

# THE *Missionary Catechist*



Volume XXVII

April, 1951

Number 5

Mary



Queen  
of  
Hearts

TRUE DEVOTION TO OUR  
BLESSED MOTHER

The particular and interior practice of this devotion (the True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother) may be expressed in four words: to do all our actions *by* Mary, *with* Mary, *in* Mary, and *for* Mary; so that we may do them all the more perfectly *by* Jesus, *with* Jesus, *in* Jesus, and *for* Jesus. This we can easily do by making the good intention in the morning and often renewing it during the day. By this practice, faithfully observed, we will give Jesus more glory in a month than by any other practice, however difficult, in many years. A faithful servant of Mary, surrounded by her protection and her imperial power, has nothing to fear. This good Mother and powerful Princess of the Heavens would rather despatch battalions of millions of angels to succor one of her servants than that it should be said that a faithful servant of Mary, who trusted in her, should be lost.

Let, then, the faithful servants of the Blessed Virgin say hardily with St. John Damascene, "Having confidence in you, O Mother of God, I shall be saved; being under your protection, I shall give battle to my enemies and put them to flight; for devotion to you is an arm of salvation, which God gives to those whom it is His will to save."

All for Jesus through Mary.

—St. Louis De Montfort

CONFRATERNITY OF MARY,  
QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, is an association of persons who practice the True Devotion. There are only two requirements for membership: To strive earnestly to practice the True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother as it was propagated by St. Louis Grignon De Montfort, and to have one's name inscribed in the records of a canonically erected Confraternity.

The Confraternity at Victory Noll was established in 1929 by His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. The headquarters of the Archconfraternity are in Rome.

We would emphasize the spiritual character of the membership. No outward ceremony is required. Neither are there "dues" in the strict sense of the word. St. Louis De Montfort advises the members however, to give an alms to the poor on the day on which they are admitted to the Confraternity. Those who cannot do this are urged to perform some other act of charity compatible with their state of life.

Application for membership should be sent to:

Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Hearts,  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

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## Never-failing St. Joseph

With unanimous approval, the sodality girls voted to attend Mary's Hour at the Coliseum in Los Angeles. Excitement was in the air. Plans were discussed with enthusiasm. For many, the bus trip to the 'city of the Angels' would be a real treat as they had never had a similar experience before.

But . . . a financial difficulty crept in to upset their plans. Though the girls had been sure that their funds would easily pay for the transportation, they discovered that higher prices were involved and their savings just would not meet the expenses. What were they to do? They prayed. They made further inquiries—surely someone could help them. At last, the dark clouds seemed to grow brighter—there was a ray of hope which kept them optimistic for a few days. A fellow townsman thought he might be able to provide the necessary means of travel.

Once more, however, their dreams were shattered, when this friend informed them that he would not be able to make the trip. Where to now? Were their cherished desires to be buried and forgotten, with only five days to the big event?—Not when the next day was the feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph. Surely he would be all for giving his Immaculate Spouse a little more honor and love by having forty more 'Children of Mary' present at her annual 'Hour.' Since he was the breadwinner for the Holy Family, he would readily understand their situation now.

Thus, on his feastday, a note stating their request was placed by his feet, and, while he was being invoked, Sister tried one last possible means of hiring a bus within the limits of the Sodality's bank account. To the amazement and happiness of all, the man, a stranger, agreed to take them for even less than they had to offer.



Sister Estelle checks names as sodalists file into the bus on their way to attend 'Mary's Hour'

And such a nice bus it was too, with every modern luxury. Yes, St. Joseph heard their prayers and made it possible for a happy group of sodalists to be present at 'Mary's Hour.'

Sister Melita  
San Fernando, California

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# Prayers Answered

by Sister Mary Millicent

(This story of Gregory Monica is a simple narration of facts that happened while we were teaching summer school at Catalina Island. It is a striking example of "Prayers Answered.")

"SISTERS, could Gregory go along to summer school?"

"WHY, YES, he probably would get something out of it even though he's just five. Let him come with Teresa and Mattie."

SO GREGORY came to summer school. There was nothing extraordinary about that. He did such things as any other child his age might do—like giving green legs and purple hair to the children outlined in his color book.

BUT THEN it happened! And because of it Gregory became the center of everyone's attention and prayers.

ON THE WAY home from class he was hit by a motorcycle. He was thrown up against the rocks by the side of the road in such a way that his head was literally smashed. Besides that, his collarbone was broken and splintered into the flesh.

"LET'S PRAY for a miracle!" someone suggested. Yes, it would be a miracle if he lived and was still normal. That night a num-

ber of people gathered at the church to say the rosary for him. The prayer of all those present that evening was something like this:

"DEAR BLESSED MOTHER, if it is God's Holy Will, please ask Him for a miracle to make this little boy recover."

"ONE of our Sisters has a first-class relic of Blessed Martin de Porres," I suggested.

"LET'S SEND for it right away," my companion replied, adding, "Maybe he'll work the miracle!" And so, posthaste the relic was sent for.

AT THE HOSPITAL that night, amidst the dreadful suspense that attends the awaiting of death, a crestfallen young man appeared. It was he who was riding the motorcycle when it hit Greg. He knelt beside the bed of the unconscious boy and cried as though his heart was broken. "I forgive you," Greg's mother said, "But please pray with us for him."

"I DON'T HAVE any religion. And I haven't ever prayed, but I certainly will try to pray



The Monica family, a few months before the accident. Gregory is sitting next to his mother on the couch.

for your little boy," he answered.

THE NEXT MORNING Mr. and Mrs. Monica, after a terrible and sleepless night of watching and praying, arrived at the church for the morning Mass which the good pastor offered for Gregory. A week or so before, the newest addition to their truly Christian family had been the first baby to be baptized in the newly-built church. Now, everyone feared that the Monica family would be having the first funeral, also.

"IF GREG DIES, we know we'll have one of our children safe in heaven," they told us, "But oh, we *do* hope Our Lord will let us keep him!"

Of course the children at summer school thought and talked about little else. *Would God make him better if they prayed real hard?—Well, they'd try it anyway.* We got a glimpse of some of the fervor of those petitions a few weeks later when one little tot said, "Sister, I've been saying over and over, 'Please, God, make Greg better!'"

FOR DAYS and days Greg lay in a coma. His left hand seemed to be paralyzed as well as part of his face. "Brain injury," the doctor bluntly said. A week after the accident someone sent the parents a double first-class relic of St. Francis and St. Anthony. This was pinned on his gown as well as a medal of St. Jude. Two days later Blessed Martin's relic arrived. As we walked into the hospital with it, we met Mrs. Monica rushing to a telephone. Greg had opened his eyes for a few moments! *Was he cured? Far from it. He was in terrible pain.* We pinned our new relic on him too. Maybe now he would be cured miraculously.

IN the days that followed no startling changes took place but Greg was gradually—oh so gradually—coming back to consciousness. Although he was improving, the doctor said that his collarbone was in much worse condition than they had originally thought. Perhaps in six months he would be strong enough to undergo an operation on the splintered collarbone.

EVERY TIME we stopped to see him in the days that followed, we would notice a remarkable change for the better. His paralyzed hand and cheek "loosened up." He began to talk and laugh and joke, which made everyone realize his mind was all right. Then suddenly the doctor announced that he was going to operate immediately on his shoulder as his fractured skull was so greatly improved. Again the children and everybody prayed and stormed heaven during

the morning set for the operation. *Would he live through it?*

AT noon dismissal we heard the news. With three previous X-rays they still couldn't decide the best way to cut, so they had another one right before operating. To everyone's amazement the splintered bone was knitting together perfectly. There was no operation.

YES, Greg recovered. Not suddenly nor in any striking way, but completely just the same. Today as I write this, he is now at home running around and playing with his little brothers and sisters. Two months after his so-called fatal accident, his parents sent the enclosed pictures to the Sisters here at San Pedro. Now, is it not true that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of"?



"I'm all better now!" says Greg, two months after his accident.

OUR COVER is a picture of the First Baptism which took place in the newly-built St. Catherine's church at Santa Catalina Island, California. The child getting baptized is the youngest of the Monica children, a sister of Greg, whose story is here told. The priest performing the ceremony is the Rev. John L. Brennan, pastor of St. Catherine's.

# Highlights of Our Pilgrimage

by Mother Cecilia

October 26, Rome

IT WAS RAINING this morning. After Mass in the chapel and a hurried breakfast, we hired a taxi for the morning. We called on Father Heston, C.S.C., and Father Clement, O.M. Cap. The latter was away from Rome. Afterwards we visited the church of the Gesu where we prayed at the tomb of St. Ignatius. One of the side altars has the arm of St. Francis Xavier which is exposed for veneration. Next we went to the church of St. Ignatius where we prayed at the tombs of St. John Berchmans, St. Aloysius, and St. Robert Bellarmine. The body of St. Robert is clothed in the cardinal's robes and lies beneath one of the side altars.

THEN WE VISITED the church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere which has the tomb of St. Cecilia, and *Santa Maria in Trastevere* which is the first church in Rome dedicated to our Blessed Mother. Next, to the basilica of St. Peter's Chains, where we saw the chains which bound St. Peter when he was in prison. They are below the main altar. This church has the magnificent marble statue of Moses by Michaelangelo.

IN THE AFTERNOON we visited St. Peter's, spent some time seeing the Basilica, prayed at the tomb of St. Peter, and went to confession. Each confessor has a long, thin pole in the confessional, and after people go to confession, or as they pass by, they kneel and the priest taps them on the head with the pole. This is a special penance to which is attached an indulgence during the Holy Year.

October 27, Rome—It was still raining. After Mass in the chapel we went to St. Peter's. We were making our Jubilee visits to the Basilicas again and decided to stop at each place as long as we wanted to and see all the interesting things near each of the four churches. Today we stopped long at the *Pieta* after making our visit. We saw it several times, but each time it seems more beautiful.

FROM ST. PETER'S we took the bus to the Basilica of St. Paul-outside-the-Walls. The tomb of St. Paul is in the crypt in front of the main altar, similar to the tomb of St. Peter. The tomb of St. Timothy is also in this church. From here we took a bus to *Tre Fontani* where the church of St. Paul contains the three fountains which sprang up in the places where the head of St. Paul jumped after his beheading. The foun-

tains are inside the church, but are closed. The marble pillar in which St. Paul was beheaded is also in this church. The church of St. Vincent and Anastasius is nearby and is the abbey church of the Trappists. There are three churches close together, and the other is *Santa Maria in Scala Coeli*.

We had some rolls and coffee at a coca-cola stand and then took the bus to St. John Lateran. We made the visit at the Confessional. The heads of St. Peter and Paul are enclosed in reliquaries which are kept in the shrine above the main altar. From here we walked to the church of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* which contains a large particle of the True Cross and earth from Calvary. We venerated this relic and also one of the nails which was used to crucify Our Lord, two of the thorns from the Crown, and the finger of St. Thomas. After this we climbed the *Scala Santa*.

NEXT we took the bus to St. Mary Major and made our visit. We went down to the crypt to venerate the wood of the Crib which is beneath the main altar. In this church the painting "Salus Populi Romanum" by St. Luke is exposed for veneration. This picture was carried in procession by many Popes during times of calamities. We prayed in the chapel of Our Lady because this is the church of Our Lady of the Snows. Above the altar in this chapel we saw the plaque which depicts the snowfall at this spot where our Blessed Mother asked to have a church built.

October 28—We visited the Vatican museum. The Sistine Chapel was closed to visitors this morning. In the afternoon we went to St. Peter's. We were going to try to get into St. Peter's for a General Audience. We didn't have a ticket, and were told we wouldn't need one, but were afraid we might not get in without one. We met an American who works at the Vatican postoffice (we knew him because we went there for stamps quite often) and asked him what we could do to be sure to get in. He told us to go to the American Club which was on the *Via Consolazione* not far from St. Peter's. We went there and the man in charge told us he didn't have any tickets, but that we could march to St. Peter's with the American Army. We decided to do that. There were quite a few civilians waiting to join the soldiers and at four o'clock we lined up for the march to St. Peter's. No one paid any special attention to two Sisters going up the street be-

hind the soldiers and with other civilians. We entered St. Peter's thru the sacristy entrance, and found a good place. One of the men who came with us found a bench and after fifteen minutes of pleading got permission from one of the guards to bring it to where we were.

**W**HILE WE WAITED for the Holy Father to come, the pilgrims of each nation prayed and sang in their native tongue. We prayed and sang with the English-speaking pilgrims, with the Spanish, the German, and even sang the Italian hymn in honor of our Blessed Mother and joined in the chorus of the Lourdes hymn with the French. Everyone sang the Creed and the *Salve Regina* in Latin.

**W**E WERE THRILLED to hear the cheering of the pilgrims when Our Holy Father entered. When he arrived at the throne which was placed near the Tomb of St. Peter, he spoke to the Italian pilgrims, and then greeted each pilgrimage, mentioning the town from which they came. As soon as he said the name of the group, they cheered him. Then he spoke to the German pilgrims, the French, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and Lithuanian. After this he came down from the throne and walked thru the aisles among the pilgrims. We remained until His Holiness left.

*October 29—Feast of Christ the King.* Early Mass in the chapel at the convent. At eight-thirty we went to St. Peter's. We wanted to assist at Mass in the Chapel of the choir at ten o'clock and had to be there early to get a seat. We arrived there about nine o'clock and the Canons were chanting the Divine Office. The Solemn High Mass was glorious. While Mass was being sung we could hear the pilgrims in the Basilica, each group singing or praying, some entering, others at the Confessional, and others leaving. There was a constant stream of people passing the choir chapel, but it was not distracting. We were in Our Father's House and all were praising God. Just as we left the chapel after Mass a pilgrimage from Spain came to make a visit. There were several hundred men in the group and many carried banners. They were singing "Tu reinaras," the beautiful hymn in honor of Christ the King.

**I**N the afternoon we visited the chapel of the De Montfort Fathers where we prayed at the shrine of Mary, Queen of Hearts. We took a street car to St. Peter's. As we were walking across the bridge towards the *Via Consolazione* we were hailed by a car full of priests. They turned and pulled up alongside the curb and Bishop Ready stepped out of the car. We knew he was in Rome, but never expected to see him.



St. Peter's Square. Crowd prayerfully awaits definition of Assumption, Nov. 1, 1950.

We stopped at the American Coffee Shop for some real coffee and doughnuts and then visited the Mission Art Exhibit in the Exposition Building near St. Peter's. Walking down the avenue we met one of the Capuchin Sisters who was at the Hotel Francia in Paris when we stopped there.

*October 30*—This morning we took a taxi at seven o'clock and went to the Catacombs of St. Callistus. We followed a priest and a group of French pilgrims and went down for Mass. It was thrilling to assist at Mass where the early Christians worshipped God. Mass was being offered in many of the rooms and you could hear the tinkle of the bell in the distance at the principal parts. Some groups sang hymns during Mass.

After Mass we went to a nearby shop for coffee and rolls, then returned to the Catacombs. The guide pointed out the place where St. Cecilia had been buried, the room which was the burial place of the Popes, the ancient frescoes on the walls, and the stairs which were probably used by St. Tarcisius when he took the Blessed Sacrament to the Christians in prison. There are three stories; the one which is restored is in the middle, about forty feet below the surface. The upper burial place (twenty feet below surface) and the lower burial place (ninety feet below surface) are not open to the public.

*October 31*—Mass in the Chapel at the Convent. In the morning we visited the Exposition of Modern Art. We met Bishop O'Hara viewing the exhibition.

*November 1*—We arose early and assisted at 5:30 Mass in the convent chapel. After a hurried breakfast we left for St. Peter's. We arrived there at seven o'clock and already the crowd was immense. Father gave us tickets for a certain Section A so we tried to find the entrance place. We were told to go to the other side of the piazza and when we got there we were told to go back. In trying to go from one side to the other we were caught in a crowd so tight that it was impossible to move, so we had to stay there and never got to Section A. When the procession started we found we were in a good place to get pictures. We brought a little chair with us from the convent, and Mother Catherine stood on this to get the pictures. We were almost in the middle of the piazza, about thirty feet from the place where the procession passed.

About eight-thirty the procession of clergy began, a little later the Bishops and Cardinals, and at nine-fifteen Our Holy Father appeared. He was carried thru the piazza amid the shouting and cheering of the crowd, and he in turn



Fortunate pilgrims climb high to get better view of Our Holy Father at entrance to St. Peter's

smiled, and nodded and waved his greeting to the people. As soon as he arrived at the throne at the entrance of St. Peter's, the ceremony of the proclamation began. The people sang the *Veni Creator* at the beginning and the *Te Deum* at the end of the ceremonies.

**D**URING THE ADDRESS Our Holy Father gave, the people cheered whenever they had a chance, and cried, "Viva Maria, Viva Maria Assunta, Viva Maria Assunta in el cielo" follow-



Looking back at the crowd



Procession of Bishops and clergy

ed by "Viva, Viva, Viva!" At other times according to the occasion, they cried "Viva il Papa!" At the end Our Holy Father gave the Papal blessing, after which he entered the Basilica.

At eleven we heard the Choir sing the Introit of the Assumption and we knew that Mass had begun. We followed Mass and could hear everything very well. We heard the singing of the Epistle and Gospel in Greek and Latin, and heard the Holy Father sing the Preface and Pater Noster. The singing was heavenly, and we were thrilled to hear Perosi's "Tu es Petrus" at the end of Mass.

During Mass the girls from the orphanage saw us and crowded around to ask questions. They wanted to know how to say things in English. One asked, "How do you say 'Viva il Papa?'" I told her, "Long live the Pope." "Pope? Pope?" she repeated, and couldn't understand how "Papa" could be "Pope."

An American student nearby heard us speaking English so he came over immediately and spoke to us. He wanted to know what order of Sisters we represented, and the type of work to which our community is dedicated. When he saw the children with us, he asked if we had a school in Rome.

**A**FTER MASS the people waited in the square for His Holiness to appear, and when he did not come to the balcony in front of St. Peter's at



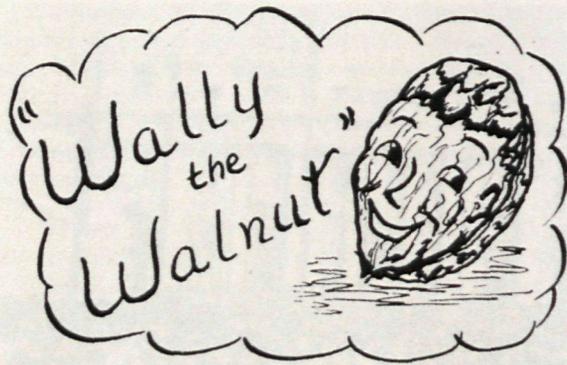
Thousands of pilgrims follow the ceremonies of the proclamation

one o'clock, a half hour after Mass was over, they moved over to the side of the piazza near his apartments. About seven minutes after one, he opened the window of his apartment and greeted the people. He remained a short time, closed the window, and we saw him no more. This was our last look at His Holiness. We saw him as often as we could while we were in Rome and were satisfied and ready to leave. In the evening at dusk the people put vigil lights or candles in the windows of their homes. It was a beautiful sight to look out over the city and see lights in many of the windows. From the porch of the convent we could see St. Peter's, the lights from below lighting up the dome.

(Continued on page 14)



Waiting for one last blessing from Our Holy Father



"Out on a limb, that's where I first found myself," said Wally as he dodged an eager hand which was seeking to crack and devour him, "and I'm not cracked yet! Please don't think I'm crazy. I'm not. I'm just one of the nuts. If you care to listen, this is my story:

I was born, grew, and matured all in one spot . . . under a shady leaf on a walnut tree. The California sun shone on me for many days. The same California sun shines on 90 per cent of all walnuts produced in the United States. Well, one day a breeze blew, and I was "gone with the wind." The next thing I knew I was on the ground, and before I could say "squeedeldedom" backwards, a little walnut-stained-black hand was picking me up and putting me into a large sack. Yes . . . it was a little hand that did it. You see, when the walnut picking season comes, entire families go "to the nuts" and all help to pick.



A walnut grove near Moorpark, California, typical of the many groves that stretch out for miles and miles.

Well, the next thing that happened to me was this: I was dumped into a large truck and driven up to the big contraption at the north corner of

the ranch where I had seen so many men at work and heard so much noise. From here on, life began to get interesting. They certainly knocked us around. First thing I knew, I was dumped into a chute that landed me on a rolling belt. This took me into a revolving drum where I lost my hull. What a workout! We were nuts to take such treatment, but we took it. Then, I found myself rolling down a slide into an elevator shaft which took me up into a little room to dry. When they decided that I was "fit to be dried" they sent me through a shaft into the driers . . . what a nut house this was . . . a furnace going 24 hours. Sounds crazy, doesn't it . . . in California, remember. Well, I told you we were nuts.

We had a pretty hot time there and then they took us out and put us in a big truck and off we went to the packing house. This is where I really got a going-over. I had a belle-shell before I left that place, believe-you-me!

I had been hulled and dried, and now I was fit to be tied . . . in 100-pound sacks and shipped away to be sold and EATEN, mind you! What a future! Here's what they did to us in the packing house:

First, we were weighed and sampled. Then we were put under a vacuum machine that removed all the nuts that aren't nutty enough (shrivelled up, that is). They call these nuts "blows" because they are so light the vacuum sucks them up. That's the last we see of them. Then, up we go along a belt where many women cull out any nuts with blemishes or defects such as worm holes, sunburn, adhering hulls, and so on. After this, we are bleached. When we come out of the revolving drums, we are all blondes. Then we go over a belt while another group of women cull out all that still have spots and before we know it, we find ourselves in the rotary graders where we are separated into baby, medium, and large sizes.

Now, they take a sample of each lot by what they call a "crack test." They pick out about 100 nuts at random and open them to determine the

# of Mary

## SEVEN DOLORS BAND

(Chicago, Ill.)

THIS is probably our youngest Band, having been "born" on the Feast of the Seven Dolors, September 1949. The charter members numbered five, but since that time the membership has gone up to ten. *Mrs. John J. Murphy*, who has been an Associate for ten years (in another Band), established and presides over the Band.

The members meet monthly, each taking turns serving as hostess. They usually play cards, and \$5.00 dues are collected and sent to Victory Noll after the meeting. Sometimes, they vary their program. Instead of playing cards, the members mount religious pictures and medals, and pack good used clothing for Sister Mary Bernadette's mission in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

## LES PETITES FLEURS (Chicago).

(Prize letter!)

Dear Sisters:

I'm new at the job of secretary, so you'll have to bear with me until I get the hang of it. I got my instructions at the last meeting so here goes. (Business matters taken up at this juncture.)

This letter is written in a hurry so my little daughter can mail it on her way back to school from lunch. She is in the fourth grade at St. Constance School. The School Sisters of Notre Dame teach her. They also have the Cardinal Stritch High School on the same grounds. It is quite a large parish and there are always a lot of activities going on for the students.

I also have a four year old son who is in my hair right now, wanting to know why and to whom I am writing. He thinks this typewriter is a toy and I can't leave it for a minute. I think God made little boys just to keep mothers on their toes—never a dull moment. Wait until the Sisters get him at school!

*Mrs. Ruth Greenwald, Secretary.*

## ST. RAYMOND BAND (Chicago).

THESE little mothers on the West Side are really doing things for the Missions,—this besides bearing and rearing many children as future citizens of Heaven.

Their membership was recently stepped up to ten ladies, and the monthly check shows it, too. *Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan* heads the Band.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

January 17, 1951 to February 16, 1951

Christ the King Band, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien .....	\$100.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel .....	55.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger .....	6.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley .....	50.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz .....	18.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins .....	15.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Miss Veronica Foertsch .....	25.00
Mary, Queen of our Hearts Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Wilma Wengritzky ....	15.00
Our Mother of Perpetual Help Band, Evanston, Ill. Miss Celia Henrich .....	37.10
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	8.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Ann Igel .....	5.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh .....	8.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. C. Schultz .....	16.75
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Miss Lucille Murphy .....	5.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. Jno. McCann .....	10.00

## VIA MATRIS BAND (Chicago).

THE Promoter of this Band, *Miss Clarice McQuay*, was very ill a few months ago. She is improving slowly. Kindly remember her in your prayers.

One of the members, Miss Alice Fenton, flew to Rome on a Holy Year pilgrimage last year, with stops at Switzerland, Ireland, Portugal and Spain.



WE WERE READY to leave the convent about 8:00 p. m. so Sister Superior called the children together (they are war-orphans and there were about sixty-five of them). We had become fast friends during our short visit and they wanted us to stay with them. We bid the Sisters and children goodbye and were on our way to the station. We wanted to stop at St. Peter's for a last visit, but the streets were too crowded and the taxi driver couldn't get near the piazza. We heard later that the people were in the piazza about seven-thirty and had called the Holy Father out three times to greet him. Perhaps that was the reason of the crowd. We passed the Castel St. Angelo and it was decorated with candles and lighted up all around with these and electric lights.

About ten o'clock Father Kramer came to the station to see us off. We owe him a debt of gratitude for the many favors he did for us while we were in Rome. We left Rome at eleven.

*November 2*—At eight o'clock in the morning we were in Milan. We stopped here an hour. Late in the morning we entered the Alps. The scenery was beautiful. We took pictures of the mountains and lakes along the way and also of



Hamlet nestling at foothills of the Swiss Alps

several little towns with their churches. We arrived in Zurich about 3:30 p. m., checked our bags and looked for a place to stay. A porter at the station who carried our bags told us of a Catholic Sisters' home nearby, but when we inquired for a room Sister told us they were crowded. We went to a hotel near the station which was also near a church. It began to rain about five o'clock and rained most of the time we were in Switzerland.

*November 3*—First Friday. We assisted at Mass at six-thirty and seven o'clock, went to the hotel for breakfast, and then to the station. At eight-thirty we left for Einsiedeln, where we were making the pilgrimage to the shrine of the



The shrine of the Swiss Madonna, Our Lady of Einsiedeln, in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Meinrad

Swiss Madonna. We arrived there in two hours and went to the church which is the famous Benedictine Abbey of St. Meinrad. We prayed in the Chapel of Grace in front of the Black Madonna, Our Lady of Einsiedeln. This church has many precious relics—those of St. Meinrad, St. Placidus, St. Denis, St. Candida, St. Ursula and her Companions, and several others.

A FEW WEEKS BEFORE we left on our Pilgrimage I received a letter from one of my aunts who is a Sister of the Holy Cross in Germany in which she told of the pilgrimage they made to Einsiedeln and the visit to their General Motherhouse in Ingenbohl. The shrine was a three-hour drive from the hospital where she is stationed. That gave me the idea of trying to see her there if we could arrange it. At that time we had thought we would stay with the OUR SUNDAY VISITOR tour and would be in Einsiedeln on November 1, so I wrote to Sister and asked if she could come there on that day with another aunt who was also in a nearby convent.

When we changed our plans to remain in Rome for the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Assumption I wrote Sister that we would see her on November 3, instead. We looked for the Sisters on the 3rd, staying in the church most of the day, and in the afternoon about three o'clock we saw some Holy Cross nuns at the shrine so we asked one of them if some Sisters from Germany had been there on the 1st. She said they had, and told me to call my aunt and probably they would be able to come to the custom house on the border the next day. When we returned to Zurich we phoned Sister and made arrangements for the visit the following day.

*November 4*—It was raining. We left Zurich at eight-fifteen and arrived in Kreuzlingen about ten-thirty. Two Swiss Sisters from the convent

in this town met us and accompanied us to the border. The Sisters were waiting there for us and had obtained a pass for the day. We had a happy meeting. We went to the Swiss convent and visited there until it was time for us to get the train back to Zurich at three-forty in the afternoon.



Scenic view of Switzerland

*November 5*—Early next morning we went to Mass; it was raining again. We wore our rain-coats most of the time we were in Switzerland. After breakfast we went to the station and left Zurich for Paris at 8:55 a. m. We arrived in Paris in the evening and went to Hotel Francia where we stopped during our first visit to Paris. Here we met the OSV group on Tour A who were going back on the *Mauretania*. We felt that we were meeting old friends. It was almost three weeks since we had seen them.

*November 6*—Seven-thirty and eight o'clock Mass at St. Vincent's. In the morning we walked to the shopping district, had our boat reservation checked and got the necessary information about the boat train to Le Havre. In the afternoon we rested.

*November 7*—Mass at St. Vincent's. Walked to town . . . visited a large department store . . . did a little shopping . . . bought two leather bags. Ones we brought were wearing out from carrying religious articles.) On the way back we stopped at a little restaurant, which happened to be Jewish. The meal was very good and we especially enjoyed the soup. Some of the Yiddish words are similar to German and we were able to order the luncheon intelligently.

In the afternoon we repacked our bags and were ready to leave at four-thirty. We arrived at Le Havre about eight-thirty and embarked the *Mauretania* about 9:00 p. m.

*November 8 to 13*—At sea. We awoke early the first morning. The sea was rough and we

knew the return trip would not be as nice as the trip coming over. By noon both of us were feeling the effects of the rocking and pitching of the ship. We spent a little time out on the deck, but it was cold and damp and not too pleasant.

ON the evening of the third day we noticed a change in the sea—we were in calm waters—and from then on everyone felt better. We were happy on the evening of the 13th when we saw land and said a fervent Magnificat when we saw the Statue of Liberty. We arrived at the dock about 8:00 p. m. and were happy to be met by Sister Florentine and Sister Mary Liguori. We went thru customs and were soon on our way to the convent in Middlesex, New Jersey.

*November 14 and 15*—Middlesex. We enjoyed a quiet day at the convent. In the evening we went to Trenton and left on the Pennsylvania to Fort Wayne.

*November 16*—We were met at the station in Fort Wayne by Sister Mary Angela and Sister Mary Louise from Victory Noll, and Sister Mary Bernard and Sister John Francis from Fort Wayne. We stopped with the Sisters in Fort Wayne for breakfast and then were on our way HOME!

AS SOON AS we arrived at Victory Noll the bells called the Sisters to the chapel for the singing of the Magnificat. After greetings were over, the Sisters had to hear all about the pilgrimage. We talked until it was time for our prayers at noon.

In the evening after supper the Community took part in the Living Rosary in thanksgiving for a safe journey and for all the favors and blessings we had received.

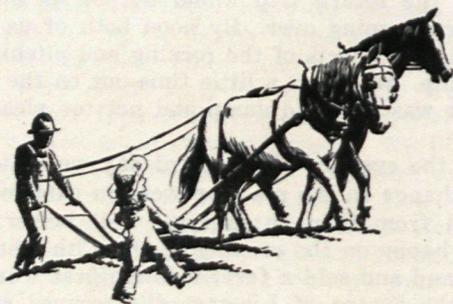
A FERVENT "Thanks to Jesus and Mary" to all our dear Sisters who kept us in their prayers during the pilgrimage.

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## Memoriam

Mr. John Like, Effingham, Illinois  
father of Sister Edna, O.L.V.M.

Mrs. Camelia Bergerie, New Iberia, Louisiana  
Mr. William E. Grogan, Santa Barbara, Calif.  
Mrs. Leone Redford, Los Angeles, California  
Mrs. Catherine Rodenbeck, ACM, Fort Wayne,  
Indiana



Dear Loyal Helpers:

**D**URING Lent you were spurred to give generously toward children who are innocent War victims, by the stirring words addressed to you by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, over the radio.

Now that Lent is over, won't you try a project to aid our Sisters in their work with the poor children of America? It will cost you nothing except some extra play-time and labor.

Scrap paper, children, has become very valuable. We learned that in one city—which must be a fair indication of other cities—as much as \$1.50 a hundred pounds is being paid for bundles of discarded paper. Ask your parents if you cannot save all the old newspapers in a corner of your basement or in an outdoor shed. Perhaps you could interest your neighbors to save their papers for you, too. Then when you have a hundred pounds or more, sell the paper to your nearest junk-dealer, and send us the money you earn in this manner. God love you!

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.



GOSHEN (CAL.)  
HELPER

Here pictured is *Theresa Pacheco*, of Goshen, California. She is ten years old, and joined our Loyal Helpers when she was only four. She helps us with her prayers, pennies and cancelled stamps.



# Mary's Loyal

## OUR CHILDREN CONTRIBUTORS



In the March issue, we invited our Helpers to write something for the magazine. We received the following story written by *Mary Catherine Gerhard* of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is pictured at the left. Our Helper is 11 years old and in grade 6 at St. Martin's School. Her little sketch shows

imagination and ability to hold the reader's attention to the end. Of course it is just a fantasy. The moral is that we shouldn't expect youngsters to act like oldsters, whether they be little children or little angels! Elsewhere on this page is a prayer poem written by *Margaret Falzon* of Flushing, Long Island, New York, which is also well written. We feel we have many budding writers among our Helpers. Why don't you try? If your story or poem is well written, we'll publish it on these pages.

### LITTLE BAD ANGEL

By *Mary Catherine Gerhard*, Cincinnati, Ohio

**L**ITTLE Bad Angel was always in trouble. Not that she was very bad. Oh no! She was just a mischievous little angel. Either she was tangled in the ropes that were used to ring the bells so that the angels and saints scurried to church when they were supposed to be working in the fields (of souls), or she was getting mixed up in the clouds so that she would scream for help. Heaven was always in an uproar. One time she was reported to God for spilling a bucket of the shiniest stars. She just couldn't keep out of trouble. She always said, "I am going to reform," but never did.

But today she felt different. She had only rung the bells at the wrong time nineteen times, only got mixed up in the clouds fifteen times, and only had heaven in an uproar twelve times.

"Why," exclaimed Little Bad Angel, "I'm on my way to reform! In a few months, I'll be reformed."

(Continued from opposite page.)

# Helpers Page

## HELPERS PLANT POTATOES



Above are pictured Arlene and Mary Lou Trombly, of Standish, Michigan as they help plant potatoes in a field adjoining their home. They are very faithful in praying for the Missions and in saving Sunshine pennies for us.



Little Bad Angel was right. In a few months she was changed. Then heaven didn't seem quite right. St. Peter, who was usually joyous at welcoming new people into heaven, looked worried. Even little Bad Angel, who had been good as gold, was sad.

Finally, one morning the Saints heard rejoicing. They asked what had happened. "Little Bad Angel is back on duty," said St. Peter, happily. After that everyone was glad. They learned that when Little Bad Angel was in trouble, everyone was happy.

(The end.)

## OUR APRIL PUZZLE



**BIRDS.** All the birds of the country side have gathered at Knallwood, the home of Robin Highnate, for their Spring Festival. Which birds are shown here?

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

## MY PRAYER

Infant Jesus, meek and mild,  
Make like You, this little child;  
Guide me here on life's rough  
way:  
Be my leader day by day.

Watch and guard me while I  
sleep;  
Chaste my soul and body keep,  
Till I rise with morning light,  
Thanking You for peaceful  
night.

Margaret Falzon,  
Flushing, N.Y.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, we  
implore  
That we may ever love Thee  
more and more.

## ACT OF CONSECRATION

My Queen, my Mother, I give myself entirely to Jesus by delivering and consecrating to thee my body, my soul, my possessions, both exterior and interior, and even the value of all my good actions, leaving to thee the entire and full right of disposing of me without exception, according to thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and eternity. Amen.

## PRACTICES

1. Every morning renew your consecration to Jesus through Mary. Learn to live always in dependence upon your most dear Mother, and to perform all your actions in union with her. Frequently repeat the pious aspiration, "I am all thine, my dear Mother, and all that I have is thine."

2. Practice faithfully those devotions conformable to the spirit of this Confraternity, namely: Daily recite the rosary and the Litany of Our Blessed Mother. Say the Magnificat after every favor received through the hands of Mary. Unite your heart with the perfect dispositions of Our Blessed Mother at Mass and at Holy Communion, saying fervently, "Dear Mother, give me my Jesus. Lend me thy Heart, and receive Him thyself in me. Adore, love and glorify Jesus for me."

## INDULGENCES AND BENEFITS

A plenary indulgence may be gained:

1. On the day of admission.
2. On the Feast of the Annunciation.
3. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception on condition that the Act of Consecration be renewed.
4. On the Feast of St. Louis de Montfort, April 28, on condition that the Act of Consecration be renewed.
5. On Christmas Day.
6. On the Feast of the Purification.
7. On both Feasts of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows, i.e., on the Friday following Passion Sunday and on September 15.

These indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory, and may be gained on the ordinary conditions of confession and Communion and prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.

## All for Jesus through Mary



8. On the Feast of the Visitation.

9. On the Feast of the Assumption.

10. At the hour of death. This indulgence is personal and is gained on the following conditions: that the sick person make an act of contrition and charity; that he be resigned to the Will of God and offer his sufferings and death in atonement for his sins; and that he piously invoke the holy Name of Jesus, at least interiorly.

A partial indulgence of 300 days may be gained every time a member repeats the short Act of Consecration: "I am all Thine and all that I have is Thine, O most loving Jesus, through Mary, Thy most holy Mother."

An indulgence of 100 days may be gained each time a member performs a good work in union with Mary, and in the spirit of the Confraternity.

Finally, members share in all the prayers, merits and good works of the religious congregations of St. Louis de Montfort—the Company of Mary and the Daughters of Wisdom—and in the prayers, merits, and good works of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

## IMPRIMATUR:

John Francis Noll, D.D.  
Bishop of Fort Wayne

# Addresses of Our Mission Centers

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

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

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

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

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 95, Coachella, California.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nazareth Mission, 420 Melcher Avenue, Elkhart, Indiana.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Holy Trinity Mission, Box 157, Ida, Michigan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## At Victory Noll

**A**T the end of the tomato season, before migrant workers started on their long trek back to Texas, eleven boys and girls from an Indiana tomato camp were privileged to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion for the first time.

**F**OLLOWING their First Communion at St. Mary's church, the children were invited to Victory Noll for a Communion breakfast on this happy day in their lives.

**S**ISTER BLANCHE taught the children at the camp during the course of the summer, and also instructed several adults, who received the Sacraments earlier in the year. One of these was a white-haired grandmother who could neither read nor write. It was a day of rejoicing for her and for us when she approached the communion rail for the first time in our chapel at Victory Noll.



The children and members of their families are pictured with Sister Magdalene, Sister Blanche and Sister Dolores Marie on the entrance steps of Victory Noll.