

The Missionary Catechist



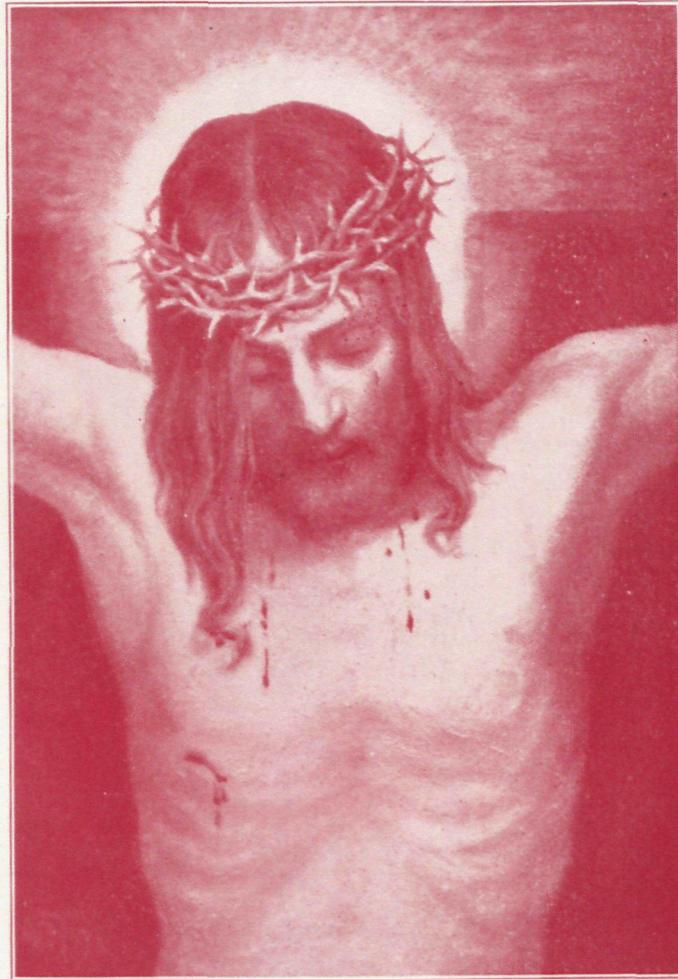
Volume XXVII

Number 3

February, 1951

Popule Meus . . .

My people, what have I done to thee?
Or in what have I grieved thee?



For in My thirst thou gavest Me vinegar to drink
And thou with a spear hast opened My side
And thou hast beaten Me with blows and scourges
Thou hast given to My head a crown of thorns
Thou hast hanged Me on the gibbet of the Cross

What more ought I to do for thee,
that I have not done?

Answer Me

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Gold in Their Hearts

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

"THERE'S LEAD underneath the ground out here, but there's plenty of gold in the hearts of the people."

That is what our pastor told us the day we arrived in Flat River, and in the days that have followed, we have discovered for ourselves how true it is. It is true of the good Catholics who belong to the two parishes under Father's care. But it is true also of the many non-Catholics in this Lead Belt who have welcomed us so graciously and have been so generous to us in a practical way.

OUR first few days here we might have wondered a little why the Archbishop, the pastor and his assistant, and the people of the area were so very anxious to have the Missionary Sisters. The parishes seemed to be well organized, the Sunday Masses were well attended and the children and their parents co-operated wholeheartedly with our catechism classes. But then we began our house to house visits, and now we know that our big work is to try to reclaim all those who have fallen away from the Church and to prevent further leakage.

ONE of the Sisters said we should have been here at the time of the Civil War. This part of Missouri—St. Francois County—was settled principally by the French. Years ago they lived many miles from a church and had no way of getting to Mass. As time went on they drifted away and now we are finding several generations out of the Church. Many have been baptized, but were not reared Catholics. The sects are very active and Protestant churches plentiful. It is not unusual to find several ministers in one small neighborhood.

Through prayer and with persuasion we will win them back. Already a dozen or more children of the "should-be" Catholics are attend-

ing instructions and assisting at Mass.

It is usually at the end of a road and in the most unexpected places that we find someone who was once a Catholic. There is Mr. Crow, for instance, an old man of eighty-three who has not received the Sacraments for more than forty years. His wife, a non-Catholic, is seventy-seven. They live in such an out-of-the-way place and have so many ferocious-looking dogs that we almost did not get there. What a shame if we hadn't, for old Mr. Crow is coming back to the Church now. He is an extremely likeable little old man. We enjoyed especially the story he told at his own expense. One day we went to see him, but did not find him at home. His wife said that he was out digging a grave. Later he told us that he and two other old men—older than himself—dug the grave and then could not get out! They called for help and were rescued with the aid of a long ladder.

ANOTHER day we stopped at a poor little place off the road, down in a hollow. We had to open a gate to drive in, but it never occurred to us to close it because we knew we would be coming right back. But alas, we no sooner got in the house when the family's lone cow galloped past and made for the road. The lady ran after the cow and Sister Barbara Ann went after the cow and the lady with the car. I stayed with the two small children in the house. Several young boys out on the road took up the merry chase before they finally caught up with the cow and headed her home again. We were embarrassed to say the least, but we learned a lesson. Never again will we leave gates opened. We have no intentions of not opening them, however. We are going to open every gate we find in order to open to those poor people the gates of the one true Church that will lead them eventually through the gates of Heaven.

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

Around Victory Noll

by Sister Jean Marie

OUR beloved Motherhouse was completely abandoned. Neither Sister nor Postulant was left AROUND VICTORY NOLL on November 16. But, it was such a gloriously jubilant evacuation! We were all off on a verbal tour across the ocean with Mother Cecilia and Mother Catherine.

A special bell had announced the arrival of our two pilgrims, and summoned us all to chapel where we raised our voices exultantly in thanksgiving as we sang the words of Our Blessed Mother's *Magnificat*.

After Mother Cecilia had greeted us individually, we hurried her down to the reception room, brought chairs from here, there and everywhere, and settled ourselves. That was at 10:00 a. m. and in a few minutes the 12:00 prayer bell was causing a forced landing. My, we really went places on that trip—but quick! How lovely were the moments we spent at Lourdes where we knelt in tender colloquy with Our Lady at her grotto—in Rome, kneeling before our Holy Father and thrilled into speechlessness as we received his blessing—watching a catechism class in a little Italian church (the youngsters, the same the wide world over, listened attentively while Father was telling a story, but became restless when the explanation was being applied to their daily lives)—at St. Peter's, after confession, receiving a tap on the head from a rod the priest held, thereby gaining a Holy Year indulgence—and finally, joining the 600,000 voices swelling triumphantly into that magnificent *Te Deum* after the proclamation of the dogma of the Assumption.

Yes, Mother Cecilia completely satisfied us by the way in which she made excellent use of the note paper and pen we gave her. Though she can't take all of you on a verbal tour, as she did those of us AROUND VICTORY NOLL, she was happy to write about the outstanding phases of her trip for the readers of *The Missionary Catechist*.

That night we re-enacted our living Rosary in a loving welcome gesture, as we had bid her Godspeed in a similar farewell ceremony. Over the loud-speaker, Sister Eugenia announced the decades and gave an inspiring little meditation before its commencement. The refectory was darkened except for the soft glow from the candle which each Sister and Postulant held in

her hand. Tender love for Mary, cascading forth from the hearts of her children the world over, was woven into each *Ave*. The hastily erected shrine, as shown here with Mother Cecilia and Mother Catherine, was to be reminiscent of the magnificent European shrines and grottos.



BEFORE the Holy Year drew to a close, we had the pleasure of having two more members of the hierarchy AROUND VICTORY NOLL, Most Reverend Duane Hunt, D.D., Bishop of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Most Reverend William Brady, D.D., Bishop of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

We keep you informed about the famous personages and events that occasion joy AROUND VICTORY NOLL. Instead of reminiscing about past events, we are going to stargaze. One day Father Conroy came down the corridor and said, "Sister, did you see two boys walking around making themselves very much at home?" We had, and they were Davie and Bobbie Bauer, Father's nephews. Thirteen-year-old David is all out for the Trappists and his sparkling eyes devour any pamphlet or leaflet descriptive of the Trappist life. Who knows but that in Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-something we shall be privileged to welcome Abbot Davie to Victory Noll?

WE are well aware of the fact that these thriving industrial United States have produced many first class finished carpenters. We are convinced, however, that they don't come any finer than AROUND VICTORY NOLL. We are so proud of our spacious cupboards and closets in the Sacred Heart Building. You know, in the religious life it isn't "my," it is "ours." Conse-

quently, why shouldn't our spirits soar a bit when we view the lovely artistic furnishing evolving from the keen mind and capable hand of our Sister Effie! As soon as Sister finishes one project, another Sister comes along with a pet idea for Sister to develop. In the main building, new works of art are gradually putting in an appearance. The classroom is now graced with a novel three-in-one book case, chart rack and display shelf. Numerous are the tables Sister has made, also lecturns, dressers, cabinets, etc. She has certainly earned for herself the title, "Nun of all trades!"



WE had a procession AROUND VICTORY NOLL on our Bishop's birthday, January 25. The procession was our regular 25th-of-the-month one in honor of the Incarnation of Our Lord, while we prayerfully ask Him to continue blessing our Community with a steady influx of vocations. Our petitions are received by Him from His Mother as, carrying lighted candles, we lovingly sing her litany and then pray the sweetest of prayers, her rosary. Our Chaplain, at the rear of the procession, is preceded by four Novices carrying Our Blessed Mother's statue on a white litter covered with lace, and tiny rosebuds nestling here and there at her feet. It seems so fitting that Bishop Noll's birthday falls on our special "Vocation Day," because if it had not been for his birth where would we be as individuals—would there be a Community of *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters*? It was directly due to him, under God, that many of us saw the budding forth of our desire to be religious into the fruition of Missionary Sisters.

THREE of the loveliest days in the whole year AROUND VICTORY NOLL are December 6, 7 and 8. Those are the days we have Forty Hours and our Mother General gives us permission to spend as much time as our individual duties permit in chapel with our Eucharistic Lord. It is so like retreat time and each one

seems to be almost tiptoeing around lest she disturb the recollection of someone who, though her occupation may keep her outside chapel, finds her thoughts fleeing to Him on the altar.

Before Solemn Benediction, closing the Forty Hours, Monsignor Dillon gave us a most inspiring talk. It was also the feast of the Immaculate Conception and Monsignor selected his text from the Canticle of Canticles: "My sister, my spouse, is a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed." He extolled the hiddenness of Mary's life and then stressed the fact that if it had not been for Mary we would not have had the Eucharist. Mary was the stainless lily who brought forth the red Rose, Christ. Without Mary we would not have had Christ; without Christ, we would not have had Mary. Their lives are so closely intertwined that we cannot separate them. In giving praise and honor to Mary, we praise and honor her Son.

The Father wanted a daughter; the Son wanted a Mother; and the Spirit wanted a spouse. They were found in Mary. The Immaculate Conception was believed in long before it was proclaimed a dogma as is shown in the homilies of the saints from as far back as the fourth century.

The world today is desperately seeking peace and the only way it can have that peace is in seeking it through Mary from her Son. We should be praying for nations; but above all we should pray for individual souls. Nations will one day cease; but souls will live on forever.

When the Battle of Lepanto was waging furiously and the Christians were being attacked by the Turks, similarly as the forces of evil are raging today, the Holy Father stood with the rosary twined around his fingers. His confidence and complete trust were so great that, before word had come from the distant battle field, he said to his cardinals, "The battle is won. The victory is ours."

Monsignor's concluding words will long live in our memories: "Although we are living the active life, our soul should be a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed for only our Spouse to see within and be pleased."

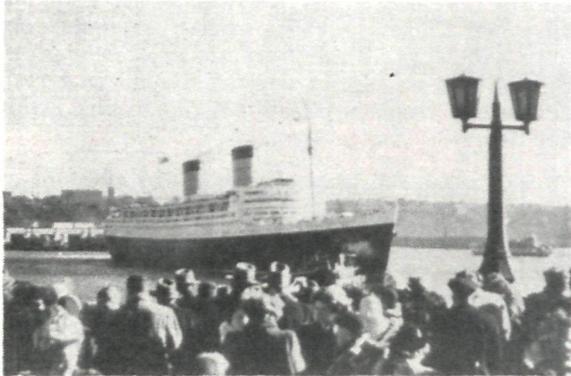
DURING the holy season of Lent, there are no visitors to be seen AROUND VICTORY NOLL. Neither do we indulge in any personal correspondence. Consequently, there is more time for prayerful hearts to kneel before our Eucharistic Saviour, and our beloved parents, relatives, friends and benefactors may be sure that we are petitioning for a deluge of graces and blessings from Christ through Mary for them.

Highlights of Our Pilgrimage

by Mother Cecilia

October 7, Feast of the Holy Rosary.

At 2:00 a.m. we heard the engines of the ship and knew we were out of the harbor and had started our sea voyage. There were several priests on board and Mass was offered in the theater, the drawing rooms and the library. We assisted at three Masses in the theater.



Excited pilgrims waiting to board the Queen Elizabeth.

The weather was fair so we spent most of the day on the Promenade Deck in our chairs. Mother Catherine made Sacred Heart badges and I made rosaries. A group of pilgrims which was lead by a Father of the Assumption from Mexico invited us to pray the Rosary with them every evening.

October 8, 9, 10, 11—At Sea. The weather was mild and the sun shone most of the time. The last two days the sea was a little rough and the ship rocked, but we enjoyed every bit of the trip.

October 12, Cherbourg. The Queen Elizabeth docked at 8:00 a.m. A few hours later we were on a train bound for Paris. We passed through Bayeux, Caen, and Lisieux (from the train window we could see the Basilica of St. Therese). The homes along the way were quaint, square, two-story houses, made of rock and covered with stucco. The farms are neat and small, and every family has a garden plot. In some places we saw plows drawn by oxen.

We arrived in Paris at 2:00 p.m. and were taken to Hotel Francia. After registering, we took a walk down the street to find the nearest church and found three of them within a short distance. St. Vincent de Paul church is just a

block from the hotel; the churches of the Trinity and Our Lady of Loretto are several blocks away.

October 13, Paris. Next morning we assisted at Mass in the main chapel of St. Vincent's. It was a *Missa Recitata*, and the priest offered Mass at an altar facing the people. At seven-thirty Mass was celebrated in the chapel of the Ste. Vierge (Holy Virgin) and here also the entire congregation prayed the Latin responses in common. In this chapel there is a beautiful marble statue of Mary, Consolatrix Afflictorum. Our Blessed Mother is seated and holding the Child Jesus high above her, as if to answer our cry, "Show us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

After breakfast a group of us left the hotel to visit other of the famous shrines and churches. The beautiful basilica of Sacre Coeur on Montmartre was the first stop. In this majestic church dedicated to the Sacred Heart there is perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.



Mother Cecilia in front of Sacred Heart Church, Montmartre.



Apparition of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary.



Notre Dame of Paris Cathedral.

Next we visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, and the Treasury of the Cathedral. Here we met Father Giri, of Grove Hill, Alabama. We went also to the Madeleine, Notre Dame de Victories, St. Laurent, and St. Augustine.

In the afternoon we undertook another tour. We stopped at the churches of St. Germain, St. Sulpice and the Shrine of the Miraculous Medal where Our Blessed Mother appeared to St. Catherine Laboure. (We had here the pleasure of meeting Bishop Albers of Lansing, Michigan.)

We saw the Arch of Triumph, Eiffel Tower, Tomb of Napoleon, Palais Royale, Bastille and other places of interest.

October 14. After an early Mass and breakfast at six, we were soon on our way to Lourdes. We arrived there at 7:15 in the evening and from the train we had our first glimpse of the grotto. It was getting dark but we could see the cave which was lighted up by many candles.

We were taken to the hotel and immediately after dinner we prepared to make our visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. As we were leaving the hotel we met a young girl from

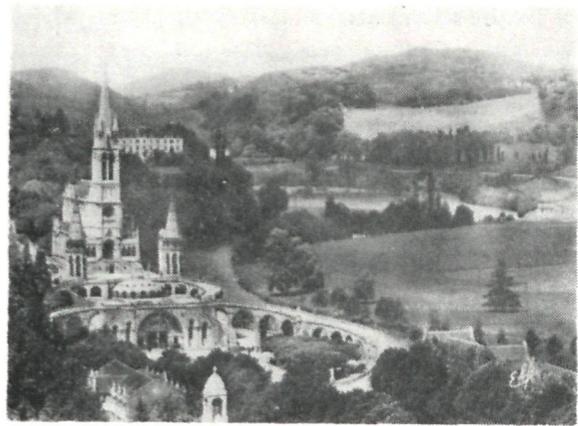
Mokena, Illinois who came to Lourdes to work in her uncle's religious goods store during the Holy Year. She offered to accompany us to the Grotto.

The first sight of the Miraculous Grotto filled us with an emotion which is impossible to describe. We knelt at this sacred place and spoke long with Our Blessed Mother. We placed at her feet the petitions of all our dear ones.

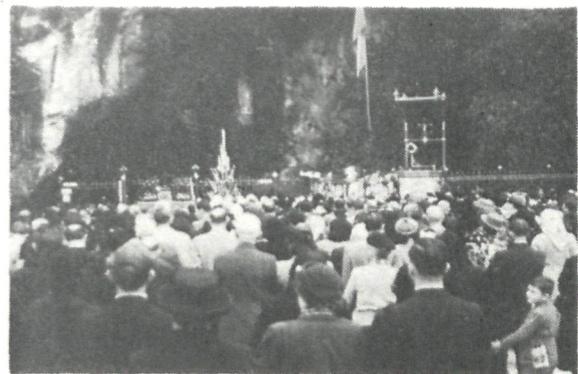
October 15. We arose at half-past four. It was dark when we left the hotel, but already there were many people on their way to Mass. We assisted at three Masses at the Grotto, and then went up to the Basilica for two more. After breakfast we returned for the Mass at nine in the Basilica. In the afternoon we went to the Grotto for Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Several pilgrimages arrived during the service. They came to the grotto down the path from the Basilica and all the way sang hymns to Our Lady.

At eight-thirty in the evening we took part in the Torchlight Procession. The Rosary is recited at the Grotto and all join the procession carrying lighted candles, singing the Lourdes hymn, each in his native tongue, all joining in



Lourdes Basilica and scenic surroundings.



Inside the Grotto.

the chorus "Ave." After the procession when all are assembled in front of the illuminated basilica the Credo and Salve Regina are sung by all.



The Ave was sung very fervently by these children and their parents at Lourdes.

October 16, Lourdes. Masses at the Grotto at six and six-thirty. Msgr. Mungovan offered Mass in the Basilica at eight. At nine o'clock we joined Our Sunday Visitor pilgrims in the Way of the Cross. When we finished we felt as though we really had made the Stations. The climb is steep and rocky. After the twelfth station there is a descent to the natural opening in the rock which forms a perfect cave for the sepulchre.

In the afternoon we visited the home where



Mother Cecilia and Mrs. Vicory, Fort Wayne, beside picture of Pius X at Basilica entrance.



Blessing of sick pilgrims at Lourdes.

St. Bernadette was born, the cachot where she lived at the time of the apparitions, and the place where she went to school. In the latter place we knelt on the priedieu on which she knelt when she received her First Holy Communion. We saw the statue of Our Blessed Mother which St. Bernadette had said was much like Our Lady as she appeared to her. In this chapel and in her home there were many things which she had used.



School children in procession at Lourdes.

At four-thirty we assisted at the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament followed by the Blessing of the Sick. Each sick person is blessed individually. There were about twenty-four invalids present in stretchers or wheel chairs. Benediction was given in front of the Basilica.



The Missionary Catechist



Mother Catherine at steps leading into Basilica.

October 17, Lourdes. Mass at eight in the Rosary Chapel. This chapel is on the ground floor, below the Basilica. It is circular, and has fifteen altars. At each altar there is a beautiful mosaic of one of the mysteries of the Rosary. After breakfast we returned to the grotto, took some pictures, and made our last visit to Our Lady of Lourdes in this heavenly place. We kissed the rock below the place of the apparition and touched our rosary beads to the hallowed spot.



Basilica at Lourdes.



Health of the Sick Statuary Group.

That afternoon we left Lourdes and were on our way to Rome. *Our Sunday Visitor* pilgrims left in the morning and we were on our own. The uncle of the girl from Mokena (he spoke English) made our reservations through a travel agency, and we didn't have to worry about our train tickets. At Toulouse we changed trains, and had a wait of three hours. We ate dinner at the restaurant in the station. On the train from Lourdes to Toulouse we met a couple from Portugal (the man was Italian and his wife Swiss) who were on their way to Switzerland. They spoke English and since they also were having dinner at the station, we were glad to have them help us in deciphering our menus. We had no trouble getting on the right train, and left Toulouse at midnight. We had a sleeper in second class, which is much like a bedroom on our trains.



Little French pilgrims.

October 18, On the way to Rome! The first thing we saw in the morning was the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. All day we rode along the seashore. On the opposite side were mountains and hills. Many of the homes were beautiful, with lovely gardens. In some places the trees and plants were like those in California. There were large oleander trees, bougainvillea, palms, etc.

(Continued on Page 18)



Bob Scott, above, a junior in high school (and a perfect server at the altar, according to Sister Viola) instructs an aspiring junior member in the intricate duties of an altar boy.

HOW TRUE!

MARGIE is rather backward and she does not seem to understand much that is being taught in class. Sister, hoping to get some response from the child, asked her why she could not see God.

Sister did not get the answer she expected (We cannot see God because He is a spirit) but she did get more than she hoped for. "Because He is in my heart," the little one answered.

Sister Doris
Brighton, Colorado

OVERHEARD AFTER CATECHISM CLASS

The snow was piled high while the boys watched the men shovel it onto trucks to clear the main street.

"What are you going to do with all that snow?" asked a small bystander.

"We're going to take it away and burn it," was the answer.

This didn't satisfy a few of the bigger boys. They went along to find out!

Sister Mary
Paulding, Ohio.

In the Home Field

A Classroom Different

WHEN we asked permission to teach release-time classes in a parishioner's garage near one of the public schools in Harbor City, little did we reckon on the generosity and ingenuity of Mr. Daniels, the owner.

In short order, he transformed his combination work-shop and garage into an ideal classroom for catechetical purposes.

The first day we arrived for class, we found to our surprise that the interior of the garage had been painted a light, creamy color. A glance revealed also that appropriate religious

pictures had been framed by Mr. Daniels and hung along the walls.

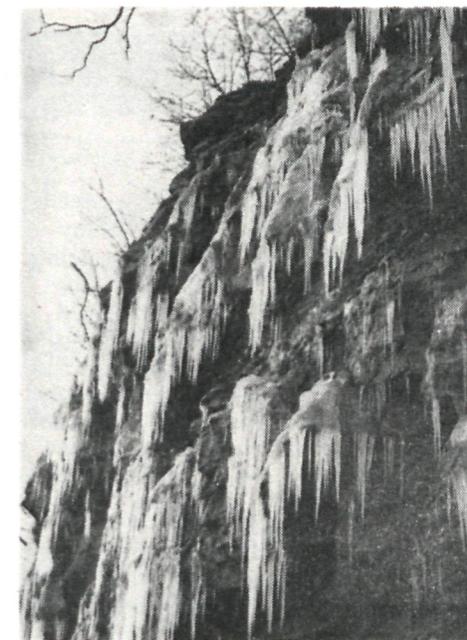
Rows of benches were neatly arranged in readiness for the children, and—there was even a table for Sister, specially designed to fold up against the wall as soon as class was over!

Is it any wonder then, that the Church gives no small credit to her zealous lay-missionaries, without whom the work of priests and Sisters would be greatly hampered.

Sister Annette San Pedro, California



Picture shows Sister Annette teaching in this ideal classroom. Above the tool box on the table hangs a picture of the Sacred Heart. To the left is a painting that shows our Holy Father blessing the children of the world. Center: a tiny wooden shrine frames and houses the crucifix.



Life is quite rugged in the mountains at winter-time. Everything is covered with snow and the high cliffs are almost a solid mass of icicles. Mothers and children are never sure when or if we are coming in bad weather, but they faithfully climb mountainsides, or come in trucks and on horseback to the "church house" every Saturday morning. Sister teaches on one side of the stove and I on the other. The big boys take turns tending the fire during class.

One of our young mothers is a school teacher. Daily she rows a flat-boat across the river, then scales the side of a mountain to reach the one-room school house. She has to wear Cover-alls and boots to get through the high drifts of snow.

Back in the city, however, life is even more complicated. At least it was for seven-year-old Junior. His mother had prepared a big, beautiful basket of fruit for our Christmas present. She was amazed when her son looked at it and tearfully objected, "I can't take that to Sister—they don't give apples to teachers anymore!"

Sister Mary Geraldine
Richmond, Kentucky.

The other day I asked a group of my children what they were doing for Lent. I received this unusual answer from a little miss of six summers:

"Every day I pray till my knees hurt."

Sister Mary Teresa
Los Angeles, California.

Associate Catechists



Dear Associates:

GRIM winter is with us. Many times since November our hill top has been blanketed in deep snow. We awoke one morning to find that Mother Nature had placed icecaps on the tops of all the trees. We fear that she was a poor nurse as the trees seemed positively in pain, bent beneath the terrible weight.

Warmer weather came to the rescue the following day, and those trees which were not suffering from fractured tops and splintered frames had risen to their stately stature once more.

The rise in temperature also caused miniature glaciers perched on the tops of our red tile roofs to descend in avalanches, crashing with a thud onto the ground below.

WE hope to receive news of many benefit card parties held through the month of January.

Should any of you care to mount religious pictures, clipped from greeting cards and calendars, for poor children as a Lenten project, we shall be glad to lend you our sample book from which to gain ideas. The Project Package, with samples of attractive and useful articles made from cloth, thread and needle, is also available.

Devotedly yours in Mary's Pure Heart,
SISTER SUPERVISOR, A.C.M.

MOTHER CABRINI BAND
(Wauconda, Ill.)

THESE ladies, most of them young married ladies and mothers, go in strong for handicraft and needlework. They make beautiful things out of insignificant articles. For instance, they make lovely miniature holy pictures from milk bottle caps. They paste a holy picture in the center of the cap. The orange colored protruding portion on each cap is then gilded and becomes the frame.

A check for \$100.00 received from the Promoter, *Mrs. Clara Swiatly*, shortly before Christmas, was greatly appreciated.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND
(San Antonio, Texas)

IN this Band, no regular meetings are held, but the Promoter, *Mrs. E. G. Walsh*, secures donations from her friends, to which she adds her own. She writes that due to ill health, she is unable to get about and solicit donations, as she would like, for the "good cause of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters." We strongly suspect that the checks she sends us are chiefly her own personal donations, only she is too modest to say so.

During the summer months, Mrs. Walsh went to Europe on the Queen Mary, joining others in a pilgrimage to Rome.



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND
(Detroit, Mich.)

OUR Detroit friends make a specialty of selling Christmas cards, and, in spite of keen competition from other sources, feel it is worthwhile and that the returns justify their efforts.

The members—all of them employed in some capacity or other—are headed by *Miss Lillian Dunn*.

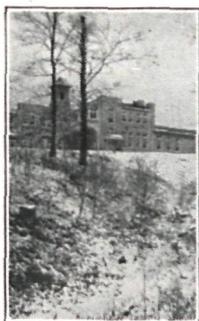
PROMOTER OF ST. JOSEPH'S BAND,
CHICAGO, DIES

Shortly after mailing us a donation and wishing us a happy Christmas, Mrs. Margaret King, of Chicago, died rather suddenly at a local hospital, although she had been in ill health for more than a year. Among her last expressed wishes was that her Band "would carry on" for our Sisters. May her soul rest in peace.

of Mary



ST. HELEN BAND (Dayton, O.)



THE members of St. Helen's Band paid a visit to Victory Noll, and took moving pictures of our Sisters and the grounds. They hope we'll get to see them some day. We do, too! The group sponsor our Sister Eleanor, sister of two of the Band members. Sister spent nearly twenty years in our California missions. At present she is spending a year at Victory Noll, resting from

her former arduous mission labors.

In charge of our Dayton, Ohio Band is *Miss Helen Melke*.

ST. JUSTIN MARTYR BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THIS Band has three gold-star mothers in its membership. One of these mothers has seen her youngest and last son called to the Colors. In spite of the tragedies which have invaded their home circles, the mothers faithfully attend meetings and do their bit to aid our Missionaries in the Home Fields. Here are living exemplifications of the slogan: *For God and country*. Only God can assuage their heart pangs, and only He can reward them adequately for their generous and heroic sacrifices.

LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE (Chicago, Ill.)



IN spite of the fact that the Promoter, *Miss Veronica Foertsch*, states their recent parties have been small and limited to members, we think they've done very well in contributing to the support of our Sister Mary Gertrude, whom they sponsor. In the month that we write

this Band item, we received a check for \$25.00 from them, while in the month which preceded it they sent us \$30.00. There are only ten members. *God bless them!*

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

November 24 to December 21, 1950

Adrian Club, Chicago, Miss Florence Dietz	25.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	12.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	65.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	19.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	25.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. C. Koschnitzke	4.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	25.00
Mother Cabrini Band, Wauconda, Ill., Mrs. Clara Swiatly	100.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N.Y., Mrs. M. Fischette	500.00
St. Ann Mission Circle, Fort Wayne, Mrs. George Deininger	5.25
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	45.00
St. Clara Band, (St. Mary's Parish) Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Clara Ryan	16.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	31.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	6.50
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. J. Bechtold	50.00
St. Joseph, No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Margaret King	25.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. C. Schultz	10.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. H. Reeves	11.55
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Chas. J. Fiala	10.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	10.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Potter	37.25
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebr., Mrs. Fred Shields	35.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb., Miss Lucille Murphy	10.00
St. Mary Mission Band, Oak Park, Ill., Mrs. Forest Lehmann	40.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts. Ill., Mrs. J. McCann	15.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	12.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathyne Quinlan	14.25
Seven Dolors Band, Chicago, Mrs. John Murphy	5.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Miss Clarice McQuay	14.00

The Power of Prayer

by Sister Viola

IT is surprising what can result from a visit to a sick person in a hospital. Very often so many lessons on patience are learned that sometimes one wonders who derives more benefit—the patient or the one making the visit.

One visit that I made taught me a lesson that I hope never to forget, namely, how little it takes to give the sick a new outlook on life, merely by giving them an incentive for offering their sufferings, and making them realize how much their sufferings form part of God's plan for the salvation of souls.

THE young girl we visited was in a serious condition. An infected jaw was the cause of great pain and suffering to her, and she had finally reached the point where she began to wonder if her mind could stand the strain. When we tried to encourage her to pray, she responded with, "No, Sister, prayer is impossible in my state of mind, and I feel as though I am ready to give up."

AFTER we talked with her a while and told her how God is pleased with resignation to His divine will, and also with our good intentions, I suggested that she offer her sufferings for a very particular intention—a young man for whom we had been praying, because he had not received the Sacraments for many years.

FOR the first time a gleam of interest came into her eyes and she said, "Sister, I will do that. I will offer all my sufferings, even though I cannot pray, for this person." As we were going out the door she called out in a weak voice, "But Sister, be sure to let me know if my sufferings do any good, won't you?"

WE returned home, and on the way stopped to see the young man, whose mother had just died. He and his family told us of their plans for the future, and also thanked us for what we had done for their mother. Tears came into the eyes of the young man as he said, "Sister, our Mother meant so much to us—how we are going to miss her! If only we had done more for her!"

I said, "Bill, do you know what your mother's last wish was?"

Bill hung his head. He knew, but I reminded him just the same.

"I think the only worry she had on her mind was you," I told him, "because you have not been faithful to God."

The silence was painful, but I continued, "Now if you really mean what you say, why don't you do what she prayed for these many years—return to God's friendship, receive the Sacraments, and pray for her?"

There was no response, except his head bowed a little lower. So, we went home.

THERE was to be a holy Mass offered for Bill's mother the following Wednesday. On Tuesday night the telephone rang. It was Bill.

"Sister," he asked, "may I see you a few minutes, please?"

When I hung the receiver up, I said to the Sisters, "Please say a very special prayer. Bill is coming over to the convent."

He came a few minutes later and informed me that he was going to confession and Communion the next morning. Would I please help him to review the Commandments and the Act of Contrition? We spent almost an hour reviewing the Commandments, and learning the Act of Contrition. (He had forgotten it.)

As Bill walked out the door he turned and, with an impish grin, said, "But, you know, Sister, I could oversleep tomorrow morning, and that wouldn't be my fault."

"Don't worry, Bill," I responded, "In that case, I'll call you at seven just to be sure that you don't oversleep."

THE next morning, we had just finished our morning prayers, when we heard the telephone ring. With sinking heart I picked up the receiver, thinking of Bill and wondering if he had changed his mind, but this is what I heard:

"Sister," came Bill's sleepy voice over the

(Continued on page 18)

Our Cover: Robert, Richard, Edward and Mary Louise Voll, nephews and niece of Sister Magdalene, O.L.V.M.



Children at Holy Family Center, Fort Wayne, dramatize the appearance of Our Lady to St. Bernadette at Lourdes.

My Plea to Mary

by Sister Jean Marie

I render thee my tender love
O dearest Mother mine;
And in my heart's a private place
Where I have built your shrine.

I ponder on the miracles
That oft were wrought through thee;
And then, I do not hesitate
To plead for one for me: — —

Mold me in thy image
And flood my soul with grace;
Fill my heart with charity
That time can ne'er efface.

Then, bind me in close union
With my Jesus and with thee;
And then, dear Mother Mary,
Make a little saint of me!

Left-Handed

STRONG Catholic faith is so closely identified with the Spanish people, that when I meet a *Martinez* or a *Chavez* who says, "No, we're not Catholic," in response to our census query, I'm tempted to think of them as "left-handed" Spanish.

Not that we want to cast any reflections on those who use the left hand more than the right but they just *are* exceptions to the rule. And, thank God, it is still considered the rule for the Spanish to be Catholic.

THE Spanish are very religious by nature, and when we find a remote village untouched by proselytizers, it is a pleasure to see the simple and strong faith there. Religion is the core of their lives, their homes, their work. Sometimes I feel put to shame by the fervor of their prayers and penance, by their acceptance of the hardships of life as God's Will for them. As we visit homes in taking census, we are often edified by the genuine piety we find among those who may be poor in the goods of this world, but are rich in faith.

THIS strong faith is all the more remarkable when we remember that for many years the people have been without adequate instruction or priestly ministrations. It is obvious that even good faith will suffer from ignorance, and will fall prey to superstition or to sectarianism, especially if the latter appeal is accompanied by substantial material aid. The catechism instruc-

tion given to First Communicants can hardly answer glib attacks on Catholic doctrine; yet for the greater majority it is the only background they have. The real wonder is not that a few have fallen, but that it is *only* a few compared to the total.

A TYPICAL Sunday for a New Mexico pastor, finds him celebrating three Masses, usually all several miles apart on rough roads. Baptisms, marriage arrangements and instructions, catechism and convert classes, meetings of various organizations, sick calls, and all the usual demands on a priest's time, will exhaust even the strongest—and still leave him with the haunting knowledge that dozens, maybe hundreds of souls are beyond his reach.

WE know there are problems everywhere in God's vineyard, but we feel sure that there are many fervent Catholics, "right-handed" Irish, German, Polish, Slav, Italian, French, and mixed Americans of every nationality and color, who rejoice in their flourishing congregations; and who, in gratitude to God will take to heart the problem of our "left-handed" Spanish, and pray over it. It needs prayer: prayer for the priests and religious at work among them, prayer for missionary vocations, prayer for strength to resist temptation, and prayer for grace to hold fast to the precious gift of the Holy Faith.

Sister Miriam
Santa Fe, New Mexico



Mary's Loyal

WE are sorry that we've been so long sending something. We got our money from grading. We worked to make good marks on our school papers. I hope the two dollars will be enough.

Patsy and Eleanor Murphy
Moncton, N. B., Canada.

So your parents reward you for good grades at school? You will reap a double reward—the first by being better students through painstaking application, and the second from God for sending the money you earned to us for the Missions instead of spending it on yourselves.

Dear Loyal Helpers:

AS announced last month, we'll continue to let our Loyal Helpers speak for themselves. We hope you enjoy their remarks as much as we did when we received their letters.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

ENCLOSED find check for \$9.75 which we gathered at two meetings of Bingo and Euchre, and which we forward to you.

We hope the little bit we send will make other not so privileged children as happy as we are at these gatherings.

Bertha Wilke, President, MLH Sunshine Club of St. Rose, Ill.

Bertha has three Sisters in our Order! No wonder she and the other children in St. Rose are so mission-minded.

..DENIS WANTS TO BE A MISSIONARY..

Dear Sister:

I think my Mother will let me keep on getting "The Missionary Catechist." I always had an ambition to be a missionary, so I can save some souls. There are so many souls to save in the world today.

Denis Hoffman,
Griffith, Indiana.



A CHICAGO HELPER

This is Errol O'Brien, of Chicago, Illinois. He is the boy who walks to school on sunshiny days, and then puts the money given him for street car and bus fare into his Sunshine Bag for the missions. We know that God will bless him for all his sacrifices. Sister Mary Elaine at Victory Noll is his aunt.



WILL you please pray for my cousin Bill? He is in Korea. We want him home soon. I love our Blessed Mother very much and want to honor her. I am already making the five first Saturdays. Can you think of some more ideas? If you can I will be very glad. We have the afternoon off and rather than play it is my duty to write to you.

Truly yours in Jesus,
Mary Ann Comen, age 9, Willingford, Conn.

Yes, Sunshine Secretary and all the Sisters will pray for your cousin Bill. Keep on making the first Saturdays. Also make little sacrifices from time to time. In this way you will help bring back peace to this war-weary world.

Helpers Page



FEBRUARY PUZZLE

THIS month we have St. Valentine's Day. For our puzzle, let's take the first three letters in the word *valentine* and form new words by adding two, three and four letters to VAL.

1. VAL—(Add three letters and you have a word which means a low place between two hills.)
2. VAL—(Add two letters and you have a word which means *worth*.)
3. VAL—(Add three letters and you have a word which means a small traveling bag.)
4. VAL—(Add two letters and you have a word which means a man's personal attendant.)
5. VAL—(Add four letters and you have a word which means *brave*.)

Send worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana* for a holy picture.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLE

1. Flow, wolf. 2. reed, deer. 3. straw, warts,
4. denim, mined. 5. rats, star.



I wish we had Sisters to teach us Catechism, but the ladies of the Altar Society are nice teachers anyway. I am in the fifth grade at school and in the third class at Catechism.

Patricia Joan O'Malley,
Ovid, Mich.

Pray, Patricia, for more vocations. Then perhaps Sisters will go to Ovid one of these days, and to many more places where they are needed to instruct children.

Enclosed is a dollar for your Missions. I will also continue to pray for your missionary work. I am a Tarcisian, too, and make sacrifices for that, so I am kept busy with prayers and sacrifices.

Jule Swinehart, Chicago

Keep up your prayers and sacrifices for God and souls, and don't grow weary. The longest life is very short, and what a great reward you'll win in Heaven for all your present pains and sacrifices!

WE are trying out the Tarcisian program, starting with Lent. After giving to our parish church, Mother said for an almsgiving sacrifice for Golden Pennies we could save our copper pennies in a Sunshine Bag for the Missions. We say the daily Hail Mary for the Missions.

I have a glass globe bank with the continents in rough glass on it. Mary Lou has a giant laughing piggy bank. Little brother Thomas has a small yellow piggy bank and a smiling iron cat. We also have mite-boxes and a tiny blue safe on rubber wheels. We have to know the unit number to open it. I know. It's three. It's broke now.

Arleen (age 12) and Mary Lou (age 8) Trombley Standish, Michigan.

With so many reminders to save money, I'm sure we'll receive many Sunshine pennies for the Missions. The copper pennies will be converted into precious Golden Pennies in the eyes of our dear Lord, because of the sacrifices you make to be able to send them to us.



My magazine didn't come this month. I really miss it. I enjoy every minute of it.

Sharon Stuhr,
Salem, Oregon.

We're glad you like our magazine so much, Sharon. Maybe you can get your friends to take it? This is Catholic Press month.

CAN YOU WRITE?

A poem? A short story? An interesting letter? Send it in and we'll find a place for it in these columns if it is carefully written and contains a worthwhile thought. It is not hard. Just try. During March we honor St. Joseph. Why not write about him?

HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 9)

We passed many olive groves, vineyards, and some orange and lemon groves. The mountainsides were terraced and every bit of ground was used for gardens, vineyards and groves.

We passed thru Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. At Ventimille, the last station in France, we had to change trains and board the same train on which we left Lourdes the previous day. When we got on the train there was no conductor around, and we didn't bother to look for the second-class coach. We entered the first compartment we saw that had a vacant seat. It happened to be first class, but we didn't pay any attention to the fact. We blissfully rode in red plush seats from eleven in the morning until after dinner in the evening. About eight o'clock a conductor came to the compartment to collect the tickets. He was horrified to see us, and as he didn't speak much English and we couldn't speak Italian, he couldn't do much except put us out. All he said was: "Thees ees one class" and motioned us out in the aisle. We went back to second class but couldn't find a seat, so we stood in the aisle and contemplated sitting on our suitcases. There were thirty Spanish Sisters from Barcelona on the train and they filled all of four compartments with the exception of two seats which were occupied by two Spanish men. The men offered their seats to us and then they had to stand in the aisle.

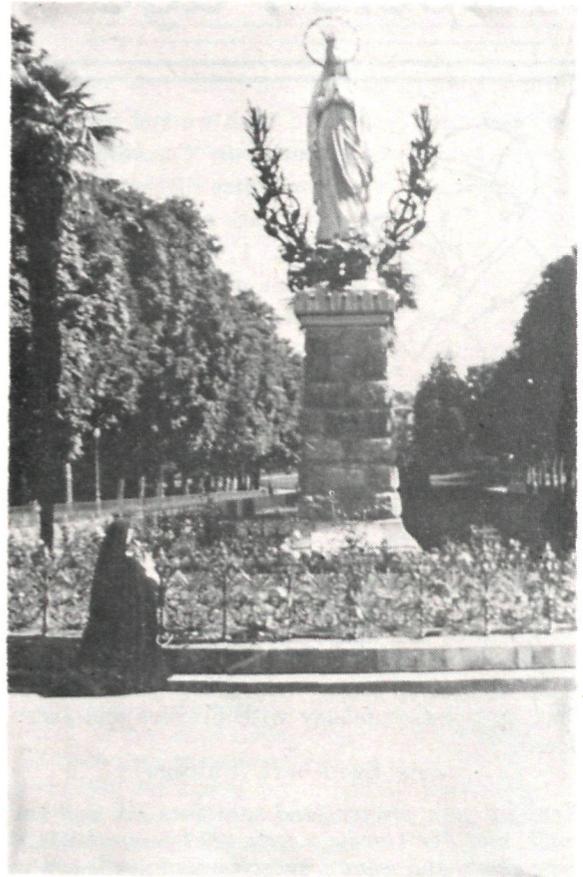
In three and a half hours we were in Rome. Father Herbert Kramer, the Superior General of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, met us and accompanied us to the Convent of the Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement (American) where we had made arrangements to stay. Two of the Sisters met us at the door and as it was late, we retired immediately.

(To be continued)

In Memoriam

Francois Doiron, Beacon Falls, Conn.
father of Sister Bernadette, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Margaret King, Chicago, Ill. (ACM)
Mr. Charles Osborn, Chicago, Ill.
Dr. J. D. Cain, Chicago, Illinois
Ella T. Habenicht, Savannah, Georgia.
Thomas Fay, Chicago, Illinois.
Ellen Guckien, Logansport, Indiana.
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. O'Brien, St. Peter, Minn.
Miss Hannah O'Brien, St. Peter, Minn.
Joseph Wilger, Chicago, Illinois.
Mrs. Mary Sawyer, Baldwinsville, N.Y.
Mrs. Mary Fladung, Reading, Ohio.

Statue of Our Lady of Lourdes at entrance to Basilica.



THE POWER OF PRAYER

(Continued from page 14)

wire, "Please tell Sister Viola she won't have to call me. I'm up."

And so, that morning Bill came to Mass, went to confession, and received Holy Communion!

THE following week we went to the hospital to call on our sick girl. As soon as we opened the door, she said, "Sister, tell me quick! Last Tuesday was the worst day I ever had. I never thought it possible to suffer so much, but I offered it all up for my intention."

It was beautiful to watch the expression in her eyes while we told her Bill's story. She was happy, and convinced that her sufferings had been accepted by God as a prayer of petition. And happy to relate, she herself soon recovered, contrary to all expectations, and left the hospital realizing that prayer is indeed, a sure source of many graces and blessings.



ALTHOUGH the work of the Enthronement is known to many, there is still a good deal to be done in making it known to hundreds of other Catholics. This year in our mission, we started distributing the leaflet *Thy Kingdom Come* while explaining in general the history of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is amazing how responsive most people are to a mention of any practice which will help strengthen the resources of the home. Much of our census taking is done among families in which one parent is non-Catholic, so we feel that the Enthronement in such homes would be doubly valuable.

AFTER nearly a month of introducing the idea of the Enthronement, we chanced to visit a parishioner who for many years has endeavored to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart. She also has made the nocturnal hour of adoration. Although she had read of Father Mateo's plan for sanctifying the home, she thought it scarcely possible that this great privilege could be hers. Imagine her joy and ours when after some time she was honored in being the first member of the parish to have her home enthroned. On the Feast of Our Lady of Ransom, we were present for the beautiful ceremony. As we knelt there before the picture of the Sacred Heart we prayed that not only this home but every home would be so privileged.

MEANWHILE behind the scenes we have organized the little powerhouse which really spreads the work of the Enthronement. Our group of Tarcisians, children of the third and fourth grades are busy making *golden pennies* for the reign of Christ in all the homes of the parish. It's truly inspiring to see with what fervor youngsters will make sacrifices when they feel that a great cause is theirs to promote. The Tarcisians meet each Saturday afternoon; plan the coming week's campaign of prayer; procure articles for a little bulletin board they keep in the church vestibule; make a Holy half-hour; and go to confession before leaving for home.

Sister Justine
East Gary, Indiana.

February is Catholic Press Month



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