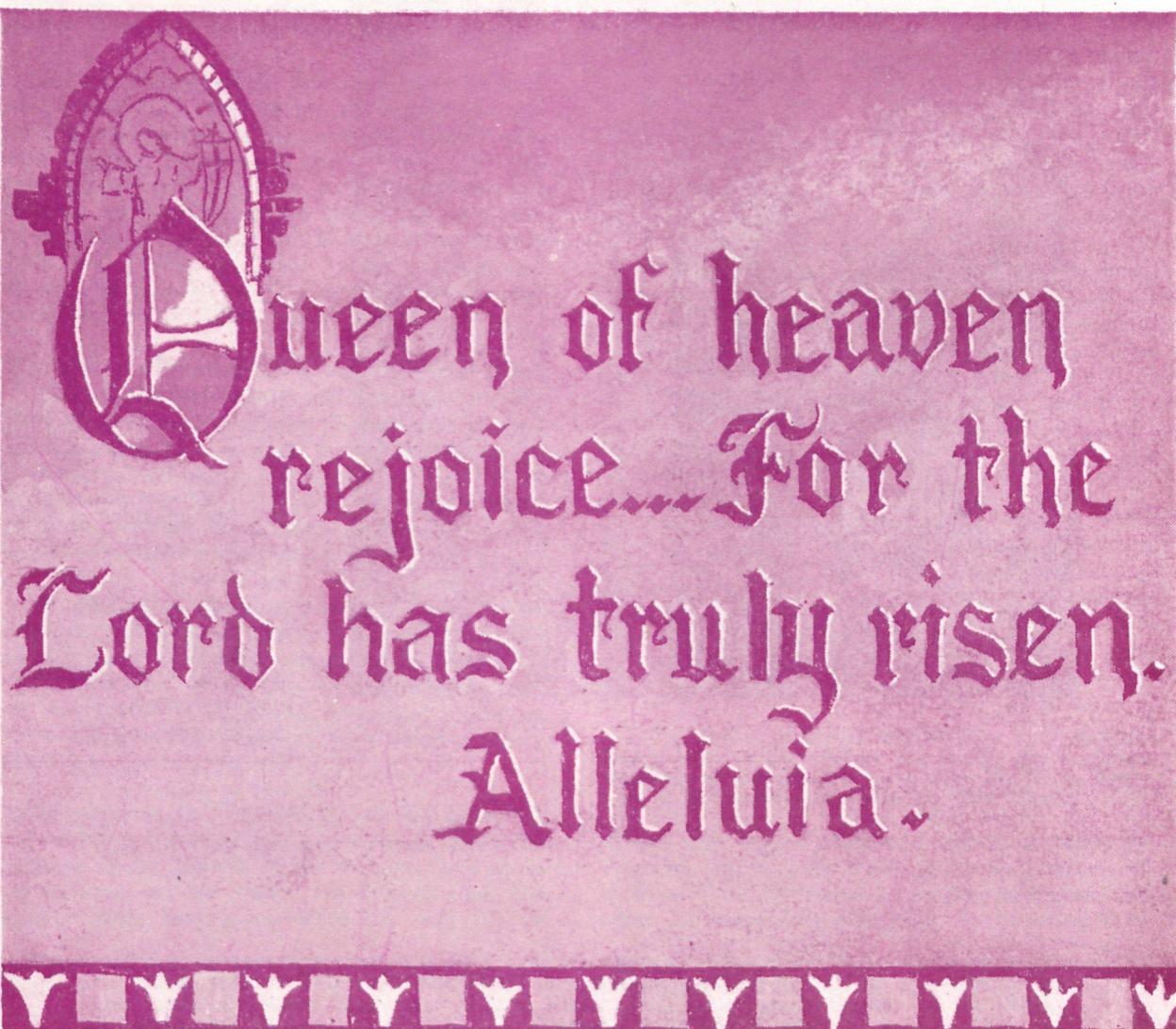


# The Missionary Catechist



# The Merciful Christ

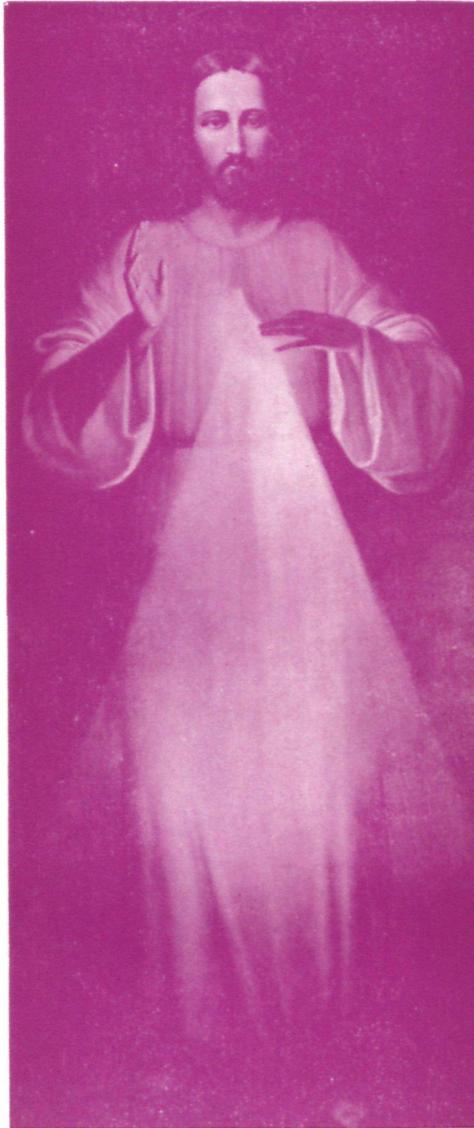
Lord Jesus,  
God of goodness  
and Father of mercy,  
I draw near to Thee  
with a humble heart,  
contrite and grieved;  
to Thee  
I recommend my last hour  
and all  
that awaits me  
thereafter.

When my feet,  
unable to move,  
shall warn me  
that my life's course  
is well-nigh run,  
—merciful Jesus,  
have mercy on me.

When my hands,  
trembling and benumbed,  
shall no longer be able  
to hold the crucifix,  
but against my will  
shall let it fall upon  
my bed of suffering,  
—merciful Jesus,  
have mercy on me.

When my eyes,  
dim and troubled  
through fear of  
approaching death,  
shall fix on Thee  
their languid, dying gaze,  
—merciful Jesus,  
have mercy on me.

When my lips,  
old and quivering,  
shall for the last time  
utter Thy adorable Name,  
—merciful Jesus,  
have mercy on me.



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When my ears,  
soon to be forever closed  
to the discourse of man,  
shall be open to hear  
Thy voice pronounce  
the irrevocable sentence,  
that will decide my lot  
for all eternity.

—merciful Jesus,  
have mercy on me.

When my weak heart  
oppressed with suffering  
and seized with the  
terrors of death,  
shall be exhausted  
by the efforts it has made  
against the enemies  
of my salvation,  
—merciful Jesus,  
have mercy on me.

When at last  
my soul shall appear  
before Thee,  
and for the first time  
behold the  
undying splendor  
of Thy Majesty,  
cast it not  
from Thy presence,  
but deign to receive it  
into the loving embrace  
of Thy mercy,  
that I may sing  
Thy praises  
for all eternity,  
—O merciful Jesus  
have mercy on me.

*Jesus, I Trust in Thee!*

*“O Blood and Water, which hath  
gushed forth from the Heart of Jesus  
as a font of Mercy for us, I trust in  
Thee.”*

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVII

March, 1951

Number 4

## Doubling for Saint Joseph

by Sister Blanche

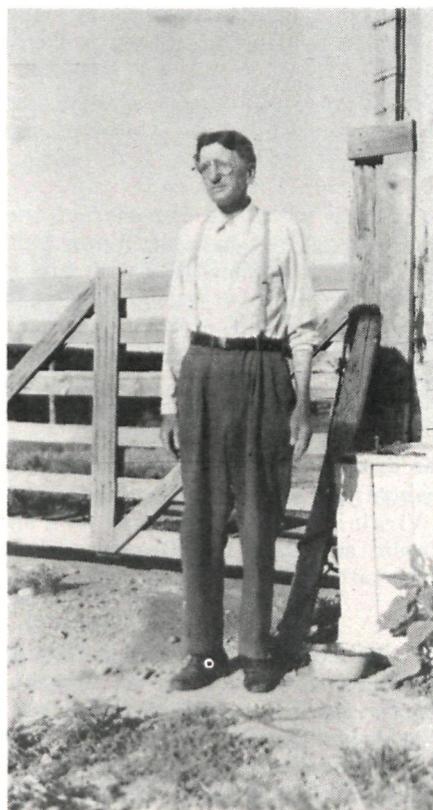
THE history of our community would be incomplete, if the part that Mr. William Frey played in it — more especially in its initial stages — were to remain unwritten.

He was seventy-seven years old when he died on December 29, 1950 in his small quarters adjoining our convent on the outskirts of Santa Fe, New Mexico, following a brief illness. He was forty-eight years old when, at Father Sigstein's bidding, he left Chicago for that State, one year in advance of our first two Missionaries, Sisters Julia and Marie, in order to learn something about this mission country and its people, and pave the way for their role of pioneering.

THOSE of us who entered the community when it was still very young, and had observed Mr. Frey at close range, always likened him to good Saint Joseph. Just as Saint Joseph watched over the safety, well-being and comfort of his Virgin Spouse and her Holy Child, so Mr. Frey looked after our welfare from many angles and shared in our spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

During those first years, when we did not drive cars, Mr. Frey was our chauffeur, as well as purchaser at distant supply points when provisions ran low. If he was not out with the car, he was under it — oiling, greasing, changing tires and otherwise keeping it in good running condition.

HIS services in the capacity of lay catechist were much needed and appreciated, when the number of our Sisters in the mission field could be counted on one hand. He always took the prayer class, having mastered the Sign of the



The above picture of Mr. William Frey was taken a year or two before his death. He is shown standing at the meadow gate near his living quarters at our convent in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Cross, the Our Father and the Hail Mary in Spanish, by dint of much study and effort. If a little miss of three summers disrupted the class, as frequently happened, by bursting into

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tears and breaking into a wail, Mr. Frey quickly restored order by pushing a large pillowy marshmallow into her mouth. If the wail was resumed, the same treatment was administered until all was quiet. The other children did not object for they knew their piece of candy would be forthcoming at the end of class.

Even when the number of Sisters in the Southwest increased to such an extent that he was no longer needed as a catechist, his love for and understanding of children made his quarters a "hang-out" for the children of the neighborhood. A man of simple habits and ways, he grasped their "make-believe" world with ease. Once when some little boys were playing ball on a nearby vacant lot and came to Mr. Frey for a cold drink of water, he rose to the occasion. He filled empty pop bottles with drinking water, inquiring of them which flavor they preferred.

MR. Frey's rich fund of humor never ran low. It helped him — and us — over many difficult situations.

On occasions when the Superior of the convent, where Mr. Frey had his living quarters, felt it necessary to remonstrate with him over a none-too-good purchase or bargain he had made, he knew how to disarm her with such a display of witticism as to leave her convulsed with laughter instead of somewhat vexed as in the beginning.

HE was greatly devoted to our Heavenly Mother, whom he always referred to as "The Blessed Virgin." He had her image on a shelf in his bedroom and said her Rosary and Litany daily. The Little Flower rated high with him, too.

Mr. Frey had a great reverence for priests and was eager to serve them in any capacity. Once when a Missionary priest forgot his Mass wine, this devout layman made a round trip of more than fifty miles to provide it.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Frey was associated with *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters* for nearly thirty years, his works of Christian charity began in 1902. At that time he was identified with the work of "Our Lady of Victory Mission" for the poor, homeless men of the lodging house district of Chicago. For a period of seven years he assisted Father Sigstein (then a layman) and Mr. M. F. Collins (later Father Collins) in this charitable work. At that time, all the activities of the Mission were carried on under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

In 1909, the Paulist Fathers of St. Mary's took

over this work and Mr. Frey was asked by the pastor of the parish to assume charge of the Mission. In a spirit of obedience, although his health was poor, he accepted this charge and courageously carried on for eleven long years, reclaiming and converting these poor abandoned Catholic men.

MR. Frey was buried in the habit of a Franciscan Tertiary. He had joined the third Order early in life and always remained faithful to its spirit and practices. Twelve of the Missionary Sisters were present to sing the Solemn Mass of Requiem. The Reverend John Berger was celebrant, the Reverend James Rabbitt, deacon, and the Reverend John Lee, S.P., sub-deacon. Burial was in the San Isidro cemetery, adjoining the chapel in Agua Fria.

THIS, then, is the story of Mr. Frey. Much more might be written, and many more charming incidents told of him. But in these few lines, we feel we have drawn a character portrait of him, showing forth those traits which endeared him to us and to others who knew him. May his soul rest in peace, and his Heavenly reward be great.



Ringing the Angelus

*The Missionary Catechist*

# Limbo

by Sister Mary Ada

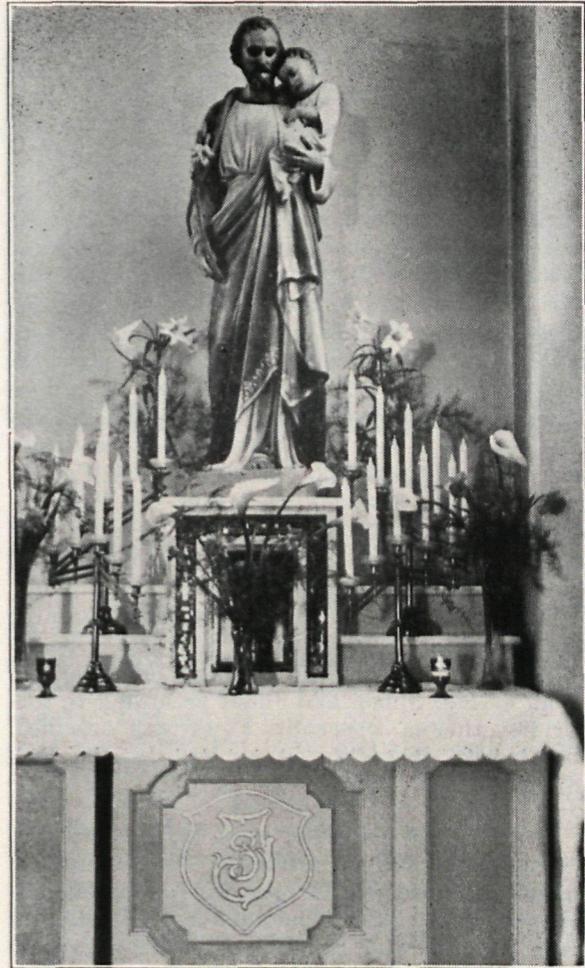
The ancient greyness shifted  
Suddenly and thinned  
Like mist upon the moors  
Before a wind.  
An old, old prophet lifted  
A shining face and said:  
"He will be coming soon.  
The Son of God is dead;  
He died this afternoon."

A murmurous excitement stirred  
All souls.  
They wondered if they dreamed—  
Save one old man who seemed  
Not even to have heard.

And Moses standing,  
Hushed them all to ask  
If any had a welcome song prepared.  
If not, would David take the task?  
And if they cared  
Could not the three young children sing  
The Benedicite, the canticle of praise  
They made when God kept them from perishing  
In the fiery blaze?

A breath of spring surprised them,  
Stilling Moses' words.  
No one could speak, remembering  
The first fresh flowers,  
The little singing birds.  
Still others thought of fields now ploughed  
Or apple trees  
All blossom-boughed.  
Or some, the way a dried bed fills  
With water  
Laughing down green hills.  
The fisherfolk dreamed of the foam  
On bright blue seas.  
The one old man who had not stirred  
Remembered home.

And there He was  
Splendid as the morning sun and fair  
As only God is fair.



St. Joseph's altar in Victory Noll chapel

And they, confused with joy,  
Knelt to adore  
Seeing that He wore  
Five crimson stars  
He never had before.

No canticle at all was sung.  
None toned a psalm, or raised a greeting song.  
A silent man alone  
Of all that throng  
Found tongue—  
Not any other.  
Close to His heart  
When the embrace was done,  
Old Joseph said,  
"How is Your Mother,  
How is Your Mother, Son?"

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from AMERICA (Nov. 1, 1947)

# Highlights of Our Pilgrimage

by Mother Cecilia

October 19, We told Sister last evening that we should like to assist at Mass at St. Peter's and she promised to send two girls with us (The Sisters care for sixty-five war orphans.) This was Thursday and in Rome that is the free day from school. They have school on Saturday instead. Our little escorts took us through the short-cut. From the porch of the convent we had our first glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's. The convent is less than a mile from the Basilica. We were thrilled at the sight of St. Peter's, and felt as the Jews did when they saw the dome of the Temple of Jerusalem. In about fifteen minutes we arrived at the Basilica. We entered the Holy Door, kissing it as we passed through. We looked for Mass that was just beginning and happened to see a priest and server so we followed them. The priest offered Mass at the tomb of Sts. Simon and Jude; according to historians, this is where St. Peter was crucified. The mosaic above the altar represents the crucifixion of St. Peter.

After Mass the little girls took us back to the convent. In the afternoon Sister Superior accompanied us to the four Patriarchal Basilicas—St. Peter, St. Paul-outside-the-Walls, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major, where we made the visits to gain the Jubilee Indulgence.

Mother Catherine, Sister Superior and I said our prayers at the Confessionals aloud in English. All around us were people of different countries praying and singing in their native tongue. We took the bus from one basilica to another. We returned to the Piazza of St. Peter's about five-thirty, too tired to climb Monte del Gallo (the convent is on top of a hill) so we took a horse-drawn buggy and rode home.



Basilica of St. Mary Major



Basilica S. Giovanni Laterano

Basilica of St. John Lateran

October 20, Mass in the Sisters' chapel. Father Kramer called for us about nine-thirty and we shopped for rosaries, medals and other religious articles. One of the stores was near the church of St. Mary Sopra Minerva and the Pantheon so we visited both these places. In the church of St. Mary we prayed at the tomb of St. Catherine of Sienna (body in wax figure) which is under the main altar. At a side altar we saw the body of St. Victoria (skull covered with mesh and gloves on hands).

In the afternoon we visited the Treasury of St. Peter's and took time to see the interior of the Basilica. In the Treasury there are many beautiful vestments and vessels. We saw the robes and tiara with which the bronze statue of St. Peter is vested on special occasions. We

prayed at the tomb of Pope Pius X whose body rests in the Basilica during the excavations in the crypt.

This evening when we came home we found the letter from the *Anticamera Pontificia* announcing the appointment for a special papal audience for Saturday, October 21, 1950 at 10:15 a. m. at Castelgandolfo. We went to the chapel and offered a fervent Magnificat.

October 21, The memorable day! We left the convent at eight-thirty by taxi, and arrived at Castelgandolfo at nine-fifteen. At nine-fifty we were permitted to enter and were directed to an audience room. While we waited, a Monsignor, probably a Papal Chamberlain, showed us two small chapels and the Consistory Room. We touched our rosaries to the arm of the Pope's chair. We were in a room with about sixteen people and were the last in line. When His Holiness entered everyone knelt.

At last we were in the presence of our Holy Father. We felt as though we were in the presence of Our Lord. We were given a signal to rise. We were thankful that we were the last in the room because this gave us more time in his presence. One of the monsignori who assist the Holy Father introduces each person or group when His Holiness is ready for the audience. A Spanish Carmelite was ahead of us. He presented the Holy Father with a zucchetto. His Holiness removed the one he was wearing and gave it to the priest and put on the new one.

At last the Holy Father was standing in front of us. We knelt to kiss his ring, and then stood while he asked us where we were from, and about our work. He was pleased when we told him that we teach religion to children who do not attend Catholic schools and that we visit the homes of our people. Then our Holy Father said he would give his blessing to us, to all the members of our community, to our parents, benefactors, friends, to our work, to the children we teach, to all the people with whom we work, and to all our dear ones. We kissed his ring again, and then he gave one of us his right hand, and the other his left one, and we kissed his hand. We wanted to stay there at his feet. His Holiness went to the next room, and we were ushered out. We were walking in the clouds. About twelve-twenty we were back in Rome.

In the afternoon we went to St. Peter's to be present when our Holy Father is carried through the crowd for the General Audience. We took our religious articles to be blessed. Both of us had a plastic shopping bag and small



Our Holy Father

handbag. They were so heavy we had to take a taxi. We also took with us two folding chairs because we would have a wait of two and a half hours. There was a large crowd gathered in the piazza when we arrived, but we were able to get a good place near where the Holy Father would pass. About five-fifteen the people began to get excited and when our Holy Father appeared at five-thirty they were wild with excitement. They waved handkerchiefs, and greeted him with "Vive il Papa!" There was constant cheering until he reached the entrance to the Basilica. The Holy Father is carried in procession and as he passes through the crowd he smilingly nods and waves his hands in greeting. Sometimes he raises himself from the chair to an almost standing position. When he reached the entrance, he turned and gave his blessing. After he entered the Basilica we waited awhile to hear the cheering of those who were inside for the General Audience.

October 22, We assisted at Mass in the chapel at the convent, and at ten o'clock we went to St. Peter's to assist at the Solemn High Mass in the Chapel of the Choir. The singing was heavenly. In this chapel there is a beautiful mosaic of the Immaculate Conception crowned with a



Basilica of St. Peter



Students at St. Peter's

gold crown and halo of stars made of diamonds. Below the altar lie the remains of St. John Chrysostom.

In the afternoon we went to the railroad station to meet Father Kramer who was going with us to Assisi and Loretto. He told us to meet him at the main entrance of the station, but somehow we didn't find the right place and so, missed him. After the train left we stepped out of the station to hail a taxi, and as we were waiting, Father happened to see us. We decided to take a later train. In the meantime we visited the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, and the Church of the Sacred Heart. In the latter church we happened in on a Sunday afternoon catechism class. We were happy to see how class is conducted in Italy, and to see the large number of boys attending. They have the same disciplinary problems that we have. A priest gave the instruction from the pulpit, and several priests and seminarians, or young men, kept order among the pupils.

October 23, We arrived in Assisi in the evening, went to the hospice of the Graymoor Sisters, had dinner and retired. It was too dark to see much of the town that night. We arose very early and were waiting outside the church of Santa Clara before six o'clock. The doors were opened about six, and Father was able to offer Mass at the tomb of St. Clare at six-thirty. We visited the tomb before Mass. The body of St. Clare, dressed in the habit of the Poor Clares, lies on a couch, encased in glass. After Mass we met a Franciscan Brother who took us into the chapel of St. George (where the canonization of St. Francis took place in 1228) which is part of the church of St. Clare. Through a grill in this chapel we could see the painting of the crucifix from which Our Lord spoke to St. Francis. We also saw the habits worn by St.



Basilica of St. Paul-outside-the-Walls

Francis and St. Clare, the skull of St. Agnes (St. Clare's sister), and an alb that St. Clare had made for St. Francis. A convent of the Poor Clares adjoins the church. St. Clare, however, during her religious life lived in the convent of San Damiano (next to the church of San Damiano).

After breakfast we went to this church, which is the place St. Francis restored after



Church of St. Clare

*The Missionary Catechist*

Our Lord asked him to rebuild His Church. An American Franciscan was our guide. We saw the little chapel where St. Francis served Mass. In the ceiling was a hole which served as a place for the Poor Clares who were ill to assist at Mass; this opening was used also to draw up the sanctuary lamp in order to replenish the oil. We went to the choir where St. Clare and her Sisters assisted at Mass and prayed the Divine Office; the refectory, where we sat in the place she used to occupy at table. In the dormitory upstairs we saw the place where she died, and the opening where she held the Blessed Sacrament before the Saracens who attacked the town.

In the refectory Father pointed out some old frescoes which tell the story of the blessing of bread by St. Clare. At the time of the Pope's visit to Assisi for the canonization of St. Francis he took dinner at the convent of the Poor Clares. St. Clare asked him to give the blessing, but he turned to her and told her to bless the bread. In obedience she did, and as she made the sign of the cross, each loaf was signed with a cross.

From San Damiano we went to the top of the mountain where St. Francis and his followers retired to pray. The tree was pointed out where St. Francis spoke to the birds, and the place where the stream, that was too noisy and was told by St. Francis to dry up, had obeyed him. We saw the place where St. Francis slept while here and the caves of some of his followers. On our way down to Assisi we enjoyed the beautiful scenery. You could see the towns in the distance, each with its church. In Assisi we stopped at the tomb of St. Francis, and were on our way to the Portiuncula. On the way we stopped to take a last look at the lovely medieval city on the side of the mountain, with its many streets and its houses just as they were in the time of St. Francis.

We made a visit to the Portiuncula chapel in



View of Assisi

#### Church of San Damiano



An American Franciscan was our guide.

the Church of Our Lady of the Angels. Around the Portiuncula St. Francis and his first followers lived in their straw huts. We saw the thornless rose bushes with leaves speckled with brown (blood) where St. Francis threw himself when tempted; the statue of St. Francis holding a nest in which doves continually nest. The story told in connection with this is that Saint Francis met a man one day who had several doves. He asked the man for them, but the man refused to give them to him. St. Francis told the doves to come to him and they did. Then he released them.

We left Assisi about 10:30 a. m., changed trains at Foligno and were on our way to Loreto. We arrived there about 4:00 p. m. The Basilica, surrounded by the town, is situated on the top of a hill. It is about a half-hour walk from the station, and since there is an indulgence attached to the walk, we decided not to pass that up. There are many steps to climb on the walk, but after climbing a while we turned to look at the scenery. Loreto is on the Adriatic, and as we got up higher the view was more beautiful.

The Sisters of Charity have a hospice near the church, and after we arranged for the night we went to visit the Holy House. It is inside the Basilica; the outer walls are covered with marble, and the main altar of the church is placed in front of the side that faces the nave. On the inside the walls are of brick which are worn and uneven. At one end is an altar above which is the image of our Lady of Loreto. We kissed the walls of this holy place. In the evening we attended Rosary, sermon and Benediction in the Basilica. Many little boys and girls in uniform were at the services, and they sang and prayed beautifully. The Capuchin Fathers are in charge of this parish.

(Continued on page 18)

# From Rome to Lough Derg --- St. Patrick's Purgatory

by Sister Mary Patrick

Dawn was slowly lighting up the Eternal City as Sister Bridget and I took one last look over that hallowed place beloved by God and men, which had so captivated our hearts during the past week. A pang of loneliness sprang up within us as we recalled the many blessings, privileges and joys we had received there.

From the hill where we were standing, the view of St. Peter's dome was of the finest. Taking our last look, we said a little prayer for the Shepherd in white, Our Holy Father, who is the heart beat of this holy city. Then hiding our thoughts and words in a precious cloak of silence, we rolled along the narrow streets of Rome in a taxi. Frequently, we received a little jar when our taxi seemed to embrace another taxi. But we had grown so accustomed to this that we were not in the least disturbed. (In Rome taxis seem to greet each other almost with a kiss of peace and roll along without even a slight scratch.) Arriving at the T. W. A. station, we found the bus ready to take the passengers to Ciampiano airport.

Perhaps you wonder why the rush at such an early hour. Sister Bridget and I had decided the next place to make a pilgrimage would be *Lough Derg* (better known as St. Patrick's Purgatory) and we wanted to reach there by August 5, feast of Our Lady of the Snows. So

we quietly stole away from that City where not only the Shepherd in white dwells, but where Our Eucharistic Saviour, the Eternal Shepherd of Souls, dwells in one thousand tabernacle homes. Perhaps this is the answer to the question so frequently asked by visitors to Rome: "How was it possible that Rome was saved from being bombed?"

Yes, it did look as though we had stolen away in spite of the fact that we honestly went through customs and all red tape required of T.W.A. passengers. Later that afternoon someone from the T.W.A. office in Rome tried to locate us by phone. Their message was to tell us that if we wished to take the 3:00 p.m. plane to Ireland, our only possibility of making the connection would be to take a taxi immediately to Ciampiano airport. When the answer went over the wire that we were in Ireland by this time, the efficient T.W.A. clerk was a little perplexed and bewildered. A week later when we heard of this incident in Dublin, Sister Bridget and I decided that we really must have stolen out while someone slumbered.

The weather was glorious on that Thursday morning as we left Rome. The sun shone its brightest. From our comfortable seat in the Skyliner, we gazed on the ever-changing panorama

of the world below. We were delighted to find that we were going back by a slightly different route — through Geneva instead of Zurich. The first city we greeted was Pisa (noted for its leaning tower). This tower is visible from the outskirts of the city. We were warned not to worry about its dubious angle because it has survived this position for six centuries.

Leaving Pisa, a flight of about twenty minutes took us along the coast line of the Ligurian Sea until we reached the seaport of Genoa, the birthplace of St. Catherine of Genoa. Leaving the coast, our next important city was Turin. Looking down one could see a regular pattern of broad boulevards and large apartment houses. It was in this seemingly flourishing little city that St. John Bosco was ordained. You like to think that beneath a sanctuary lamp in one of its many churches, he conceived his project of leading little ones to Christ.

We closed our eyes, prayed a little, and got ready for that unforgettable flight over the Alps. A signal was given us to put on our belts and we could feel the plane rising higher and higher. Heaven seemed so very close; we felt as though we could almost touch the folds of Our Lady's mantle. Never before had our Blessed Mother seemed quite so near.

We glanced out the window and saw snow-covered mountain peaks glistening in the sunlight. Then we saw Mont Blanc, the highest peak in Europe, towering in grandeur, 15,781 feet above sea level. We relaxed and pondered within ourselves — how is it possible for anyone not to believe in the existence of God? Our attention was aroused to hear that in a few minutes we would land at Geneva, and have an hour stop-over. Before landing, our plane circled over the beautiful lake of Geneva. This center of Swiss and international culture seems to be one of Europe's favorite cities. On the outskirts of the city is the former home of the League of Nations. But the gentle spirit of St. Francis de Sales still seems to hover in the atmosphere.

Our next stop was Paris; we reached it about 12:30 p.m. The only place along the route which held our special interest was Dijon, the birthplace and Carmel of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity. During our stop in Paris, we watched the many different planes land and the passengers disembark. I wanted to take some pictures

of the planes, but was graciously told that it was forbidden. However I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps we could in Ireland.

Quite soon after leaving Paris, we were served a delicious dinner by our T.W.A. hostess. As we dined, we discussed how different would be our fare at Lough Derg the next few days. In spite of all this excellent service, we did look forward to having dark bread and black tea once a day at St. Patrick's Purgatory.

Soon we were flying over the English Channel. We flew directly over the seaport town of Plymouth, and recalled that exactly three weeks almost to the hour we had landed there. We began to get more than a little excited. Why? — Because now we were almost *home*. Familiar scenes appeared before us; we recognized the northwestern area of Cork. In a few minutes we saw the town of Tipperary and decided "it is not so long away." After getting our bags and mantles assembled we looked down once more and saw the broad silvery Shannon peacefully flowing along its green banks. This sign told us that we were ready to land in that lovely little Island of green. Sister Bridget folded her hands and said, "Thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother."

As soon as we landed, a charming little hostess with a peaches-and-cream complexion (the natural kind) came and welcomed every passenger to Ireland. We asked if we might take a picture of the plane. "Why certainly, Sister," was the gracious reply. Sister Bridget posed beneath its wings, smiling not so much at me, as at Ireland.

From another plane which had just come in, a young priest from Chicago came over to greet us, saying, "I was in Fort Wayne a few weeks ago with Cardinal Stritch to attend Bishop Noll's golden jubilee and met your Sisters there." He, too, was receiving an abundance of courtesy on all sides from the people at Shannon airport.

It was too late to take a train to Dublin so we stayed overnight at Ennis, and the next day motored to Dublin, driving first along the sea coast of Galway, then inland among Ireland's most fertile counties. On our way we passed the hill of Tara where St. Patrick first lit the fire of Christianity. Before leaving Ireland I climbed this hill with its many mounts and took some

(Continued on Page 14)



Sister Bridget on her way to the Holy Door at St. Peter's to begin her Jubilee



Coming out from St. Calixtus Catacombs after Mass and Holy Communion



At the fountain in St. Peter's square

# Associate Catechists



Dear Associates:

MY annual letter, addressed to the Presidents of our Mission Bands and Clubs, together with the usual financial report for the year just ended, was mailed on January 10th. Perhaps it was read at one of your monthly meetings soon after that. Just in case, however, some were not present to hear the letter read, I am repeating the information given at that time, as it is of great interest to all of you.

WHEN our Mothers Cecilia and Catherine were in Rome, a special audience was granted them by our Holy Father. On that occasion, he raised his hands above their heads and blessed not only themselves, our Sisters and dear ones, but *all our good benefactors!* Most assuredly, dear Associates, you take first rank among these. Even though you were unconscious of the great blessing you received on October 21 (the day of the audience) we hope that the present knowledge of it will gladden your hearts. May our Holy Father's blessing be your strength and support in whatever dark hours lay before you, and more especially at the hour of death when it comes.

FOR the third consecutive year, the members of *Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, New York* were the year's biggest givers. These ladies sent us \$650.00 during 1950. They deserve special praise for they had to work doubly hard to maintain their title of "champions." A large parochial school is being built in their parish and they've had to raise funds for it also. *St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Illinois*, climbed into second place with a year-end total of \$442.20, and *St. Joseph Band II, also of Chicago*, was a close runner-up with \$424.50 to the credit of the Band. Among those who made an exceptionally fine showing during 1950, we wish to mention: (1) *St. John's Mission Guild, Chicago*, as these ladies sent us \$236.00 and this more

than *trebled* their annual total for 1949. (2) The following, who *doubled* their totals of the year previous: Our three *Omaha Nebraska Bands* which sent us a combined total of \$496.00, *St. Mary's Mission Society* which sent us the splendid sum of \$335.00 and *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wisconsin* which sent us \$154.00 as compared with \$75.00 in 1949. (3) Those who increased considerably their 1949 output, or maintained the high year-end totals of previous years were: Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Indiana, Good Shepherd Mission Club, Les Petites Fleurs, St. Irene Band, Seven Dolors Band and St. Raymond Band, all of Chicago, as also St. Helen Band of Dayton, Ohio.

IN spite of this fine showing by some of the Bands, we are sorry to say that most were not able to match their 1949 year-end totals. With renewed courage and determination, resolve to raise more money than ever for the needs of our Missionaries. The number of Sisters in the mission fields, and the number of missions cared for by them, increase yearly. So should our mission friends and the aid they give us!

Devotedly yours in Jesus and Mary,  
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

## HUNTINGTON BAND MAKES MONEY SELLING PAPER

THE ladies of *Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Indiana* do not burn or otherwise dispose of the newspapers which enter their homes. Instead, they sell them to a local junk dealer who pays good money for same. This paper money is then added to their dues money which they bring to us in person or send out to us via the mails.

On the First Friday of January, we had the pleasure of a visit from some of the Band members. They were taken on a tour through our three buildings, and as a surprise, two of our more accomplished singers rendered a song and a hymn in honor of Our Lady of Fatima for them. The singers were accompanied by a third Sister at the piano. After simple refreshments, the ladies recited the Rosary together in our chapel and departed for their homes. We hope they'll repeat their visit when all members can be present.

Mrs. Ben Scheiber heads the Band.

# of Mary

## OUR SINCERE APOLOGIES TO THESE BANDS

The Promoters of the following Mission Bands called our attention to errors in our 1950 Financial Report.

St. George Mission Band, Chicago, was listed as having given \$15.60. It should have read \$50.71.

Do'lores Mission Guild, Chicago, was listed as having given \$100.00. It should have read \$153.00.

St. Margaret Mary Mission Band, Omaha, Nebraska was listed as having given \$105.00. It should have read \$205.00.

We regret these mistakes on the mimeographed bulletin very much, and hope the Band members will bear with us and our mistakes.



ST. JUDE MISSION CLUB  
(Chicago, Ill.)

THE Associates who have gathered in the past at the home of Mrs. Lydia Fiala, Promoter, for mission club meetings must have been edified at witnessing all the loving ministrations she lavished on her invalid mother, Mrs. Attwood, aged 86.

During her mother's last illness which lasted more than a year, Mrs. Fiala felt it her duty to forego vacation trips. As an outlet both for her energy and zeal, our Promoter furthered devotion to the Brown Scapular by making and distributing them far and wide. (She really began making scapulars back in 1941 for members of the Armed Forces.)

Mrs. Attwood spent many hours praying for the success of our mission work. Finally, on the first Friday of October she took her flight to God after a well prepared and happy death.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

December 22, 1950 to January 17, 1951

Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mo.,	
Mrs. J. Butler .....	20.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago,	
Mrs. H. F. Staley .....	126.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz ....	17.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind.,	
Miss Mary Nye .....	75.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit,	
Miss Lillian Dunn .....	15.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. C.	
Koschnitzke .....	2.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis,	
Mrs. Katherine Krueger .....	16.50
Mothers & Daughters, Chicago,	
Mrs. Earl Keegan .....	30.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind.,	
Mrs. D. Herzog .....	7.85
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band,	
Appleton, Wis., Helen Arens .....	52.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs.	
J. V. McGovern .....	18.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Ind.,	
Mrs. Geo. Deininger .....	4.25
St. Anthony Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. A. F. Beck .....	65.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	30.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. Ann Igel .....	5.00
St. George Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Marie H. Zender .....	15.60
St. Irene Auxiliary Band, Chicago,	
Miss Madeline Sebraska .....	21.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago,	
Mrs. Wm. Schultz .....	10.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinville,	
N. Y., Mrs. H. Reeves .....	50.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. Fred Shields .....	5.00
St. Mary Magdalen Band, Madison, Minn.,	
Miss Regina Emmerich .....	6.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit,	
Miss Ann Huhn .....	21.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	7.50
St. Sabina Band, Chicago,	
Miss Marie V. Dwyer .....	39.00
Seven Dolores Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. John J. Murphy .....	5.00
Tip Top Twelve Band, Cincinnati, O.,	
Miss Irene Stanley .....	5.00
Upsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, LaPorte,	
Ind., Irene Baczkiewicz .....	25.00



Statue of St. Patrick, on the Hill of Tara, Ireland

(Continued from page 11)

pictures of the fine statue of St. Patrick which marks the spot where he lit his fire before that of the king.

A little tired, we reached Dublin about 6:00 p.m. My sister had obtained all information about Lough Derg. We were to begin our fast that evening, leaving on the nine o'clock train the next morning, and if we wished, we could join with the *Legion of Mary* pilgrimage. Of course we were happy to join the Legionaries.

Perhaps you would like a little history about this austere, isolated little island nestled in the Tirconnell mountains of Donegal. Despite its reputation of being the severest place of pilgrimage in Christendom (it includes a three-days fast, an all-night vigil, and prayers recited while walking barefoot on the sharp stones of the island), many thousands have made the pilgrimage and find in its austerity a peace of soul which is rarely experienced in this world. Tradition tells us that it was here St. Patrick sustained his memorable struggle with the powers of darkness and thus brought into meaning the name, St. Patrick's Purgatory.

In reading its history we find that down through the centuries people came from all over Europe, not in large groups, but rather as individuals, desiring to do penance and to atone for their sins. In the past, the penances were much more severe. We read of a Spanish pilgrimage made in the fifteenth century and the fast was "nine days on bread and water." It

seems that about the latter part of the eighteenth century the penitential exercises were considerably modified. The Pilgrimage begins the first day in June and closes on August 15, the feast of the Assumption. Apparently on account of the extreme cold and damp weather the island cannot be inhabited during the other months.

During our train ride from Dublin, the Rosary was recited and everyone joined in the singing of hymns. It was interesting to hear some of the pilgrims' past experiences at Lough Derg. One young woman said that she had gone there seven times and that each year it seemed to grow harder. We heard the story of a young man who had made the Lough Derg Pilgrimage for three successive years to obtain some particular favor. On the third year while on the island, he received word that his petition had been granted. He immediately crossed the lake and returned to continue another three-days fast in thanksgiving. (If one wishes to make a six-days fast, it is necessary to leave the island, and then return.) We heard of four brothers who are making the pilgrimage each year for a wayward brother. The greater number of people seem to go there in answer to our Blessed Mother's request for penance.

As the train passed through certain parts of the North of Ireland, we were amazed to see the Union Jack flying from certain churches. About 1:30 p.m. we reached the town of Pettigo where busses were ready to take us to the boats. The bus ride took only about ten minutes and then at last we had our first glance at the little island so invigorated with spiritual vitality that Ireland's poet Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote the secret of its charm in these few lines:

"Oh, would you know the power of Faith  
Go, see it at Lough Derg.  
Oh, would you learn to smile at death  
Go, learn it at Lough Derg."

There were several small boats ready; three men were using the galley type system of rowing, and one motor boat was being used. As we approached the landing place, we saw several hundred people; some were kneeling, or sitting on stones, and others were standing in the cold water. All were barefoot.

We began our penitential exercises (after removing our shoes) with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the large Basilica of St. Patrick. From there we went to St. Patrick's Cross, and kneeling, said the required prayers. (The Rosary and the Creed are prayed frequently at the var-



Matt Talbot's grave, Dublin

ious stations.) At St. Brigid's Cross we stood with arms outstretched and renounced the devil, the world and the flesh. After many Paters and Aves prayed in honor of various saints, among them St. Columkille, St. Catherine, and St. Brendan, we returned to the church and said a prayer for Our Holy Father's intention. Confession is required and in addition a pilgrim must assist at morning prayers, Mass, meditation, evening prayers, and a Holy Hour during the night. One of the severest requirements is the all-night vigil. To keep awake during the night was quite a struggle for me. Several times I went outdoors to get fresh air. The ground was so cold and the wind so sharp that it almost took me off my feet. We did not get near a bed until our last night on the island, and then no one was permitted to retire until 9:30 p.m. Our sleeping quarters were in keeping with everything else, but we had no worries about the hardness of the cot — we were so very grateful to get there.

At five o'clock each afternoon we had our delicious black tea and dark bread or toast. For me it was a banquet.

When time for departure came, we were glad to find our own shoes, as that week St. Patrick's Purgatory contained the highest number of shoes in its history. There were more than two thousand pilgrims. We were impressed with the large number of men, young and old. Some were doctors, lawyers and other professional men. There were priests from England, America, Africa, and Ireland. As soon as our boat began to move to take us across, everyone joined in singing Ireland's national hymn, "Hail, Glorious St. Patrick."

March, 1951

We reached Dublin Monday evening. As soon as we stepped off the train, we were asked if we opened our suitcases. Then we listened to the amusing story (which seems to grow as it is told) of the two American Sisters who went to Lough Derg with two suitcases.

If you plan to go to Lough Derg, travel lightly, as most likely you will not get near your suitcase.

Ireland has many beauty spots. But one has a beauty all its own . . . it is Lough Derg. "Beautiful isolated little island, I hear you calling me."

### Music Reviewed

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

LITURGICAL SUITE FOR EASTER. *Sortie sur "Ite Missa Est, Alleluia!"* \$1.00. *Entree Pontificale sur "Resurrexi" (introit de la Messe)* \$ .75. *Cantilene Pascale sur "l'Alleluia" du Samedi Saint* \$ .75. *Terra Tremuit et Quievit (Offertoire)* \$1.25.

MISSA "VICTIMAE PASCHALI" by Carlo Rossini for four mixed voices or three mixed voices, eighty cents.

### In Memoriam

Mr. Joseph Mott, Cleveland, Ohio  
 father of Sister Mary Beatrice, O.L.V.M.  
 William Francis Frey, Santa Fe, New Mexico  
 Mr. Frank Navick, Riverside, California  
 Miss Agnes Skahill, Cascade, Iowa  
 Mrs. Gertrude C. Smith, Los Angeles, California.  
 Miss K. M. Kreuzer, Peru, Indiana  
 Miss Hannah Huber, Peoria, Illinois  
 Miss Katherine Costello, Chicago, Ill.  
 Mr. William McGuire, Chicago, Illinois  
 Mrs. Katherine Krantz, Dubuque, Iowa  
 Mrs. Frances M. Kocks, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 Miss Beatrice Bresnahan, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 Mrs. Joseph Schmid, Fort Wayne, Indiana  
 Miss Margaret Fitzgerald, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Mrs. Anthony Patricio, Los Banos, California  
 Philip Danehy, Fort Wayne, Indiana

### OUR COVER

Knowing Sister Blanche's artistic ability as well as her literary talent, we prevailed upon her to design an Easter Cover for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. We are delighted with the result and hope that you are too.



*Dear Helpers*

WHEN you receive this issue of the magazine, Lent will be half over. Try to keep the two rules of our Club with greater fidelity. Do you remember them? The *first* is to say a Hail Mary every day for our Missionary Sisters. The *second* is to put sunshine pennies you've saved, especially through little sacrifices you've made, into your Sunshine Bag. Perhaps you can send us these pennies for Easter. Do you want a new bag or a new dime card? Just say so, and we'll send either or both.

Mary-ly yours,  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY

"I AM sending you a quarter for an MLH pin. I am putting quarters in my Sunshine Bag instead of going to shows during Lent. My candy money also goes into my Sunshine Bag."  
Amelia Urban, Santa Rosa, New Mex.

*God will reward you a thousandfold for your sacrifices, Amelia. Besides, you will develop a strong character through the practice of voluntary self-denial.*

"ENCLOSED is a dollar for the Missions from my Sunshine Bag. I have been saying my Hail Mary daily."  
Jeanne Lentz, Ionia, Iowa.

*You're a faithful member, Jeanne. Always be as loyal to our Mission Club as you are now.*



# Mary's Loyal

## NIGHT ADORATION

It is the night of the adoration  
When everyone kneels  
In humble devotion  
And the Sacred Heart heals.

All our cares and our worries  
Soon disappear  
When our Lord, in His mercies,  
Blesses all who are here.

*Eleanor Murphy, Age 8. Grade 3  
Moncton, N. B. Canada*

*Very, very good, Eleanor! Send us some more of your verses.*

## AN ADAMS (MASS.) HELPER



Loyal Helpers meet Mary Frances Paciorek, who is 12 years old and in the seventh grade at St. Stanislaus School in Adams, Mass. Her teacher is Sister Mary De Sales, O.S.F. In her arms, Mary Frances holds her little cousin, Francis. Mary Frances has an uncle who is a priest, and an aunt who is a nun. She wishes to become a nun too, some day.

## MY DAILY HAIL MARY FOR THE HOME MISSIONS

A Hail Mary each day  
For the Sisters I'll pray—  
Those who labor all year  
At the Missions *right here*  
In our country so dear.

Many public school youths  
May hear God's holy truths  
From these Sisters at hand,  
Since religion is banned  
From these schools in our land.

# Helpers Page

MARCH PUZZLE

## LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sister:

I am a third year student of the secondary normal school here in Malaybalay. My favorite hobbies are sewing, sightseeing, cooking, arranging the home, writing to pals, and, above all, visiting the Blessed Sacrament in the church. I would like to get acquainted with some of the Loyal Helpers, through writing.

Our place here in the Philippines is 106 kilometers away from the seashore. We are located in the heart of Mindanao, an island in the Philippines.

I am a member of the Children of Mary Sodality of our parish. Our Parish Priest is Reverend Father Joseph Rieth, S.J., a Director of San Isidro High School of this town.

I am planning to be a Sister, if God permits, after my graduation.

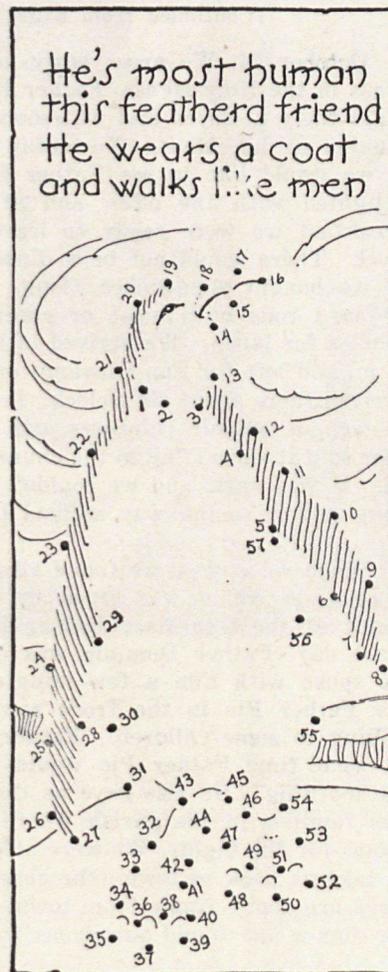
Every vacation I teach Catechism in the barrio near the jungle. The children here are eager to hear and learn something about God.

Love from a Child of Mary,  
Genoveva V. Grapinag,  
Managok, Linabo, Malaybalay  
Buk. Philippines.

## A NEWPORT (KY.) HELPER



The little miss, nestled close to her mother, is Mary Louise Grimme, of Newport, Kentucky. Mary Louise was enrolled as a Helper when she was only eleven months old. As small as she is, she is not the "littlest" member of her household. She has a baby brother and sister, Gregory and Jo Ann, twins, who were born on September 18, 1950.



Work the above Quizzie Dot Puzzle and send it to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card.

## ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE

1. Valley, 2. value, 3. valise, 4. valet, 5. valiant.

## SONG OF THE SUNSHINE PENNIES

Save your Sunshine pennies  
Till your pockets sag—  
Don't forget to put them  
In your Sunshine Bag!

When the bag is opened,  
Down at Victory Noll,  
These pennies, put together,  
May help to save a soul.

(Melody: Sing a song of sixpence.)

## HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 9)

October 24, We arose early and assisted at Mass in the Holy House. Father Kramer offered Mass there at seven and we received Holy Communion at his Mass. Yesterday Father asked if we would like to see Father Pio. We were delighted with the offer, and after a hurried breakfast we were ready to leave at eight o'clock. There would not be a diner on the train so we bought sandwiches (long, narrow loaves or hard rolls with meat or cheese) fruit, and cookies for lunch. We arrived in Foggia at 4:00 p. m. and left for San Giovanni on the bus. We arrived there about six o'clock. It was drizzling, so we put on our raincoats and rubbers. Father said it wasn't far to the church, so we walked. It was dark, and we couldn't see where we were going, so the way seemed like miles.

When we arrived we found all the Fathers at a program which was given by the parish in honor of the Guardian, Father Rafael, on his feast day. Father Dominic was called out and we spoke with him a few minutes. We could see Father Pio in the front row, smiling and talking to some children. Father Dominic told us what time Father Pio would offer Mass in the morning. He also gave us the addresses of two families in the parish where we could get rooms for the night. We were able to get a taxi to take us back to town (the church and monastery are about a mile from town). We stopped for dinner and found our rooms for the night.

October 25, We arose at four o'clock and were ready when the taxi called for us at four-thirty. At the church we stood outside in the rain until the doors were opened. Father Pio offered Mass at five. The people were crowded around the altar. He offers Mass at one of the side altars which has a railing around it. He finished Mass at six-fifteen and then went to the main altar to distribute Holy Communion. The people enter the sanctuary and kneel around the altar. There was a large crowd, so we waited until most of them had received. We were grateful for the privilege to assist at his Mass and to receive Holy Communion from him.

After Mass we took a taxi to town, had a light breakfast and were on our way to Foggia. We took a private car to Foggia which we shared with four Italians. We arrived in Rome about 3:00 p.m. As we neared Rome Father Kramer pointed out Castelgandolfo in the distance, and as we got closer we could get a good view of the city.

*(To be continued)*

## March is Vocation Month

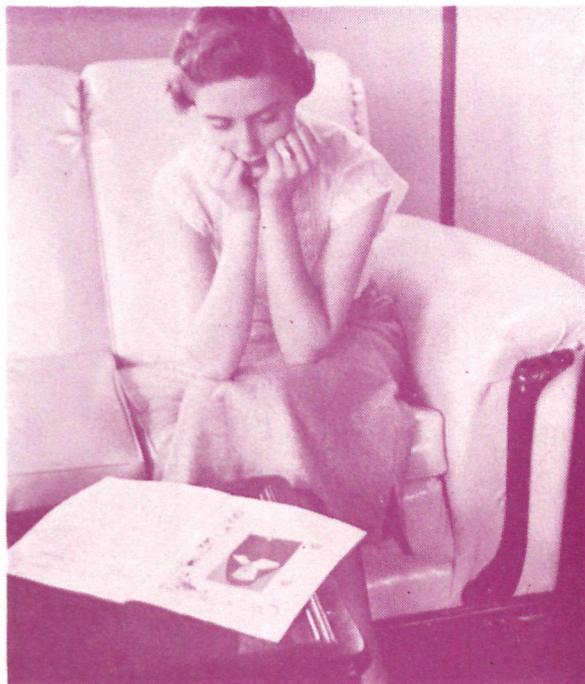


A vocational exhibit sponsored by Sister Melita and her pupils, San Fernando, California



Children of St. Mark's parish, Richmond, Kentucky who took part in a vocation tableau

HOW DO I KNOW  
IF  
I HAVE A VOCATION?



God uses natural means to bring grace to you. In the case of a religious vocation, the grace is in the form of a desire, an attraction for the religious life, or the realization that you can better save your soul by serving God in the religious life. The necessary qualifications are good health, good moral character, average intelligence and the acceptance by a religious community. Ask Our Lord and His Blessed Mother daily for the strength of will to cooperate with the grace working in you.

If you are interested in devoting your life—in honor of Our Lady of Victory—to:

*Teaching* the truths of Faith to children attending the public schools in the mission districts of our country;

*Home Visiting* with a view to making Christ known to all men;

*Charitable Ministrations*, giving every possible spiritual and material help to souls;

*Social Service Activities*, relieving the wants of the poor and sick;

Write to:

Mother General  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

# *Of course, you can do it!*

## **Organize a Mission Band**



*Aid Missionary Sisters  
at Victory Noll*

*To bring the light  
of God's Truths  
to each needy soul.*

Be a SPIRITUAL MOTHER to thousands of Catholic children attending public schools who get no religious instruction except what our Sisters can give them.

You will draw spiritual dividends by sharing in the prayers and good works of religious women whose lives are devoted to God's poor. Fill out and return the printed form below today!

Sister Supervisor, ACM  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

I would like to help you in your wonderful apostolate. Please write and tell me how to go about organizing a Mission Band.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....