



**THE  
MISSIONARY  
CATECHIST**

**Volume XXV**

**May, 1949**

**Number 6**

# The Prodigal Son

by Sister Camilla

"My wife is not satisfied. I think she wants to come to the true church, too. Maybe you could come to our home and talk to her."

WE were happy to accept Mr. Ponelli's invitation since all of our contacts with him had taken place in his shoe repair shop. We could remember our first visit with him. He was belligerent towards all things Catholic. His criticisms showed a coldness that would need the antidote of prayer and patience. At each future visit to his place of business, we left a pamphlet or book explaining the Catholic viewpoint. His attitude changed slightly as we became better friends. Finally, we learned the story of his break with the true church.

CARMELO PONELLI was born in Italy. His good mother instructed and guided her boy until he received his First Communion and was confirmed. After her death his religious education and practices came to an end. He came to America soon after, a young lad who had to work hard for a living in this new land of opportunity. He did what other of his countrymen had done when they left their native land. He dropped religion from his life.

WHEN Carmelo met the girl who was to become his wife, she was a non-Catholic but church-going was important to her. This was incidental to Carmelo's way of life, so they were married by the minister of her church. Mrs. Ponelli proved an excellent wife and mother. She sent her five children to Sunday school regularly, and later Mr. Ponelli accompanied his wife and children to their church. This was the situation at the time of our first visit to the shoe repair shop.

DURING a later visit, our friend admitted that he and his family no longer went to

their church and that he was thinking of returning to the true Faith. He had read the Catholic literature, and reflected and prayed over it. He began to remember some of the doctrine and the religious practices of the Old Country. He referred to himself as "the prodigal son." Shortly after this, he asked us to visit his good wife.

WE found Mrs. Ponelli to be a sincere person seeking peace of soul. It needed little encouragement to persuade her to accompany her husband to the pastor of the little country parish in which they live. Each Sunday for almost a year, the family remained for instructions after the late Mass. The simplicity of their lives, and their lack of worldliness made the working of God's grace easier. The truths of our Faith came to mean a great deal to this family. They read many Catholic books and magazines. Mr. Ponelli proved an able assistant to the good priest. During the week he would review and discuss the Sunday lesson with his family.

ONCE again God's call has been heeded, and not only one but seven souls are firmly established in His true Church. Mr. Ponelli feels a justifiable pride in bringing his family to church every Sunday morning. They fill an entire pew. Truly "the prodigal son" has become a true and loyal son in his Father's house.



## OUR COVER

Our Lady of Victory, Patroness of our community, whose feast we celebrate on May 24. The picture was taken at Victory Noll on a terrace overlooking the Wabash Valley.

# The Missionary Catechist

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## "And Other Sheep I Have..."

by Sister Mary Paul

"BUT, I don't know how to pray," the boy said simply.

He was standing in front of the tent which was his home. He and his mother were thanking us for the clothes we had brought to them. This family is one of the most destitute in the camp. Although not Catholic, we had brought the children some warm sweaters and other articles of clothing which were badly needed, and which were greatly appreciated.

When leaving, I asked the twelve year old boy to say a little prayer for us. It was then that he had responded, "I don't know how to pray."

Turning to the mother, I said, "Your mother will teach you."

The mother quickly responded, "No, I don't know any prayers at all. I don't know how to pray either."

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I said, "It is very simple. Just talk to God as you would to a dear friend. You could ask Him to bless the Sisters."

"God bless the Sisters," said the boy. The mother fervently repeated, "God bless the Sisters."

On our way home we were silent, absorbed in thought.

Our Catholic people, no matter how poor, are incomparably richer possessing the true Faith than these uncounted thousands who hardly know that God is their Father, and yet are so hungry for the truths of our holy religion.

An illustration of this is presented in the

number of non-Catholic children who are attending our catechism classes. Little Wanda is typical of the ragged, uncombed children who come eagerly two or three times a week to hear about God. The other day she came, proudly displaying two dimes on her extended palm.

"Sister, I want to buy two catechisms."

"But, you need only one, Wanda. Why do you want two?"

"One for me, and one for Mary," she answered, pointing to a little Mexican girl as ragged and unkempt as herself. "I want to buy one for Mary because she is good to me."

How readily these little ones learn and put into practice the kindness and thoughtfulness of Christ!

Then there is Maizie, who lives in a little house in back of the Church. As soon as she sees the Sisters, she discontinues what she is doing and comes on the run.

As the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved in this little mission church, Maizie frequently comes to class barefoot and in her none too clean play clothes. She knows, however, that before coming on Sundays she must wash her face, comb her hair and put on a clean dress, provided she has one.

The first Sunday she came for Mass, after very hastily ablutions, she had a little boy with her.

"Who is this little boy?" I asked.

"My brother," Maizie answered, and then quickly added, "His shirt was just a *little* dirty, so I turned it inside out!"

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THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with Ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50 Canada and Foreign. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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

# Home Visiting

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

**I**N EVERY issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we have stories of our home visiting. It is inevitable since it is such a vital part of our work. It is so inextricably bound up with our teaching that the two are inseparable. We visit in order to find the children for class. We visit in order to keep them coming, to find out their home background, to find out why they are not coming to Mass on Sundays, and for various other reasons. Without those visits to the homes our classes would not be very effective.

**M**OST of the visits that I have made have been to poor Mexican homes, homes where large families are huddled together in one, two, or at best three rooms. Many times we are saddened and disappointed to find that the once Catholic Mexican family has changed its religion or, worse still, has been Protestant for a generation or more. But for the most part, these poor homes are Catholic homes. Holy pictures are very much in evidence and the Sisters are welcome.

**L**IKE many of our Sisters, I have visited in Mormon homes and found the families very friendly and hospitable. They think the Sisters are just wonderful, but they would like to convert them to their religion if it were possible.

**S**OMETIMES we are asked to take the census in a district within the shadow of a Catholic church or hospital or school. Neither Catholics nor Protestants are surprised to see the Sisters. They are used to them, and the Catholics readily give the necessary census information.

**B**UT for some real experiences in home visiting we invite you to come to West Texas where Sisters are seldom seen. Lubbock is the only town within a radius of over a hundred miles where there are Sisters. If you go to St. Mary's hospital, you will meet the five Sisters of St. Joseph who staff it, but they are so busy that you seldom see them on the street. Whether you live in Lubbock or come in to shop, you probably will not have any business on the "other side of the tracks" and so you won't see the Missionary Sisters either. Just suppose then that you live fifty or sixty miles from Lubbock and you open the door some morning to find two of these Missionary Sisters on your porch. Honestly, we wish sometimes that we could photograph the expres-



Sister Mary Gabrielle and Sister Mary Evelyn on daily round of visiting. Home visiting is of the utmost importance in the work of our Missionary Sisters.

sions of amazement that greet us.

**"G**OOD morning," we say, "we are looking for Catholic families. Is anyone in your house a Catholic?" A usual answer is, "No, only my husband and I live here,"—as much as to add, "and we wouldn't think of being Catholics!"

**S**OME tell us that they did not know there was a Catholic church here. That always makes us feel that we have the whole College of Cardinals behind us, for now we represent the Catholic Church. We explain that there is none, but that we know there are some Catholics living here and the only way to find them is for us to go from door to door. In one such town, where we had been teaching the Mexican children for several years, we found eleven American (the strange way out here to designate those who are not Mexican) Catholic children in a few days. Over half of them have not made their First

Communion. During good weather the people of this town travel some twenty miles over a farm road to go to the nearest town where there is Mass. When the rains and snows come, they have to take to the highway, a distance twice as long.

**WE MEET** some splendid Catholics in such towns, good people who have kept the Faith in these out-of-the-way places for generations. Oil or cotton keeps them here. They make sacrifices to attend Mass and now are very happy that we have come to teach their children. We meet Northerners who are amazed to find that the Church is so little known down here. One girl was graduated from a well-known Catholic academy and a still better known Catholic college. During the war she met and married a man from a Texas town forty miles from the nearest Catholic Church. They were, of course, married in the Church and they have a beautiful home, but she never dreamed she was getting into such a Protestant atmosphere. Now she is worrying about the education of her little daughter. The nearest Catholic school is two hundred miles away and that is not a boarding school.

**WE MEET**, alas, war brides and others who have lost the Faith, and who have, what is worse, joined one of the sects. In one home the grown-up children told us that their father was a Catholic. We found the father at his feed store. He said he had been baptized, made his First Communion, and so on, but then they moved to one of these towns where there is no church. The family drifted away. Eventually he married a Baptist and now all his children attend that church.

**BUT** for those who have thrown away their precious gift of Faith, there are others who are reaching for it. In one town the woman editor of the weekly paper told us she had just finished her correspondence course in religion and proudly added, "with a percentage of ninety-eight!" Now she was planning to visit the priest fifty-three miles away to complete the necessary final steps toward entering the Church. Another woman, when we inquired if there were any baptized Catholics in her family, answered, "Not yet." She explained how she had always felt an interest in the Church. One day she saw a Messenger of the Sacred Heart and in it an invitation to send for a home study course in religion. Now she had almost completed "Father Smith Instructs Jackson." Her two children are in our catechism class and she is praying fervently that her husband will show more interest in religion. This family moved here from a large city up north. And now the mother has found

the Faith in a town so far from a Catholic church!

**STILL** another woman asked timidly, as we turned to go, "Have you any literature?" She said she was interested in the Church and thought of answering the advertisement (an invitation to write for a correspondence course) in the Lubbock paper, but just had not done it. We took her name and gave it to the Paulist Fathers here in Lubbock, who have been doing such excellent work among non-Catholics.

**MANY** of the converts from these towns have never assisted at Mass in a real church. In so many places, where Mass is offered at all, it is in the American Legion hall. What is it, after the grace of God, that makes these people want to become Catholics? Maybe this little story supplies the answer.

**A** MAN visited a priest who lived thirty miles from his own town and told him he wanted to become a Catholic. Father asked him why. He said that he belonged to a well drilling crew and that often the men talked "religion." There were no Catholics among them and he said that he himself had no religion whatever. He felt the need of some and he began to think about the people he knew who belonged to the various churches. Then he remembered a family he knew and respected as a boy, but whom he had not seen for years. They were Catholics. He remembered how they traveled far to go to Mass on Sundays, how he liked to play with the boys because they never quarreled, never used bad language; and now, in making his decision, he wanted to belong to the Church to which that family belonged. This man is now an exemplary Catholic and is no doubt wielding his quiet influence on his friends and fellow workers.

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#### SANTOS OR SANCTUS?

It was the first time Santos had served Mass. All went well until he heard the priest say, "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus." Then thinking that Father wanted something, he went up the altar steps and said, "Father, did you call me?"

Suppressing a smile, Father said, "Ring the bell, Santos." And Santos rang the bell. Later he learned that the Sanctus is a part of the Mass.

Sister Agatha  
Coachella, California

# Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

YOU remember I told you I was gonna tell you what a *pachuco* was, wasn't I?—I mean, didn't I? Well, a *pachuco* is just like being a gangster, only the *pachuco* doesn't have to wait until he gets big enough to carry a gun. He can get started off right away by carrying a knife!

THAT'S one of the first things Jim Callahan told us when we got our club started. Like he said, when he started teaching us how to box, "If you boys know how to use your 'dukes' to defend yourself, you'll never want to carry a knife."

I THINK he was kinda talking at my two pals, the ones who just pulled in here not so long ago. They are still living in those tents on the other side of the tracks. The short guy's name is Ramon, and sometimes we call him Ray. They are really swell kids. Even my father likes them, now that he found out this club we started is O. K. on account of the Sisters asked this Jim Callahan, who is a friend of theirs, to run it.

WELL, here I am telling you all about the *third* surprise which I got by praying for it, before you know anything about the *second* one. As you already know, ever since I made my First Communion, I am praying for my father that he makes his Easter duty and starts being a friend of God again.

SO would you believe it? On Holy Thursday he goes to Mass with me, on account of he wants to see the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Also again on Good Friday, he comes with me for Tre Ore, (that means the three hours—counting from twelve to three, that Our Lord hung on the cross.)

THEN on Holy Saturday, without a word of warning to me, he ups and goes to Confession, like it was a regular Saturday custom for him, but which he has not done for practically twenty-five years, if not more. This is when I get the bawling out for not telling him a long time ago how good it feels after you go to confession and get all your sins taken away.

HOWEVER, for some reason or other, I do not feel so bad when he bawls me out for this, as right away he tells me he is going to throw a party for all of our friends, to help him celebrate. He has even included the Sisters in this. I am trying to tell him that they will not come,

as they are not in the habit of going to parties, but he does not pay any attention to me, he just goes right ahead and asks them. In fact, they have to tell him about half-a-dozen times they are sorry they can't come, before he is able to see that this is one time I am right and he is wrong.

HOWEVER, I do not point this out to him as I can see his feelings are hurt enough already, as he says to the Sisters kinda let-down-like, "What kind of parties do you good Sisters think I would throw, that you are not able to come?" Then he goes on to tell them all the good people he has invited.—"Joe's teacher will be there," he says, "and Tino's Mama and Papa (he means my pal Augustino's mother and father), all the kids in the club, this Mr. Christopher which runs the club—"

"Callahan, Pop, not Christopher," I tell him, but he does not pay me any attention, he just keeps on talking to them.

"Why, even the Padre is coming to my party!" he says, thinking that all this maybe will change their minds.

BUT they tell him if they went to *his* party, everybody else would invite them to *their* parties, and then they wouldn't have time to do any work, they would just have to be going around to parties all the time.

IT seems he has made a *promesa* to Our Lady of Guadalupe that if he ever gets himself straightened out with God, he is going to do something for all the good people he knows, which means he wants to have a party and cook everything himself like he used to when he had the cafe in L. A.

HOWEVER, my father is not my father if he cannot figure out a way to pay his *promesa*, so he tells the Sisters he will fix everything up. On the day of the party he is going to take some of the fried chicken and put it in a basket for the Sisters, along with a jar of his special chili sauce and a few other things.

THAT is the day which I remember very well, on account of it is the day on which I am in the dog-house practically all day.

My pal Augustino has come over with me in the morning after the first Mass to help me

as I am busy running errands and helping my father. Our pals Shorty and Ray come in a few minutes later, since it is Sunday, and they do not go out to pick cotton on Sundays any more.

**T**HEN my father comes out of the kitchen with the basket all ready for the Sisters and tells me to take it over to the church and give it to them after the second Mass before they go home.

I am getting ready to do this when all of a sudden I look in the basket and what do I see but two bottles of wine, sticking out on the ends!

**N**OW being as I am acquainted with the Sisters much more than my father, I know that this is no kind of present to be giving them.

**S**O I talk it over with my pals and we agree that the best thing to do is to take the bottles of wine out of the basket before we give it to the Sisters.

I will explain this to my father later, as he is in the kitchen making the salad right now, and he gets very excited if somebody bothers him when he is making this special salad, as it calls for a little bit of this and a little bit of that, and not too much garlic, just a smell.

I have just taken the bottles out of the basket and handed them to my two pals, Shorty and Ray, when my father pokes his head in the doorway.

**F**OR some reason or other which I am not able to figure out, it seems he always gets very excited when he is making this special salad, even when nobody is bothering him.

Before I know what it is all about, he has put the bottles back in the basket, and is himself taking it over to give to the Sisters. And while he goes out the door, he says something about not being able to trust anybody to do anything—he's got to do it all himself.

"So he doesn't trust us!" Shorty says, kinda surprised-like.

"Yeah," says Ray, kinda disgusted-like, "I betcha he thought we was gonna drink the stuff."

**I** MYSELF do not know what to think, until Gus (that's my pal, Augustino,) says, "Don't worry about it, Joe. On account of, God knows the *real* reason why we wanted to take the wine bottles out of the basket before we give it to the Sisters."

One thing I am glad of. On the Day of Judgment we are gonna find out the *real* reason for a *lotta* things!

Needless to say, it takes quite a little talking for me to get my pals to stay for the party after all this happens, but since we are all in the dog-house together, I tell them, we might as well stick together. So we stay in the kitchen most of the time and do the dishes.

**T**HAT same afternoon when the dinner is over and everybody has gone home, my father says to me, "That was the best party I ever had! I feel like a kid again—being friends with the Padre and all those good people!"

Then, to my great surprise, he slips me some show money—enough for me and my three pals, while he tells me again, "Yes sir, the swellest party I ever had—and not even any dishes to wash after. You're a good boy, Joe!"

So this party turns out all right after all, as somehow or other my father forgets that I am in the dog-house, and I don't remind him.

**T**HE only thing I don't like too much is that after this swell party, and a show on top of it, my father and I eat practically nothing for the next two weeks, but soup and beans, beans and soup!

The next day I am in school and Miss Carter says to me will I please stay a few minutes after school and wash the black-board for her as she has gotta lotta papers to correct.

Right off the bat then she tells me what a lovely time she had and what a good cook my father is and what nice friends he has. For instance, this Mr. Christopher.

"No," I tell her, "You got it all wrong. A *Christopher* is what he is, but his name is Callahan."

**S**O the next thing I know I am sitting there and explaining to her what a Christopher is. The reason how I happen to know about all this is on account of the Sisters told us about it in class. The Christophers got started in order to protect our country against Communism.

Like I told Miss Carter, "If you wanta find out some more about why Jim Callahan is a Christopher, I'll borrow a book from the Sisters for you to read. The name of it is *\*You Can Change The World.\**"

*\*You Can Change the World* by Rev. James Keller, M.M. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

# Portuguese Custom Aids Poor

by Sister Mary Isabel

**A**MONG the many Catholic customs which the Portuguese have brought with them from the Old Country is that of butchering an animal and distributing the meat to others in thanksgiving for a favor received, or as an alms given in memory of some deceased relative.

**I**N THE Azores it was customary to distribute the meat among the poor, so that they might join in thanking God for His favors. It happened that in Tulare most of the Portuguese people have been blessed with this world's goods, and being thrifty and hard working, they are usually well supplied with meat from the stock on their own ranches. Therefore, when they made their thanksgiving offerings, they did not know any really poor neighbors who would benefit by their generosity, so they simply butchered and distributed the meat to neighbors, regardless of their need of it.

**B**UT one day, a Mrs. Cordeniz, who had made this promise, asked Sister Olivia to help her find fifty poor families with whom she could



Father blesses meat before distribution.



The Pastor, Mr. Godinho, and Mr. Sousa look on while children take their portion of the meat.

share the beef she intended to butcher. Of course, we had no trouble in finding fifty families in town who would consider such a gift a god-send.

**A**S Mrs. Cordeniz lived several miles out in the country, it was decided that it would be easier for everyone if the meat could be distributed from our house. The date was chosen for the following Saturday. We sent notes home with the children of the poorer families explaining the reason for the gift, so that these families would join Mrs. Cordeniz in thanking God for the favor she received. The Mexican people could easily understand the custom, as they, too, make promises to do some good work in thanksgiving for favors received from God.

**O**N the eventful Saturday morning the club room at the rear of our convent looked like a rather festive butcher shop. Spread out on the table were beautiful, firm, red beef roasts and steaks, each on a paper plate and each decorated with a sprig of parsley. Father came over, vested in surplice and stole, and blessed the meat. The children then filed in one by one and took their piece of meat.

**N**OT long afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Godinho and Mr. and Mrs. Louie Sousa received favors for which they had been praying and for which they had promised to butcher a beef. This time we were asked to look up seventy-five

poor families, and again the meat was blessed and distributed from our club room.

ON both occasions the meat was a real blessing to the poor, as many of the wage earners

had not had work for weeks, and since they engaged, for the most part, in seasonal work, it would be many more weeks before they had employment. Meanwhile meat just wasn't on their menu.

## Six Sturdy Sons

by Sister Mary Alice

THE washing, finished now and blowing gently in the breeze, had been large. On the clothes line we counted six pairs of small overalls, then six more, and still six more.

The mother greeted us cheerfully. In answer to our query, she said proudly, "Yes, I have six sons, this is my baby."

What happiness filled her voice as during our visit she told of Danny's progress in his book, *Jesus and I*; of Jerry's success in mastering numbers; of Joey's leaning toward carpentry, because he liked a hammer; of Billy's care in coloring pictures; of the big words Frankie was beginning to use, and of baby Tommy, who had taken two steps that day.

Involuntarily, my mind wandered to another Mother, whose Son also leaned toward carpentry, and Who, as she watched Him play on the floor, picked up two pieces of wood and formed a cross. Did this mother of six look into the future and see a window with six stars? Did she see one, two, three of them turn to gold, as so many mothers did during two world wars? And if she did, would she say, "It is too much," or would she, in imitation of that other Mother, say, "Thy will be done. Thou knowest best."

Or did this mother of six, see in future a hospital where sickness and suffering reigned, but where the practiced hand of a surgeon, one of her six, brought relief to the body, in a Christlike way, for the sake of the soul? Or would this mother's dream be of an altar and a chalice uplifted in consecrated hands, the hands of one of her six, from whom she would receive the first priestly blessing?

She would leave the future of her six in God's hands, but meanwhile she would guide and train these little ones, so that one day they would be ready to take their rightful place in the world—a credit to their parents, their country, and their God.



The "six" with their mother and dad.

And she would not face a lonely, childless old age, without the consolation of being cared for by her children, and her grandchildren, for she had followed Christ's injunction, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

As my mind returned to my surroundings, the mother of six was saying, "I am ready to accept every child that God may send me, no matter what the sufferings." And that other Mother had said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," even though she knew it meant suffering.

## HALF WAY TO HEAVEN

WHILE taking the children home after religion class, another car, heedless of the oncoming traffic, suddenly backed out of the drive in front of us.

George, an outspoken youngster, exclaimed, "Of all the dumb tricks! And it's a woman driver!" Then he went on expostulating about women drivers, saying he "wouldn't ride with them if they paid him."

A bit amused, I slowed down and said, "Perhaps I should let you off here since you do not feel safe when a woman is driving."

"But, Sister, I didn't mean you," explained George, taken completely by surprise. "You're different."

"I'm a woman. What do you mean—different?"

"Well . . . well," he stammered, trying hard not to retract his previous statement about women drivers, "you are a Sister, and if I died in your car, I'd be halfway to heaven."

Sister Theresa  
Los Banos, California



Loading cars, preparatory to taking children home after Religion class at Los Banos, California. Because they attend class after school hours, these children miss the school buses, but the Sisters see them safely home.

## In the Home Field

### THE HUMAN HORSE

OUR weekly visits to the Santa Fe Hospital often prove most interesting. One week we are a comfort to someone near death, another time we are an annoyance to someone who does not like the religious garb. Or it may be some one is anxious to receive the Sacraments and is happy to see us so that we can ask Father to come. Others are grateful for the interruption our brief visit makes in a long and often monotonous day. But our last visit before Christmas was quite a surprise—we met the Human Horse.

The man in the corner bed of Ward 310 was very anxious to make our acquaintance. "This will be my sixty-fourth Christmas," he said, and then proceeded to tell us of his life's work, that of raising money for crippled children. He has a unique way of raising such funds. He travels on foot around the country, pulling his two-room house after him.

He seemed very proud when he showed us

a picture of himself and his quaint little home. He told us that everyone knows him as the "Human Horse", and that it was a little nine-year-old boy in New York that gave him that name. Through the years, this man has traveled on foot across the states from coast-to-coast sixteen times. Along the way he performs tricks for the crippled children and collects money for them.

Sister Henrietta  
Los Angeles, California

### DIPLOMACY

THE conduct of Roger and Rocks had reached such a disturbing height, that a note to their parents seemed to be my last resort.

So one Saturday I asked the two brothers, aged eight and six, respectively, to remain after class. Without saying a word to either of them, I picked up my pen and began to write. All was

very quiet and still, and I sensed two pairs of eyes fixed upon me.

Then the campaign of apple-polishing began. Roger leaned over my shoulder and said, "Gosh, Sister, you write nice. Doesn't she, Rocks? Look how she forms her letters. Gee, I wish I could write straight like that, don't you, Rocks?"

"Yeah," came the reply. And silence fell again.

Then came the second attack. "That's a note to my mother, isn't it?" said Roger. "You know, Sister, I've got a special pocket in my jeans just for notes. And I'm honest, too. I give 'em all to Mom. Some kids tear the notes up or throw them in the vacant lot, but not me."

Once more silence reigned.

Then came the third and final bombardment. Rocks, who had been quiet until now, said with all the seriousness he could muster, "Gosh, Sister, you wouldn't want to worry our mother, would you?"

Sister Catherine Elaine  
Azusa, California



May Queen, her attendants, and Sodality members after the crowning of Our Blessed Mother as Queen of May, at Indio, California.



# Our

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## OUR LADY OF VICTORY NOLL

Dear Associates:

THE beautiful month of May is here again—the month dedicated to your Heavenly Patroness and ours—Mary, Immaculate.

BECAUSE of the unsettled state of the world today, with its present cold wars, and its quiet but unmistakable preparation for future atomic warfare, as well as the outbreak of religious persecution in many places, it behooves us to spend this month in earnest supplication to Our Heavenly Queen, who has been called omnipotent with the Omnipotent, through her intercession. She has promised great things—almost unbelievable things like the conversion of Russia—provided we do our part. Let us heed her call and do what she asks of us. We can then, with unfailing assurance, confide in the fulfillment of her promises.

*Yours in the slavery of Mary,*  
Sister Supervisor, ACM

### ST. THOMAS BAND PROMOTER, CHICAGO, LOSES HUSBAND IN DEATH

ALL of our Associates in the Chicago Area, as well as our Sisters of Victory Noll, were very much shocked and deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death of the husband of *Mrs. Marie Brogi McDonald*, Promoter of St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Chicago. Mr. McDonald's death resulted from an accident he sustained on his way home from church less than two months ago. Please remember his departed soul in your prayers.



THE first object to meet the gaze of visitors to our Mother-house is the marble image of Our Blessed Mother which stands at the top of the hill. With downcast eyes and hands folded in prayer, she seems to beg God's blessing on each occupant of the car as the driver shifts



into high again, after climbing the winding road lined with sentinel-like cedars on either side. On the ascent, one catches a glimpse of woodland splendor—tall shellbark hickories, intermingled with oaks and hard maples, and a crystal clear stream, whose banks are spanned by a small concrete bridge. In the spring, violets, lilies of the valley and tulips give a splash of color and brightness to the cool, green background.

### ST. CATHERINE BAND (*Los Angeles*)

WE learned that *Mrs. Margaret McMannamy* and the members of her California Band have gone into scapular making. Heeding the messages which have emanated from Fatima, in which Our Blessed Mother pleads for greater devotion to her Immaculate Heart, these ladies decided to foster love of Mary by making brown scapulars for distribution.

# Associates

## ST. JOSEPH MISSION CLUB

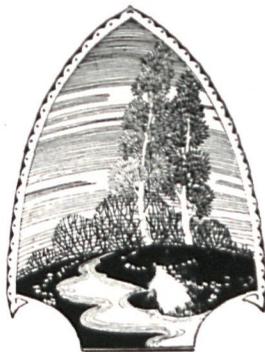
(Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

Every month without fail a donation comes to us from *St. Joseph's Mission Club of Baldwinsville, N. Y.*, through the Syracuse office of the Propagation of the Faith.

A membership drive was staged in February which resulted in twenty-three new members. This increase in membership had a decided effect on the next check we received from the group, as it was considerably larger than usual. God bless their generosity and that of all our Associates in every place.



## ST. MEL BAND (Chicago)



The members of this Band sponsor Sister Mary Eva, who was made superior of our new Richmond, Kentucky, Mission Center in August, 1948. There are twelve members in the Band. Among the members are the three Walsh sisters and the two Kane Sisters.

Mrs. Norean Lopez continues as head of the Band.

St. Mel's Band members have been helping us since 1939.

## RAP IN WAX COUPONS?

Last October, we were able to secure a check for \$6.84 by redeeming the Rap-in-wax coupons sent to us. May we ask the kind co-operation of more of our Associates in the Middle West? Most of you keep a roll of waxed paper in the house. Be sure to tear off the coupon that means money to us.

## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

February 18, 1949 to March 16, 1949

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan .....	6.50
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Mary C. Gibbons .....	5.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. James Butler .....	20.00
Christ the King Band, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien .....	32.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel .....	59.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley .....	30.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Marion Dempsey .....	20.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. H. F. McGovern .....	13.00
St. Anne Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Ann Brink .....	6.25
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Grace M. Kern .....	2.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	20.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh .....	10.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere .....	19.90
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....	35.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....	65.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Augusta Hake .....	185.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Ann Huhn .....	10.00
St. Philomena Band Chicago, Mary Schaefer .....	25.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	6.50
St. Thomas Aquinas Band, Chicago, Mrs. Marie B. McDonald .....	13.00
Strillians, Cincinnati, Marie Gouy .....	2.00

## OUR LADY OF SORROWS BAND (Chicago)

A RECENT report on members comprising *Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago*, shows a membership of ten girls with *Marion Dempsey* as head of the group. With the report came a much appreciated donation of \$20.00. The Band was organized in 1938, and sponsors Sister Mary Blanche, missioned in Texas.

# Disappearing Library

by Sister Noreen

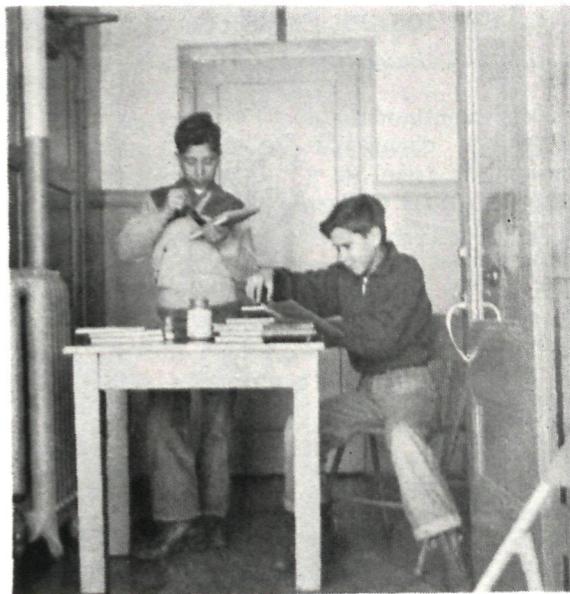
**M**AYBE it was Wopsy, Gerald Scriven's elfish angel, who turned the trick. Mary Ann, dressed in a blue and white plaid net angel dress, was a funny little "Wopsy" as she waved good-by to St. Peter before turning to the audience to tell them she had had a hard day watching "Shiny," and that she had had so many adventures that there had to be two books written to contain them. Then, there was Gladys, tiny, shy Gladys, with the husky voice, who aroused their curiosity by saying, "I'm Bernadette. The Blessed Mother told me a secret." Albert, who was a solemn "St. Paul," came into the scene, and so did "Jolly Jacob" and others. I rather believe, though, that it was the "Blessed Mother," portrayed by Arabella, who was responsible.

**T**O GO back to the beginning. We wanted a library in the Youth Center. It was painfully evident that the boys and girls in our classes, gathered from the public schools, were star-struck, not with those stars God placed in His heaven to lead us to His Son, but with the Hollywood variety whose lives too often lead others elsewhere. Comments on the Legion of Decency list, which we posted, were too often: "Sister, I saw that movie and it is marked class B. It was good!" We found "reel life" stories had our young ones reeling.

**W**HAT Linda Darnell said and did was common knowledge even to the nine and ten year olds. But what Blessed Joanna of Portugal said to the King, which changed her whole life, or what happened when little Catherine of Siena saw Saints in the sky was not known at all.

**T**HE saints, living heroes and heroines of daring adventures, were as unreal to the boys and girls as the glamorized movie stars were real. That struck me forcibly in teaching the "Communion of Saints." A question here and there about the saints was answered by the silence of the class. I was reminded of the Irish father in the Abbey Theater play, "The New Gossoon." The father was complaining of the younger generation, "Shure, an' they know more about Doug. Fairbanks and Tom Mix," he said, "than they do about S.S. (he pronounced it "ess, ess") Peter and Paul."

**H**OW to put these saints-in-the-making, these public school children, into company with



Preparing books for "Mary's Library."

the saints-that-are? We believed the solution to be in books. But would children in this picturized age read books? We decided the project was worth trying.

**O**UR funds were limited and must be placed where they would do the greatest good. We called on a very wise lady for advice and promised to name the library in her honor if she would help us in making the right selection of books. Assured that she would aid us, we set to work.

**W**E PUT the library in charge of the boys and girls studying to be sodalists. They were delighted and began at once to shellac the covers and prepare the books for lending. In all, we gathered together about sixty books. When the books were nearly ready, we discussed the best way to interest everyone so that the library would have a good start in life.

**"H**AVE a program," someone suggested. That sounded fine, so we wrote up a little skit, "Good Books are Friends." All the boys and girls in the classes, third grade up to and including eighth grade, were told about the program and a date when the public schools would be closed was chosen for the performance. There was a hint or two about refreshments, to be served by the 4-H Club. A classroom was con-

verted into a display room, with placards to tell the story, such as, "God knocked him off a horse, and then . . . Read the *Adventures of Paul*."

THE day for the program came, and so did over a hundred children. With a few words regarding its purpose, the program was given. A hasty calculation of the number of books divided by the number of boys and girls brought us to a quick conclusion. Something must be done!

SO WE announced that everyone should visit the library, and there anyone desiring to borrow a book should give in his or her name. Another complication! It was soon evident that at least fifteen wanted to take "Wopsy" home. There was only one thing to do. The children had written their names on little pieces of paper. These were put into a box, and then our announcer said, "All your names are in this box. I'll draw the names out one by one, and the first

name chosen has first choice for the book desired, and so on until all the books are gone."

THAT ended a near riot. Quickly each one whose name was drawn reached for a book. In one half hour our library was gone! It was hard to believe. All the hours of preparation on the books and in thirty minutes the library had disappeared. Were we disappointed? No, we sighed a contented sigh of relief. We were sure the books would return, and go out again and again. There would be many happy returns from that day. Even the children who did not receive a book were consoled by the promise of a book next time and by the delicious lunch which the 4-H Club had prepared for all.

WE knew whom to thank for the successful launching of our library, and we hastened to speak our gratitude to the wise lady who had helped us so much and in whose honor we had named the venture, "Mary's Library."

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## Mission Intention For May

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

### THE INCREASE OF MISSIONS IN BURMA AND CEYLON

The latest statistics from Burma show a total population of 15,200,000, with Catholics numbering 140,300 and the Protestants, 219,500. There are 63 native priests and 150 native foreign missionaries.

Ceylon, much smaller in area, has a total population of 6,516,000. Catholics number 460,000 and the Protestant groups, 80,230. The native priests outnumber the foreign missionaries by 33, there being 167 missionaries and 200 native priests.

Independence was granted to both of these regions last year. By this very fact, the missions there assume a greater importance, because of necessity there will be need of readjustment. Now that the new states are no longer governed by an Occidental nation as in the past under Great Britain, the question arises as to how much consideration the new Constitution, framed by Buddhists, will give to the Catholic Faith and what freedom will be shown the missionaries.

In Burma, the national leaders have not shown themselves hostile to the teaching of the Church. But they have forbidden the entrance of any new missionaries and they reserve the

right to expel any missionary without giving any explanation. They have recognized what benefits the Church has given their country in the past but fail to see that the Church in Burma needs the support of Catholics from other countries. Some missionaries are of the opinion that Communism will gain a strong foothold in that ancient land.

There is a danger, moreover, that the national religion, Buddhism, will be promoted as a better and more secure means of unity among the diverse peoples, for these regions are inhabited by many different racial strains. Buddhist missions are gradually being formed within the boundaries of Burma and because they enjoy a semi-official character, they are spreading.

The leaders in Ceylon are at present showing a clear tendency towards statism. Catholic schools are being bitterly attacked by a hostile Minister of Education. Under the former British regime, these same schools were supported by the State.

Prayers are needed that liberty of the Church be preserved and that more and more missionaries may have access to these lands.



*Dear Loyal Helpers:*

It seems almost unnecessary to urge you to be devoted to Mary, our Mother. After all, you are Mary's Loyal Helpers—so how could it be otherwise?

But children with the best of wills are inclined to be a bit thoughtless at times, and so I am going to remind you this

month—Mary's month—to be faithful in your devotions, and even to perform special devotions in her honor.

If the *Family Rosary* is recited in your family circle each evening, resolve to say it with extra fervor. If it isn't, perhaps you could ask your parents if the practice couldn't be followed at least every day during May. The world needs our prayers, children,—especially prayers addressed to Mary.

May I suggest a slogan for the month? *A May altar and evening devotions in the home of every Helper!* Write me about yours!

*Mary-ly yours,*

Sunshine Secretary

#### MARY DAY AT VICTORY NOLL

It has been our custom to set aside one day a year at Victory Noll as "Mary Day" when Loyal Helpers might pay a visit to our Motherhouse and see for themselves our Missionaries, who devote their lives to teaching religion to poor children. By common consent that day has become the third Sunday in June. No special invitations will be issued, but all Helpers who care to come will be treated to a Sunday dinner and a tour of the buildings and grounds. If the crowd is sufficiently large, there will also be contests and games. There is just one thing required of those who intend to come—a penny card, bearing your name and address, announcing your inten-

# Mary's Loyal

tion to be present. It should reach us one week in advance.

#### BLUE BONNETS OF TEXAS

In early spring, the fields of Texas—at least in that portion of the State which surrounds Austin, the capitol,—are carpeted with millions of flowers of Mary-blue hue, called the "blue bonnets." According to an old Indian legend, Mary, our Heavenly Queen, walked through the fields and wherever she trod these blue flowers sprang up. The blue bonnet is the State flower of Texas.

#### CANADIAN HELPERS



We are pleased to introduce Eleanor and Patsy Murphy of Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada. Eleanor is seen in her First Holy Communion dress. They are sisters of our Postulant Mary Alice Murphy.

#### WANTED: SUBSCRIPTIONS

Each subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST means added help to our work among the many poor children in the Missions. You may not always be able to give pennies. With a little effort you can always secure new subscribers for our little paper. Ask your grandparents, godparents, relatives, neighbors, and friends to subscribe.

# Helpers Pages



MAY PUZZLE

Our March "rebus puzzle" was so popular, we decided to give you another of the same kind. Here we find Jimmy hoeing in the family garden. See if you can name some of the vegetables his father planted in it. Work the puzzle and earn a holy card from Sunshine Secretary.

## PENNSYLVANIA HELPERS



We are happy to show you the Vogt sisters, of Monongahela Pennsylvania. Reading left to

right they are Mary Jane, age seven, and Judith Anne, age five, (when this picture was snapped last year).

The girls picked fresh wild flowers for their May altar every day. Each evening, together with their parents and the rest of the family, they prayed the Rosary before this altar during the month of May.

Mary Jane learned to sew on a sewing machine. She sent us a Sunshine Bag or purse which she made herself, together with an offering.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

1. part, trap. 2. peels, sleep.
3. snap, pans. 4. loop, pool. 5. bats, stab.



## LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister:

I received your letter and Sunshine Bag. I showed the magazine to the class. Our Semper Fidelis Mission Club has been saving cancelled stamps. We will send them to you. The other children received letters which were read to the class.

Your admirer,

Margaret Quinn, 7th grade,  
Blessed Sacrament School  
Baltimore, Maryland

## MORE PENNSYLVANIA HELPERS



More than a year ago the Wolf sisters of Pittsburgh, Pa., joined our Mary's Loyal Helpers. Reading left to right, they are Joan, age 11, and Mary Margaret, age 9. They are nieces of our Sister Benedicta. They faithfully save pennies and say the Hail Mary each day for our Missionaries.



YOU AND THOUSANDS LIKE YOU, by Owen Francis Dudley, takes the reader on a journey with the author to the entrance gates of the Catholic Church. Catholics will find the book a pleasant "Refresher"—particularly the Chapters on the Real Presence. Non-Catholics will find it thought provoking and convincing. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD, by Rev. James Keller, M.M. Father Keller addresses himself to each individual of *all* faiths, stressing each one's part in the restoring of Christian principles to Government, Labor, Management, and Education. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

THE SINGING HEART, the Life Story of Antoinette Marie Kuhn, by Rev. Laurence G. Lovasik, S.V.D. Paper cover, 144 pages, price \$1.50. Order from Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn.

The following pamphlets contain series of Sunday morning talks on *The Hour of Faith*, a coast-to-coast religious broadcast produced by the National Council of Catholic Men in cooperation with the American Broadcasting Company:

CAREERS FOR GOD, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph M. Griffin.

REACHING THE HUNDRED MILLION, by Rev. James Keller, M.M.

THE LIGHTS OF LIBERTY, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Furey.

FOUR PRAYERS, by Very Rev. Msgr. Mark S. Ebner.

THE LOVE OF GOD, by Rev. Thomas A. Hansberry.

THE ANGELS of Heaven and Hell, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Arthur J. Sawkins.

FAITH ON THE 5:15, by Rev. Thomas E. O'Connell.

The above pamphlets may be ordered from OUR SUNDAY VISITOR Press, Huntington, Ind., Price 20c each postpaid; 5 or more 15c each; in quantities \$8.75 per 100.

The following pamphlets may be obtained from Radio Replies Press, Saint Paul 1, Minn.

THE METHODISTS, by Dr. L. Rumble, M.S.C., price 15c.

THE PRESBYTERIANS, by Rev. Dr. L. Rumble, M.S.C., price 15c.

SHADE OF HIS HAND, (The WHY of Suffering), by Rev. Charles Corcoran, S.J., price 15c.

WHY ARE ANGLICAN (EPISCOPALIAN) ORDERS INVALID? by M. D. Forrest, M.S.C., price 15c.

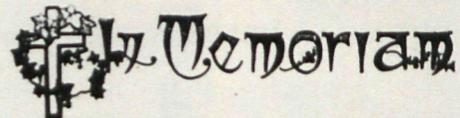
JUST WAGES AND SALARIES. This pamphlet is the complete chapter taken from the revised second edition of the book FORTY YEARS AFTER, by Rev. Raymond Miller, C.S.S.R. Price of pamphlet 25c.

The following pamphlets may be obtained from the Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Mo.:

HOW TO BE PURE, by Rev. Donald F. Miller, C.S.S.R., price 5c.

HOW TO BE A GOOD PARISHIONER, by D. J. Corrigan, C.S.S.R., price 10c.

HOW TO BECOME A CATHOLIC, by D. J. Corrigan, C.S.S.R., price 10c.



Charles Kozla, Chicago, Ill., father of Sister Agnes, O.L.V.M.

Adolph G. Kraus, St. Louis, Mo., father of Sister Mary Agatha, O.L.V.M.

George Halverson, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Pinne, Medford, Oregon

Mrs. C. J. Squires, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Elizabeth McVaney, Berkley, Calif.

Mary Klebba, Detroit, Mich.

Mary Mycskowski, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. McDonald, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Mary Straling, Long Beach, Calif.

Mrs. Katherine Eberhardt, Grand Island, Nebr.

Mrs. J. G. Lincoln, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Geo. A. Senger, Akron, Ohio.

D. J. Sullivan, San Antonio, Tex.

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

# Religion in Scattered Districts

*by Sister Edna*

**E**LKO COUNTY is one of the largest counties in the United States and the entire county belongs to the Parish of Elko. Thus four Missionary Sisters face a tremendous task trying to reach all Catholics living in this large area.

Long distances, mountain passes, and isolated ranches make it impossible to reach many children for our regular religion classes. We try to contact these scattered families from time to time and then arrange to send religion courses by mail to all children of grade and high school age. Most parents are very happy to have their youngsters get some knowledge of our Catholic Faith, for they rarely see a priest or have the opportunity of assisting at Mass.

These weekly courses enable the child to learn at least the essentials of our Holy Religion. Then we have them come in to Elko for a week or two before First Communion and Confirmation, in order to give them further explanation of the work covered.

The parents who help the little ones with these lessons also learn a great deal, since many have had very little opportunity to receive Religious Instruction themselves. Naturally the children ask questions and talk about their lessons; thus the correspondence course becomes a means of helping the entire family to know their religion better.



The newest method of trying to bring souls closer to God in this vast parish, especially in the mining and ranching districts, is the St. Joseph's Hour, a public service feature of the new Elko radio station. Pictured above, left to right, are: Sister Mary Regina and Sister Rosario with the Choir, which is under the direction of the Sisters; the announcer, Athan E. Moore, a Knight of Columbus; and Right Reverend Monsignor John M. Sibon, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church and speaker on the St. Joseph's Hour program.

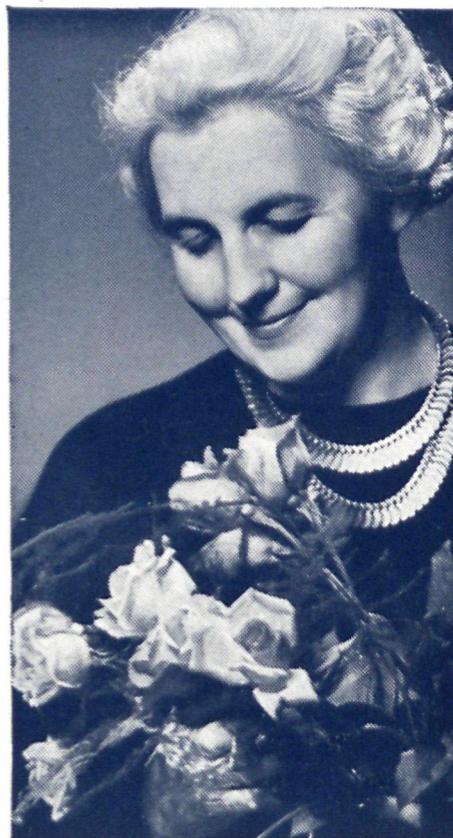
## FOR MOTHER'S DAY

*Renew her ANNUAL membership or better still give her*

*PERPETUAL membership in*

*the*

**ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY**



Sister Supervisor, ACM  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

Please give the particulars about annual and perpetual memberships in the ASSOCIATE CATESHISTS OF MARY for living and deceased members.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....