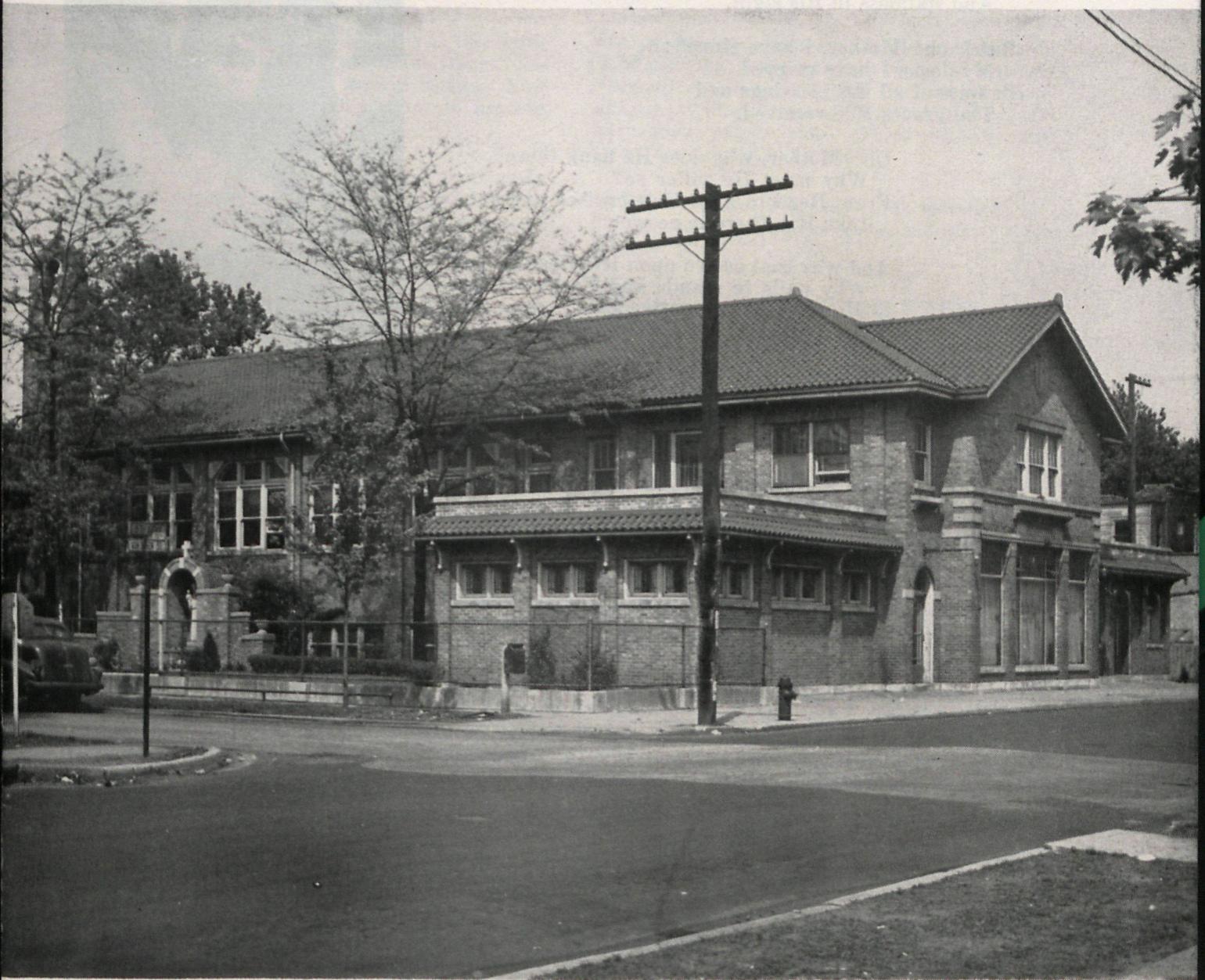


# The Missionary Catechist



Gary-Alerding Settlement House, Gary, Indiana.

(See article on Page 6.)

March 1949

# Colloquy with Mary My Mother

DEAR Mother Mary, may I kneel  
Beside you as you stand  
Before our Jesus Crucified,  
And may I hold your hand?

To stand before the Crucified,  
Alone it is your right,  
For you, alone, are free from sin  
And stainless in His sight.

But I, oh! Mother, I have sinned;  
My Jesus I have grieved,  
In spite of all His blessings and  
The graces I've received.

Oh! Mother, why does He hang there?  
Why must He suffer so?  
From Head to Foot He's bruised and cut,  
Like His, there is no woe.

And why that crown upon His Head:  
Why nails in Hands and Feet?  
Is He not God's Begotten Son,  
And your own Son, so sweet?

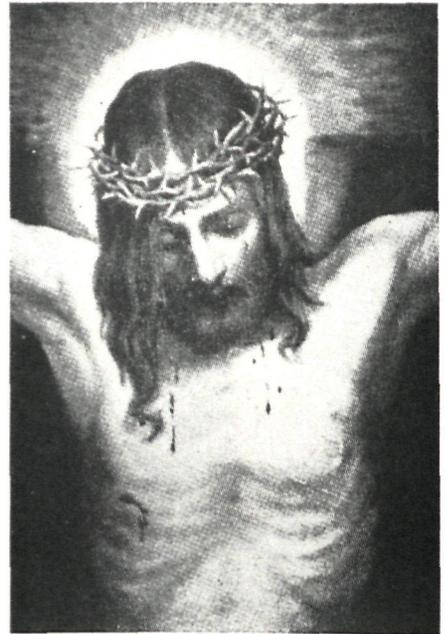
Then, why this harsh and cruel pain?  
This bitter ignomy?  
Why must God's Son and yours, today,  
Hang, here, on Calvary?

And why must you, His mother pure,  
In His Cross have a share?  
Why must *you*, the Immaculate,  
Such crushing sorrow bear?

You only press my hand the more,  
You do not answer me.  
Your silence speaks, O Mother dear,  
I've caused this agony.

My sin has crucified my God,  
And pierced your Holy Heart,  
And yet you press with tenderness  
That hand which drove the dart.

Forgiveness, mercy, tender love,  
I've learned of you today.  
Oh! Mother, let me always kneel,  
Close by you as I pray.



# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXV

March, 1949

Number 4

## Islands of Christianity

by Sister Miriam

"SISTER, we've been talking about the Home Show, and all the wonderful things displayed there to improve modern homes. Now we're expecting you to tell us how to improve home life spiritually."

THE young mothers assembled for their study club presented a picture of typical Catholic women, Sister thought, as she glanced over their eager faces. What made them look typically Catholic? A little less make-up, a little more modesty in dress, and an indefinable spirit of peace and purpose in their eyes. Now to make that carry over . . . . .

"YES, I would like to give you a glimpse of a model home that will mean more than all the electric gadgets and plastic fixtures you've been discussing. You know how the interior decorators and advertisers carry on about a 'different' angle, and how everyone tries to outdo the neighbor in having 'something different' about the furnishings of home and garden. Now, you Catholic mothers simply *have* to be 'different' in a far more radical way."

SISTER paused for a moment, and more than one pair of eyebrows puckered quizzically. But the ladies were encouraged to bring up difficulties frankly and promptly, rather than murmur acquiescence in the meeting and then disagree later. So one young matron queried, "Sister, do you mean we shouldn't go in for modern furnishings and styles in our homes?"

"OH, no, not necessarily," Sister reassured, and the eyebrows went back to normal. "But if you have the two features of home adornment that I mean, the other things will keep their proper place. These two precious items are prayer and sacrifice."

THIS time, eyes widened apprehensively at the last word, but no one spoke, and Sister went on:

"I ALMOST said 'prayer and penance,' which would be suitable also, especially now in the season of Lent. But 'sacrifice' goes beyond and embraces penance. It's such a lost idea nowadays that I think it would be a good idea to analyze that word first. Would someone like to offer her idea? What does 'sacrifice' mean to you?"

"WELL," from one of the women, "I always think of giving up candy and shows for Lent as a 'sacrifice.'"

"WHO would like to enlarge on that?" Sister asked the group.

A THOUGHTFUL and tired-looking mother volunteered, "We often speak of the sacrifices parents make for their children. It seems to be a matter of giving up something we want in order to help those we love."

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O. B. L. V. Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

"YES, even in sports—you know, my husband is a ball player—they call it a 'sacrifice fly' when a batter hits out himself but gives another player a chance to run a base farther. Giving up your personal gain for another's," a satisfied smile marked the speaker's face.

"AND you hear the expression, 'he made the supreme sacrifice,' when a soldier is killed in war," added a young woman whose eyes filled as she remembered a telegram received a few years back.

"THAT'S right," said Sister, "you've all brought out the ideas we connect with the word 'sacrifice,' and yet, in a way, we've missed the essential point. Take the word itself, and study its Latin origin, 'sacrificio,' meaning 'I make holy.' The first meaning of the word is to give something up to God, and thereby to make that thing holy. A thorough study of this real concept of sacrifice, including the sacrifice of Calvary and the Mass and our part in the latter, will take up our time at many meetings. What I'd like to bring out now is that the idea of sacrifice has practically lost its God-centered-ness, like everything else in this modern secular age. And only by forming your homes into little islands of true Christianity, with God at the center of each island, can He be restored to His rightful place.

"IT isn't enough to have God worshipped in church every Sunday or even every day. You don't live in church, do you? God must reign in your lives, vividly and openly. You simply can't be like the rest of the world, with Sunday Mass and daily prayers added to an otherwise godless existence. Your homes can't be just like everyone else's."

"BUT, Sister, in what way exactly should we be different?"

"FIRST of all, take the external things. The home itself should be built, furnished, and kept for the physical and spiritual welfare of the family. There should be suitable provision for babies and growing children, rather than perfect order and beauty at the expense of comfort and happiness.

"THE home should present a Christian aspect in its adornments. Pictures and other decorations must never even border on immodesty, and, to be positive rather than negative, there should be at least one religious picture or emblem in every room.

"THE bookcase and magazine rack cannot contain all the best-sellers and popular num-

bers your neighbor may have, when so many are irreligious and immoral. Subscribe to worthwhile Catholic magazines and papers, and from their book review columns choose what may benefit your family most. Use the same Christian taste in music, records, and radio entertainment. Incidentally, a home where religion is to flourish needs a certain quiet and peace, which means the radio is not allowed to run from morning till night."

A FEW knowing looks and grimaces appeared as Sister continued, "Try cultivating simple home recreations like games, story-telling, and home-made music.

"NOW these external things usually result from, and at the same time nourish an inner spirit of religion in family life. As I said before, it is a spirit of prayer and sacrifice.

"IF every member of the family is accustomed to speak to God in family prayer, it will be quite natural to speak about Him in everyday conversations. Discussion of the children's catechism lessons or more advanced religious subjects, application of religious teaching to current events and problems, mutual encouragement to virtue, will take the place of empty chatter and not-so-harmless gossip.

"YOUR family prayer life itself will grow in time, and permeate your working and leisure hours more and more. Many of you probably say the Rosary together"—several heads nodded happily. "Night prayers in common, using at least some of the beautiful prayers from Compline, could be your next step. Parental blessing given to the children at night and whenever they leave the house, is a beautiful custom.

"PRAYER before starting on a trip or some special undertaking; prayers for the sick, dying, or departed; prayers whenever you receive so-called bad news from relatives and friends; prayers on all occasions of special rejoicing or sorrow within the family—well, there's no end of opportunities, once you get the spirit of it. Of course, I'm taking the ordinary meal prayers for granted, and there could be special festive meals celebrating religious anniversaries, or commemorating namesdays or the liturgical feasts and seasons. There's the Advent wreath, and the Christ candle . . ."

"SISTER, pardon me for interrupting, but I'm getting lost in a maze of exhibits in your spiritual Home Show. It seems like so much all at once," said a lady who had been

struggling to jot down some notes as Sister warmed up to her subject.

"OH, I'm sorry if I've overwhelmed you with all these ideas at once. But you're not asked to attempt everything right away. Build up this prayer life gradually, or you might make a blundering attempt at too much and then give it all up in discouragement. In our regular meetings we'll take up a few things at a time, appropriate to the season, and you can report on your progress. I'm sure it will help us all to exchange experiences."

"THAT sounds wonderful, Sister. Now please tell us about sacrifice, the other important feature in your Home Show."

"YES, it's mighty important, for prayer without sacrifice is like talk without action. Sacrifice, giving some outward token to the One we love at a cost to ourselves, is the truest expression of our love. And God willingly accepts our most trifling tokens, enduring a headache, foregoing a taste treat, exerting an effort to be kind,—all these become a pleasing gift to Him when we unite our intentions with Our Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"EVEN little children quickly grasp the idea: a cut finger on a little hand can be an occasion for teaching the child to offer up her pain in union with that of the Wounded Hand nailed to the cross. Tell the older children, if they are tempted to grumble at dish-washing, to offer their stack of dishes to be placed on the paten as their share in the Mass; then their unpleasant task is transformed by becoming a part of the great Sacrifice of Calvary. Dish-washing will soon become too trifling—youngsters can and should be challenged to actual heroism and apostolic endeavor."

"THAT reminds me, Sister, we were talking about whether the children should give up candy for Lent. My neighbor thinks they need the sugar for energy, but I said *we* always fasted as children and it never seemed to hurt us. What do you think?"

"YOU'RE right. It won't hurt our well-fed American youth to abstain from candy at all. If you have any fear of their lacking energy, you can easily work the necessary sugar into your mealtime menus. By all means encourage them to abstain, but without giving them the idea that it would be a sin to eat candy."

"SISTER, I want to tell you my experience on that subject of little children responding

to the idea of sacrifice," a vivacious woman spoke smilingly. "When my Dorothy was preparing for her First Holy Communion, she was learning to make little sacrifices for Jesus, and used to delight in passing on her lessons to Mary Ellen, who wasn't even four yet. One day I heard the water running for quite a while and went to investigate. Mary Ellen was holding her little hands under the hot water faucet 'making a sacrifice for Jesus.' The water wasn't hot enough to really injure her, so I didn't stop her little offering. And I'm glad I didn't. We can't go wrong in imitating Our Dear Lord Who suffered so much for us."

"NO, it is seldom that we can do too much for Him—with a little watchfulness and some wise counseling on the subject, we can prevent the imprudent and harmful sacrifices we sometimes hear about in children. With so much sinful pleasure in the world about us, and so much suffering brought on by sin, we should not begrudge the suffering entailed in true God-centered sacrifice."

"I'M afraid many modern young people would give up more for the sake of athletics than they would for God, knowing Him as little as they do," spoke up the athlete's wife.

"HOW true!" replied Sister. "The natural good qualities are mis-directed instead of being supernaturalized by turning Godward. Too much of the good moral character we like to attribute to our people is only natural virtue, which cannot stand up under the devil's wiles.

"THAT is why Catholic homes, where virtue is a result of religious living instead of a vague code of decency, must stand like islands in the sea of materialism and secularism until its waves have receded. You must establish radio-active centers to bring God to those who don't know Him.

"AND have you ever stopped to think—you can do more in that field than *we* can. We Sisters can sometimes meet and make some impression on those outside the fold, in our census work and casual contacts. But you are the neighbor lady, who can lend sugar and exchange recipes and invite to dinner and talk over news—and eventually religion will come up for discussion. If nothing else, your 'different' tastes in the home features we've mentioned will make an impression.

"NOW I've talked more than my share tonight. At the next meeting you can tell about the beach-heads already established, and together we'll plan to enlarge the Islands of Christianity."

# Lodestar to Brotherliness

by Sister Alice Marie

"PARISH work, especially among the poor and neglected, I always loved. I craved other work as well, but I needed closer contacts such as come only from the care of souls. It kept me humble, human, for one deals with splendid characters and even the work of rehabilitation of so-called sinners helps the priest's or minister's own individual life in many inspiring ways . . ." (Father DeVille.)

FATHER John B. DeVille, a native son of Moena, Italy, who had emigrated to the United States in 1892, was to realize his desire of working among the poor and neglected in the city of Gary, Indiana. The great steel industry attracted thousands of foreign-born people to its plants. Many of these persons were Catholics, who turned to the priest to aid in the solution of problems resulting from the diversity in languages and customs. To the task of caring for the spiritual needs of these people, the priest had to add the many extra duties required for their material benefit.

A program including medical care, general relief, child placements, family rehabilitation, and assistance to immigrants detained at Ellis Island, was inaugurated to help the newcomers learn the American way of life and become an integral part of the country of their adoption. The usual parish setup was not adequate for this program which grew to even greater proportions as the influx of foreign-born increased. Men of foresight planned a project, whose far-reaching influence on the people of Gary, even they may not have anticipated.

THE late Most Reverend Herman Joseph Alerding, D.D., then Bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne, with the generous cooperation of Judge Gary, representative of the United States Steel Corporation, and the people of Gary, erected the Gary-Alerding Settlement House. The building was dedicated on May 18, 1924, and became the nucleus for the religious and social activities of the foreign speaking Catholics of Gary.

S. T. Anthony's Chapel was built in the rear of the building, and here Father DeVille gave priestly care to the Latin peoples, notably Italians, Mexicans, and Spanish. In other parts of the building were the clubrooms, bowling alleys, billiard room, kitchen for domestic science

classes, an auditorium, and a room planned for clinical purposes.

THE history of Gary-Alerding Settlement House was to be influenced by the very vicissitudes which entered the lives of the groups it served. In 1929, Father DeVille was succeeded by Rev. John Costello. Soon the program of the Settlement House was conditioned by new demands created by the worst economic depression in the history of the country. By 1931, the entire building became relief headquarters to service the hundreds of unemployed persons in the vicinity. Social activities were shelved and the basic needs of food, clothing, and shelter were supplied.

WITH the breakdown of morale among families and individuals, due to the long period of economic insecurity, juvenile delinquency increased in the mill city. Gary-Alerding Settlement House was able to meet this new emergency because of several factors. The flow of immigrants into Gary had halted during the years of the depression, and the United States government sponsored national programs, such as N. Y. A., to provide wholesome recreation for the youth of the nation.

THE Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., successor to Bishop Alerding in the diocese of Fort Wayne, has been a militant champion of the rights of youth, both in his platform appearances and through the pages of his national weekly, *OUR SUNDAY VISITOR*. He criticized the communistic trends in the schools of the nation; he led the initial crusades against the immoral influence of the movies and the viciousness of lewd literature. Alert to every advantage as well as to every danger to the moral integrity of the younger generation, the Bishop decided to initiate a youth recreation program in the Settlement House.

IN 1936, Reverend Frederick Westendorf began the new schedule in which athletics played an important part. During this time, due to Father's efforts, the house became an agency of Gary Community Chest. Reverend Edward Sweigert succeeded Father Westendorf and was in charge of activities for a short time. In 1943, the Reverend James Cis was appointed director of the Settlement House and continues in that capacity to the present.



St. Anthony's Chapel, Gary Settlement House.

**D**URING the past five years, Father Cis has received funds for emergency repairs and an increased annual budget allotment from the Community Chest. The entire house has been reconditioned and many new recreational facilities are now available. Today, the House serves the young representatives of more than twenty-five national groups with a year round program of religious and recreational activities.

**S**T. Anthony's Chapel is now a fully grown parish, composed of some four hundred and twenty-five families. While the three original Latin groups still make up approximately fifty percent of the membership, various other nationalities compose the balance of the membership. St. Anthony's is a distinct organization and is operated, as a parish, independently of the Settlement House. As such, it is in charge of a full-time pastor, Reverend Lawrence Grothouse, and his assistant, Reverend Dominic A. Pallone.

**T**HE parish priests look after the spiritual needs of the parishioners and are actively engaged in convert instruction work. During the past year thirty-five converts were received into the

Church. Among them were twelve negro neophytes, who found that Jim Crowism is an unknown quantity at St. Anthony's. The Sisters teach the public school pupils, both on the elementary and high school level, in the religious instruction classes held in the House.

**T**HE children and youth of the parish and of the neighborhood come to the Settlement House, where a homelike atmosphere and family spirit prevail, for their leisure time recreation. Here the young people are able to forget the strain and monotony of the mill environment. Games, dancing, sports, and a variety of outings help to relieve the tensions resulting from the physical congestion of the tenement areas in which many live. Other youths, knowing the anxiety and insecurity of broken homes, find affection and a sense of belonging in the family atmosphere.

**P**ERSONAL problems are made known to Father or the Sisters, sometimes under cover of the juke box melodies or in the quiet corners

(Continued on page 18)

# Love Behind Bars

by Sister Regina

## PART I.

THE small blue and white crocheted booties hanging from the uplifted finger of the Infant seem a part of Him now. No one wishes them removed. The children would be disappointed if they did not find them there; for after they visit Our Lord in the convent chapel, they invariably stop to smile at the lovely Infant of Prague, and to say a few words to Him, as He stands benignly in a niche near by. Invariably, too, there is an exclamation of delight as someone cries, "See His booties!"

THE booties have a story, a story that is really a brief scene in a mighty drama which is perennially being enacted behind drab grey walls and prison bars. A drama of human beings who are paying the just penalties of their crimes against Society. A tragedy of human souls who are sinking ever deeper into sin, bitterness, and despair, because the aloneness and isolation of confining walls makes them feel that no one cares; that even professed followers of Christ no longer love sinners as their Master commanded them to do.

THE rule of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory expressly sends us to carry the love of Christ and His Word to the least of His brethren. It is not to be wondered at, then, that we feel very much at home—in jail!

AFTER establishing our new center in Denver, it was with genuine spiritual joy that we paid our first visit to the county jail. The matron received us graciously and took us through the women's ward. As we passed through the cells and the work room, she made it known to the inmates that anyone who wished to speak to us should come to the parlor at once.

I was surprised to find about twenty women gathered there when we returned to the parlor. They had brought in a white bench and several extra chairs—as many as the room would hold. A large chair was left vacant for me, though a few young women stood. I stepped behind the chair and faced the group, glancing about the room. The picture before me was not a pretty one. Twenty women, varying in age, with hard expressionless faces; eyes downcast or staring straight ahead; hair unattractively pinned back;



Sister Regina and Sister Julianna on steps of County Jail, Denver, Colo.

clothing ill-fitting and nondescript.

SUDDENLY a little-girl-desire to sit down and cry came over me, as I searched my heart for the proper things to say to these straying daughters of Eve, my sisters in Christ. The room was hot and stuffy; the silence even more oppressive. I must say something! They were waiting motionless. God was waiting, too, I thought, but why didn't He do something! The desperate thought was a prayer and the words came. What they were I shall never know. All I recall is my difficult struggle to keep back the tears, and the encouraging lifting of heads and shifting of eyes until every penetrating gaze was focused on my face. It was a harrowing experience.

WHEN I sat down, an elderly woman leaned over and whispered, "You love God. I have never known Him."

A colored girl standing behind her added, "And I believes that you loves us, too."

The others said not a word. A young woman at one end of the room took her knitting out of a small bag on her arm. All eyes turned upon her, and I welcomed a possible subject of conversation.

"Do you all knit?" I asked, after we admired the garment just produced.

Most of the women answered that they did not. "But," someone said, "we'd like to learn."

"I'd be glad to teach them, if we had the yarn and the needles," the knitter ventured.

A dry laugh went around the room. "If we had the yarn; if we had the needles," two or three repeated.

"I'll bring the yarn and needles," I said.

Immediately the reserve was gone. The women jumped from their chairs and crowded around me. "Will you, really?" they asked in astonishment.

"It will be wonderful to have something interesting to do," one exclaimed. "Looking at these grey walls is driving me nuts."

"I'll be the teacher," the sole knitter announced, "and will you kids ever have to work! I'll mean business."

Everybody laughed. They were like a crowd of youngsters anticipating a picnic. They seemed to forget for a moment where they were.

There were smiles and thanks and profuse invitations to come again, as the meeting broke up and I hurried away, grateful that I had been "accepted". Ever after I would "belong" in jail.

"YARN is very expensive," my more practical Sister companion remarked, as we left the jail and drove downtown on a shopping trip. That was true, and our funds were low. They are always low, for there are many demands upon our charity. But could money be spent to better purpose? We decided that it could not. Soon we were loaded with skeins and skeins of beautiful bright colored yarn, enough so that thirty women could make something worthwhile. And, of course, the needles. Also crochet cotton of various kinds. We hurried back to the jail and left our precious purchases with the astonished doorkeeper, who raised both his eyebrows very high indeed.

ACTIVITIES crowd each other in our busy center. During the week that followed our first visit to jail, these new "children" of mine

were given hardly a thought. They invaded my prayers most unceremoniously, it is true, but I had no other time for them. Then one evening the telephone rang. The matron at the jail called to ask when I was coming again. "The girls are all waiting for you. They want you to come real soon," she said.

"I'll be there tomorrow," I answered, disregarding all previous engagements. To be wanted in jail, that was wonderful! Soon I would make Christ wanted there, too.

THE next morning, ten or twelve women were already waiting at the door of the little parlor when the matron admitted us. Everyone was smiling and apparently excited. All appeared neater than I remembered them. A few were dressed up.

"TELL all the girls that the Sisters are here," the matron said, and several young women hurried away.

"WE'LL wait until the others come before we go into the parlor," was the next announcement. I wondered why the mystery, and then it dawned upon me that this was a surprise party, and the surprise was for me.

I BUSIED myself with papers and class materials which I had brought along, staying as far away from the parlor door as space would permit. At last the girls crowded into the parlor, and I could hear much whispering and moving around. Then the matron came to ask if I were ready to go in. I said I was, and followed her into the room.

WHAT a contrast to my first meeting with this group, and what a surprise! Three deep, the women stood around in the small room. They were smiling today and eager. Their eyes were sparkling and happy as they shifted from me to the table in the center of the room, while I gasped in astonishment and delight. For on the table was arranged a beautiful and colorful display of needlework, the product of the knitting class which had applied itself with more than ordinary interest and energy. There were garments for babies; scarfs and mittens for older children; purses, bags, and various novelties for young women, and even a sweater or two.

THE teacher stood at the head of the table, picked up one article after another and handed it to me, while the woman who made it

(Continued on page 18)

## In the Home Field



### CONFIDENCE IN PRAYER

**E**IGHT-year-old Lupe came one day after Catechism class and said, excitedly, "Sister, here! This is for you."

As I took the brown paper sack she offered me I asked her what was in it. "Some eggs for you," she replied.

"Eggs?" I questioned. "Are you sure you do not need them?"

"Oh, no," she responded. "You see when my hen got sick and I thought she was going to die, I promised St. Joseph that if she would get well again, I would give you half a dozen eggs. My hen got well, and here are the eggs!"

Sister Maria Anita  
Azusa, California



Our youngest pupil—Paula Beeler, of Bristol, Indiana, is just two and a half years old.

### THE WISDOM OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD

I was sitting on the porch cleaning sweet corn when I heard a small voice behind me saying, "What'cha doin'? Can't I help?" I looked around

*The Missionary Catechist*

### AN UNFORGETTABLE INCIDENT

"**T**HAT woman is bitter! She hasn't been to the Sacraments for twenty years," we had been told upon our arrival at a certain town.

Driving past her home twice a week on our way to teach, we had silently breathed a prayer for the poor widow, whose house with its drawn shades reminded us forcibly of the emptiness of her soul.

Then one bright spring day as we passed, we saw her working in her garden. We stopped the car to have a friendly chat. On parting, we gave her a small picture of the Sacred Heart.

She gazed at the picture silently for a few seconds, then, choking with emotion, she suddenly kissed the sacred image of Our Lord. Turning to us, with tears streaming down her face, she sobbed, "Sisters, you have given me what I wanted."

We could only marvel at the mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who with one glance is able to soften the hardest hearts.

and saw our little three-year-old neighbor. I assured him I could use some help and he put his little hands into the basket and lifted out an ear of corn almost as large as himself. Pulling the husks off one by one, he finally reached the corn, and there before his eyes a motionless creature began to wiggle.

With two small eyes wide open, my little friend remarked, "Gee, Sister, what's that?" And without waiting for an answer he continued, "You know that thing looks like the gold fish that I saw in our church on Sunday."

"Now, Donny," I remonstrated, "you know they don't have gold fish in church. Don't you go to church to see God?"

The eyes that were fixed on the worm turned toward me in surprise. "Gosh, Sister," said three-year-old Donny, "don't you know God ain't in our church?"

Sister Thomas  
Santa Paula, California

Sister Eugenia  
Los Banos, California

The Colored children in Fort Wayne like Holy Family Catholic Library. "We have *our own library*," Mary Lou proudly told her teacher. And Mary Lou is a very faithful patron of the library.

### JUST KIDS

**M**AURICE, with his fair skin, blue eyes, and blonde hair, was just a little dab of white amid a small sea of brown faces, big dark eyes, and black hair. This never bothered Maurice though, and if he had any differences with his neighbors they were only such as were caused by one lively youngster sitting too close to another.

One day when Maurice came home from Catechism class, his father said, "Say Maurice, there are quite a few Mexicans in your class, aren't there?"

"Oh, no, Dad," he replied, "there aren't any Mexicans, just *kids*!"

Sister Lorraine  
Santa Paula, California



Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters' exhibit at Regional Catechetical Congress, Santa Fe. Pictured with the Sisters are three lay teachers and some of the children who took part in the demonstration classes.

March, 1949

# Associate Catechists

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## HOLY FAMILY BAND

(Chicago, Ill.)

THE members of this Band, headed by Mr. Joseph Walz, in-

clude the mother (Mrs. Rose McBride) and close relatives of our deceased Sister Rose Anne. Last August, the Jesus, Mary, Joseph Burse, sponsored by Holy Family Band, was given to Sister Rita Marie Snyder, one of our newly professed Sisters and also a former resident of Chicago. Sister is enjoying her first year in the Missions. She was assigned to our Coachella, California, Mission.

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## MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS CLUB (Chicago)

DEATH claimed one of this group's most ardent mission workers, Mrs. Elizabeth Geiger, a year ago. Another member moved to California. In spite of these heartaches, mothers and daughters came forward with their usual large annual donation.

Ever since this Band began to help us in 1939, Mrs. M. Leutkenhus has been its faithful Promoter.

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## SAINT MARY'S SODALITY BAND, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



It was a source of much pleasure to the members of St. Mary's Sodality Band, Detroit, Michigan, when they could have our Sister Mary Veronica present at one of their monthly meetings. The Band consists of personal friends of Sister, who sponsor her Burse. From the gayety manifested on the faces of the ladies, we may conclude that their party's fun was at its height when this picture was snapped.

# of Mary

## ST. ANNE'S MISSION CIRCLE (Ft. Wayne, Ind.)

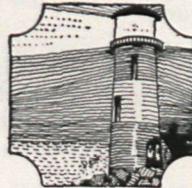
THESE ladies are a group within a group, inasmuch as they are also members of St. Mary's Mission Society of Fort Wayne. However, they like to meet once a month for a social game of cards. They have been doing this, under the leadership of Miss Ann Brink, Promoter, for twenty five years. (Congratulations!)

There are twenty-five members at present and they pay quarter-a-month dues toward Victory Noll's medicine fund, besides their membership dues in the above-named Mission Society.

During the quarter of a century span of its existence some of the members have gone to their eternal reward. R.I.P.

## OUR LADY, QUEEN OF ANGELS BAND (Los Angeles)

The ladies of this California Band (we have two) are proud of the fact that they are now ten years old, and we are proud



of them also. In charge of the group is Mrs. C. J. Sauthier.

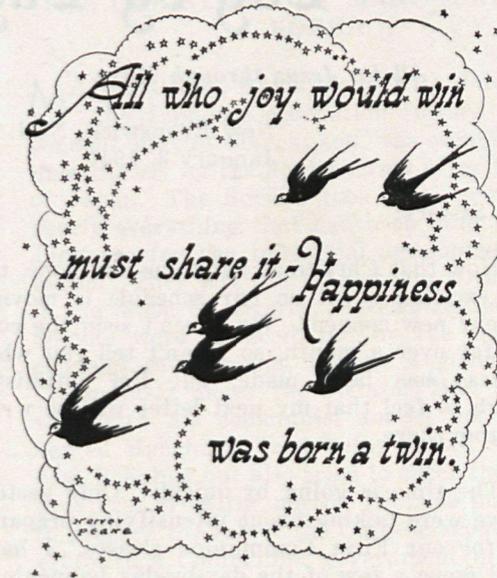
They used to have two big parties a year besides paying monthly dues, but concluded last summer to meet every two months instead, the better to sustain interest on part of members.

Their specialty consists in making layettes for poor babies. These they present to our Sisters at our Infant of Prague Mission, Los Angeles, for distribution.

## LES PETITES FLEURS, CHICAGO (and their white penny campaign!)

OF interest to our Associates is the profitable hobby (profitable to us!) carried on by Miss Anne Accomando, one of the members. She wrote, "In May 1947, I started to save white pennies for the missions, and have continued until I have quite a group in my office—Catholics, non-Catholics, and Masons—contributing. All bring me any they may get, and I think it's very nice of them. To date, I have collected 1,540. If I get a note from you I will pass it around to my friends and I'm sure they'll continue to donate."

The Promoter of Les Petites Fleurs is Miss Elsie Jachmann.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

December 23, 1948 to January 18, 1949

Adrian Club, Chicago, Miss Florence Dietz	\$ 50.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Mrs. H. R. Staley	50.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind. Miss Mary Nye	160.00
Immaculata Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. J. Soch	15.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	20.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	8.40
Little Flower Band, Mrs. Helen Garrity	5.00
Mary, Queen of Hearts Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss W. Wengritzky	15.00
Mothers & Daughters Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Leutkenhus	8.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog, Secretary	1.50
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	11.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. M. DeVito	300.00
St. Anne Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne, Miss Ann Brink	3.00
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. Beck	133.30
St. Clara Band, St. Mary's Miss. Soc. Ft. Wayne, Mrs. W. F. Ryan	12.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	27.75
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	75.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	12.50
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Edward Vaughn	50.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. Nagle	15.50
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Quinlan	5.00
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Miss Marie V. Dwyer	42.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Marie Gouy	3.00

# Day by Day in New Jersey

*All for Jesus through Mary*

New Brunswick, N. J.  
January 3, 1949.

Dear Sisters:

Now that Christmas has come and gone, the next exciting event on our schedule is moving into our new convent. We haven't seen the convent for over a month, so I can't tell you what progress has been made, but I'm optimistic enough to feel that my next letter will be written from there.

The time is going by quickly. Only yesterday we were talking about intensifying preparation for our First Communion classes. I have jotted down a few of the day-by-day happenings during the past month. Would you be interested in reading them?

DECEMBER 1—The children are preparing for Jesus' birthday. They drew slips suggesting "presents" they could offer to Jesus at Christmas.

DECEMBER 2—Sister Mary Adele and I went visiting "on our own" for the first time today. Never before were the visits quite so short.

DECEMBER 3—Sister Mary Patrick drove us all the way to Basking Ridge. Christopher, a second grader, wasn't at class because he was too busy making an atomic bomb.

DECEMBER 4—Sister Florentine made each of us a corsage which we could use as a Christmas gift. I sent mine, a beautiful deep red rose, to my mother. (Mother wrote later to say that it was the most beautiful flower she ever saw.)

DECEMBER 5—Sunday. We attended two conferences given by Father Wade, a Holy Cross Father. He gave each of us, and each of the grey nuns with whom we are staying, a highly indulgenced crucifix. In the evening we saw the movie, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." It was very good.

DECEMBER 6—We wanted to do a lot of work today, so we took our lunch with us when we left this morning. It was sunny then, but by the time we arrived at our destination it was pouring rain. We had no umbrellas nor mantles.

Sister Mary Patrick and Sister Mary Adele got off at the Firehouse, hoping to do some visiting in that neighborhood before classes. We went on to Martinsville. After class there, we hurried down to South Bound Brook, only to find that the children had been released from school early due to the rain. So the result of our whole day's work was only a few visits and about fifty children for class.

DECEMBER 7—Went shopping in Trenton while car was having the thousand-mile checkup. When we passed through a colored district, some children called across the street to us, "Yo' sho' looks cute; yo' sho' looks pretty."

DECEMBER 9—Used my Polish today. That is, I tried to, but the woman, a Russian, did practically all of the talking.

DECEMBER 10—Working on Middlesex Christmas party. Two of my sixth graders at Watchung will present Father with our Spiritual Bouquet.

DECEMBER 11—Father Kreger loaned us his projector and slides. We spent recreation looking at the pictures of the Mysteries of the Rosary, the Mass, and the Catechism Illustrated.

DECEMBER 12—Visited the Sisters of Charity. They gave us a beautiful statue of Our Blessed Mother for our convent. More rain.

DECEMBER 13—Class difficulties. I still need prayers for my sixth graders.

DECEMBER 14—Visited in Bound Brook. On one street we had about fifteen children following us.

DECEMBER 15—About a fourth of the children remembered to bring the Crib figures they took home to color. We had only one king, one shepherd, two lambs, and no camels; but Mary, Joseph, and the Infant were there, and they are the important figures in any Crib set. We had our first heavy snow—our hoods felt good when we went visiting after class.

DECEMBER 16—Our first Christmas party—and about seventy absent! One of the schools had a concert at the same time and some of the children had season's tickets. The party was at St. Joseph's and about one hundred and twenty-five children were there to see the movies and receive candy and a Christmas crib.

DECEMBER 19—A blizzard. About two hundred and ten children were at the Middlesex Christmas party anyway. The little hall was packed tight with parents and children, and they surely enjoyed the movies, carols, ice cream, and—Santa Claus.

DECEMBER 20—Snowbound. No school at South Bound Brook. It was too bad to attempt to make it up the "mountain," so we didn't get to Martinsville either. Report is over sixteen inches of snow, and it is still going strong.

DECEMBER 23—Still snowbound. Have made Christmas preparations and delivered gifts to such places as we could reach.

DECEMBER 24 and 25—Our Christmas was beautiful, but that would fill another letter.

DECEMBER 26—Forty Hours Devotion began here this morning. We went to Father Draus' Christmas party at Mt. Bethel this afternoon. Father introduced Sister Florentine and then said she would say a few words. It was quite a surprise to her, but she did very well.

DECEMBER 27, 28, 29—Weather is bad; roads are bad. It is a good thing it is Christmas vacation. We could not get to our classes anyway.

DECEMBER 30—Rain. It is making the streets very icy.

DECEMBER 31—Rain continues. Just like California, Sister Florentine says.

There it is—a whole month, and it has gone just that quickly, too. We hope New Jersey weather improves as schools reopen after the holidays.

Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,  
*Sister Mary Jeanette*



P.T.A. mothers, assisted by Sister Mary Veronica, serve First Friday breakfast at St. John's, Goshen, Ind.

## MISSION INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1949 THE CHRISTIANS OF MANCHURIA AND KOREA

MANCHURIA, which along with Jehol during the Japanese occupation formed the independent state of Manchukuo, was occupied almost immediately by the Soviet Army after the defeat of Japan. The Soviets took as a prize of war nearly everything that had been built up by the Japanese for the industrial development of the region. They left the inhabitants without work, in the midst of poverty. Seven months later the Soviets were replaced, not by the central government of Nanking, but by a government of Communists under the dictator Mao Tze Tung, who with his communist forces not only prevented Manchuria from being united to the Chinese Republic but also tried to enter the southern provinces from the north. His sole purpose was to prepare the fall of the Chinese republic and to establish a Communist government in its stead. At present the whole of Manchuria, with the exception of the municipalities of Mukden, Chang-chun, and Kirin, are in the hands of the Communists. These now occupy the whole region as far as the Yellow River (Wnag-ho), Pekin and Tientsin excepted.

THE condition of Manchuria after three years of Communist occupation has become worse. The people are without work, have no feeling of security, and are now starving in what was once the granary of China. Liberty has been suppressed everywhere. On all sides there is fear, together with the teaching of materialistic atheism. The Catholics and their missionaries suffer more than the others. In the ten ecclesiastical divisions of Jehol and Manchuria, the 140,000 Catholics there are almost without missionaries. Their schools and churches have been destroyed or put to other uses. Two hundred foreign missionaries have been expelled, imprisoned, and, in some cases, slain. The Chinese priests are gradually being killed off. Their feet are barbarously tied up and they are dragged great distances until they die or are shot. Even women dedicated to religion have been slain. In short, if the conditions in Manchuria of today are not changed, there will after some time be no Christianity in their region.

KOREA, where there are 150,000 Catholics out of a total population of 20,000,000, has been divided into two parts. In the region under communist control, the same persecution goes on as in the region near Manchuria.

Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell,  
National Director, The Society for  
the Propagation of the Faith



Dear Loyal Helpers:

LENT will soon be here again. We hope that each Helper will be faithful to the special prayers, acts of self-denial and little acts of virtue which he or she has resolved to practice to honor our Suffering Saviour. No doubt the Sisters at school have suggested some good Lenten resolutions. Of course, you will give up candy, gum, and the movies. It is only for forty days, you know. How can we ever match our Blessed Lord in His life-long sufferings and privations, undergone for love of us and to redeem our souls?

WON'T you please put a portion of the money you save by abstaining from sweets into your Sunshine Bag? Then mail us the contents in a dime card at Easter.

IF you want a new Sunshine Bag or a dime card, write to

Sunshine Secretary  
Mary's Loyal Helpers  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

and she will gladly send you either or both.

PLEASE tell your classmates about *Mary's Loyal Helpers*, asking them to join our mission club. There are no dues, you know. Instead, there are just two easy rules to keep. The *first rule* is to say one Hail Mary each day that God may bless OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS in their work with poor children. The *second rule* is to make little sacrifices of sweets, especially during Lent, putting the money saved into a Sunshine Bag. You can explain how these pennies and nickels can afterwards be changed into dimes and mailed to us in a dime card.

PERHAPS you would rather send us the names and addresses of boys and girls in your school whom you are quite sure would want to belong to our club if they knew about it. In that case

## Mary's Loyal

send these names and addresses to Sunshine Secretary. She will write each boy and girl on your list, asking them to join.

DON'T forget that every Loyal Helper is remembered in the prayers and good works of all our Missionary Sisters. There are now more than three hundred Sisters in our Order. This is a consoling thought around examination time, isn't it?

THE best letter we receive each month will be published on these pages with the name and address of the Helper who wrote it.

Mary-ly yours,  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY

RENEW PROMPTLY

IT is easy for *Loyal Helpers* to forget all about the poor children in the Missions if they do not read our magazine. Renew your subscription promptly.

If you *must*, use a part of the pennies in your Sunshine Bag to renew your subscription. After that, try to save some more pennies to help us in our work with poor children.

WISCONSIN HELPER



This is Mary Ann Kleindl, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin. She is 10 years old and in the fourth grade at school. Mary Ann joined us last summer.

# Helpers Pages

## OUR MARCH PUZZLE



Toot! Toot! Look out for Johnnie Black! He had a birthday last month and received many fine gifts. If you can guess what some of them are you may have a holy card. Make a list of those you can guess and send it to Sunshine Secretary for your reward.

### A NEW DETROIT HELPER AND PAL



The two little cowboys at the left look as though they mean business with those pistols they are "toting." But don't let them fool you. David Powers, on the right, would tell you (and I'm sure his pal Bob on the left will agree) that their only business is collecting and then sharing their findings with poor children in the Missions.

(Sunshine Secretary would be very grateful for more pictures showing children engaged in their favorite past-time. Will parents and Helpers oblige?)



### LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister:

I am enclosing two dollars—one to renew my subscription to your magazine and the other to help the Missions. I know that it isn't very much but it is the most I can afford right now. I hope in the future that I will be able to help you more—*maybe by my presence in your Order!* One never knows which course in life a person has the vocation to follow.

On January 1st, my grandparents will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. Will you please pray for them on that day?

Pray for me and may God bless you.

Sincerely,

Kathleen Pluecker,  
Houston, Texas.

Sunshine Secretary's Comment  
The greatest gift we can give to God is the gift of ourselves. Kathleen has noble thoughts when she dreams of giving herself to God as a Sister some day.

## LODESTAR TO BROTHERLINESS

(Continued from page 7)

of the reading room. The advice given helps these young people to recover and maintain that inner balance so necessary to a wholesome personality. This indirect and informal procedure in counseling is appreciated by the young people. Its positive effects are demonstrated by the exemplary lives and loyalty of the "Old Timers", the young adults, some married, who formerly took part in the Settlement program. The positive effects are even more far reaching in so far as interest in the youth work on the part of adults of the neighborhood has been stimulated.

THE present crowd delights in the title, "Gas House Gang"; the first word resulting from the combination of the first letters of Gary-Alerding Settlement. To be a member of the gang is to know the true meaning of Christian brotherliness; to experience the joyful uplift of spirit that comes where two or three are gathered together in His Name. In that spirit Gary-Alerding Settlement looks back on its past history and forward to whatever the future may bring. Because of the constant interest and aid of our loved Bishop, the wholehearted cooperation of priests, Sisters, and lay workers, for the youth of Gary, there will be always—a better tomorrow.

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## LOVE BEHIND BARS

(Continued from page 9)

proudly stepped forward to accept our congratulations and praise. This was a day of triumph for these deprived souls. As I watched the change and play of expression on their faces, I thought that undoubtedly some of them had seldom, if ever, known the joy of accomplishment or the thrill of honestly merited praise. I thanked God for this day.

FINALLY, each article had been duly appraised and exclaimed over, and we laughed together at the beginners' difficulties which some ventured to relate. Then one of the girls, perhaps the youngest in the group, pushed forward and handed each of us Sisters a pair of tiny crocheted booties.

"THESE are for you," she said simply. "We would like to give you, oh, so very much, but," she stammered, "well—these are a little remembrance."

THE admiration and loving reverence in her shining eyes made me feel very much humbled and unworthy. Never had a gift meant more to me. I accepted it knowing that it would be one of those rare treasures that hearts cherish for everlasting, as a spur to do greater things for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

AND because I prize them so very much, I have given the booties to the Infant, with the understanding that He accept them as a continuous prayer for my "little ones" behind grey walls and prison bars. He must save all whom He has destined me to contact on my weekly visits to the jail. It is a big order, but the tiny hand which holds the booties is almighty, and our Little God likes to be asked for big favors.

(Continued next month.)



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## Memoriam

Rev. C. T. Kerfs, Pacific Grove, Calif.  
Irene F. Srill, Chicago, Ill., sister of Sister Helen, Sister Marguerite, and Sister Mary Loretta, O.L.V.M.  
Frank J. May, Brooklyn, N. Y., father of Sister Clarice, O.L.V.M.  
Mary Bresnahan, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Mrs. Thomas O'Dowd, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Mrs. Ella Morel, Marshfield, Wis.  
Mrs. Mary Murphy, Palos Heights, Ill.  
Mrs. Bridget Cox, Chicago, Ill.  
John O'Brien, Berkeley City, Mo.  
Mr. Scarmazzo, Paterson, N. J.  
Michael J. McNamara, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Estella M. Atkinson, Martinsburg, W. Va.

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, 3223 Grove St., East Gary, Ind.

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, Box 157, Ida, Mich.

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 St., Ely, Nev.

Our Lady of Mt. Virgin Mission, Harris Avenue, Middlesex, New Jersey.

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.

## Have I a Vocation?



*Desire*—Do I desire to serve God more perfectly than I am serving Him in the world?

*Ability*—Have I the necessary qualifications: good health, good moral character, average intelligence?

If your answer to these questions is in the affirmative, it is an indication that God is inviting you to serve Him as a religious.

Young women, between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who are interested in the religious life, are invited to write:

Mother General  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana