian Angel, pray for me and protect me." At times it is helpful to ask one of the older children to recite slowly the Our Father,

or to make correctly the Sign of the Cross, or to make a genuflection properly. They are very eager to do so, and the younger children watch intently, while the whole group is ready to criticize or improve on the demonstration. In this way the little ones learn the fundamentals, and the older ones review them without realizing it.

THE teaching of religion requires much study prayer, and observation for the sake of correlating it with the child's life. But above all, the instructor must strive continually for personal sanctity and be filled with a great love of God herself, if she expects to impart such a love to the children and make of them good Catholics and future citizens of heaven. The work is discouraging at times and often seemingly fruitless, but it also has its joys in the simple eagerness and yearning love of little hearts for God, and occasionally the child's tiny sacrifices or simple confidences reveal that some lesson is bearing fruit.

THE catechetical teacher is co-operating in the greatest of all divine works—the salvation of souls, and great will be her joy in heaven when she finds there children who were always in her prayers, though some of them were seldom in her classes.



Mary's Loyal

A CHICAGO HELPER

ALL Loyal Helpers have heard, by this time, of our fine Mission team at *Holy Innocents*

Dear Loyal Helpers:

VACATION time is here once more. You'll have extra *play* time—but you won't forget your *pray* time, will you? Make this your slogan: "A Hail Mary each day for Missionaries pray." If you are inclined to forget, just say it while you tie your shoes in the morning. We need your prayers.

We also need your Sunshine pennies. Would you like to have a coin card for mailing them to us? We will be glad to send you one.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

OUR YOUNGEST HELPER



This is Judith Ann Keller of Steubenville, Ohio. She was six months old when this picture was taken in March.



School, Chicago. With the aid of their Mission Moderator, Sister M. Patricia, they have given lots of Sunshine money to help our Missionary Sisters.

This will introduce *Mary Anita Dupke*, one of the school's mission leaders. The picture was taken on Mary Anita's thirteenth birthday.

OUR FLAG

Our Nation's flag is in the sky,
 Above the trees I see it fly.
 Sometimes the sky is draped with bright
 And fleecy clouds, like stripes of white;
 At setting sun each crimson ray
 Is like a stripe of red, I'd say.
 At evening when I go to bed,
 I see its blue field overhead
 With stars, which whisper as they nod,
 "Love your country, child of God!"

Helpers Pages

LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sunshine Secretary:

Please find enclosed a check for \$8.80 which the Breese Sunshine Savers Club saved up after Easter. At present, Mary Ann Schrage is president. The club consists of Mary Ann, Bertha, Irma Wilke, Mary Ann, Raymond, and Marcella Schrage; Henrietta, Rita, Anne, and George, Jr. Kampwerth.

We will try to have a Sunshine Saving party each month. While we play games at our parties, Mether prepares a good lunch for us. We have lots of fun and at the same time can help the Missions. I hope you are pleased with the money we save for the Missions.

Your Loyal Helpers of Breese, Ill.

MORE BREESE (ILL.) HELPERS



Here are Margaret M. Kampwerth, Cecilia Eilers, and Monica Eilers of Breese, Illinois, who came all the way to Victory Noll to see Sunshine Secretary and give her the contents of their Sunshine Bags, which they hold in their hands. Their aunt, Sister Anna Marie, is one of our Missionary Sisters.

July-August, 1948

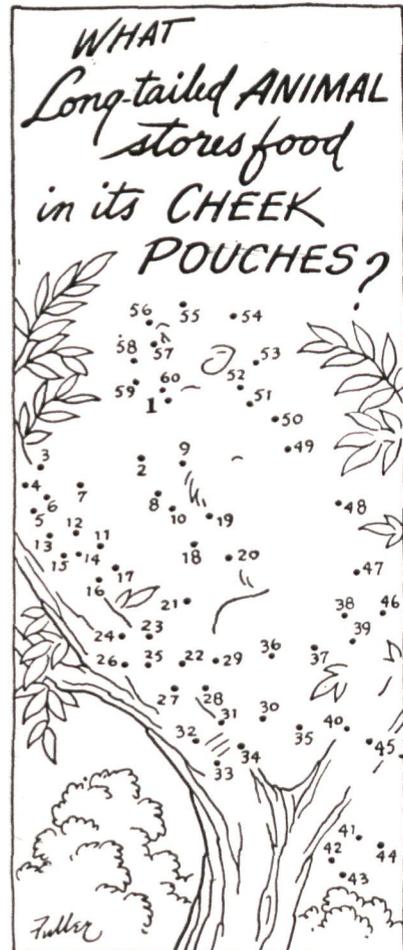
A NEW MEXICO HELPER



Ernest Anaya, of Pastura, New Mexico, joined us last Fall. He is 6 years old and is learning to be an altar boy.



OUR MONTHLY PUZZLE



Work this Quizzie Dot Puzzle and send it to *Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana*. She will send you a holy card.

BADGE OF HONOR



Faithful altar boys.

We wondered why certain of the altar boys at Sturgis wore large gold medals, suspended on broad, red ribbons, over their surplices while serving. When we were told that these medals were given in recognition of five years of faithful duty as altar boys, we understood the little air of pride and achievement which characterized these honor servers.

The picture shows Dan and Mike McCarthy and Leonard Smoker right after they received their medals. No wonder they look happy.

Sister Mary Eva
Goshen, Indiana

MRS. O'DONNELL TAKEN IN DEATH

We were sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. Julia O'Donnell on April 25. Word of Mrs. O'Donnell's death reached us during the night, and the following morning a Requiem High Mass for the repose of her soul was sung in Victory Noll chapel.

Mrs. O'Donnell was the wife of the late Peter O'Donnell of Long Beach, California, one of our earliest and greatest benefactors. It was through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell, together with that of Bishop Noll and *Our Sunday Visitor*, that our Mother House at Victory Noll was erected in 1924.

ANOTHER "MOST" FOR TEXAS

(Continued from page 9)

MENARD, where we had our last vacation school, already has a rightful place in mission history, being the sight of the ill-fated San Saba Mission, which antedated the California Missions and which was the scene of one of the most terrible massacres in the Southwest. It was here that two Franciscan friars, Father Alonso Giraldo de Terreros and Father Jose Santiesteban, suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Comanches, Father Jose dying at the foot of the altar. It is at Menard, too, that one of the most famous lost mines is located. Lost and found many times by both Indians and Spaniards, it is known as the San Saba Mine or the Bowie Mine. There have been persistent rumors during the past few months that rich silver ore has once more been found there.

THE people in Menard, both Catholics and non-Catholics, were very friendly toward us. And yet we wondered how many there must have been like the old man who said quite frankly, "Do you know, this is the first time in my life I ever talked to a Catholic Sister?"

MANY other things happened to us, but isn't this enough for you to guess what I'd put on the map of Texas? That's right: *Most Interesting Missions*.



Rev. L. Wand, Chicago, Ill.
Sister Marie Benes, O.L.V.M., Victory Noll, Huntington, Ind.
Mrs. Robert E. Balch, St. Louis, Mo., mother of Sister Dolores, O.L.V.M.
Otto Perl, Mansfield, Ohio, father of Sister Mary Louise, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Margaret Obermann, Philipsburg, Pa., sister of Sister Frances Therese, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Julia O'Donnell, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mrs. Henry Zender, Chicago, Ill.
Anna Doyle, San Diego, Calif.
Mary Hughes, Tamaqua, Pennsylvania.
Samuel P. Luzzo, Oak Park, Ill.
Mrs. Elizabeth Slater, Denver, Colo.

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

The Missionary Catechist



Ave Maria Club. The members are girls from the public High School, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady's Girls

by Sister Mary Patrick

LAS VEGAS, the city of the meadows, has many attractions. Its historic beauty and marvellous climate are of importance, while on the list of dining places one finds typical Spanish foods that capture all the tangs and flavor of popular Spanish dishes.

FROM this city of the meadows, we are most happy to present our *Ave Maria* girls. These charming Spanish-American señoritas attend the Las Vegas Public High School. We regret that about twenty of the members—possibly because they are a little camera shy—are not on the picture.

THE aim and purpose of the *Ave Maria* club is the personal holiness of the individual members and the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of our religion, not for their own benefit only, but so that they may be able to impart to others a knowledge and love of our Holy Faith.

IN spite of the multiplicity of school activities, nothing seems to prevent the members from attending the club meetings. Their greeting and watchword is, "Ave Maria Purisima, sin pecado original concebida." Singing seems to be their delight and their hobby. At each meeting we have a variety of Latin, Spanish, and English

hymns.

ONE of the high spots in the life of an *Ave Maria* girl is to accompany us to the missions up in the mountains. We are not certain if it is the singing of Vespers and High Mass that is the attraction, or if they are enchanted by the gorgeous mountain scenery. Anyway, we—especially those of us who are not blessed with such melodious voices—are quite happy that they like to accompany us.

WE, who are working with these young people, realize that we are engaged in the noblest of arts, that of character building. It is our earnest prayer that as we impart the knowledge of Christ to them, our youth will be inspired by love to live the fulness of Christ in their daily lives.

WE heard a saintly priest give this advice: "In working with young girls, cultivate in them the desire, not to be just good girls, but to be saints! Then we will have saintly husbands, christian homes, and a holy nation."

MAY their gentle Queen and Mother give the *Ave Maria* girls the strength and knowledge to face life with a definite conviction of the purpose of their existence and a strong resolve to achieve it!

Help Provide

Shepherdesses

Of Souls



NEXT MONTH

4,000,000 Catholic children will return to grade schools.

2,000,000 of these will attend public schools where they hear nothing about God.

These unfortunate children are your responsibility and ours. We ARE our brother's keeper.

Join or form a Mission Band or Club and place one more Missionary Sister among these unshepherded souls.

Write to the Sister Supervisor, ACM, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana, and ask for new ACM pamphlet explaining how you can help.