

The Missionary **Catechist**



Volume XXV

September, 1949

Number 9

Convent Centers, Missions Attended, Children Enrolled

LOCATION	MISSIONS ATTENDED	CHILDREN ENROLLED	LOCATION	MISSIONS ATTENDED	CHILDREN ENROLLED
Victory Noll*	4	166	Coachella	11	1172
Fort Wayne	1	69	Brawley	11	1994
Goshen	8	489	ARIZONA		
South Bend	2	238	Flagstaff***	10	627
East Gary	3	457	NEW MEXICO		
Gary	1	256	Santa Fe***	18	4094
San Pierre	14	718	Las Vegas	5	1192
COLORADO			TEXAS		
Brighton	5	778	El Paso	10	3071
Denver	3	632	Lubbock	17	1379
Greeley	16	1006	Big Springs	7	1008
UTAH			San Angelo	10	715
Ogden	7	489	San Antonio	7	1736
Salt Lake City	15	1583	ALABAMA		
NEVADA			Grove Hill	9	257
Ely	5	263	KENTUCKY		
Elko	13	362	Richmond	4	83
Winnemucca	16	289	NEW JERSEY		
CALIFORNIA			Middlesex	11	815
Los Banos	14	1723	OHIO		
Monterey	25	1537	Paulding	8	380
Tulare	31	1657	MICHIGAN		
Santa Paula	9	1495	Detroit	4	1003
San Fernando	3	1018	Ida	6	339
San Pedro	22	3271	TOTAL		
Los Angeles—Infant of Prague Convent	5	1664	442	50,469	
Los Angeles—San Basilio Convent	6	1514			
Azusa	22	3155			
Ontario	21	1834			
Redlands	23	3941			
San Diego**					

*Mother House and Novitiate.

**Clinic.

***Confraternity work. Sisters in these centers are engaged in the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine throughout the diocese. They spend two, four, six weeks, or longer, in the various missions each year, teaching the children and training lay Confraternity teachers to instruct them during the absence of the Sisters.

See Map on Pages 10 and 11 for location of our Convents.

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Islands of Christianity

by Sister Miriam

EXCITING news brought the mothers' club to a prompt assembly one evening in mid-September. Two girls of the parish, who had finished high school in June, were preparing to enter the convent, one at Victory Noll, the other at a Carmelite monastery. The latter was a younger sister of Mrs. Martin, a club member, who was now the center of interested questions.

"Is your sister really going to be a Carmelite?"

"What does Stella want to be a Carmelite for?"

"Why doesn't she go to Victory Noll like her friend Margie?"

MRS. MARTIN was vainly attempting to hear and weigh the various questions, when the Sister moderator arrived to begin the meeting. "I'm going to let Sister answer your questions as soon as we pray," said Mrs. Martin, with a look of relief.

"I EXPECTED the subject of vocations to come up this evening and have planned our discussion accordingly," remarked Sister, after she had heard a resume of the questions which had been asked Mrs. Martin.

"I'D like, first of all, to point out a few words from the *Our Father*, which we have just said: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' We know that hosts of angels in heaven are wholly devoted to the adoration of God, while other members of the heavenly choirs are commissioned to guard us here below and to carry out God's bidding as messengers. So there we have a good example of the contemplative and

active callings, in addition to the Martha and Mary incident in which Our Lord Himself said, 'Mary has chosen the better part.'

"IT is often hard, even for good Catholics, who appreciate the value of prayer, to understand why contemplatives shut themselves up in the cloister, when the need for missionaries and other active workers is so great. But we can tell you many cases in our mission work when someone's hidden prayer saved the souls we were trying to bring to God. Missionary bishops will tell you that they want a contemplative community to provide the spiritual force for their active workers.

"IT is not that active religious are not spiritual or do not pray, but in their busy lives of teaching, traveling, nursing, and so on, they do not find enough time to give to God the undivided attention they would like to give. Being human, they cannot equal the guardian angels, who always 'see the face of My Father Who is in heaven.'"

"WELL, Sister," said an eager listener, "I've come to realize the need of cloistered religious, but what I can't see is a peppy girl like Stella leading that kind of life. I think a more quiet type would be better suited to contemplative life."

"A QUIET demeanor is by no means a sign of a religious vocation, nor of aptitude for contemplative rather than active life," replied

(Continued on page 18)

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.

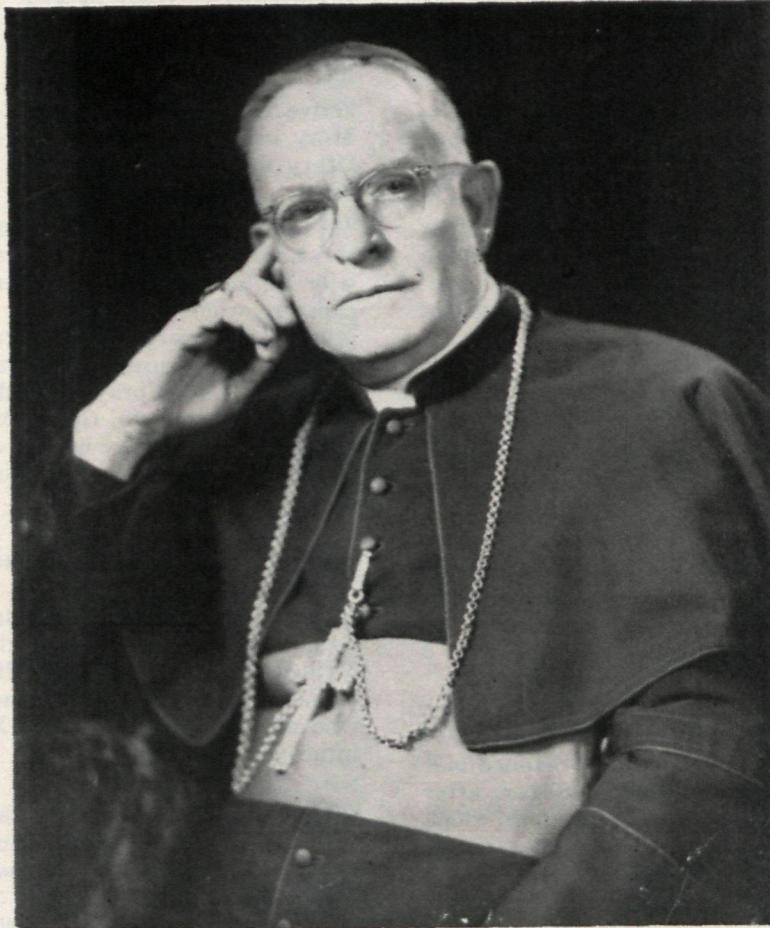
O. B. L. V. Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

"The Harvest is Great, --

But the Laborers are Few"

Luke x, 2

by the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D.



His Excellency, the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

NOTHING else points so clearly to the growth and vigor of the Catholic Church in the United States as the loud clamor which goes out from two hundred religious communities for more Sisters to strengthen their existing schools and to staff new schools and hospitals and charitable institutions. Unfortunately the call is either not heard or not heeded.

What may be the cause? Of course, there are many, but chief among them are:

(1) The attraction of the dollar which, until recent years, was never dangled before the eyes

of the high school girl. When there is full employment, by which is meant a job not only for Dad, but for Mother and every boy and girl out of high school, there is a disposition on the part of the girl to defer or procrastinate her entrance into religion. On the part of the parents there is the disposition to urge the daughter to wait a year or two, so that she may help with the cost of operating the home.

During the war parents did not want their daughter to leave home while their son was in the army, usually thousands of miles away from his family.

(2) Then, sadly, there is another reason, and it is the influence of the secular spirit in the whole household. During her high school days the parents tried to get out of Mary's mind the thought of entering the convent by arranging dates for her, by leading her to believe that she was thinking of taking a rather extraordinary step. Instead of regarding the thought in Mary's mind as coming from God; instead of regarding themselves as highly favored by God by the issuance of a call to Mary to become His own spouse and to serve Him professedly, the parents blamed the Sisters in the school for coaxing Mary to do what she would not think of doing of her own impulse.

IT is difficult to understand why those parents, who are not conspicuous themselves for their spirituality, should oppose a religious vocation in these days when nearly every other marriage either goes on the rocks or results unhappily even though the divorce court is not approached.

PARENTS, as well as their children, are prone to regard pleasure and fun as happiness. When they, at heart, certainly know that it is not. Pleasure is on the outside, while happiness is on the inside. The former is intermittent and transient, while the latter is continuous and permanent. The former is of the body, and the latter is of the soul.

It is too bad that in our day so many people never experience the genuine happiness and interior joy which result from an intimate union between the soul and God.

THE same parents who would encourage their daughter to become a lay school teacher or nurse would discourage her from becoming a nurse or school teacher as a member of a religious community. The average lay nurse renders service worth while in itself, but usually with no other actuating motive than to earn a livelihood through her profession. It is the same with the school teacher, who is occupied all day long with instructions on matters relating entirely to this world. If she were teaching in a parochial school, she would, of course, instruct on the same subjects, but, in addition, would be teaching the child of God all that it is capable of knowing about God, His way of salvation, and the manner by which it is attained.

The Sister receives a great deal of joy from the realization of the fact that she is holding up to the child the highest ideals and receiving an eager response.

THEN how grand must be the work of going about from house to house in mission terri-

tory, looking for children whose religious instruction has been neglected at home and who, living too remote from parochial schools to attend one, lack all religious knowledge?

OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, under whose auspices this magazine is published, combine social service work with religious instruction of those who are spiritually underprivileged.

In their social service work the Sisters meet many parents who, because of misunderstanding, neglect, indifference, irreligion, or broken homes, are failing in their primary duty of properly rearing their children. The Sisters lend whatever assistance they can to such families and often see their efforts rewarded by the rehabilitation of the family, by the return to the Church of persons who have not attended Mass for years, and by seeing the children of such homes at religious instructions with great regularity.

BISHOPS from all parts of the United States, and more particularly from the West, the South, and the Middle West, are appealing to the Victory Noll Sisters to come and take charge of a field which seems to be neglected, because of the absence of parochial schools and of resident pastors.

WE wish you could visit some of those Sisters who are now tilling similar fields, and observe how exuberant is the joy in their hearts occasioned by the harvest which they reap. That harvest is great, but the laborers are too few. Hence the Victory Noll Sisters are calling to Catholic girls throughout the nation to join them in the practice of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy in the Home Mission field.

They are also calling those girls who prefer the work of the classroom, hospital, orphanage, homes for the aged, or other institutions, to seek admission to the community of their choice without delay.

IF you, the reader, have been thinking of the religious life, "pray the Lord of the harvest" to let you know whether He is calling you by name.

OUR COVER

His Excellency, Bishop Noll, holds Sacred Host as Sister Doris, of Detroit, Michigan, pronounces her first vows in chapel at Victory Noll. Assisting the Bishop at the ceremonies of profession was the Reverend Thomas E. Dillon, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Huntington.

A Day with a Novice

by Sister Eunice

BRRR! Brrrr! Brrrrrr! relentlessly rings the electric bell through the corridors of Victory Noll, announcing to all that it is 5:15 and the rising hour for the community.

SISTER Patricia Jane is on her feet before the bell ceases to sound. She knows from experience that otherwise the next bell, calling all to the chapel, will find her in the same place and state, for nothing short of the loud clamor of the electric bell will rouse her from her peaceful, if all too short sleep.

"**A**LL for Jesus through Mary," sleepily responds Sister to the noisy bell, while she feels mechanically for the holy water font. She begins dressing quickly, meanwhile resolving such important problems as what day it is, what is scheduled for the day, and, after dashing cold water on her face, eventually getting to what should have been her first thought—the subject of the morning's meditation.

BY the time the 5:40 bell rings, Sister Patricia Jane is ready to leave for chapel, her habit and veil just so, her bed neatly made, her window shade adjusted to the exact center of the window. She has solved all her problems—which after all tied in with one another—for the day, which proved to be Tuesday, was not important, but the date was, for it was the twenty-fifth of the month and on that date the community held special devotions in honor of the Incarnation of our Lord and the Annunciation of our Blessed Mother, and today Sister Patricia Jane would be one of the four Novices who would carry the statue of our Lady of Victory in the procession.

THE thought of the devotions recalled our Blessed Mother's words, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word," which Sister had chosen for her spiritual bouquet for the day, and these words in turn suggested the point of the meditation—the loving acceptance of the will of God in the events of daily life.

AT last fully awake, and quite capable of a human act, as explained by Father Ambrose in his class on morals, Sister leaves for chapel. She would like to run down the steps and over to the chapel, but she knows this would not meet the requirements of religious decorum, so she restrains the impulse, and quietly joins her Sister Novices as they go sedately, neither too fast



nor too slow, to the chapel. As she enters the main building and sees the professed Sisters coming down the corridor from the east, moving silently along, heads high, eyes downcast, their whole demeanor expressive of deep recollection, Sister Patricia Jane is glad she stifled all impulse to undue haste, and instead followed the example of her sister Novices who were not going to carry the statue that day and so were not quite so buoyant as she.

AT the soft tinkle of the chapel bell, Sister Superior begins the beautiful morning prayers of the community. All join in, and eighty Sisters are thanking God for having preserved them during the night and for the gift of another day. Ten minutes later the loud, clear voice of a novice reads the meditation for the day. Then all is quiet as eighty hearts hold silent converse with their Eucharistic King.

HOLY Mass follows meditation. It is a low Mass today, and although Sister Patricia Jane has been at Victory Noll almost two years, she has never lost the thrill of taking part in the dialogue Mass, which is part of the regular order, except on those days on which a High Mass is scheduled.

FOR the next forty minutes Sister is absorbed in the Mass and her Communion devotions. She is grateful for the ten minutes after Mass which are allowed for thanksgiving or for private prayers according to one's devotion. They pass

all too quickly today, and the bell for breakfast startles her. But like all good novices, Sister has a healthy appetite, and she loses no time going to the dining room.

BREAKFAST may not always be a cheery meal to persons outside the convent, but it is definitely so to Sisters. In the first place, they have been up two hours and ordinarily there is nothing wrong with one's appetite by that time. Then, they have kept strict silence since night prayers the evening before, and there will be no further opportunity for unnecessary conversation until noon, if one excepts a ten minute period at the middle of the morning. So once grace has been said and a short biography of the saint-of-the-day read, the dining room is filled with pleasant chatter and merry laughter.

SISTER Patricia Jane is always of a happy disposition, but she is particularly so today. Suddenly, Sister Margaret Louise leans over and says a bit gloomily, "What are you so elated about? Don't you know we're having that quiz in sociology today?"

"I HAD completely forgotten it," admitted Sister Patricia Jane. "But don't you know that I'm to be one of the statue bearers tonight, so why worry about a little thing like sociology? Anyway, Sister is a very considerate teacher."

"PERHAPS," replies Sister Margaret Louise doubtfully. "But I know she is very considerate of her marks, too. Doesn't waste any high ones."

"WELL, at least it will soon be over," consoled Sister Patricia Jane. "It's the first



As we go to press, these novices are on retreat, preparing for their profession on August 5. Left to right, seated, they are: Sister Mary Gemma, Shokopee, Minn., and Sister Columba, Chicago, Ill.; standing: Sister Ann Therese, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sister Dolores Marie, Azusa, Calif.; Sister Victoria, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sister Teresita, Chicago, Ill.; and Sister Rose Anthony, San Antonio, Tex.

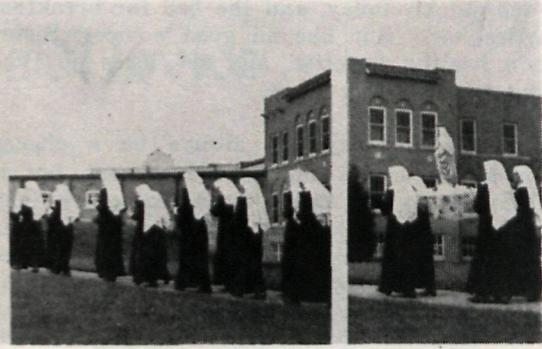
hour, you know. You probably won't make more than an A, but try to be content with that." At this there was a general burst of laughter from the Sisters near by, as they knew Sister Patricia Jane's prediction would probably prove very true.

BREAKFAST over, the novices disperse quickly to take care of whatever small duties may be assigned for them for the next half hour. Classes start at 8:15. Today Father Ambrose's class in Apologetics follows Sociology and proves a welcome break after the quiz. At mid-morning the novices go out to the kitchen for a glass of milk and a few cookies or crackers. Sister Patricia Jane wouldn't mind skipping this part of the daily routine, as she weighs just a little more than she would like to, but it is almost custom at Victory Noll, this mid-morning snack. Besides, the Novice Mistress, working in conjunction with the Infirmarian, maintains the novices need the extra energy the lunch supplies, especially on class days.

THERE are still two periods before dinner. One is Spanish and is Sister Patricia Jane's favorite subject. After four years of high school Latin, she finds second year Spanish comparatively easy. Psychology takes up the last period of the morning, and it is definitely not Sister Patricia Jane's favorite subject. But she realizes that if psychology is necessary in order to do efficient work in the mission field, the only thing to do is master it. And she is doing just that.

THE Particular Examination of Conscience is scheduled daily for 11:50. This exercise is followed by the midday meal, which is dinner, not lunch. Today Sister's favorite dish is on the menu—homemade chop suey, with steaming flaky rice. As she glances over the table, she thinks how unwarranted had been her mother's fears that she would not have good substantial meals in the convent. But long before this, her mother discovered for herself that the Sisters know that healthy bodies make for healthy minds and souls, and that all three are necessary for mission work.

AFTER dinner there is a free period of over an hour, which permits anyone who wishes to do so to rest. But whoever heard of novices resting at midday? One is much more likely to find them out exploring the woods, or playing volley ball. But today they are going to pick lilies of the valley to adorn the altars during the devotions and to decorate the three foot statue of Our Lady of Victory and the litter on which it will be carried. Sister Mary Elizabeth has suggested lilies of the valley, mixed with tulips, for this month, and everyone knows Sister's artistic taste is flawless.



Sisters take part in procession during monthly devotions in honor of the Incarnation of Our Lord and the Annunciation of Our Blessed Mother. Devotions are offered for vocations.

CLASSES and study periods fill up the afternoon, with half an hour break for afternoon lunch and a walk at three o'clock. At 4:50 there is Office and spiritual reading. The half hour between Office and supper Sister Patricia Jane likes to spend in Chapel. But today there is work to be done, for the statue and litter must be in readiness before supper—only the flowers will be added later—and the four novices who carry the statue also do the decorating.

SUPPER brings a pleasant surprise. It has been a beautiful day, and Sister Superior has planned supper on the hill. Sister Patricia Jane recalls this as an ordinary part of the day during the hot summer months, but it is still early in the season and there have been only a few meals out-of-doors. Everyone enjoys this treat, and the novices are especially glad that on account of the devotions, the evening study period is eliminated and recreation begins immediately after supper.

AT 7:45 comes the big event of the day for Sister Patricia Jane. The altars, the statue, and the litter on which the statue is to be carried are beautifully decorated with the lilies of the valley and tulips. Sister Patricia Jane and her companions have carried the statue to the front of the chapel and placed it on the pedestal provided for it. Everything is in readiness. The chaplain enters the sanctuary and the Sisters sing the praises of our Blessed Mother in the opening hymn.

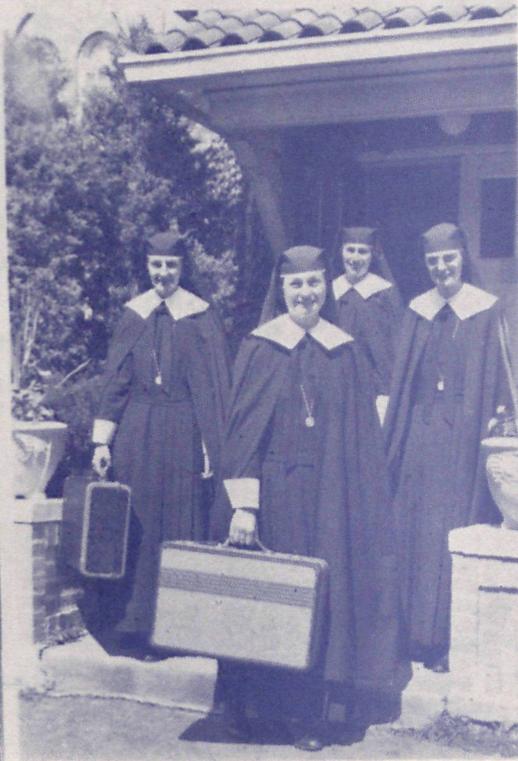
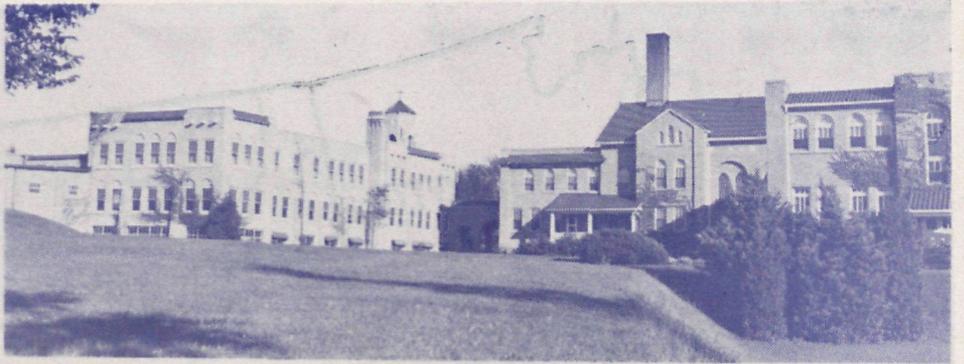
THEN follow the prayers for vocations, first for vocations to the priesthood and religious life in general; then in particular for vocations to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory. Sister Patricia Jane thinks of the difficulty she had in deciding upon her vocation and breathes a little prayer of thanks that the Sisters were offering these beautiful devotions for her, month after month, during those trying days. Yes, these devotions in honor of the

Annunciation and the Incarnation for additional workers for the vineyard of the Lord have been held on the twenty-fifth of every month for almost twenty-five years. And the Sisters firmly believe that their rapid growth and the very fine members God has sent to them prove the efficacy of the devotion.

THE prayers finished, the singing of the Litany of Loretto is begun, and the procession forms. The Sisters leave the chapel, going out through the patio, down the stone steps, and, turning right, begin the circle around Victory Noll buildings. At the end of the procession, just before the chaplain, Sister Patricia Jane and her companions carry the statue standing on the litter, which they have placed on their shoulders, the entire distance, easily a quarter of a mile. About a fourth of the way around, the Litany is completed and the Chaplain begins the five joyful mysteries of the rosary. By the time the procession re-enters the chapel and the statue is replaced on the pedestal, the rosary is completed. Devotions close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

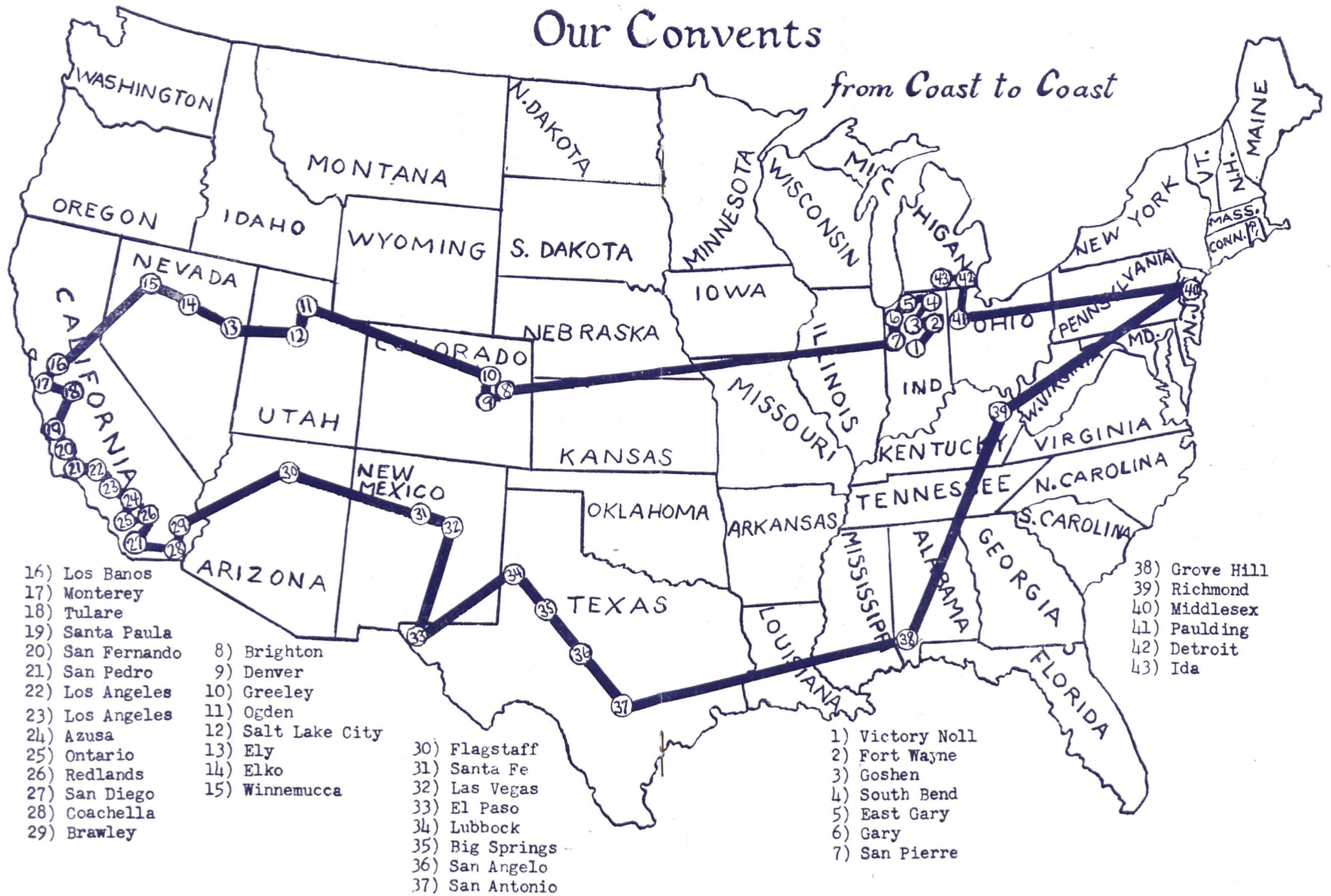
SISTER Patricia Jane's turn to carry the statue is over, but she will not easily forget the privilege. No, it is not the first time she carried it, and she might possibly have another opportunity before the two years of her novitiate are ended, but with thirty-five novices and only twelve months to a year, one doesn't get a turn very often. During the procession Sister knows that the statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory faced in every direction—north, south, east, and west—and she knows, too, that her companions as well as herself begged the assistance of our Blessed Mother for all who are trying to decide upon their vocation, but especially for those girls who will make their decision this year.

WHEN the bell sounds for "lights out" that evening, a very tired, but very contented novice places her head on the pillow and is soon in deep sleep.



Our Convents

from Coast to Coast



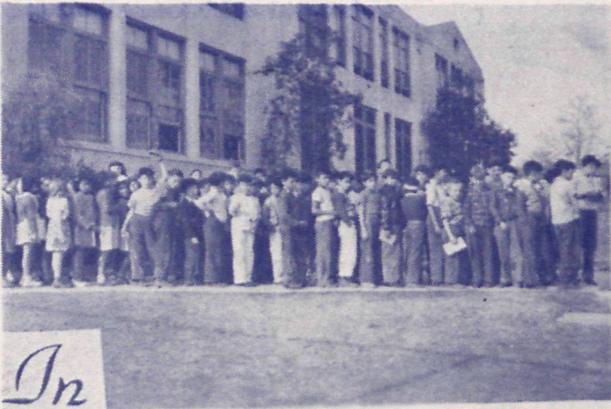
- 16) Los Banos
- 17) Monterey
- 18) Tulare
- 19) Santa Paula
- 20) San Fernando
- 21) San Pedro
- 22) Los Angeles
- 23) Los Angeles
- 24) Azusa
- 25) Ontario
- 26) Redlands
- 27) San Diego
- 28) Coachella
- 29) Brawley

- 8) Brighton
- 9) Denver
- 10) Greeley
- 11) Ogden
- 12) Salt Lake City
- 13) Ely
- 14) Elko
- 15) Winnemucca

- 30) Flagstaff
- 31) Santa Fe
- 32) Las Vegas
- 33) El Paso
- 34) Lubbock
- 35) Big Springs
- 36) San Angelo
- 37) San Antonio

- 1) Victory Noll
- 2) Fort Wayne
- 3) Goshen
- 4) South Bend
- 5) East Gary
- 6) Gary
- 7) San Pierre

- 38) Grove Hill
- 39) Richmond
- 40) Middlesex
- 41) Paulding
- 42) Detroit
- 43) Ida



In



the



Home



Field

The Sun Comes Shining Through

by Sister Eugenia

ROSEMARY awoke with a start. A street car clanged somewhere in the street below, then rumbled off in the distance.

"Saturday," she thought hazily. "Day off . . . shopping . . ." Then, as her mind became clear, "shopping . . . black material, slippers, luggage. . ." An excited tremor swept over her. In less than two months . . .

Thoroughly awake now, she scolded herself: "Get up, you lazybones, or you'll be late for Mass." And hopping out of bed, she knelt for her morning offering.

THE sun shone brightly on the steps of St. John's, but inside all was cool and dark and quiet. Up in front, close to the tabernacle, a girl in a blue dress was kneeling. "My Jesus," she prayed, "how much I love You! I will do anything for You. Anything . . . everything."

She remembered the first time she had felt so deliciously close to Our Lord. It was in the spring, during Lent, that He had first asked her THE question. Such a quiet, gentle invitation it was, she was not altogether sure she heard it. Then again, and again, day after day, she heard Him gently repeating the question, asking, but not demanding. It was clearly an invitation.

An invitation to what? She was invited to relinquish all that she held most dear in life, in exchange for His love. Could she accept this invitation? Most likely she could, or He wouldn't have given it. But, selfishly, she wished He hadn't asked her.

So careful was He not to force the invitation that she could pretend she didn't even hear it. It wasn't quite fair of her, she knew, but in this way she could avoid giving Him a definite answer, an explicit "yes" or "no."

SHE smiled to herself now, thinking how two could play at this game of "all's fair in love and war." She continued her reverie.

Since she would not consent, and at the same time she could not bring herself to an outright refusal, she decided to bide her time a while.

"Remember, Lord?" she asked Him, "I thought perhaps You would forget about it, or else get tired of asking me."

But, no, it was His turn to try a little subterfuge. As any lover will, who wishes to win the lady of his choice, He showered her with gifts, spiritual consolations, until she was almost delirious with the ecstasy of it.

Unspeakably happy, basking in the glow of His love, she was suddenly taken off guard. In a moment of fervor, she had whispered to Him her favorite ejaculatory prayer, "My Jesus, how much I love you! I will do anything for You. I will"—a gasp of dismay! "What did I say, . . . will . . . do . . . anything . . . for You."

She had been weeping as she continued, "All right, Lord, You win. I will do what you want, but . . ." and the tears broke out afresh, "You will have to help me, because it is too hard."

A sweet calm, a quiet peace came to her then, she remembered, and it made her realize the intensity of the battle she had been having with herself.

NOW, as she knelt sure and strong in His love, she wondered if everyone who received a religious vocation had to contend with the same struggle. Did every girl who was invited to become a bride of Christ have the same tendency to fight that invitation or to ignore it?

To be sure, it had been hard at first. She smiled again, inwardly, remembering how the next day she had gone as usual to Mass and Holy Communion, but this time there was no feeling of fervor. Her soul felt cold, dry. She had no taste for prayer.

An unspoken question hung in the air. "No, Lord," she answered Him, "I haven't changed my mind. I still mean what I said yesterday, but—oh, God," she pleaded, "nothing is impossible to You, so please give me the *desire* to do what You wish."

She had prayed feverishly that day for the desire to do the Will of God. It had seemed so utterly impossible. Yet in an imperceptible way that desire had grown by leaps and bounds, until now it had reached such proportions that she could hardly wait until the day when it would be realized.

She turned her eyes to the image of the Blessed Virgin. "Mother of God, Mary, my

Mother," she breathed, "I place myself in your hands. Help me always to be worthy of my vocation."

THE train pulled out of the station slowly. It was the last of October, the sunshine was gone, and in its stead a foggy mist hung over the city, coloring everything a depressing gray.

Rosemary dared not look back at the three standing on the station platform. It would spoil everything now if she saw her mother crying. "God love them," she thought. "They made it easy for me."

Her brother Bill, a senior in high school, had continued his laughing and teasing to the end. "How long do you think she'll last," he had asked, "a week?"

Her mother, rising to her defense, had said, "Don't worry. If Rosemary doesn't like it, she'll be back, and we'll be happy to have her, but they won't be sending her home."

Her father's slow grin, and his quiet, "I think she means business," had been a real encouragement.

"DAD is a dear," she thought. He had been pleased beyond words when he learned that she wanted to be a Sister—a Victory Noll Sister. He could not quite get over the wonder of knowing that his own daughter, Rosemary, was the first and only person to have a religious vocation in the whole family relationship.

Of her mother she was not quite sure. True, she had not opposed Rosemary's desire to enter religion, but neither had she given her whole-hearted approval. Perhaps it was because her mother, being a convert, had never had much personal contact with Sisters.

"At any rate, Mother's a good sport," she said to herself, and she smiled, remembering the day her mother had asked, "Why don't you enter a convent closer to home, Rosemary, instead of going all the way to Indiana?"

"But, Mother, that would be just as bad for me as marrying the wrong man would have been for you," she had answered.

Whereupon her mother had made a wry face and clowningly said, "I give up trying to talk sense to this daughter of mine who is so much like her father."

It was true, Rosemary reflected, she was very much like her father. Even before she was

big enough to board a street car alone, she would spend hours riding back and forth with her father as he took his street car through the city and out to the suburbs. They had a marvelous game they would play together, she and her dad. Every time they passed a Catholic Church he would lift his hat in silent tribute to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, while she would send her Guardian Angel into the church for a flying visit, or silently say a prayer to Jesus in her childish way. Five churches they passed on the way out, five again on the way back. In two hours, ten acts of love for the Prisoner of Love from each of them.

Passengers on the car, unless they were of the faith and very astute observers, would never have guessed the reason for, or, in fact, even noticed the conductor's frequent gesture of hat-lifting, although they might have wondered at the tiny girl, who seemed to be riding alone to the end of the line.

As she grew older, Rosemary used to wonder at her father's intense love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. But she did not wonder any more. A man cannot consciously think of his Eucharistic King forty definite times a day or night without becoming Eucharistic-minded.

AT this point the porter came through the coach with refreshments. Rosemary selected an ice cream cup, and as she began to eat it, her thoughts went back again to her family and the street car rides of her childhood.

At the end of the line, she remembered, there was a confectionery store, and in the middle of the morning or the afternoon, whichever it happened to be, her father would gallantly escort her into the tiny shop and order her a vanilla ice cream cone. On Saturdays and Sundays when there was no school, he sometimes brought four little ladies with him, she and her three older sisters.

He would always ask them, "What will you have?" and they would always answer, "A vanilla ice cream cone."

Her mother had long ago put her foot down when it came to chocolate ice cream—ever since the day Elinor, the oldest member of the family, had come home with the contents of the chocolate ice cream cone down the front of her yellow organdie. Rosemary was only five at the time, but she still remembered how good that chocolate ice cream had tasted.

"POOR Elinor," Rosemary's thoughts took a sudden turn, "she has everything she could

want, and still she's not nappy. A beautiful home, two darling children, a wealthy husband—that's all I can say for him," thought Rosemary sadly. "He's so wrapped up in himself and his business—what does he get out of life?"

"No faith, no fun," her father always said. Well, Rosemary believed it! Her sister Gertrude's husband didn't have much of this world's goods, but he was a staunch Catholic, with deep faith, and he certainly was full of fun.

Elinor had married her non-Catholic husband—before a priest, of course—with the hope that in due time he would enter the Church. But he had gone his indifferent way alone, and she was going her way alone, when it came to religion. And Rosemary had once overheard Elinor telling her sister Jean, who was in nurses' training, that she should be sensible and marry a good Catholic.

"Like I hope my brother Bill will always be," thought Rosemary. He was the only boy in the family and the youngest child, and consequently inclined to be a trifle spoiled, but a good kid, for all that.

LAST night before packing her bags, she had modeled her black housecoat for his benefit. Feeling very demure and nunnish, she had started down the stairs, when Bill, his ice-skates slung over his shoulder, had called up to her, "You look super-duper!" She couldn't tell whether he meant it or not. He had only three interests in life at present—cars, ice-skating, and Betty, the girl next door. His main problem now was to decide what he wanted to do after he finished school—get a job in Nick's garage as a mechanic, or start in as an instructor down at the ice-skating rink.

She would miss his teasing. The nerve of him, though, suggesting that she wouldn't last more than a week at Victory Noll. She didn't care how hard the life was, or how many bushels of potatoes she had to peel, she would do everything as perfectly as she knew how, for the love of Jesus and Mary. And if they sent her back home after all that, well, there just wasn't any justice in the world!

As if to brighten her outlook, the clouds began to lift, and the sun came shining through the car windows. She saw the cross on a steeple in the distance and from habit as well as from love, her thoughts sped to the sanctuary. "Lord, You will be waiting for me at the end of the line, won't You? And You won't ever send me away, will You?"

VICTORY NOLL! Lovelier than any picture had ever pictured it! Sunshine everywhere, and dozens of smiling Sisters radiating the peace and contentment of living with and for God. The chapel, with its beautiful altars and statues, was like a bit of heaven. The girls, new arrivals like herself, bubbling over with laughter and joy. There were twenty-two of them, from fifteen different States, and one even from Canada. What fun they had that first day at dinner, telling where they were from and what they had done before coming to Victory Noll.

In the two weeks that followed she was amazed to find that she was not the least bit homesick. But with all her happiness a small worry kept gnawing at her heart. Although Dad had written, she had not received one word from her mother, not even a card. "So," she thought miserably, "this must be Mother's way of showing her disapproval."

THE following afternoon at recreation time the letter came—air-mail. As soon as she saw her mother's handwriting she gave a cry of joy, and opening the letter quickly she read:

My dear Rosemary,

By the time this note reaches you, Dad and I will be well on our way to see you. He convinced me that we needed a second honeymoon and also that I would feel better about your vocation if I could see for myself how happy you are in it. I would have written sooner, but was unsettled in my own mind about certain things. And then, too, we wanted to make definitely sure about the trip, so that you wouldn't be disappointed, in case we couldn't make it. Plenty has happened in the last two weeks, but the news will keep until we get there.

Love from us all,

Mother.

P.S. Bill keeps telling me to hurry back as he is sure he won't live very long on Gertrude's cooking, and Dad is . . .

By this time the words were strangely blurred, so she stuffed the letter in her pocket and hurried off to chapel. As she crossed the patio between the buildings, a grey November wind whipped her skirts around her, but in her heart there was sunshine.

Meekness is the touchstone of sanctity.—St. Alphonsus.



Associate Catechists

BIG AND SUCCESSFUL PARTY HELD IN CHICAGO

ONE of the most successful parties ever held for the benefit of our Sisters took place at Queen of Angels Hall, in Chicago at the end of May. A check for \$500.00, net results from the party, was received a few days later at Victory Noll.

It was really unique in that only two ladies—Mrs. John Sullivan and Mrs. Margaret Kestler—mother and aunt respectively of our Sister Isabelle, sponsored it and sold all the tickets for the affair.

There were seventy-three tables, and all of them were filled. Table prizes consisted of bath towels and wash cloths to match. Altogether there were 138 prizes, and, in addition, 38 beautiful articles were raffled.

The money goes to the support of Sister Isabelle, who is sponsored by the members of St. Joseph's Band No. 2.

Our heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Kestler, to Father Holloway, the pastor, who donated the hall for the occasion, and to all who helped make the party such an outstanding success.

Dear Associates:

THIS month most of our Mission Bands will go into action again after a brief vacation during the months of July and August. None but the most ardent card fan or mission worker can be induced to play cards or stitch garments for the poor with the mercury registering from 90 to 100 degrees. But now, with the evenings growing shorter and cooler, there ought to be a goodly number who will gather in the parlor for cards or a sewing session.

Consequently, at Victory Noll we are looking forward with eagerness to those missives from secretaries of Bands which open with, "Enclosed find check for monthly dues."

Devotedly yours in Jesus and Mary,
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

YOUR HELP NEEDED MORE THAN EVER

EACH year we add new missions to the chain begun more than twenty-five years ago. The map of our Missions found elsewhere on these pages will show you that the number of our missions in behalf of God's poor and disadvantaged children has reached a total of forty-three, if you include Victory Noll, and one should because four mission communities, besides the Mexican migrants, are serviced from our Mother House.

For this reason, we stand more than ever in need of your assistance if the poor are to be adequately cared for.

SRILLIANS BAND (Cincinnati, Ohio)

IN May this small group celebrated the tenth anniversary of the founding of their Band with a benefit party which netted \$16.80.

At their monthly meetings, the ladies either sew for the poor or make prayer-books and mount pictures for the children in our Missions. They also gather used but clean clothing for mission boxes.

The Srillians sponsor Sister Marguerite's Mission in Grove Hill, Alabama. In charge of the Band, at present, is Miss Marie Gouy.

Sister Madeleine Sophie, Sister Caroline, and Sister Blanche, our three Silver Jubilarians, express their earnest thanks to the members of St. Joseph's Mission Club, Baldwinsville, New York, for having enrolled them as perpetual members of the Seraphic Mass Association, directed by the Capuchin Fathers.

Gloria's Gifts Were Ready

by Sister Francesca

GLORIA was an especially happy girl on her First Communion day, not only because she was about to receive our dear Lord for the first time, but, also, because she had so much to offer her Divine Guest on His first visit to her.

LAST fall, when Catechism classes were beginning again for another year, Gloria came to Sister to tell her that she had not yet made her First Communion and she was almost twelve years old. Her story unfolded a sufficient explanation.

GLORIA'S father is a Protestant and harbors no friendly feelings toward the Catholic Church. Her mother, although a baptized Catholic, has never had any instructions in her religion or received any other Sacrament. Robert, her brother, had received a minimum of instructions in a Religious Vacation School two years before and had been permitted to make his First Communion, but had never since approached the Sacraments. It seemed the very mention of religion caused a disturbance in the home; consequently little had been said up to now on the subject of God or the Church. But now Gloria was beginning to get worried. She was growing up and something had to be done. What would she do?

SISTER encouraged Gloria to attend Catechism classes regularly in preparation for her First Communion, and, also to instill in her own little way some spirit of religion in the home.

EVERY week Gloria would stop after class to report to Sister the results of her little apostolate. She told of the series of approaches she used on the different members of the family.

ONE day she would drop a piece of literature in the parlor where it was sure to be seen by her mother or father. Another time she would have her rosary lying on the table in the hope of arousing someone's curiosity. Once she placed a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart in a conspicuous place so that her mother would have to look at it during the day and, perhaps, be drawn to His love in this simple way. Gloria would make it a point to teach her baby brother a few prayers, or study her Catechism when her older brother, Robert, was at home just so



Sister Gabrielle with First Communion Class at Los Angeles, California.

she could ask his help and start him thinking along religious lines.

IT wasn't long before Gloria presented Robert to Sister and proudly announced that he wanted to attend Catechism classes, too. On Easter Sunday, a few weeks later, Robert went to Holy Communion for the first time since his First Communion two years before. About this same time Gloria's mother began going to Mass on Sundays. Her father, although far from taking any steps toward the true Church, ceased ridiculing Catholics and their practices. Little by little our zealous apostle was softening the hearts of her family and bringing them to the knowledge and love of God.

BESIDES working with her own family, Gloria helped to instruct two neighbor girls her own age who, up to now, had been reluctant about attending Catechism classes and had not made their First Communion. She spent many hours teaching them their prayers and helping them prepare for their great day.

NOW it had arrived—the long awaited First Communion Day. Gloria was radiantly happy as she joined in the procession to the altar to receive her Divine Guest. She would not be found empty-handed either; for her gifts were all ready. Maybe she could make Him as happy that day as He was making His little apostle.

ATTENTION! Young Women of America!

Half the Catholic children of the United States are in public schools. Will you teach them the truths of our holy Religion?



The harvest is great; the laborers too few.

Pray you the Lord of the harvest

That He send laborers into His harvest

If you are interested in doing this great work for the spiritual welfare of America's children, you are invited to write for further information to:

Mother General
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana