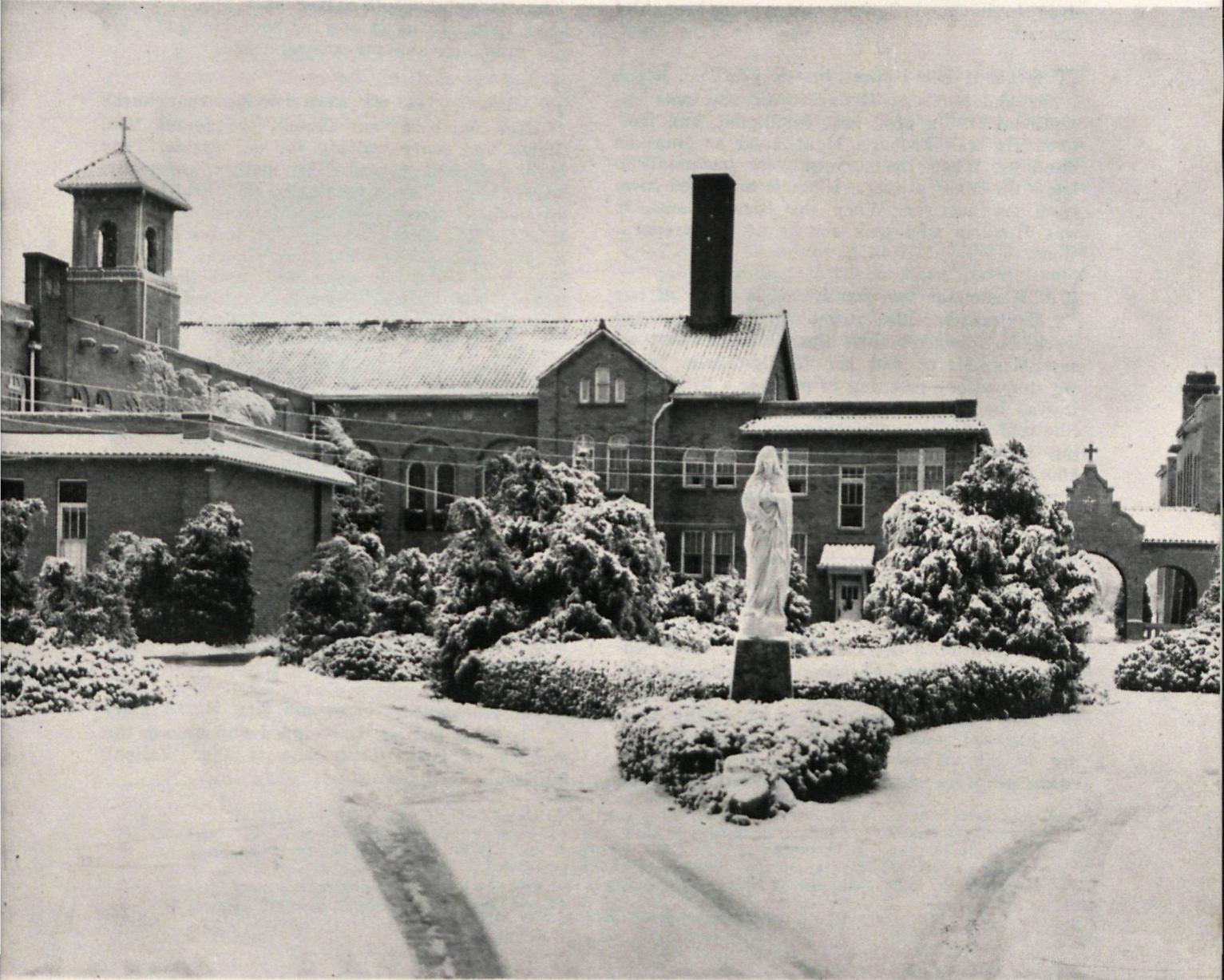


# The Missionary Catechist



# A Valiant Woman

by Sister Mary Rose

IN one of our missions, among the many fine Catholic families, is one that is outstanding. The mother of this family is on the various committees in charge of the altars and sacristies. Her faith is her life, and training her children to be good Catholics has been her chief concern.

IT is about her I want to tell you . . . about her and her son, Honario. He, too, was exceptional . . . a good boy, intelligent, and likeable. He was Father's right hand at Mass on Sundays. When the servers were too small to know the Mass prayers, Honario answered them from the sacristy. When the Bishop came, it was Honario who took charge of the preparations.

EACH summer this family, as do many of our Mexican families, went up North to find work. So it wasn't until late November that we saw Mrs. Meras and her family again. When we stopped one morning to pay her a little visit, it was her daughter, Mary, who invited us in. She told us that her mother was sick . . . nothing physically wrong, but she was worrying about Honario. While they were up North that summer, Honario had met a charming young lady. They ran away and attempted marriage before a Justice of the Peace. To make it worse, the family later discovered that the young lady had already been married and her first husband was living.

AS I mentioned before, Mrs. Meras' first concern about her children had always been their spiritual welfare, and now the great sorrow that was wearing on her and breaking down her physical reserve was that Honario was living in sin. When the mother came into the room we were shocked at the change in her.

We had always known her as a well-groomed, stately woman, but now she looked old, weary, and sad. She took my hand, and with tears running down her cheeks, she said, "Oh, Madrecita, beg of God to send my Honario back home to me. I would rather have him here sick than living as he is now without his God." We did pray . . . and the answer came.

IN January, as we were leaving the church after finishing our classes, we found Mrs. Meras and Mary waiting for us outside. They both looked very well. The mother, especially, seemed to have regained her health and strength. Immediately they told us the news. Honario was home . . . sick. The doctor had just brought the X-rays and they showed that one lung was completely gone. And now they were looking for Father. Honario wanted to go to confession.

THE Pastor, who was the good friend and advisor of the family, was away at this time, and an American priest was helping out. The mother knew the matter would brook no delay, so they went for the American priest, and Honario made a sincere and contrite confession.

THE next day they took Honario to the hospital. Less than five weeks later we learned of his death. He had had the happiness of going to confession again and receiving the last Sacraments from his beloved Pastor and friend, who had returned home just the day before he died.

ALL deaths are a blow, and Mrs. Meras' grief is deep, but she is resigned and blesses the mercies of God. Truly she is the "Valiant Woman."

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXV

January, 1949

Number 2

## The Christian Home

by Sister Mary Louise

IN the course of a year, we call at thousands of houses. Not every house, however, is a home.

JAMES Cardinal Gibbons, describing a home, said: "The home should be pervaded by a religious atmosphere. It should be a sanctuary of domestic peace, sobriety, and parental love. Discontent and anger should be banished from it. Under these sweet influences the child will grow in virtue. Above all, let it be the asylum of daily prayer and then the angels of God and the God of angels will be there."



Victory Noll Sisters as they go on their round of house to house visiting.

WOULD you be interested in visiting a few homes with us? We shall take you first to what from all appearances was an average house on an average street in our own United States. Its vibrant, religious, family life, however, proved it to be an exception to the other houses on the same street.

A FATHER, mother, and three lively boys were the occupants of this home. There had been another boy, a twin named after St. Joseph. God must have wished a special place in this family circle, for soon after birth He sent His angel to claim little Joseph, thereby drawing tighter the bonds uniting this earthly home with its heavenly home.

WE visited this cozy home about three-thirty one afternoon. The mother and five-year-old Teddy were at home. While Mother gave us the census, our eyes fell repeatedly on a beautiful crucifix hanging on the living room wall above the davenport on which the mother was seated.

SOON the door opened and in came a second laughing boy. Little brother literally came to life when the older brother entered. "Did the papers come?" he wanted to know. "Not yet, it's too early," responded twelve-year-old Bob good-naturedly.

MOTHER explained that Bob had a big paper route, which really was a family affair. At four o'clock each day the truck left the papers at the door. Willing hands brought the huge bags into the kitchen where they were soon folded and ready for delivery.

THERE was another rush to the door, as Teddy greeted ten-year-old Harry. "The papers didn't come yet . . . oh, here they are!" Teddy exclaimed. He hopped around delightedly while the older boys took the papers into the spotless blue and white kitchen. The papers made a huge mound in the center of the floor. Cheerfully the boys set to work to fold and arrange them in certain bags.

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WHILE they worked, Mother talked. In the short time we were there, a picture was gradually produced on our minds, a picture in which we saw the mother as the pivot around which everything in this home rotated. She told us what good companions the boys were for her husband and herself, and what joy each new day was to them as they guided, directed, and helped these little boys onward toward Christian manhood. Daddy, too, had his rightful place in the home. He knew his boys well and loved them dearly. He corrected them when necessary, encouraged them always, inspiring them by word and example to live so that they would be a credit not to their parents only but especially to their God.

WE also learned of the altar which was taken care of by the boys. It was not unusual, the mother said, to find one or other of the boys stopping there for a little prayer in a moment of need. Each evening the family gathered there to say the family rosary.

THEN there was the story of Harry's attempt at serving. Ten-year-olds are not permitted to serve in his parish, but Harry has been looking forward to this privilege with so much anticipation that he knows just what to do from watching the other boys. The Latin responses he learned when Bob was learning them. So when one of the priests, who was preparing to offer Mass in the cemetery on the feast of All Souls, asked Harry if he knew how to serve, he replied in all truthfulness that he did. The priest handed him a cassock and surplice and Harry put them on with great pleasure. He served so well that the priest never knew he was not one of the regular servers.

BY this time the boys had their papers folded and with a cheery farewell they were on their way to deliver them. Then the mother told us of the family's plans for the future when, God willing, the boys would receive their higher education in the shadow of Our Lady's golden dome at Notre Dame. As we left this home we said a little prayer of gratitude for having met such a family.

WE met many other good families, interesting and wonderful, each in its own way. There was the youngest child of a family of thirteen, now the mother of thirteen of her own. Her children were a healthy, lively group, the youngest seven years old. The mother and four girls, with everything prepared for their evening meal, were waiting for their father to come in from work. We met him just before leaving. His thirteen youngsters had surely kept him young and cheerful.

GREATLY to be admired are the Veterans, who are taking the opportunity Uncle Sam is giving them to finish their education, while at the same time fulfilling their obligation of making a home. One young mother fairly glowed with happiness at the thought of the sacrifice they were making to see her husband through college. Their year old baby was their pride and joy. Lucky man, we thought, to find so enthusiastic a wife waiting at the end of a long day of study and part-time work.

ARE your children a nuisance underfoot? A young couple here solved the problem very well, we thought. At the right of the front door, in a beautiful, well-furnished home, we found two little ones surrounded with their toys, blocks, dolls, and other playthings. Daddy had arranged an adjustable gate across the doorway. The children played there much of the day. The mother assured us that her children were no trouble to her at all. She could do her work with very little interruption. The rest of the house was in perfect order, and best of all, she said, the children do not miss anything. If guests come, they enjoy them also. The little ones reflected the love showered upon them and were very sweet and friendly.

IN reading the Lives of the Saints, we see in St. Louis, King of France, one of the most striking examples of what a mother may do for her children. As a monarch and a saint, he owed much to his mother. As a small child she had said to him, "I love you tenderly, but sooner would I see you a corpse at my feet and France bereft of an heir to the throne, than that you should tarnish your soul by a corrupt life."

IN the midst of her pressing duties, the Queen always found time for the instruction and guidance of her son. Surely parents today could learn a great lesson from this noble mother. If parents could only know the joy of really *living* with their children, there would be more real homes and fewer broken ones.

BEFORE this troubled world can right itself, the Christian home must occupy its rightful place in it. Parents must see in their offspring potential saints, future occupants of heaven, loving children of our Heavenly Father. With tender solicitude they must prepare the souls entrusted to them by God for the great dignity that awaits them in the life to come. And if even in this life they wish happiness for their children, it must be sought in a real Christian home, where the fear and love of God prevail. The world will never be better than its homes.

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

by Sister Eugenia

(Continued from last month)

I FORGOT to tell you last time that for a long time now I am not having any difficulties with the teacher. On account of ever since I studied the Fourth Commandment I am trying to pay a little attention to everybody who is supposed to order kids around, especially teachers.

THINGS are going along kinda smooth for a while, when all of a sudden, it happens to be a history class and Miss Carter calls on me to get up and tell about what I read in the history book. Now at this particular time, I know my history lesson for a change, so I stand up and tell it to her, and some more besides.

FOR some reason or other, a few of the kids start snickering, as they think I am getting mixed up with the history about the Church which we learned in catechism class a few days ago, but this is not the case, as I am not mixed up at all.

NOW the teacher does not like it when the kids are laughing in the history class, so she says to me, "Just where did you read that in the history book?"

I SAYS to her, as polite as I can, "Well, history is history, ain't it, even if it ain't in the history book."

SHE says to me, "Is, not ain't! You will please stay after school and learn some grammar!"

I AM all set to write, "Is, not ain't" five hundred times on the blackboard, but no, instead of this, she starts askin' me some history questions. She wants to know more about who started which churches.

LIKE I told her, Our Lord started the Catholic Church and He made St. Peter the head of it before He went back up to heaven.

THEN she wants to know if I can prove this, as she has never read about the Catholic Church in the Bible.

"WELL," I tell her, "didn't you ever read that place in the Bible where Our Lord says to Peter, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.'"

(I am very happy that I can say this now, as I sure had a hard time learning it.)

HOWEVER, she is not able to see how God means the Catholic Church when He says, "My Church." So I tell her that for about eight to nine hundred years there is no other religion that believes in Christ, except the Catholic Church. That's when the Greek Orthodox Church got started, in the year 886. Then after about six hundred more years, a lotta new religions sprung up which are called Protestant (or non-Catholic).

"WHY are these new religions started?" she says to me. "Didn't the Catholic Church need to be reformed? That is what the word *reformation* means."

"MEBBE so," I tell her, "but when a house needs to be cleaned up, do you start throwing the furniture out?"

"WHAT do you mean by that?" she says.

SO I start explaining to her how all these different guys which started these new religions practically threw out all the Sacraments and a few other things besides, which they did not want to believe in.

SHE does not ask me any more questions about this, after I say to her, "Which is better? To belong to a Church which is started by God or a Church which is started by a man?"

SHE only says to me, "Joe, if you will stay for a few minutes after school every day, I will help you with your grammar."

I TELL her, "O.K. Every day, but not Tuesday, on account of I gotta go to Catechism on that day."

THE next day after school she says will I talk some more about history, so she can have a chance to correct me when I make a mistake in grammar.

SHE starts on this Reformation business again, but I am not sure of the dates when these different religions were started. All I know is that most of them started in the year 1500 and something. So I say to her, "I can't remember who started what churches or when they started them, or what they didn't believe in. Anyhow," I tell her, "What difference does it make what they started out to believe in, as pretty soon they changed their minds and split up and believed something else."

SHE does not say anything at all to this.

"NOW if you wanta hear some real history," I tell her, "just go back to the time of Our Lord. That's what I call *history!*"

I START telling her about some of the miracles that Jesus worked, and she is so interested that sometimes she forgets to correct me when I happen to make a mistake in grammar.

THAT same night I am studying the Sacraments very hard, to get the definitions just right. My old man is holding the catechism and listening to me say the answers. I can see he is getting tired of hearing me make mistakes all the time, so I say a prayer to the Holy Ghost to help me get all the words in the right place *pronto*. To my surprise, I am able to go through the whole seven Sacraments without making even one slip! But my old man does not seem to be happy about it like I am, as he flops the book shut and says, "You better watch out. Those Sisters are gonna make a priest outa you yet!"

WHEN I hear this, it makes me worried, on account of I do not want to be a priest. I wanta be an F.B.I. You remember my pal, Augustino, don't you? Well, he wants to be an F.B.I., too. Between the both of us we happened to give the government detectives some valuable information when they were here on some business. Being that us F.B.I.'s work secretly, I am not able to tell you very much about this whole affair, except that it is connected with a powerful drug, called *marijuana*. It is all the more dangerous because it looks like a simple weed and can be grown in people's back yards.

NEEDLESS to say, it is a very happy day for Gus and me when we are standing on the station platform and shaking hands with the government detectives before they get back on the train. However, this is not the happy day which I started out to tell you about.

WHEN next Tuesday comes, I am still quite worried about what my old man says about the Sister making a priest outta me. The Sister (in the special class) has been teaching me about confession, and she seems to think I am worried on account of maybe I gotta lotta sins to tell in confession. Well, maybe I do, but this is not what is worrying me at this time. I guess maybe I look like I am not paying very much attention, as all of a sudden she says to me, kinda snappy-like, "Joe, are you listening to me, or am I talking to the wind?"

BEFORE I can think twice, I am saying to her what has been on my mind all week. It comes out kinda snappy-like also, which surprises me even more than it does her.

"ARE you trying to make a priest outa me?" I ask her.

WHEN she hears this, she looks surprised, and then she smiles and says, "No, Joe, I'm not trying to make a priest outa you. I just want you to be a good Catholic."

THEN she goes on to tell me, "If you prepare your heart well for your First Communion, it will be one of the happiest days in your life." (By the way, this is the happy day which I started out to tell you about.) I also forgot to tell you that all this time I am going to Mass every Sunday, besides learning all my prayers and catechism lessons, but so far I have not had any success in getting my old man to come to Mass with me, outside of Christmas.

THAT same night when we are eating our supper, I can see he is looking more worried than ever, so I say to him, "Don't worry, Pop. The Sisters are not trying to make a priest outa me. They are only trying to make me be a good Catholic."

HOWEVER, he does not make any answer to this at all. He just goes on eating his soup, even louder than before.

WELL, now that I have come to the place to tell you about my happy day, I do not know what to say at all. On account of it is a happiness which I do not know how to talk about. If you have already received your First Communion, then you know what I mean. And if you haven't, well, I could talk about it till I am blue in the face, and you still won't catch what I am trying to say.

ANYHOW, on this particular day when I am making my First Communion, my old man has come to the Mass with me. On account of I bought him a new white shirt for his birthday, and he says he has to wear it some place.

FOR some reason or other which I am not able to figure out, I can see that he is crying when I come back from Communion, as he sometimes does when he has taken one too many, but I know for sure that on this particular morning he has not touched even one drop.

AND, oh, yes, I almost forgot. Only last week Sister says to me again, "Please, Joe, do not keep calling your father your old man. That isn't very nice."

SO on this particular morning, which is my happy day, I make a promise to God in my heart that I'm gonna start saying a lotta extra prayers for my old m—, I mean my Pop!"

THE END

*The Missionary Catechist*

# New Community Holds Reception

by Sister Mary Bernarda

WHAT religious community does not joyfully anticipate and plan for days and weeks ahead of time for the reception of their novices? The Sisters look forward eagerly and prayerfully to that day, not just because they know that they will re-live in their own hearts and souls the joy and peace that was theirs on their own reception day, but also because they know that their community, which is dearer to them than life itself, will have more chosen souls to carry on the noble work for which it was founded.

WE were no exception, even though there were only the two of us to plan and anticipate and bring to a reality the first Reception Ceremonies held for the first Panamanian Community in Panama City, on August 15, 1948, in the most ancient and historic church of the Republic. We know that this tremendous task would have been impossible had it not been for the powerful help of Our Blessed Mother, the fatherly guidance of our beloved Archbishop, and the continuous prayers of our Sisters in our own Community in the States.

ON the morning of the feast of the Assumption our new Novices-to-be looked very sweet and devout in their blue postulant uniforms and gothic shaped net veils. The choir sang "On this Day O Beautiful Mother" in

Spanish, as the postulants entered the Church. His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francisco Beckmann, D.D., Archbishop of Panama, presided at the ceremonies.

AFTER reciting their Act of Consecration, the novices received their habits from the Archbishop. And what novice's heart would not thrill with heavenly joy when she hears the beautiful words used at the conferring of the habit and veil: "Ever wear this habit with true modesty and simplicity, in honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, so that it may cover you, as would her own mantle, guarding you from all evil and leading you to everlasting life. In honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, receive this veil; ever wear it as an emblem of her spotless purity, so that by her powerful protection you may be preserved from all evil of soul and body." The radiant beauty and peace of soul which showed on the face of each novice as she walked down the aisle, holding the precious habit and veil to her heart, is beyond description—a thing not of this world.

WHEN the novices re-entered the church, clothed in habit and veil, they received a rosary and a small silver miraculous medal and chain. The words used in conferring the rosary and medal are full of significance, expressing



The first Novices in the first Panamanian community.

the end and aim for which the novice gives up all things and consecrates herself to a richer life: "Receive this rosary and use it daily as a most powerful means of sanctifying your soul and winning to Jesus and Mary the souls of the poor and neglected committed to your care. While reciting it, meditate piously on the meaning of the holy mysteries it contains. May Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal obtain for you the greatest merits and richest graces through its devout recitation, so that you may propagate with great effect this devotion in her honor. Receive this medal of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal as a safeguard against evil. So wear it that you may by the assistance of Our Blessed Mother obtain the victory over the enemies of your salvation."

**R**ELATIVES and friends were deeply impressed and touched by the Reception Ceremonies.

The Visitation Nuns are the only other Sisters who hold Reception Ceremonies in the Republic of Panama, and even these are held at long and irregular intervals in their own private chapel. After the Mass the friends and relatives of the new Novices gathered around them to offer felicitations and congratulations.

**W**E are grateful to the Maryknoll Sisters from Ancon and Balboa, C. Z., who rendered the music for this solemn occasion. We hope that our Sisters and many friends in the States will continue to pray for the growth and spiritual well-being of this young Panamanian community of mission minded young women, so that they will be able to start and carry on the much needed work of imparting religious instruction to poor, neglected children living in the interior districts of the Isthmus of Panama.

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## Teamwork

*by Sister Melita*

"**S**ISTER, do people die if they have pneumonia?" asked eleven-year-old Armando, with great concern.

"**W**HO has pneumonia?" I asked, knowing well that he would not make a special trip to the convent to ask that question if someone of his immediate family or intimate friends was not ill.

"**R**UDY, our football coach. I was just at his house to see him, and he's real sick."

"How old is Rudy?" I inquired.

"He's fifteen."

"Is he a Catholic?"

"**I** DON'T think so, because he never goes to Church—but still . . ." Armando paused, thought a moment, then continued, "He did say something once about Mass, so maybe he is a Catholic."

"**H**ERE is a medal for him," I said, handing Armando a medal of St. Benedict. "Take it to him, and find out whether he is a Catholic, for if he is seriously ill he should have a priest."

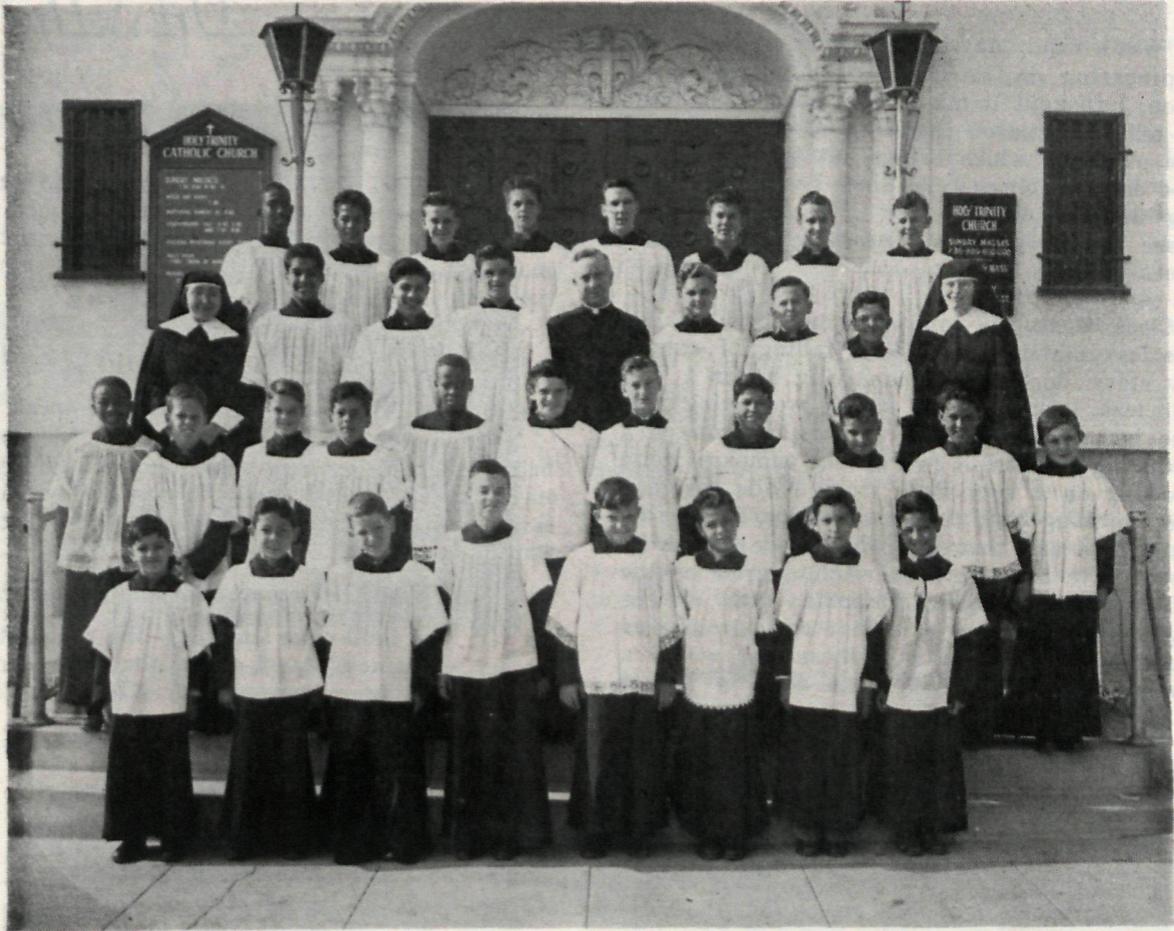
**G**RATEFULLY, Armando took the medal, and went again to the house of his hero friend. Half an hour later Armando returned. Yes,

Rudy had been baptized a Catholic, but he had never been encouraged by his indifferent parents to attend Catechism instructions. Hence, he had never made his First Holy Communion, nor did he attend Sunday Mass.

**T**HE next day we stopped to see Rudy. We found him much improved. We also discovered that he was a lad of unusual character. Beside being Captain of the team on which he played, and coach of the younger boys' team, which he had organized, he was the Student Body President at the Junior High School.

**W**E also learned that he was a very good friend of some of our older altar boys, who played on the same team as he, and that following their example, he was in the habit of making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament before and after their big games.

**W**E knew about the visits of the boys on the team to the Blessed Sacrament, all right, for only the previous Saturday we heard a loud outburst of voices between our convent and the church, and glancing out the window had discovered the team coming to make their visit. They dropped all their equipment on the sidewalk and went into the church to ask Our Lord's help for the success of the game. "I was with the group," Rudy proudly informed us. So we knew that he had at least a spark of Faith and in-



Knights of the Altar, Holy Trinity Parish, San Pedro, Calif. Pictured with the Knights are their Pastor, the Reverend George Gallagher, and two Missionary Sisters—Sister Margaret Ann, right, and Sister Melita, left.

vited him to attend instructions after he recovered.

**N**ATURALLY enough, Rudy did not ring the doorbell on the first day after his recovery and say, "Here I am." Nor did he do so on any succeeding day. So I asked two of the altar boys who had had previous apostolic experience, to do a bit of missionary work. At first Rudy gave them no satisfactory response, but finally he promised to be at the Convent for a class at 9:30 on Saturday morning.

**A**ND Saturday morning as I was working in the yard, praying that Rudy would not forget his appointment, I heard some one say, "Where shall I go?" and looking up saw Rudy in the familiar blue and gold jacket of the team. We began our class and soon it was evident that if Rudy had learned anything during the few months he had attended religious instructions as a child, he had certainly forgotten it.

**A**FTER a few classes, Rudy missed one rainy Saturday morning, and this proved to be the beginning of a series of missed appointments. But the altar boys went to work again and with prayer and persuasion prevailed upon Rudy to continue his instructions.

**W**HEN Rudy was ready for First Communion, he asked if some of the other boys would accompany him to the communion rail. This they did gladly as they were very happy and proud about the whole affair. So it was that on Rudy's First Communion Sunday the Catholic members of his team, clad in their striking jackets, occupied the front benches, with Rudy in the center. It was an edifying sight to see these boys, fifteen and sixteen years of age, receiving their Eucharistic King on the occasion of the First Communion of one of their members. Surely this leader and his faithful buddies, with their simplicity and sincerity, must have been pleasing to their Leader, Christ.

GOD DOES ALL THINGS WELL

It was a windy day in September, and as I was preparing my catechism class for the afternoon, I thought it might be a good opportunity to tell the children the story of the acorn and the pumpkin, which brings out the lesson that God does all things well. Since I would be teaching under a walnut tree, I decided it would make the story more interesting if I changed the acorn to a walnut.

Class began, the wind continued blowing, and the leaves and walnuts kept falling. I started my story, depicting a man lying under a walnut tree, looking up at it and wondering why God had made the little walnuts to grow on a great big tree, while nearby big pumpkins were growing on a very little vine. While the man was thinking that this was a very foolish arrangement and that if he had made things he would have had the little walnuts grow on the little vine, and the big pumpkins grow on the big tree, down came a walnut and hit him on the head. Just as I said these last words a strong gust of wind brought down a walnut with a loud thud upon my head.

I do not know who was more surprised, the children or I. But I laughed and the children



Girl Scouts and Brownies, Elko, Nevada. At left are Rev. W. H. J. Price, Pastor, Sister Josephine, and Mrs. Oliver Tremewan, (last row), Assistant Brownie Leader; at right are Sister Rosario and Mrs. Ray Miglioretto (last row), Assistant Scout Leader.

In the Home Field

joined in, relieved to know that I had not been hurt.

"You see," I said, "supposing that had been a big pumpkin, what would have happened to me?" I had no trouble in bringing home the moral of the story—that God does all things well.

TURN ON THE RADIO

MRS. SMITH stopped after Mass to speak to Sister and to let her know that she was bringing her little three year old daughter, Karen, to Mass. "Karen was very good today," she said, "only she wanted the radio on all the time."

Sister looked her amazement and puzzlement.

"Oh, she thinks the singing is the radio," the mother explained, "and every time the choir stopped singing, she would say, 'Turn on the radio.'"

Sister Elaine  
Lubbock, Texas.



Paula Beeler and her mother, Bristol, Ind. Picture was snapped while Mother was teaching Paula to pray.

APPLE PIE

WE meet many interesting people in our visits to the county institutions. At the Old Men's home, we were introduced one day to a Mr. Parker, who had charge of meeting the bread wagon. The old men appreciated Mr. Parker's solicitude in getting bread for them, only they wished that some day he would make a mistake and bring pie instead.

When we came home that evening we decided to bake apple pie for the forty-five old men and surprise them at our next visit. Friday night all the Sisters went into the kitchen and peeled a crate of apples. Before ten o'clock that night there were eighteen pies all in a row, baked a golden brown. Saturday afternoon we treated the men with the homemade apple pies a la mode. Now they want us to start a bakery!

Sister Mary Imelda  
Redlands, California



ONE RETURNED GIVING THANKS

San Pedro, California

Dear Sister Bertina:

I guess you are surprised to hear from me. I hope you haven't forgotten me, because I haven't forgotten you. I am the boy you called while riding his bike near the school grounds one day. I know you put some sense into my head about our religion that day. I really needed it because I was getting out of hand at home. But I am straightened out a long time ago.

I go to church every Sunday with a friend of mine and I make sure he goes with me. I went to confession and received communion on Christmas day. Then on New Year's day I went to communion again.

When I went to the Sisters' house they told me that you had moved away. I really miss you, because you were so nice to me, and both my mother and I are very grateful for what you did for me while you were here.



The Flight into Egypt.

Well, Sister, I guess I will close now, and may I add that I hope you are in the best of health, and may I hear from you soon.

Yours truly,  
Russell Dimacali.

Editor's note: The work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory among people who are deprived of spiritual and material goods, usually does not show immediate or tangible results. The missionary's contribution is the sowing and the watering, but her faith assures her that the reaping and the joy will come whether or not she is made aware of it. The above letter is an instance of the result being made known. The Sister who received the letter is now stationed at Big Springs, Texas.



# Our

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## New Year

*What will the New Year bring!  
Ah! would that each of us might know!*

*Every day has a day of grace  
For those who fain would make them so . . .*  
Father Ryan

*Dear Associate Catechists of Mary:*

AT the beginning of this New Year, let me wish you "Happy Days Ahead," and that peace of mind and hope of heart which is God's special gift to those who do all for Him, all in Him, and all through Him. Since each of you belongs in a special way to Mary, you will want to offer everything to God through her most pure hands, now and always.

*Devotedly yours in her Immaculate Heart,*  
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

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### COLLECT MONTHLY DUES PLUS

ALL members of *Dolores Mission Guild of Chicago* (and they number between twenty and thirty persons) pay monthly dues amounting to twenty-five cents per person, *simply for the privilege of belonging to the Club!* In addition, a quarter is collected from members at every card game they attend. This accounts for the generous checks we receive from *Mrs. Anna Klingel*, Promoter.

In spare moments at home, the members make scrap books and crib sets to send to Sister Mary John (Sullivan) whom they sponsor.

We believe you'll agree they rate A plus for missionary interest and assistance.

## HUNTINGTON (IND.) BAND OUR NEWEST

For eight months, *Our Lady of Fatima Discussion Group*, Huntington, Indiana, under the leadership of *Mrs. Dan Herzog*, has kept to its intention of sending us a monthly contribution to aid our Mission work. These donations continued to arrive during the summer months when many Bands cease to hold monthly meetings. It is small amounts given faithfully over a long period of time which often add up to a greater total than large contributions given less frequently.

Our sincere thanks, dear ladies, and the assurance of our prayers.




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## DETROIT PROMOTER OFFERS GOOD SUGGESTION

A FEW months ago, *Miss Elizabeth Bien*, who founded *Christ the King Band* in Detroit, wrote us that as a paper wedding anniversary gift she knew of nothing nicer than a year's subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Suiting the action to the word she sent us a dollar and the name of her young married friends.

Why not adopt her idea when you have a paper wedding anniversary gift to make?

# Associates

## KENTUCKY BAND DOUBLES DONATION

Shortly before Christmas, we were greatly pleased to receive a check for \$24.00 from Mrs. Andrew Westrick, Treasurer of Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Kentucky, with the following note: "We have made a special effort to double our donation this year, realizing the extra need during these times of high prices."



Dare we hope that other Mission Bands may imitate our Kentucky friends and increase their contributions to match the rising cost of living?

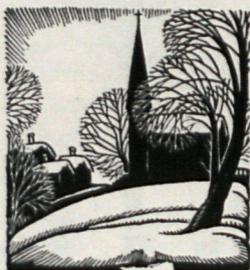
## "STARTING FROM SCRATCH"

It is the custom for members of *Via Matris Band, Chicago*, to send us the last penny from their treasury before the first of each year. A new Promoter (last year it was Miss Alice Moorhead) takes over on January first, and it is up to her to show her ability in "extracting" money from members. We rather like the idea as a stimulus to missionary effort.

The Band sponsors Sister Joseph (Vins).

## OMAHA BAND SPONSORS FORMER RESIDENTS

The ladies who comprise *St. Margaret Mary Band, of Omaha, Nebraska*, under the leadership of Mrs. A. Wichert, make it a point to "adopt" every Sister in our community who joined it from their city. Sister Mary Martin (Evans), who was professed in August, 1948, was their latest "adoptee." This meant the Band members had three mission boxes to pack at Christmas time, as each box went to a different Center. The boxes contained clothing and articles to be distributed to the poor.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

October 22, 1948 to November 20, 1948

Charitina Club, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan .....	6.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. James M. Butler .....	20.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel .....	\$56.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger .....	5.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley .....	41.40
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. A. Westrick .....	24.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mr. Joseph Walz, Sec. ....	25.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann .....	4.50
Poor Souls Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	15.00
St. Ann Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Miss Ann Brink .....	3.75
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes F. Beck .....	165.50
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern .....	4.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss Dolores Schneider .....	5.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh .....	5.50
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman .....	25.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Margueret Gossier .....	12.30
St. Justin, Martyr, Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	50.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....	30.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. A. Wichert .....	5.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	6.50
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Alice Moorhead .....	15.00

## WOULD YOU LIKE MORE COPIES OF "LET'S PLAY CARDS"?

Recently we mailed to each Promoter a supply of pamphlets entitled, "Let's Play Cards and Win Lasting Prizes." We are prepared to send you more copies if you can use them. State the number desired.

## DEATH CLAIMS MRS. NELLIE TOBIN

A member of Little Flower Mission Band, Chicago, for seventeen years, Mrs. Nellie Tobin passed to her eternal reward on October 28, 1948. She was a generous and faithful mission worker. May her soul rest in peace.

# Around Victory Noll

by Sister Eunice

**I**N our last installment of "Around Victory Noll," we mentioned that eventually we hoped to have a barracks erected opposite the west entrance of our main building in what has been known through the years as our sunken garden.

**A**T that time (we wrote September 15) the excavation for the basement had been made and two long narrow trenches had been filled with cement, and little steel rods were pointing up out of them. We suppose these have a technical name, but we are not familiar with it. In fact, we are not familiar with building in any of its phases.

**F**OR instance, our superiors informed us that a bid for the basement had been accepted, and soon a contractor began work. Well, when we visualized a basement, we saw a complete basement, one that could be used in case the rest of the building never materialized. In our simplicity we pictured a basement with floor, ceiling, partitions, electric lights, water and steam pipes, windows and doors. But in case you are thinking of building, don't be deceived by what a contractor calls a basement. Ours is finished . . . we have four cement walls.

**T**ODAY a big caterpillar tractor with a huge crane attached moved in and began putting large steel beams across the width of the basement walls. You guessed it. They don't fit. The little holes left in the basement walls are too small. So the men are chipping them out.

**A**ND our beautiful lawns! To the north and south, to the east and west, they are a sorry looking sight. Do the workmen walk from our parking lot to the building site? No—perhaps we should have suggested portal-to-portal pay—the cars are parked on the lawns. Cement, gravel, sand are dumped on the lawns. Cement mixers, trucks, and now the big caterpillar tractor go unconcernedly back and forth over our once beautiful lawns.

**A**T long last a tarpaulin covers the barracks, which has been lying around the sunken garden in pieces during heat and cold, sun and rain, since last June. When you read this we hope the reassembled barracks will be standing on the four basement walls . . . but at this writing we are not very optimistic.

**M**OVING again? Yes, although we thought the professed Sisters were occupying the



Postulants enjoying Victory Nollers favorite walk. Road extends from convent to farm buildings, passing orchards, garden, woods, and fields.



Novices at play—around Victory Noll.

least possible amount of space at Victory Noll, they managed to give up two additional rooms, and the partition was moved a few feet east. The twenty-two girls who came on October 28 completely filled the postulancy. Two others who were scheduled to come that day, but who were unavoidably delayed, are expected within the next few weeks. Hence the need of additional rooms.

WE wish you could see our lovely group of postulants, but we inquired today and learned that none of the pictures taken on the day they were received turned out. We'll do our best for the February issue. But meanwhile we want to tell you that six of these girls are from our own missions: Brawley, Santa Paula, and Los Banos, California; San Antonio and El Paso, Texas; and Goshen, Indiana.

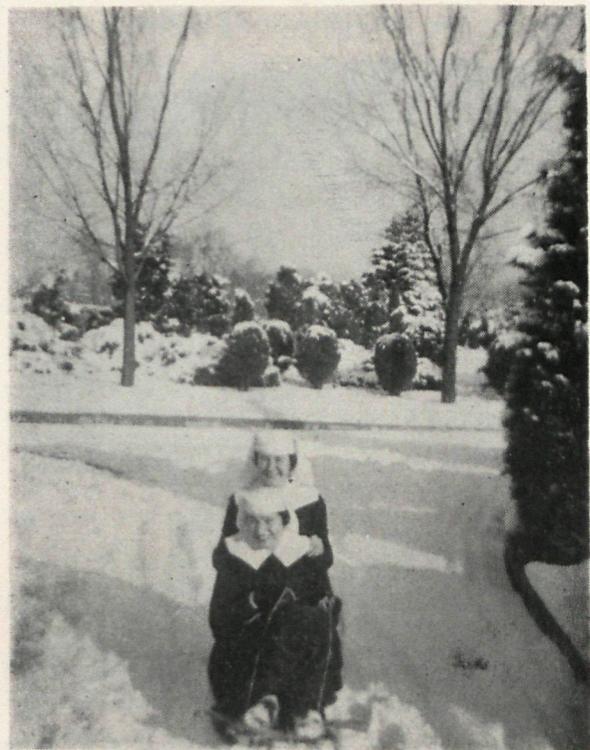
THE postulants donned their uniforms for the first time on Saturday morning, October 30. That evening our beloved Bishop, His Excellency, the Most Rev. John F. Noll, came to Victory Noll for an overnight visit and met the postulants. The Bishop is proud of the postulants, and well he may be, for most of them—like most of our Sisters—became acquainted with our community through the pages of *Our Sunday Visitor*, of which paper the Bishop is founder and editor-in-chief.

LIFE takes on a new interest when the postulants come. For one thing, we are presented with the herculean task of trying to learn their names. At this point we've about decided to give up and wait until they get their religious names, which we think will be more simple.

FROM time to time stray cats and dogs are seen around the knoll, but usually not for long. However, at the present time we have an attractive looking dog, brown and white, pedigree unknown, who likes to accompany us on our walks. One day as we were walking along the woods on our way out to the farm, the cattle started coming towards us. As there was only a barbed wire fence between us and the steers, we turned to tell the dog to chase them, but saw that he was running far ahead of us. The steers turned and started in the direction of the dog; the dog turned and ran toward us, so did the steers. The dog ran the opposite direction, the cattle followed him.

BY this time we realized that the cattle were interested in the dog, not in us, and the dog was afraid. Well, so were we. We looked around. We could climb the fence on the opposite side of the walk, but if the steers could jump one fence, couldn't they jump the other?

(Continued on page 18)



Out for a sleigh ride—around Victory Noll.



# Mary's Loyal

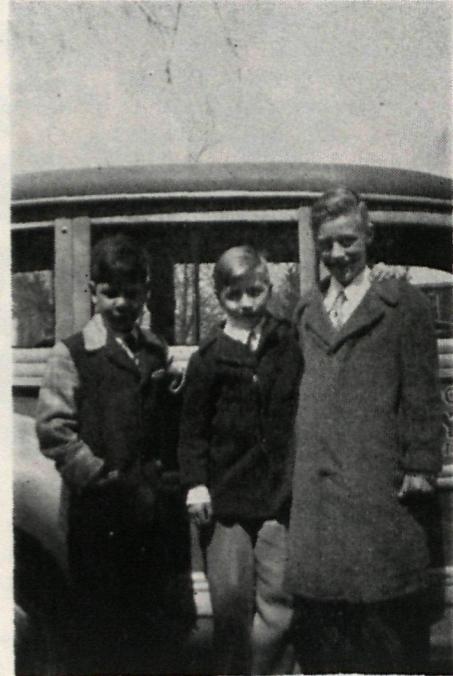
## CONNECTICUT HELPERS

Dear Loyal Helpers:

WHEN you get this issue of our magazine, the Christmas holidays will be nearly over. I hope your Christmas was a merry one, and that in the New Year, with the help of God's grace, you will daily grow in virtue and in resemblance to Him. *Physically*, we usually look like Mom or Dad, or both, but *spiritually* we should resemble God, our Heavenly Father. Don't you remember those words in the Catechism which say that our souls are made in the image and likeness of God? May that likeness ever increase in you.

Happy New Year!

SUNSHINE SECRETARY



Pictured above, left to right, are Michael Santoro, Robert and Ronald Bish, of Wallingford, Conn. The Bish boys are brothers and they work together for the Missions. When they get birthday money, they set aside a part of it for poor children in the Missions.

## A MICHIGAN HELPER



This is little Cecilia Marie Botsford of Williamston, Michigan, age four years. She seems to be having a fine time with her dog and her sled.

## A BUDDING POET

Here you see *Betty Kemper*, age ten, of *North Elem, Texas*. Her favorite hobby is writing short verses. Below is a verse she wrote and gave to her Catechism teacher, our Sister Carmelita.



*My heav'nly and earthly mother  
Remind me so of each other;  
Both are sweet, gentle and kind—  
I thank God He made them mine.*

# Helpers Pages

## LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Missionary Sisters:

THE little magazine which I receive I like very much because it tells what you generous missionaries are doing. Keep sending me the booklet because the whole family likes it. I am the oldest of five girls and two boys. Five of us are in St. John's School at Delphos, Ohio.

I have been saving two hundred pennies all this time. The Missionary Catechists are really helpful in the world today, and I believe in donating to them.

Lovingly yours,  
Martha Hempfling

## JANUARY PUZZLE

BELOW you will find NEW YEAR written three times with the two words widely separated. You will also notice we have made little dashes after each word. Fill in the dashes with letters so as to form new words. To help you, here are clues. 1. (a) The Empire State. 1. (b) The name of a popular movie about two years ago. 2. (a) Something which is widely read each day. 2. (b) To desire. 3 (a) The name of a large species of dog. 3. (b) Prepared each year by the upper classmen of a school.

1. (a) NEW .....
- (b) YEAR .....
2. (a) NEW .....
- (b) YEAR .....
3. (a) NEW .....
- (b) YEAR .....

Good luck to you! Work it and earn a holy card.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

1. Star. 2. Kings. 3. Gold. 4. Dromedary. 5. Frankincense. 6. Myrrh. 7. Magi. 8. Camel.

January, 1949



## JACM News

WE hope, dear *Junior Associates*, you were so busy *doing* things for our Missionary Sisters that you did not take time out for the *telling* of them. News was so scarce we could only give you a column this year. Please send us a report for 1949 activities.

Other Sodalities and Mission Committees are earnestly invited to sponsor one of our forty Mission Centers. Write us for names and addresses.

### JACMs WHO REPORTED ACTIVITIES

*Modern Crusaders* (Teen Agers) *Madison, Minn.* Made 145 prayer books and First Communion calendars, and mounted 80 medals for our Sisters in Ogden, Utah.

*Madison Senior Sodality, Madison, Minn.* Sent 750 mimeographed aids for class-work to our Sisters in Soledad Parish, Los Angeles. They also made 300 scapulars for them. Finally, they purchased Catechism awards for these Sisters and those in San Antonio, Texas.

*Minneota, Minn.* A small mission group, headed by *Clara Stalpes*, gave affairs to raise funds and purchase Catechism awards for our Sisters in Tulare, Calif.

*Benson, Minn.* These Sodalists made awards for our Sisters in Big Spring, Texas.

*Chicago, Ill.* Mission Mary Band, headed by *Anne Kenzora*, sent \$5.00 and made religious book marks for one of our Missions.

*Milwaukee, Wis.* Sodalists here worked for our Sisters at Infant of Prague Convent, Los Angeles. No annual report.

*Rosen, Minn., and Clontarf, Minn.* Sodalists at these places began recently to help our New Jersey Sisters.

## AROUND VICTORY NOLL

(Continued from page 15)

Finally, we decided to walk toward the house. When we came to the gate going into the woods, we saw it was fastened with a light wire, which any self-respecting steer could push aside without difficulty. This did not lessen our fears. But soon the dog had run on so far ahead of us that the steers could no longer see him. They turned and began eating grass.

**D**URING a beautiful week, the last in October, a new orchard was set out at Victory Noll. Eighty-five trees—pear, apple, peach, cherry—were planted, bringing the number of fruit trees at Victory Noll to a total of one hundred and sixty. A wire netting about two feet high was placed around each of the new trees, and the trees are so small that a cursory glance from the road gives the impression that we are growing wire netting.

**A**ND now we are in a dilemma. What are we to call this latest orchard? We already had two orchards known as the big orchard and the little orchard, or, if you prefer, the old orchard and the young orchard. But what to name this baby orchard?

**D**ISTINGUISHED visitors at Victory Noll this week were their Excellencies, the Most Reverend Urban J. Vehr, D.D., Archbishop of Denver, and the Most Reverend Hubert Newell, Auxiliary Bishop of Cheyenne. They were accompanied by the Reverend James Lunn of Crusade Castle, Cincinnati, who drove them to Victory Noll from that city.

**W**E had hoped to bring you word of some of our new missions in this issue of the magazine. But to date we have heard not a word from any one of the four. We trust that the Sisters who are staffing these new centers have not forgotten that their stay-at-home Sisters are waiting patiently for word of our newest mission ventures.

### WHERE HE LEARNED IT

**T**HE instruction was on indulgences, and I had explained and demonstrated until I felt sure the boys and girls understood the lesson.

I was, therefore, delighted when a few days later one of the boys showed me a newly ac-

quired key chain with a small holy water container attached. "I've been making the Sign of the Cross lots of times with holy water, Sister," he told me, "because I can gain an indulgence of three hundred days each time."

Secretly rejoicing that at least one lesson was bearing fruit, I said, "And where did you learn all that?"

"Oh," he replied, "the other night I couldn't go to sleep, so I began reading a book and it told all about indulgences."

Sister Denise  
Los Banos, California

### TOO COLD FOR TOMMY

"I DON'T want to go to heaven," said little Tommy, emphatically.

"Why don't you want to go to heaven?" demanded the other members of the prayer class.

"It's too cold up there," replied Tommy. "Don't you know that's where the snow comes from?"

Sister Leo  
South Bend, Indiana.

Our Cover: View from head of driveway leading up to Victory Noll.



Mrs. Frank Allmaras, New Rockford, N. Dak.,  
mother of Sister Mary Elise, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Bernard Kaiser, Hecker, Ill., mother of  
Sister Rose Mary, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Nicholas Byrne, St. Louis, Mo., mother  
of Sister Mary Gerard, O.L.V.M.  
Anton Lehmann, Louisville, Ky.  
John Burns, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Gerald Sweeney, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Tressie Baker, St. Paul, Minn.  
Mrs. Luella M. Morrison, St. Paul, Minn.  
Phillip Wissel, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Herman J. Weihrauch, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Mrs. Nellie Tobin, Chicago, Ill.  
Mary Grundell, Chicago, Ill.

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

# Our Work at Ogden

by Sister Mary Angela

*The Irishman's Castle* our Ogdenite friends call our convent home, because it was built by, and for many years was the home of a colorful Irishman named Smyth. We, however, like to call it the *Castle of Christ the King*. To us it seems quite appropriate that Christ the King should have come to live in a castle in Ogden.

**T**HERE is only one Catholic church and school in the city of Ogden, with its population of over sixty thousand. A chapel for the Mexicans, about one and one-half miles from our Convent, was opened a few years ago as a mission of the parish church. With only one Catholic school in the city, and a widely scattered Catholic population, many Catholic children attend the public schools. It is these children who attend our classes. We teach three times a week at the parish church, twice at the Mexican mission, once each at three suburbs, the State Industrial School, and the School for the Deaf and Blind.

**I**N addition to the regular catechism instruction at the Mexican church, we have a sodality and a choir for the young people. The members walk one and one-half miles to our convent twice a week for choir rehearsal. It is amusing the way they attend, for on a bad night, ten or twelve will come, then when the weather is fine and we expect full attendance, two will appear.

**T**EACHING at the school for the deaf and blind is most interesting. At present there is only one Catholic blind pupil, but he is one of the few consolations of our pioneer missionary work here in Ogden. He is most interested in his religion and every Sunday walks a mile to church, although he can see only enough to distinguish objects at close range, and even then he cannot identify the objects. He cannot see the priest nor the altar, and no one told him to attend Mass, but he wants to do so "because God is there."

**M**ORMONS and Mormonism confront us everywhere. The people we have come in contact with are courteous and friendly, but when it comes to Mormonism as such, organized proselytizing is constantly going on. One of our problems right now is to form boys' clubs and girls' clubs for our Mexicans, and to furnish recreation facilities in order to counteract the opportunities for the same set in the midst of our Mexican settlement by our non-Catholic friends.

**T**HE pride of our Ogden mission is the proximity of the new foundation of Trappists at

Hunsville, Utah. A fifteen mile drive through picturesque Ogden Canyon brings one to these silent, prayerful monks. The setting for their monastery is superb for their life of contemplation—a bowl completely surrounded by mountains. They love the spot. They lived in barracks while their large quonset monastery—the only quonset monastery in the world—was being built. When we visited the monastery, the Father Superior told us that they feel a relationship with us because we came to Ogden within a few months of each other, they to help the Church by their contemplative life, we by the active life. In a recent letter Father wrote, "The whole community of Trappist Fathers and Brothers is united with the Missionary Sisters in union of prayer." We feel especially blessed to be thus united with the Trappists. The coming of their community and ours to Ogden last year caused a stir among the Mormons. As one man put it, "We might as well pack up and go."

**T**HE Trappists are not the only religious in Ogden who are sort of looking after us. The Sisters teaching at the Catholic school are the Holy Cross Sisters from Notre Dame, Indiana, with a provincial house here in Ogden. They have been most kind to us. On Christmas day they invited us to a sumptuous dinner so we would not have to cook on our return from a heavy morning schedule. We were most grateful for this treat.

**T**HEN there are the Benedictines from St. Cloud, Minnesota, who opened the new St. Benedict Hospital in Ogden after almost insurmountable opposition by the Mormons. Now, after little more than two years, these Benedictines and their Benedictine chaplain are held in veneration here. Daily we hear of their wonderful service and kindness to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, to the utter astonishment of the latter. As about ninety-five percent of the patients are non-Catholics, the hospital is doing splendid work in breaking down prejudice.

**I**N our home visiting we are finding many well disposed Mormon partners of mixed marriages. In general, the esteem for the Catholic Church is growing in this Mormon country, for which fact our zealous convert Bishop, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Duane G. Hunt, D.D., is largely responsible. There is every reason to believe that the Church will flourish in Utah in the not too distant future.



These are tomorrow's men and women. Like approximately fifty percent of America's Catholic children, they are growing up without a parochial school education. THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, official publication of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, brings you a month by month description of the work of the Sisters among the Catholic children attending the public schools of our country.

**You can HELP make this work known by:**

- 1) Subscribing to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST;**
- 2) Renewing your subscription promptly;**
- 3) Sending in the name of a new subscriber.**

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST  
 VICTORY NOLL  
 HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Dear Sisters:

Enclosed please find \$..... for the renewal of my subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for ..... years.

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P.O. .... Zone ..... State .....

Also \$..... for the following new subscription:

Name ..... Address .....

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