

July-August '50

The Missionary Catechist



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Detroit Has Vocation Exhibit

by Sister Vivian

A STRANGER wandering into the Boys' Catholic Central gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, March 25, was mystified. Sisters in blue, brown, black, or white habits were scattered in every direction. Each one was busier than the other.

ONE Sister stood scrutinizing a poster. It must be exactly in the center. Another was giving directions to a girl sitting on the floor. She must cut that little bookcase in proportion to the library table already cut out. Another Sister was twisting blue crepe paper for a background for her display. Still another was arranging the veil on a little doll. You know, it must set exactly at the right angle.

AT last the stranger mustered enough courage to stop one of the good Sisters, and ask the meaning of the various activities. "Why, Sir, don't you know? Tomorrow is Vocation Day and each Community of Sisters is to arrange a display describing the work and the purpose of the Community."

NOW he could appreciate and admire the artistic ability and the work of the Sisters. With new interest, he looked not only at the displays, but at the faces of the Sisters. They were calm faces, friendly and eager, but not troubled. Each Sister seemed to have one ambition—to make her Community attractive to searching young eyes. Sister was happy and contented in her vocation. Perhaps she could help another young girl find the peace and happiness that are hers.

TOMORROW more than a thousand girls and young women would visit that gymnasium. Some of them would undoubtedly have a vocation to the religious life, even though as yet they had not recognized the fact. Some might know they had a vocation, but be undecided as to the kind of work they wanted to do or the particular community they wished to join. The morrow might well bring the solution to many a young girl's problem.

A SMILE spread over the stranger's face. Just beside him stood a group of little boys. They had been playing on a lot close by. Attracted by the Sisters carrying odd packages, they had entered the open door. For once, the Sisters paid no attention to them and the youngsters investigated without interference. They seemed amazed. Not only were their eyes wide open, but their mouths were closed. They said not a word as they watched the Sisters at work, with aprons

over their habits, sleeves rolled up, veils pinned back. Never had these boys seen so many Sisters at one time; never had they seen such a variety of crepe paper, miniature chapels, schoolrooms, hospitals, dolls dressed as Sisters!

IF we always had things as we think they ought to be, the following day, Sunday, March 26, would have been a beautiful, bright, sunny day. Instead, the rain poured down in torrents, streets were flooded, and it looked as if all the work and planning the Sisters had done for the exhibit would be in vain.

BUT the girls were undaunted by the rain. The exhibit was to open at one o'clock; by twelve-thirty a crowd had gathered and the girls were begging admittance. Girls were arriving from all over the Archdiocese. Schools and sodalities had chartered buses. Other groups were arriving on street cars, in private cars, cabs. Cheerfully they waded through puddles, as they made their way to the gymnasium.

AT two-thirty the girls went over to the Cathedral where His Eminence, Edward Cardinal Mooney, presided at a Holy Hour. The loving Heart of Christ must have been consoled that afternoon, as gazing out from His altar throne upon the hundreds of girls gathered there, He saw many youthful hearts inflamed with the desire to beat for Him alone.

AFTER the Holy Hour, the girls who had not seen the Exhibit went over to the gymnasium. By six o'clock, two thousand girls had viewed the various displays. They asked sensible questions about the work of the various Communities, the postulancy, the novitiate, the vows, the rules. They enjoyed the miniature figures which some of the Communities used to represent their work—a tiny hospital room with a patient lying in bed and a Sister standing beside the bed; a lovely chapel with a Sister kneeling in prayer; a tiny workshop with an old man painting a table; a little old lady sitting in a rocker, knitting. One Community even had a movie of the daily life of their postulants and novices, showing them at prayer, study, classes, recreation, and work.

WE all agreed that the First Annual Vocation Exhibit in Detroit was a success—in as far as attendance and interest shown were concerned. Now we would have to pray that those whom God wished to choose for the religious life would correspond to the grace of His invitation.

The Missionary Catechist

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Number 8

A Reasonable Request

by Sister Florentine

"DEAR Lord, make me an actress." With this final plea, Sister reverently makes the Sign of the Cross, rises from where she has been kneeling close to the flickering sanctuary lamp, and goes quickly down the aisle out of the blessed peace and quiet of her Beloved Master's Sacramental Presence into the bright afternoon sunshine.

CAN it be possible that Sister wants to be an actress? The onlooker would never suspect her of harboring that ambition, as she walks demurely along, clad from head to foot in somber blue. The serenity of her movements, the calm gentleness of her eyes, the firm line of her chin give not the slightest evidence of worldly desires.

IS Sister really being so rash as to make this petition the substance of her prayer? Yes, Our Lord Himself, or the multitude of angels bending low in adoration around His Eucharistic Throne, can testify to the fact that "to be made an actress" is the favor for which she begs; but neither He nor they consider that Sister is being rash in such an act.

BUT why should Sister want to be an actress? Now, that is a sensible question, the answer to which ought to clear up the whole mystery.

YOU see, Sister spends a number of hours every day teaching religion to the many, many Catholic or should be Catholic boys and girls who attend the public schools. She does not have the opportunity to gather most of these children for religious instruction until they have completed the number of hours required each day for the learning of the other three "R's". By this time

their tired little bodies and restless little minds are in no condition to give undivided attention to the subject of a catechism lesson unless it is presented in an animated and interesting manner by the religion teacher.

LIKEWISE, in this age of comic books, thrilling radio serials, and dramatic movies, a story, which is one of the most excellent means of illustrating a doctrine or teaching a moral, may lose much or all of its effectiveness unless it measures up to these other attractions in vividness, animation, and appropriate expression.

SISTER realizes that success in making the religion class interesting and attractive does more to insure the return of the children to subsequent classes than any external pressure or any appeal to their sense of duty ever could.

TO teach every boy and girl under her charge to know, love, and serve God is Sister's sacred privilege as well as her chosen profession, and to succeed in doing this she will use every means, both natural and supernatural, at her command. Of course, Sister knows that her own prayer life comes first, but if to that she can add personal charm, a pleasing voice, or the ability to make dramatic gestures—all of which qualities are to be found in a good actress—in order to bring souls to the Kingdom of Heaven, Sister is very willing to ask for these gifts.

SO, when she prays, "Dear Lord, make me an actress," her prayer springs not from a vain and frivolous heart, but from one which is overflowing with a very great love for her Divine Master and a very ardent zeal for the souls of His little ones.

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A School the Children Like

by Sister Noreen

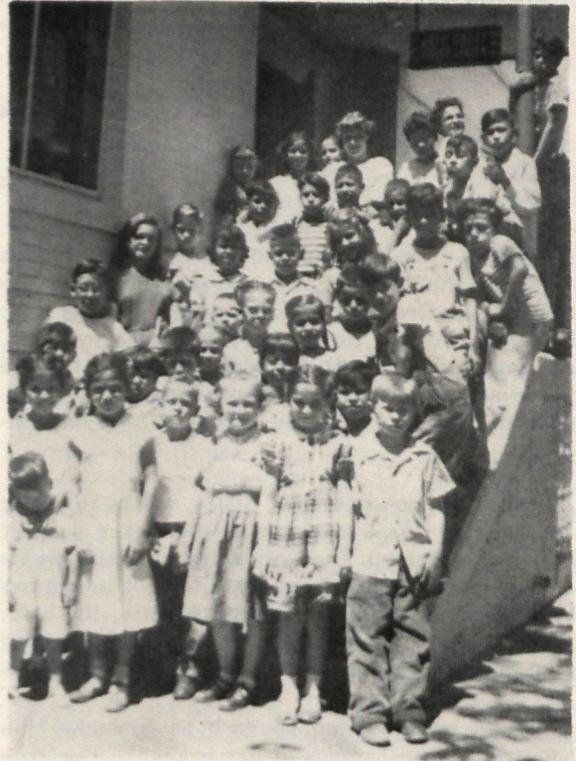
THIS is religious vacation school time in many of our missions. The children like these vacation schools and come flocking in, sometimes bringing with them their three and four year old brothers and sisters. A real family spirit prevails.

THE vacation schools are generally conducted on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine plan, and are a real necessity in the education of Catholic children who attend public schools. In many places, after school or Sunday classes take care of the minimum instruction necessary for the reception of the Sacraments. It is the best that can be done under the circumstances, but it is not adequate for "putting on Christ." The children live too much in a material world to apprehend the spiritual realities in one hour out of the one hundred and sixty-eight hours of the week. Deducting for a possible daily eight hours rest, the ratio remains one hundred and eleven to one—for Christ!

RELIGIOUS vacation schools, then, supply a real need—the need to bring these children into a closer and more continuous contact with God as He has revealed Himself to us. At a time of the year when the body is warmed by the rays of the sun, the soul is warmed by the love of the Son of God, as the child learns more fully the story of Redemption. He gains an appreciation of what it means to share in the life of God. It reminds one of the opening prayer of Holy Mass, "I will go . . . unto God who giveth joy to my youth." Once brought "unto God" in a comprehensive way, God will give joy to the youthful heart.

"BRINGING in the catch" is first in the promotion of vacation schools. Where the Confraternity plan is followed, lay persons may act as *fishers* and *helpers* and give invaluable assistance in this preliminary step by visiting the homes and informing the parents about the schools. Sometimes the *small fry* are hard to catch as they have *fishing* of their own planned, but once in contact with the program, they stay *on the line*. The fishers and helpers may be recruited from existing parish societies. Five sodalists were a real help to the Sisters in Denver's Holy Ghost Youth Center summer school last year.

THE pattern for vacation schools was set many years ago by One whose Heart hungered for



Some of our summer school pupils on steps of Holy Ghost Youth Center, Denver.

the souls of those in the highways and byways. He sent out His fishers by twos. They were to make themselves at home, that is, pleasant and friendly, wherever they were sent. They were to announce that the Kingdom of God was at hand. Going in His name and with His blessing, the results exceeded their hopes. He was patient with His helpers when their zeal slackened and when they were too easily disgusted with the demands of the people. Gently He showed them that he who serves is the master of any situation.

IN the field of teaching, Our Lord exemplified the words, "He who instructs unto justice shall shine as the stars of Heaven." His classroom was wherever there were two or three persons, or hundreds of persons, gathered together in His name. His teaching aids were stories and pictures from the world about Him. His method was simple. He would draw out by a question or two the thoughts of His audience on the subject He wanted to teach and then He would bring out the truth, directly or through a parable, in a concise,

unhurried manner.

IN other words, Our Lord fitted His method to the people He was instructing. He drew His illustrations from the things of everyday life with which they were familiar. Thus He spoke of the Sower who went out to sow his seed; of the cockle growing among the wheat; of the grain of mustard seed growing into a tree; of the leaven thrown into the meal; of the birds who neither sowed nor reaped; of the great harvest and the few laborers. This was language which His listeners could readily understand and which enabled Him to impress upon their minds the lesson or the truth He was endeavoring to teach.

THE outline for religious vacation schools, as planned by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, helps the teacher in her endeavor to follow as closely as possible the method used by this greatest of all teachers, Our Lord Himself. First, the child is taken "unto God" by means of Holy Mass, if possible, otherwise through the opening prayers. Prayer time is followed by a short period of play to dispose the body to be still while the mind is active in the class that follows.

THE doctrine is then presented as attractively as possible, with picture study, discussion, and questions. One Sister used dramatization successfully in teaching the life of Our Lord. How the boys she had in that class enjoyed enacting the miracle of the calming of the storm at sea! The sound effects were superb.

SINCE young minds can contain just so much, the program again gives heed to the demands of the body for relaxation and suggests a supervised recreation. During this period the second law of charity, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," can be applied. When it comes time to choose sides for a game, it takes love to choose the least.

IT was during a recreation period that the Sisters in the Denver mission caught up with Peter. They had tried before, unsuccessfully, to interest unkempt, barefoot Peter in coming to class. He came along this summer day as a folk dance was being organized. "Peter," Sister exclaimed, as joyfully as if she had found a gold mine, "Peter, I need a partner. Will you be it?" Peter was pleased. "Sure, Sister," he answered, and joined in the dance. That was enough to bring Peter to class each day.

MUSIC has its place in the program for it "hath charms" to calm even the most "savage" little one. It is another means, too, to teach prayer when hymns are sung. A former radio

personality, now in the convent, has been successful in getting people to whistle and hum the Te Deum and the Magnificat. It is a real accomplishment if through our efforts some hymn, such as "Heart of Jesus, May Thy Reign," becomes as popular with the children as "Mule Train."

ANOTHER medium to carry through the religious lesson is project work. This is best when it correlates with the doctrine being taught. For example, if the subject being taught is the Mass, the project is on the Mass.

IT fits in well with the religious vacation school program to develop an appreciation of the Catholic thought in the Declaration of Independ-



Joanne Young and her mother (pictured above) traveled a total of four hundred and eighty miles last summer in order that Joanne might attend Religious Vacation School at Holy Ghost Youth Center, Denver. The Youngs, who live at Henderson, twelve miles from Denver, made the twenty-four mile round trip daily by bus.

ence, to bring to the minds of the little ones that our Government was founded on the belief in God. How wise the Founding Fathers were to state that "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." Certainly, happiness can be only a pursuit here on earth, but it is the business of the religion teacher to show her charges the way to pursue it, so that they may one day overtake that true, genuine happiness which is to be found only with God in our eternal home.

THERE is a story told about a priest who visited a first grade class after some months' absence from the parish. "Who am I?" he questioned, wondering if they remembered him. One small lad volunteered shyly, "You are a man, composed of body and soul, and made to the image and likeness of God." The work of the religious vacation schools wherever taught, city or country, is a concentrated effort—concentrated because they last but a short time—to help young boys and girls realize this truth and desire to make this likeness more nearly perfect. Then they will run joyfully in the way "unto God."



After a morning's session at summer school, these girls went home to their dolls. Later Sister saw them passing the Center and snapped their picture.

Joe of L.A. Reporting

by Sister Eugenia

"START over again," my father says. "I'd like to hear about Father Pro, too." He comes out on the porch carrying a couple *raspadas* which he has just made, one for me and one for my friend Tony. In case you do not know what a *raspada* is, it is a very refreshing drink made from chipped ice with cherry or pineapple syrup poured over it.

Tony and I are about the only boys left in our boys' club, as the rest of them, including my pal Augustino, have already gone up North with their families to work in the fruits during the summer. I am telling Tony that when Father Pro was a boy he was interested in mining like Tony is interested in airplanes.

My father sits down next to Tony on the steps. "Is that so?" he says, puffing on his pipe and looking at Tony.

TONY grins kinda sheepish like and tells my father that maybe the only difference is that

Father Pro got an earlier start. On account of Tony has his first ride in an airplane only two years ago, when he is in the sixth grade, while Miguel Pro Juarez wasn't even in school yet when he used to go into the mines, riding down in a big cage with his father, who was the owner.

"After he starts to school," I tell them, "he works hard at his lessons, even though he would much rather be down in the mines with his father, or else roaming the hills of El Saltillo where there are plenty of coyotes and prairie dogs."

"Does he become a miner then as soon as he finishes school?" Tony wants to know.

"NO," I tell him. "His father wants him to do the office work connected with the mines, so he learns how to use a typewriter. He can type a hundred words a minute, and he becomes a very good office worker, but every chance he gets he is down in the mines with his friends, the peons."

"When does he become a priest?" my father asks.

"He has no idea he wants to be a priest," I tell my father, "until all of a sudden one day he finds out that two of his sisters are going to enter the convent and become nuns."

When he hears this, he gets very angry, as he does not like the idea of his sisters leaving their happy home and their father and mother. He cannot figure out why they want to do such a thing and he tries to talk them out of it, but it is no use, as they go anyhow. His father and mother are trying to calm him down, but he does not want to listen. In the end, he leaves home, too, and goes out to live in the hills. He probably sleeps out under the stars a coupla nights with the coyotes howling around him. After a few days of this, his mother finds him and tries to talk some sense into him.

Being as he loves his mother, he listens to her and she gets him to go home with her. Then she tells him he oughtta make a retreat so he can learn how to control his temper better. In case you do not know what a retreat is, it means going to some religious house for a few days, so you can pray and think about your soul and the reason God made you.

WHEN he comes back from this retreat, his parents almost faint, for he tells them he wants to become a priest, a Jesuit priest. They can hardly believe their ears. But it is true. On account of Miguel Pro enters the Society of Jesus on August 11, 1911, at El Llano in the State of Michoacan, Mexico. He is twenty years old at this time.

"If he were living today," my father says, kinda surprised-like, "he would be only fifty-nine years old!"

"He is in the novitiate only two years," I tell them, "when all of a sudden he gets word that his family have left their home and are in hiding, on account of a revolution is spreading through Mexico. When he hears this it makes him feel very bad, indeed, as his mother takes his younger brothers and sisters and flees towards Guadalajara. His father stays until the marauders are actually taking possession of the town, when he escapes during the night in the opposite direction."

AFTER this happens, some Jesuit priests are expelled from the town of Durango. They make their way to El Llano and tell about some of the things that are happening in other places. They tell Miguel Pro that in his own home town of El Saltillo, five priests are strung up because

they don't happen to have a million pesos which they are supposed to hand over to the leader of the guerrilla army.

However, these priests do not die, as their lives are saved at the last minute by some influential friends, but they are dumped into a cattle wagon and sent to the American frontier in charge of some drunken guards.

It is hard for Miguel Pro and the other Jesuit novices to realize that these things are going on, as everything seems so peaceful there at El Llano.

NEXT thing you know, the Jesuit house at El Llano looks like something out of a Western movie. It is the night of August fourth, 1914, a little after midnight, when all of a sudden twenty-two Carrancistas come galloping down the road, shooting their guns into the air. With the help of axes, they break down the door of the hacienda. After they get inside, they keep hacking at the furniture for good measure. Besides all this, they cut the telephone wires and demand the account books.

Two of the Fathers and a lay brother are standing guard at the church. They are ready to give up their lives, if necessary, to protect Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and to keep the church from being desecrated.

For some reason or other, the *cabecilla*, or leader of the rebels, calls his men off just when they are ready to burst into the novitiate. I guess maybe he figures they won't find much loot, except something to eat. So off they gallop down the road to the next raid, which happens to be the neighboring Miraflores.

THE superiors at El Llano consider themselves lucky as no one gets shot or hanged, but they are worried about all the novices and schoolboys under their care. So they decide to let them leave in groups of twos and threes, on foot or on horseback, and try to get to Zamora, where they can stay for a while with different families who offer to take them.

Miguel Pro and his friend, Rios, and a coupla other novices get to Zamora, after walking most of the way, only to find that the revolutionary troops are already in command. These troops are headed by a guy named Amaro. A few days later, this Amaro orders all churches to be closed and all priests to be arrested.

I am just telling my father and Tony what happened then, when Tony's brother Manuel comes after him, as it is past time for him to go home. So I will finish telling you about this some other time.

We Visited Panama

by Sister Helen

(Continued from last month.)

AT five o'clock that evening, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francisco C. Beckmann, C.M., D.D., Archbishop of Panama, called at the convent to greet us and to welcome us to Panama. After benediction, we sat out in the patio with him, as he told us of his vast archdiocese, its people, and its needs. He told us of the confirmation tour into the Interior, which he was to begin on Sunday, and at first it was planned that we would accompany him, remaining in the Interior for a few days. At length, however, the plan was abandoned as it was thought the trip would be too strenuous for us.

BUT for the Archbishop it would not be too strenuous. Though he has spent thirty-seven years as missionary Priest and Bishop in Central America, he still travels throughout his archdiocese by car where roads are passable, by horseback where they are not, by boat to the many little islands off the coast. He remains in the Interior for weeks at a time, always teaching, preaching, hearing confessions, administering the other Sacraments, staying often in the homes of the poor, sleeping always (even at home) in a hammock.

THE Archbishop stayed for dinner with us that first evening, and before leaving invited the whole community—American and Panamanian—to take dinner with him on the morrow. And what a dinner that was. There were nine courses, including the most delicious fish I had ever eaten—corbine, fried in oil to a deep golden brown; another course consisted of roast chicken, also a deep golden brown, with mashed potatoes, gravy, and peas. Later on there was a course of Panamanian rice—our initiation into the many delectable Panamanian foods—and before leaving Panama we were to agree with Sister Mary Bernarda that no one else can prepare rice like the Panamanians.

AFTER dinner, the Archbishop showed us around the palace, as it is called. From the outside the palace looks like a big modern office building and the first two floors are in reality rented out for offices. But once inside the building, one sees that it is built around the usual patio, and that facing the patio on each floor are the wide porches or cloister walks. On the third and fourth floors are the chancery office, the

Archbishop's apartment and chapel, and guest apartments. The chapel is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Above the fourth floor is a roof garden from which one can view the whole city.

THE following day we went on a shopping trip. When we arrived downtown, Mother General and Sister Monica went in one direction, Sister Mary Bernarda and I in another. They did more buying, we did more *shopping*. We stopped in a number of the stores along Avenida Central—department stores, shoe stores, yard goods stores, variety stores, the latter much like our five and dime stores and, like them, with practically nothing for sale at five or ten cents.

AT Casa Mike's we stopped to buy groceries and meat. As far as layout, atmosphere, and merchandise were concerned, we might have been in any Kroger or A & P store in Huntington or Fort Wayne. At the back of the store was the meat department, with the same kinds and cuts of meat we are accustomed to at home. At the left was a reach-in refrigerator with milk, cream, butter, eggs, Fleischman's yeast, and so on. All the refrigerators were McCray's, the same make we have at Victory Noll.

WHILE Sister was buying the meat I wandered through the store. I saw Heinz's, Libby's, Campbell's, Del Monte's canned goods; Kraft's cheese and other products; Kleenex and Johnson's wax; Ivory Flakes, Rinso, Lux, and Vel. Prices were high. The medium of exchange is the Bal-



Picture of Cathedral towers taken from roof garden of Archbishop's palace. The Cathedral was built in 1760.

boa, which is on a par with the American dollar, and living is not cheap. The Balboa resembles our silver dollar in size and weight; a half, quarter, and tenth of a Balboa are the same size and value as our half dollars, quarters, and dimes. They have smaller denominations, too, but the smallest we received was the Panamanian dime. Although one may request change in American money, ordinarily no attention is paid as to whether it is American or Panamanian money.

LEAVING Casa Mike's, and continuing on our way down Avenida Central, we soon came to that most famous street in Panama, Sal-Si-Puedes. We could not resist turning down this street with its great variety of outdoor and indoor shops. The sidewalks here are wider than those near the convent, in fact, they were as wide as the walks in an ordinary American city. All along the curb—at a distance of about three feet from one another—were venders with their wares, which might be clothing, sundries, yard goods, tools, kitchen utensils, office supplies, toys, or almost anything else small enough to be sold in so small a space.

ON the sidewalks, directly in front of the stores, was another row of venders, two in front of each store, with the same variety of merchandise as the venders at the curb. In addition to the venders with their merchandise, there was a man or woman selling tickets for the National Lottery in front of almost every store.

THEN there were the shops themselves, with their endless variety of merchandise. One thing that struck us, both here and in the better shopping districts, was the number of stores that carried nothing but yard goods. Evidently a lot of sewing is done in Panamanian homes.

IT was between ten-thirty and eleven-thirty as we were making our way down Sal-Si-Puedes that Saturday morning, and the crowds were so great that at times it was almost impossible to move. I thought of suggesting that the street be named *Move-if-You-Can* instead of *Get-Out-if-You-Can*.

AT one corner Sister Mary Bernarda called my attention to a man with a number of birds in little wooden cages. All the birds were Panamanian canaries, like the one the Sisters have at the convent, except one. As we stopped in front of the cage of this particular bird, the man opened the door of the cage, and out flew the bird. I gasped, as I thought the bird was gone forever in that huge crowd. But no, he flew straight to a tray, which was some twelve or fourteen inches square and divided into separate compartments, each compartment holding probably a hundred or more small papers folded in four. From one compart-



Mother General with the Panamanian Sisters. Left to right the Sisters are: (1st row) Sister Francisca, Sister Josefa, Sister Carmen, and Sister Gertrudis; (2nd row) Mother Catherine, Sister Catalina, and Sister Mercedes Maria.

ment the bird selected a paper with his bill and flew to the man's outstretched hand. The man took the paper, and handed it to Sister Mary Bernarda with the words, "Ten cents, please." Of course, Sister did not accept the paper, but did learn that on each paper was printed what was supposed to be the buyer's fortune.

OUR next stop was at the market, which covers a square block. What an assortment of food, groceries, fruits, vegetables, meat! There were rows and rows and rows of counters stacked high with produce. Half of the immense market place was filled with other rows upon rows of meat counters. We started through the market, but it was getting near midday and the accumulation of heat, food, and people was almost too much for me, so we turned towards home. I could not help marvelling at the fact that in that great open market with its huge quantities of food, there was not a single fly.

THE fact that there are no flies or mosquitos in Panama is, of course, due to the excellent

Continued on Page 18



Sister Marguerite and her little friend seem equally content. Evidently the new toy is the cause of the baby's delight, while Sister's happiness probably stems from the fact that she has been able to make the little one happy.

After Many Years

by Sister Adelle

MIGUEL was one of a family of migratory workers. When we taught at a pea camp in the Imperial Valley, Miguel attended our classes. Although he was not one of my pupils, I saw him often enough to know him by name.

Several times when Miguel was almost ready for First Communion, the pea season would end, the camp close, and the workers move on to other fields.

About a year and a half ago Miguel's mother died, and he came to live with his grandmother in the parish where I now supervise the children at Sunday Mass. Miguel's grandmother is an exemplary Catholic, so she was feeling very sad when she came to me one Sunday morning and said, "Madre, I want a catechism." When I asked her what kind of a catechism she wanted, she

In the Home Field

said, "Oh, I have a boy at my house who is eighteen years old and has not yet received his First Communion. These parents who think only of the material needs of their children!"

I provided the catechism, saying, "Tell the boy to come to see me Saturday morning at ten-thirty. There are many big boys and girls in that class and he won't feel out of place."

Saturday morning came and so did the grandson. When I saw him, I said to myself, "That face belongs somewhere else." When he told me his name and said that he had attended classes near Calipatria when he was younger, I said, "In Niland pea camps?" Yes—he was none other than our old friend Miguel.

In spite of the jibes and smiles of some of the boys, Miguel came to class faithfully every Saturday morning until he got a job in the lumber yard. Then he came on Sunday. When he was changed to the night shift, he came again on Saturday morning. I could see that he was very tired, but he always stayed until the last so that I could give him some private instructions.

He received his First Holy Communion in time to be in the group for Confirmation, much to the joy of his grandmother. After receiving the latter sacrament, he said to her one day, "I do not know much, Grandmother, but now God will teach me." And, indeed, God has taught him His ways. Every Sunday now finds Miguel at the Communion rail to receive his Lord. At times he works until midnight, arrives home about one A.M., but goes to bed without food or water in order not to break his fast. He has become a very active member of the Young Men's organization, is an usher in church, and does a great deal of good among the youth in the parish.

WISDOM

"Sister, the teacher told us that we are animals!" exclaimed Elena indignantly, as she joined the group of First Communicants waiting for class to begin. "We're not animals, are we?"

Sister, hesitating a moment before answering the unusual question for so young an age group, was amazed to hear another little girl reply, "Course, we are. We're Jesus' little lambs!"

Sister Margaret Ann
San Pedro, California

The Missionary Catechist

THOSE RECORDS

This is First Communion and Confirmation time. During these weeks, we carry our record cards with us to each class. The other day a fond mother walked up to Sister and said, "Sister, are you aware of the fact that my son is eight years old and should be in the First Communion class?" Sister admitted that according to his age, he should be, but reaching into her bag she pulled out his attendance record which showed why he was not. Faced with this written evidence of her neglect, the mother backed quietly away.

Another mother came up to Sister, and asked, "Sister, what do you have against my Johnny?" "Why, nothing," Sister replied calmly. "Then why isn't he in the First Communion class?" continued the mother. "Just a minute, I'll check

on that," replied Sister. Then reaching into her bag, she pulled out Johnny's attendance record, conclusive evidence of why he was not in the class. "Really," the mother said, "I never thought the Sisters kept records."

Sister Vivian
Detroit, Michigan

TOMMY LIKES THE BELL

Tommy, on a visit to his relatives in Salt Lake City, went with them to the Cathedral for Mass. When his cousin, who was serving Mass, rang the bell at the Sanctus, Tommy was delighted and much to the embarrassment of his relatives called out, "Ring her again, Bill! Ring her again!"

Sister Edna
Ely, Nevada.



Living in the Maravilla Housing Project, which is very near our convent, are five sets of twins, happy and healthy boys and girls who attend classes at San Basilio Center, Los Angeles.

July-August, 1950

Associate Catechists



Dear Associates:

SUMMER time is the best time to lay plans for successful mission club meetings in the fall and winter months.

It would seem that the companies who have food products or home furnishings for sale were never more alive to the fact that the best way to build up sales is to attract the members of ladies' clubs to sample their foods, examine their products, and listen to their sales talks. Therefore, we have Bowman Dairy Parties and Borden Dairy Parties. There are also Fuller Brush parties, Blanket Clubs, and "Tours" through chinaware stores. The latter promise prize dinner sets at forthcoming parties.

The newest thing in Chicago seems to be the "Television Party." The ones sponsored by the Home Arts Guild require a guarantee that one hundred ladies be in attendance and a flat charge of \$15.00 is made. The Guild then furnishes the lunch, entertainment, and table prizes. At 4 P. M. there is a television program in which some of the ladies participate. They usually seize this grand opportunity to tell their video audience, far and large, about the worthiness of the cause they are sponsoring through their benefit card parties, and thus get in a bit of successful advertising of their own.

We are sure than an ever increasing number and variety of company-sponsored parties will be presented each year. The ladies like them, inasmuch as they are able to realize maximum returns from a minimum amount of effort and expense. We can vouch for this because we always receive checks for substantial amounts after parties of this kind.

The only drawback seems to be that it is necessary to book a party several months in advance. However, the successful Promoter will know how to take advantage of the summer months to lay future plans. She will establish contacts, make inquiries and bookings, either directly or through some of the members.

Remember, "Well begun is half done!" So begin early!

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

MARY, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS BAND

(Lombard, Ill.)

THE latest project to be undertaken by the members of this Band is the making of scapulars and Sacred Heart badges for the children in the Missions under our care, especially for First Communicants.

A recent auto trip by *Wilma* and *Wallie Wengritzky* through the Southland convinced them that much good could be done by our Sisters for the many poor families living in unpainted shacks which sit on pegs and are perched on the wooded hillsides. Most of them have not heard of the consoling and saving truths of our holy religion.

ST. JUDE MISSION SOCIETY

(Ft. Wayne)

LAST winter, a blanket raffle conducted by *St. Jude Mission Society of Fort Wayne*, netted \$74.25 for our benefit.

The President, *Mrs. Fred Potthoff*, and her Associates are especially interested in the Holy Family Center in their city, where our Sisters teach religion to Colored children. *Mrs. Potthoff* makes very attractive animal toys and collects new and used "store" toys which she gives to our Sisters to be used as awards for the children.

The Mission Society at present comprises nine smaller Bands.

Under the able leadership of *Mrs. John Hilker* of *St. Aloysius Band*, and *Mrs. A. P. Carl* of *St. Vincent de Paul Band*, some successful card parties have been given.



of Mary

ANNA BRINK, PROMOTER, DIES

On April 27, *Miss Anna Brink*, Promoter of *St. Anne's Band, Fort Wayne, Indiana*, was taken in death.

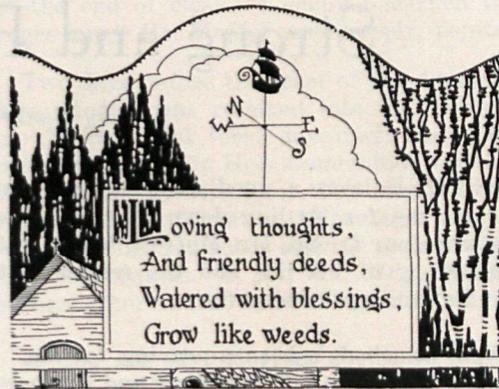
Twenty-five years ago, at the invitation of Monsignor Oechtering, then pastor of St. Mary's Church of that city, our Founder, the Reverend John J. Sigstein, appeared at a general meeting of the ladies of the parish and urged the formation of mission bands to aid our Missionary Sisters.



Prompted by missionary zeal, Miss Brink, after the meeting, told Father Sigstein she would organize a Band. It was thereafter known as St. Anne's Band.

During the long span of time which followed, our faithful Promoter never missed a meeting, to our knowledge, until the time of her final illness. She regularly sent us a monthly check, which represented the proceeds derived from each meeting, as well as a personal donation of her own toward our Sister Mary Paul's Burse. This Burse, sponsored by Miss Brink and the Misses Kocks, also of Fort Wayne, was nearly completed at the time of her death.

We feel that six months of constant severe pain not only cancelled any possible debts for sin but also earned for her an exceedingly great reward in Heaven.—R.I.P.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 20, 1950 to May 17, 1950

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	12.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	45.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	18.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	15.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	50.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	10.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	15.50
St. Ann Mission Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Anna Deininger	3.25
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes A. Beck	161.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	5.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Ann Igel	5.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Miss Helen Melke	6.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	5.50
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Margaret King	25.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. William Schultz	13.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	27.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	60.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. E. H. Potter	34.20
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Norean Lopez	24.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	6.00
Seven Dolores Band, Chicago, Mrs. John J. Murphy	32.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel	50.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	10.00

WRITE FOR OUR PROJECT PACKAGE

This is a sample of simple articles which can be turned out for our Missions at your Band meetings.

Strong and Perfect Christians

by Sister Martha Mary

EVERYONE loves a good story, so you can't blame me for settling down in sheer enjoyment when our friend, Mr. Moffett, began to tell us the story of his life and his return to the Church at the age of seventy.

"Well, somebody's been a-praying for me," he began. "I'm just an ol' reprobate and I've been a backslider all my life. You see, my mother was a good Catholic, God rest her soul. I have her picture there and I pray for her every morning and night.

"I was born in a small town in Canada. My mother was Catholic and my father was Episcopalian. We moved to a little mountain in Colorado when I was about two years old. The only church they had there was a Methodist church. My mother knew I needed some knowledge about God, so when the Methodists had Sunday school, I went to the Methodists. When the Priest was able to get there, I went to Mass and to catechism. Those were the days. The Sisters used to come to our town once in a while, riding on a handcar on the railroad. The priests often came on handcars, too.

"Well, sir, we had an old German priest, who would say 'dat's right,' each time I'd answer a question. I picked it up and began to mimic him. 'Joe, did you go to catechism today?' Mother would ask. 'Dat's right, dat's right,' I would answer her.

"One day we were having catechism in the section house, or rather *they* were having catechism, for I was running around outside the section house trying to get the others to laugh at me. The priest could not get the attention of the class. He had enough of it, I guess, because finally as I passed the door, he reached out and grabbed me by the collar and shook me. Boy, did he shake me! I deserved it, I know, but that was the end of catechism for me. I never did go back.

"I used to go to the Methodist church services on Sunday evening, just to cut up though. One night while the preacher was preaching extra long, I found an old feather duster, and pulling out a feather, began tickling the neck of the lady in front of me. All my pals thought it was clever, so I pulled out more feathers and passed them along to my friends. Soon there were boys all around the church tickling the older people. The



preacher never said a word, but the services soon ended for that night.

"Later on there was a Catholic church in a town about four miles from us. Those were the horse and buggy days, you know, and on Sunday I'd hitch up the old mare and take my mother to this town to Mass. I'd go in church with her, but as soon as she was settled in her place, I would go out and down to the pool hall until time for Mass to be over. Then I'd go back and get my mother. She never knew, and when others told her what I was a-doing, she would not believe them.

"Well, sir, I worked for the railroad and went here and there. After I got married, I went to one church or the other, off and on. But the Mrs., you know, was a Lutheran. About thirteen years ago she began going to the Catholic Church because she said it was so much like the Lutheran Church used to be in Sweden."

"What was it that brought you back into the Catholic Church?" I asked.

"One time both my wife and I were in a Catholic hospital in Denver. There was a little crippled Sister on that floor. I always spoke to her and

tried to be nice to her. One day she asked why I always spoke to her—was I a Catholic? I told her I was just an old backslider. Later, she asked me if my wife, in Room 454, was a Catholic. I told her she wasn't but that she went to the Catholic Church because she liked to go there. The Sister didn't say any more, but I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't her prayers that helped bring me back.

"Then four years ago you Sisters began visiting us. When Sister asked my wife why she didn't become a Catholic, she said, 'Oh, I guess I'm too old.' Sister assured her she was not too old, and after that we both began to take instructions."

HIS story finished there because I knew the rest. Sister used to go to their home to instruct them as it was often too hard for them to go out. "Oh, how I wish all my pupils were as eager to learn as you two are," Sister would say

at the end of class. "I shoulda learned it sixty years ago," Mr. Moffet would reply, penitently.

Two days before the feast of the Annunciation Mrs. Moffet was received into the Church, and on the beautiful feast day itself they both received Our Lord in Holy Communion for the first time. Some months later they received the Sacrament of Confirmation. The boys in the class were wearing red robes and the girls white robes and red beanies, so Mr. and Mrs. Moffet, and several other adults, dressed the same way.

If you ask Mr. Moffett about his Confirmation day, he'll just say, "Yes, sir, and there I was at the end of the line, an old backslider herdin' all the sinners in."

"Joe," his wife will say in embarrassment.

But we all laugh, knowing that the old reprobate is no more, for a strong and perfect Christian has replaced him.

What to Do if Polio Comes Your Way

Keep children with their own friends. Keep them away from people they have not been with right along, especially in close, daily living. Many people have polio infection without showing signs of sickness. Without knowing it, they can pass the infection to others.

Try not to get over-tired by work, play, or travel. If you already have the polio infection in your body, being very tired may bring on serious polio.

Keep from getting chilled. Don't bathe or swim too long in cold water. Take off wet clothes at once. Chilling can lessen your body's protection against polio.

Keep hands clean.—Hands may carry polio infection into the body through the mouth.

Keep food clean.—Keep food clean and covered.

Watch for early signs of sickness.—Polio starts in various ways—with headache, sore throat, upset stomach, sore muscles, or fever. Persons coming down with polio may also feel nervous, cross, or dizzy. They may have trouble in swallowing or breathing. Often there is a stiff neck and back.

Call your doctor at once. Until the doctor comes, keep patient quiet and in bed, away from others. Don't let the patient know you are worried. Your

doctor will tell you what to do. Usually polio patients are cared for in hospitals, but sometimes patients with light attacks may be cared for at home.

Call your own Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis if you need help. Polio is a very expensive disease to treat, but no patient need go without care. You pay what you can afford—your Chapter will pay the rest. This help includes payment of hospital bills, nurses and physical therapists, transportation to and from hospitals or clinics, treatment after the patient leaves the hospital, wheelchairs and braces when needed. This is not a loan. The American people make these services possible by giving to the March of Dimes.

Remember—there is no "quick cure" for polio and no way as yet to prevent it. With good care, most people get well, but some must have treatment for a long time. More than half the people who get the disease recover completely without any crippling.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis makes the above recommendations and especially urges quick action when polio is suspected. **CALL YOUR DOCTOR AT ONCE.** More people have polio in summer and fall than in other months of the year.



Mary's Loyal

YORK (PENNA.) HELPERS

Dear Loyal Helpers:

HERE is something for you to do during the summer to help our Mission work.

Ask your friends to save stamped envelopes for you and then tear or cut the stamps off and mail them to us when you have fifty or more. Be sure to leave a small margin around the stamps.

We shall give a prize to the boy and girl who send us the most stamps of all denominations, and a prize to the boy or girl who sends us the most stamps of special value. By this we mean the commemorative issues, in particular.

God bless you now and always!

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY



Above are the three Tassia sisters. Marie Christine is in the fifth grade and is ten years old; Margaret Rose is in the third grade and is nine years old; little Anne Elizabeth will be six and start to school in September. St. Joseph's Parochial School in York, Pennsylvania, is conducted by the Franciscan Sisters. Our Helpers have two brothers, Peter and John. Their aunts are Sister Catherine Marie and Sister Agnes Marie, Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. These children like to read about the children under our care in the Missions.

A WALLINGFORD (CONN.) HELPER



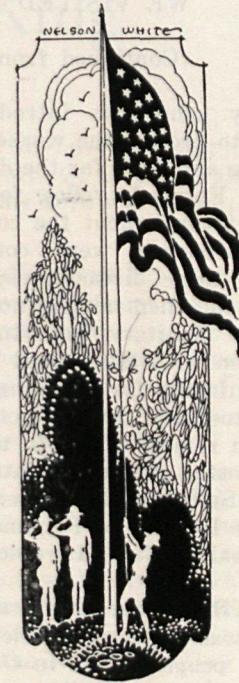
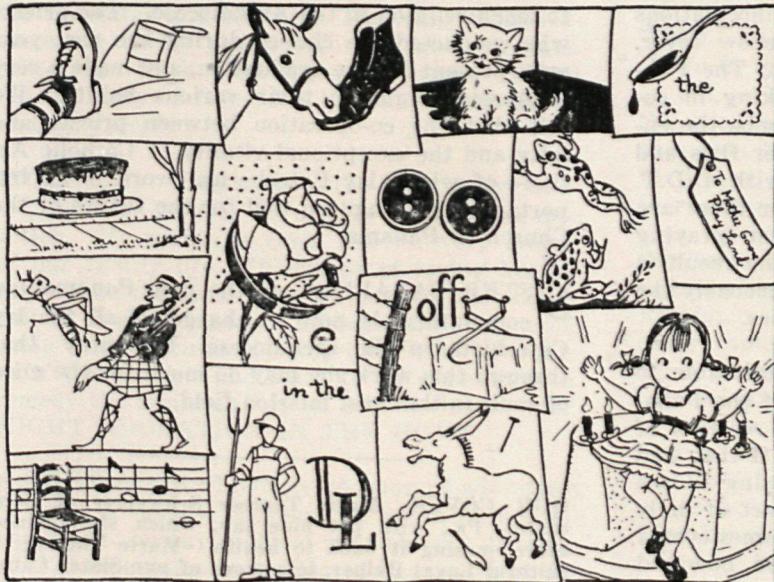
This is Mary Ann Comen, age eight, in the third grade at Holy Trinity School, Wallingford, Conn. She joined last winter and saves pennies for our mission work.

My Lord! Thy Blood a priceless flood
Pours forth to cleanse our stains,
To save Thy sheep, Thou wouldst not keep
One drop within Thy veins!

For me! Thy death! And every breath
Was breathed for love of me!
Do Thou, this day, show me the way
To live my life for Thee!

Helpers Pages

JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE



ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLE

1. Robin, 2. Wren, 3. Martin,
4. Dove, 5. Thrush, 6. Sparrow,
7. Cardinal, 8. Quail.

Little Sally had a birthday party in the good old summer time, when playmates could play games indoors and out. Guess what games they played, and earn a holy card from Sunshine Secretary. Send your worked puzzle to her at Victory Noll.

YOUR MLH PIN IN MARY'S BLUE ARMY

HAVE you heard about *Mary's Blue Army* which is making a strong stand against Russia's mighty Red Army? Anyone—even children—can enlist. It's only weapons are the spiritual weapons of *sacrifice* and *prayer*. Through these, Russia will be converted. Our Blessed Mother has promised it. There are just *five things* to do to belong to Mary's Blue Army, and here they are:

1. Recite the Rosary frequently—daily, if possible, and join the Family Rosary in your home where that can be done.
2. Receive Holy Communion as an act of reparation on the first Saturday of five successive months.
3. Say the Rosary without fail on five successive Saturdays.

4. Meditate on the mysteries of the Rosary for fifteen minutes on the first Saturdays of the month.
5. Add at the end of each decade of the beads this prayer which the favored children of Fatima were bidden to recite and propagate: "Oh my Jesus, forgive us our sins, deliver us from the fire of Hell, and lead all souls to Heaven, especially those that most need Thy mercy."

YOU will agree that to hold to this program faithfully spells *sacrifice*, but there was never a brave Christian soldier who did not make heroic sacrifices for God and country.

All members of the Blue Army are urged to wear something *blue* as an external sign of membership. This may be a blue string or a blue ribbon. Your Mary's Loyal Helper pin is blue and white and could be your "badge" in this army.

WE VISITED PANAMA

(Continued from Page 9)

sanitary conditions introduced by the United States to protect the workers sent there for the building and later for the defense of the Panama Canal. Formerly yellow fever and malaria were rampant throughout the country. Smallpox and other scourges were common. Innoculations against these diseases, especially yellow fever, have made them almost non-existent. The Panamanian Sanitary Department, working in co-operation with the United States, combs the entire peninsula for breeding places for flies and mosquitos, and sprays constantly with D.D.T. Even in remote places in the Interior there are signs posted giving the date of the last spraying by the Sanitary Department. And the result is that the Isthmus of Panama is now probably the most healthful of all tropical countries.

ANOTHER fact that was very noticeable to us was the personal cleanliness of the Panamanian people. Even in the poorest sections of Panama City, the children looked as if they had just been tubbed. A shower on arising in the morning seems to be as regular a part of daily life as breakfast—in fact, in poorer homes even a more regular part. And no matter how old and faded the children's clothing might be, it was always clean and mended.

PANAMA has only two seasons, winter and summer, and they are merely called by those names, for the climate is entirely tropical. The rainy season, extending from May through December, is called winter; and the dry season from January through April, is called summer. During the dry season the air is cooled by the steady trade winds, which have blown over thousands of miles of ocean; during the rainy season, the short tropical downpours, lasting only a few moments, leave the air clear and cool. At the noon hour it is hot, but life in Panama provides for leisure at that time of day. Offices and shops close for two or three hours and everyone goes to his home for the siesta. The nights are always delightfully cool.

IT was "summer" when we visited Panama in January, and I think that month is probably the most pleasant of the year. It seemed strange to see the schools closing for the summer vacation—February, March, and April. We attended two graduation exercises, one was a group of kindergarten children, who were darling as they recited poems, sang songs (one in English), danced, or took part in drills. At the close of the program, they walked up on the stage in all seriousness and received their diplomas.

THE other graduation consisted of a group of about thirty-five young women who had completed the course required for Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teachers in Panama. After spending a year in the study of dogma, morals, liturgy, Church history, apologetics, Sacred Scripture, philosophy, catechetical methods, singing and drawing, these young women were now entitled to a diploma which would permit them to teach religion in the Archdiocese. The priests who conducted the classes during the past year were present for the graduation, and made a very impressive sight in their various habits. We felt that the co-operation between priests and laity and the exceptional vitality of Catholic Action—of which lay Catechetical work is an important part—augured well for the future of the Church in Panama.

SISTER CATALINA, of the new Panamanian community, is now in charge of all the lay Catechists in the archdiocese. We pray that through this work she may do much for the good of souls in that vast mission field.

OUR COVER: Marie Therese Schweiger of Lancaster, Pa., with pet blue jay, which she trained after nursing it back to health. Marie Therese, a faithful Loyal Helper, is a niece of our Sister Catherine Marie and Sister Agnes Marie. She is a cousin of the Tassia girls, whose picture is on page 16 of this issue.

Memoriam

Mrs. Caroline Arnold, Miami, Fla.
Thomas Sheerin, Indianapolis, Ind.
William Fitzgerald, Crystal Lake, Ill.
Mrs. William Long, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Mary Hubbell, Chicago, Ill.
William Roeder, Chicago, Ill.
Louis Ilfeld, Las Vegas, New Mexico
Frederick Ruppert, Huntington, Ind.
Anna Brink, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Daniel Cassidy, Cleveland, N. Mex.
Cecilia Huske, Chicago, Ill.
Margaret Engelhart, Philadelphia, Pa.
Thomas J. Silk, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Katherine Aha, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Emilie J. Rapell, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Charles Deneen, Marengo, Ill.

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

At the Throne of the King

by Sister Mary Karl

YEARS ago, the King chose a palace and a throne for Himself. He was content with a little room in a carpenter's dwelling, and found His happiness in the care and love given Him by the carpenter and his wife. The King remained there for thirty years, before affairs of state called Him forth. Thus, in a few words, we can tell the story of Jesus, His blessed Mother Mary, and St. Joseph.

TODAY, our King chooses the same palace and the same throne. He desires our love and devotion. He wishes to come into the very midst of our family life. Thousands of loving hearts grant Him that wish, and we hope in time there will be thousands more. Perhaps you are one of those who are tired of being told "what's wrong with the family" and want to do something to remedy the situation. If so, here is the answer: NIGHT ADORATION IN THE HOME.

NIGHT ADORATION is an hour of adoration once a month, between the hours of 9 p.m. and 6 a.m., on any night of your choice. It is an hour of reparation to the Sacred Heart, to console Him for the countless sins being committed everywhere, especially by families. It is made in your own home, in any room, even in the privacy of your own bedroom, before a picture or statue of the Sacred Heart. Does not the very thought seem to bring your home closer to Nazareth? There, too, in the round of everyday affairs, Jesus was quietly honored by those who loved Him.

ANYONE who wishes to do this may enroll in the League of Night Adoration, thus gaining special indulgences. Prospective members living in Indiana or Ohio may apply for registration to: Victory-Noll Regional Secretariate, Box 109, Huntington, Indiana; those living in other States may write to: National Center of the Enthronement, Brookland 17, D.C.

ACCORDING to individual zeal, Night Adorers may enlist others in this watch before "the throne of the King," thus becoming promoters of the Night Adoration. We had a special instance of that last summer. Mrs. Walter Lillard, Peru, Indiana, a Night Adorer since 1941 and a zealous promoter also, sent us a list of twenty names of new Night Adorers. She added the following explanation: "I just returned from the Retreat at Tipton for married women. I found only three out of the group belonged to the Night Adoration. I explained it to them and received twenty enrollments. Mrs. B. works almost every night, but she would like to reserve the first Monday of each

month. She intends to have her family make the hour with her. Mr. Q. is an invalid, in a wheel chair; he and his wife will make the hour together."

TWENTY enrollments at one time would seem to be quite an accomplishment for a promoter, but, as is the case where there is love and zeal, the good work did not end there. One of the names on Mrs. Lillard's list was that of Mrs. C. F. Hickey, Winchester, Indiana. Within a month there came a note from Mrs. Hickey: "I received both my book and date for Night Adoration in the Home, and I kept my hour last night. I am so happy that Mrs. Lillard asked me at the Tipton Retreat to enroll. I had heard of this hour but never came in contact with anyone who knew much about it, or was very enthusiastic. I've enrolled six of the ladies in Winchester, and hope to enroll more when the Rosary meeting is held here at my home next week." Now, barely six months later, the town of Winchester, Indiana, which previously had not even appeared in our files, boasts some twenty-odd Night Adorers, enrolled by Mrs. Hickey.

WE seriously invite other Indiana Catholics to enroll in the League of Night Adoration and to become promoters, for the purpose of spreading this reparation throughout the whole State. At present, our records show there are many counties in which there is not so much as a single Night Adorer. Surely, we owe the Sacred Heart more love and gratitude than this!

INDIVIDUALS may make the Holy Hour alone, or families may make it as a group. Parents may make it together. Young married couples watch one hour with Him to sanctify their married life. Thousands of generous children make adoration and reparation before "the throne of the King." In many places, groups of adorers arrange the hours so that each hour of the night is taken, each one watching in his own home. Or, in a parish group or society, hours may be arranged so that every night someone is offering reparation during one or more hours, according to the number of those participating. Kneeling is not obligatory; you may sit, if necessary. The aged and sick may make their hour in bed.

WE hope that every reader of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST will become a Night Adorer, offering once a month that special personal tribute of love and devotion to the Heart of the King, at the Throne of the King, which will draw down His blessings and console His Sacred Heart.

America of Tomorrow
must have Religious Instruction
Today



OUR Missionary Sisters have dedicated their lives to the sublime work of giving a Christian training to children attending public schools.

AN opportunity is offered to all who wish to share in their mission apostolate by becoming associated with a group of our zealous co-workers who as members of our 2500 CLUB contribute one dollar each month for one year as membership dues.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Dear Sister:

Please enroll me in the 2500 Club. I shall pray for the Sisters and their work and will send a dollar a month for one year toward your missionary apostolate.

Name

Address

City Zone State