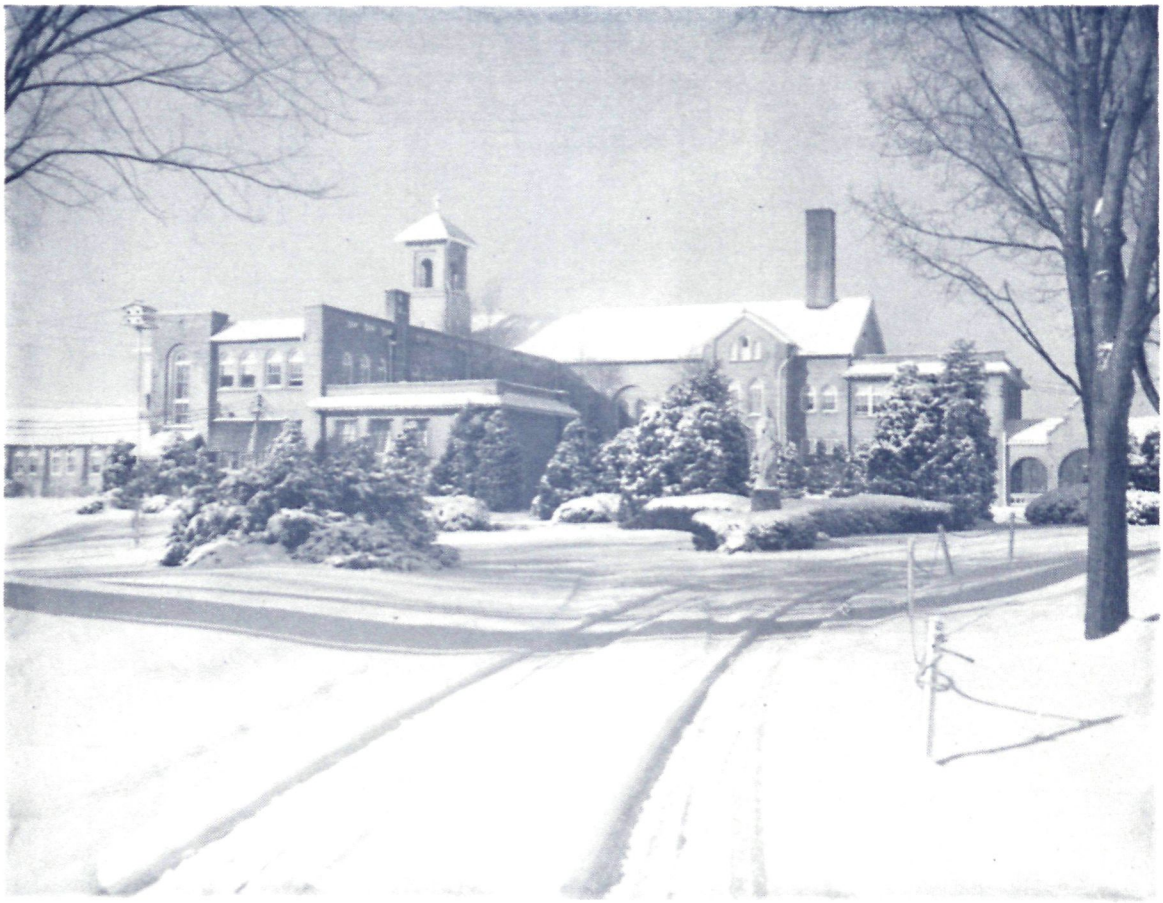
Dec 1950

The Missionary Catechist

12-1950

Christmas Greetings from Victory Noll



May the Christ Child extend His arms, laden with sweetest gifts of grace and blessing, to you and your loved ones!

In the words of our Holy Father, we pray that this Holy Year, 1950, will mark a memorable one for you having been a "year of purification and sanctification, of interior life and reparation" drawing you close to the Babe of Bethlehem.

Mother Cecilia, Superior General,
and the
Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVII **December, 1950** **Number 1**

My First Christmas at Victory Noll

by a Postulant

THE first months of our Postulancy slip quickly by and, before we realize it, the holy feast of Christmas approaches. Nowhere in the whole wide world could one find preparations more sincere, more inspiring, more replete with the season's true significance. Each Christmas wreath fashioned, each candle placed, each bow tied, are all so many expressions of our loving expectation of His coming. Nor do we fail to commemorate the great event in drama, pageant and carol. Professed Sisters, Novices and Postulants contribute special features in anticipation of the day. In the midst of it all, we are prayerfully engaged in beautifying our hearts for the Christ Child.

On Christmas eve, our Motherhouse is a fairyland of evergreen trees and wreaths, sprays and boughs, candles and lights. To retire at seven-thirty seems an impossible task; but, after all, Santa must have time, you know! We pinch our eyes shut and soon are wandering in dreamland.

Suddenly, very soft strains of organ and violin music penetrate into our dreams. They persist in their soothing, but compelling way, and to their message of joy our consciousness finally submits. Soon the voices of the Novice carolers blend in with the music. Amid all this rejoicing, we find ourselves hurriedly preparing for Midnight Mass and our visit to the Crib.

The picturesque scene that greets us as we enter chapel defies description. Only in a convent could there be manifest so majestic, yet withal so simple, a setting for the Christmas Story. The Christ Child smiles out from His manger home and surely, the angels themselves must have lent their voices to our Novices when they burst forth with their *"Gloria in Excelsis Deo"*. We feel so close to heaven when Father ascends the steps to the poinsettia-banked altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

Our hearts are overflowing with a deep feeling of happiness, joy and peace: *happiness* in reflecting on the age-old, yet ever new, mystery of God's love for mankind; *joy* in the wonder of having been chosen from among so many to live a life so close to Him; *peace* in the realization that to love and serve God is now our sole purpose in life.

THE splendor of the Mass is over. Winged feet take us from chapel to our festively-arrayed refectory where the fairies must have been working. Our gaze first wanders to a miniature Bethlehem, complete with manger scene and stately evergreen. Tiny angels are perched among the boughs. The tables are gayly decked with artistic favors and a giant candy-cookie-fruit-laden evergreen is very prominent. Small wonder we were hurried to bed at 7:30 p.m. Santa needed much time to prepare this land of enchantment.

After a bounteous breakfast, back to the Postulancy where we sing carols around our own brilliantly-lighted tree which, incidentally, harbors numerous gifts in its branches and at its base. Oh, the magic and the excitement as the hours slip by. Gifts are opened amid exclamations of wonder and glee. Huge stacks of letters and cards which have accumulated during Advent clamor for attention. Time passes too quickly; eyelids become heavy. One by one the Postulants slip away: some to slumberland; some to watch the dawn send its first purple streaks over the hills; and others quietly back to chapel to pour out our hearts' love and adoration to the Newborn Babe.

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A Birthday Present for Our Blessed Mother

POSTULANTS who were received at Victory Noll on the eighth of September are pictured above with Mother Cecilia, Superior General, and Sister Sophia, Mistress of Novices.

From left to right: First row, Shirley Furtado, Los Banos, Calif.; Gertrude Cortens, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; Eva Sanchez, Fillmore, Calif., Dorothy Wortmann, Racine, Wis., Helen Burch, Los Angeles, Calif.; 2nd row, Marie Downey, Kansas City, Mo.; Carolyn Louise Neff, Indianapolis, Ind.; Madeline Villanueva, Pueblo, Colo.; Josephine Maes, Santa Fe, New Mexico; Juanita Montoya, Santa Fe, N.M.; Patricia Heffernan, Inglewood, Calif.; Mary MacArthur, Los Angeles, Calif.; Margaret Walter, Racine, Wis.; Mary C. Rowland, Baton Rouge, La.; Marjorie Curran, Brooklyn, Iowa; 3rd row, Mother Cecilia, Alice Trombley, Standish, Mich.; Rita Johann, Hammond, Ind.; Mary Ann Sedlacek, Bremen, Kansas; Florence Wolf, Glendale, Calif.; Stella Navick, Pasadena, Calif.; Jacquelyn Aschenbrenner, Rice, Minnesota; Charleen Poggenburg, Oakland, California, and Sister Sophia.

ON the feast of the Holy Rosary, four more postulants (not pictured here) were privileged also to place themselves under the loving care of Our Blessed Mother. They are: Elsie Kostka, Chicago (Arlington Heights) Ill.; Dolores Chenot, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary R. Marshall, Englewood, Colorado and Monica Cote, Rochelle, Illinois.

Around Victory Noll

by Sister Jean Marie

AFTER terminating our last little tour AROUND VICTORY NOLL, we became engulfed in a whirlwind of activities as the Sisters prepared to leave our beloved Motherhouse to resume their missionary endeavors to draw souls closer to Our Lord. As is our custom, we arranged a more elaborate send-off for the Sisters who were to staff our four new Convents (now making a total of 46) in East Chicago, Indiana; Colorado Springs, Colorado; Flat River, Missouri; and Washington Courthouse, Ohio. Finally, we were ready to settle down to our calm, ordered routine.

WE had a lovely birthday gift to tender to Our Blessed Mother on September 8 as twenty-two young girls, who had been seen promenading AROUND VICTORY NOLL, knelt before Our Lady's Altar to place themselves under her motherly care as *Postulants* of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Four more joined the group on the Feast of the Holy Rosary.

We think that the year 1950 will be outstanding in the archives of our Community! Our hearts were filled with sheer joy when the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, came to visit Victory Noll enroute to Fort Wayne to preside over the consecration ceremonies of Bishop Pursley. His Excellency, accompanied by the Very Reverend Monsignor McShea, arrived at nine o'clock in the evening.

Knowing how exhausted His Excellency must have been after his long trip, we were amazed when he motioned us to be seated after we had sung the *Te Deum* and proceeded to give us a few choice reflections from which we are still culling meditative thoughts. His Excellency wove his discourse around the story of Martha and Mary. He stressed the fact that although the active life of service is a high calling, we must never forget that it derives its excellence from the depth of the spiritual life which permeates it. Martha's service was beautiful and necessary. It was Martha's role in the drama that, in later years, gave the real emphasis to Our Lord's lesson about Mary choosing the better part. We must labor in the vineyard in active zealous service. However, we must be imbued with the realization of God's Presence and take Jesus to everyone we contact. We must bring

His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, chats with Bishop Noll at the chapel entrance, Victory Noll.

Jesus to the children in all our catechetical instructions. We must perform miracles constantly: that is, raise the dead to life. We must strive to return to the life of sanctifying grace those who are dead, immersed in a sinful existence.

HIS Excellency offered our Community Mass next morning, and breakfasted with our Bishop, Father Dillon and Father Schmitt. We then walked AROUND VICTORY NOLL so that His Excellency could have a brief glimpse of our picturesque grounds. We were all grouped on the steps and patio when His Excellency was leaving and he humorously remarked that it is customary for a bishop to announce a free

day when visiting a religious community; and so he pronounced one for us in honor of Bishop Noll. Without a moment's hesitation Bishop Noll responded with: "And, I give you a second one in honor of the Apostolic Delegate!" We had them, too! The parting words of our Apostolic Delegate were: "This Community has to grow like a tree, and its branches will have to spread over the entire country."

NEXT evening we had with us His Excellency, the Right Reverend Ignatius Esser, O.S.B., Abbot of St. Meinrad's. After commenting on our bouquets of flowers (in his estimation, "Flowers are God's choicest natural gifts to us.") Father Abbot promised to send us a copy of *the* most excellent book published on flower arrangement. He has, since, and we agree wholeheartedly with him. Many of us received much pleasure—and profit—from its perusal. Bishop Helmsing stopped for a few hours and it is always a joy to have a visit from him, brief though it may necessarily be.

Father Larkin, returning from a three month tour in Honolulu, sowing seed for deep-rooted devotion to the Sacred Hearts, stayed with us a few days before returning to his headquarters in Washington. We had a pleasant surprise visit from Father Loeher, too.

Expressions of heartfelt congratulations were numerous when a beloved familiar figure AROUND VICTORY NOLL was elevated to the rank of Papal Chamberlain. Before Bishop Noll offered the Solemn Pontifical High Mass for the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's church, he invested Father Dillon as a Very Reverend Monsignor.

ON October 5, Mother Cecilia and Mother Catherine boarded the train to New Brunswick, New Jersey. After visiting our convent in Middlesex, New York was their next destination. On the Feast of the Holy Rosary they joined *Our Sunday Visitor's* Pilgrimage group of about eighty, headed by Monsignor Edward J. Mungovan, and sailed on the Queen Elizabeth for Cherbourg, France. They were looking forward with keen enthusiasm to the days they would spend at Lourdes. Mother Cecilia took lists of the names of all our Sisters and postulants to place at the famous shrines. There were indefinite plans for a brief stop in Switzerland; otherwise they were to leave the Pilgrimage group after a few days and go directly to the Eternal City and remain there until after the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Assumption on November 1. According to their itinerary, Assisi, Padua and Loretto were visits they anticipated with deep pleasure. They planned on leaving La Havre, France, on board the Mauretania, arriving back in New York on November 13.

Mother Cecilia

OUR parting gifts to Mother Cecilia were a tiny gold statue of Our Blessed Mother, a plentiful supply of writing paper, a ball point pen (hinting?) and a diary. We knew the time element would be lacking to jot down copious notes; so, we filled in headings and sub-headings to simplify her task (and deprive her of an excuse) of bringing home an account of the highlights of the tour.

At this writing we are still praying that God will permit them a safe journey and we are eagerly looking forward to their return, knowing that they will spend many delightful hours AROUND VICTORY NOLL reminiscing on the glories of their never-to-be forgotten trip.

ALTHOUGH Advent is a period of fasting and the liturgy demands purple vestments, AROUND VICTORY NOLL the very atmosphere is charged with a spirit of exultancy. The corridors that are gradually donning festive garb seem vibrant with soft echoes from the Christmas hymns being practiced, particularly from the beautiful *Antiphons* and also the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* which, though said almost every day at Holy Mass, seems to take on a new glor-

iously jubilant note at Christmas time. The Novices and Postulants quietly wend their way with downcast eyes until they hear the side door open each day and a new avalanche of gifts of every size, shape and dimension cascades from the truck into the corridor and then the Professed Sisters whisk them away—where? Eyes are no longer lowered: they are wide open and sparkling. Who said there's no Santa Claus?

SOON December 16 will be here and that means our solemn *Christmas Novena* during which each Sister and Postulant kneels before our Eucharistic Jesus and, with hearts overflowing with love and gratitude, pleads for special graces to flow from His compassionate forgiving heart upon our parents, friends, benefactors and all who had any least part in leading us to the religious life and in making solid the life of our Community. Oh yes, AROUND VICTORY NOLL hearts are raised in melody to the Infant Christ Child, chanting tender prayer-filled wishes for choice Christmas blessings for *you* and *you* and *you* - - -

Christmas at Queen of the Missions

by Sister Frances

CHRISTMAS at Queen of the Missions is always looked forward to with great anticipation and joy.

When classes begin in September, our Sodalists are reminded of their huge task and are spurred on with the reminder that "Christmas is just around the corner." A huge task it is indeed, for they help to plan ways of bringing cheer to more than five hundred patients in the county and community hospitals of this vicinity. Here, elderly men and women, as well as younger patients, eagerly look forward to the annual visit of our Sodalists when they gather to carol. After the caroling is over, gifts that have been carefully made, are distributed among the patients.

DURING the week of all the various Christmas parties, we Sisters lay aside our class work

to take our place at the newly assembled production line, where three thousand bags of candy are filled in record time—to say nothing of the five hundred boxes of sweets for the hospitals. Perhaps it sounds like work to you, but it is great fun.

Then, too, articles suitable for Christmas prizes have been selected from boxes of clothing, religious goods and toys sent to us by our kind friends and benefactors. These have been put aside until the first of December, when they are divided among the Sisters who will award them to their pupils according to merit. We could hardly expect to realize enough prizes for each of the three thousand children attending our religion classes.

YOU would love to be present at our Christmas parties. Sometimes a group of children will prepare a play, a tableau of the Nativity, or a number of songs to surprise the class. Then among "oh's" and "ah's" awards are chosen and bags of sweets are distributed.

Little Richard had first choice in class awards for perfect attendance and good behavior.. His eyes grew larger as he looked over the articles. They fastened on a very outstanding gift—a small statue of the Blessed Virgin. "I'll take this for my mother," he said, and while the rest of the class cheered, he took his seat.

Mary's name was called as having merited second choice. I wondered just what she would select. "Oh," she exclaimed, "there is a stuffed lamb! I want that for my little brother."

Eddie was next. He soon found a necklace that he thought his sister would like.

My admiration grew as I watched how many thought not of themselves, but of their dear ones at home. Even the bag of candy and popcorn would be shared with others.

For all who have helped in some way to contribute to their joy and happiness, we say a fervent "God bless you."

At Victory Noll

Novices enjoy a Christmas breakfast after Midnight Mass.

Islands of Christianity

by Sister Miriam

"Rorate coeli desuper, et nubes pluant justum."

A small group of angels listened happily to the sweet melody of the beautiful Advent hymn. They had been members of the first Christmas choir, and loved to recall their *"Gloria in Excelsis Deo."* Recently they had found it rather disturbing to their sense of timeliness to hear themselves re-echoed on earth all too early in the liturgical year. Now it was good to find someone with a feeling of Advent, and the angels hovered near.

The music was coming from a well-made record, the Gregorian chant sung by a capable choir. Seated around the victrola were members of the Mothers' Club, whose angels proudly welcomed the visiting spirits, and invited them to stay for the meeting.

When the gently retarded "Amen" brought the hymn to an end, Sister moderator raised the needle and looked expectantly at the ladies.

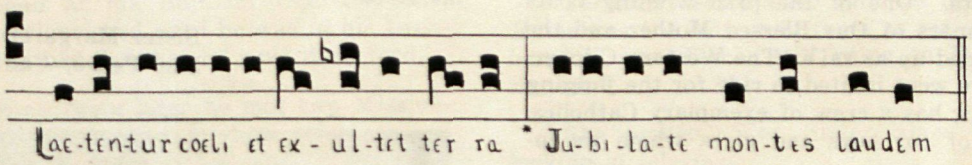
"Did that put you in an Advent mood now?" she asked hopefully. "It should remind us of that period of waiting and longing that preceded the First Christmas. Notice that upward surge in the beginning, *'Rorate coeli, desuper,'* as if the old patriarchs were reaching up to heaven itself. 'Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above.' And then the plaintive falling notes, trying to draw the Saviour down to the poor, sinful earth. 'Let the clouds rain the Just one.'"

Sister sang the refrain again softly, while the mothers nodded their appreciation. Several angels had a far-a-way look, as they reminisced over those ages when they had sympathetically watched the human race clinging to its Promise and its hope.

"Remember," continued Sister, "that even though our Redeemer has already come and established His Kingdom, that same heavenly inspired Church teaches us to commemorate the history of our Redemption in the seasons and feasts of the liturgical year. And so, we are trying to restore the meaning of Advent, as well as the real meaning of Christmas itself. Who would like to report on the suggestions we had at our last meeting on family practices in Advent?" Sister glanced around the circle.

"Well," said one of the members, "I would say that some practice is necessary to supplant the premature Christmas tree. My family started clamoring for a tree the first of December, but I explained the meaning of the Advent

(Continued on page 14)



Laetentur Coeli

Let the heavens rejoice, and may the earth exult, * ye mountains, praise ye the Lord.

Let the mountains break forth into gladness * and the hills with justice.

For our Lord shall come * and shall show mercy to His poor.

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just one, * let the earth be opened and bud forth the Savior.

In the Home Field

BLESSING
OF THE
FLEET

SAN PEDRO—city of fishermen—turned out 100,000 strong for the second annual blessing of the largest commercial fishing fleet in the world. Cardinal Tisserant had been invited by Archbishop McIntyre to bless the fleet this year, and San Pedro's thousands of Catholics lined the wharf and bridge for blocks to assist at the blessing and to listen to the message of the Cardinal, who spoke in Croatian, Italian, and English.

We Sisters who have been working in the spiritual sea of souls in San Pedro rejoiced at the religious atmosphere enveloping the Fishermen's Fiesta. One of the prize-winning boats carried banners of Our Blessed Mother and the Saints, rigged up as sails. The Western Clipper, on which we were invited to ride for the judging of the boats, has a crew of exemplary Catholics, and many of our boys and girls, whom we instruct in catechism class, were on deck. How consoling to the heart of a missionary to see such a demonstration of faith in a city where thousands of children have not the opportunity of a Catholic school education.

WE have religion classes for the pupils of all ten public grade schools and the junior high school, with an enrollment of two thousand. But we know there are many more we have not yet contacted, for lack of time and Sisters. Yes, San Pedro—city of fishermen—is also a field for missionaries. And that is why we rejoice so much at the blessing of the fishermen and the fleet.

Sister Margaret Ann
San Pedro, California

ALBERT was helping his younger brother and sisters with their catechism lesson. There had been several train wrecks in the vicinity and the boy had been deeply impressed.

"When you make a mortal sin," he explained, "it's like a big explosion or wreck where people are sure to be thrown out. Well, when you make a big sin you throw God out of your soul. But when you make a venial sin you hurt God with the bumps and bruises."

Sister Mary Rosella
Big Spring, Texas

The Missionary Catechist

Children at Richmond, Kentucky presented this Christmas pageant under the direction of Sister Mary Eva and Sister Mary Geraldine.

FOR HIM, TOO!

Michael was attending Mass for the first time and, of course, everything was quite new to him. When the collection basket was passed, he had no money to contribute, but his sister did. As she dropped the money in, Michael whispered loudly to the usher,

"That's for me, too."

Sister Camilla
South Bend, Indiana

LIFE BEGINS AFTER FORTY YEARS

Life began at his Baptism (spiritual life, that is) and flourished until he was in his twenties. Then it died, because he gave it no food.

Thirty-nine years later he met two Missionary Sisters, who seemed to show some concern about the life of grace in his soul.

"No can confess in Engleesh," he replied.

"But we are able to understand you. Why couldn't Father understand your confession?"

"No. I no can do." And that was final. (Or so he thought.)

A year later the time was ripe. He slowly began to respond to the invitation. Finally he did it. He returned to the Sacraments!

We feel like the A.F.M. (Assistant fishers of men.)

Sister Mary Millicent
San Pedro, California

GOLDEN PENNIES

LITTLE Marie was confronted with a difficulty that bothers many children who attend catechism class. The problem was that of a negligent parent who did not attend Holy Mass on Sundays.

Since Marie has learned about the Tarcisian program and the plan of offering Golden Pennies to Jesus for souls, she has been most faithful in putting many golden pennies into the special envelope marked for sacrifices. I was not too surprised one day when she smilingly told me that her father had gone to Mass the previous Sunday.

Yesterday I had a few minutes before class. Marie was the only child there as yet so I asked her, "Is your father still going to Mass every Sunday?"

She replied, "Yes, Sister, since I stopped looking at television."

Puzzled, I asked, "What does television have to do with it?

"Oh," was her shy answer, "since I have been giving Jesus the golden penny of not seeing television for fifteen minutes a night my father asked me, 'What's the matter with you, Marie? Don't you like television any more?'

"I told him, 'I like Jesus better, and I wish that He would make you go to Mass on Sundays.' My father did not say anything then but he has been going to Mass every Sunday now."

Sister Estelle
San Fernando, California

Associate Catechists

Dear Associates:

AGAIN the Christmas bells ring out in the crisp, cold air. Again there is the usual jostle of the Christmas shopping throngs. We are slaves of habit—some good and some bad.

WE try to stifle an unnamed sorrow which wells up in our hearts. A sort of forced gayety seems to permeate the atmosphere—as if each one were trying to forget and make others forget for a few fleeting hours the somber truth that America is again at War.

YOUNG faces present at last year's festivities are absent. They are in training centers, or even now form a part of our Nation's far-flung army and navy forces.

Feeble attempts are made to bring a bit of Christmas cheer to these absent ones. A parcel of suitable gifts and Christmas sweets is sent by mail.

HEAVY hearts experience relief, too, by doing something (in Christ's dear Name and to win a blessing and a grace for that loved one far away) for the unfortunate ones in our own country.

You, dear Associates, are long accustomed to serving Christ in the person of His dear poor, through our instrumentality. It is no new venture for you to undertake charitable work of this sort.

THROUGH your frequent donations you aid in keeping our Sisters at their mission outposts, where they minister to the spiritual and temporal needs of both children and grownups. Your mission boxes, too, gladden their hearts and the little ones they serve.

MAY the love of our Little King enfold you now and forevermore!

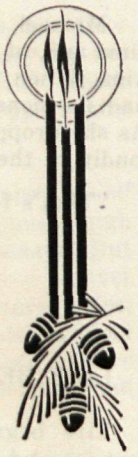
Devotedly yours,

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND
(Chicago)

THIS small group of friends, under the leadership of *Miss Mary A. Perkins*, has been meeting together for nearly twenty years. Their joys are sweeter and their sorrows less bitter because they have tried and true friends with whom to share them. Recently, one of the charter members, Jule Malloy, lost her dear brother in death. Please remember his departed soul and the bereaved ones in your prayers.

ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION GUILD
(Palos Heights, Ill.)



NEW officers in St. Michael's Guild are as follows: Mrs. John McCann, *President*, Mrs. Charles Dowling, *Vice President*, Mrs. James Cahill, *Secretary* and Mrs. Ambrose Conroy, *Treasurer*.

Besides the usual monthly dues, an occasional extra card party is given for our benefit and at Christmas and Easter an extra collection is taken up for us among members.

These are all young married women with families. We appreciate their eagerness to help us in our work with underprivileged Catholic children.

ST KATHERINE BAND *(Chicago)*

IN the month of September this Chicago Band opens up its year of activities. Each hostess vies with the others in preparing tempting lunches when it is her turn to entertain. Usually, that kind of rivalry leads to a bit of discouragement, but the ladies in St. Katherine's Band seem to meet with no difficulty in this regard. We have concluded they are all excellent cooks and like to display their ability. Attractive prizes at some of the meetings consist of dainty handmade aprons. Permanent Promoter of the Band is *Mrs. Katherine Hammer*.

Prayers are requested for sick members and sick relatives of members.

# of Mary

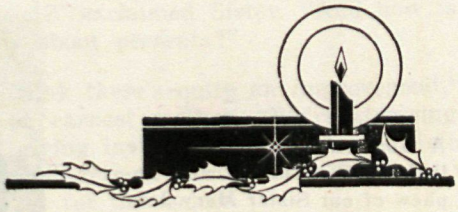
ST. JOSEPH'S BAND NO. 1 *(Chicago)*

THIS Band enjoys the unique distinction of being the oldest Band on record, and having sent the most money to Victory Noll in the long span of its existence. It was founded by the late Mrs. Catherine Service, who was one time Chief Promoter of all our Chicago Bands.

When Mrs. Service' health became impaired, Miss Anna Knusman took over the promotership and retained it for a good many years. In May of the current year, Miss Knusman established permanent residence in Florida. Although she continues to pay dues in the Band and is a frequent visitor in Chicago, it was agreed that *Mrs. Margaret King* should hereafter be in charge of the mission band.

A letter from Mrs. King usually starts out with, "Enclosed find a check for $25.00." How we enjoy reading letters with a preamble like that!

Warm Christian charity against a sunny California backdrop. You gladden the hearts of children at Christmas by aiding our Sisters in their mission work.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

Sept 21, 1950 to October 18, 1950

Adrian Club, Chicago, Florence Dietz	25.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	7.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	24.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachman	19.70
Mothers and Daughters, Chicago, Mrs. John F. Keegan	5.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	3.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	11.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Geo. Deininger	9.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	5.00
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	40.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. H. Reeves	11.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Schultz	263.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	35.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. A. Hake	50.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago Mary Schaefer	15.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryne Quinlan	11.00
Seven Dolors Band, Chicago, Mrs. John J. Murphy	10.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Mary Nash	30.00

ST. MARY'S MISSION CLUB *Maywood, Ill.)*

MOSTLY relatives of *Mrs. Forest Lehmann*, the Promoter, the ladies pledged themselves to contribute a certain amount of money four times a year. In addition, they sponsor a Fall bridge party for our benefit. Many thanks to them!

A God-centered family: five little Kellys, nieces and nephew of our Sister Mary Joachim who is stationed at Queen of the Missions Convent, Redlands, California.

ISLANDS OF CHRISTIANITY

(Continued from Page 9)

wreath, and now they're enjoying that and looking forward to Christmas."

"Yes, I've found that true, too," volunteered another. "The children are bringing their friends in to see the wreath. They discuss its purpose, and point out with a rather superior air that they want their tree to be a real Christmas tree, not some old thing that they're tired of when Christmas comes. The youngsters adapt themselves remarkably well to the Advent wreath. If only we all had the simplicity of children and didn't care too much what others said and did!" a third mother said with a sigh.

The watching angels nodded a vigorous assent.

"Do the little ones seem to understand the meaning of the wreath?" asked Sister.

"Yes, they were fascinated by the one candle burning down first," another speaker said. "It seems a long time to them until we light the second, the third and the fourth. So I tell them how long it was for the people to wait after the sin of Adam and Eve until the Saviour finally came."

"And the faint light of the one candle," said an eager voice. "We turn out our other lights for a moment, and then realize how dark the world was before Jesus came. As we light the other candles, we intend to remark on the prophets who kept getting more hints from God about the promised Savior, so that the light kept getting brighter."

(Picture of Advent wreath on back cover)

"They like the color symbolism, too," added another member. "I heard my Mary Ann telling her chum that the green branches stood for hope, the purple ribbon for sorrow and penance."

"Of course, the older children are proud to follow the prayer in their missals. After lighting the first candle, our Dad read the Sunday Mass Collect along with the blessing before meals, and the table conversation was remarkably spiritual." The guardian spirit of the mother who offered this statement affirmed its truth to his fellow angels.

"Our children anxiously wait their turn at lighting the candle and reading the prayer," commented another, "so we're dividing honors on week days."

"Well, that sounds quite encouraging," said Sister. "And how about the empty crib preparation? Has anyone tried it?"

"Yes, we're doing that with our little ones," said a young mother happily. "I have little supplies of 'straw'—green wool for Pat, blue for Bernadette, and pink for little Rose. They put a piece of yarn in the crib whenever they do a good act, but have to take one of their color out if they're naughty. So far, the colors are pretty even, although the pink may have a tiny lead."

"I'm going to start my youngsters on that this week," a slightly older woman said. "I've

found by experience that small children can't keep up their interest too long in any one thing."

"Very true," answered Sister. "Maybe I should have warned you that the whole of Advent might prove too long for the tiny ones to keep up the practice. But you can remind them that they are trying to make a nice soft bed for Baby Jesus."

A few angels held a whispered discussion on how they could help the Guardians of the little ones in question. Their whispers were too soft to disturb the discussion which continued on the subject of Santa Claus.

"Yesterday, being Saint Nicholas day, we got that straightened out," said a determined voice. "We told the story of the saint with all its interesting acts of charity. Then we showed the evolution of Saint Nicholas into Santa Claus, and explained that some children didn't know about saints, and that's why they get mixed up on whether Santa Claus is real or not. And, of course, the men who are dressed like Santa remind us of the real saint in heaven."

The angels beamed happily to think they could bring Saint Nicholas this consoling news.

"Don't forget to tell that you gave this explanation at a neighborhood party," the last speaker's friend interposed. "My children came home so happy! They enjoyed the cookie-making contest where everyone tried to cut out a good Saint Nicholas figure. The children appreciated the little festivity because they're keeping a somewhat penitential Advent—no candy except on Saint Nicholas day and the feast of the Immaculate Conception."

"Good!" exclaimed Sister. "And how is the attitude about presents?"

"I think there's quite an improvement," offered an earnest mother. "We're stressing the joy of giving in honor of little Jesus' birthday, and the children are less demanding about what they want for themselves."

"The Saint Vincent de Paul Society is supervising the collection and distribution of gifts for the poor, and we've got our girls working on dolls' clothes for that," said the member who was a Girl Scout leader.

"The boys are busy in their Don Bosco clubhouse making simple wooden toys. And several of the children are busy selling Christmas cards throughout the neighborhood. I think they're planning to use their profit to get some nice gift for the pastor."

The visiting angels were pleased with the progress of the mothers, and left the discussion under the protection of their good Guardians. They felt that at the moment they could be of some help over in the choir loft, where the singers were practicing the Proper for the second Sunday of Advent.

"Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand on high, and behold the joy that cometh to thee from thy God," caroled the singers in the Communion verse.

"Indeed," the leading choir angel mused, "'Behold the joy that cometh to thee from thy God!' If only the pleasure-mad worldlings would turn from their selfish tinsel idea of Christmas, and know the true joy found in these God-centered Islands of Christianity!"

Immaculate

by Sister Jean Marie

O Maid conceived without a sin,
Our Little King's own Mother!
So pure, so full of grace and love
There is on earth no other.

O Mother of my Jesus
Please draw me closer still;
And make my heart a vessel
With God's dear grace to fill.

And, if I seem to loiter
In journeying to you,
Then take my hand and guide my step
In everything I do.

A Gift for the King

by Joan M. Collett

JIP, the young herd dog sat watching the peacefully sleeping sheep. He didn't really belong to anyone but he earned his keep by helping to care for the flock.

The night was still and clear and the stars shone like many, many diamonds sprinkled across the sky.

Some strange power seemed to hold magic over the night. The sheep had been unusually docile and no lion or wolf had even disturbed them.

THEN suddenly the sky was lit up by a shimmering golden-white light. It came nearer and nearer, and Jip crouched down in fear as did the shepherds.

A beautiful figure stood before them and spoke, with a voice like the tinkle of bells or the merry gurgling of a stream, yet strangely at the same time sounding like beautiful organ music. His voice rang out, strong and clear, resounding over hill and plain with holy loveliness. Jip could not understand what was said, but fear left him and admiration took its place.

LATER, many angels appeared and sang, praising God, our Maker. They played on their golden harps till Heavenly music filled the air and then disappeared. In their place shone a wonderful new star, large and bright.

Jip and the shepherds were left gasping with awe and wonder. Surely they must go and see that of which the angel had spoken.

Loyal Helpers, meet Joan Maurine Collett, the author of this fine little story. Helper Joan was twelve years old when she wrote it. She is thirteen, now. She lives in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and is the niece of our Sister Loretta Marie.

THEY made haste and went to Bethlehem, over which the brightest rays of the holy star shone. There they stopped at the door of a humble, cave-like stable nestled against a hill. Inside was a beautiful young woman, the Virgin Mary, seated on a pile of hay beside a manger. In the manger lay a tiny newborn Babe, beautiful and shining with a golden radiance.

JIP impetuously felt drawn to the little Babe with all his affectionate dog heart. He showed his love and loyalty by drawing near and looking at Him with eager eyes. He yearned to give something to this tiny Babe he had chosen for his master. But what could he, a mere dog, give the tiny prince?

He sidled over to the cow to get a better view. "Dog," lowed the cow, "Have you nothing to give to the blessed Christ Child? I gave Him my manger for His bed and my hay to make it soft. Go, unless you have something to give!" And the cow shook her horns angrily.

Jip then ran over to the shaggy burro, brown and sleepy-eyed. "If only I had a gift for the Little King," he whined under his breath.

Mary's Loyal Helpers

"If you haven't a gift, then be off with you!" snorted the burro. "Why, I carried His Mother all the many miles to Bethlehem. Go now!" And poor Jip dodged the lashing hoofs and ran outside.

THERE stood the three richly saddled camels. They stared over his head with haughty indifference. Hadn't they, three young healthy camels, carried the wise men here to give the Lord Jesus His most valuable gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh?

The small unimportant doves had their gift also. They sang lullaby after lullaby to coo Him to sleep. And even the stupid sheep gave something. The little Prince was wrapped in cloth made from sheeps' wool.

All the other animals shunned him because he had nothing to give—he, who loved the Blessed Baby more than any of them!

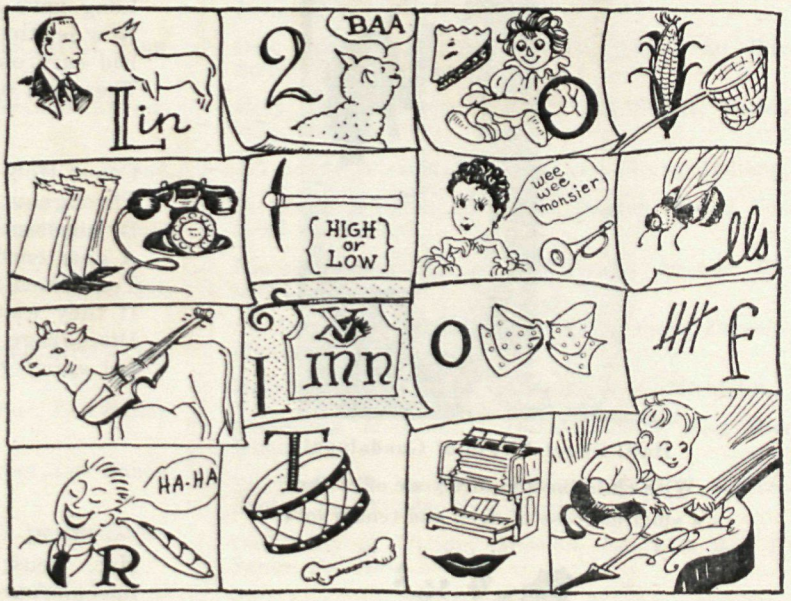
WHAT could a dog give? Why, all Jip knew how to do was herd sheep and the Baby didn't own any. Poor Jip knew he must leave, but first he just had to see, once more, the Little King.

He stole silently toward the manger, hoping desperately not to be seen. Then a hand rested softly on his head. He looked into the radiant face of the Virgin Mary. She seemed to read his thoughts, and spoke to him.

"My Baby Jesus is pleased with your gift, friend Dog. You see, your *love* for Him is more of a gift than you realized. It is not the gift but the thought behind the giving that pleases. Yes, your gift is accepted."

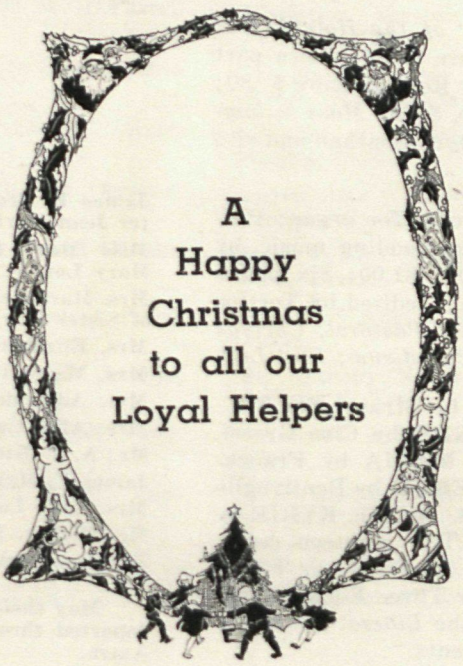
As if to second her words, the Baby Jesus cooed happily.

OUR DECEMBER PUZZLE



Johnny went to town with his grandmother to see Santa Claus. They stopped at a music store. To the regret of the storekeeper what instruments did Johnny play with? Send the worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

Answers to November Puzzle: 1. Mayflower. 2. Harvest. 3. Pilgrims. 4. National. 5. Thursday. 6. Turkey.



Christmas Offering

"Dear little King,
What shall I say?"
"Acts of pure love,
All through the day."

"Dear little King,
What shall I do?"
"As you are told—
Willingly, too!"

"Dear little King,
What shall I bring?"
"Gratitude for
Everything."

Hail! Sweet Virgin of Guadalupe!
With childlike simplicity we offer thee
a spiritual rose of deep and tender love.

Music Reviewed

The music here listed is published by J. Fischer & Bro., 119 West 40th St., New York City.

MASSES:*Mass in honor of the Holy Infant* by Joseph Rheinberger. Score $ .80; Voice part $ .15. *Missa "Ave Maria"* by Rossini Score $ .80; Voice part, soprano and alto, $ .30. *Mass in honor of St. Michael the Archangel.* Soprano and alto parts, $ .30; Score $ .60.

MARCHES: Festal Marches for organ; Processional and Recessional for wedding music, by Joseph J. McGrath, No. 8382, $1.00; Six pieces for organ by Theodore Dubois, edited by Tertius Noble, No. 8428, $1.50. *Chant Pastoral; Cortege Funebre; Canon; Noel; In Paradisum; Fiat Lux.*

LAUDATE DOMINUM by Strubel, for T.T.-B.B. BEATI MUNDO CORDE by Ciro Grassi, for S.S.A. or T.T.B. AVE MARIA by Franck-Zavaglia for S.S.A. AVE VERUM by Bentivoglio for S.S.A. or T.T.B. Price $ .15 each. KYRIE by Victoria de Brant for S.A.T.B. eighteen cents. AVE MARIA by Ravanello, for S.S.A. or T.T.B. twelve cents. REQUIEM for Three Equal Voices by Mary E. Downey, with the *Libera, Subvenite* and *In Paradisum*, eighty cents.

Come Holy Ghost

Come, Holy Ghost, with breath divine,
To re-create this world of Thine;
Teach rulers You alone can bless
Their plans for peace with true success;
Long have men borne war's cleansing rod,
Now let them relish things of God;
Bid each one sinful joys to shun,—
Then will our longed-for peace be won.

Come, Holy Ghost, let there appear
Throughout our earth, now scorched and seared
By constant bombings from the skies;
A chastened people: Hear our cries.
Teach men to trust in God, not might,
If they would set this world aright;
Discourage vain efficiency,
Let *spirit* gain ascendancy.

by Sister Blanche

ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS; Confirma Hoc, Deus; Terra Tremuit; Jubilate Deo; Te Saeculorum Principem; Tui Sunt Coeli. By C. Rossini for S.A. or T.B. Price $ .12 each.

MODULATIONS for Organists, Pianists and Students by Philip G. Kreckel. Price $1.00.

In Memoriam

James F. Brosnan, Pittsburgh, Pa., brother of Sister Jean Marie, O.L.V.M.
Miss Mary Dillon, Shelby, Ohio, aunt of Sister Mary Louise, O. L. V. M.
Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, Berkeley, Missouri, aunt of Sister Mary Gerard, O. L. V. M.
Mrs. Elizabeth Attwood, Chicago Illinois
Mrs. Maria Dwyer, Chicago, Illinois
Mrs. Adelaide Minnoe, Baldwinsville, New York
Mrs. Alice Carroll, Baldwinsville, New York
Mr. A. J. Kirn, Somerset, Texas
James F. Malloy, Chicago, Illinois
Mrs. Susie Lauer, Fort Wayne, Indiana (ACM)
Mr. Hickey, Milton, Massachusetts
Thomas Stack, Jennings, Missouri

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

Addresses of Our Mission Centers

Our Lady of the Rosary Mission, Grove Hill, Alabama.

St. Coletta's Mission, 224 S. Kendricks Street, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, 1166 K Street, Brawley, California.

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 95, Coachella, California.

San Basilio Mission, 126 S. Fetterly Avenue, Los Angeles 22, California.

Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles 23, California.

Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.

Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.

Mary, Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.

Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.

Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.

The Guadalupe Clinic, 1747 Kearney Avenue, San Diego 2, California.

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, Box 728, San Fernando, California.

St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 W. O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California.

Precious Blood Mission, 222 S. Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.

St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare, California.

Sacred Heart Mission, 178 South 6th Avenue, Brighton, Colorado.

Mary, Queen of Martyrs Mission, 14 West Costilla Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Our Lady of Grace Mission, 2161 Tremont Place, Denver 5, Colorado.

Regina Angelorum Mission, 306 - 14th Avenue, Greeley, Colorado.

Mary, Queen of Heaven Mission, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.

Mount Carmel Mission, 3223 Grove Street, East Gary, Indiana.

Nazareth Mission, 420 Melcher Avenue, Elkhart, Indiana.

Our Lady of Fatima Mission, 1385 Van Buren Street, Gary, Indiana.

Holy Ghost Mission, 427 S. Oak Street, Kendallville, Indiana.

All Saints Mission, Box 115, San Pierre, Indiana.

St. Anne Mission, 1009 East Dayton Street, South Bend 14, Indiana.

Divine Saviour Mission, 264 Sunset Avenue, Richmond, Kentucky.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Holy Trinity Mission, Box 157, Ida, Michigan.

Bethlehem Mission, 11 Donald Street, Flat River, Misscuri.

St. Louis de Montfort Mission, 1904 N. Gonzales Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady of Victory Mission, Route 2 Box 108, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.

Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Our Lady of Mt. Virgin Mission, Harris Avenue, Middlesex, New Jersey.

Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street, Paulding, Ohio.

St. Mary of the Assumption Mission, 223 East Street, Washington Courthouse, Ohio.

St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry Street, Big Spring, Texas.

Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.

Holy Family Mission, 108 North Avenue P. Lubbock, Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1223 S. Trinity Street, San Antonio 7, Texas.

Christ the King Mission, 635 - 25th Street, Ogden, Utah.

Mary, Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City 4 ,Utah.

Please send your mission boxes directly to the Sisters in the mission centers. Address OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS and add one of the addresses listed above.

The Advent Wreath