

The

MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume XXVII

November, 1951

Number 11

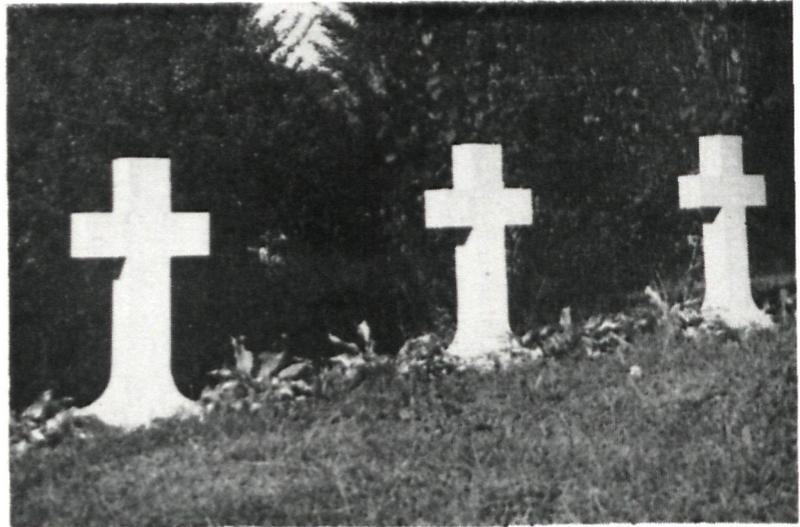


Our Front Cover



Sister Marie Benes, Sister Marie Bodin, and Sister Julia Doyle.

This picture of the first three members of our community was taken in May, 1923, at Watrous, New Mexico.



Sister Julia Doyle
October 21, 1947

Sister Marie Benes
May 8, 1948

Sister Marie Bodin
October 7, 1939

United in life — and in death

Requiescant in pace

IN MEMORIAM

Very Rev. Benno Aichinger, O.F.M. Cap.,
New York, N. Y.

Rev. George Hasser, Garrett, Indiana

Rev. Patrick J. Masterson, Lompoc, California

Mrs. Frank Kozla, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
aunt of Sister Agnes, O.L.V.M.

Nellie O'Connor, ACM, Chicago, Illinois

Mary E. McNamara, ACM, Chicago, Illinois

Fred Wiley, Huntington, Indiana

Mary Ann Glonek, Detroit, Michigan

Nell Counihan, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Anna Callahan, Normandy, Missouri

William Jacob, Vincennes, Indiana

Margaret Barrett, Iron Mountain, Michigan

Aurelia Doubet, Meadville, Pa.

Catherine Krantz, Dubuque, Iowa

Mrs. S. J. Verha'len, Scottsville, Tex.

(A correction: In last month's IN MEMORIAM column, Mrs. John Fehrenbach was listed instead of her husband. It should have read: Mr. John Fehrenbach, Bethel, Kansas.)

It is folly not to think of death; it is greater folly to think of it and not prepare for it.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

GOD'S HOLY WILL

Contentment, I have.

(To walk—I cannot use my feet)

My hands I can use to work and eat,

Dear God, I have my eyes to see—thank God—

God is so good to me.

(I have all I can do to keep away a tear)

Thank God, I can hear,

Wonderful grace, I have my speech,

(But I must depend, what others lend.

O heavy cross, a painful kind.)

Thank God, I have my mind.

(Every minute, every hour, every month and year

I go up, step by step, a steep hill to be in Sor-

row, nearer still.)

I'll try to see God's loving Wisdom—

God's holy Will be done.

—M.F.H.

Conformity to the will of God is an easy and certain means of acquiring a great treasure of graces in this life.—St. Vincent de Paul.

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Thanksgiving

by Sister Marilyn

Dear God, there are so very many things we can thank you for (to try to enumerate them would be almost impossible) and there are so very many we take for granted.

Now that I'm a little older I look back on my childhood days; how happy they were, for they were centered around You, my God!

In Advent, remember how Mother and Dad would make us do some little act of self-denial in preparation for Your Son's birthday? Then when the big day came, how we would all go to Mass early that morning and stay for several hours; only when the third Mass was finished did we go home and enjoy the gifts You made possible for our parents to buy. In the evenings during the Christmas holidays, Mother and Dad would call us to their side to kneel before the crib to recite our family rosary.

Soon, too soon, the days passed by and the family found itself entering the Holy Season of Lent. Again acts of sacrifice and self-denial were practiced by all in anticipation of the Resurrection. Night after night the family together, reciting Mary's beads. Then in Holy Week, remember, God, the Tenebrae services at church? I would pray the rosary, in place of prayers that were said which I couldn't understand. The week ended, fast and abstinence were in the past, for Easter Sunday had dawned. As children, God, we thought Lent was very long; but Mother and Dad encouraged us to keep on with our little

penances. Indeed we were glad in the end that we kept up what we had begun, because You blessed us with many things. So thank You, God, again and again.

Remember, God, on the fourth of July, at evening when beautiful stars lit the sky? When neighbors' children gathered on our front steps and Dad would give us a free show with the fireworks he had bought? Remember the cross that Dad made with sparklers? How the children would shout with glee, "Oh, how pretty!" And as the cross went out of sight, the children would exclaim, "How dark it is!" How Dad would agree and quickly add, "Yes, my children, life is always dark, unless the Cross is kept before us as a guiding light." At that time, dear God, I didn't understand what Dad meant. All that we wanted was more entertainment, but remember how Dad would tell us, "There is no substitute for the Cross" as we watched the pinwheels go round and round and soon fall quickly to the ground. Little did I know how true it was—there is no substitute for the Cross.

Yes, my God, I think maybe I do know, in a little way, all that Mother and Dad tried to convey, as we grew in love for You. To remember always that You are "Our Father Who art in Heaven . . . Oh yes, my God, with a grateful heart, overflowing with many wonderful memories of the goodness You have shown to me, may I say, thank You, God, thank You for everything.

On Thanksgiving Day High Mass will be offered in Victory Noll Chapel for the intentions of all our relatives, friends and benefactors.

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

Lovers of the

by Sister Adriana

O Virgin Mary, Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, who art the glory of Christians, the joy of the universal Church, and the hope of the world, pray for us.

Kindle in all the faithful a lively devotion to the most Holy Eucharist, so that they may all be made worthy to receive Holy Communion every day.



Dona Carmen prays many rosaries, and reads through a magnifying glass her numerous prayerbooks which she carries in a large purse.

“THAT little old lady must be praying very earnestly for something; she has been in church for almost five hours already,” declared Sister Ancilla as she came into the convent after teaching catechism classes that afternoon.

Sister Mary Anselm replied, “Oh, she is Dona Carmen and that is nothing unusual, Sister, as she spends from ten to thirteen hours almost daily praying before the Blessed Sacrament.”

“Dona Carmen’s married grand-daughter is much disturbed because Grandmother extends her vigils without food or drink throughout the entire day unless she can be persuaded to come home for lunch,” Sister continued.

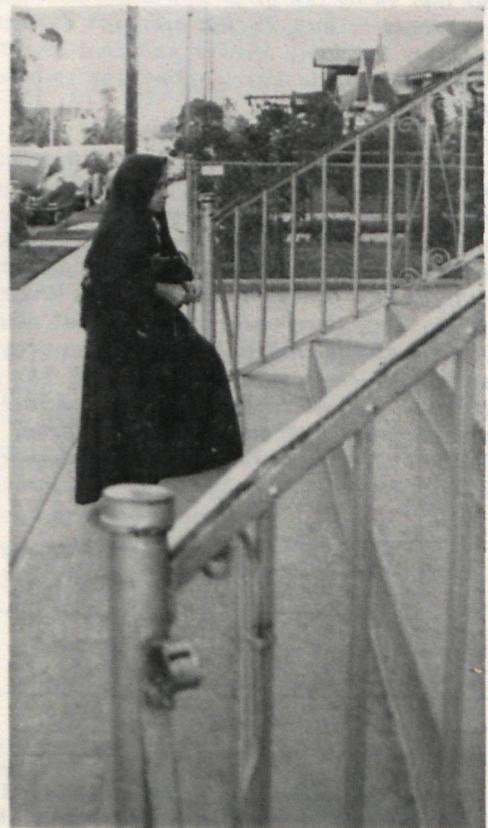
Dona Carmen prays many rosaries, and reads through a magnifying glass her numerous prayerbooks which she carries in a large purse. At times she changes her pew or even dozes for a short interval.

When the Sisters asked her if she wouldn’t like some coffee or a little lunch she replied with a smile, “No, thank you, *Madres*, I’m doing penance.” At other times, looking at the tabernacle, she would say, “Our Lord is waiting there so patiently to bless each of us—no, thank you, I cannot—I must pray for every living soul and for those suffering in Purgatory.”

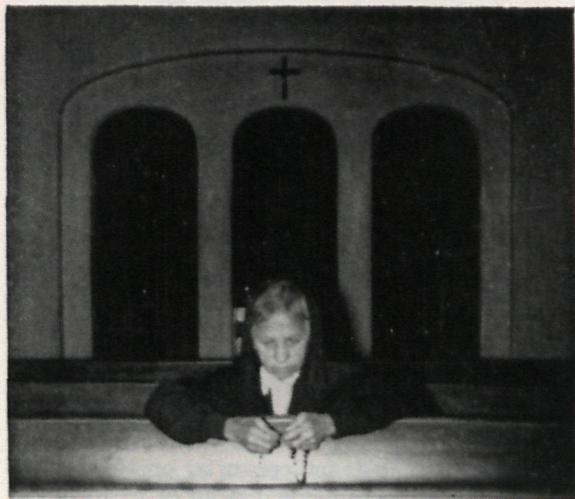
At what ever time of the day a visitor might

enter the church at San Pedro, Dona Carmen would be there: during the six Masses on Sundays, week-day Masses, weddings, funerals, Benediction, catechism classes, and even in the evening when church doors and windows were locked for the night.

There was also Dona Polita of Santa Paula, a lady of more than a hundred years, who prayed throughout the entire day and night of Holy Thursday as well as all during the Forty Hours devotion. She had been a daily communicant for many years.



Blessed Sacrament



Dona Justina, too, spent many hours before Our Lord in a little Texas church, singing hymns—or even sometimes weeping as she pleaded for some stray sheep.

Then there was Dona Ezekia, aged ninety, who walked more than a mile to Mass almost daily. She was always fasting so that she could receive “His Majesty” as she spoke of Our Lord on the altar. The pastor referred to her as “The Dove of the Blessed Sacrament.”

The Missionary Sisters have known many other holy souls such as these among our Spanish-speaking people. The Mexican people have a most ardent love for Our Lord on the altar. Surely such souls draw abundant graces upon the entire world and make reparation to the Sacred Heart.

Felicitas

by Sister Mary Isabel

In almost every mission center we have had the privilege of knowing some saintly Mexican woman who has devoted her life to prayer and works of charity. First among these was Felicitas whom we met in St. Anthony's Parish in Gary. Three times in her youth she tried to enter a religious congregation, but there was always some obstacle to prevent it. A daily communicant, a consecrated Child of Mary, whose ribbon and medal she wears with as much devotion as a nun wears her habit, Felicitas is following her own special vocation living the life of a medieval saint in a modern world. Not many nuns have spent the hours in silent adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, or have walked the miles that Felicitas has in her work of active charity. There is not a Mexican in the city who does not speak with affection of this holy soul whose prayers and good deeds are known to all. During the thirty years she has been in Gary she has been a consolation to the priests who have had charge of her parish. Her time and her services are always at the disposal of the pastor whom she delights to serve as “another Christ.” She says with a bright twinkle in her eye that her present pastor calls her “Mi vicario.” She is more than happy with the title. The pastor has given her the keys to the church so she can be-

gin her adoration early in the morning or prolong it till late at night. When we tell Felicitas we envy her all the good she is able to do she consoles us by reminding us that her time is her own while ours is marked out by obedience. She lives a life of chastity and poverty. Living alone she depends solely on the providence of God and He has never failed her.



Let Not the Work

(Editor's note: The following is a condensation of a talk given at Victory Noll by Sister Cordelia Marie, O.L.V.M., on "The Importance of Home Visiting.")

Dear Sisters,

I have been asked to discuss the importance of home visiting, and also to tell you of our experience in instructing adults.

Most of us realize how important home visiting is for keeping up our class attendance. But it does not stop there; we have just as great an obligation to instruct the adults. If the home is not Christian all our teaching is in vain. What the child sees and hears in the home makes a much deeper and more lasting impression than what it hears in one or two hours of religious instruction a week. How can the parents give what they themselves do not have?

A boy in twelfth grade was coming to our convent in San Antonio for private instruction. He had been baptized in a Mexican non-Catholic church, and of course, had never received his first Communion. One evening he said to me, "Sister, I can't understand why my mother never taught me anything about God. She did not teach me how to pray; she never sent me to religion class when I was small; she never took me to Mass. When I get married and have a family I am going to see to it that my children are reared Catholic!"

"Jesse," I said, "do you realize that your mother has never received any religious instruction? How could she teach you? When she was a child there were no catechetical Sisters to teach the thousands of children in the public schools here."

"That's true," he said, "When I get home I repeat most of your instruction to my mother. It is all new to her and she is always interested."

Before the instructions were ended Jesse said, "Sister, will you do me a favor? Please ask my mother to have her marriage validated."

I didn't tell Jesse that we had already asked her, but she was unwilling as she and her husband had separated many times. Several weeks later a woman whom I was instructing told me that Jesse's mother wished to see me as she now wished to be married by the Church. We had to prepare both parties of this marriage

for their first confession and Communion.

One day the Pastor sent a young man of thirty to us for instruction. He had never been baptized, although his family belonged to a non-Catholic denomination. He wished to become a Catholic and to be married at a Nuptial Mass. The first time he came I inquired about his fiancée. Could she accompany him? He said he would bring her henceforth. When she came I found that she had not made her first Holy Communion—and she was twenty-seven! She, as a Catholic, knew even less about the Catholic Faith than he did, and was not as eager to learn.

Some of you may say that you don't have the opportunity to instruct converts, or to prepare adults for the Sacraments, yet all of us have the opportunity or the obligation to instruct adults in our home visits. How often there is one who has not received the Sacraments for many years. An informal instruction on confession during the home visit might pave the way for his return to the Church.

An instruction on the Mass might gradually win someone to regular Mass attendance, rather than merely insisting that we must all go to Mass on Sundays. There are some of our missions, I understand, where everybody goes to Mass on Sundays, all make their Easter duty, and all the children attend religion classes. Yet even here more can be done. For instance, Sister Mary said that in the Paulding missions two hundred families had been enrolled in the Night Adoration since January. All this was done through visiting the homes.

Home visiting does not consist in jotting down names and dates, unless our work is census-taking to determine where a new parish is needed, etc. In San Antonio we were asked to take the census of Perpetual Help parish (1,000 families) in six weeks, preliminary to a three weeks' mission. We did it, six of us, in six weeks, but you can be sure that we did not sit down very often.

We know from experience that we can reach souls that can never be reached by a priest. How often we are the instruments in God's Hands to bring these souls back to the Church! It is in our home visits that we find prospective converts, adults who have never been instructed in the Faith, and marriages to be validated. In San Antonio we instructed four hundred couples over a period of six years, in preparation for their

of God Be Hindered

by Sister Cordelia Maria

Church marriage. As far as possible we instructed both parties, even if one of them had made his first Communion in childhood; we knew how little most of them had learned about their religion many years ago.

We took about three months to instruct each couple, two classes a week when possible. We asked them to start going to Mass on Sundays, and gradually begin to practice their religion. As far as I know only one of these four hundred marriages ended disastrously.

We encouraged all of these couples to come to our convent for instruction, but very often the obstacles were so great that the instructions had to be given in their homes. Some Pastors, and some Sisters also, are opposed to this, but no inflexible rule can be made about it, for circumstances alter cases.

For instance, one of our Sisters had two young married women to prepare for their First Holy Communion. She asked them to come to our convent at one o'clock. They came, and one brought her young baby also. Evidently one o'clock was the time for the baby's after-dinner nap, so he resented being dressed up and taken out at that time. He fussed and cried so much that Sister could not begin her instruction. The mother was prepared for this emergency, and offered the baby its milk bottle, but he would have none of it. He threw the bottle on the floor, it broke, and the milk was all over our front room. The mother was very much embarrassed: she departed with her baby and never returned. The Sisters finally had to go to her home to instruct these two young women who were neighbors.

We might well take as ours the Benedictine motto—"Let nothing hinder the work of God," or, "Let not the work of God be hindered." One gets a better knowledge of the family's problems and becomes more sympathetic and understanding when one has to teach in the home.

So much for private instruction. What about group instruction of adults? Many think this is an impossibility. For ten years our Sisters at Indiana Harbor had a Mothers' Club. The mothers who are daily communicants today are the ones who, for the most part, did not even go to Mass on Sundays twenty years ago. Through the Mothers' Club they were instructed in the Faith and were gradually brought to take an

active part in their church. Today they are my most faithful co-workers in our Catholic Action group.

Our Sisters in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan who work with the migrants from Texas might be inclined to say: "Why don't you Sisters in Texas do something about all these adults who know nothing about their religion?"

These migrants, 100,000 of them, are in Texas only four months of the year; for eight months they follow the crops in the northern states. There are about a million Mexicans swarming all over the vast state of Texas, many of them on ranches, where our handful of Sisters never reach them. We are doing what we can to teach the adults in groups, at least during our vacation schools in the rural areas.

Several years ago when we went to Poteet for vacation school, the Pastor said, "Sister, on the ranches about eight or ten miles west of here, we have hundreds of pagans—absolute pagans! They have been baptized and that is all. What can be done about them?" *

"Father," I said, "I beg to differ with you. These good ranch people are not pagans. They are simple, Godfearing people. The Catholic Church has not been able to reach them. Given the opportunity they will go miles to receive instruction after a hard day's work in the broiling Texas sun."

"All right," Father said. "You can have the use of the Tank Hollow School, six miles from

. . . "The fault does not lie with the Mexican. The fault lies in the lack of church facilities and personnel in our Spanish-speaking areas of the southwest. Throughout the southwest we have 3,211 Spanish-speaking people to one priest and in some areas of south Texas the proportion of priests to people is 7,000 to 1. It is impossible without a miracle for one priest to attend to the religious needs of 7,000 people, even 3,200, let alone attend to some of their crying physical needs. Our Spanish-speaking people in the United States are a little less than three millions. Ninety per cent of them are baptized Catholics. They constitute about one-tenth of the total Catholic population of the United States. . ."

Rev. Theodore J. Radtke, Executive Secretary
Bishops' Committee For The Spanish Speaking
in his report to the Bishops of
The American Board Of Catholic Missions

here. Teach the children in the morning, and go again in the evening to instruct the young people and the adults."

For two days we visited the ranches, and as a result, one Sister and two lay teachers taught a hundred-and-some children daily in the morning classes. Every afternoon two Sisters left home at five o'clock, made a few visits, and then from six-thirty to eight-thirty instructed all who came. They came in trucks and all kinds of jalopies, and even on tractors. We had between forty and fifty married people every evening, and more than a hundred young people and children. At the end of that summer, there were one hundred and four First Communicants from the Tank Hollow District—seventy-eight children and twenty-six adults. Thirteen marriages were validated. Others returned to the Sacraments after being away from the Church for many years.



Sister Maria Rafaela with a group of First Communicants from the Tank Hollow District

One summer during the war, after we had finished our vacation school at Brady, the Pastor asked us to teach at a ranch ten miles from there. We parked our house trailer on this ranch and taught the children from the nearby ranches at the ranch house in the morning. In the evening the entire families came. We prayed the rosary, sang hymns, and gave instructions with film slides, using the side of a white garage for a screen. One of our most faithful pupils was a blind man, forty-eight years of age who had not made his First Communion. He came at six o'clock every evening so that he could receive special instructions. He had a beautiful tenor voice, and loved to sing those beautiful Spanish hymns.



Sister Guadalupe receives gifts of squash and corn from two of her summer school pupils at Charlotte, Texas.

Towards the end of the classes, we told the people that Father would come on the following Friday evening to hear confessions, and would say Mass there on Saturday morning. Friday afternoon found us improvising a confessional on the porch of the ranch house. When Father arrived, he said, "Sisters, please pray the rosary, and keep on giving instructions while I am hearing confessions."

The first one to receive the Sacrament of Penance was our blind man. His eighty-year-old mother also went to confession for the first time in fifty-five years. When the last confession was heard, Father came over to us, extremely tired, but very happy. "What a mission!" he exclaimed, "God bless you, good Sisters. God is looking down with love on this ranch tonight."

A little woman, mother of nine children, came to me a few minutes later. "Madre," she said, "I am so weak I don't know how I can fast until morning, and I am nursing the baby. None of us had any supper, for as soon as the workers came from the fields they cleaned up and we came. My husband's car, it is not so good, and we might not get home in time to eat before midnight."

We took her over to our trailer and gave her some milk from a quart that someone had brought us that evening.

"This will tide you over until you get home," we told her. "And we'll pray that you get there in time to eat a good supper *antes de comenzar el ayuno eucaristico* (before the Eucharistic fast begins)."

She told us then that even if she got nothing else to eat that night, she would not miss receiving Holy Communion the next morning—"For me, *Madres*, it will be the first time in twenty years!" Then she added, "Tomorrow will be a day of great happiness for all of us."

The sun shone gloriously on that little ranch the next morning as we all gathered around the altar in the garage. Our blind man poured out his gratitude in song on his First Communion day. Many couples received Communion who had not been to the Sacraments since their marriage ten, fifteen, and twenty years before. Do you wonder there were tears in many eyes when we departed from that ranch?

I might add just a word here in favor of our Puerto Rican friends who are coming to this country by the hundreds. They are like our Texans; they speak very little English, and for

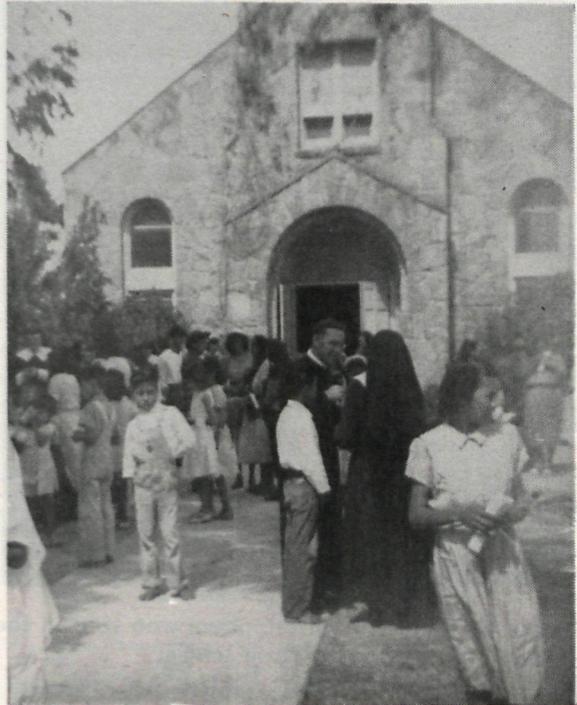


These two little misses from Puerto Rico are among the many recently arrived in Gary, Indiana.

the most part have had very little instruction in the Faith. What a great field of apostolic work is ahead of us! In a few years it will be too late; we must do all we can *now* to save their faith. Again, let us take as our motto, "Let not the work of God be hindered."

Every year on November 25, as well as on all Saturdays throughout the year, Mass is offered at Victory Noll for the intentions of all our relatives, friends and benefactors.

November, 1951



First Communion Day at Poteet, Texas

Little girls come to church in borrowed finery. Little boys come with faded jeans and bare feet.



Everybody is Welcome!

On First Communion Day young and old and in-between partake of the Communion breakfast. Parishioners bring rolls and cookies, and buckets of milk. Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters convert the milk into steaming cups of chocolate and—everybody is welcome!

Above: Carrying the empty bucket back home.



These are the little Christophers who sing in the bus on their way home from school.

When Sister exhibited some pictures of saints on the Saturday before All Saint's Day, the children asked why they had those gold circles around their heads. She explained that they were *halos* and that they signified great holiness on the part of the person who was pictured with one.

Imagine her surprise when David asked her in all sincerity, "Do you have one, Sister?"

FROM—Our Lady of Sorrows Mission—
San Fernando, California

In the Home Field

LITTLE CHRISTOPHERS

IT was "singing time" in our class period and as we started our first song little Eileen (who had just thought of something to tell Sister and would burst if she had to hold it in another minute) blurted out, "Sister, do you know what we do on the bus each night coming home from school?" Hardly waiting for my reply she continued, "Patty and I sit in the last seat of the bus and sing *Dearest Jesus, come to me* and *In-the-morning-when-I-wake-up, With-the-Cross-I-sign-myself*. Everybody likes to hear us sing our Catechism songs."

Sister Anthony
Ida, Michigan

ONE FOR THE BENEDICTINES

JOHNNY: Sister, when I get big, I'm going to be a "Benediction Father!"

Sister Philomena
Gary, Indiana

A DIFFERENT HALLOWE'EN PARTY

by Sister Mary Eva

"LOOK out, *St. Martha*, that pitcher is falling off your tray!" "*Little Flower*, your veil needs another pin." "Oh my, but doesn't *Mary* look pretty!"—Such fluttering and whispering that went on behind the scenes, as the pupils of the senior catechism class in Richmond prepared to entertain their younger brothers and sisters on All Saints Day.

THIS is how it all came about. By providential arrangement, we are certain, All Saints Day fell on the regular catechism class-day for St. Mark's parish. Now just what could we do to make the significance of the holyday stand out in the minds and memories of these public school children? To them a holyday meant getting up an hour earlier than usual to be on time for six o'clock Mass, and then rushing off to school to be miserably sleepy for the rest of the day. No thought of a feast day or of a celebration.

THE happy idea presented itself that instead of having the usual Hallowe'en party for the catechism classes, we would have an "All Saints Day party" instead—a mixture of the spiritual and the material, a correlation of religion with life.

SO we planned with the older children for a party to entertain the younger ones. Each child was to give a short sketch of his or her patron saint and, to add a little glamor to the presentation, it was to be done in costume. Accordingly we ransacked the Christmas costume box, and found some cheesecloth angel dresses, bits of bright material, veils and headbands; and with the aid of grandma's old-fashioned nightgown, some colored ribbons and other odds and ends, we soon had a creditable looking *Lady of Mount Carmel*, *St. Barbara*, *St. Martha*, *Sts. Catherine of Alexandria and of Siena*, *Our Blessed Mother as a little girl*, and the *Little Flower*. A few symbols, such as *St. Catherine's* broken wheel and *St. Barbara's* prison tower were made by the children without any help from us. The boys (being boys) were content to present their sketches carrying only a symbol characteristic of their saints.

A FEW appropriate songs completed the program. The small youngsters were awed in-



to complete silence by the "show" until it was time for the ever popular refreshments. Cookies, popcorn, and fruit juice disappeared in short order and hubbub reigned. When the party was over, one small boy came up to Sister, mouth still crimson with fruit juice, and said in a lisp, "Thithter, thith ith the betht "trick or treat" I've had thith year!" That was reward enough for all our effort.

FROM—Divine Saviour Mission—
Richmond, Kentucky

Sister had been instructing the class on gaining a Plenary indulgence for the Poor Souls on All Souls Day. That evening Michael came home from class, sat down on a chair and exclaimed, "Whew, I'm sure glad that job's done!"

"What job, son?" his mother asked.

Michael replied, "I just got Grandpa out of purgatory."

"And how did you do that?"

"Oh, I prayed him out — like Sister said!"

FROM—Ave Maria Mission—Ely, Nevada.

STREET PREACHING PRODUCES UNEXPECTED EFFECT!



A few weeks later



Mrs. Jones: Did you go to the street-preaching last night?

Mrs. Smith: I wouldn't miss it for anything! I just love to hear that Catholic Father preach!
Oh—I wish he'd be a Methodist!

A WARM WELCOME

"We've just been waiting for you folks to come to our town! Why, ever since I was a little girl, I've been saying, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church!'"

FROM—Our Lady of the Rosary Mission—
Grove Hill, Alabama

News Items About



"COME AS YOU ARE" BREAKFAST PARTIES

IT seems that "Come As You Are" breakfast parties are very popular in the Los Angeles area just now.

We are indebted to *Mrs. McArthur*, mother of our Sister M. Helen Rose, for this suggestion. (*Mrs. McArthur*, *Mrs. Burch* and *Mrs. Hefferman*, three mothers of three Novices at Victory Noll, hope to form a Mission Band ere long.)

FOLLOWING is a description of a "Come As You Are" party as given us by *Mrs. McArthur*.

One lady in a small group of friends decides to give a benefit party in behalf of some worthy cause. The date of the party is unannounced. The hostess has let another friend or two in on the secret.

On the morning of the party, bright and early, the "accomplices" set out in their cars and issue invitations to the guests by means of a long, steady pull at the door-bell of each one. Thinking it is the milkman, breadman or a salesman of some sort, the housewife takes a peek behind the venetian blinds and is astounded to see her friend, Mary, at the door. Quickly she opens it. Is someone ill or in trouble? She learns with astonishment that she has been invited to a breakfast party,—good coffee, hot rolls, and a good time. Will she come? How can she refuse? But, goodness, she is a *sight!*

Let's take a look at her. *Mrs. Housewife's* hair is done up in water wave curlers and she has on a quilted lounge coat. The latter may be pretty but hardly suitable for street wear. House slippers complete her attire.

Will her friend wait until she has taken the curlers out of her hair and put on something more suitable? Of course! *Of course!* But wait a minute. This is a "Come As You Are" party. For everything you take off or put on, you must pay a five-cent fine. (Fines may be more or less, as agreed upon.) Yes, that dab of powder on your face will cost you something, too.

It is considered a triumph to catch someone still in bed, for she will have to pay out quite a sum in fines before she considers herself properly attired for the breakfast party.

THESE parties make for a lot of fun, and best of all they would be a new kind of party for raising money to help our Missionary Sisters. Try one, and write us about it afterward.



ST. JUDE BAND (*W. Allis, Wis.*)

THE above-named Band, headed by *Mrs. E. J. Polakowski*, at the beginning of the present year started the laudable custom of saying the Rosary for world peace at meetings. The group meets every other Tuesday. After the Rosary is recited, the ladies play cards. A check for fifty dollars accompanied the last letter written by the Secretary, *Mrs. Norbert Roth*.

HOLY GHOST BAND (*Elkhart, Ind.*)

THE Promoter, *Miss Mary E. Nye*, always sends her checks, representing dues and donations, on "Lady Days" (Feasts of Our Blessed Mother). The last, amounting to \$65.00, came to us on the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

On June 15, *Miss Nye's* mother fell in her home and fractured her hip. After a stay at the local hospital, *Mrs. Nye* returned to her home where she is confined to a wheel chair. Will our Associates breathe a prayer that in three months more, the invalid may be able to stand on her feet again, as the doctor has promised?

Our Associates

ST. GEORGE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THIS is one of several Bands in Chicago which sponsor Sister Mary Genrose, also of Chicago. For many years, Salt Lake City, Utah was Sister's address and she has many interesting stories to tell about this section of the mighty vineyard of souls spread over our United States. However, in August Sister was changed, and she is now to be found at Indiana Harbor, which lies in the heart of the Calumet steel district. Large numbers of Puerto Ricans were imported to work in the steel mills, and these, together with the usual teeming Mexican population, keep our Sisters very busy.

ST. JOHN MISSION GUILD (Chicago, Ill.)

IN spite of several members having been overtaken with illness of considerable length, during the past year, the Promoter, *Mrs. Ann Bechtold*, has kept donations coming our way. A large card party held in April brought the gratifying receipts of \$75.00.

INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

IN mid-summer we received a much-appreciated check from the treasurer, *Miss Mary C. Gildea*. *Miss Gildea* has a sister, *Sister Noreen*, in our Order. Sister pronounced her final vows in August and was allowed a short visit at home with relatives and friends. The locale of her missionary labors has changed from Denver, Colorado to San Antonio, Texas. Wherever *Sister Noreen* goes, she will expend her large reserves of great talents, personal initiative and Christ-like zeal in behalf of God's poor.

Mrs. Syvella Hammer is president of the Band for the current year.



November, 1951



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

August 16, 1951 to September 19, 1951

Adrian Club, Chicago, Florence Dietz	\$25.00
Christ the King Band, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien	4.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	20.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary Nye	65.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. Koschnitzke	1:53
Little Flower Circle, Chicago, Veronica	
Foertsch	50.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. Mc-	
Govern	26.00
Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C.	
J. Sauthier	10.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. George	
Deininger	9.25
St. Anne Band, Milwaukee, Mrs. Robert	
Schrimpf	10.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M.	
McMannamy	5.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian	
Schultz	23.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J.	
Fiala	13.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred	
Kiefer	7.00
St. Michael Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. Jno.	
McCann	5.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. Jno.	
J. Murphy	15.50

CHARITINA CLUB II (Paris, Ill.)

THE president of this mission club, *Miss Mary C. Gibbons*, is one of the busiest persons known to your Supervisor. Besides the management of the housework at St. Mary's Rectory, and the preparation of meals for Father Cronin and his assistant, Mary does secretarial work for the pastor, heads a half dozen parish Societies or at least holds some kind of office in them, and last but not least has presided over a mission club, which aids our Sisters, for thirteen years.

Death Makes the Cotton Grow

by Clara Lee

Catalino and Francisca lived in a cotton picker's camp fifteen miles from the city. They occupied a rough frame cabin under the shelter of a mesquite tree near the irrigation ditch. Don Catalino had labored long for the cotton company. Sixteen years he had toiled under the burning desert sun near Phoenix, Arizona, cleaning ditches, irrigating the fields and carefully tending the endless rows of sturdy cotton plants. Often he worked at night and would trudge away after supper carrying a lunch and a lantern. At midnight he would kneel to pray in the field before eating his lunch.

His employers knew that Don Catalino could be trusted to do his work well. Their careful inspection proved this through the years.

When I first met this faithful worker he was suffering from a slight sunstroke. It was mid-summer and the heat was intense. I was impressed by his dignity and gentle courtesy as he told us about the children and his concern for their spiritual welfare. He and Francisca had none of their own but they spent themselves for the children of their co-laborers, and to comfort all the sick and afflicted of their acquaintance. I thought how wonderful it would be if those good people could be assisted under Catholic auspices so that they might spend all their time as missionaries among their own people in the camps. It was pathetic to think of that faithful soul in its frail body toiling alone and unrecognized in those hot, dusty fields.

Years passed before I again returned to visit that cotton camp. I found Francisca standing alone before her cabin. She knew me and wept on my shoulder. Catalino was ill and had been so for months. He had been stricken in the field and his boss had brought him home. Friends took him to a doctor. Then followed many visits to the doctor and to clinics but his condition steadily grew worse. There were those long exhausting trips by car or bus when he could hardly stand or sit up. He could not eat since everything distressed him. His eyes were dull with pain and yet he smiled with words of faith and hope. His first thought was ever for the little children he loved so dearly.

I spoke with the camp neighbors. Everyone was distressed to see their good friend ill.

All the little savings had been spent for doctors and medicine and Catalino was growing steadily worse. I took up the matter of their need with the county welfare and was referred to the county doctor. Painfully Catalino dressed and

went with me to the doctor's office where Dr.— made a casual examination with a stethoscope, then turning to me, said "What are we going to do with all these people who won't work?"

He jotted down a memo saying I would hear from the county welfare office.

I took Catalino and Francisca back to their cabin and then began to make contacts through which their immediate needs could be supplied.

Time passed but no word came from the welfare office. After nearly two weeks I phoned them. In a few moments came the reply, "Oh, yes, our field worker visited those people and recommended that the woman go to work in the fields."

"But what of the sick man? He cannot be left alone."

"Let them find someone to stay with him. Others have done those things. We do not consider them eligible for any relief."

Sick at heart I continued my efforts in their behalf. Then one day upon returning to the little cabin I found the sick man delirious. He knew no one. I sped away the eight miles to the nearest priest. "Don Catalino is dying, Father." Shocked, he hurried to the bedside while I hastened to the city and to the hospital. Fortunately there was an available room. Then I called an ambulance and followed it back the twenty miles to the cabin, then to the hospital.

The interne's examination was very brief. "Dehydration," he said tersely, "his blood has practically dried in his veins." I remembered Catalino saying that the doctor in the clinic had prohibited any liquids and he was afraid to take even a little water.

Doctors and nurses went to work with intravenous solutions. The patient was restless and they tied his hands to the bed. They gave little hope that he would live until morning. Francisca was permitted to remain at his bedside day and night.

Days passed. He grew no better. The best of care was given him but it had come too late. A month passed—then one morning there was great excitement. An X-ray examination revealed a spot on one lung. T. B. !! He must be removed immediately; Catalino was rushed to the County Hospital. That was on Monday. Tuesday morning as Francisca watched by his side the tired eyes closed. His gentle soul had fled to its Maker.

Francisca was alone with her grief.



St. Louis de Montfort

INTRODUCTION

To fully appreciate the meaning and greatness of a man's work one must know and experience something of the life that formed and fashioned the man. So it is in the case of Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort. His beautiful works on our Blessed Mother have aroused the sleeping hearts of thousands the world over, yet almost nothing is ever mentioned of his life.

Louis Marie was born in the year 1673 to a simple peasant family in the town of Montfort-la-Conne in the province of Burgundy, France. As the second oldest of 18 children he learned to love early the virtues of poverty, mortification and blind attachment to the will of God that were so characteristic of his later life. His devotion to the mother of God was a thing that went back to the days of earliest childhood. It formed and molded the thinking and plans of his life. The realization of his vocation to the priesthood came as he knelt in prayer before the statue of our Lady in the Carmelite church of the village, and from that day on he promised Mary that he would be an untiring preacher of her wondrous dignity.

After years of hardships and poverty he was ordained priest in the year 1700, after attending the seminary of St. Sulpician, Paris. He immediately went to the poor and the forgotten. To them he brought the message of love divine. The response to his life and teaching was enthusiastic and hundreds returned to the practice of their faith. But to the forces of Jansenism that infected so much of France at this time he was a man to be feared and hated. De Montfort accepted their challenge by going to Rome and placing his case at the feet of the Holy Father Clement IX. His Holiness gave him the title of Missionary Apostolic and the Commission to combat Jansenism throughout France. Up and down the

TRUE DEVOTION to the BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

(A CATECHISM intended to clarify some of the more obscure parts of Saint Grignon de Montfort's work.)

by Rev. Ralph W. Beiting

Imprimatur

WILLIAM T. MULLOY, D.D.

Bishop of Covington

countryside he went preaching, giving missions, consoling, teaching the catechism. Everywhere he enkindled the desire for sanctity and at the same time implanted in their minds that the best way of reaching God is to have His mother lead you. For sixteen years he was a familiar figure on the countryside of France, untiring in his devotion to Jesus and Mary, but at last the fire of his own zeal and the attacks of his enemies brought his short priestly life to an end. On the evening of April 28, 1716, death overtook him. Calmly he waited for it, having in his hands the crucifix of Our Lord and a small statue of the Virgin while from his lips came those beautiful words, "Jesus and Mary are with me, I have finished my course, I shall never sin again."

When men of later times came and read the wonders of his sixteen years of priestly life they wondered how a man could do so much. There were the two religious orders he founded, the Montfort Fathers and the Daughters of Wisdom; there were the hundreds and hundreds of missions he gave and the two wonderful books he wrote to show unto others the secret of his success. These books are "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," and the "Secret of Mary."

In the years that followed his death many souls continued to experience the intercession of this humble priest. Miracles gave divine approval to his teachings and before long the recognition of the Church gave final assurance of his continued greatness. In September, 1838, Pope Gregory XVI bestowed on him the title of Venerable and on September 29, 1869, Pope Pius IX proclaimed his virtues heroic. He was beatified by Leo XIII on January 22, 1888, and was canonized by Pius XII on July 20, 1947.

If one phrase can be said to sum up his life surely it is the phrase—to Jesus through Mary—while his two works, "The Secret of Mary" and "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" form a gospel of Marian spirituality. It was in an effort to help everyone clearly understand the meaning of St. Grignon's teachings that this simple catechism was written. It is also hoped that it will answer some of the difficulties that may arise in the mind of an interested reader who loves Mary and wishes to honor her as perfectly as he can.

(To be continued)



Mary's Loyal

part of your night prayers thank God for the great blessing of having been born of Catholic parents, and for the privilege of attending a Catholic school, where you are taught by the good Sisters to know, love and serve God.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRE-
TARY, MLH.



Dear Loyal Helpers:

THE little boy in the picture above is praying very earnestly. What do you suppose he is speaking to God about? I like to think he is thanking God for all the blessings he has received from Him. Perhaps his mother has told him about many poor children in Korea who have lost their parents and dear ones, through the tragedies of war, and wander about ragged, hungry and friendless in the cities and country roads. Perhaps she has told him about the starving children of India, or of the crippled and blind children of Europe, many of whom lost their parents, too, through air raids in World War II. Perhaps she has told him about thousands of unfortunate children right here in our own United States who may indeed have plenty to eat and warm garments to wear, but who are starving *spiritually*, because there is no one to teach them religion. So they live like pagans, without ever a thought of the good God who made them.

DO not wait until Thanksgiving Day, but every night as

A WALLINGFORD (CONN.) HELPER



Here is pictured *Marie Bald-eracchi*, of *Wallingford, Connecticut*. Marie joined our Mary's Loyal Helpers a long time ago, when she was only in the fourth grade at Holy Trinity School in her city. We have not checked with Marie lately, but we believe she is now in the eighth grade.

Marie's father lives on a farm, and every year he raises hundreds of chickens. He used to lose many chickens each year because little foxes would creep under the fence, steal them and

A SALEM (OREGON) HELPER

In the above article you heard about a Loyal Helper who lives in a State which borders on the Atlantic Ocean. In this item, we introduce you to Helper *Sharon Stuhr* who lives in *Salem, Oregon*. The State of Oregon borders on the Pacific Ocean. Sharon has been a Helper for at least two years, and writes us often. In June, she graduated from the eighth grade.



The Missionary Catechist

Helpers Page

NEWS O' THE MONTH

LAST May, *Annette Kenner of Hicksville, Ohio* was one of twelve winners in a national contest held among elementary school children sponsored by the U. S. Savings Bonds Division and the National Cartoonists Society. The school art project was entitled, "Draw the Dream You Save For." Annette, with the others, won a trip to Washington, D. C. Some of the highlights of their trip, according to Annette, were visits to Washington monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery, the Congressional Library, the Smithsonian Art Institute and the Treasury Building "where we met Secretary Snyder, Milton Caniff, and many other important people."

Perhaps the proudest moment for the young winners was that of having their picture taken with *President Truman!*

HELPER WINS FAME AS ARTIST



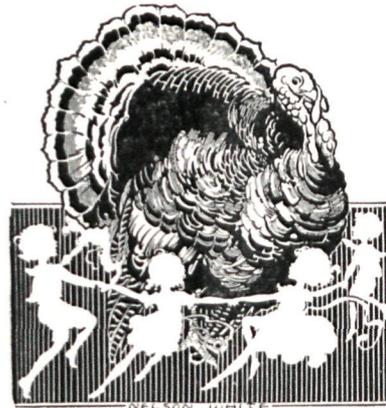
Pictured above is Annette Kenner of Hicksville, Ohio with her Catechism teacher, Sister Jeanette. Our Sisters located at Paulding, Ohio teach religion to Catholic children attending the public schools in Hicksville. Read "News o' the Month" to learn more about Annette.

November, 1951



Let each Loyal Helper show gratitude to God for the great blessings of Catholic parents and the privilege of attending a parochial school by saving pennies for Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters who teach religion to Catholic children who must attend public schools.

NOVEMBER PUZZLE



HERE are the names of eight dishes commonly found on the table in an American home on Thanksgiving Day, but the letters are mixed up. You must assemble the letters in the right order until they spell the name of the dish. If one name proves troublesome, write each letter on a small square of paper. Then you can move the squares about until you find the right combination.

1. Yetkur. 2. Carresbrein. 3. Vargy. 4. Stoop-eat. 5. Nicem Epi. 6. Ceak. 7. Creely. 8. Lickeps.

Send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary* for a holy card.



Our Lady of Mount Carmel church, Cucamonga, California

Sister Mary Ellen, in sending us this picture, praises the people of Cucamonga for "the patience, spirit of sacrifice, co-operation, and determination they showed in the many set-backs and trials they experienced during the building of their new church."

BIBLE STORIES IN THE LANGUAGE OF YOUTH

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

A Spanish-English Help for Teachers and Parents

The National Office of the C.C.D. writes:

"All of us here in the office are delighted with 'Bible Stories in the Language of Youth' and feel that it will do an immense amount of good."

Rev. Joseph B. Collins, National Director
Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

Bishops' Committee For The Spanish Speaking

"We are more than happy to have this copy of Bible Stories. Too little of this work is being done. I like it very much.

I shall be looking forward to the second in this series."

Rev. T. J. Radtke, Executive Secretary

Order Blank (Detach)

Our Lady of Victory Press
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Please send

.....Copies of Book I Creation .25 per copy.....

(Books II and III not available at present)

.....copies of Book IV The Passion .25 per copy.....

Name

Address

City Zone State

Addresses of Our Mission Centers

- Our Lady of the Rosary Mission
Grove Hill, Alabama.
- St. Coletta's Mission, 224 S. Kendricks Street,
Flagstaff, Arizona.
- Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue,
Azusa, California.
- Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, 1166 K. Street,
Brawley, California.
- Good Shepherd Mission, Box 95,
Coachella, California.
- San Basilio Mission, 126 S. Fetterly Avenue,
Los Angeles 22, California.
- Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street,
Los Angeles 23, California.
- Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street,
Los Banos, California.
- Mary, Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street,
Monterey, California.
- Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G St.,
Ontario, California.
- Queen of the Missions, Box 46,
Redlands, California.
- The Guadalupe Clinic, 1747 Kearney Avenue,
San Diego 2, California.
- Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, Box 728,
San Fernando, California.
- St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 W. O'Farrell St.
San Pedro, California.
- Precious Blood Mission, 222 S. Eighth Street,
Santa Paula, California.
- St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street,
Tulare, California.
- Sacred Heart Mission, 178 South 6th Avenue,
Brighton, Colorado.
- Mary, Queen of Martyrs Mission, 14 W. Costilla St.,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.
- Our Lady of Grace Mission, 2161 Tremont Place,
Denver 5, Colorado.
- Regina Angelorum Mission, 306 14th Avenue,
Greeley, Colorado.
- Mary, Queen of Heaven Mission, 3868 Block Ave.,
East Chicago, Indiana.
- Mount Carmel Mission, 3223 Grove Street,
East Gary, Indiana.
- Nazareth Mission, 420 Melcher Avenue,
Elkhart, Indiana.
- Our Lady of Fatima Mission, 1385 Van Buren St.,
Gary, Indiana.
- Holy Ghost Mission, 427 S. Oak Street,
Kendallville, Indiana.
- All Saints Mission, Box 115,
San Pierre, Indiana.
- St. Anne Mission, 1009 East Dayton Street,
South Bend 14, Indiana.
- Divine Savior Mission, 264 Sunset Avenue,
Richmond, Kentucky.
- St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park,
Detroit 2, Michigan.
- Holy Trinity Mission, Box 157,
Ida, Michigan.
- Bethlehem Mission, 11 Donald Street,
Flat River, Missouri.
- St. Louis de Montfort Mission, 1904 N. Gonzales St.,
Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- Our Lady of Victory Mission, Route 2, Box 108,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.
- Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court St.,
Elko, Nevada.
- Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street,
Ely, Nevada.
- Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26,
Winnemucca, Nevada.
- Our Lady of Mt. Virgin Mission, Harris Avenue,
Middlesex, New Jersey.
- Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street,
Paulding, Ohio.
- St. Mary of the Assumption Mission, 223 East St.,
Washington Courthouse, Ohio.
- Annunciation Mission, 1357 Vine Street,
Abilene, Texas.
- St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry Street,
Big Spring, Texas.
- Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Mission,
211 Pecan St., Brady, Texas.
- Immaculate Conception Mission,
1001 E. San Antonio St., El Paso, Texas.
- Holy Family Mission, 108 North Avenue P.,
Lubbock, Texas.
- Queen of Angels Mission, Box 1125,
San Angelo, Texas.
- St. Anthony Mission, 1223 S. Trinity Street,
San Antonio 7, Texas.
- St. Henry's Mission, 23 S. First East Street,
Brigham City, Utah.
- Christ the King Mission, 635 25th Street,
Ogden, Utah.
- Mary, Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd South,
Salt Lake City 4, Utah.

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

Is a Loved One in Service?



(In the accompanying photograph is Jean Pranton, of Chester, Pa., with her brother Tommy.)

Don't WAIT for the possibility of the blue star of service fading into a gold one.

Enroll him NOW in an association in which he will enjoy many spiritual benefits. Make him a member of the

ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

This enrollment will be a source of great comfort to him for it carries with it the assurance that he shares in the prayers, missionary works and sacrifices of our Missionary Sisters.

You may enroll him, any relative or friend, whether living or deceased, (even YOURSELF) at any time.

The usual donation for PERPETUAL individual enrollment is Ten Dollars. A donation of Twenty-Five Dollars will PERPETUALLY enroll an entire family. The full amount need not be sent all at once. A Dollar Donation enrolls one for a year.

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

Dear Sister:

Please Enroll
(Perpetually) (Annually) in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY and send me a Certificate of Membership made out in the name of the enrollee. (Kindly state whether living or deceased.)

Name of Donor

Street

City Zone State