

# THE *Missionary* Catechist



Volume XXV

July-August, 1949

Number 8

# My Meditation

by Sister Elaine

IT was Sunday morning. The day promised to be a busy one, so I went over to church to spend a little extra time with Our Lord before Mass.

I SLIPPED into the front pew and began my prayers. Though it was still early, some of the parishioners were beginning to arrive, and it was not long until I found that the front pew attracted all adults who had questions which they considered of major importance.

THE choir loft would be more secluded. I went upstairs, and soon learned just how interesting a choir loft can be.

ALMOST at once three-year-old Margarita enters the church with her daddy, the latter carrying Josefa, aged eight months. Slowly, deliberately, Margarita makes the Sign of the Cross. She has been doing it now for over two years. Meanwhile, Josefa has dipped her hand into the holy water font and carefully placed her right hand on her forehead. Her memory fails her on the downward stroke, but being very determined she starts again.

BY this time Margarita has made a very correct genuflection and knelt down to pray. Later, at the more important parts of the Mass, when Margarita has grown tired of kneeling and gotten up on the seat, her father leans over and speaks to her. She then goes out into the aisle and kneels. Here she discovers one can see more and find a reason for kneeling.

MEANWHILE Master Roberto has arrived. The first six months of his life were ones not to be remembered, for at that time there was never enough milk to satisfy his desires. At last he was taken to the hospital, where for three months he received excellent care, plenty of milk, and an extra supply of needle pricks, plus an operation. Then he was ready to be discharged. A foster home was found for him and the loving arms of a foster mother and father carried him until he was able to walk.

THE church has several attractions for Roberto. There is the trip to the confessional when Mother comes alone, and always a trip to the communion rail. As yet he is only an on-

looker, but some day he will be kneeling there beside his foster parents, and, following their example, will receive the little Jesus into his heart, too. But just now perhaps the most interesting thing in the church to Roberto is the choir loft. There is a Sister up there like the Sisters that took care of him in the hospital. But Sister is not the main attraction. There are a number of girls smiling down at him, and soon they make sweet music come from that big box. Roberto likes that and wishes he could get up there, too.

ANOTHER little visitor this morning is two-year-old Juanito. He watches quietly as a man makes an adjustment on the gas heater. As soon as the man leaves, Juanito goes over and opens the little door, discovering some interesting screws and buttons. Just as he is about to reach one of them and try out his mechanical ability, the strong arms of his mother whisk him away. What a disappointed look on Juanito's face!

A PROUD godmother comes in and sits just beneath the choir loft. Repeatedly she straightens out the folds of the floor length baptismal dress of her godchild, but all in vain. Little Ruben, too small to have many interests, sits beside her peacefully trying to pull the flowers, ribbons, and pretty sequins from his baby sister's baptismal dress.

MY mind wanders to the peace and quiet of our beautiful chapel at Victory Noll, and I picture to myself the devotion of novices, postulants, and professed Sisters as they kneel in deep recollection before the Blessed Sacrament. What a contrast to my endeavor to spend with Our Eucharistic King the only extra time I can foresee for today!

"DEAR Lord," I find myself saying, "I am grateful that I am one of Your missionaries, bearing the heat and the burden of the day, but, oh! how very, very grateful I am for the Sisters at Victory Noll, who can give You their undivided love and attention in the peaceful quiet of our Mother House. Make them all realize that they are furnishing the spiritual energy that 'makes the wheels go round' in the daily life of their Sisters in the missions."

# *The Missionary Catechist*

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## Junior Newman Club Makes Retreat

AT BRIGHTON, COLORADO



The above picture shows high school boys and girls of the Junior Newman clubs from Brighton, Greeley, Fort Lupton, and Keensburg, Colorado, who made a two day retreat at St. Augustine's parish, Brighton. Reverend Eugene Witte, C.S.S.R., preached the retreat.

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# Islands of Christianity

by Sister Miriam

**E**ARLY summer had released its usual restless quota of school children, and it was a tired group of mothers who assembled for their discussion club meeting. Tired—but eager to talk over their problems with the Sister moderator, who had promised to take up the subject of leisure time.

"**V**ACATION has only begun, Sister," said a weary little woman, "and I'm worn out already trying to keep the children busy. I hope you have some good tips on recreation."

"**I** HOPE so, too," said Sister, "and first we'll try to get the Christian viewpoint on the subject, because even at play we must act according to Christian principles. We must find the golden mean between the pleasure-mad worldlings who spend millions of dollars on artificial amusements, and the misguided, puritanical minds who see sin even in a card game."

"**L**ET'S look at the word 'recreation' to begin with. It means to 're-create' or 'make new.' Our minds and bodies, tired out with their regular work, seek relaxation and diversion so that they may return to work for God's glory with renewed vigor and interest. 'Vacation' means emptying or abandoning the ordinary routine in order to restore the physical and mental energy lost in daily work. Notice that it is not so much a notion of rest and idleness as of a change of occupation or of environment."

"**I** GUESS that's why they say the mailman takes a walk in the park on his day off," came a smiling comment. "Change of environment."

"**W**ELL, that's true in our family," another voice rejoined. "My husband's a bus driver, and he's planning to drive the family somewhere on a vacation trip. He wants to get away from the same old route, he says. But we don't know just where to go. All our relatives live right here."

"**I**'M glad you brought that up," said Sister, "as I wanted to mention vacation trips with a Christian angle. The 'Island of Christianity' which is your home, may become a floating island if you carry a Christian purpose and way of life with you. Why not make your vaca-

tion trip a pilgrimage?"

**S**URPRISED expressions brought an affirmation from Sister. "Yes, a pilgrimage. Not every pilgrimage goes to Rome or Lourdes or the Holy Land. You need not even go out of the U.S., although Guadalupe is an ideal objective for us in the Southwest, and Montreal or Quebec for those in the North. But there are many lesser shrines in all parts of the country."

"**A**ND even though you plan to visit relatives out of town, or to tour some park or other interesting place, you can give your trip the air of a pilgrimage by visiting whatever churches are on or near your route, and by a spirit of prayer and dedication of your pleasures to God."

"**T**EACH your children to see God's bounty in the beauties of nature, and His providence in the course of history, if you visit points of historical interest. Bring God into your conversation, even in the chance meetings of travel. A pleasant, heartfelt 'God bless you' may mean a lot to a service station man or a train porter."

"**M**AY I tell you what we did last summer?" came an eager voice. "We were on a long motor trip, staying nights in tourist cabins. Our first family rosary of the day was for safety, and our last one for a 'Vacancy' sign, with one in between for the intentions of Our Lady of Fatima."

"**M**Y boys have been reading crusade stories," said another mother, "and maybe we can make a sort of crusade out of our visit to my brother's farm. His wife isn't a Catholic yet, and we can make her conversion the secret objective of our annual vacations."

"**T**HAT'S a fine idea," Sister answered. "Be sure to tell the boys of the importance of prayer, penance, and good example in their missionary work. And remember that penance is not out of place on a pilgrimage. A day of fasting makes happier feasting later on."

"**B**UT now let's get back to the stationary islands of home. Not all families can travel, and then it's even more important to know how to spend summer at home in a Christian way. Allowing for some organized activities outside the home, such as athletics, playground

sessions, and summer school classes, religious or otherwise, there is still much leisure time to account for.

"ONE of the most important factors in filling children's leisure time well is reading. In these days of radio, talking movies, and picture books of the comic type, it's easy for children to grow up without developing a taste for good reading. This is especially true if children are doomed to the 'progressive' type of school where they don't seem to teach reading successfully."

"SISTER, I've found that so true. They told me not to teach the ABC's at home, and I didn't with Lorraine, my oldest girl. But I could see she wasn't learning to read, and I've been helping the younger children in the old-fashioned way I began with as a child."

SEVERAL mothers voiced their agreement with the speaker. One volunteered, "I've found that often when I read to the children they take an interest in the book or series and go on by themselves. Occasionally I've heard one of the older children reading to the younger ones, and imitating my expression perfectly."

"THAT'S the very point I was going to make," Sister replied. "Your own interest in reading, your taste in books, your very ability, help set the example for the children."

"WHAT to read constitutes another big problem. We could probably devote a whole meeting to discussing books and magazines for the children, and for the family as well. A well-run public library, or better still, a parish library, is a splendid help, but where there is no library or trained librarian, our own little group might manage with the help of dependable reading lists."

"WHILE on the subject of reading, I'd like to point out that fiction should not be the only type of book to be considered. There are biographies and travel books, especially those with Catholic interest; books of games, both active and quiet; books that lead the reader into the field of creative handicraft."

"OH, Sister, I'll never forget that last type," spoke up a woman known for her lovely needlework. "I used to read books in which the various implements came to life and taught a little girl how to make doll clothes, and I've never lost the fascination of making things out of cloth, thread, and yarn. As soon as my girls are old enough I'm going to start them in the same way."

"GOOD. And of course there are crafts for boys, and other hobbies such as collecting flowers, leaves, postage stamps, and many other items, which are instructive even if not creative. It would be a still more Christian idea if you were to encourage charity in their hobbies. Garments or toys for God's poor, interesting albums for the sick, garden projects to help provide food for the poor, and growing flowers for shut-ins or for church . . . I can see you're getting ideas."

SISTER paused while a few pencils jotted in notebooks and a whisper or two passed between members.

"NOW some of these pointers may seem to be too much like work for a vacation plan. So we must find still lighter occupations to fill in at times. Spontaneous singing, dancing, and play-acting are natural to children before they reach adolescent self-consciousness; later, more formal and prepared dramatics appeal. Happy the family that even faintly approximates the well-known musical Trapp family. Song and dance are closely related to true religious sentiment, and to the real meaning of 're-creation.'

"SQUARE dancing, or any type of folk dance, and the various singing and dancing games should be part of the children's heritage. Then the quieter parlor games can provide fun when the weather is too warm for much action. Simple equipment, such as cards and checkerboard types of games, are sufficient."

"MANY of these activities have been appropriated by the recreation centers so popular since the modern breakdown of family life. But we can restore them to that real center of recreation, the Christian home. And now it's your turn to tell about the various forms of fun in your homes, the Islands of Christianity."

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OUR COVER: Tommy Smith, one of the thousands of American Catholic children who live too far from Catholic schools to attend them. It is the privilege of the Missionary Sisters to bring the Truths of Faith to fifty thousand of these children. Additional Sisters would mean additional children under instruction. Young women interested in dedicating their lives to this work should contact the Sisters at Victory Noll. (See back cover.)

# Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

I MIGHTA known that it was going to happen sooner or later, but somehow or other I never expected it to happen this soon. The rest of the boys in the club feel as bad about it as I do, on account of we lost one of the best boxers we had.

It happened last Sunday morning after Mass. We are standing around and talking as usual for a few minutes before we go home, when all of a sudden we notice that Ray is not saying very much, so we start kidding him about being a Trappist.

IN case you do not know what a Trappist is, we just found out a few weeks ago in class that a Trappist is a priest or a brother who takes a vow of silence, besides the regular three vows of religion—poverty, chastity, and obedience. These Trappists spend their lives working for God and praying to Him, so, naturally, they do not have much time left for talking. Never to talk must be a good penance all right. Personally, I find it hard to keep quiet for even ten minutes.

By the way, did you know a lotta ex-G.I.'s are becoming Trappists? That shows that we American boys are not so soft as some people seem to think we are.

ANYHOW, we are kidding Ray on account of he is so quiet for a change, when Shorty speaks up and says, "Ray is just trying to think up a way to say good-by, as we are pulling up stakes tomorrow."

Well, you might just as well have dropped a bomb on us! It seems they are going down to a place called Hemet. They are going there to pick apricots.

The first thing that my pal Gus and I do when we get home is to ask my father if we can call Jim Callahan and tell him about it, as he lives in the next town, and he would feel bad if we didn't let him know that Shorty and Ray are leaving town.

WE are in the general store and I am digging out some nickels and dimes, while Gus is looking through the phone book to find Jim Callahan's number, when Mr. Martini walks over. He wants to know would one of us like to have a job on Saturdays helping him in the store.

"Sure thing," I tell him, "Gus would be glad to earn some extra money." While practically at the same time, my pal Gus is telling Mr. Martini that I am just the right person for the job, as I am polite to old people and kind to kids, and he wouldn't have to worry about missing any cigarettes on account of I don't smoke.

For a minute Mr. Martini does not know what to make of all this. He thinks maybe we don't want the job. "Do you or don't you?" he wants to know. His face is getting red, and he is holding his head in his hands.

"Oh, you bet we do," we tell him.

Then he starts to laugh, and says, "Why didn't I think of that before? Two helpers are better than one, anyhow. O.K. Start next Saturday morning at eight o'clock."

ALL this time my pal Gus has been standing with his finger holding the place in the phone book, and now, while he is dialing the number, I tell Mr. Martini who we are calling and why.

When he hears this, he taps a case of soda pop with his foot and says, "Put this on ice. I'll furnish the drinks for tonight."

This is not the first time that Mr. Martini has treated our boys' club like this. In the first place, he is the one who gave us a place to have our meetings. Like he told Jim Callahan. "If you are sure that having this boys' club will stop hoodlums from breaking my windows and making my life miserable, I would give you the Biltmore Hotel, if I had it. All I got is that old packing-shed. Clean it up and you can use it."

It took us almost a whole Saturday afternoon to burn up all the old boxes and to clean out all the cobwebs, but you oughta see our club house *now*. We got an old phonograph with a bunch of records, and a big stack of boxing-gloves, and we even got a pool table that somebody gave us!

I HAVE just finished putting the last bottle of pop on ice when Gus hangs up and turns on me kinda excited-like.

"Can he come tonight?" I ask him.

"Yes, he's all for it," Gus says. "And he wants to know can he bring a friend."

I'm all excited now, too, as maybe this friend is a famous boxer, or a priest, or—well, he could be almost anything wonderful like that.

"Did he say if this friend was a boxer or a detective or what he was?" I ask Gus.

"No, all he said was that he had a previous engagement with this friend for tonight, but he was sure his friend wouldn't mind if there was a slight change in their plans."

My pal Gus hurries out the door then. He's going to round up all the kids for a meeting in the afternoon, so we can decide who is going to bring what for this farewell party.

Needless to say, we are telling everybody to keep it a secret from Shorty and Ray, as we wanta surprise them.

WHEN I get home, my father is mixing some dough for doughnuts. There is nobody that can fry doughnuts like my father can fry them!

That afternoon when we have the meeting, I tell the kids they don't have to worry too much about bringing any eats for the party, as when my father's doughnuts are around, nobody cares to eat anything else.

AS you already know, this party is supposed to be a surprise for Shorty and Ray, on account of they are leaving town in the morning. But it turns out that my pal Gus and I get the biggest surprise of all! On account of this friend which we are expecting to come with Jim Callahan turns out to be our teacher, Miss Carter.

You would think that she wouldn't care to be in a boys' club room, with a bunch of boys, and eating doughnuts and drinking pop, when she could be in a ritzy restaurant some place or on a dance floor, but no, she seems to be enjoying it very much, even the boxing.

I remember one time I asked the Sisters would they like to come over some night and watch us when we are having a boxing match. But they said, "No, Joe. We haven't time to sit around and watch people trying to hit each other." It seems that Sisters are different from other people in lotsa ways, but I am not quite able to figure it out yet.

THE party is over, and everyone is giving Shorty and Ray a lot of attention. We are not telling them good-by; we are just giving

them a lotta good advice, like, "Don't take any wooden nickels," and stuff like that.

I heard what Jim Callahan told them. "Hang on to your Faith, boys," he says, "and at the same time try to give it to someone else." He says it like he is joking, but I can see that he is serious underneath.

Now, why can't I think of something nice to say like that sometime? All I can think of to say is, "Don't eat any green apricots."

On our way home, my pal Gus and I are talking over how surprised we are at seeing Miss Carter with Jim Callahan, instead of a boxer or a detective or a priest like we thought.

Then Gus says, "Come to think of it, though, we shouldn't have been so surprised, after what happened before we went on that bus trip to Carmel Mission."

That's right, I was going to tell you about that, wasn't I?

IT all started on the day when Jim Callahan was trying to get enough cars to take a bunch of us kids up to see the place where Father Serra is buried. You know who he is, don't you? He is one of the Franciscan Padres who came from Spain many years ago to teach the Indians in this country about God. These Franciscan Padres started twenty-one different missions for the California Indians, and these missions are spread all along the coast from San Francisco way down to San Diego.

You've probably heard of one of these missions, San Juan Capistrano, where the swallows return every year on the feast of St. Joseph. Maybe sometime I will tell you a little more about some of the other missions.

Right now I want to tell you about the tough time Jim Callahan was having in trying to get some cars with drivers who would volunteer to take us on this trip to Carmel Mission. This is one time when I really saw him look like he was counting to ten and then tying a knot to hang on. Next thing I know he is suggesting that we stop in the church for a minute and make a visit, which we do.

When we come out, he grins at me and Gus, and says, "Now what?"

AT that moment Gus sees the school bus turning onto the highway and it gives him an idea.

(Continued on page 18)

# At Catalina Island

*by Sister Margaret Ann*

CATALINA ISLAND, about twenty-five miles southwest of San Pedro Harbor, can be reached only by plane or boat.

Two steamships, the S.S. Catalina and the S.S. Avalon, take hundreds of passengers daily to this picturesque summer resort, modernized and equipped for summer recreation by the Wrigleys of chewing gum fame.

Speedboats, glass-bottom boats, scenic rides in boat or motor coach, and riding or hiking on mountain trails offer a variety of summer fun to vacationists, whether they come just for the day or to spend the whole summer year after year.

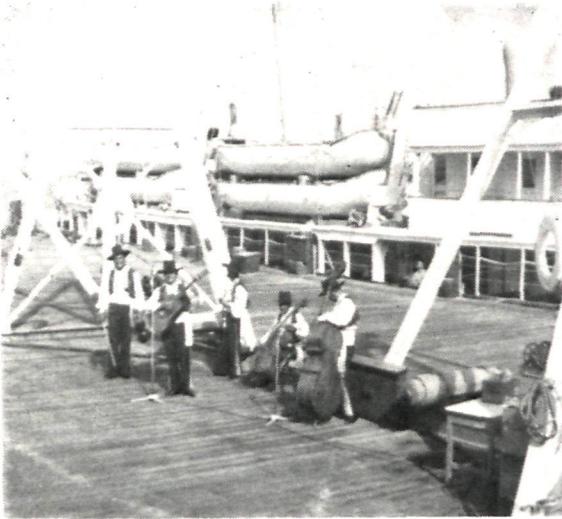
Each time the steamer docks at Catalina, the crowds walking down the gangplank are greeted by a colorfully-costumed Mexican band. Last summer the band welcomed two Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, who came to stay for a four week's summer school—an unheard of happening in Catalina.

All during the season Catholic vacationists stream slowly up a steep hill to the little white church at the top. On Sundays they overflow the walls of St. Catherine's, named in honor of St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of the island. The parish, established almost fifty years ago to care for the spiritual needs of some seventy-five families, who are year-round residents, had never had a religion class taught by Sisters until we came.

After waiting so many years for Sisters, St. Catherine's parish gave us a royal welcome and splendid co-operation. Some sixty children were enrolled. Facilities for teaching were not ideal. Sister Jude Marie's classroom was the sacristy; mine, the church. For project work the children sat outdoors on kneelers, with their coloring books on the benches. But no one complained. Everyone was happy to come to the classes taught by the Sisters.

Our afternoons were spent in home visiting. For this purpose the Pastor loaned us his jeep. We found it to be the means of travel, par excellence, for Catalina hills.

Visiting discovered more work for us—older boys who had not yet received their First Holy



Upper: Mexican band which greets passengers from Catalina's two boats; center, a group of children waiting for class; lower, two of our First Communicants.

Communion. Joe was one. He ran whenever he saw us coming, until we promised his pal, Eddie, a medal if he brought Joe to class long enough to learn the essentials necessary for First Communion. After that promise, neither Joe nor Eddie missed a class.

Frank was a little harder problem. Fifteen, over-sensitive and self-conscious, we met him one day in his home. "I hear you don't want to come to class," I said.

"That's right," he answered, "I don't like it."

But he agreed to give it a try when I offered to teach him and his pal from next door in Frank's home. By dint of much prayer, appealed for on all sides by his teacher, Frank persevered and received the sacraments. He is a much happier boy now and so is his chum.

Visiting had a less strenuous side, too, like the time we met the woman who offered us tamales. And were they good! Another day she gave us enchiladas—equally good.

When Father needed the jeep, we traveled on foot, getting the full benefit of sun and hills.

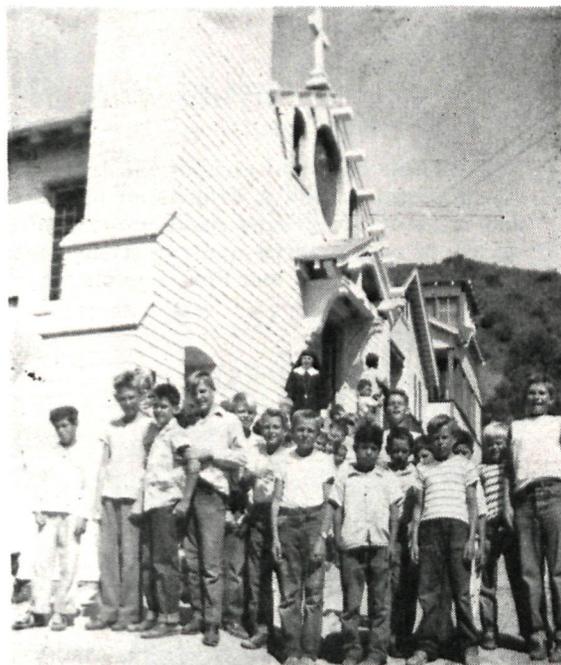
The grand finale of Catalina's summer school was First Communion day. The children sang the Mass of the Angels, during which fourteen boys and girls made their First Communion. After Mass breakfast was served to all the children. Then there was the formal distribution of prizes, the children were enrolled in the scapular, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the morning.

In the afternoon we enjoyed a pleasure trip by boat to the Isthmus, about twenty miles from the town of Avalon, where two harbors on opposite sides of the island almost meet. We were accompanied by our faithful helper, a senior student from Catholic High in Los Angeles, who had helped us every morning during our religious vacation school.

The next day we were to say good-by to Catalina. Two of the First Communicants waited around all day to see us off on the four-thirty boat in the afternoon. They looked so forlorn we felt sorry for them and promised to do our best to return next summer for Catalina's second religious vacation school.

So instead of "good-by" we said "hasta la vista" and "thanks, Catalina, for your hearty welcome and a lovely vacation."

July-August, 1949



Upper: Visiting in the Pastor's jeep; center, another group of Catalina youngsters ready for class; lower, leaving Catalina after four weeks of religious vacation school.

## JACKIE CHANGES HIS MIND

"WHY do you want to make your First Holy Communion?" asked Sister of eight-year-old Jackie.

Usually this question took the children by surprise, and they had to think about it for a while before answering. But not Jackie. His answer was immediate and very disappointing, "So I won't have to come to catechism class any more."

Sister told him this was not a very good reason, but she thought it the wrong time to tell him he should continue coming to catechism

class for the rest of his school days. Perhaps a few more classes would give Jackie a more worthy desire for receiving Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

One day, some weeks later, Jackie brought a friend to class. "He hasn't made his First Communion yet," Jackie told Sister, "so I told him to come along to class."

The next time Sister asked Jackie why he wanted to make his First Holy Communion, he

## In the Home Field

replied that he wanted to receive Jesus into his heart. That was the answer Sister had hoped for, but she wondered if he really meant it, or if he had just heard the other children give that answer. Time alone would tell. Jackie and his friend both made their First Holy Communion, and shortly after, classes closed for the summer.

The following fall Sister was grateful to find a very different Jackie. There was no thought now of discontinuing classes because First Communion Day was over. On the contrary Jackie has missed only one class this year, and that on account of illness. His apostolic work continues. It is an older boy that Jackie brings to class this year, and he has to encourage the boy constantly or the youngster decides he would rather spend his time in town. In addition, Jackie's zeal extends to his own family. He feels it his duty to instruct his little sister, a first grader, in her prayers, and recently he informed his mother that it was about time his four-year-old sister started to catechism class.

Sister Agnes  
Brighton, Colorado

### "YES, FATHER"

THE pastor stopped in to visit the confirmation class. After asking several questions pertaining to the mysteries and existence of God and receiving satisfactory answers, Father went on to explain. "We naturally accept the facts of which we are ignorant on the word of another. It is in this way we must accept the truths God has revealed to us," he began. "Now if I were to tell you there is a city called New York . . . none of you have ever been to that city, have you?"

A hand went up and a voice replied, "Yes, Father."

"Well let's take the city of Chicago."

Another hand went up and another voice replied, "Yes, Father."

"How about the city of San Francisco?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, San Diego?"

"Yes, Father."

"Los Angeles?"

A whole chorus of "Yes, Father."



A favorite game with the mission children, as it is with children everywhere.

Finally, in desperation, Father exclaimed, "Sister!"

"Try China," prompted Sister.

China saved the day, and Father continued his explanation.

Sister Augustine  
Redlands, California

## WE FOUND THEIR HOMES

TO our oft repeated inquiry, "How can we find your home?" we usually received some such answer as, "Well, you go down this road until you see a white house, then you turn this way and go on until you see a big ditch, then you turn that way, and soon you come to my house."

After vainly trying to follow directions like that, Sister Agatha and I gave up hope of finding anyone. It was then we decided to follow the school buses.

The following Wednesday after our release time classes, we got in our car and waited until school was dismissed. Soon the children were running out and climbing into their school bus. The bus started and so did we. Every time the bus stopped, we stopped. At each stop we jotted down the names of the children who left the bus, and waited a minute to see in what direction they went.

The next week we followed the south bound bus. And it was not long until we had a fair idea of where all our country children lived. Besides being a great help in our visiting, we enjoyed the rides through the country roads behind the school buses.

Sister Angelica  
Coachella, California

## Participants in Vocation Program

These boys and girls of the Junior Newman Club of Brighton, Colorado, wearing the garb of a diocesan priest, a Franciscan priest, and of four communities of women, portrayed the life and work of the groups they represented during a vocation program. The program was presented to one hundred and twenty-five members of the Junior Newman Clubs from Brighton, Greeley, Keensburg, and Fort Lupton.



Left to right, the boys and girls are: Francis Vonfeldt, sophomore, representing the diocesan priesthood; Lorraine Billinger, freshman, Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth; Josephine Aerts, senior, Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, New York; Janice O'Brien, Sisters of St. Benedict, Atchison; Norma Jean Brown, freshman, Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, Huntington, Ind., and Joseph Nuanes, freshman, Franciscan Fathers.



Dear Associates:

THESE are the days when everyone plans a vacation, extended or brief, according to one's means, or one's opportunities to get away from the routine (often monotonous) of one's usual occupations.

A MISSIONARY'S job is a year round job. There are souls to be hunted and saved in summer as well as in winter. Indeed, many of us Sisters find the tempo of mission work considerably stepped up during July and August. Priests who cannot afford Catholic schools are begging the good Sisters everywhere to come to their parishes or outlying missions and conduct religious vacation schools for a few weeks. A "standard" vacation school is of four weeks duration, with the Sisters teaching Catechism and allied subjects from nine to twelve, Monday through Friday. Afternoons are given to visiting Catholic families in the area and to the preparation of classes for the following day.

WE mention these things to show you that we are as much in need of your prayers and assistance in the summer as in the winter.

*Devotedly yours in Mary Immaculate,*

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

#### MRS. ANNA RISSING PASSES AWAY

ONE of the charter members of St. Mary's Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, *Mrs. Anna Rissing*, died on April 26. She, together with Miss Ann Brink, and the deceased Mrs. Theresa Ankenbruck, organized the Society twenty-five years ago. For a time, Mrs. Anna Rissing headed the Society, passing the charge to Mrs. Augusta Hake, when ill health forced her to resign that office.

WE are certain that our dear Associate went to receive a rich reward. R. I. P.

# Our

*Be it the sight of the frothy sea,  
Or the scent of the pine laden air;  
God's sweet design, by these gifts to thee,  
Is to win thy heart's love ev'rywhere.*

#### ACM CENTRAL COMMITTEE PARTY

(Chicago)

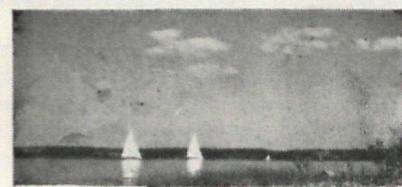
ALL of our Chicago Bands, following a time-honored custom, sponsored a joint luncheon and card party on May 7, at Stevens Restaurant in downtown Chicago.

EXPERIENCE has taught us that these parties are eminently successful due to hard-working committee heads and enthusiastic Associates who sell tickets to a large circle of friends. At the end of the day it was announced that the net proceeds of the party were \$370.70.

PRESIDENT of the Central Committee is *Miss Mary Perkins*. She was ably assisted in this latest fund raising campaign for our Sisters by *Miss Florence Dietz*, *Miss Marie V. Dwyer*, *Mrs. Mary Gleason*, *Mrs. Fred Kiefer*, *Mrs. Emilie Rupp* and *Mrs. Mary Staley*, each with an important office to fulfill.

AFTER the luncheon and introductions of Promoters by Mrs. Staley, brief talks were given by two of our Sisters who attended the luncheon and a movie of our Southwestern Missions shown. The moving picture machine was run by Mr. Rus, son-in-law of *Mrs. Marie Brogi McDonald*, Promoter of St. Thomas Band, and the pictures were explained by Sister Alice Marie of Gary, Indiana.

WE wish to express our heartfelt gratitude not only to those directly in charge of this affair, but likewise to all who sold tickets and thus contributed to its success.



*The Missionary Catechist*

# Associates



## OUR FORT WAYNE MISSION SOCIETIES

*St. Jude's Mission Society.* These Associates belong to St. Jude's Parish. They make a yearly contribution to Victory Noll which aggregates a neat sum. Except for St. Vincent de Paul Band, whose members have an annual party, there are no monthly meetings. Each member of the Bands which comprise the Society pledges to contribute to a general collection taken up for the benefit of Victory Noll.

In addition to the usual year-end collection, a *special* collection was taken up this year to aid our Sisters who work among the Colored in Fort Wayne.

*St. Mary's Mission Society.* These Associates belong to St. Mary's Parish. The Reverend J. N. Allgeier is president of the group, and Mrs. Augusta Hake is financial secretary. They follow the same pattern as St. Jude's, eliminating monthly meetings and having an annual collection among all the Bands. Here, too, is an exception. The members of St. Anne's Mission Band have a monthly card party and send us the proceeds. Miss Ann Brink heads this group within a group.

A spring party was sponsored this year by St. Mary's Mission Society for our benefit. In addition, members frequently give good second-hand clothing to us for the poor.

### LITTLE FLOWER BAND (*Chicago*)

ONE of the first Mission Bands to be formed in Chicago, more than a quarter of a century ago, the members completed one Burse and undertook to complete another. Mrs. Helen Garity has always served as Promoter. She is also Honorary President of the Central Committee, Associate Catechists of Mary, Chicago Area. We missed her smiling face at the annual party in May.

### JOHN GLEASON DIES

John Gleason, beloved husband of Mary Gleason, Vice President of the ACM Central Committee, Chicago Area, died on May 12, 1949. He was a zealous and indefatigable worker in behalf of our Missions. Kindly remember him in your prayers for the faithful departed.

## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 20, 1949 to May 17, 1949

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Adrian Club, Chicago, Florence Dietz .....     | \$25.00 |
| Central Committee, Chicago Area                |         |
| Mary Perkins .....                             | 370.70  |
| Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago,                 |         |
| Katherine Hennigan .....                       | 6.00    |
| Florentine Band, St. Louis,                    |         |
| Mrs. Katherine Krueger .....                   | 8.50    |
| Immaculate Conception Band,                    |         |
| Chicago, Mary Perkins .....                    | 10.00   |
| Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago,                   |         |
| Elsie Jachmann .....                           | 2.00    |
| Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago,         |         |
| Veronica Foertsch .....                        | 30.00   |
| Mary, Queen of Hearts Band, Chicago,           |         |
| Wilma Wengritzky .....                         | 3.00    |
| Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.,                 |         |
| Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....                      | 15.50   |
| St. Ann Mission Circle, Ft. Wayne,             |         |
| Ann Brink .....                                | 7.50    |
| St. Anthony Band, Chicago,                     |         |
| Mrs. A. Beck .....                             | 5.00    |
| St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky.,               |         |
| Miss Grace Kern .....                          | 4.25    |
| St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles,               |         |
| Mrs. McMannamy .....                           | 5.00    |
| St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich.,           |         |
| Dolores Schneider .....                        | 5.50    |
| St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh .....       | 12.00   |
| St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago,                |         |
| Mrs. William C. Schultz .....                  | 5.00    |
| St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago,                |         |
| Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....                         | 20.00   |
| St. Katherine Band, Chicago,                   |         |
| Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....                    | 50.00   |
| St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb.,         |         |
| Lucille Murphy .....                           | 5.00    |
| St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Norean Lopez ..... | 21.50   |
| St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts., Ill.,   |         |
| Mrs. Dorothy McCann .....                      | 20.00   |
| St. Raymond Band, Chicago,                     |         |
| Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....                     | 5.00    |
| St. Sabina Band, Chicago,                      |         |
| Marie V. Dwyer .....                           | 15.00   |
| Srillians, Cincinnati, Ohio,                   |         |
| Marie Gouy .....                               | 2.00    |
| Via Matris Band, Chicago,                      |         |
| Hattie Genge .....                             | 75.00   |

# Jottings from Panama

*All for Jesus through Mary*

Panama  
February 15, 1949

Dear Sisters,

My visit to Cali for the Eucharistic Congress was wonderful and something for which I will always be grateful.

As you know, I was accompanied by Sister Martina, the Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters of the Canal Zone. We made the trip in three hours. The flight was pleasant. On this trip I saw something I had always wondered about—the cockpit. One of the pilots took us in. I had the idea the pilots worked constantly, but, no, they sit there enjoying everything. We flew over the Andes.

We intended to be in Cali in time for the arrival of the Papal Legate, His Eminence, Clement Cardinal Micara, from Rome. But by the time we had our baggage and passports checked, the Cardinal had arrived at a different airport and all traffic was suspended until he reached the city.

During our visit in Cali we stayed with the Daughters of Charity. They belong to the Colombia Province, while ours here in Panama belong to the Guatemala Province. Like ours, they were all kindness and hospitality and we enjoyed our stay with them.

Six months ago the Sisters moved into their beautiful new Mother House and Novitiate, but as yet it is not completely finished. The chapel is big and beautiful. It, too, is unfinished. The main altar, which looks like a table, is made of a great big rock brought from Bogota. The front part is carved; the marble legs are round like pillars. Above the altar stands a white marble statue of Our Lady of Grace, which seems to smile at one.

Thousands attended the Congress, which opened the evening of January twenty-sixth and closed the evening of the thirtieth. The twenty-seventh was children's day. Twenty-five thousand children, including First Communicants, sang the Mass of the Angels and received Holy Communion.

Our Archbishop, the Most Reverend Fran-



His Eminence, Clement Cardinal Micara, offers Mass at Eucharistic Congress, Cali, Colombia.

cisco C. Beckmann, C.M., D.D., offered the Midnight Mass on men's day. At this Mass two hundred priests distributed Holy Communion to about sixty thousand men.

The vestments worn for the services were exquisite. All were made by Sisters in Colombia. The cope and veil the Cardinal wore (a gift) were of beautiful gold brocade. The monstrance, also made in Colombia, was a work of art. It was three feet tall, made of gold, and richly decorated with precious stones. The Damas Colombians donated their jewelry for the monstrance. Some of the stones that could not be worked in were sold and pearls were bought in the United States.

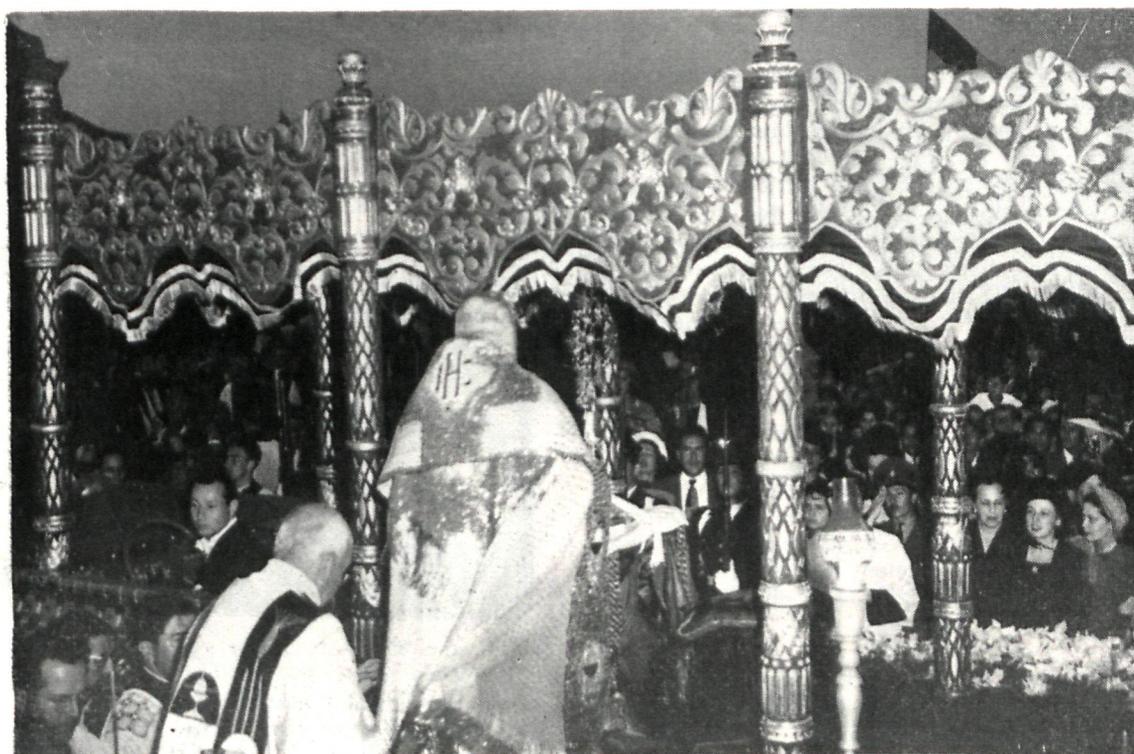
The *carroza* or car of state in which the Blessed Sacrament was carried during the procession on the last day of the Congress was magnificent. It was made of beautifully carved wood, painted in red and gold. We were told it is to be used for the altar in a new church.

Colombia has a real Catholic leader—the president. He and his wife came from Bogota and received Holy Communion on the last day.

Continued on Page 18



The Papal Delegate, His Eminence, Clement Cardinal Micara, blesses the people as he passes through their midst on way to altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.



The Cardinal enters carroza, or car of state, in which Blessed Sacrament was carried during the procession at close of Congress.

# Mary's Loyal

A CALIFORNIA HELPER



Dear Helpers:

JUST let someone mention the month of July and immediately there pops into the heads of children the thought of the glorious Fourth. Thanks be to God this day is celebrated in a safer and saner way than it was when your parents (and Sunshine Secretary!) were young.

I CAN remember my older brothers had an iron cannon about eight inches long. This they would first stuff with gun powder and insert a long fuse. Next they would stick the cannon into an old tin can and place it at the far end of the lot. Lastly they would strike a match to the fuse and run away. After a thunderous boom they would return to see what had happened to the tin can—which was plenty. I think my brothers' guardian angels worked overtime because the boys came through those adventurous days safe and sound. One would read in the paper, though, about other children who were less fortunate.

THERE are better ways of spending the Fourth of July. Here are some suggestions. Go to Holy Mass and co-offer it with the priest at the altar, begging God's blessings on our dear country. Pray for the President of the United States that he may fulfill the duties of his high office conscientiously, justly, and for the greater common good. Pray that the Holy Spirit may enlighten and direct those who frame our country's laws and mould its policies. Pray for the Governor of your State and all those appointed to guard the civic welfare of those entrusted to their care. Pray for all citizens of the United States that they may observe God's laws, and then they will be sure to be good Americans, too. Pray for all who have died in the service of our country, as well as disabled veterans. Promise God you will be true to our Country's Flag and never join forces with those who would undermine our Government and destroy it. You might renew your allegiance to our Flag on the Fourth, too.

With such a good start, I am sure you will have a very Happy Fourth of July.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY



THIS is Diane Martin, of Venice, California, who joined us in March. She is three years old and a friend of Sister Carmela, one of our novices at Victory Noll.

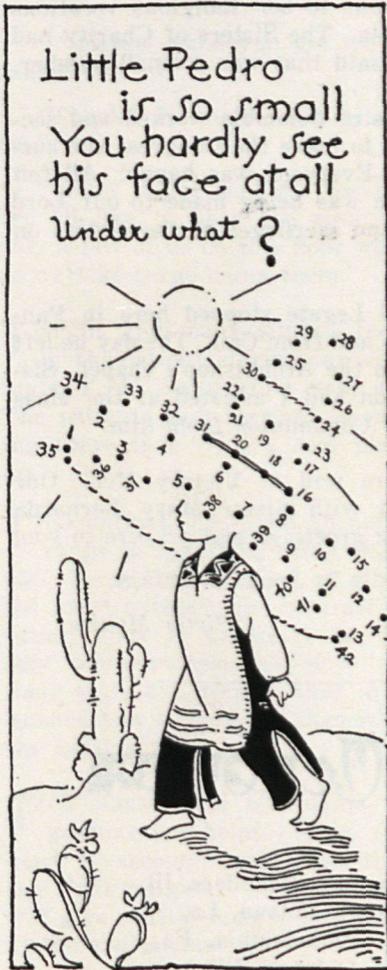
MORE CALIFORNIA HELPERS



WE are happy to make you acquainted with Mary (aged five), Ruthe (aged three), and John (aged four) Gabrielson of Corcoran, Kings County, California. I am sure they'd appreciate it if you would pray that their Mother who is ill just now may soon get well. The Gabrielson children are cousins of our Sister Mary Gemma.

The Missionary Catechist

# Helpers Pages



## JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE

The above puzzle is so easy that a five-year-old can work it. If you can't count, then hold a pencil in your hand and ask your mother or someone else to push your hand around from number to number.



July-August, 1949

## WEAR AN MLH PIN

WE have on hand a limited supply of beautiful blue and white enamel *Mary's Loyal Helper* pins.

In the center of a sky blue field there is a burning torch outlined in silver. Across the torch appears a scroll on which are the letters "MLH."

The torch signifies the light of Truth which you, our Helpers, enable us to bring to children in the Missions, through your sacrifices and prayers.

We are willing to sell the pins at twenty-five cents each although they could not be duplicated today for that price.



## PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

PLEDGE allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.



## ONE MORE CALIFORNIA HELPER

IT gives us pleasure to introduce *Rachel Juarez*, of *Brawley, California*. Rachel is in the 10th



grade. She is a sister of our Postulant *Lydia Juarez*. She is happy to help our Missionaries with offerings and prayers.



## JOE OF L.A. REPORTING

(Continued from page 7)

Before I know what it is all about, we are on our way to the schoolhouse. We are just in time to stop Miss Carter before she puts her green coupe in second. She is on her way home and she is in a hurry as she lives in the next town, and as I told you before she is taking some kind of convert classes over there.

But she is very helpful and she thinks it could be arranged for us to hire the school bus. In fact, she thinks it would be a good idea if the whole seventh and eighth grades went on this trip.

NOW this is a little more than Jim Callahan has bargained for. He does not care for the idea at all, and he tries to get out of it by saying he has to talk it over with Father first and get his O.K. on it, which is really true, in a way, as he is always stopping in to see Father and get his advice on different things.

Needless to say, being as Miss Carter is a woman, it seems to me she wants to be sure that she puts her two-cents-worth in, so she suggests that they go and ask Father about it right now. She is already climbing out of her car, so there is nothing left for Mr. Callahan to do but to go with her.

However, he signals for me and Gus to follow them, as I guess he does not like the idea of walking down the road by himself with a lady, especially if she is not Catholic. On account of he thinks the same way the Sisters do, that the Church does not approve of Catholic people marrying people who are not Catholic, so it is better not to get too friendly with them.

OH-OH, there's Pancho at the door. I told him I'd help him with his catechism. He's only seven, so he's got a lot to learn.

I'll have to finish telling you about this some other time.

## JOTTINGS FROM PANAMA

(Continued from Page 14)

The President spoke that evening after the procession and before Benediction. He then knelt before the Blessed Sacrament and consecrated the nation anew to the Sacred Heart. This act was most impressive. The people love their

President and speak very highly of him. To them he is a saint. They say he saved Colombia on the 9th of April last year.

The Colombians are very good Catholics. They are kind and gentle people. The soldiers were most courteous to us. Religious vocations abound in Colombia. The Sisters of Charity had fifty novices and said that was a small number.

All the people of Colombia worked and sacrificed themselves to make the Congress the success that it was. Everyone was happy. All felt that fit reparation was being made to our Lord for the offenses and sacrileges of the rioters on the 9th of April.

The Cardinal Legate stopped here in Panama on his way to and from Cali. The day he left he offered Mass in the Archbishop's chapel. Sister Mary Bernarda and I assisted at the Mass and received Holy Communion from him.

I hope all are well at Victory Noll. Our novices here join with Sister Mary Bernarda and me in sending greetings and prayers to you.

Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,

Sister Monica



Rev. Daniel P. Drennan, Belvidere, Ill.  
Rev. Moise P. Hebert, Coteau, La.  
Joseph Engelhart, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Dominic De Runtz, Chicago, Ill.  
Amelia Cotell, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Kate Mix, Chicago, Ill.  
John M. McKeown, Belvidere, Ill.  
Grover Cook, Chicago, Ill.  
Carrie Mommer, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Anna Rissing, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Mrs. Marie Allgeier, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
W. S. Harmon, Fort Bragg, Calif.  
Mrs. Katherine Weber, Chicago, Ill.  
Miss A. F. Mannerling, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Emerick, Boonton, N. J.  
Mary Bocchino, Baldwinsville, N. Y.  
Margaret Seabold, Baldwinsville, N. Y.  
Margaret Farley, Baldwinsville, N. Y.  
John Gleason, Chicago, Ill.

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

# At the Sanitarium

by Sister Mary Millicent

"SISTER do you have any medals?"

"Sister, could you get me a Sacred Heart badge?"

"Thanks, Madre, for the relic of Blessed Martin."

"Every day I lend my rosary out to others. We all like to pray the rosary, but there are only a few of us on this floor who have a rosary, so we take turns using them."

THESE and many similar requests are made by the patients during our weekly visits to the State T. B. Sanitarium near Carlsbad, Texas. The patients look forward so much to our coming there that it is a real pleasure for us to go.

THE patients are from all parts of Texas, and range in age from small children to old people. Because of the lack of accommodations for the great number who contract T. B., this institution finds it necessary to limit a patient's stay to nine months. All hope to be cured during their stay, but even if they are not, they have learned how to care for themselves after leaving the sanitarium.

THE nurses and attendants are always most gracious and helpful to us. They realize what good is accomplished when the patients practice their religion. The following little incidents will give a little insight into things we have met at the sanitarium.

"Are you a Catholic?" we asked of one young lady.

"Yes, Ma'am!" came the prompt reply. And with that we knew she probably had not been around Sisters very much, so we inquired further, "Did you make your First Communion?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, and my second, and my third." Noticing our puzzled look, she explained, "I was eight when I went to Communion the first time, and eleven when I went the second time, and fourteen when I went the third time."

"And how old are you now?"

"Seventeen."

"Don't you think you would like to receive Communion again sometime?"

And with her emphatic reply that she would

like to make her fourth Communion, we resolved to give her a few important instructions in religion during succeeding visits.

THEN there was the lady who told us a non-Catholic friend of hers, a Mrs. Bright, wanted very much to talk to us. Ordinarily we visit only the Catholic patients, but we are always happy to visit anyone who asks for us. Mrs. Bright's welcome was sincere. She was a Baptist—had been reared one—but the more she learned of what her Catholic friends believed, the more interested she was in finding out more about the Catholic Church. "I always thought that unless you were born Catholic, the only other way to be a Catholic was to marry one. I'm sure glad you straightened me out on that," she told us.

IT IS an inspiration to find out with what a beautiful spirit so many patients accept their affliction. "As God wills it," they say, even when they are suffering intensely or when they know that their chances for recovery are slight.

MANY of the patients realize that great blessings have come with their illness. There are some who, because of the amount of time they are required to rest, find their thoughts turning to God, whom they have neglected, perhaps for years. Others, good Catholics, will offer up their sufferings for the needs of the Church, for world peace, or for other worthy intentions.

AMONG the personnel, as among the patients themselves, we have met and encouraged a few "Christopher minded" people. One of the men, when he finds a patient's condition is critical, will see that the sick person gets some leaflets that will help him prepare for death. "Somebody Does Care," a Passionist leaflet on the Love of our Savior, and "My Daily Prayer," containing the things necessary for salvation, are the leaflets he uses.

GOOD Catholic literature and religious articles help nourish the patients' Faith during their long and trying illness. How often we hear such things as, "Sister, may God bless you a thousand times, you and the friends who gave you those magazines which you left for us last week. When I was having the blues, I found an article that was just the thing to make me snap out of it."

WE are humbly grateful to God for permitting us to bring some consolation and encouragement to these patients and we look forward eagerly to our weekly visits with them.

## DO YOU KNOW?



the necessary conditions for entrance into the community of *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters* are:

1. *Right Intention*—An earnest desire to serve God, to sanctify one's own self, and to assist in the salvation of the souls of others.

2. *Good Health*—Applicants must have good health in order to support the labors of a missionary life. A physical examination, as designated by us, is required.

3. *Prescribed Age*—Applicants must be at least eighteen years of age and not over thirty. Older applicants, possessing special qualifications, may be admitted by exception.

4. *Mental Fitness*—Applicant must have at least average intelligence. A high school education is desirable but not indispensable.

5. *Moral Character*—Applicants must be of blameless character.

6. *Required Documents:*

- a) Baptismal certificate;
- b) Confirmation certificate;
- c) Parents' marriage certificate;
- d) Letter of recommendation from Pastor or another well-known ecclesiastic.

Correspondence is invited. Address all communications to:

Mother General  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana