

# The Missionary Catechist



*November 1948*

# Holy Ghost Youth Center

by Sister Mary Rose

IN THESE day of universal concern over the delinquency of American youth, and with the conviction growing in the minds of thinking people that the basic cure for their waywardness lies in a return to the knowledge, love, and service of God, the *Holy Ghost Youth Center* is offering to the Catholic youth of downtown Denver a program of religious instruction and recreational activity designed for a more complete living as a true child of the Church.

THE Directors of *Holy Ghost Youth Center* are the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, formerly known as the Missionary Catechists. Their special work is the imparting of sound religious instruction and practical Christian training to Catholic children attending public schools. The youngsters coming to the *Center* are receiving their education in schools where spiritual values are not taken into account. First principles are never arrived at. Surface goodness, respectability, or good citizenship is all that is demanded. In themselves, these natural virtues are commendable, but they are not enough, especially for our Catholic youth who have been re-born to the new life of sanctifying grace.

IN ATTENDING the public schools these Catholic children have been deprived, for the most part, of the opportunity of growing up in a Catholic atmosphere. They have never seen a crucifix above their blackboards, nor statues or pictures of Jesus and Mary in their classrooms to make it easier for them to raise their minds and hearts to God throughout the day. They have no memories of beginning the school year with a High Mass, or of special classroom preparations for the great feasts, or of the singing of hymns, or of special devotions during the months of May and June.

HOLY Ghost Youth Center wants to supply this deficiency. There is a crucifix in each room, and we hope eventually to have beautiful statues and pictures of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints throughout the building. The statue of the Little Flower of Jesus has already arrived. It is the homey atmosphere of Nazareth that we want to create.

IT WILL take time, we know, to awaken in these youngsters the religious sensibilities which have been smothered under the heavy pall of secularism in our public schools. But that they can be awakened we have no fear. Our beloved Master, whose charm drew thousands to Him while He walked the earth, continues to remain in His Church and still draws hearts to Himself, especially the hearts of children. Given an opportunity to know Christ, these young people cannot but love Him and serve Him, assisted always by His all-powerful grace.

THE program of our activities, therefore, centers around the religion classes. For the youngsters of school age, the classes and other activities which were begun in October, 1947, were carried on in the basement rooms of the Sisters' convent, while the renovation of the building to be used as the *Center* was going on. The *Center* was blessed and dedicated on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1948. Now our program is carried on entirely in the new building. For those young people who are working or who are unable to attend the regular classes, evening religion classes, discussion groups, and Sodalties have been arranged according to their needs and their time as much as possible.

IN THE same Catholic atmosphere the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory at *Holy Ghost Youth Center* also offer wholesome and constructive recreation in the form of games, crafts, books, music, singing, and dancing.

BUT Our Lord also said, "Other sheep have I . . ." so the doors of *Holy Ghost Youth Center* are hospitably opened to any non-Catholic youth, who, with parental consent, wants to learn the truths of our religion with the view of accepting them and partaking of that fullness of life which is in Christ Jesus Our Lord.

SO IT is that under the patronage of the Holy Spirit, and dedicated to the honor and glory of God and His Most Blessed Mother, *Holy Ghost Youth Center* opens its doors to the Catholic youth of downtown Denver.

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXIV

November, 1948

Number 11

## Mission Intention for November

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

THAT THE RIGHTS OF THE WORKINGMAN IN AFRICA MAY BE VINDICATED IN ACCORDANCE WITH CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

THE social problems of the continent of Africa present a situation for the Church markedly different from that in Europe and America. The colored population of Africa increases steadily, whereas the white cannot keep pace with it. Africa for all time must remain the homeland of the colored. The whites, by their control of industrial facilities, will continue to exercise a tremendous influence directly upon the economic life of the colored and thereby affect, for good or evil, their social life.

BUT the white in Africa refuses to put himself on a par with the native colored. Even they who are born in the land regard themselves as "colonials" of some Western power and indignantly, at times, reject the appellation "Native." Africa for them is a land to be worked for the benefit of the mother country. One missionary from Elizabethville, in the Belgian Congo, recently wrote: "It is rare to find a white who loves the colored, or who, at least, not despising them can treat them as man to man. One of our native teachers, who is an excellent musician and composer of African music, said: "I can be very friendly with certain whites, but never in public. In the presence of other whites they do not dare show any interest or sympathy towards me."

AS a result of this attitude, the progress of the African is materially hampered. The better positions are denied him, so that he is employed in the least lucrative position and even here is given a minimum of wages. This is done notwithstanding the fact that the natives have shown themselves capable of complicated technical training and intelligent, willing work-

ers who are fully aware of their responsibilities.

MORE than any other institution, the Church has made the African conscious of his dignity before God and has striven to develop his talents. It has raised to the priesthood of God five hundred African young men and has entrusted a Vicariate in Uganda, staffed with native priests, to a native Bishop consecrated in Rome by Pope Pius XII. At present it has nine hundred African youths in its minor and major seminaries. What the Church is further doing to raise the social standard of the people can be shown from the following. For this year of 1948, there has been an enrollment of 832,330 pupils in 17,688 schools (primary and higher). Youths of both sexes to the number of 3,752, in 117 Normal schools, are being trained to become teachers in 32 Vocational Schools; 4,357 students are receiving technical instruction to fit them to become leaders in the business, industrial, and agricultural life of their country.

THESE figures indicate clearly how the Church, often with the co-operation of the State, is improving the social condition of the African, and is making him realize that he is not a slave of the more fortunate in the things of the world.

THE grave danger at the present time in Africa, as elsewhere, is communism. The Church there is entering upon a crucial period. Africa's economic problem is closely linked with religious and social foundations. A prayer this month of November, in union with the Holy Father, for the vindication of the rights of the workingman in Africa in accordance with Christian principles, is a prayer for his salvation.

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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.

# Joe of L. A. Reporting on His Happy Day

by Sister Eugenia

I GUESS maybe my old man ain't so bad after all. Since he sold the cafe and we moved up here from L. A. he seems to be gettin' a different slant on things. Well, I am, too, for that matter.

ONLY I ran into a little difficulty right off the bat. For some reason or other, which I don't care to explain, I am not able to get along very well with these dames known as school teachers. The last one I had in L. A., I put up with her for a whole year, and now she thinks she can make me take the eighth grade over up here. Well, she's got another think coming—Pop says it's O. K. with him, I can stay home and help him raise chickens.

THIS place sure is a lot different from the big city of Los Angeles. My old man says we got outa there just in time. He thinks if we woulda stayed there much longer, I would be spending most of my days sitting in jail. But, as I was saying, this burg sure is a lot different from L. A. It is made up of only one street with a church on one corner and a store on the other corner, and a few houses in between—maybe two dozen. The rest of the people around here live on ranches. And, oh, yes, I almost forgot the school! I am here only a week when I change my mind and decide to go to school after all, as somehow or other the school up here finds out I am only fourteen.

WELL, anyhow, the very first day I am in school here, one guy named Tony says to me, "Are you Catholic? There's catechism today." I don't wanta let on that it's all Greek to me, so I just say, "Yeah? Where?" "At the church," he tells me. When I hear "church," I say, "No, thanks." On account of my old man don't believe in church, so I don't either, at that time.

WELL, on this particular day I am at home after school, minding my own business, while all the other kids run up to the church. Of course, I look up that way every so often to see what's cookin', and after what seems to be about two hours the kids are coming out of the church and going home, but they don't seem to be in no special hurry. The reason is that they are talking to two queer-looking dames in black and white, which I find out later are called Sisters.

AS YOU probably know, these Sisters don't let no grass grow under their feet, so it is only ten minutes later when they are knocking at our door. My old man, of course, is just as surprised as I am, so before he can think twice, he is answering all the questions they ask him. It is at this time that I find out that I oughta be a Catholic, which I don't know before; also that I am baptized when I am four years old, just before my mother dies.

RIGHT about this time I can see my old man is getting kinda embarrassed, as for about five minutes all he answers is, "No . . . No . . . No." So when the Sister says to him, "We'd like to see Joe come to class at the church next week," all he says is, "If he wants to." I am greatly surprised at this, as I thought all the time he does not like the idea of church.

HOWEVER, when next week comes, I don't go to the church on that day when the Sisters come, as I am ashamed to have twelve-year-old squirts look up at me and say, "Gee, *ain't* you made your First Communion yet?" which happened to me in school a few days before when I opened my mouth at the wrong time.

OF COURSE, when I don't show up, these Sisters hot-foot it down to our place again. This time it sounds like my old man is expecting them, as he has ready a few sassy remarks to say to them about the church. But they don't scare easy, and they give him back some pretty good answers.

AND besides all this, they keep calling him *Mister* Pampalonis, which he seems to like very much indeed, as nobody has ever called him "Mister" before when he used to mix drinks and carry trays at the cafe. So anyhow, before they leave, it is kind of agreed on by all concerned that I will go to the catechism class next Tuesday.

WHEN next Tuesday comes it happens that I am home from school on that day, as I am having a little trouble with the teacher at about that time. So I am sitting on our steps thinking about the gangster show I see last Saturday, when all at once I look up just in time to see a car full of Sisters stop at the church, and two of them get out and go inside. I spend about

fifteen minutes wondering where the other Sisters went in the car, when I see these two Sisters come outside and stand in the sun. The reason is plain, as the kids tell me that that church is very cold, being made of stone.

**I**T TAKES me only two minutes to get over there as they are very friendly and I am sure they would like to hear me tell about the gangster show I saw last Saturday, as the kids tell me when I ask them some questions that these Sisters never get a chance to see a picture show.

**A**FTER I get started, they do not interrupt me even once, and we get as far as the "get-away." I am beginning to realize more and more that this is the life for me. In fact, I can just see myself hunched over the steering-wheel, going one hundred miles per, and the cops tearing after us, with the loot lying at my feet and my pals stretched out on the floor in back, as the cops have already punctured one of my tires with their tommy-guns. I have just taken a corner on two wheels when Sister breaks in for the first time.

**"D**ON'T you feel sorry for those guys?" she asks, "especially the leader! Just think! I bet he can hardly sleep at night, wondering which one of his pals is gonna stick a knife in his back and run off with the loot."

**N**OW this is a new angle which I do not think of before, and while I am turning it over in my mind, she pops out with, "Did you ever hear the true story about a gangster who lived in Detroit or New York or Chicago, I forget which? I'm not sure, but I think his name was Baby-Face something or other." (Important facts like this she does not seem to be able to remember.)

**S**HE goes on to say how this bird does not know very much about God, but one day it seems he is "taken for a ride" and ends up with his back full of bullets. As he is a tough bird and not easy to kill, he finds himself in a hospital instead of a morgue. A Catholic hospital, the Sister calls it, which is a hospital having Sisters dressed in white. Now in this hospital is a cross which hangs over his door and which he asks the Sister dressed in white what it is all about. Things go on like this for a couple days—maybe three, when all of a sudden he rings a bell, which means he wants the Sister to come, which she does. Then he tells her, "Call me a priest," which she also does. When the priest comes he asks the gangster a few questions, and then he is baptized, I mean the gangster is. After that, the Sister says, he does not live much longer, and when he dies he has a straight ticket to

heaven, in spite of the fact that he has been a pretty bad egg before this time.

**I** AM about to ask her if she thinks I will go to heaven when I die, as I am baptized when I am four, and my past record is not so hot, either, but right at this moment all the little kids from the school are running up this way for catechism, so she tells me, "Good-bye, Joe, I'll see you next week."

**T**HAT same night while I am in bed, I can hear my old man snoring, and I am real glad that I do not have a lotta loot, with a couple pals hanging around trying to stick a knife in my back while I am trying to go to sleep.

**W**HEN next week comes around, I am still having difficulty with the teacher. In fact, she keeps me in after school to write "I will behave myself in class" five hundred times on the blackboard. So for this reason I do not go to the catechism class at the church with the other kids.

**A**S I am walking home, I say to myself, "Tomorrow I will hop a freight for San Francisco and join the navy. Or else if there was a bridge around here I might jump offa it and put an end to myself." Particularly am I down on all women, even Sisters, and so I say to myself, "To heck with those catechism classes at the church," only instead of "heck" I say another word which I have stopped saying for some time now. The only time I say that word now is when I tell God I don't want to go there.

**W**HEN I get home, I find my old man is in the same kinduva mood I am in, so I stay out of his way. I am sitting on our steps and wishing that I am at the catechism class with the rest of the kids. After what seems to be about three hours, maybe four, the kids come piling outa the church, the Sister along with them. I watch until only two girls are left talking to the Sister. When they go, I walk over before she has a chance to go back in the church. Needless to say, I am quite surprised, as I am expecting a big welcome, which I don't get, from this particular Sister. In fact, she keeps looking down the road past me like I am not there. She says, "Good afternoon, Joe," kinda stiff like, and then she doesn't say anything at all, and for once in my life I do not know what to say, either. I am getting kinda sore at the whole business, so before I can think twice I am saying one of those sassy remarks about church like I hear my old man saying every so often. I say to her out of the corner of my mouth, real tough like, "Aw

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# Around Victory Noll

by Sister Eunice

**D**URING the summer months we were happy to welcome to Victory Noll about seventy of our Sisters from the mission field. Some of the Sisters had been away from the Mother House for five, ten, even as long as fourteen years. We trust that the time they spent at Victory Noll will prove "the pause that refreshes" and that the new school year will be one of intensified zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls.

**A** FEW days before our annual retreat we were privileged to have as our guest, His Excellency the Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis. The Archbishop stayed over night and said Mass for us the next morning. We were surprised when he told us of some of the mission places in his diocese. We have twenty-one Sisters from the Archdiocese of St. Louis, and we are more likely to think of St. Louis as a large Catholic city, with flourishing Catholic schools and other institutions, than of an Archdiocese with large mission districts without resident priests or Sisters.

**V**ERY Reverend Monsignor Charles J. Helmsing, a close friend of our community, accompanied the Archbishop. There would be something lacking in a summer at Victory Noll if Monsignor Helmsing did not stop in for at least a few hours, so we were grateful that, in spite of his many duties, he was able to arrange this visit.

**T**WO other visitors at Victory Noll just before retreat were Sister Mark and Sister Margaret Mary from the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels, a Canadian community founded in 1922 by Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart. The Community works exclusively among poverty stricken Chinese. The Sisters were collecting in neighboring parishes for their work in China. Among other institutions, they have a thousand bed hospital in Canton, where everything is free to the people. They also have a leprosarium in the province of Kwangsi and one in that of Kweichow.

**S**ISTER MARGARET MARY, a very charming Chinese Sister, was the first person born in China with whom we had had direct contact. If all Chinese are like her, we do not feel so sorry for our missionaries in that land. Born in Hong Kong, Sister Margaret Mary had attended school taught by Sisters and she spoke English well. The Sisters have a novitiate in China,

which though closed during the war is now being reopened. They have fifteen professed Chinese Sisters. The Sisters remained with us during the first four days of our annual retreat and were happy to make the retreat with us.

**R**EVEREND FRANCIS LARKIN, SS.CC., National Director of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart, preached our retreat. More than a hundred Sisters from Victory Noll and the missions were here for the retreat. At the same time retreats were held in eight houses in the West and Southwest for our Sisters in

the missions.

**O**N AUGUST 5, the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, our seventeen postulants received the habit and entered the novitiate. Fifteen Sisters were professed. The Sunday before retreat we inveigled the novices and postulants into having their pictures taken, so we are showing them to you on the opposite page, though the postulants are now novices and the novices are professed religious working in the mission field.

**H**IS EXCELLENCY, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, presided at the ceremonies of Reception and Profession. We were privileged to have the Bishop remain with us for several days after Reception, as he does every year if at all possible.

**T**HE next big event at Victory Noll was appointment day—August 15. Everyone seemed more than usually happy this year, so even we stay-at-homes were careful not to throw cold water on the general enthusiasm.

**T**HE following day, almost before the excitement consequent upon appointments had time to subside, the Reverend William H. Russell, Ph.D., of the Catholic University of America, arrived at Victory Noll to give a course in Religion. So for the next fifteen days we spent the greater part of our time in an intensive but very interesting study of the life of Our Lord.

**O**N SEPTEMBER 1, the morning after the course ended, the grand exodus began, and before long the majority of our Sisters for the missions were on their way. We miss the Sisters after the summer vacation, but we know they

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Above (l. to r.): Virginia Spencer, San Diego, Calif., now Sister Aquina; Dolores Gerken, Dubuque, Iowa, Sister Dolores Ann; Doris Schatz, Elicott City, Md., Sister Marilyn; Priscilla Wilke, Breese, Ill., Sister Priscilla; Vivian Farley, San Francisco, Calif., Sister Carmela; Catherine Stage, Chicago, Ill., Sister Benedict; Mary Middendorf, Covington, Ky., Sister Marie Therese; Monica Manternach, Cascade, Iowa, Sister Jerome; Helen Kerr, Detroit, Mich., Sister Dennis; Eleanor Kuntz, Cleveland, O., Sister Andrea; Carolyn Ortega, Pastura, N. Mex., Sister Carol; Mary Kinney, Trenton, Mich., Sister Mary Bridget; Patricia McIntyre, Moncton, N.B., Canada, Sister Marie; Mary Minella, Steubenville, Ohio, Sister Mary James; Clara Riga, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sister Jean Clare; and Alma Bill, Arcadia, Wis., Sister Alma Marie.

Below—(l. to r.): 1st Row Sister Mary Paula (Fortier), Detroit, Mich.; Sister Anthony (Kirkessner), Lebanon, Pa.; Sister Rita Marie (Snyder), Chicago, Ill.; Sister Adele (Massaro), Clairton, Pa.; 2nd Row: Sister Mary Joachim (Kelley), Portland, Ore.; Sister Mary Martin (Evans), Omaha, Nebr.; Sister Francisca (McGarry); Wickliffe, Ohio; Sister Mary Lucille (Heugel), Iona, Ia.; Sister Angela (Palmer), Fort Wayne, Ind.; 3rd Row; Sister Mary Jane (Cholewinski), Culver, Ind.; Sister Barbara Marie (Witt), St. Louis, Mo.; Sister Germaine (Stadler), Topeka, Kans.; Sister Mary Francene (Merkowsky), Cavell, Sask., Canada; Sister Lorraine, (Masters), Humboldt, S. Dak.; and Sister Mary Jeanette (Garbacz), Cleveland, O.



## AROUND VICTORY NOLL

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are happy to be at work in the mission field once more.

ALL visitors at Victory Noll this summer were impressed, favorably or otherwise, with what looked like a pile of junk out in what used to be our sunken garden. At this writing there hasn't been much change, but looking closely one can see that a foundation has been dug and some cement poured in, and we are told that eventually a barracks will be raised upon the foundation. Eventually the barracks will be joined to the main building and covered with bricks to match both present buildings. The new building will be used as a much needed home for our Novices and Postulants.

AS WE write this, September 15, we are looking forward to a large class of Postulants, who are scheduled to enter the last of October. So far the number is placed unofficially at twenty.

FOUR new mission centers are being opened this fall. On September 8, Sister Mary Eva and Sister Mary Geraldine left for Richmond, Kentucky, where they are beginning work in a parish consisting of seven counties. On Septem-



Sister Margaret Mary, left, and Sister Mark, right, in patio at Victory Noll. Sister Margaret Mary was born in China. The Co-Foundress of their community, Mother M. Gabriel, is also Chinese. Chinese girls are accepted in the community on the same footing as foreign Sisters, with the same obligations, the same rights, and the same privileges.



Father Larkin, SS.CC., National Director of the Enthronement, during his stay at Victory Noll.

ber 12, Sister Aurelia Jane and two companions took charge of the Guadalupe Clinic at San Diego, California. On September 20, Sister Margaret Mary and four Sisters will go to the Settlement House at Gary, Indiana, where in addition to recreational activities they will teach religion to the public school children. The Sisters for our new center at Middlesex, New Jersey, are still with us, as the convent there is not ready. They expect to leave about October 1. We hope to tell you more about these four centers in later issues of the magazine.

LAST week end we were delighted to receive a surprise visit from the Very Reverend Anthony J. Blaufuss, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Topeka, Kansas. Father Blaufuss was a close friend of our Father Founder in seminary days, and gave Father a great deal of moral support, not to mention financial help, in the early days of our community. At the time Mother Catherine, our Superior General, entered our community, Father Blaufuss was pastor of the parish in which she lived, and it was he who directed her to our then infant congregation.

THIS is apple picking time at Victory Noll. Can you imagine anything more delightful than a bright, sunny fall day, with just a tinge of frost in the air, and an orchard of big, red, luscious apples? Picking apples is our favorite occupation.

# One Big Family

by Sister Gemma

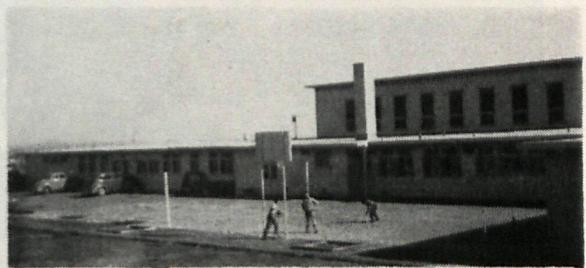
AS I stepped out of the auditorium of the administration building of one of San Pedro's projects, where I had been teaching for some time, I heard a friendly, "Good afternoon, Sister. Will you please help me to make the confession in English?"

LOOKING up I saw a young man, about twenty years old. He informed me he had been a convert for about two years and had just come to California from China. He knew a little English which he had learned from some French nuns over in China. His father had been a naval officer in the United States Navy for twenty-four years.

SINCE the young man, whose name was Andrew Chang, knew some English, we assured him it would not prove too difficult a task for him to learn to go to confession in English. We made arrangements for him to come to the convent for private instructions, and he was most faithful in doing so. When he did not understand the meaning of what I was trying to convey, out of his pocket would come his English-Chinese dictionary. Before long he was ready to go to confession in English.

AND now Andrew's mother, a convert of five months, was also anxious to go to confession, but she knew no English whatsoever. After consulting the Pastor, I informed Andrew of a method which we thought would work. I wrote out an examination of conscience in English, leaving space directly below for Andrew to translate the same into Chinese. At the beginning of the form was an indication of the time since the last confession, and at the end of the form the various penances which the priest might give. Now Andrew's mother could go to confession. All she would have to do would be to point to the Chinese, and Father would read the English translation. Our plan worked! The paper in Mrs. Chang's hand and the smile on her lips as she frequently comes out of the room serving as the confessional assure me that she has found peace in the Sacrament of Penance, despite the fact that she is unable to say even one word in English.

ANDREW described his life before he entered the Church as that of one being at sea during terrible storms, and the finding of the true faith as reaching the shore which brought peace and calm. He remarked how very much at home



Views from Western Terrace, San Pedro, Calif. Upper, street showing homes; center, view of harbor; lower, back of administration building, showing playground and entrance to classroom. Father offers Mass in auditorium every Sunday.

he felt inside a Catholic church, even in a strange country. "Catholic Church just like on big family," he said to me one day.

THIS phrase of Andrew's is especially striking to me on Sunday mornings when Father goes up to Western Terrace—the housing project where I first met Andrew—for Mass. Father offers the Mass on the stage in the auditorium, and the people assisting at the Mass are from all parts of the world, people of various colors and tongues, yet all unite in offering the same Sacrifice and in partaking of the same Eucharistic Food.

HOW well Andrew sized up the universality of the Catholic Church by this one phrase, "Catholic Church just like one big family."

### WHY THEY LOST THE GAME

"WE lost the game this afternoon, Sister, and it was all Tony's fault," said fifteen year old Xavier when he came to try on his new altar boy cassock in the evening.

"Why blame it all on poor Tony?" I asked, knowing that the two were inseparable pals.

"Well, last night," Xavier began to explain, "Tony said to the rest of us guys, 'Be sure to come and serve Mass in the morning so that we win the game.' And you know the other three of us came, but Tony didn't. The score was seven to six in favor of the other team. That made two scores for each of us who served, and if we'd have had two more scores for Tony's serving, the game would have been ours."

Sister Melita,  
San Pedro, California

## In the Home Field

### HE KNEW THE ANSWER

IN ONE of our small groups of children in the mountains, a young boy, preparing to make his First Holy Communion, just could not remember all the answers he was expected to know, but he did use his head.

"What does sanctifying grace do for you?" Sister asked.

After a moment's hesitation, he replied, "Oh, I know. It makes you good looking in God's sight."

Sister Mechtilde  
Brighton, Colorado

### LOOKING AHEAD

WE passed through a white wicket gate and knocked at the door of a model suburban home in a district where we were taking census. A serious young mother, in a stiffly-starched, frilled apron, opened the door.

"Oh, Sisters!" she exclaimed, scarcely giving us a chance to greet her. "Can you tell me whether my little boy will be permitted to attend the new St. Angela's school in Pacific Grove? We are not Catholics, but we want him educated in the Sisters' school."

"I am sure the Sisters will be glad to accept non-Catholic pupils as long as they have more than enough room for the Catholic children," I assured her. "But it might be well to enroll your little boy as soon as possible."

Not a little nonplussed, the anxious mother explained, "But my little boy won't be old enough to go to school for five more years."

Sister Barbara  
Monterey, California

### HE WAS DETERMINED

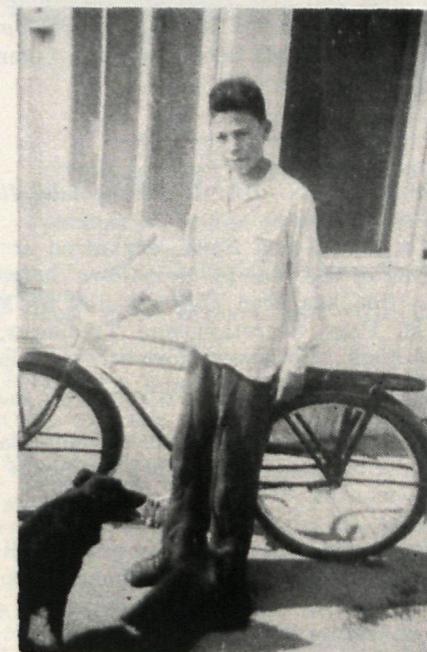
THIRTEEN year old Alfredo finally decided it was time for him to prepare for his First Holy Communion. For years the Sisters had been trying to encourage him to attend class, but without success. This year he attended exactly twice during the first four months. However, the New Year gave us an opportunity to visit his home several times, as well as to talk privately to Alfredo. Finally, God's grace moved him to decide to really do his part.

Alfredo attended a school for the so-called mentally retarded children. With the years, he adopted the attitude that he was "too dumb" to learn anything. This attitude gave him no incentive to try. One day Alfredo came early to class and saw Sister teaching a large group of fourth graders. When it was time for his class, which was a class of eight, most of whom attended the same school as Alfredo, he said, "Sister, is this the lowest class?" Sister assured him that there were a number of classes of smaller children, several of them not even First Communion classes. From that time on Alfredo

participated in the class with renewed interest.

At first the Sign of the Cross was Alfredo's only prayer. Later he learned the Our Father and the Hail Mary, and even attempted the Apostle's Creed. By the time he learned the Creed he was helping the boys who didn't know it.

Formerly Alfredo considered Sunday Mass unnecessary, but this year he made the resolution to attend Mass every Sunday and he has been faithful to his promise.



Alfredo and his dog—his ever faithful companion.

One day while Sister was explaining the result of sin, Alfredo asked, "Sister, how can we get rid of big sins?" After Sister told him of Our Lord's goodness and mercy in the Sacrament of Penance, Alfredo determined he would learn enough to go to confession soon. Later he told Sister he was determined to receive three Sacraments this year — Penance, Holy Eucharist, and Confirmation.

Alfredo received no assistance or encouragement from his parents. Nevertheless, with the special help of Sister and the abundant grace of God, Alfredo was ready with the other children for First Holy Communion. A week later he was confirmed.

Sister Henrietta  
Los Angeles, California



Children enjoy playground while waiting for religious instruction class.



# Associate Catechists

*It is truly meet and just, right and profitable for us at all times, and in all places, to give thanks to thee, O Lord. (Words taken from the Common Preface of the Mass.)*

## MOTHER CABRINI BAND (Wauconda, Ill.)

THIS is a brand new Band, organized at the beginning of the year by Mrs. Clara Swiatley, Promoter. She has been ably assisted by Miss Florence M. Frey, Secretary and Treasurer, in all undertakings. Both were formerly associated with the Infant of Prague Band, Chicago.

We shall quote from Florence's letter, dated August 30, telling us of their achievements the first seven months.

"Our Band now has nineteen members. Eight are permanent residents and the remainder summer residents only. We meet each month and each lady is hostess in alphabetical order."

(Permanent residents plan summer activities

for both winter and summer residents. Novelty articles are cut out during winter months to keep hands busy at summer meetings.)

"This summer, the children of some of the mothers in our Band wrote and gave a play for the benefit of our ACM Band and from that \$23.13 was realized. The mothers in appreciation gave the children a wiener roast at the beach. August 5th we sponsored a card party in the lunch room of one of our members, which netted us \$48.75 and which we thought wonderful. Our dues are fifteen cents a month. All in all I am able to send you this check for \$100.00."



Are you collecting and saving canceled stamps for the missions? We shall be happy to receive them at Victory Noll. Address: Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Box 109, Huntington, Indiana.



CHILDREN WHO ENTERTAINED MOTHER CABRINI BAND MEMBERS AT WAUCONDA, ILL.

Back row, l. to r.  
Maureen McCloskey,  
Jeanne McDermott,  
Margie Dolan,  
Kathleen McCloskey,  
Kathleen Dolan,  
Jean Scott.  
Front row, l. to r.  
Crystal Anderson,  
Karen Anderson,  
Marie Scott,  
Mary Kay Emerson.

# of Mary

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## ST JUDE MISSION CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)

We frequently hear from the Promoter, Mrs. Charles J. Fiala, and always a large check accompanies each letter. Mrs. Fiala has travelled in the West and Southwest and knows first hand the poverty of the people in these mission districts.

St. Jude Mission Club is one of three Chicago Bands which contribute to the support of our Sister Rita Marie, a newly professed Sister. Sister was given the Jesus, Mary, Joseph Burse which was formerly held by Sister Rose Anne, deceased.

## ST. BRIDGET BAND (Bellevue, Ky.)

Our Bellevue, Kentucky, group, with Miss Grace Kern serving as Promoter, "adopted" our Brawley Mission Center during the past year and take great pleasure in making articles for the poor children of that mission. Last year's Christmas box contained such lovely gifts as balloons, comeback balls, crayons, color books, cut-out books, marbles, jumping ropes, dolls made of spools and yarn, children's dresses, hair bows, as well as useful items for the baby clinic there.

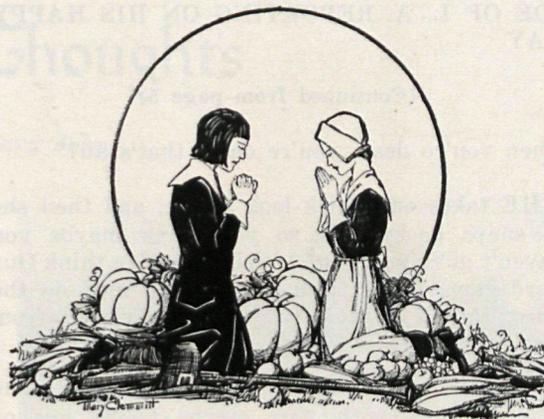
May the Babe of Bethlehem reward their love and devotion shown to these His least ones.

## ST. PHILOMENA'S BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

The above named Band was organized in St. Philomena's parish at least fourteen years ago. After a sojourn of many years in Lombard, Illinois, Miss Mary Schaefer, Promoter, has again returned to St. Philomena's parish.

The contributions from this Band have been generous and regular. God bless and prosper its members.

November, 1948



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

August 16 to September 20, 1948

Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons .....	6.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary Nye .....	60.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann .....	38.00
Mother Cabrini Band, Wauconda, Ill., Mrs. Clara Swiatley .....	100.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	2.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	19.00
Queen of Hearts Band, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky .....	15.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mary Muscalino .....	1.00
St. Anne Mission Circle, Fort Wayne, Miss Ann Brink .....	3.75
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern .....	6.50
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	5.00
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	210.00
St. Mary's Mission Club, Maywood, Ill., Mrs. Forest Lehman .....	12.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, O., Miss Marie Gouy .....	2.00

## MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND (Evanston, Ill.)

Our Evanston Band, headed by Miss Celia Henrich, has also been in existence about fourteen years. During this long period of time the Band has been in touch with Victory Noll, sending donations from its members.

We are very grateful for the interest shown and the help given. We shall continue to offer earnest prayers in behalf of these Associates.

## JOE OF L. A. REPORTING ON HIS HAPPY DAY

(Continued from page 5)

when you're dead, you're dead, that's all!"

SHE takes one quick look at me, and then she snaps back, "Oh, so you think maybe you haven't got a soul, huh? Well, whaddy think Our Lord came down from heaven and died on the cross for, if it wasn't to save your soul from hell!"

BEFORE I can think up an answer to this, she comes out with, "Or maybe you're one of those guys who don't believe that God ever came down from heaven and lived on this earth and died on the cross for our sins!"

I AM about to tell her that I know for sure that God lived on this earth, as I have heard His Name plenty of times, when all at once, the car full of Sisters drives up and she gets in and off she goes. This time she does not even say to me, "Good-bye, Joe, I'll see you next week."

WHEN next Tuesday comes, you can bet that I am at the catechism class with bells on, as I don't like the idea of having Sisters look down the road past me like I am not there and not giving me a big welcome, besides.

WHEN the class is over, which I do not remember much about, she asks me will I please stay after class. I am realizing to my sorrow that all women are alike after all, as I feel in my bones she is going to make me write five hundred times, maybe a thousand, "I will behave myself in class."

BUT no, instead of this, to my great surprise, she asks me kinda confidential-like, "Joe, didn't you ever go to catechism class in Los Angeles, not even once?"

I TELL her, "Why no, I never had a chanct to see any Sisters like you down there."

THEN she changes the subject and says something about a big harvest and not enough workers. I don't say nothing at all to this, though I do not agree with her, as there are too many people working in the nuts at this particular time. I know, because I tried to get a job pickin', but they would not hire more pickers, they said they had enough.

AFTER that, she asks me a few more questions which I don't remember. Then she says, "That settles it! You're going to need some special classes in order to catch up with the rest of the kids."

I AM feeling very happy over this whole thing, as she seems to know quite a few good stories to talk about which I tell over again to my old man in the evenings. I am picking up some pretty good answers to tell him, too, when he happens to make a sassy remark about church, which he doesn't seem to be doing so much of any more.

SO FAR I haven't come to first base, as you can see. I started out to tell you about my happy day, but it seems I am running out of paper right now . . . I will have to finish this some other time. I do not mind writing this at all. The time I do not care to write is when I have to stay after school and write five hundred times "I will behave myself in class."

(To be Continued.)

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## SISTER'S ASSISTANT

"TERESA is busy and can't come today," said Jose shyly, as he turned to leave. Then gathering courage, he turned back to Sister and continued, "But she said I could take her place."

Teresa, Jose's older sister, had promised to help teach the prayers to the small children during the time Sister was extra busy with the First Communion class. Jose is in the sixth grade. The children who would be in the prayer class are five and six year olds. Would Jose qualify as their teacher? Sister thought he would and asked him to help the little ones with the hard words in the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*.

Sister had brought the picture of Our Lord blessing little children to class, so she asked Jose if he would like to tell the children the story which the picture illustrated. Jose thought he would. The little audience sat entranced as Jose, with extraordinary enthusiasm, pointed out the different characters in the picture and told of the great love that Jesus had for little children.

From that time until Sister had the older children ready for First Communion, Jose took the prayer class. Sister would assemble the whole class, but as soon as Jose came from school the little members of his class would stand up and make their way to the other part of the building, where the young teacher, after arranging them in orderly rows, would proceed with the class.

But it seems as if Sister may lose her young assistant soon as Jose is preparing to enter the Jesuit Preparatory School.

Sister Mary Alice  
El Paso, Texas

*The Missionary Catechist*

# Autumn Thoughts

by Sister Mary John

**G**AY autumn is arrayed in her finest festive apparel. The colorful leaves are gypsies in their gorgeous garments of red and gold. Sometimes they are dancers, dancing to the wind's plaintive autumn serenade; at other times they become vagrants, desert the camp, and scatter here and there in their finery, until at last they are gathered up and thrown into the dancing flames of the campfire. Then in bleak November the trees stand like barren sentinels awaiting winter snows, knowing well that with the Spring they will bud forth once again.

**N**EVER do I view this pageant of autumn splendor, of life, death, and the promise of a future life, but it seems to me that Holy Mother Church has wisely chosen the month of November for us to remember those who have gone before us. How like our lives are the leaves! When green, as in youth, they hold the promise of years to come. Then as joys and sorrows, like lights and shadows, come into our lives, the green changes into the golden beauty of a life rich in love of God and fellow men. Then as silently as the leaf takes its downward flight from the tree top, so the Angel of Death takes up the soul to its everlasting home. The dancing flames of the campfire now become the purging flames of purgatory. Through the leafless trees the wind plays the lamentation of the suffering souls, "Have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

**E**ACH passing year takes its toll of those whom we have known and loved in life. Meditatively, I go over the past year. Gone is the kind, saintly Pastor of souls for whom I was privileged to work. He was a priest with an understanding heart, quick wit that smoothed many a difficult circumstance, one to whom no task was too difficult, no event too unimportant for his attention. Well shall I remember the many lessons he taught of patience, of thoughtfulness of others, of forgetfulness of self, of charity to the poor. Indeed, he was another Christ.

**N**EXT I turn my thoughts to our own community. In a single year the Angel of Death gathered from among us three of our Sisters, as many as had been claimed during the first twenty-five years of our existence. There was Sister Julia, pioneer member of the community, an active missionary, having spent twenty-five years in the missions of New Mexico, who

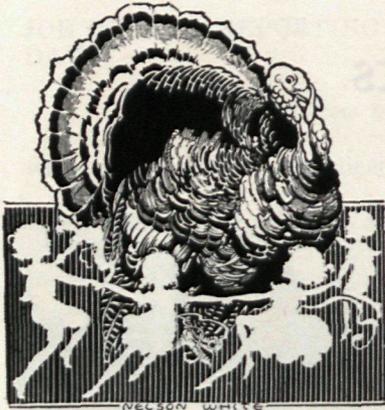


after a short illness was called to her eternal reward. Sister Marie Benes, likewise a pioneer in the community, and the companion of Sister Julia on their first assignment in the missions of New Mexico in 1922, followed Sister Julia to heaven some seven months later. Contrary to that of Sister Julia, Sister Marie's apostolate had been one of suffering during practically all the twenty-five years of her religious life. Then there was Sister Rose Anne McBride, the life of the household, kind, thoughtful, generous, a blessing in whatever mission she was stationed, who was struck down after ten years of mission work with an illness from which she never recovered. After three years of suffering she yielded up her soul to God at the age of thirty-four.

**M**Y THOUGHTS drift to the little home where the widowed mother had recently answered the summons of death. It is not so much her going, but what her death will mean to her children that causes the pang of regret at her passing. Mother Mary protect these orphaned little ones!

**A**GAIN the scene changes. In spirit I stand once more in an unfrequented cemetery outside one of Nevada's remote, abandoned ghost towns. The marble tombstones have stood through all the years, telling the story of the passing of a young mother, an infant, a boy, a girl, an aged pioneer of the West. Little wooden crosses, unable to weather the years, have fallen and refuse to tell their story.

**M**Y THOUGHTS turn heavenward, and again I seem to hear in the soft murmur of the wind through the barren trees, the lamentation of the Holy Souls, "Have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."



Dear Loyal Helpers:

MANY times your parents and teachers have told you how thankful you ought to be that you are an American. American boys and girls grow up sturdy and healthy. They have good food. Sometimes you see pictures of children in Europe and Asia whose little bodies are scrawny for want of bread and milk.

Right here in America, though, there is another kind of starvation all around us. It is *spiritual* starvation. We find starved souls everywhere. Sunshine Secretary saw it last summer when she taught Catechism to Spanish-speaking children and grownups from Texas. They had come to Indiana to pick tomatoes.

Most of you are in Catholic schools. Most of you made your First Holy Communion at a very tender age—probably at seven. After that you received Holy Communion so often that you can't begin to count the number of times.

Last summer a dear Mexican girl announced to us proudly, "I have received Jesus *three times* in Holy Communion!" Holy Communions, spaced far apart, are the milestones in her life. A splendid boy of fourteen asked us: "Sister, just



# Mary's Loyal

what is Holy Communion?"

All these Mexicans were baptized Catholics in infancy. *Most of them, including their parents, had not made their First Holy Communion!* They want to very much, but they can neither read nor write. If they were able to do that they might prepare themselves for the Sacraments. They are constantly moving with the crops.

Thank God on Thanksgiving Day and *every day* for the blessing of a good religious upbringing. Pray for those not so favored.

Mary-ly yours,  
SUNSHINE SCERETARY

WALLINGFORD (CONN.) HELPER



This will introduce *Margaret Simon*, Wallingford, Connecticut, age ten. She goes to Holy Trinity School.

# Helpers Pages

## LETTER O' THE MONTH

(From the Mother of three Loyal Helpers.)

Dear Sister:

Enclosed you will find the Piggy (a piggy bank card) who ate the Red Boot (coin card) with contents.

Seems like with a new baby, measles, mumps and chicken pox, we just can't keep up the schedule. Nevertheless, we want to send our contribution as thanks to God for our recoveries.

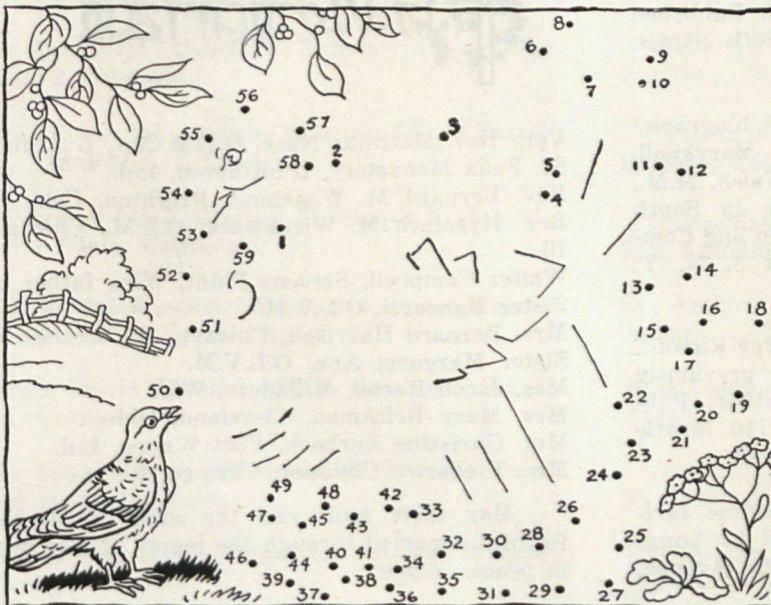
Sincerely yours in the Sacred Heart,

Mrs. Lazor, Gertrude Ann, Monica, and Bernard.

Answers to October Puzzle: 1. Deliver—reviled. 2. flog—golf. 3. Emil—lime. 4. drawer—reward. 5. sung—gnus. 6. net—ten.

## NOVEMBER PUZZLE

When the Pilgrims celebrated the First Thanksgiving Day with a banquet, this giant-sized fowl appeared on the menu. Work the puzzle and earn a holy card from Sunshine Secretary.



November, 1948



A CHICAGO MISS



This is Maryanne Palasz, little sister of Virginia Palasz, one of our Chicago Helpers.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND



One of our most Loyal Helpers is little Marie Balderacchi of Wallingford, Connecticut. She was nine years old and in the fourth grade when this picture was taken.



THE DE MONTFORT WAY, a booklet on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, by Frank Duff, Founder of the Legion of Mary. Published by The Montfort Fathers, 110 Myrtle Avenue, Port Jefferson, New York. Price 15c each; discount on quantities.

ST. LOUIS DE MONTFORT, thirty-seven page booklet on the life of St. Louis de Montfort, by Eugene J. Moynihan, S.M.M. Booklet contains forty-two illustrations. Published by Montfort Fathers, 110 Myrtle Ave., Port Jefferson, N. Y. Price 50c.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN ALMANAC, an Almanac for the sick. Published by the Apostolate of Suffering, 1551 N. 34th Street, Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin.

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE LITTLE FLOWER, by Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C., is a review of the lessons that can be learned from the life, writings, and sayings of the Little Flower of Jesus. Published by Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn. Paper bound, price \$1.00.

HEART AFIRE, Devotion to the Sacred Heart, by Rev. M. D. Forrest, S.M.C. This is a summary of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, theologically accurate, yet written in language that is simple, clear, and easily understood. Published by The Sentinel Press, 194 East 76th Street, New York 21, N. Y. Price \$1.50.

THE MAN ON JOSS STICK ALLEY, biography of the Reverend Daniel McShane of Maryknoll. Written by the Reverend James E. Walsh, M.M., D.D., pioneer Maryknoll Missionary in South China. Published by Longmans, Green and Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Price \$2.75.

ST. LOUIS DE MONTFORT, by George Rigault. A most welcome edition of a work previously published in England by the same author. Publishers are The Montfort Fathers, 110 Myrtle Ave., Port Jefferson, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

DIFFICULT STAR, the Story of Pauline Jaricot, by Katherine Burton. Published by Longmans, Green and Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Price \$2.75.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL CONGRESS of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home, held at St. Francis Major Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July 16-18, 1946. Order from the National Center of the Enthronement, Brookland, Washington 17, D. C. Price \$1.00.

FATHER DAMIEN, Apostle of the Lepers, by the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, D.D. Apostolic Delegate to the United States. Published by the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts, 4930 South Dakota Ave., N. E., Washington 17, D.C. Price 50c. (Any profits from the sale of this booklet will be used to further the cause of the Beatification of Father Damien.)

VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, by St. Alphonsus; MESSAGE TO NEGROES, by D. J. Corrigan, C.S.S.R., WHAT ABOUT YOUR VOCATION? by Rev. D. J. Corrigan, C.S.S.R., and Rev. D. F. Miller, C.S.S.R., pamphlets published by The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, price 10c each.

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Our Cover: Sister Marie Helene and two of her youthful rhythm band members at Azusa, Calif.

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#### MISSION BOXES

Please send your mission boxes to the Sisters in the mission centers. Address OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS and add one of the addresses on opposite page.



Very Rev. Matthias Nack, O.F.M.Cap., Guardian St. Felix Monastery, Huntington, Ind.  
Rev. Bernard M. Weakland, Brighton, Colo.  
Rev. Hyacinth M. Wiczorack, O.S.M., Chicago, Ill.  
Walter Campbell, Stevens Point, Wis., father of Sister Margaret, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Bernard Harrison, Chicago, Ill., mother of Sister Margaret Ann, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Jacob Hertel, Milladore, Wis.  
Mrs. Mary Brickman, Cleveland, Ohio.  
Mrs. Christine Zurbach, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Mrs. Frederica Chussler, Chicago, Ill.

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

# Addresses of Our Mission Centers

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

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

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

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

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.

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

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

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

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

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

Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.

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

The Guadalupe Clinic, 1747 Kearney Avenue, San Diego 2, California.

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

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

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

Sacred Heart Mission, 178 S. 6th Ave., Brighton, Colorado.

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

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

Our Lady of Fatima Mission, 1385 Van Buren St., Gary, Indiana.

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

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

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

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

Divine Saviour Convent 264 Sunset Avenue, Richmond, Kentucky.

Holy Trinity Mission, P. O. Box 157, Ida, Michigan.

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

St. Louis de Montfort Mission, 1904 N. Gonzales Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

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

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26, Winnemucca, Nevada.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Eternal Rest

*Thy Precious Blood,  
Thy Sacred Heart outpoured,  
For mercy pleads:  
These captives free, O Lord.*

*Oh pardon them, Jesus,  
Thy hand of justice stay.  
They will never more offend Thee.  
Miserere!*

Insure a PERPETUAL remembrance of your dear ones and of yourself after death, by enrollment as Perpetual Members in

### ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

Write for particulars to

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana