

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume XXVII

June, 1951

Number 7



St. Anthony, Pray for us!



Saint Anthony
Please find for me
A ten year old,
My Leopold.

First missed at class
And then at Mass,
(Lost? Stolen? Strayed?)

I am afraid
The tempter's coils
Have him in toils.

A soul's at stake!
Christ, for his sake
Was crucified;
In torments died.

O Saint so kind,
My truant find!
On Wednesday next,

Without pretext
Let him appear,
God's word to hear.

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A Visit to Utah

by Reverend W. B. Faherty, S.J.

A STRANGER viewing the ridge-rimmed Salt Lake Valley for the first time can easily feel the thrill that swept pioneer Brigham Young when he first gazed on this beautiful land a century ago. As he looks toward the setting sun in the west, he sees a low rim of shadowy mountains far beyond the Great Salt Lake. To the southwest a snow-capped sierra called by the Indians "The Lady Who Sleeps," lies serene and untouched. At the visitor's back, the Wasatch Range rises abruptly from the floor of the valley.

Just as Brigham found a refuge for his people within these mountain embattlements, so the modern visitor feels that he has found the last haven in the world. Here in this rich valley is peace.

Three years ago Utah celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. The amazing record of that century was recounted over and over and high hopes were lighted for the future. To the Catholic visitor certain events that occurred near the centennial date seem far more important for Utah's future than many of the more spectacular deeds that drew the applause of the multitude.

TWO groups of Religious have entered Utah's seemingly impenetrable mountains within the last decade, the Cistercian Monks and the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory. On Palm Sunday of last year, I visited both of these groups while in Ogden to address the men of Msgr. Patrick Kennedy's parish.

Ten Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory have worked in the Salt Lake Basin for a decade. They now number thirteen, nine with headquarters in beautiful Salt Lake City, and four in Ogden, a rail center of 60,000 people less than two hours ride north of the capital. The Sisters staff a number of missions in the vicinity of Salt Lake: Magna, a mining town to the southwest, Park City, in the ski area to the southeast,

Midvale, a pleasant farm community a little to the south, Murray, Tooele, and Layton. Just a few miles distance can mean an entirely new territory and a different predominant occupation.

I talked with several groups of these Sisters at Midvale and at Ogden. Like all missionaries, the Sisters had felt the up-hill grind, but all, especially those who had been there for some time, knew that this eminently worth-while work was progressing.

Since Catholics are a very small minority in the area, many show the timidity characteristic of outnumbered Catholics. One of the students I spoke to mentioned that Catholics were one out of sixty in the Junior College which he attended. Perhaps the noticeable material prosperity of the people of the area hinders their attention to the things of the spirit.

One factor that helps the Sisters is the absence among other Catholics of that prejudice against the Spanish-Americans that makes work among them so difficult in much of the West. The Sisters at Midvale were especially insistent on the bond of charity that exists within the Catholic community. Perhaps in no other place was the universality of the Church so evident as at Ogden where Americans of all national origins,—Spanish, French, German, Irish, Italian, Slavic,—seemed to work in harmony . . .

A FIRST visit to a monastery of the Cistercian (or Trappist) Monks is an unforgettable experience. Fathers McCaul and Cullen of St. Joseph's parish, Ogden, offered to drive to Huntsville, about fourteen miles east of the city through a pass in the Wasatch Range. The state highway is well marked with signs that say "Monastery Six Miles," "Monastery Four Miles," and finally a pointer that leads the traveller off the state highway and down a country road, most of which had been built by the Monks themselves.

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

The monastery is a quadrangle of large quonsets, surmounted by a Cross, situated at the lower end of a small, rich valley, — a spot that would certainly satisfy St. Bernard's love of seclusion. A few cars of other visitors were parked there, one from Wyoming, another from California and three or four from Utah. Above the door stood a statue of Our Lady and the words, *Pax Intran-tibus*.

One of our party rang the bell of the guest house. We could hear people talking inside, but there was no "Johnny-on-the-spot" response to our ring. It was our first taste of the unhurried pace of the Cistercians to whom not minutes but eternity counts.

The door opened and there was a rapid exchange of welcome in an unknown tongue that I soon recognized as Gaelic. Brother Matthew, the gate-keeper, formerly occupied a similar position at Gethsemani, where he admitted Thomas Merton twice, first as a retreatant, and then as a candidate for the Order. Brother now has at hand a number of Merton's books which the visitor may purchase for his spiritual consolation.

Brother Matthew is one of the most memorable men I have ever met. He has the strong handsome face of a pioneer and in his eyes is a peace unknown to most men of his generation. Brother asked my companions about the spiritual welfare of the people of St. Joseph's parish, and then, turning to me, of a student at Regis College who had made a retreat there the year before. He may have left the "world" long ago, but he certainly remembered it in his prayers.

A few minutes later, Brother Matthew took us across the quadrangle and into the monastery proper. Here we were presented to the Father Abbot and the Guest Master who conducts the many retreats that are given. While the Monks gathered in the Chapel in preparation for Vespers and Benediction the Father Guest Master showed us around the building. Through a large window he pointed out the cattle barns that had served as a living quarters during the first rugged Utah winter.

Everything about the monastery is plain, neat and usable. There are no superfluties, either in the dining hall, the dormitory or the *scriptorium*. As he pointed to the shelves loaded with ancient and recent spiritual books, the Guest Master remarked with a laugh, "We don't have *Time* and the other magazines."

The equipment is predominantly home-made, and quite attractive, the long desks in the *scriptorium*, for instance, and the brown clay dishes in the dining hall. Only the microphone that carries the Monks' spiritual reading to the retreatants' dining hall upstairs, smacks of the mechan-

ical age in which we live.

Monks walked quietly by us, as we made our tour of the monastery. There was no hurry about them, no feeling of fanaticism, but quiet peace, as they moved toward the chapel. A postulant approached us, and signalled his Superior for permission to converse. To my surprise, he was a former student of mine, who was to receive his white cowl on Low Sunday. He had come to Huntsville some months before, without so much as a letter to the Abbot announcing his approach.

By this time the tour was nearing its conclusion. It ended in the loft of the chapel. Immediately I thought of Thomas Merton's remarks about Cistercian architecture—plain, but beautiful. One hardly thought a quonset could be so attractive. Later when the priest approached the altar for Benediction, his orange-trimmed cope startled me. The rich colors clashed with the simplicity of the chapel.

THE Cistercians do not genuflect, but retain their medieval custom of a deep bow from the waist in reverence to the Blessed Sacrament. The white-robed choir monks took their places along the walls to the front of the church, the lay brothers in brown habit knelt in the rear. The Vespers of Mother Church began. God was near.

Before me seventy-two men worshipped, the vast majority veterans of the fighting fronts in World War II, young men most of them, with a strong straight look about them. No fanaticism was present, or torturing fears of the Hounds of Hell. In the faces of all was strength and peace. Only one of the monks, a tall, young man seemed a bit nervous and hasty in manner. As another visitor later remarked, "You got the feeling that sanctifying grace was all over the monastery."

Suddenly I remembered Thomas Merton's remark that time seemed to stand still as the monks chanted. One had no desire to move or be about other business. Normally in such a situation I would have recited part of my Office or my Rosary. At Holy Trinity there was no desire to do so.

Slowly the beautiful chant of Vespers drew to a close. Hymns were sung. The blessing given, and the ceremony was over . . .

AS we drove back to Ogden, I could not but think as Merton has often told us, that here is a powerhouse of prayer to be reckoned with. Statesmen and atomic scientists might not find for us ways of peace. But the prayer of these men, who have given up the world and every worldly happiness in order to worship God and save their souls, may yet save the world they have renounced.



by Sister Blanche

IT sounds kind of soft, doesn't it? But it isn't—
not by a long way!

The "land of cotton," which roughly speaking is the land south of the thirty-fifth parallel in our United States save for mountainous terrain and high plateau regions, is literally snow white in the Fall. It's whiteness is due, not to frozen flakes dropped from the clouds, but to fields of ripe cotton. Like popcorn in a corn popper, the pods pop open to the action of heat. In this case, the heat is generated by the sun in the heavens.

Slowly-moving cruciforms on earth might be seen from the sky. These are the cotton pickers who have bags strapped over one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The bags are from ten and a half to fifteen feet in length, and from eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter. They trail along behind the workers as they pick. The cross beam of the cruciform consists of the moving arms extended to right and left as the pickers grasp the bolls of cotton from the open pods and place them in the bags.

IN some parts of Texas, where the cotton plant does not reach a height of more than ten to twenty-four inches, the picker walks on his knees at his work. As the bag begins to fill with cotton, the progress of the picker becomes more laborious, and he is bent beneath its weight. When the bag is filled, it weighs from eighty to one hun-

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back)."

Joyce Kilmer

dred and ten, and even one hundred and twenty pounds.

The number of women who engage in this kind of work about equals that of men. Many children are also to be found among the pickers. Smaller bags, usually six feet in length, are provided for the children.

FOR two and a half years a migrant worker, whom we met in the North, has kept in touch with us during her family's peregrinations from one State to another in an effort to feed and clothe themselves, often unsuccessfully. It was our privilege to aid this family, spiritually and temporally, when they sojourned one summer in Indiana as tomato pickers. In our visits to the shacks used by the migrant workers, we found in a one-room hut, a man and woman with several small children. Theirs was only a common-law bond. The woman seemed to be devoted to her man and a true mother to her small brood. The man was not a bad fellow but he had succumbed to discouragement in not being able to get ahead and was addicted to drink. At least once he was jailed for intoxication in these parts. We brought the couple into contact with the pastor of one of the local Catholic churches, who married them properly. On that occasion the woman made her first Holy Communion. The poor lady's gratitude to us has been boundless. Certain passages of her letters are reproduced here, inasmuch as they reveal the hardships so common, and the joys, too few, which enter into the lives of migrants. We shall call the lady "Eva" in this article.

....., Mississippi, October, 1948

Dear Sister:

I have been wanting to send you a pod of cotton. They look so pretty . . . Sister, our backs get so tired. We pick a hundred or two hundred pounds of cotton a day in a ten or twelve foot sack. It is so heavy to carry that sack on our backs all day. The weather is very hot in Mississippi. There are a hundred acres of cotton to pick. We do not seem to get anywhere. All our lives, we've been poor. Perhaps some day we will live happier when our children are grown. All we have to do is to have patience and never 'get mad' about our troubles. Then God will help us. I say my prayers every night since you gave me a rosary to pray with my children.

My mother and I visited the church for the last time before leaving Indiana, asking God to help and guide us on our way.

Your friend Eva.



A Mexican girl stands in a field of cotton near Big Spring, Texas. In the background, the cotton has already been picked.

....., Mississippi, May, 1949

Dear Sister:

We had a lot of sickness. I had a baby girl in February and all my children had the flu. They got well from that and now have the whooping cough. I am teaching my children their prayers so when we return to Indiana you can prepare them for First Holy Communion. My mother is very sick in Texas. I would like to see her but I haven't a cent, and they haven't any money to send me.

We have been having storms and we are afraid of them. The Mississippi River is very near. I wish I had a candle—I mean to burn during storms.

I shall try to go to confession and Holy Communion as you asked me to do.

Your friend Eva.



Here a cotton picker, whose bag is filled with cotton, is cutting across the rows to empty his sack into a waiting truck.

....., Mississippi, Aug. 1949

Dear Sister,

My stepfather wrote the tomato crop is poor in Indiana this year so we had better stay here. Tomatoes do not last long. Cotton picking starts next week. The price of the first picking will be \$2.50 for every hundred pounds picked, and there is plenty of cotton.

Every time I think of my mother's death I cry, because I did not see her, and could not go to her either when she was buried. My life seems so heavy since she died. Tell me, do my younger sisters in the tomato camp go to your classes in Christian Doctrine? I hope so.

Your friend Eva.

....., Mississippi

September, 1949

Dear Sister,

Thank you for your good advice. I teach my children Catechism every night. Pray for us that God brings us near a Catholic Church some day. My husband liked the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe which you sent.

We shall try to get away from this State because my children are out of shoes and clothing since last year. Everybody here is real poor. The colored people walk barefoot to town. A man and his wife gave us two pairs of old pants and some shoes.

How is the weather in Indiana? We have been having lots of rain, and can't pick much cotton—only two or three days a week. We can't afford to buy clothing—only food, nothing else.

Your friend Eva.

....., Mississippi
October, 1949

Dear Sister,

We received the box of clothing you sent us. I don't know how to thank you. The coat is nice and I'll fix it for myself. The thread came in handy. I'll use it in making a quilt out of old pieces I had and the new ones you sent me. In the box you mailed there was a newspaper (*Our Sunday Visitor*) and it had the name of this prayerbook in an ad, "Moments with God." Please order it for me, Sister, and I will send you the money.

My husband was sick for two weeks. We bought two pounds of steak and it was spoiled and made us all sick.

We expect to go from here to Arkansas where my stepfather and brothers are picking cotton. From there we hope to go to Texas. I have to be confirmed and we must baptize our baby girl in a Catholic Church.

Your friend Eva.

From Texas (In the Panhandle).

Dear Sister:

I saw my stepfather and brothers but they have now left for San Antonio. We are still picking cotton because we haven't enough money to go to Dallas. I wish to visit my mother's grave in San Antonio and go to confession and Communion while there. Oh Sister, the world seems so empty to me. It is three years since I went to a movie. My mother took me to that one. I do not enjoy them.

Your friend Eva.

Dallas, Texas, Spring 1950

Dear Sister:

At last we are in Dallas. My children are in the Catholic School and my children can say their prayers in English. I have been to confession and Communion twice. I go to Mass at five on Sundays and my children at ten. Oh Sister, my baby girl wasn't baptized and I told the priest about it. He said, "Bring the baby and we'll find someone to be sponsor." I told my husband what you said about going to the Sacraments. He is drinking too much and doesn't give me money to spend on the children. It was good luck for

(Please turn to the next page)



In this picture is shown a sack full of cotton being placed on the truck. But first it must be weighed. Note the scales hanging from a pole which protrudes beyond the bed of the truck. Also notice other sacks strewn on the ground which must be weighed before being emptied on the truck.

FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT THE PROCESSING OF COTTON

After the cotton picker has filled his sack with cotton, he goes to the truck, weighs and empties his sack. It's the same routine followed all day by the cotton pickers until a total of 2,500 lbs. of cotton is placed on the truck, for this is the amount it takes to make a bale of cotton.

As soon as a truck is full, it is driven to a cotton gin where seed and all foreign matter, such as dirt, dry leaves, and the like are removed from the cotton. After the cotton is ginned, it is baled and weighed again. This time the bale weighs from 500 to 750 lbs. The cotton is then sent to another plant called "Compress" for its final processing, and grading known as "short staple," "medium staple," or "long staple." After this has been done, the cotton is shipped to different mills and plants where it is converted into wearing apparel and other articles.

me to put my children in the Catholic school for the Sisters give them a hot lunch at noon free, and clothing and shoes. The Sister asked me if we were married in the Catholic Church, and I said, "Yes, Sister, we are." I am glad you got us married because some day my children would grow up and I would be ashamed because we weren't married. Now I am happy with my children.

Your friend Eva.

..... Ohio, May, 1950

Dear Sister:

This summer we are working in Ohio. We arrived last week. My girl and two of my boys made their First Communion before we left Texas. There is no Catholic church in these parts. My best wishes to you and all the Sisters.

Your friend Eva.

Dallas, Texas, December, 1950

Dear Sister:

On the third of December we had Confirmation and I wasn't confirmed because I didn't have my Certificate of Baptism. I am so sad but I hope to be confirmed next year if God wills it. Our pastor wrote a letter to the Sisters at San Antonio and they have already sent the Certificate. I'll keep it until next year. The Sisters helped me a lot to find godparents for my children but my husband didn't worry about it. Thank God, now they are confirmed.

I go to confession and Holy Communion every week. I cannot live without them.

Two weeks ago my husband got real drunk and started to quarrel with me. He said he could kill me if he wanted. I didn't think he was going to hit me but he closed his fist and hit me in the face. I was so scared I started to cry out loud. The children started to cry and hang to their father's neck to stop him. Sister we have lived together about eleven years and this is the first time he ever hit me. Sometimes we've been hungry and sometimes we haven't got clothes or shoes because he drinks so much. Well, my children are getting big and some day everything will change. I will try to be a good mother and wife.

Your friend Eva.



Dallas, Texas, January, 1951

Dear Sister:

I made my confession at the church on Saturday the 24th, but on Christmas I was in the hospital. I had chills and fever and it seemed like pneumonia. I was so sad because I thought I wasn't going to get to Communion. Well, a Father from the Catholic Church was visiting the rooms. He came to me and said, "You are a new one." I said, "Yes." He asked if I was a Catholic and had I ever made my First Holy Communion. I told him I made my confession on Saturday and went straight to the hospital. He said I could go to Communion on Christmas so I went real early in the morning. The Sisters said I didn't have to get up. They fixed me up, and they took me later to Mass. Before I left the hospital, I went to Communion three times. The Sisters are so nice. When I come to the clinic, I don't have to have money, just whenever I have some I pay them. Sometimes I don't have any money but I see the doctors anyway.

I don't tell my husband to go to church because he doesn't like to go, but I go with the children. There isn't a Sunday we are absent. Best wishes to you and all.

Your friend Eva.

Lord, that I may see Your love for me!

by the Reverend Alphonsus Mitchell, SS.CC.

O MY Jesus, be to me a Reality. Grant that more and more I may be aware of You, and of Your merciful love for me.

With the Father and the Holy Spirit, You are truly dwelling and living within me in a special way. I believe in You. I love You. In prayer I bow before You. Oh that I may please and console You.

That my prayers may be acceptable, I unite them with Yours offered to the Father from Your silent dwelling, the Tabernacle. In spirit, I unite myself with You in all the Masses being said throughout the world, confident that in You—with You—and through You I may approach our Father as a son.

TRULY, dear Jesus, Your love for me is compassionate. Forgetful of Yourself You are always thinking of me and caring for me. And yet, how much You suffer and put up with today, how much You suffered and put up with during Your life on earth. Ah, but now I can console You and make up in some measure during this privileged hour of adoration.

That I may do so more fervently and warmly, let me go with You to Gethsemane and enter into Your sentiments and dispositions; help me to stay close to You. Thus may I to some extent come to realize the bitterness and sorrow which You endured.

IT was in the solitude of the Garden of Gethsemane that You felt all the torments of Your Passion burst overwhelmingly upon You: the calumnies and the insults, . . . the scourging and the Crown of Thorns, the thirst, the Cross. All those sufferings thronged before Your eyes and pressed upon Your Heart, while at one and the same time You saw all the offences, sins and crimes that were to be committed throughout the ages. You not only witnessed them all, but were invested in them . . . so that under the burden of their ignominy You were constrained to present Yourself before the face of Your all-holy Father and implore Him to show mercy.—There burst upon You the wrath of an angry and offended God, and in order to appease His Majesty, You offered yourself as security for sinful men to calm His anger and satisfy His justice. But so great was the anguish and so mortal the agony of Your human nature under the strain and weight of so much guilt, that a

bloody sweat poured from You to the ground.

IT is sinners who thus torture You. Will Your Blood bring salvation and life, or will it be shed in vain? Oh what sorrow at the thought of this sweat, this anguish, this agony, this blood—useless for so many souls.

Submerged in an ocean of grief you turned to the three disciples, only a stone's throw away. You had chosen them that they might share Your agony, pray with You, and by their company afford You some consolation. What were Your feelings to find them asleep? O the pang of loneliness, and to have none to share in Your sorrow. It was useless for You to attempt to awaken them, to make them leave themselves, their pre-occupations, their rest.

You went back to Your prayer, and again falling on Your face You worshipped Your Father and implored His help. You did not call Him "My God" but "My Father." Thus teaching us to call Him Father, to pray with a child's confidence and expect relief from our Father's Heart.

Your soul, already shattered and a prey to sadness, had to endure still more deadly grief, for crushed by the weight of the sins of men, and in return for so much suffering and love, You saw only outrages and ingratitude. The Blood pouring from Your Body and which soon was to be shed from countless wounds would be in vain for so many souls—many would be lost—a still greater number would sin against You—and myriads would not so much as hear Your name. You would pour out Your Blood for all, offer Your merits to each soul—Blood of a God—infinite merits—yet to be in vain for how great a number!

YES, You will shed Your Blood for all, and all will be loved with great love. But for some that love will be more tender, more intimate, more ardent. So from these chosen souls You will expect more consolation and love, more generosity and abnegation, in a word, a fuller response to Your loving-kindness.

Alas! Already You see how many will turn away from You . . . some will not listen to Your call . . . others will hear but will not follow You

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*Applicants are interviewed
for eligibility to clinic service*

In the Home Field

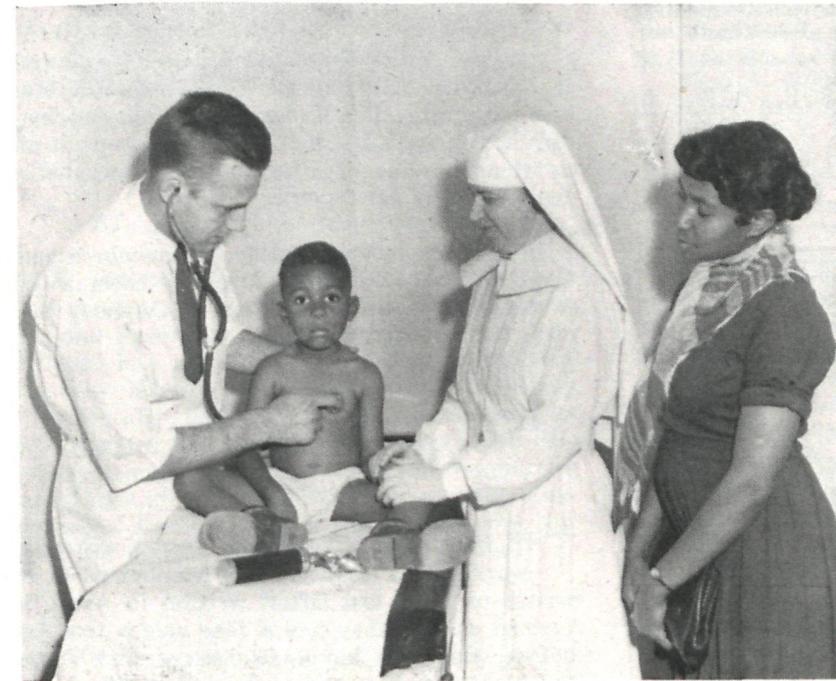
*With our Sisters
at Guadalupe Clinic*

in San Diego



*Why didn't somebody tell me
this was going to happen?*

*All races,
all creeds,
all ages,
waiting
for medical care*



*So far
this isn't too bad,
but I wonder
what's coming
next?*



Dear Associates:

It is encouraging to note that some Bands have planned June and even July parties. A few of these are extra big ones, requiring a hall. Of late years, it seems the truly hot weather does not begin until mid-July, which lengthens the party-giving season. Most people do not take their vacations until the end of July or beginning of August, so there should not be too much "absenteeism" among the Band members upon whom the hostess would depend for help. It is surprising, too, to learn how many there are who have adopted the practice of taking their vacation in mid-winter, journeying Southward so as to escape the wintry blasts.

So keep up the monthly parties a little longer, won't you? Every party means more aid to our mission work.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

ANNOUNCING A NEW BAND IN MINNESOTA

It gives us great pleasure to tell you we have a new Band in *Lewiston, Minnesota*, organized by *Mrs. Irene Lehmann*, who is a sister to our Sister Ramona, a Novice at Victory Noll. The name selected is *Blessed Martin de Porres Mission Band*.

The group has already mailed us a check for \$18.00, with the promise of more money later. They also sent us a large mission box of beautiful layettes for poor babies. These were complete from hand embroidered baptismal dress, and little saques and kimonas with crocheted edgings, to diapers and bands. Included, too, were such accessories as safety pins, nursing bottles, cans of talcum, etc. Some of the little garments had the ultra-modern snaps which replaced buttons and button holes.

News Items About

ST. MARY MAGDALENE BAND

(Madison, Minn.)

THIS group of Sodalists, with Miss Regina Emmerich as president, undertakes many good works in behalf of the missions. Besides sending donations to Victory Noll, the ladies adopted two of our convents for which they mount beautiful religious pictures and medals, and make scapulars and rosaries. They also acquired, from their pastor, a good mimeograph which they crated and shipped to our Sister Mary Dorothy in Los Angeles. The shipping charges, because of the great distance, proved to be quite an item, but our Associates gladly paid them as a further donation to our cause. The mimeograph is very helpful to our Sisters in preparing class work on a large scale.

The Band members also kept busy during the winter months making altar linens, one of these for our Holy Father's supply shelf, and gathering old clothing for European Relief.

QUEEN OF ANGELS BAND

(Los Angeles, Calif.)

THE members of this Band, headed by *Mrs. C. J. Sauthier*, still meet at St. Joseph's Church, in downtown Los Angeles, for a noon-day Mass and corporate Holy Communion, followed by a "brunch" (breakfast lunch) in the basement and a friendly game of Bingo, on the occasion of their monthly get-together.

In spare moments at home, the members make layettes for poor babies, bringing them to our Sisters at the Infant of Prague Convent, their city, for distribution.

ST. JOSEPH'S MISSION CLUB

(Baldwinsville, N.Y.)

THE Promoter, *Mrs. Homer Reeves*, nearly always has at least one new member when she writes us. Her last letter, written in April, informed us that they had a food sale a few days before, and were having a covered dish supper the same evening, followed by a meeting at 8 o'clock.

Our Associates

ST. GEMMA GALGANI BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

ONE of the members, *Mrs. Rose Bunyan*, wrote us a year or so ago to the effect that our Sisters' prayers helped so much in seeing their boys come back safe. Since that time, many more young men have left home to join the armed forces.

We want to assure our Associates that we include all their dear ones in our prayers, missionary labors and various good works.



View of cloister walk, taken from patio at Victory Noll.

ST. MEL BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THE present officers are *Mrs. Vesta Beach*, *President*, and *Miss Winifred Walsh*, *Secretary and Treasurer*. The group sponsor our Sister Mary Eva, who is in charge of our Richmond, Kentucky Mission. Sister wrote an interesting letter recently, telling us that their resident pastor arranges for monthly meetings with the mountaineers in a general store, where inquiries regarding Catholic doctrine and practice are encouraged. Father believes the time is ripe for many conversions among these poor people.

"I will bless every place where an image of My Sacred Heart shall be set up and honored." "I will establish peace in their homes."

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

March 19, 1951 to April 19, 1951

Adrian Band, Chicago, Florence Dietz	\$ 25.00
Bl. Martin de Porres Band, Lewiston, Minn., Mrs. Irene Lehmann	18.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Ann Deininger	8.50
St. Anthony Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck	135.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Ann Igel	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke	25.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	3.00
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	25.00
St. Joseph Band I, Chicago, Mrs. Eva M. Dugan	25.00
St. Joseph Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. C. Schultz	22.00
St. Jude Mission Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Fred Potthoff	129.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	80.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Miss Ann Huhn	12.00
St. Mary Magdalene Band, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	7.00
St. Michael Guild, Palos Hts. Ill., Mrs. John McCann	5.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl	35.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	7.50
Seven Dolores Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	12.00
Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati, O., Marie Gouy	3.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Mary Nash	15.00

In Quest of Souls

by Sister Cornelius

MY Helper goes with me everywhere I go. This past year we went many places together—places of joy, of sorrow; places of peace, of strife; places of light, of darkness. Sometimes I hesitated and drew back, but my Helper urged me on.

Ours was a secret, yet an open adventure. We were out in search of the most precious metal in the world, a metal that will endure for eternity—the immortal souls of men.

In our search for souls, we used a simple formula, "We are taking the names of Catholics. Are you a Catholic?" Simple enough, but sometimes the explosion it produced was greater than that caused by an atom smasher. What we found was not always pretty—inside.

PRETTY outside was the little place at which we stopped one day. A charming young woman smiled graciously when we spoke our formula. She invited us inside, and after we were comfortably seated in her homey living room, she said, "Yes, I was a Catholic, but I have seen the light."

With that statement, she seemed to become another person. Her expression changed to a fixed, rather frightened look, the look of one seeing a sinister light. Her voice became colorless, metallic. What she told us she must have repeated many times, for it sounded like a recording. It was a pitiable story, a story of scandal to one weak, of the casting away of the Catholic Faith, and finally of becoming a Pentecostal. Nay, more, she had "converted" her husband, a Lutheran, and he is now preaching this heresy. I looked at my Helper, remembering those words, "Woe to him by whom scandal cometh." As we left the house, I could not help but wonder what St. Paul would think of hearing Peter, the Rock, called the "first Pentecostal Preacher."

IN one of the very next houses we visited, we met a fallen-away Irishman—a blight on the land of his birth. Yes, he had been a Catholic, but had married out of the Church. Could it be that he had been confirmed, made a soldier of Christ, and then deserted? Yes, he was a deserter from the army of Christ, even though his soul had been nourished frequently with the very Body and Blood of his Captain, the Son of the Living God.

I was weary, discouraged, but my Helper whispered, "Courage. We must work yet harder, faster. There is an enemy, a deadly rival of Mine, who goes before us. We must overtake him."

ON and on we went. Again and again we found that the enemy had been furiously at work. Just when I thought I could bear no more, I heard of the Wane case. It was First Communion time, and all the parents were to receive with their little ones, in that Communion-union of which Father Ellard speaks so compellingly. The night before First Communion the parents of the Wane children came. They were a nice appearing young couple, the wife a convert. They had three children whom they loved dearly—but they WANTED NO MORE. Deliberately they were destroying life, and they knew full well they could not, then, take on the Life.

I closed my eyes and thought, "And men worry and legislate about the atom bomb. This one has done its work, and its 'radio-active' waves, are scorching, ruining souls." I turned to my Helper, and my heart was sad at what I saw . . . tears of anguish, tears of BLOOD, were streaming down His Face.

AH, my own soul was being put to a severe test; I needed more hope, more courage. Men were knowingly and deliberately resisting grace. Was there no one left to give glory to God? It was then that I looked into the blind eyes of a curly haired little one of five years, and found the answer, and with the answer a renewal of my own courage and confidence. I found that answer in the touch of the little blind tot that made her "see" our Blessed Mother when I lifted her up to the statue of Our Lady in the little church, that touch that "saw" the tabernacle, "the little house where Jesus lives." Eileen, for so she is called, is indeed a little flower, so sweet, so dear that she seems "out of this world," and I wonder that Heaven has not jealously claimed her! But, perhaps, her mission is to give glory to God here on earth while she helps us "see."

Our visit with Eileen was a sweet reprieve, which ended only too soon. Our search went on. Next it was a burly Scotchman, who had not been to the Sacraments for twenty years, because of a supposed wrong done to his son by a

priest. I looked at my Helper and saw the cross. "A wrong was done to God's Son by a high priest, and He forgave," I said. "But it is twenty years now," was the reply, "too long away." "And what is twenty years compared to eternity?" I countered. But we, my Helper and I, still wait for that soul.

ONE day a call came. "I am so happy," the voice on the other end of the wire told us, "I am so very happy I just had to tell you. Tonight I will be baptized and my husband and I will have our marriage blessed." We understood, for theirs had been a "marriage" out of the Church twelve years ago. "Best of all," the voice continued, "I want you to know where my husband is now—out in the garage studying over that confession card Father brought." To think it had all begun only seven months before when their little daughter, Rita, had asked, after class, about being baptized!

Then there was the sweet Methodist lady who said, "If I were not a Methodist, I would be a Catholic, for your church is the nearest to what Our Lord wanted. Your priests even dress like Our Lord."

And there were the children who ran before us calling out, "Here come some Catholics." These children, so very dear to the Heart of my Helper, often belonged within the Fold, but were being cheated out of their rightful inheritance by parents or grandparents, who for one reason or another, had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage—had given up their priceless gift of Faith for an earthly, a perishable treasure, a fleeting joy.

OUR search is not over, only begun. Our search is for immortal souls, souls for whom Christ suffered and died. This search shall end for me only with my life, for my life is consecrated to it. And I am glad, for "the Lord is my Helper."



All our benefactors have a share in the daily Masses, Holy Communion, prayers and good works of the Sisters, including a special remembrance in our perpetual novena to Our Lady of Victory.

OUR COVER

His Excellency, Most Reverend Bishop Noll, places a Sacred Heart statue on the throne during Enthronement ceremonies at OUR SUNDAY VISITOR plant.

June, 1951



Sisters at Los Angeles on their way to teach summer vacation school.

HISTORIA SAGRADA

en el Idioma de la Juventud

(BIBLE STORIES in the Language of Youth)

by Sister Evelyn Benton, O.L.V.M.

Those whose privilege it is to instruct Spanish-speaking children in the truths of religion will welcome this recent publication by Sister Evelyn. Our Lord's life, from Palm Sunday to Easter, is set forth in simple and appealing style. Although the present Spanish-English form is new, the original Spanish instructions have been used by our Sisters for the past twenty years.

The English translation is by Eloy Martinez, Las Vegas, N.M. The Spanish has been revised by Rev. Vito C de Baca of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. The type of Spanish is that spoken by the average Mexican in daily conversation. The asterisk* calls attention when a different word is used by Spanish-Americans or Puerto Ricans.

This bilingual booklet was arranged primarily for the convenience of our Sisters and lay catechists. It may also be used by parents as a help in teaching their children. In an attractive, durable red cover, and containing large print in both languages, this booklet, with its applications to daily life interwoven with prayer and song, will be a delight to children also.

Single copy, twenty-five cents. In lots of ten or more, twenty cents each. Order direct from:

Our Lady of Victory Press
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana



Mary's Loyal

A SAN ANTONIO (Texas) HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

THIS is a month that is dear to us all—the Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus! How can boys and girls spread the Reign of the Sacred Heart? One of the best ways is to become a Tarcisian, and offer Jesus the golden pennies of prayer, sacrifice and participation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which He desires from His young friends.

Should you want to know more about Tarcisians, our Sister Mary Agnes at Victory Noll will be glad to tell you about them.

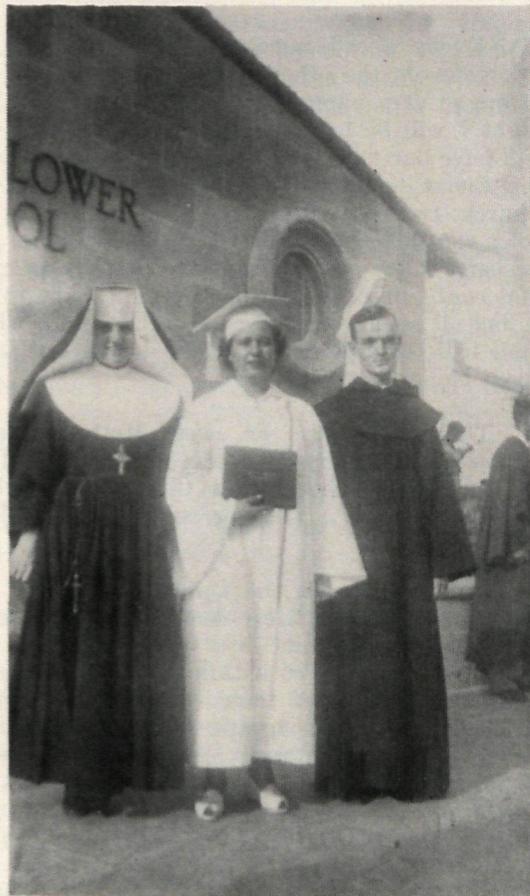
Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY

A SANTA PAULA (CALIF.) HELPER



Loyal Helpers meet Hope Negrete of Santa Paula, California. She and her sister Connie, both high school students, joined our mission club a year and a half ago. They not only aid us with their donations but try to interest other girls in our work.



Above is Helper Opal Strauch, as she appeared in her graduation cap and gown last year. To her left is Sister M. Augustine, principal of Little Flower School, and to her right is Father Steven, a Carmelite Father and pastor of the parish. Opal is a friend of Sister Claudia, one of our Novices.

TO OUR HELPERS WHO GRADUATE THIS MONTH

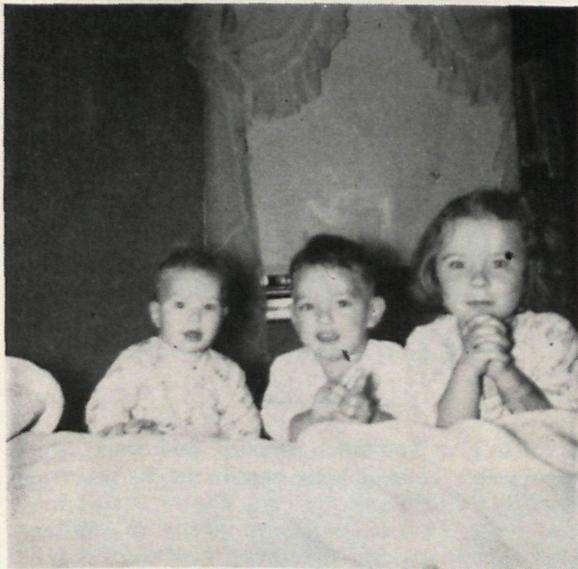
MAY you be *happy* always, as you have been in the springtime of youth. May you be *innocent* always, free from guile, and may God's grace shed its glad sunshine within your soul.

May you cherish the friendship of your classmates, the wise counsels of your teachers, the loving care of those to whom God's Providence entrusted you.

May your Angel Guardian guide you! May Mary, Virgin Most Powerful, defend you! May your loving and gracious Saviour bless you always and everywhere!

Helpers Page

VERY LITTLE HELPERS IN HAMILTON, O.



Donna (4), Denny (3) and Diane (1) Reiter, of Hamilton, Ohio. Read their letter below, written, of course, by their Mother. When she was a little girl, she, too, was a Loyal Helper.

Hamilton, Ohio

Dear Sister,

WE are sending our first dollar from our Sunshine Bag. We tried very hard to put our pennies in the bag, but sometimes we wanted to buy candy. Denny would always say he was going to buy ice cream, as we live only two doors from an ice cream parlor. In the end he finally decided to save his money for the missions. About every day we ask Mother and Daddy for pennies.

Mother started teaching us the Hail Mary a week before we got your letter. We like THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST very much.

Sincerely,

Donna, Denny and Diane Reiter

TO ALL OUR HELPERS, A HAPPY
VACATION!

June, 1951



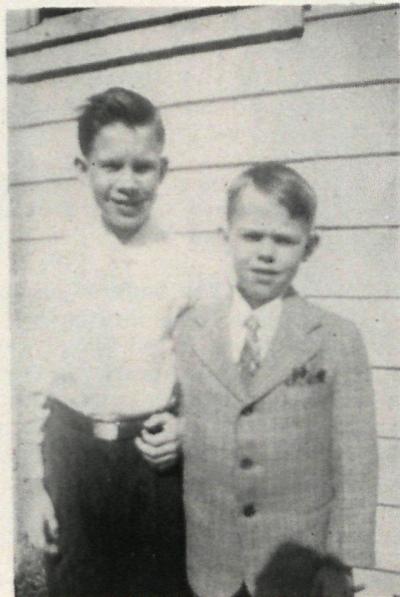
HIDDEN GEMS PUZZLE

Every month has a birthstone assigned to it. In each of the sentences below is one of these hidden gems to be discovered phonetically. The first is topaz (found in the combination of sounds provided by the two words "taupe as"). Now go ahead and find the rest. A worked puzzle earns a holy card for you.

1. She mentioned taupe as the color of her new suit.
2. "What's afire?" asked Jack.
3. "Here's the dress I am going to dye, Monday," remarked Bess.
4. "He ought to be in Peru before Thursday," commented Phil.
5. "I am this trucker," chuckled Jim.
6. The sale of each cigar netted a neat profit.
7. "O, palaces are magnificent dwellings," explained George.

ANSWERS to Last Month's Puzzle. 1. fox. 2. elephant. 3. lion. 4. mule. 5. hare. 6. ox. 7. bear.

OAKLAND (CALIF.) HELPERS



John (8) and Thomas (7) Collins joined our mission club at Christmas time. Thomas made his First Communion on the first Sunday of May; John made his last year. They are friends of Charleen Poggenburg, one of our Postulants.

In Memoriam

Rev. Mark Merwick, O.S.B., Paola, Kansas
Rev. Gerard W. Brinkman, Bonne Terre, Mo.
John Clohessy, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Mary Muellmer, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Christine S. Bradish, Baldwinsville, N.Y.
(ACM)
Mrs. Mabel S. McQuaid, Baldwinsville, N. Y. (ACM)
Walter Smolenski, Detroit, Michigan
R. L. Mudd, Ellensburg, Washington
William Ackerman, Oshkosh, Wisconsin
John Heyza, Detroit, Michigan
Mr. George F. McIntosh, Memphis, Tenn.
Mrs. Edward M. Gueroult, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 9)

... others will respond for a time with a certain amount of generosity to the call of Your Heart, but then will gradually grow drowsy and one day will say to You by their deeds; 'I have worked enough.'

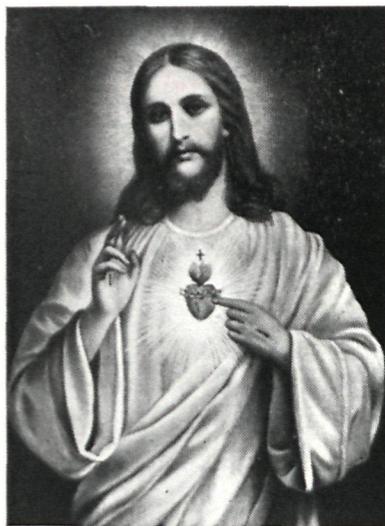
(Poor souls! Thus they begin to go to sleep. Soon You shall return, and as they are asleep they will not hear You. You shall offer Your grace and they will not receive it. They are unaware that death has stolen upon masses while they were thus sleeping soundly.)

You saw all this and felt it in Your Heart. What should You do . . . turn back, ask Your Father to free You from this torment? Show Him the uselessness of Your sacrifice for so many souls? . . . No! Again You surrendered Yourself to His Holy Will and accepted this chalice, to drink it to the dregs.

All the while you knew that Your enemies would come and seize you in that very garden, yet You stayed where You were.

FOR SOULS, for me, You suffered all this and more. O my Jesus, Your love is foolishness. What return have You received for all You have done and suffered? The Apostles were asleep when You turned to Them for consolation. Souls You have chosen and favored so often turn aside or weary of the effort to love You constantly. Yet, an angel did come to console and compassionate You.

Did he not present to You the love and reparation of those of us who have the privilege and honor of making an hour of Night Adoration for You? Is it not possible that even now we can make up for the offenses and injuries that afflict Your loving Heart, and somehow give It ease and solace? Oh grant me the warmth and



“MAY Thy Kingdom Come!”

fervor to give You much pleasure and consolation. During this blessed hour enable me to set aside thoughts of self and my own affairs that I may be absorbed in You and Your interests.—Mother Mary do obtain for me these graces, for I so desire to be the adorer and lover Jesus and you wish me to be.

Your *night* of suffering and agony was followed by an Easter *morn* of triumph and glory. Love conquered death, and You arose to take possession of Your Kingdom, as King of Love.

DURING my exile here on earth, I too will have my night of suffering, struggle and difficulties. But my love for You, and concern for Your interests will enable me to win out. For it is thus You will already begin to reign, by possessing my heart and living in—with—and through me. In the end, I am confident You will unite me completely and happily with You, and in Heaven continue to be my King of Love, as You were on earth. (May I learn to know You more intimately, love You more deeply, trust You more completely, and live more thoroughly Your life as You wish me to.)—*Fiat*.

Those of our readers who wish information about the Night Adorers of the Sacred Heart may send a self-addressed envelope to:

National Center of the Enthronement
4930 South Dakota Avenue, N.E.
Washington 17, D.C.

or, if living in the State of Indiana, to:

Victory Noll Regional Secretariate
Enthronement of the Sacred Heart
Huntington, Indiana

CONSECRATION TO THE SACRED HEART

O Christ Jesus, I acknowledge You as Universal King. All that has been made has been created for You. Exercise all Your rights over me. I renew my baptismal (and religious) vows. I renounce Satan, his pomps, and his works. And I promise with the help of Your grace to lead a life of love and reparation. In particular do I pledge myself to labor to the best of my ability for the triumph of the rights of God and the Church. Divine Heart of Jesus, to You do I proffer my poor services, laboring that all hearts may acknowledge Your Sacred Kingship, and that thus the reign of Your peace may be established throughout the entire world. Amen.



The Sacred Heart is enthroned in the office of Father James Conroy, director of the Fighting 69th youth organization. Father Conroy is shown placing the Sacred Heart picture on the throne while Father Larkin, SS.CC. and Father Mitchell, SS.CC. look on.



In this, the month of the Sacred Heart, you can find no better way to honor Him than by helping the Sisters in their work for the salvation of the souls for whom He suffered so much and died.

Two Hundred and Forty-Five Missionary Sisters under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, are now laboring in the mission districts of our country.

2500 CLUB

A convenient way to share in their apostolate is by becoming associated with a group of our faithful Co-missionaries who as members of the 2500 Club contribute a dollar a month for one year.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Dear Sister:

Please enroll me in the 2500 Club. I shall pray for the Sisters and their work and will send a dollar a month for one year toward your missionary apostolate.

Name

Address

City Zone State