



**THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST**

Volume XXVI

May, 1950

Number 6

In the Service of the Queen

by Sister Mary Karl

THE deepening and widening devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, which has grown in the whole Catholic world in recent years, has been a source of great joy to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory. From the beginning, consecration to Mary has been one of the outstanding marks of the Congregation, whose spirit is beautifully expressed in its motto: "All for Jesus through Mary."

ONE of the works of the Sisters which has had a slow, steady growth through the years is their center of the Archconfraternity of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, located at Victory Noll. The Archconfraternity, with headquarters at Rome, is a union of persons who practice the "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" propagated by St. Louis de Montfort. There are now some six centers in the United States. One of the most recently erected, at St. Francis Xavier Church, Chicago, lists Cardinal Stritch as its first member.

MEMBERSHIP in the Confraternity requires but two conditions. First, the prospective member must understand and practice the True Devotion to Mary as described by St. Louis de Montfort. This means a complete consecration to her, body and soul; an offering in love of all one's spiritual and material goods, that she may use them to the best advantage of her Divine Son. The second requirement is that the name of the prospective member must be registered at an authorized center of the Archconfraternity. That is all. It is entirely a spiritual affiliation. There are no costs, no dues. Many spiritual privileges are granted to members. If you would like more complete information, as well as a list of pamphlets and books available on the True Devotion, send a postcard or note to: Confraternity of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

DURING the twenty-one years of its existence, over twelve hundred members of the Confraternity have been enrolled at Victory Noll. Members are from all walks of life: Bishops, priests,

many, many Sisters, and lay people. Legion of Mary members are frequent enrollees, for their study of the True Devotion in connection with the Legion Handbook makes them eager to avail themselves of the spiritual privileges that come with membership in the Confraternity.

MANY of the letters received in connection with our Confraternity enrollments are models of selfless devotion to Mary. One of those which tells a story in few words reads as follows: "As I am renewing my Consecration to Our Lady and wish to wear the little chain as described in the "True Devotion" book, I would like to request the following information from you: Will any chain do? If not, where may I procure one? As I am a T.B. patient for some time now, and will be going 'under the knife' (more surgery) again very soon, and as the surgeons (particularly those who don't understand) demand that no religious sacramentals or other articles can be worn into the operating room, certainly they won't be apt to remove a chain which is welded to remain on the wrist. Although it isn't particularly for the operation that I wish the chain, the presence of it, I believe, will serve to remind me occasionally to strive to bear suffering for Her. As I am an ex-horseman I have several small but strong nickel-silver bit chains which would lie flat on the wrist, could not one of these be used providing it were first blessed by a priest of God?"

ANOTHER gentleman writes: "I desire to be officially enrolled in the Archconfraternity of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, if I am not already on the rolls. Quite some time ago, twelve years or so, I was given the booklet *The Secret of Mary*, which I used. At present I am practicing this devotion to my utmost, realizing that for our modern milieu, it is the devotion designated by God's will to convert, or at least, leaven the materialistic world."

Truly, when souls everywhere are enlisted in the service of the Queen, there will come the reign of Christ the King.

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Mission Intention For May

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

SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN INDIA

INDIA is using every effort to obtain prosperity for all its inhabitants. This is a mighty undertaking since that vast nation numbers no less than three hundred million people within its boundaries. The greater part of these have scarcely the necessities of life. The population is denser than in Europe, but industrial methods and the sense of social justice have not been sufficiently developed so that all can live with a degree of ease and security.

AMONG these three hundred million inhabitants, there are almost sixty million Untouchables. These are considered from religious motives to be men outside of every caste and have practically no rights, but many duties. More or less on the same plane as the Untouchables, are the ten million aborigines who occupied parts of India before the coming of the Aryans.

GENERALLY these two classes of Indian society live in great misery. This misery is easily intensified when the harvests are poor because of weather or other circumstances. This often happens in one or another region of the large subcontinent. Moreover, farmers and others suffer a great need not only of grain but also of money. This is a very serious calamity when one considers that almost three-fourths of the whole population have to live from the fruits of agricultural labor. Not rarely the owners of the lands and their stewards, blinded with pagan selfishness, without any consideration, demand the moneys due them.

IT is, therefore, not without reason that the very leaders of the new India recognize that the chief of the serious problems that must be solved

is the wide and extended poverty among so many millions of men. The new central Government is trying to do away with this misery with good and opportune legislation, but there is a greater need of a sense of social justice than of just laws. This sense of social justice must be in all those who have to execute in a practical way the legislation that has been agreed upon.

HINDUISM, because of its caste systems and the religious tenets upon which it is based, must make tremendous adaptations before it can put into practice among the mass of the people the reforms commonly demanded in the world today. The influence of Christian ideas in modern India, however, is much greater than the numerical proportion would allow one to expect. Only one to one and one half percent of the whole population is Catholic. Among other things, this influence appears in this, that the Hindus are beginning to understand well the injury of social discrimination toward the Untouchables. The central Government has tried to suppress this discrimination at least by law.

IT is easy to see that the Communists gladly abuse this injustice and misery to promote their own ideas and to extend their world influence.

IT is, therefore, of great importance for all India, as also for the future of the Church in India, that the social questions of that country be solved as soon as possible, completely and everywhere, according to those universally accepted concepts of social justice which the Sovereign Pontiffs in their Encyclical Letters and other documents have clearly and profoundly proposed.

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

Around Victory Noll

by Sister Eunice

AT exactly ten minutes to eleven on Laetare Sunday, March 19, 1950, the Pilgrim Virgin arrived at Victory Noll. She was accompanied by Monsignor McGrath and Father Stringer, who have been conducting her pilgrimage throughout the country, and by Father Manoski from the Cathedral in Fort Wayne, who is accompanying the statue throughout this deanery.

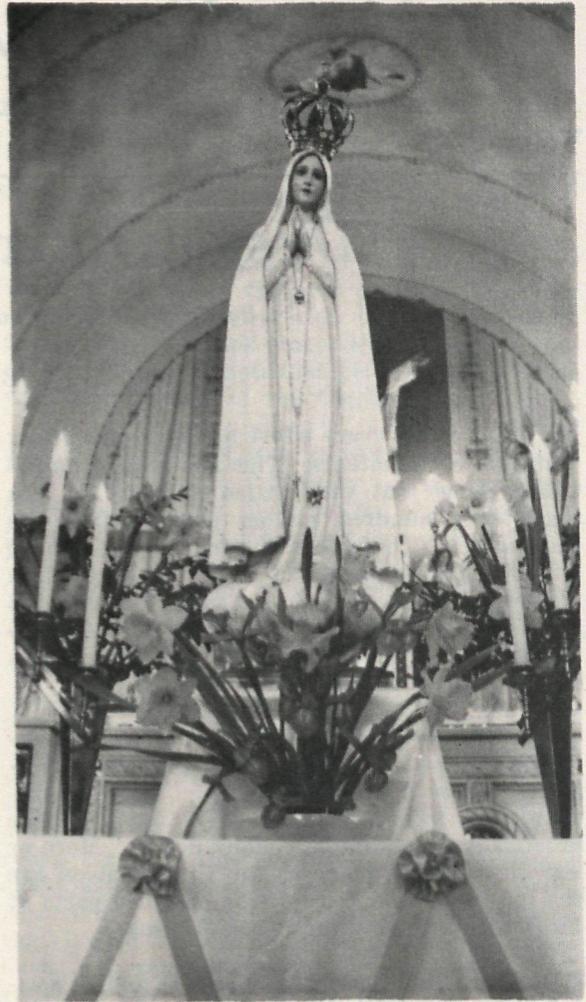
IN a moment, ninety Sisters, Novices, and Postulants, carrying lighted candles, lined up along either side of the corridors from the reception room to the chapel, forming a guard of honor through which the famous statue could pass. To Sisters Charlotte, Benigna, Madeleine Sophie, and Blanche had been given the inestimable privilege of carrying the statue to the chapel.

AS the statue passed by, the Sisters fell in line behind it, the whole community singing the hymn, "Salve Regina—Lady of Light." When the procession arrived at the chapel, the statue was placed on a beautiful shrine in the center aisle just outside the sanctuary. The shrine, which had been erected with great love and care by our sacristan, Sister Michael, (assisted by Sister Cecilia when the going was too difficult), was tastefully decorated with light blue Spanish Iris and yellow daffodils. Two bouquets of deep red roses, a gift from a man who had received a special favor from Our Lady of Fatima while the statue was in Fort Wayne, adorned the main altar.

WHEN the statue had been placed upon the throne, Father Conroy, editor of the Youth Section of *Our Sunday Visitor* and chaplain at Victory Noll, placed the lovely crown upon Our Lady's head.

A GUARD of honor, to change every half hour until the Marian hour at two o'clock, had been posted, but this proved quite unnecessary, as almost everyone remained in the chapel the greater part of the three hours.

THE statue, a wood carving from Portugal, is very beautiful, but kneeling before it, I thought not so much of the statue itself, as of the gracious Queen of Heaven, who through her apparitions at Fatima and later at Lipa, has so urgently pleaded with her erring children to re-



Famed statue of Our Lady of Fatima, enshrined at Victory Noll during four hours on Laetare Sunday.

turn to the love of the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son. I thought of the ruthlessness with which men cast aside her directions for the establishment of world peace, of the ingratitude with which they spurn her pleadings to save the world through prayer and penance.

SUDDENLY I stopped. Was I, a religious, consecrated to Mary in the service of her Divine Son, heeding her pleas? Was I, sheltered within convent walls, away from the noise, confusion, and temptations of the modern world, making the reparation she had a right to expect from one of her chosen ones? Was I rendering to the outraged majesty of a Crucified God the whole-hearted love and self-sacrificing service which would help, in some small degree, to outweigh the insults and indifference of a heedless world?

SUCH, I imagine were the thoughts of all who knelt before this statue of Our Lady of

Fatima during the few brief hours she remained with us at Victory Noll. And fervent were the resolutions, I am sure, which rose from the devoted hearts of Mary's own.

AT two o'clock the Marian hour began. By this time our Sisters from Fort Wayne, Kendallville, and Paulding, and the Sisters of Notre Dame from Huntington had arrived. A large number of lay people from the surrounding towns also came to pay honor to the Pilgrim Virgin, so that our little chapel was filled to overflowing. Indeed, many Victory Nollers went to the choir loft, while the corridor outside the chapel was well filled with visitors.

FATHER Conroy opened the Marian hour with a few brief words in which he thanked Monsignor McGrath and Father Stringer for bringing the statue to us. He also offered a little tribute of thanks to the Mother of God for reminding us, through the coming of this statue, of our duty to help in the work of the conversion of Russia and the establishment of world peace, by a more perfect performance of our ordinary duties and a greater love of God through the most pure Heart of Mary.

FATHER then recited the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, saying between each decade the aspiration taught by our Blessed Mother to the three children at Fatima: "O my Jesus! forgive us our sins; save us from the fires of hell,

and lead all souls to Heaven, especially those who have most need of Thy mercy."

AFTER the Rosary, Father Stringer gave a talk on the Apparitions of our Blessed Lady at Fatima, showing how her prophecies have been fulfilled. He urged us to offer reparation, to offer all sufferings, physical, mental, or spiritual, great or small, in union with the sufferings of Christ, for the salvation of men.

BENEDICTION of the Blessed Sacrament followed, after which everyone went up to venerate the statue. We were permitted to touch only the left foot of the statue with our hand or with any object we wished to have touch it. I think most of us placed our community rosaries on the foot of the statue for just a second.

AFTER the veneration of the statue, the guard of honor formed again, and the statue was carried back to the reception room by the honored litter bearers, and a moment later the Pilgrim Virgin was on her way to the Capuchin monastery, where she was due at three-thirty.

WE were reluctant to have the beautiful statue leave Victory Noll, but our Blessed Mother had filled our hearts with deep peace and spiritual joy for a few hours, and now mindful of our temporal needs, she arranged a very pleasant afternoon and evening with our visiting Sisters AROUND VICTORY NOLL.

George's Food Shop

by Sister Francesca

GEORGE used to sell the choicest fruits and finest foods. The people patronized him fairly well, and one would say he made a decent living. For years George saved to get another shop in a better neighborhood. Finally the opportunity to make a change came, so George closed the old shop and moved on to richer pastures.

Years have passed and now George's old Food Shop is opened up again. It isn't what it used to be, though. The walls are dropping loose plaster and the old ceiling is well air-conditioned with its many odd sized holes. Nevertheless the old shop is opened for business again and on certain days each week lots of little people are seen going in and out of the shop all through the afternoon.

One would judge the shop has more than eighty patrons. A Missionary Sister goes there

to run the place. She keeps the choicest fruits and finest foods in stock, just like George used to do, only now it is different. Sister's is a spiritual food, filled with life-giving vitamins of love of God and neighbor. All her wares are guaranteed to build strong and healthy souls, for each contains a potent energy that will never burn out.

"Magical!" you say. No, just one of the many realities hidden from the world's view.

"What price this?" you ask. The price is infinite, but it was paid long ago by the Son of God on Calvary's heights.

Soon the lettering on the window will be changed from *George's Food Shop* to *Catechetical Center*. Nevertheless, we will know that it remains one of the countless food shops where one finds not the food that nourishes the physical man, but those words of Divine Truth which nourish the soul unto life everlasting.

Our Gang

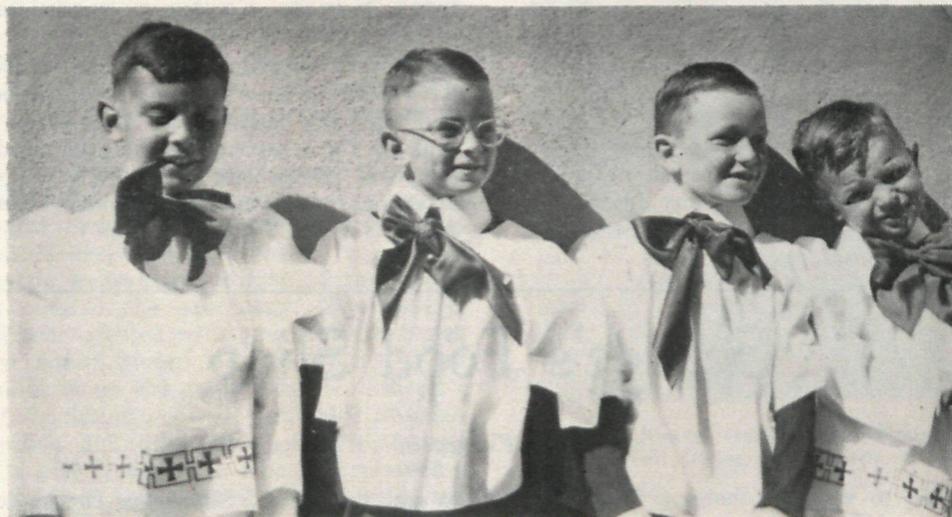
by Sister Rosario

WE would like to introduce you to "Our Gang," a group of little boys from Elko, Nevada, youngsters who play boys' games—baseball, football, cops and robbers—enduring manfully the occasional black eye, bloody nose, or other mishap resulting therefrom.

They are boys who disdain their fellow classmates, the girls; boys who dream of, and in their dreaming relive the stories of Jack the Giant Killer, Robin Hood, David and Goliath. They are real boys, these little human explosives, and we feel sure that having met them you will have a deeper appreciation of boys in general.

THESE little lads know how to suffer, too. Jerry, who has severe attacks of asthma, said confidentially to Sister: "Every night I pray for all the little boys who have the same sickness I have. I offer all my sickness to Jesus. Sometimes I don't take my medicine so I will have more to suffer for Him."

DANNY, too, had a big cross to offer up this year when his dad, whom he loved very dearly, was called to his eternal reward. The day after the funeral when Danny came to class he was very pale and his usually mischievous eyes had lost their sparkle. After class I gave him a



Members of our Gang are efficient altar boys. Four of them are pictured above.

QUITE frequently on Saturday afternoons Sister will answer the door bell to find the Gang all ready for work. "What can we do for you, Sister?" they ask. And soon willing hands are cleaning up the yard, sweeping the walks, or doing whatever other task Sister may have for them.

AFTER class, too, there is always a member of the Gang ready to help clean up. One evening as Jimmy was going from bench to bench straightening up the hymn cards, Sister heard him saying, half to himself, as he noticed some papers on the floor, "I'd better pick these up, too. What would Jesus think of us if He saw them on the floor?"

blue rosary, saying, "Say it for Daddy, won't you Danny?" At once his eyes brightened. He took the rosary almost tenderly, saying, "Gee, Sister, thanks."

LIKE to think of our Gang as dauntless defenders of the Faith. Only sometimes they carry this defense a little too far, as happened the day a little Protestant youngster "desecrated" the church. Fortunately, I arrived in time to rescue the child, but the boys, with fire still burning in their eyes, exclaimed, "Well, Sister, he was throwing snowballs at our church!"

THE boys really do meet with opposition every day. A mother who was taking some chil-

dren home from school one day, gave us the following information. Jack, one of the little boys from our Gang, was sitting in the back of the car with a little Mormon girl. Suddenly, the little girl said: "Our church is better than yours!"

"You lie," responded Jack. "Our church is better, because it was started by God. Your old church was started by a man."

After a few moments, the little girl tried again, "The Twelve Apostles are going to be at our church Sunday," she said.

"You lie again," said Jack. "The Twelve Apostles are dead a long time ago."

OUR Gang have a special regard for holy things, which is sometimes carried to extremes, too. For instance, there was the evening Sister saw one of the members sitting on the church steps lighting matches. "What are you doing, Lawrence?" Sister asked as she hurried over to him.

"Playing with matches," was the unruffled reply.

"But don't you know," Sister said, "that one little match can burn down the whole church?"

Lawrence shook his head. "Not these, Sister. These are holy matches. I got them from the church."

WE can thank our Gang for bringing many a stray sheep to class. There is Joey, for example. He most certainly is a product of Mike's zeal, for we had done our utmost, without success, to induce Joey to attend classes. Where we failed Mike succeeded. Although Joey should have been a Catholic, he was not even baptized.

WHEN Mike brought Joey to class one day early in September he said by way of introduction, "Sister, this is Joey. I told him if he would only get started coming to class, he would like it."

I GLANCED at Joey and saw that he was rather dubious about how much he "would like it." However, with a little coaxing from the boys he was persuaded to "try it, at least." After that, Mike saw to it that every time the roll was called, Joey was there to answer *present*.

ONE day when I asked, as was my custom, "What shall we offer our prayer for today?" Mike's hand shot up, "Let's offer it for Joey, Sister, so that he will learn all about the Catho-



Our Gang on First Communion morning.

lic church." On another occasion, Mike came to class very much excited. "Sister," he said, "we bought Joey a medal and a rosary so he could be just like us."

THE day before First Communion was a memorable one for our Gang. Two very important things happened: Joey was baptized, and all the boys, including Joey, passed the individual examination given them by Monsignor for their First Communion.

THE next morning their happiness reached its zenith when they welcomed their Eucharistic Jesus into their innocent little hearts for the first time.

A LOGICAL PETITION

Hearing her little seven-year-old daughter singing out lustily on the Novena hymn, "Hail to Thee, O Great St. Anthony," the mother remained silent a moment and listened. What was her chagrin to hear from the lips of the little one at her side a child's understanding of the words, expressed in, "Hair on thee, O Great Saint Anthony," each time that phrase occurred.

Most statues and pictures of the saint do show a definite lack in that particular area, and this, no doubt, seemed a most evident need to a child's logical mind.

Sister Mary Martin
East Gary, Indiana

We Visited Panama

by Sister Helen



Panamanian woman with flowers and vegetables for sale.

(Continued from last month.)

WE arrived in Dallas about 7:20 A. M. As we "deplaned" (a new word to us), the hostess told us that we would have to have our tickets checked in the station and that we had just about twenty minutes until we would board the International plane—Flight 403. Mother Catherine had had coffee, but I was sleeping when it was served, and now there was not time to get breakfast in Dallas. However, the man who checked our tickets assured us there would be coffee and rolls on the next plane.

BUT Flight 403 was late. We waited and waited. Finally about nine o'clock we

boarded the plane which was to take us to Panama. We settled ourselves comfortably and almost immediately the plane began to move. We circled the airfield—on the ground—and were soon back at the starting point. Something was wrong with the plane. It would be ready in an hour, maybe sooner.

WE went back to the station and headed for the coffee shop. The place was crowded and service slow. We were beginning to be afraid there wouldn't be time for breakfast. Although the loud speaker was making frequent announcements, there was so much noise we couldn't hear, so as soon as we finished breakfast we hurried out into the station, only to find that Flight 403 was not to leave until eleven o'clock. Shortly before eleven, the hour for departure was changed to one P. M. It continued thus all day until the last sign read five P. M. Another plane was flown in to take the place of the one we had boarded in the morning and it circled overhead for half an hour before getting a signal to come down, so that it was five-thirty before we boarded the plane.

IT was cold, windy, dreary, as we left Dallas. But soon we were sailing high above the clouds and suddenly found ourselves in beautiful sunshine, beneath a beautiful blue sky. It was not long until the sun began to sink in the west and the sky was gorgeous. Beneath us was a blanket of beautiful purple, billowy clouds. So dense did they appear that it seemed as if one might walk upon them.

THE flight to Houston took little more than an hour. We were so late that we stopped there only a short time. It was there that we secured the tourist cards which were to permit us to stay in Panama for fifteen days.

THEN we began the long trip over the sea, but any fears we might have had about that part of the journey were overshadowed by our eagerness to be on our way. Besides, we had met our pilot during that long ten hour delay in Dallas, and even if we hadn't been told he was one of the Braniff Company's best, his very manner would have inspired confidence.

WE arrived at Havana, Cuba, about 2:15 A.M. A man gave us each a pink slip with our name on it. I took both slips, paying no particular attention to them, and we passed on into the

station. But as the station was practically deserted, and only dimly lighted, we went outside again and walked up and down enjoying the balmy air, which was much like that of a June night after a rain.

SOON the plane was serviced, and we were ready to board again. A man asked for the pink slips. By that time I had no recollection of ever having seen a pink slip. It was useless to look in my purse, for I was sure I hadn't opened it. I had no idea what had happened to the slips which now seemed so important. Suddenly I thought of a habit I have acquired through the years of putting things in my pocket when there is no other place easily available to put them. I slipped my hand into my pocket and with a sigh of relief drew out the two pieces of pink paper which had authorized our stopping at Havana while the plane was in the airport.

WE left Havana about 3:10 A.M. The plane was no longer crowded, and soon we were fast asleep. Mother Catherine awoke in time for hot coffee, but I missed it again, and this time I felt badly, as I was sure there would be no more coffee, and no cream for it, if there were any, until we boarded the plane enroute home. However, I did awake in time to see the most beautiful sight I had yet seen. Above us was a beautiful blue sky and beneath us a perfect blanket of fluffy white clouds, with now and then a glimpse of the sea through the clouds.

AND then we sighted land. What a thrill. We could scarcely realize that we were coming to the end of our long journey. Soon we were over the airport. A few moments later the plane had landed, and in no time at all we were walking down the steps of the plane into the beautiful tropical sunshine of a January morning in Panama.

SOMEHOW we had expected to see our Sisters as we alighted, forgetting that we would have to pass through immigration and customs before doing so. It took only a few moments to have our papers checked, and then as we were at the last desk in the *Aduana* (Customs), a door opened and we saw the Sisters waiting. Our Sister Monica and Sister Mary Bernarda were there and with them was Sister Catalina of the new Panamanian community.

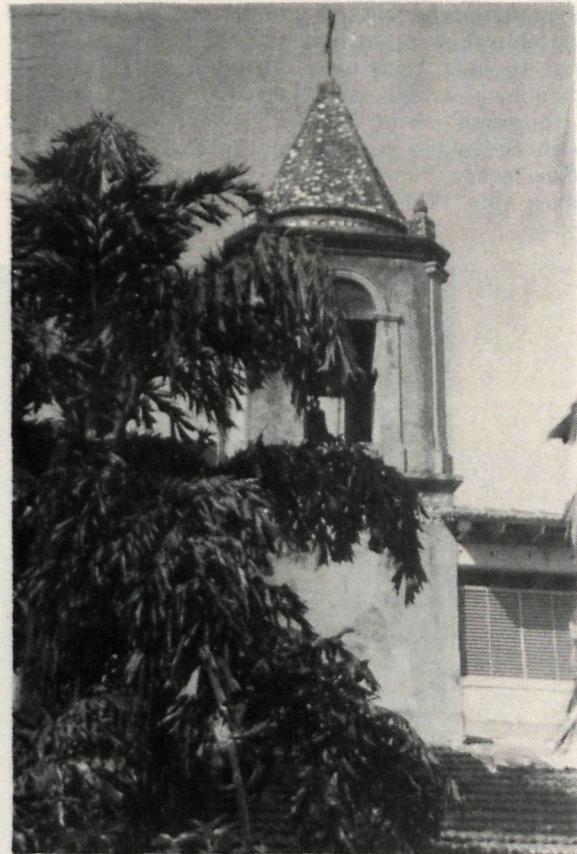
SOON we were actually greeting the Sisters, and what a greeting! We had been looking forward eagerly, expectantly to seeing them, but their joy and happiness at seeing us was, I think, even greater. And with reason. For two years our Sisters had seen no one from the community and they had been lonely often. Some of that loneliness was expressed later by Sister

Mary Bernarda when we went to the Post Office one morning and found *Apartado* 1584 empty. "Imagine," Sister said, "how Sister Monica and I feel when we come here day after day, hoping and praying for some word from someone, anyone in the community and we find the box as it is today—empty."

BUT now we were hurried to a waiting Packard, which we learned was the Archbishop's car—a gift he had received the previous year. We noticed that it bore an official license and we were told that in Panama the Archbishop is considered a member of the diplomatic corps. Soon we were being introduced to the Archbishop's chauffeur, Don Arsenio Tejado, who was to spend so much time showing us around Panama.

WE liked Don Arsenio at once. No one could help it. Kind, quiet, cheery, he was ever at our call during the two weeks we spent in

(Continued on page 18)



Tower of San Felipe Neri church—the Sisters' chapel. Mother-of-pearl shells are imbedded in the tower, though many have been lost during past three centuries.

IN THE KENTUCKY HILLS

TRIPS to two additional mission places, one twenty-one miles and the other forty-eight miles away, give us weekly contact with about forty more children than we reached last year.

We are happy at the gradual expansion of our work in this enormous field, where Christ and Catholicity have been so little known; yet we realize that we have scarcely made a spiritual dent in the vast stretch of three thousand square miles which comprise our parish. Hidden in the hills about us are isolated Catholics miles from church, children without religious instruction who have to mingle daily with those to whom the Catholic Church is still a kind of monster.

Our favorite mission spot is the still unfinished St. Theresa's chapel. To reach it we drive forty-eight miles of winding road every Saturday. An antiquated Heatrola takes the chill out of the bare little church with its unpainted floor, rough-hewn benches, and plaster board walls.

But the chapel is a little bit of heaven to the poor mountain folk, who rarely got to Mass when the church was down in the old hollow and they had to beat their way through miles of dewy shrubbery, which scratched their bodies and did a thorough job of dampening their clothes. Now both the older people and the children come to Mass every Sunday. "I haven't missed but one Mass this year," said Omer proudly the other



Typical mountain cabin on road to St. Theresa's.

In the Home Field

day. And Clara, his sister, rejoined, "And I haven't missed any."

There is no group of children whom we teach with more joy than these simple hearted country youngsters, who listen wide-eyed to the instructions and who, with a docility unspoiled by movies and turbulent city living, try so hard to do everything Sister asks of them. We are anxiously awaiting the time when our living quarters will be finished so that we can stay at the mission two or three days at a time and do a more thorough job of visiting the homes in the hill country.

Sister Mary Eva
Richmond, Kentucky

AN INCREDIBLE FEAT

IMPOSSIBILITIES have no place in our vocabulary since witnessing an incredible feat. In the beginning of the year the new Pastor at Resurrection church requested that the children be taught Gregorian Chant, so that they could sing High Mass every Sunday.



After Mass on Palm Sunday morning at Roanoke, Indiana.

Now, teaching the children of Lorena school chant was like teaching a Notre Dame halfback crocheting. But perseverance and good will can do wonders. The children are now singing the Chant Mass, Number XI, and it really sounds beautiful. Father has done much to instill in the children a deep appreciation of Church music



Sister Mary Eva and some of the children who attend class at St. Theresa's—the Sisters favorite mission spot.

and he is very happy with their progress.

And the Sisters are not only pleased with the progress the children have made, but astounded as well. For in the beginning the obstacles seemed insurmountable.

Sister Dolores
Los Angeles, California

BETTER THAN A DAY LATE

SISTER was telling the class the hours of the Masses on the holyday of obligation which would occur before the next class.

"You know what, Sister!" Gilbert said as Sister finished her talk. "The last holyday of obligation we thought Mass was at six o'clock and when we came to the church it was locked and everything was dark, so we had to wait. We were half an hour early!"

"Half an hour early!" exploded Frank. "Why, the last holyday of obligation we were one day early. Mother got us up and we all went to church and waited and waited and no one came. Then Mother remembered that the holyday was All Saints day and not Halloween."

Sister Mary Gabrielle
Ida, Michigan

Associate Catechists



Dear Associates:

THIS is the month of our Heavenly Patroness. It is needless for me to urge you to be devoted to Mary, our Mother. A large portion of our ACM Mission Bands bear one of her many titles. Your membership cards have a picture of Our Lady of Victory on the front cover, and a prayer to her on the back cover, and this prayer

many of our Associates recite together at their monthly meetings. It is Mary whom you invoke when sorrow and misfortune knock at your door. It is Mary with whom you share your joys in life and whom you thank for favors received through her hands from her Divine Son.

MAY Mary ever shield you with her protection in all the dangers of life, and especially at the hour of death.

Devotedly in Mary's Pure Heart,

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

ST. CLARA BAND (Ft. Wayne, Ind.)

THIS Band, comprising ten ladies presided over by Mrs. William Ryan, met recently for a game of cards. We were pleased to get a check for \$15.00 from them and hope they will continue the benefit parties.



Besides paying dues at their house parties for the aid of our Sisters, they also pay annual dues in their parish mission society, known as St. Mary's Mission Society, which has a membership of over one hundred ladies.

We ardently desire more Ft. Wayne Bands to adopt the practice of a social hour each month, as this will mean more money to aid our Missionary Sisters.

ST. JOSEPH'S MISSION CLUB (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)



WE are watching this Club with the keenest interest. Why? Because up to this time, when we go to press for the current issue, we find these ladies have sent us more money, since January 1st, than any other Mission Band! We want to congratulate them for the splendid showing they are making, and we hope they will be able to continue making a name for themselves for the balance of the year.

Mrs. Homer Reeves is the new president and Miss Frances W. Maloney, the new treasurer.

UPSILON CHAPTER, PI EPSILON KAPPA SORORITY (LaPorte, Indiana)

A FEW years ago, the Upsilon Chapter, consisting of a group of Catholic ladies belonging to the Pi Epsilon Kappa SorORITY, of LaPorte, Indiana, decided to sponsor one of our Missionary Sisters, and chose Sister Mary Agnes Rauschenbach, a native of LaPorte, Indiana. They send a check annually toward Guardian Angel Burse held by Sister Mary Agnes, and pack prize mission boxes, addressing them to the Mission Center at which Sister is located.

Miss Margaret Klassen is at present Treasurer of the group.

GOOD WILL MISSION CIRCLE (Carrollton, Ky.)

WE do not know just when our Kentucky mission friends first began to aid our Home Missions, but our records show they were active long before 1936. Apparently their slogan is "Say it with checks," as their messages are few and far between. Yes, the old slogan "Money talks" is true. The money we receive from them assures us of their continued interest, and of their desire to be of genuine assistance to us in our missionary work.



of Mary

ST. MEL BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

AN encouraging letter (judged from the viewpoint of more financial assistance to our mission work) was received a short time ago from the Promoter, *Mrs. Norean Lopez*, in which she stated she was going to make an earnest effort to have an afternoon party of two tables of bridge, *every month*, for the benefit of our Sisters. Now that the weather has become milder, we hope and pray these plans have been put into execution.

The ladies sponsor our Sister Mary Eva, Superior of our Richmond, Kentucky, Mission Center.

TWO DETROIT PROMOTERS ARE PILGRIMS

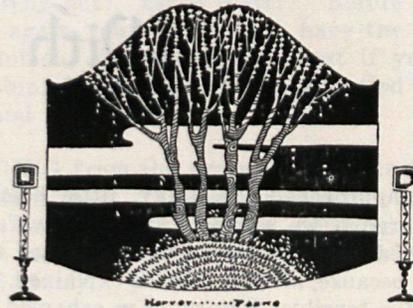


Above, left to right, are Miss Ann Huhn, Promoter of St. Mary's Sodality Band, and Miss Elizabeth Bien, Promoter of Christ the King Band, Detroit, Michigan. This picture was snapped last summer when both were on a pilgrimage to Canadian Shrines. At this moment both Promoters are in Europe, having joined a large group of Romeward bound Holy Year pilgrims on April 22nd. They will return to America on June 11th. Their European tour includes a group audience with our Holy Father, visits to the four principal churches in Rome to gain the Holy Year indulgences, as well as visits to many famous shrines in Europe.

RAP-IN-WAX COUPONS

We shall be very grateful if our club members and subscribers who purchase rolls of waxed paper manufactured by the Rap-In-Wax Company will send us the cash coupons contained in every roll. The larger rolls contain six-cent coupons and the smaller rolls contain three-cent coupons.

May, 1950



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

February 22, 1950 to March 22, 1950

Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	\$54.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	12.00
Our Lady of Fatima Group, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog, Treas.	2.50
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	17.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. M. Fischette	50.00
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes F. Beck	1.00
St. Bridget Band, Covington, Ky., Mrs. John Busse	3.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	5.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Ann Igel	85.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	5.00
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	40.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Schultz	11.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Homer Reeves	25.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Chas. J. Fiala	25.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Kiefer	11.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	25.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Edw. H. Potter	45.85
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Miss Lucille Murphy	35.00
Seven Dolors Band, Chicago, Mrs. John J. Murphy	1.00

ST. GEMMA GALGANI BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

WE were glad to learn from *Mrs. Rose Bunyan* that a new member had been procured and that all the ladies comprising *St. Gemma Galgani Band* would try to hold regular meetings after our unusual winter of continued ice, snow, and zero weather had mellowed into balmy spring days.

These ladies never fail to turn out in goodly numbers for the annual luncheon sponsored by our Chicago Bands.

With All My Sins

by Sister Maureen

AS we approached the dingy, little home, we wondered if we would be invited any farther than the steps. Our last visit was spent in the doorway because, as Mrs. Mesias explained, "This place is too terrible, Sisters. I'm ashamed to let you in." However, we had become acquainted with a case of extreme mental suffering and had promised to return at the first opportunity.

Our knock brought Mrs. Mesias to the door. Her fingers were covered with dough and behind her on the table was more evidence that she was in the midst of baking. "Good morning, Sisters," she exclaimed. "I'm glad you came."

A tall boy rose from the day bed near the wall. We guessed rightly that this was Davy, Mrs. Mesias' twenty-three year old son, who had returned from the army only to be a source of constant worry to his mother.

"Tell them to come in," he said in Spanish, as he noticed his mother's hesitation.

WE were grateful that we had found David at home, and breathed a little prayer for divine guidance in establishing some point of contact with him. We knew he had never been confirmed, so we guided the conversation to the confirmation classes. Carefully we explained to Mrs. Mesias that Father would soon start confirmation classes for adults and that David would be most welcome.

Turning towards her son, who after the first greeting had seemed completely oblivious of our presence, Mrs. Mesias asked, "Would you like to be confirmed, Davy?"

Almost sullenly, yet frankly, he answered, "No!" and added in an undertone. "With all my sins!"

His sins were just what we wanted to discuss, and Sister grasped the opportunity. "We are all sinners," she said. "That is one of the reasons we need God so much."

Mrs. Mesias began to urge her son to attend instructions, so that he could be confirmed, but without any response from David. Then turning towards us, she said, sadly: "Sisters, Davy is a changed boy. He used to like to go to church. Now he is so different."

BUT David was beginning to feel uncomfortable, so rising, he took his cigarettes from the table, donned his jacket, and disappeared through

the open door. After he had left, Mrs. Mesias told us tearfully of his latest misfortune. Only yesterday she had managed to gather together one hundred and twenty-five dollars for bail for him. He had broken a girl's nose in a brawl while under the influence of liquor. When he saw his mother at the jail he pleaded, "Mom, go home. What are you doing here?"

"I came to get you out, Son," she had answered sorrowfully. "Listen, Davy, haven't you done enough to break my heart? This is the first time I've ever been in a place like this. Oh, Davy, why don't you try to be like you used to be?"

"I promise you, Mom," he had said, "you'll never see me here again. When I get out I'm going to start all over again. I'll never get drunk again. Honest, Mom."

MRS. MESIAS had been greatly consoled by his promise, yet she feared his weakness, and could only pray that he would be strong enough to keep his good resolutions.

"But, Sister," she continued, "he worries so much. Once he said to me, 'Mom, God said it's a sin to kill, didn't He? Well, I've killed Japs face to face. It was either kill or be killed. But, Mom, it was terrible. I can't get it out of my mind. They made us do it. Why did we have to kill?'"

"I tried to tell him," she said, "that it is all right to kill in order to defend your country; but when he gets in that mood he just doesn't seem to understand."

PERHAPS twenty minutes had passed since David left the house, when much to our surprise he came striding back in, paper in hand. He seemed almost glad that we were still there. Seating himself on the day-bed again, he began scanning the paper.

"Have you found a job yet?" Sister asked.

Looking over the top of the paper, he answered, "Not yet. There's an opening, though, at the steel factory. I think I'll get in there."

"That's good," replied Sister. "You'll need that to keep you busy. It will keep your mind off things."

"I'd like to get back into the ring again," he said.

"Boxing, you mean?" asked Sister. "Did you box before you went into service?"

"Yes, but now I'm out of shape. I'll have to get back into trim again . . . I'll have to quit smoking . . . and drinking." The last two words were added hesitantly as if he were endeavoring to discern what knowledge we already had of him.

"YES," Sister said, "you will have to give up smoking and drinking, but you can't do it alone. You'll need some help."

"What do you mean?" he asked, as he put down the newspaper.

"You'll have to get God on your side," came the response.

Almost flippantly, he remarked, "I've got God on my side."

"You'll have to go to confession," Sister continued quietly. "Get all the past cleared away, and then you can start all over again."

"Confession? No, not me!"

"Why not?" asked Sister. "Before you can begin again you will have to have the past off your mind. You can do this best if you know everything is forgiven, blotted out. God will forgive and forget it, and you can, too."

JUDGING from the expression on his face, the thought that through confession his past would be a closed chapter appealed to him. "When does Father hear confessions?" he inquired calmly.

Gladly we supplied the information.

"I'll be there next Saturday," he promised. "And I'll go to those adult confirmation classes, too."

His mother was jubilant. "You mean you're going to confession, Davy? and you're going to be confirmed?"

"Yes, Mom, I mean exactly that—these last years of your son's life are going to be blotted out forever."

Pure Gold

by Sister Mary Joachim

A GOOD story, especially a true one, always has charm. The story of the "Golden Pennies" was no exception. Each child was listening attentively as Sister unfolded it.

"The little girl told Jesus that she would be glad to give Him all her pennies. Jesus said, 'No, I don't want that kind of penny. I want only *golden* pennies, the golden pennies of your prayers and sacrifices. Offer Me these for the conversion of sinners.'"

Sister continued the story as related by Father Mateo, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart. At the end she explained how each child in the class could earn golden pennies for Our Lord.

"Now, who will be treasurer of our pennies?" Sister asked.

This was a task that appealed to all, and every hand was raised. As Sister looked around the room at the eager faces, she suddenly realized who was to be the treasurer. The box to receive the golden pennies had been placed, without special thought, at the feet of the statue of our Blessed Mother.

"Boys and girls, here is our treasurer," Sister said. "The very best one we could ask for. It is our Blessed Mother herself."

"How can our Blessed Mother be our treasurer, Sister?" someone asked.

Then Sister told the children that they would leave the box for the golden pennies just where it was as a reminder that they should offer their prayers and sacrifices to Our Lord through the hands of His Holy Mother. Then they could be sure of having pure-gold pennies to offer Our Lord, for Mary would take their little sacrifices and prayers, whatever they offered her, and make of them something really worth while to offer to her Divine Son.

Thus, while encouraging the children to prayer and sacrifice, Sister was also teaching them the practice of True Devotion to Mary. The children were learning to live the ejaculation, "All for Jesus through Mary," which they so often said at the end of their prayers.

And not only for children, but for adults, too, will our Blessed Mother make every act a "pure-gold" act if only she is asked to do so. In her recent appearance in the Philippine Islands, Our Lady asked again that we offer all our actions to her Divine Son through her hands. All that is dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is dear likewise to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.



Dear Loyal
Helpers:

This summer we will not have the usual June picnic at Victory Noll to which we invited you formerly. The reason? It was always poorly attended because most of our Loyal Helpers live too far away.

Nevertheless, we want it clearly understood that Loyal Helpers are welcome at Victory Noll *any time*. So if you and your parents happen to be near Huntington, Indiana, this summer while driving the highways of our fair State, be sure to stop and we'll be very happy to show you around, and Sunshine Secretary will smile her best smile and make you feel very welcome.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY.

Mary's Loyal

WALLINGFORD (CONN.) HELPERS



By means of this picture, we are happy to present Peggy Ann Semrau, age 8, of Wallingford, Connecticut, and her little brother. They are very fond of their pet dog. Peggy joined us last Fall and saves Sunshine pennies for us.

A LEBANON (PA.) HELPER



Above is pictured Josephine Agresta, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania. She is twelve years old and in the seventh grade. Josephine joined our Loyal Helpers more than a year ago.

BUTTERNUT (WIS.) HELPERS



In the picture above are three sisters, Betty, Carole, and Annette Wagner, of Butternut, Wisconsin. Their big sister, Grace, is also a Helper. These girls help our Sisters with their prayers and pennies.

Helpers Pages

A WASHINGTON (D. C.) HELPER



Here is pictured Carol Beales, of Washington, D. C., on her First Communion Day. Her aunt, Sister Miriam, is one of our Missionaries in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

THE IMPORTANT PART

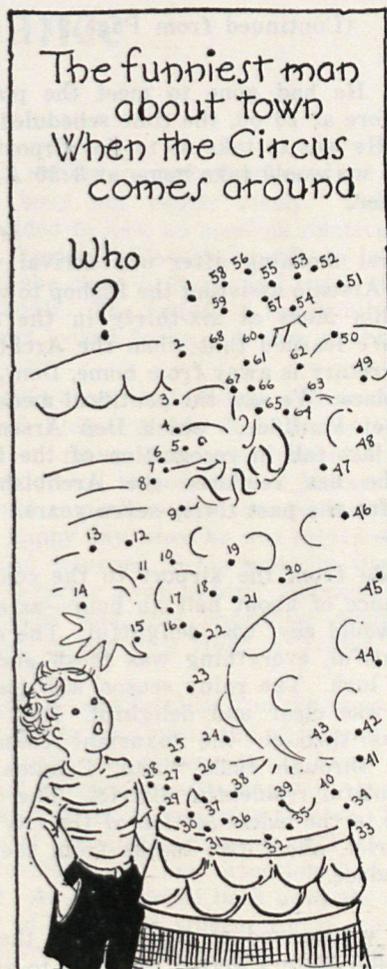
WE have been teaching the Children of Mary some of the more simple square dances after their sodality meetings. While visiting one day, a mother said to us, "It is so late when my little girl gets home from the meetings, but I don't want her to miss the dancing lessons. Couldn't you have them first?"

Sister Eleanor Marie
Ely, Nevada

Answers to April Puzzle: Roses, violets, morning glory, lilies, pansies, carnations, daisy.

May, 1950

MAY PUZZLE



At this season of the year the familiar strains of the calliope are heard and children run to see the circus parade, or, better still, enter the "big top" to watch the acrobats and clowns perform their breath-taking stunts. Work the dot puzzle above and you'll meet one of these characters. Send your worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

BE DEVOUT TO MARY!

DURING the month of May, try to say the Rosary every day with great attention and devotion. Our Blessed Mother has asked children for this at Lourdes, Fatima, LaSalette, and elsewhere. Do not disappoint her!

BLESSED are the actions enclosed between two Hail Marys. *St. Alphonsus Liguori*

WE VISITED PANAMA

(Continued from Page 9)

Panama. He had gone to meet the plane the night before at 10:50, the time scheduled for its arrival. He was to take us to the airport to get the plane we would take home at 3:30 A.M. two weeks later.

THE first morning after our arrival we saw Don Arsenio assisting the Bishop to vest and serving his Mass at six-thirty in the Sisters' chapel. We learned that when the Archbishop's priest secretary is away from home, Don Arsenio fills his place. We saw the pontifical medal, "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice," which Don Arsenio was awarded last fall in recognition of the faithful service he has rendered the Archbishops of Panama for the past thirty-seven years.

THE ride from the airport to the convent, a distance of about half an hour—as a Panamanian would say, was delightful. The country was beautiful, everything was fresh and green and very lush. The rainy season was just over. The air was clear and delightful. Part of the drive was through the luxuriant countryside and part through Bella Vista, Panama City's most beautiful residential district. The convent is located in the oldest section of the city's business district, about two blocks from the Presidential palace.

WHEN we arrived at the convent, the Panamanian Sisters were at the door to greet us. We had, of course, expected our Sisters to be happy to see us, but we were quite unprepared for the joy of our little Panamanian Sisters and the warmth of their greeting. Had we belonged to their own community, they could not have been more cordial. Had Mother General been their own Reverend Mother, they could not have been more truly her devoted daughters, and, indeed, they considered her as their own.

THE entrance to the convent is really the vestibule of the historic church of San Felipe Neri, the oldest church in Panama. We went immediately into the church, which is now the Sisters' chapel, and sang the Magnificat, our Lady's hymn of thanksgiving, in gratitude for our safe arrival in Panama.

WE stopped a moment to admire the beauty of the church, which was built in 1673. For architectural beauty, it is a gem, and though it needs some interior repair and refinishing, it is nevertheless one of the most beautiful churches in Panama.

LEAVING the chapel, we entered the cloister, where the welcome fragrance of coffee permeated the air. Soon we were doing full justice—it was long after nine o'clock—to a tempting breakfast of orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast, butter, jam, and delicious coffee with rich cream. The coffee was by far the best I had tasted since before the war. Where did we get the idea that there would be neither coffee nor cream in Panama? I do not know, but we probably had Panama mixed up with some other foreign mission country—and that morning, especially, I was very grateful it was all a mistake.

(To be Continued.)

IN THANKSGIVING

I wish to thank Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal for favors received and for the preservation of health during the past two years.

Sister Monica, O.L.V.M.

Panama, R. de P.

OUR COVER: Statue of Pilgrim Virgin, which remained in Victory Noll Chapel for four hours on Sunday, March 19.



Rt. Rev. Msgr. Adrian Rabeyrolle, Pastor, Immaculate Conception Parish, Las Vegas, New Mex.

Rev. William Bickhaus, Pastor, San Antonio Parish, Pecos, New Mex.

Sister M. Martina Allen, O.S.F., Green Bay, Wis.
Mrs. Rose Nash, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. L. F. Richdorf, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. F. Tennie, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. Campbell, Midland Beach, Staten Island, N. Y.

Mrs. J. S. Omert, Lakewood, O.

Mrs. Wm. P. Meissner, Norwood, O.

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

The Missionary Catechist

A Mary Romance

by Sister Noreen

THE Mother of Jesus loves a romance. Did she not figure prominently in the success of the wedding feast at Cana? It is not difficult to detect her role of "Matchmaker" in the marriage of Helen and Louis Terlep in the Immaculate Conception Cathedral in Denver. This happy ending had its beginning in their mutual love for our Blessed Mother.



These two hands, united in cutting the wedding cake, were united in a marriage in which the Blessed Mother played a prominent part.

IN her Indiana home town, Helen consecrated herself to the Blessed Virgin through the Immaculate Conception Sodality and was an ardent and active sodalist. She was a member of the Apostolic committee which gave real help to the Missionary Sisters in the vicinity. World War II came and with it the urgent need for nurses. Helen responded and went West, to Denver, for her training. She found she was not far from the Cathedral and began attending the Miraculous Medal Novena services there. Then Helen took the first step which finally led her to the steps of the altar.

HELEN smiles as she remembers that time. "I was busy but rather lonely," Helen tells. "So I decided to look up possible relatives by the name of Terlep." Though unable to locate any relatives, she came to know and enjoy the Louis Terlep family. The father of the family was an invalid and looked forward to her visits.

LOUIS was away in Germany, a member of the United States Army tank forces. He was sent out on many dangerous missions, but he had been devoted to our Blessed Mother as long as he could remember and she did not fail him. It was a happy day when he was mustered out of service and returned to his home in Denver. A pleasant surprise awaited him. Adopted into the family circle was this charming young lady, Helen, and in her own right, a Terlep!

A WEEKLY appointment for the novena services opened up a real bond of mutual interest between Louis and Helen. Louis knew at once where that interest was leading him, but Helen, after the ways of women, was elusive. She had been one of the USO hostesses at Fitzsimmons Army Hospital, and her attention had become scattered. As Helen looks back now, she sees the guidance of the Wise Queen, for it was Louis' steady devotion to the Queen of Heaven that won Helen's heart.

THE engagement took place quietly at Mary's altar in the Cathedral on Mary's great feast of the Immaculate Conception. After praying there for a few minutes, Louis asked the all important question. He must have been very hopeful, for as soon as Helen whispered "Yes," he slipped an engagement ring on her finger.

THE marriage was celebrated in the month of May and, of course, on Mary's day, Saturday. The bridesmaid was in blue, the flowers were blue and white, and even the wedding cake was decorated in blue, all in honor of the Blessed Mother. Helen had discovered the Missionary Sisters in Denver and with Louis had given aid in the work at the Holy Ghost Youth Center. Happily, the idea came and was accepted that the wedding reception be given at the Center. Our Lady, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, had ordered all things sweetly.



Make every day

MOTHER'S DAY

by enrolling her as a member of

ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

*Daily remembrances in the prayers
of our Sisters*

Usual Offering for Perpetual Enrollment is \$10.00; for Annual Enrollment is \$1.00.

Sister Supervisor, Associate Catechists of Mary
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

Enclosed please find \$..... to enroll my Mother as a Perpetual (Annual) Member of the Associate Catechists of Mary. Please send me a Certificate of Membership made out in her name which is

She is living (deceased). Underscore the correct words.

(Name of Donor)

(City) (Zone) (State)