

The Missionary Catechist



Volume XXVII

May, 1951

Number 6



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We Have a Mother

*By the Reverend J. G. Treviño, M. S. Sp.

WHEN Jesus was agonizing on the Cross, He let fall these comforting words upon all the orphans of the world, upon all those in desolation, upon suffering humanity: "Behold, thy mother!"

Poor orphans of earth, all who are hungry for a love which is self-sacrificing, faithful, unceasing; in short, all who are thirsty for maternal love, rejoice! We have a Mother!

Hers are the eyes which look at us with compassion; hers is the bosom where we can find refuge in hours of danger; hers are the arms ready to embrace us with love; hers a maternal heart where our sorrows are understood and shared; hers a tenderness which engulfs us and accompanies us everywhere.

It matters not where we find ourselves—far from every living being or in the midst of a self-preoccupied multitude, which is the saddest kind of loneliness—everywhere we can raise our eyes to heaven, to that blessed and holy being, and, in the midst of our tears, cry, "Mother! Mother!"

When we are wounded by the ingratitude or forgetfulness of men, when there is not a hand extended to raise us up, or a word to encourage us, or an ear that understands; when all about us is solitude, abandonment and treason; when all appears lost, then spontaneously there rises to our lips from the depths of our heart that cry of hope: "Mother! Mother!" And she, to whom we address our cry, in whose love we have always believed, on whose help we can always rely, opens the very doors of Heaven itself, in order to heed our groans, kiss our trembling lips and murmur in our ears those words which on the lips of a mother is a poem of love and tenderness: "My child! My child!"

And that, which for the orphan would be an unattainable happiness, becomes for the Christian the most consoling reality: the words of Christ, "Behold thy Mother!" bring it to pass. WE HAVE A MOTHER!

* * *

MARY, the inseparable companion of Jesus, was His greatest comfort during His mortal life. Mary was Jesus' comfort because in her heart He found an echo of His own. In it were understood all the sentiments, tenderness, sorrows, love-for-man-unto-foolly, of the Heart of Christ. In it, she shared His ignominy and His disgrace on the road to Calvary. With her maternal tenderness she enfolded Him from Bethlehem to the sepulchre.

* * *

WHEN Jesus was dead, there began a new mission for Mary, or better said, a prolongation of the first. After having been the comfort of Jesus, she has been and continues to be the comfort of those whom Jesus bequeathed to her as her children. For that reason, wherever there is an orphan who weeps, a soul which suffers, a heart which bleeds, at the foot of this new cross is Mary, the greatest consolation of humanity.

Comfortress of the afflicted, pray for us! Support our weakness, raise us up in our discouragement, comfort us in our sorrows, wipe away our tears, and never take from us, O Mary, that maternal glance which lightens the weight of every cross.

Oh, all you who suffer, lift up your hearts! Comfort has come down to us from Calvary. It burst forth from the lips of the dying Christ, "Behold your mother!" WE HAVE A MOTHER!

*The above is a condensation of an article, entitled "Una Palabra del Consuelo," which appeared in the March, 1951 issue of "La Cruz." Permission to translate and publish has been granted by the author. Translated by Sister Blanche.

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Around Victory Noll

by Sister Jean Marie



Mother Cecilia

Would those of us AROUND VICTORY NOLL permit Catholic Press Month to slip quietly by? No indeed! Not if Sister Rose, our Librarian, could motivate us into some fitting commemoration. We were a bit startled one morning on entering the Library to be greeted by a devilish grin. One of the large wall bulletin boards was completely covered with a large painting of the devil, in his scarlet regalia, thoroughly relaxed in a large armchair with his feet resting on a footstool. His countenance depicted satanic humor and the caption was: "I can rest easy now. I have numerous editors and writers working for me."

So, in order to disturb his repose, one Sunday afternoon we had our Catholic Press celebration. The Library donned festive garb. Famous authors greeted us from scattered pictures with respective book reviews. Books, proud of special autographs, were on display. (We surely appreciate the friends who keep our library up-to-

Of course, AROUND VICTORY NOLL this month, a toast will be lovingly tendered to Mother Cecilia. On Mothers' Day, the Holy Sacrifice will be offered for her as our fervent prayers, enshrined with Mary's love, will blend together and harmoniously ascend to the Throne of the Triune God. May Christ shine through her every thought, word and action as she continues to gently correspond with the guidance of the Holy Spirit. May He be with her in the little decisions she must make daily, as well as in the serious problems that confront the Superior General of a Religious Community. May Our Blessed Mother Mary's close companionship keep her walking calmly and serenely through all the vicissitudes of life.

date with current worthwhile publications. If *your* bookcase is denying some splendid volumes their desire for circulation, send them to Victory Noll!) We had a lecture on how to judge a novel ethically. Poetry made a debut dramatizing Charity as an acrostic. Authors' names were made into anagrams to be unraveled. The time slipped by all too quickly. We must have roused the devil from his repose because he disappeared.

Speaking of Writers: Two were recently seen on their initial visits AROUND VICTORY NOLL. Father Keller, famed Maryknoll author of *You can Change the World, Three Minutes a day, One Moment Please*, and *Careers that Change Your World*, delighted us with a brief narrative on the aim of the Christopher Movement, describing inspiring examples.

Father brought out the fact that less than 1% of humanity has caused most of the world's

recent major troubles. They are united in their hatred of God and manage to weave themselves into the four major spheres that influence the lives of all peoples: Education, Government, Labor-management and Editorials. The Christophers are to endeavor to get 1% to go as apostolic workers into those same fields and re-establish the fundamental truth—that all of us, without exception, share the common Fatherhood of God and derive our rights from God and not from the State—which truth the other 1% are giving of their time and talent in a ruthless effort to remove from the hearts and minds of all.

Father Keller humorously remarked that Catholics take to heart Our Lord's injunction to His apostles to be "simple as doves," while blissfully skimming over—"Be ye therefore wise as serpents!"

Father Leo Trese, noted Michigan lecturer, and author of *Vessel of Clay*, gave us a talk, stressing the need of lay leadership in our country and also of true Catholic action; i.e., a participation of the laity in the work of the Hierarchy, as emphasized by our Holy Fathers, Pius XI and Pius XII.

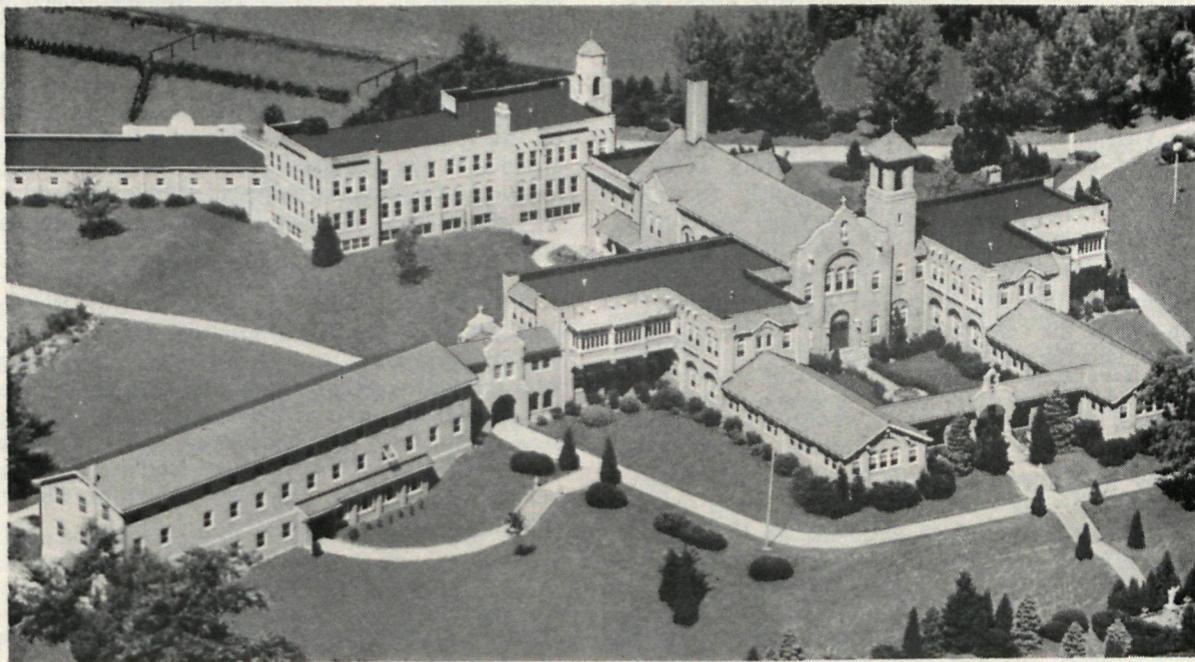
Father gave a very striking simile to bring home the catastrophe of our imperturbable calm in the midst of a great crisis: At the heart of a cyclone there is peace and calm. If, by some quirk of fate, we could stand in the midst of it,

we would not be aware of the storm raging, of the turmoil around us. Likewise, as we are in the midst of a present crisis, we do not realize its urgency and insistence. We are not cognizant of the foothold of paganism. We grow more or less calloused living in and breathing its atmosphere.

We were privileged and delighted to have our beloved Bishop AROUND VICTORY NOLL for two whole weeks. Needless to say, His Excellency worked steadily while here. Regardless of the fact that his busy life has permitted him few uninterrupted hours, each one of us has always felt that she has Bishop Noll's full and undivided attention and sympathy. His kind, thoughtful, considerate ways—no matter how occupied he may be—ever remind us of the gentle Christ.

While His Excellency was with us, he made arrangements for two of Father Peyton's movies, *The Joyful Hour* and *The Triumphant Hour*, to be shown in our auditorium. It was a joy and an inspiration to see both of these pictures we had heard praised so highly.

We know that everybody gave Spring an exuberant welcome; but, we couldn't help noticing the reluctant way in which those AROUND VICTORY NOLL bid adieu to the most excellent winter of 1950-51: that is, excellent for sled riding—be it wending down the main driveway, whirling over the hill in front of the building, or calmly covering the back drive.



Around Victory Noll



The Novices AROUND VICTORY NOLL like to see their names listed on the work schedule assigning them to the laundry. In their realm (slightly above the earth; not quite in heaven) they give scant notice to the stark reality of the fact that there is nothing inviting about the laundry room with its closely spaced ironing boards and the various assortment of pipes and plugs that greet the eye wherever it may glance. What does all that matter? There is a crucifix on the wall and they are working 'neath the tender gaze of their Spouse soon-to-be. Truly, it is a workroom with the dwellers constantly occupied with the task of perfection. Each week we marvel at the beauty of the output of these little Novices. They are imbued with the realization of the sacredness of the task entrusted to them to prepare the linens for celebration of Holy Mass, for the Altar, and for the *Alter Christus*.

Sister Bertha has been in charge of the laundry for several years; and, whenever we comment on the loveliness of the work produced therein, she self-effacingly remarks, "Yes, the Novices try to do everything as perfectly as they can." We know only too well that it is Sister Bertha's inspiring example of patience, kindness, thoughtfulness and attention to detail that helps to keep in the fore of their thoughts the manner in which clothes were washed and ironed in the little House at Nazareth.

May is a month dear to the heart of every Catholic, "Of all the months most welcome, to angels and to men." Throughout the world, in magnificent Cathedrals as well as in little wayside mission churches, a day is set aside to greet our Mother as "Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May." Her children AROUND VICTORY NOLL wend their way in procession around the buildings singing her litany and praying her Rosary. Then, as we approach our outdoor statue of the Immaculate Conception, we form a semi-circle and our youngest Novice ascends a white ladder and crowns our Queen with a garland of tiny rosebuds as we pour forth our love in tender melody.

We voice our deep gratitude to Our Blessed Mother as we proffer a spiritual Orchid to our earthly Mothers who took her place here below, who guided our faltering footsteps, who molded our tender characters, who implanted spiritual seeds that would one day blossom forth when we walked up the aisle of Victory Noll's chapel and heard echoing from the very Heart of Christ: "*Veni, Sponsa Christi!*"

○ THAT I may love our Blessed Lady and cause her to be loved by all. — Blessed Peter Chanel, S.M.

Bedside Benedictions

by Sister Barbara

DURING my high school days, I happened to come across a magazine in our school library that I had never seen before, *The Missionary Catechist*. Bursting with curiosity, as most teenagers are, I browsed through it. Suddenly a picture, striking in its contrast of light and dark, attracted my attention. A Sister was seated at the side of a hospital bed. A crippled boy, lying back on his pillow, was gazing enraptured at a large picture chart the Sister held and seemed to be drinking in every word as she told him a story from the life of Our Lord.

"How wonderful," I thought, "to be able to bring the beautiful and consoling truths of our holy Faith to those who bear a cross of pain." In my dreams that night, I was the Sister at the bedside!

Within seven months, I had entered that Sister's community as a postulant.

A FEW years later, as a full-fledged Sister and stationed at our convent at Redlands, California, I was thrilled to learn, that with three other Sisters I was assigned to visit the County Hospital every Saturday afternoon.

The first Saturday we arrived, per schedule, at the hospital. Through heavy, swinging doors we entered the main building. The air was permeated with ether. We had not progressed very far when my head began to buzz and dizziness almost overcame me. "Sister," I chided myself, "has all that perfectly good zeal evaporated so soon?" . . . "I should say not," said I, and directed my faltering footsteps into the first ward. Somehow I managed to smile (though rather wanly, perhaps) at every patient and to hand each one a Catholic paper or magazine to read.

Emerging unsteadily from the room, I met Sister Frances, who was still weighed down with stacks of literature. "Sister," weakly uttered a voice that sounded strangely unlike mine, "I feel rather faint."

Sympathetically, she led me to the lobby and deposited me in a leather armchair to recuperate. Within an hour, she and the other Sisters returned, their supply of papers slightly depleted, but not their good spirits. They were ready to go—to the next building.

Feeling much better by that time, I was permitted to accompany Sister Frances to the T.B. ward where everything was wide open! Each ward opened on a wide screened porch where some of the patients lay basking in the warm winter sunshine. Soon the memory of my recent ignoble retreat was obliterated by a rapidly growing interest in these remarkably cheerful people. When their confident glances came to a hopeful stop at the papers piled high on my arm, I asked, "Now which one would you like today?" Some preferred the diocesan paper with news of their home parishes; other selected *Our Sunday Visitor*, *Extension*, *The Sacred Heart Messenger* or *The Field Afar*. Anyone of the younger set was perfectly satisfied with a copy of *Topix* or *Treasure Chest*. Particularly striking, not only on that day but ever after, was the sublime patience and invariable cheerfulness of most of these tubercular patients.

SUCCESSING Saturdays showed a marked improvement in my ability to "take it." In fact, although the nauseating odors still persisted, one was scarcely conscious of them—there was so much to be done.

Here, a distraught mother, watching at the bedside of her badly-burned child, was to be comforted. Her grief—occasioned by her negligence in not having sent Angela to "doctrina" to prepare for her First Communion—was assuaged by our giving the child basic instructions and promising to have the chaplain bring her Holy Communion if her condition failed to improve.

In one of the wards a convert, who had strayed far from the ways of peace, called excitedly to us as we approached the room. "Sister, Sister!" Choked with emotion and oblivious of the stares of the other patients, she exclaimed, "God must have sent you here to call me back to Him. I have been neglecting my duty, but it's going to be different from now on."

One young woman, who had endeared herself to all the nurses and to everyone who made her acquaintance, had been paralyzed from her neck to her feet for six months. Paralysis of the nerves had resulted from a broken back and neck, injuries she had sustained in a car wreck. Severe pain would cause beads of perspiration to cover her face and drench her short

auburn hair. Yet never was there a complaint on her lips, and each one who entered her room received a smiling welcome. Her gratitude for the least service rendered was heartfelt and sincere. She told me that although she was unable to read during the time she was incapacitated, she had learned more during these six months than during the rest of her life. Why? Because she had had ample opportunity to think things over and to see them in their proper perspective. Speaking to her of the immense love and mercy of Our Lord and pinning a Sacred Heart badge where it was easily visible touched her deeply as the tears welling up in her eyes gave evidence. On a subsequent visit we found her quite exuberant. The reason? A Catholic nurse had been coming in every evening to pray with her, and was teaching her the *Hail Mary*.

THE "request programs" so popular today were probably initiated by Our Lord Himself when He said, "Ask and you shall receive." Our every trip to the hospital partakes somewhat of the nature of a request program. It takes a sizeable notebook to remind one of all the little things that are requested. This one has lost her rosary and would appreciate even a second-hand one very much; that one has just read a pamphlet about the scapular and her qualms of conscience for having discontinued the use of it can only be settled by obtaining one right away. Others would like rosary novena booklets or novenas to the Sacred Heart or a medal of . . . well, practically any Saint in the glory of heaven. Often a convent-wide search is required to locate some of the articles desired, but more than ample is the reward of seeing our hospital friends' unfeigned delight, and becoming recipients of their grateful prayers.

"Please tell Father". . . is a request we are most pleased to fulfill. It means that someone who is seriously ill or about to undergo an operation is anxious to make his peace with God once more. Frequently, it is some prodigal son or daughter returning at last. Just as the nurses "prep" a patient for an operation, so do we have to "prep" spiritually some of these for Father's visit, reviewing with them the half-forgotten act of contrition and the manner of confessing. Little wonder that each call for Father evokes a thankful "Magnificat."

ON one afternoon as I entered the T.B. ward, I sensed that something unusual had occurred. "Where is Fay?" I inquired, as I glanced at her empty bed. She had apparently been well along on her convalescent way and I was hoping that she had been allowed to return home.

The girls hastened to explain. "Oh, Sister,

haven't you heard? Almost a week ago Fay awoke in the night with a terrible hemorrhage. She was moved to a private room. She thought she was going to die so she asked to be baptized. In a short time the priest arrived. He asked her a few questions and found out that she knew plenty about the Catholic religion. He baptized her, gave her Holy Communion and then anointed her. But she didn't die; she is getting better every day and we are so glad that she is a Catholic now."

Fay was weak but extremely happy when I went to her room to offer my felicitations. She was quietly amused at my surprise on discovering how well-informed she had proved herself on the truths of our Catholic faith.

"Well, I have been reading every word of the *Sunday Visitor* you left each Saturday. Jennie (the little Mexican girl in the adjoining cubicle) was continually discussing with me her favorite subject, her religion. Frances lent me her rosary booklet, and the prayer book with pictures and explanations of the Mass. Don't you remember? —You brought me one just like it when I asked whether you could get one for me. And Carmen taught me the Our Father, Hail Mary, Apostles' Creed, and Glory Be so that I could say the rosary with her every evening." And Fay laughed softly at my joyful bewilderment. No wonder the girls who had contributed to her conversion were elated.

IT takes so little to make these patient sufferers happy. Grieved one afternoon that I had not much in the line of Spanish literature for my old ladies who read and speak no English, I was tempted to evade a visit with Mrs. Fraijo. But knowing how she looked forward to our weekly chats, even though, for my part, in very deficient Spanish, I stopped at her bedside — all apologies.

"It makes no difference," she assured me, her flushed, emaciated face wreathed in a pleased smile. After a short conversation about her "ninos" who attend "doctrina" and a cheerful recital of her newest aches and pains, she exclaimed, "Madre, look at this prayer to Blessed Martin you gave me. The card says that one should hold a relic of him while saying the prayer. But I have none. Do you think you could obtain one for me?"

What a coincidence! On the way to the hospital, Sister Frances had given me two relics of Blessed Martin de Porres attached to small cards. I had thrust them deeply into my pocket and forgotten them. Now I reached down and brought one out. Her eyes widened in surprise to have

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"Las Florecitas"

by Sister Evelyn



IN this crowded tenement district, where many of the children are, on the surface, hard-boiled "Dead End Kids," we have found consoling evidences of God's grace working in the minds and hearts of these underprivileged ones.

When this picture was taken, most of the girls had already gone into the hall for their weekly sewing class, and recreation. We have organized them into a social club called "Las Florecitas" meaning *the little flowers*, having as patroness, Saint Therese, the Little Flower of Jesus.

The girls enjoy their meetings very much, because—"Sister plays the piano, and we can sing and dance." These dances are usually the Mexican national folk dances, which cannot be surpassed for grace and beauty.

HOWEVER, you will notice a girl on the picture at the right. Lola was an extremely shy child before she started coming regularly to religious instruction. We could not induce her to join with the children in any games or activities of any kind. Neither she nor the boy standing in the center of the group had received First Communion at the time, but now both of

them, and many others also, are really a source of edification in getting to Mass and receiving the Sacraments despite great obstacles.

Lola's mother died two years ago, and now her family (there are eight of them) are living in one room in the back yard of another home.

ON Sunday mornings when Sister rings the hand-bell to summon the children of the district for Mass, you can imagine what a scramble it is for many little ones to find "socks for the feet" or a "kerchief for the head."

We come a half-hour early to ring the bell, and wait patiently while children wash and dress themselves as best they can. When they are ready, they run to meet us and we lead them to church.

SHORTLY after her First Communion day, Lola gradually began to show signs of overcoming her shyness, and confided to us one afternoon in a friendly way, "When I was in the first grade, we used to live in *three rooms*. (seemingly, a

(Please turn to page 15)



LITTLE ELOISE just celebrated her seventh birthday the Sunday before she made her First Holy Communion. This is a picture of her taken in her wheelchair on her First Communion Day. It was a big day for Eloise—the second time in her little life that she had been to church. You see, Eloise is a little crippled girl. Her bones are not like yours or mine. They are so soft that they break with the least jar or bump. She has had at least sixty breaks in her arms and legs in her short life. These breaks started when she was only six weeks old and have continued since. This past winter she had both legs and her right arm broken all at the same time. Her back is so weak that she cannot even sit up. All day and night she lies flat on her back. That is the only way she feels comfortable. When the back of her wheel chair is raised a notch or two, she can stand it for only a short time, and then it has to be lowered again.

BUT in spite of all this, little Eloise is always cheerful and happy. She is a bright child and learns her catechism lessons and prayers very quickly and thoroughly. When Father went to her home to hear her confession, he first started to ask her some questions to see how well she knew her Catechism. She said to him, "Oh, Father, you can ask me any question you want, because I know them all."

Father smiled and said, "You do? Why, even I don't know all the answers."

"Well," she said, "maybe not all, but most of them."

FATHER was pleased with all her answers and remarked what a bright child she is.

In the Home Field

He had her little wheel chair brought up into the sanctuary where she stayed during the entire Mass, so that she was able to see everything Father did.

How she looked forward to that big day when she would receive Our Lord in Holy Communion. She could hardly wait for the day to come. Now Father brings her Holy Communion at her home every First Friday. I asked Eloise when I went to see her, "Aren't you happy now that you have received your First Holy Communion?"

She answered, "I am very, very happy, Sister." And indeed she is a little ray of sunshine in her home.

Sister Marion
San Pierre, Indiana



Drawing water at St. Teresa's mission, Kentucky



Children at St. Teresa's mountain chapel are enrolled in the scapular on the day of their First Holy Communion

On Saturdays three of us leave the convent at nine o'clock in the morning, and after teaching in five mission places, we are happy to return home at six o'clock in the evening. The fifth and last mission is our consolation and joy. In the first four places we must ring the bell or honk the horn to assemble the group. Not so in Pierce. At first sight of the car the waiting children disappear into the house where we are privileged to teach our class, while several others wait to carry our brief-cases and charts. When we enter the door, we step into a room full of beaming children. It is a delight and all one's weariness vanishes. The eagerness of these children to learn gives us renewed enthusiasm. Study, interest and attendance rate high among them.

One of the boys in the confirmation class came to the younger group to present me with his last year's catechism, so that I could pass it on to one of the smaller children.

"Do you have a new book now?" I asked.

His little sister spoke up proudly, "Yes, Sister, he has a Baltimore."

From her tone and expression one would have thought that he had received his Ph.D.

Sister Christine
Greeley, Colorado.

OUT NEVADA WAY

Mary Sue: Mama, when are you and Daddy going to get a divorce?

Mama (astounded at such a question from her six-year-old): Why, Mary Sue, whatever put that idea into your head! Daddy and I are not going to get a divorce. It is wrong to get a divorce.

Mary Sue (very much relieved): Oh, I thought everyone had to get one.

Sister Mary Regina
Elko, Nevada

A more vivid lesson could never be given than the one that the Stanton children experienced last September. We were having classes as usual when a few drops of rain started to fall. Then of a sudden—tons of hail-stones as large as pigeon eggs fell, accompanied with a terrific wind gale, blinding lightning, ear-piercing thunder-bolts and a driving rain. This lasted for a good half of an hour. The whole area of Stanton and a distance of three square miles around the town was covered with water, the hail-stones floating on top. There wasn't a leaf left on the trees. The cotton plants were beaten to the ground; they later dried up. Our car looked as if someone had taken pot-shots at it. We were able to leave the stricken town about two hours later, driving through water up to the running boards of the car.

Whenever we want to bring home to the children how quickly God's justice can work, we need but mention the storm.

Sister Mary Rosella
Big Spring, Texas.

Although the cotton crop is very small this year, St. Joseph's church is overflowing on Sunday mornings during this picking season, with ranch people coming from a radius of forty-five miles to attend Mass. The pastor and his assistant spend Sunday afternoon administering the Sacrament of Baptism, averaging between thirty-five and forty baptisms each week. A climax was reached last Sunday when the number of baptisms totaled forty-four!

Sister Clarice
Lubbock, Texas.

News Items About



Dear Associates:

IN this month of Mary, Mother of mankind, we pay tribute to you who have assumed the role of *spiritual mothers* to the many poor children under our care. We are happy to be the dispensers of your charity and your representatives in the mission field.

Devotedly in our Heavenly patroness,

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

OUR MISSOURI BANDS

WE believe that most of our friends are aware that we have three Mission Bands in Missouri. (We wish it were three times three!) Most of these Associates live in what is known as "Greater Saint Louis." Two Bands — *Florentine Mission Band* and *Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band* — are sponsored by the same Promoter, *Mrs. Katherine Krueger*, while the third Band, known as *Child Jesus Band*, is sponsored by *Mrs. J. Butler*, mother of one of our Sisters. The first two groups aid Sister Florence and the last named, Sister Mary Edna. Sister Florence is missioned at Colorado Springs, and Sister Mary Edna, in Los Angeles, California. In the late Fall, Mrs. Butler paid a visit to our new Mission in Flat River, Missouri. It is about two hours' driving time removed from St. Louis. Prior to that, Sister Florence's two sisters, both ACM members, visited her when she was missioned in California.

POOR SOULS BAND (*Berwyn, Ill.*)

WITH its regular monthly meetings at which the members each pay fifty cents dues, together with their frequent "thank-offerings to God" for some favor received, this Band, pre-

sided over by *Mrs. J. V. McGovern*, has brought us many dollars since its inception in 1936. May the reward of each member be exceeding great.

OUR MARSHFIELD (WIS.) BANDS

IN Marshfield, Wisconsin, there are two active Bands. One of these is known as *St. Margaret of Scotland Band*, with *Mrs. Earle Leu*, sister of our Sister Margaret (Campbell) in charge. You've probably guessed it, — Sister Margaret chose *St. Margaret of Scotland* as her chief patroness, but she says that all saints of that name are her secondary patronesses. Mrs. Leu earned a special blessing and prayer from me last summer when she mailed us a large box containing eighty-five rosaries for our Mexican migrants in Indiana. Her mission group had repaired the rosaries and placed them in attractive plastic cases for distribution.

THE other Band, known as *St. Rose Band*, is headed by *Mrs. J. J. Huebl*, and sponsors our Sisters Adelle and Adriana. Mrs. Huebl and other members in her Band also belong to that well known organization, "Missionary Association of Catholic Women," and are experts at renovating old vestments and making altar linens. Inasmuch as there is a very needy Missionary in Northern Wisconsin, and some of the ladies in the Band have priestly sons who are doing foreign mission work, the ladies have extended their mission aid to include these, without, however, failing to help our Sisters. A chicken dinner, bazaar and rummage sale, held at different times during the past twelve months, brought many dollars into the Band's treasury. God bless and reward them!

HOLY FAMILY BAND (*Chicago, Ill.*)

THE knotty question, "To meet or not to meet during Lent," was solved by this Band in the following manner. *Mr. and Mrs. Paul Loeb* who entertained the mission group in February had the folks out for the evening meal. In this way, they successfully hurdled that perplexing situation about serving lunches during this penitential season. On the one hand, the hostess wants to do the accustomed thing, which is to serve a light lunch, and on the other, she is aware that many are observing the Lenten fast, and that something of an embarrassment results both for the "fasters" and the "non-fasters."

Our Associates

MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

MOST of the "Mothers" of this Band have passed to their eternal reward, but the "Daughters" still carry on in memory of their deceased Mothers. We hear from the head of the Band, Mrs. Earl Keegan, two or three times a year, with donations from the members and friends.

A FAVORITE SPOT WITH VISITORS



Two Detroit Promoters, Miss Elizabeth Bien (left) and Miss Ann Huhn (right) pause for a moment to have their picture taken beside the image of Our Lady of Victory Noll.

THE ROSARY FOR "OUR BOYS" AT MEETINGS

A FEW of our Bands have adopted the custom of praying the Rosary at meetings for their own dear ones and all who are in the Services of our country, that Our Blessed Mother may shield them from bodily and spiritual harm. We think it a fine thing and hope the custom will spread among our Associates.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

February 17, 1951 to March 17, 1951

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	6.50
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Mary C. Gibbons	15.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. J. Butler	22.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	10.20
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	17.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary Perkins	15.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Ann and Betty Accomando	79.00
Our Lady of Fatima Group, Huntington, Mrs. Dan Herzog	6.00
Poor Souls Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. V. Mc- Govern	25.00
St. Bridget Band, Covington, Ky., Mrs. Jno. Busse	5.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Anne Igel	5.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke	9.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	5.50
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Mrs. M. Gosiere	10.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Schultz	40.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	25.00
St. Jude Mission Club, W. Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Polakowski	50.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	10.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Lucille Murphy	10.00
St. Michael's Guild, Chicago, Mrs. John Mc- Cann	5.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	70.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Beach	14.50
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Quinlan	12.00
Seven Dolors Band, Chicago, Mrs. J. J. Murphy	8.50

(Continued from page 8)

her order filled so quickly. She kissed it reverently, murmuring in Spanish her equivalent of "What a break. How good God is to me. Many thanks, Madre. And I want you to visit me every time, even should you have nothing in Spanish for me to read."

VISITING the sick and striving to exercise toward them the same gracious kindness Our Lord did when He walked the earth is an aspect of our religious life that can never be designated as a duty. It is a privilege. It offers the inestimable opportunity of manifesting our love and devotion towards Our Lord Himself Who said, "Whatsoever you do unto these. . . you do unto Me."

YOU CAN HAVE A GREAT HEART

ONE well-known writer on psychology knew much physical suffering, hunger, and hard unpleasant work as a young man. Late in life, looking back over the long years, he was moved to write:

"When I graduated from college, I remember the big, gray-haired, soft-spoken professor of Greek, who handed us our diplomas and said, 'Young ladies and gentlemen, it is not possible for everyone to have a great intellect; but it is possible for everyone to have a great heart.'

"That is the only thing I remember from all the elaborate commencement ceremonies," the writer continued, "and many times when I have felt hopelessly defeated, this has come back to me."

The man with the great heart, "a heart enlarged, reaching out to great things, to things that are difficult, precisely because of their greatness," as another author puts it, "seeks the works and not the honor . . ."

A distinguishing mark of every Christ-bearer should certainly be a "great heart," regardless of what his or her other deficiencies may be.

PRAY for the virtue of magnanimity.

(From *One Moment Please!* by Rev. James Keller, M.M. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 1950. Price \$2.00)



Sisters at Elkhart, Indiana visit the sick and aged in the county hospital

The following pamphlets may be purchased from Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn., at 15c per copy.

OUR LADY AND DAYLIGHT SAVING, by James J. Galvin, C.S.S.R.

THE SACRED HEART and St. Margaret Mary, by a Visitation Sister.

R.N. MEANS REAL NURSE, by Rev. James N. Bennett, C.S.S.R.

THEY and GOD, Men and Women with a Message. Radio Sermonettes, by Rev. George H. Mahowald, S.J., Associate Director, Sacred Heart Program.

WHAT PARENTS SHOULD TELL THEIR LITTLE ONES ON SEX, by Rev. Dr. L. Rumble, M.S.C.

IMPORTANT!

We urge you to notify us promptly of a change of address (including box numbers and zone numbers). If you fail to do so, the postal authorities notify us and charge us for the notification. For the good of the missions, help us to avoid this unnecessary expense.

Requests for renewals or change of address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the *old* and the *new* address should always be given.

(Continued from page 9)

palace to her) and you know what? My mother made tamales one day, and she let me invite my teacher. And Teacher *liked* my mother's tamales very much!"

Apparently this was an effort to tell us in her childish way, that she would love to invite the Sisters to her house for tamales, if only she had a real home, and a mother to make the tamales.

ONE of our big boys, "Memo," made a remark the other day which caused us to stop and consider. (In Spanish, "Memo" is equivalent to "Billy," because it comes from *Guillermo*—William.)

"Sister," said Memo, "of the games you bring for us, we always give back, no?"

Yes, it was true, we were happy to admit. In a year's time, week after week, we have

brought various games for our boys to play. Invariably, on our arrival the following week, the boys would present us with the game so that we could give it in turn, to the girls for a week.

In this section, where all kinds of vice flourish, we have found an almost incredible honesty among our children, the *little flowers* who bloom in the midst of undesirable surroundings.

In Memoriam

Rev. Frederick Bittman, Toledo, Ohio

Rev. James Houlihan of the Society of St. Columban, Ireland

Mrs. Anna R. Munhall, Redlands, California

Mrs. Vodde, New Haven, Indiana

Mrs. Margaret Bushnell, ACM, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Rose Kroll, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emily R. Saul, Chicago, Ill.



From Santa Fe, New Mexico, Sister Miriam sends us this picture of a May Crowning — Indian style. Taos Pueblo girls, wearing their best shawls, came with their arms loaded with lilacs and offered them to Our Blessed Mother in a simple ceremony at the Pueblo chapel. They are members of the Kateri Tekakwitha choir.



Dear Loyal Helpers:

A GAIN we have come to the month of flowery May. May is one of the contracted forms of the name "Mary", a name that should often be on your lips in prayer. Say your Hail Mary for our Missions with extra fervor this month, won't you? Our Sisters in the Missions are preparing many children for their First Holy Communion at this time, and they will be very grateful if you will bolster up their efforts with your prayers.

PLEASE remember that the children in our Christian Doctrine classes are not privileged to attend a Catholic school, like most of you. Instead of a daily religion class, such as you have, and the self-sacrificing Sisters to teach you, crucifixes on the walls, and sacred images in the halls at school, as reminders that we were all made to know, love and serve God and must one day render an account of our lives to Him, these poor children under our care grow up in a completely pagan atmosphere. Most of them hear about God only once a week, and under the most unfavorable circumstances and surround-

Mary's Loyal

ings. Usually, it's after school when their minds and bodies are weary. Perhaps they must be crowded together for class in somebody's back yard in a city tenement, and are very uncomfortable and distracted. Classes may also be held in dusty storerooms, garages, — just any place in the neighborhood of the public schools where the children and our Sisters can meet for religion classes.

SO keep these children in mind at your prayers, won't you? And don't forget that we are praying for *you*, too!

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

LOYAL HELPERS "ON THE AIR"

At different times, some of our Helpers write me that they have taken part in a radio program. A few weeks ago, *Nancy Lee Walters*, a Helper in *Chicago*, wrote me she was taking part in a "Quiz Down" radio program on WJJD, and asked our prayers. Before that, *Mary Anne* and *Jacqueline Huber* of *Dayton, Ohio* wrote me that they were members of the Inland Children's Chorus and sang on the radio, at Stations WING and WHIO. Recordings were also made of these musical programs.

Has any Loyal Helper appeared in a telecast? We'd like to hear about it.

WISCONSIN HELPERS ON THE DAY OF THEIR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION



Above are Jeanice Schmitz (left) and Karen Schmitz (right) of Norwalk, Wisconsin. They are members of a large family, as they have seven brothers and sisters. Their aunt is Sister Gertrude Marie, a novice at Victory Noll. Each filled a Sunshine Bag for us, and hope to continue their aid with pennies and prayers.

Helpers Page

LETTER O' THE MONTH

(Highlights of a recent letter.)

Dear Sister:

You must think I've hibernated, not hearing from me for so long! Well, I did under the form of taking part in two panel discussions, one of these was in connection with the Brotherhood Week Program in which I had a nice big part. My picture is going to be in tomorrow's paper.

I went to Vocation Congress on February 12.

Thursday was a free day. Gee, was I happy! After playing five games of table tennis, Mary and I rode out to Stickney to see her friend. After that I helped wash the car, and went riding again. When we got home Skeeze (pet dog) and I ran around the block a few times.

Yesterday we had five tests and I got five hundreds!

I just don't feel like writing too much, — rather be outside. Please keep me in your prayers.

Barbara Southard (8th grade) Cicero, Ill.

Sunshine Secretary's comment. Barbara is president of a small club called, "Cicero Sunshine Savers." During Lent they collected cancelled stamps and clothing for us. They had \$8.60 in their treasury at the time she wrote. They are great Helpers. Barbara expects to become an Aspirant in a Sisterhood next Fall.

SANTA ROSA (NEW MEX.) HELPERS



Pictured are Rita and Juanita Chavez, of Santa Rosa, New Mexico, cousins of our Sister Rose Anita. These little girls pray the Rosary not only in May, but throughout the year. They have a piggy bank which they fill and re-fill for our Missions.



ANIMAL PUZZLE

This is the opening season of circus parades and performances under the "big top." Oh what strange animals one sees at these places! Many animals, both tame and wild, have human qualities attributed to them. For our May puzzle we shall ask you to fill in the blanks with the trait credited to that particular animal. The first is: "As sly as a fox." Now go ahead. Send your worked puzzle in for a holy card.

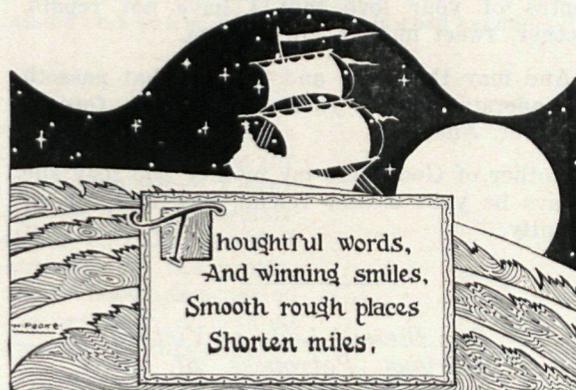
1. As sly as a _____.
2. As big as an _____.
3. As brave as a _____.
4. As stubborn as a _____.
5. As mad as a March _____.
6. As strong as an _____.
7. As cross as a _____.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLE

Bald eagle, sparrow, cardinal, chickadee, king fisher, crow, bobolink, stork, barn swallow, heron, morning dove, bird of paradise, gold finch, starling.

HONOR YOUR MOTHER

You might receive Holy Communion on the first Sunday of May in honor of your Heavenly Mother, and on the second Sunday in honor of and for the intentions of your earthly mother.



Thoughtful words,
And winning smiles,
Smooth rough places
Shorten miles.

MY MOTHER

For the body that you gave me, the bone and the sinew, the heart and the brain that are yours, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the light in my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being. All that I am is from you who bore me.

For all the love that you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the hand that led me, the voice that directed me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me. All that I am is by you who nursed me.

For your smile in the morning and your kiss at night, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the tears that you shed over me, the songs that you sang to me, the prayers that you said for me. All that I am is by you who reared me.

For the faith that you had in me, the hope and the trust and the pride, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for your praise and your chiding, for the justice that you bred into me, and the honor that you made mine. All that I am you taught me.

For the sore travail that I caused you, for the visions and despairs, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the peril I brought to you, the sobs and the moans I wrung from you, the strength I took from you, mother, forgive me.

For the fears that I gave, the alarms and the dreads, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me for the joys of which I deprived you, the toils that I made for you, the hours and the days and the years that I claimed from you, mother, forgive me.

For the times that I hurt you, the times that I had no smile for you, the caresses that I did not give you, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me my pride in my youth, my glory in my strength, that forgot the holiness of your years and the veneration of your weakness, for my neglect, for my selfishness, for all the great depths of your love that I have not repaid, mother, sweet mother, forgive me.

And may the peace and the joy that passeth all understanding be yours, my mother, forever and ever. Amen.

Mother of God, bless my mother and may she always be your closest friend, now and for all eternity.

*Our Blessed Lady of Victory,
glorious Patroness of our
community, intercede for us!*

OUR COVER



Deep in the heart of every Catholic is the cherished memory of his First Holy Communion. In the church of St. Catherine Laboure, more than sixty boys and girls were privileged to come into the sanctuary on this happy day to receive Our Lord for the first time. What an inspiring coincidence that the lilies in the background seem to stem from the ciborium, symbolic of the virtues springing from reception of the Eucharist.

The Rev. Raymond Tepe is the zealous pastor of St. Catherine's at Lawndale, California. The children of this rapidly-growing parish receive catechetical instruction from our Sisters at San Pedro.



O Mary, We Crown Thee...



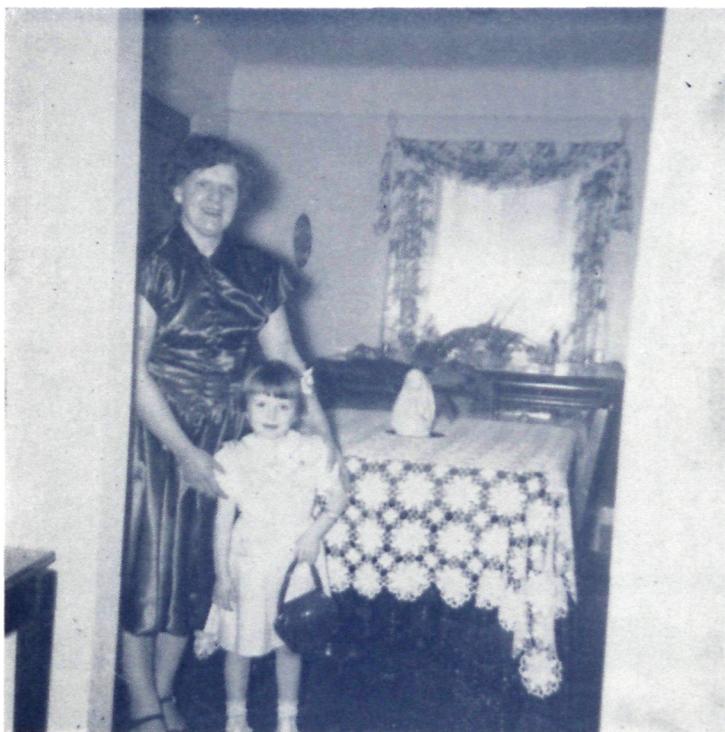
May Crowning Ceremonies at St. Joseph's Church, Elko, Nevada

Members of the Mystical Rose Sodality and the Junior Newman Club assist the Sodality Prefect as she crowns a statue of Our Blessed Mother. The Sodality is composed of working girls who, although small in number, are doing much to bring souls closer to God. During the past year five converts were received into the Church by taking part in their discussion club and as a result of their good example.

Would it not be most splendid if all the Marian organizations of the U.S.A. would join hands for a NATIONAL MARIAN CONGRESS? Place? Washington, at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. Time? December 8, 1954. Reason? To commemorate the centenary of the proclamation of that Dogma, and to honor as a nation Our Blessed Mother. It is assuredly something worth praying and working for in this AGE of MARY.

The Mothers Of Our Nation

Wait for our tributes of love



Don't Disappoint
YOUR Mother

Let it be a **TIMELESS** gift,
if possible. Enroll her **PER-**
PETUALLY in our

**ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS
OF MARY**

which will entitle her to
many spiritual benefits. De-
ceased persons also enrolled.

Let it be a **365-DAYS** gift,
at least. Enroll her for one
year.

(Mrs. Lottie Glonek of Detroit,
Michigan and her little daughter
Regina pose for this picture. Both
are mission helpers. Reggie aids our
Sisters with Sunshine pennies.)

Sister Supervisor, Associate Catechists of Mary
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

Enclosed find (\$10.00) (\$1.00) to enroll
as a (Perpetual) (Annual) Member of the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS of MARY. Please send me a
Certificate of Membership made out in the name of my Mother. (Kindly state whether living or
deceased.)

Name of Donor

Street

City Zone State