

the **M**issionary **C**atechist

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Victory Noll in Winter



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS



The first object to meet the gaze of visitors to our Motherhouse is the marble image of Our Blessed Mother which stands at the top of the hill.

The Missionary Catechist

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The Marianist Consecration

A Marianist brother, then principal of a school, now departed, formulated his spiritual program in the following pointed way.

MY PURPOSE: to be entirely consecrated to Mary as an affectionate child in intimacy with its mother, so as to resemble her.

PRACTICE:

1. Union with Mary:

(a) By *habitual recollection*, renewed several times a day, before work, in visits to the Blessed Sacrament, while going to and fro. I will think of Jesus present within me—Jesus given by Mary and inseparable from her.

(b) At *Mass and Holy Communion* I will behold Jesus immolated on the cross, Mary at His side; Jesus, my nourishment, Mary giving Him to me. I will sacrifice myself through the hands of Mary.

2. Total and constant self-denial:

(a) I will renounce my idea, my desire, my project, and accept the contrary if it is demanded of me, even if it displeases me: I will offer this sacrifice to Jesus through Mary;

(b) I will interrupt any occupation, no matter how urgent it may seem to me, in order to be at the disposition of others. I will behold Mary, my good Mother, asking it of me;

(c) I will restrain every movement of impetuosity and not exaggerate the importance of what I undertake; I will keep quiet when I experience strong emotion; I will be wary of any first impulse, however good it may seem; I will delay action and pray first so as not to stifle the voice of the Holy Spirit: I will have recourse to Mary in these moments of struggle;

(d) I will combat all antipathy by sentiments of supernatural esteem for my neighbor, by charitable procedures, even if they cost me much effort, and that for the love of Jesus and Mary;

(e) I will oppose every excess of affection by the thought of Jesus present in my heart, and of Mary, my Mother, to whom I have consecrated all my love;

(f) I will receive with joy every one who comes to me, even if such a one disturbs a work to which I am very much attached; when someone raps at my door, I will reflect that Mary, my Mother, is sending me one of her children for whom I may do some good; I will pray to Mary for the one that enters.

3. Action through Mary

(a) In the exercise of our functions we consider ourselves the ministers and the auxiliaries of Jesus Christ, the servants and the helpers of Mary;

(b) I will invoke Mary every time I have occasion to influence souls, whether in public or in private: at courses, conferences, recreations, interviews;

(c) After an action I will beg Mary to supply for my deficiencies and my awkwardness; then I will remain at peace;

(d) I will resist every thought of discouragement, every feeling of sadness; I will build up confidence by the remembrance of Jesus and Mary in my life.

From an article in *QUEEN OF ALL HEARTS* entitled "The Marianist Consecration" by the Very Reverend Peter Resch, S.M., head of the St. Louis Province of the Society of Mary.

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My Converts

by Sister Mary Eileen

Today there are numerous inspirational books written by and about Catholics who are converts. Ordinarily one takes the word *convert* to simply refer to a non-Catholic who has received the gift of Faith. However, in the broader sense of the word, a convert is also one who has returned to the Faith rightfully his, after an absence through either neglect or ignorance.

So, this is why I call these my converts. Here in Soledad Parish in East Los Angeles, there are many of these converts-to-be. I instructed three fifteen-year-old boys for their First Communion. How did I get them to come? One evening after school my Sister companion and I were visiting the homes of some of our First Communicants. When we finished there was still some time left, so we decided to call on Peter and Ernest. They were two big boys who had not made their First Communion. Peter was not home, but his mother told us that she would tell him to come to see us. Knowing big boys as we do, we knew it would have been better to have talked with him at home. We left, saying a Memorare for him, and directed our steps towards Ernest's home. At the time we did not know that he and Peter were pals.

Upon my inquiring if Ernest was home. I was pleasantly surprised with a "Yes." I asked to see him and, after some persuasion on his mother's part and a little pressure from an older brother, Ernest came in with someone, who proved to be Peter, close behind. I asked them if they would like to make their First Communion. They responded "Yes." I explained how easy it would be and they would not have to make it with the little boys. They could even come to class alone if they wished. They

seemed interested, and promised to come the following evening for their first instruction.

The following evening I found not two, but three, at the door asking if the class was started yet. They introduced the third friend as Nabor. They explained that Nabor had not made his First Communion because he was tongue-tied, and that he did not understand or speak English very well. I assured them that I would be happy to help him too.

It was nearing July 3, the date set for their First Communion. They were all excited. How would it feel to walk up the aisle all by yourself with everyone looking at you? They wished that they had someone who had already made his First Communion to go with them. So I called on my faithful Sal who was 16 years old and a weekly communicant to go with them. Sure, he would be glad to be their "padrino" as he put it. Sunday morning found them at Mass, and they received their First Holy Communion. Afterwards Sal treated them to breakfast at a nearby "Drive-In."

A few days later two of the trio stopped in to have their picture taken with Sister. While



Hank and Sam
with Sister Mary Eileen

there one of them said, "Sister, I'm glad you came and talked to us that day because I've learned that a lot of things I was doing were sins, and now I'm not doing them." Then in a confidential tone his pal added, "You know, Sister, I had made up my mind that if I didn't make my First Communion before I was sixteen, I was going to quit saying I was a Catholic." I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother for the grace she had obtained for these two boys.

A year later both of these boys were confronted by a difficult situation with the law and both said it was their religion (their greatest consolation) which helped them to be patient until their innocence was proven.

One day Stella came to our convent and confided that she had a boy friend who had not made his First Communion. Could I tell her what he would have to do to make it? And could a friend of his, who hadn't made his First Communion either, come with him? Both had been baptized Catholics. I told her which evenings they could come. She accompanied them the first night saying, "I want to be sure they get here!"

When they were about half way through the course of instructions Sam's friend, Hank, started training to be a boxer. This meant that he couldn't come to evening classes; so he guessed he wouldn't make his First Communion. But, where there's a will, there's a way. School was closing for vacation and so Sister was able to arrange for the boys to come in the afternoons. Hank was so very grateful. "I never thought of asking you to change the time," he said, "because I felt you were already doing so much for us." The new achievement added another intention to my long list of "Say a prayer for . . ." I had to include one that Hank would win each fight. Each bout was pre-

ceded by a silent Hail Mary by him, and a sign of the cross as the whistle blew to commence.

First Communion day was drawing close when Sam appeared one day quite disturbed. His father, a non-Catholic, upon being told that Sam was preparing to make his First Communion and to become a full-fledged Catholic (his father's words) had threatened to take away the property which would become his when of age, and also the house which was being built for him. His father further stated that he would disown him. Sam's mother had had him baptized secretly when he was two weeks old. She was now a patient in a Tubercular Sanitarium and had been for the past twelve years. "I have no one to go to for

help. My mother wants me to make my First Communion, and I want to make it too. What shall I do, Sister?" pleaded Sam.

I told him that I felt he was the one to make his decision and I advised him to pray over it and let me know the following week. The next week Sam announced, "I have made my decision. I don't care what my father says or does. I know that I am doing what God wants me to do and that is all that counts." Again I offered a "Deo Gratias" to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Another soul for Them.

On his First Communion day Sam, with Hank as his companion, drove to the Sanitarium which was 25 miles distant. He brought his mother into the

Chapel so that she could see him make his First Communion. It was difficult to tell which of the two was the happier on that eventful day.

On the previous day Hank had made his profession of Faith. This is a most impressive ceremony, necessary now because he had taken an active part in a non-Catholic church two years before. At its conclusion, while waiting to make his first confession, he told me that this profession had made such an impression that he would never forget it. "I shall never give up the true Faith," he said.

Sometime later I received the following note.

(Please turn to page 18)



After these boys received their First Holy Communion, they asked Sister Mary Eileen to help them organize an athletic club. Sister placed her problem in the hands of St. John Bosco, asking him to send them a coach. The answer came on the ninth day

of the novena, when Joe Davila, center, back row, came to the door of the convent and introduced himself as a member of the Catholic Youth Organization, and offered to take over the direction of the new club.

Catechism of the True Devotion

by Rev. Ralph W. Beiting

1. IN WHAT DOES TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN CONSIST?

Saint Grignon de Montfort says: "It consists in giving one's self entirely and as a slave to Mary, and to Jesus through Mary." (*Secret of Mary*, 28) "And to do all our actions by Mary, with Mary, in Mary, and for Mary; so that we may do them all the more perfectly by Jesus, with Jesus, in Jesus, and for Jesus." (*True Devotion*, 257.)

2. WHAT IS MEANT WHEN DE MONTFORT SAYS THAT WE ARE TO GIVE OURSELVES ENTIRELY AND AS A SLAVE TO JESUS THROUGH MARY?

By a total gift he means that we give to Jesus by means of Mary:

- (1) our body, with its senses and its members,
- (2) our exterior goods of fortune, whether present or to come,
- (3) our soul, with all its powers, and
- (4) our interior and spiritual goods, which are our merits and our virtues and our good works, past, present, and future.

3. HOW DO WE GIVE TO MARY OUR BODY WITH ITS SENSES AND ITS MEMBERS?

Of course, even after the act of consecration, we retain the use of our bodies, but from the moment of consecration, we show our body special respect, for now we have given it to Mary in a special way. We will keep it clean and neatly attired, for it belongs to Mary. We will mortify it and check the evil tendencies it has, for it is now an instrument of Mary. We will accept all sickness and evil that befall it, and especially the death that will destroy it, for it is now Mary's property, and she may use it as she sees fit.

4. HOW CAN WE GIVE MARY OUR EXTERIOR GOODS OF FORTUNE?

This does not mean that we take the vow of

poverty, but it does mean that, by our surrender, we make our Lady the real owner of all we have. We are now her representatives, using our external possessions as she would use them. We give alms with our money, for Mary is the most charitable of God's creatures. We are not spend-thrifts or misers with our goods. We take proper care of our rooms, our clothes, our car, our typewriter, etc., because they are Mary's and we are using them as she would if she were living her earthly life now.

5. WHAT IS MEANT BY GIVING MARY OUR SOUL?

The soul is that principle in us by which we live, and move, and are. Therefore, when we give our soul to Mary, we really give her our very life. Our life is hers to direct as she sees fit. If she makes it a hard existence or an easy one, if she fills it with interest and shows it forth before all men, or hides it in some quiet corner, it is all the same to us. Mary is the one who owns and directs our life; we are happy in the fact that we live it under her loving care.

6. WHAT ARE THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL AND HOW CAN WE USE THEM FOR MARY?

The faculties of the soul are the intellect and the will. It is by means of the intellect that man understands the meaning of things, that he forms ideas and makes plans. So, when we give Mary our intellect, we give her the ideas and plans that we shall form, and we promise her that we will use our minds only to know the truth, and to seek God's will in all things. We renounce at the same time any study or inquiry that might lead us from God.

By means of the will, we love persons and things. When we hand our will over to Our Lady, we tell her in effect that we will do nothing that may hinder the good of souls or imperil our own sanctification and salvation. We may still seek to know and do things that are not essentially religious. For example, a teacher may still study literature or science; a mechanic may investigate the problems and the make-up of engines, and desire to have a business of his own. He will, however, do so for Mary and work under the direction of Mary. In a word, he will give his



mind and his will to Mary, asking her to give him the ideas she knows will be best, and whatever success may come to him by reason of his actions, he gives to Mary.

7. WHAT ARE MERITS?

When a person is in the state of grace, Christ is so pleased with him that he says to him, "Every time you do good, I will reward you; I will pay you for this good you have done Me." Jesus goes even further and gives us the right to buy things with our wages, something we could not do before. Part of our pay must be put aside for ourselves. It is to constitute our bank account for the day on which we can work no longer, the day when we will go home to Our Father's house in heaven. This part of our pay, we call "merit" in the strict sense of the word. Another part of our wages can be used for paying our debts.

We incur debts every time we commit sin, and we have to pay for all the debts we run up by our sins before we can enter Heaven. For this we have what is known as satisfactory-value money. We can use it pretty much as we see fit. Sometimes we may use it to ask God for a favor for ourselves; on another occasion we can ask Him to help our friends and relatives with it, or that the Church may spread; that peace will come to world, etc. Theologians call this the impetratory power of our good deeds. Such, in brief, are the meaning and three different kinds of merit.

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8. HOW CAN WE GIVE OUR MERITS, VIRTUES, AND GOOD WORKS TO MARY?

Our virtues are good habits by means of which we perform good works, and the reward of these good works we call merit. We give our virtues to Mary to guard and protect for us. She cannot give our virtue of charity or faith to some one else, but she does watch over it, and sees that nothing destroys it. We give virtue to her for safe-keeping. Our merits are of the kind that forms our bank account for Heaven. three kinds, as previously noted. The first kind, we give Mary to keep, augment, and embellish for us, just as we did with our virtues. The second kind of merit, by which we pay the debts for our sins, we give to Mary to use as she wishes. If she sees fit, she can pay the debt of some one else. Perhaps she will use it to free a soul from Purgatory or to aid some one here on earth. It is entirely hers to use in the way which God will get the greatest honor and glory. We also give her the third kind of merit, which we called "spending money." We give up our right to ask for favors, the right of saying for what the value of our works shall go. All we suffer, all we think, all the good we say or do, we now give to Jesus through Mary, in order that she may dispose of it according to the will of her Son and His greatest glory.

9. WHY DO WE SAY OUR GOOD ACTIONS, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE?

By this we show the completeness of our gift. All the merits we stored up before we made the Act of Consecration, we give to Mary either to protect or to dispose of, as well as the merits we shall get in the future. Even the satisfaction we make by our sufferings in Purgatory, we give to Mary to use as she sees fit.



Joseph Meister, Denham, Indiana
brother of Sister Caroline, O.L.V.M.

George Miller, Bancroft, Iowa
father of Sister Claire, O.L.V.M.

George E. Richardson, Garden City, New York
Clarice McQuay, ACM Promoter, Chicago, Illinois
Mrs. Henry Kanning, ACM, Fort Wayne, Indiana
Mary Paduk, Detroit Michigan
Frances Sikorski, Mahtowa, Minnesota
Clara Daskoski, Holdingford, Minnesota
Harry Harmon, Indianapolis, Indiana
Essie M. Conway, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Elizabeth Hook, Chicago, Illinois

I Shall Never Forget It!

by Sister Blanche Marie

"What was the most exciting experience you ever had in the missions?" someone asked me recently.

I had no trouble in recalling it, although it happened more than fifteen years ago. It was packed with thrills and chills.

At that time I was missioned in New Mexico. On the fourth Sunday of each month Father Ralph, in whose parish we were then doing mission work, offered Mass in Eagle View lumber camp. The camp was situated high in the mountains, and the priest found he could best reach it on one of the hand-cars which sped up the single track from the lumber mill at the base of the mountains to the camp at their summit where the logs were cut. He had sought and obtained permission to travel to and from the camp in this manner. Any passengers traveled at their own risk, and there weren't any except those connected in some way with the logging business and the families who lived there.

A hand-car or "speeder," as it was called, made the ascent from the railroad crossing near the parish house to the lumber camp in about forty-five minutes. It took an auto nearly two hours to reach the same camp because of poor roads.

On several occasions, Sister Elvira and I had accompanied Father Ralph to this camp on a Saturday afternoon. On Sunday, the priest offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the lumber-jacks and their families, administered the Sacraments and preached a sermon. After Mass, Sister and I gave religious instructions in Spanish and English both to children and adults.

The gasoline motor of the speeder always chugged noisily on the steady climb over the shining steel rails to the tall pine country. On the down grade, Pete, who operated the speeder, used very little gasoline but had to keep his hand constantly on the brake.

We knew at the top of the mountains the picturesque "Lodge" would loom into view. It was a large rambling structure, completely modern to the extent of electric lights, running water and showers, set down in a "forest primeval"—to use Longfellow's mellifluous language. The Lodge was built of bark-covered logs without,

while within, peeled and polished logs formed the inner walls.

The general manager of the lumber company lived alone at the Lodge, save for one man servant, who prepared and served excellent meals, and looked after the Lodge in general. The owners of the lumber camp and their friends were frequent visitors.

Captain Bradford, the general manager, was a retired sea captain. At odd moments, he engaged in his hobby which consisted of fashioning miniature models of those ships in which he had sailed the seven seas. These were masterpieces of construction which stood about two feet high. Not a single detail appeared to be missing. They graced the tops of highly polished tables. One ship stood on the mantelpiece above the huge brick fireplace in the large living room. It was surrounded by various souvenirs picked up at foreign ports. Mounted heads of deer hung from the walls. Bum Kitten, a huge Persian cat, was often seen stretched lazily on the bear rug before the blazing logs on the hearth if the night was chilly. This cat, too, had been around the world several times with the Captain. More than once it had fallen into the ocean, to be rescued from a briny grave by the sailors. The sailors had taught their mascot a few tricks, too. Captain Bradford showed us one. He formed a hoop with both arms, and Bum Kitten suddenly became alert and sprang through them.

In spite of the pleasant memories associated with our journeys to the lumber camp, there was always, to my notion, a vague feeling of fear. It seemed something always happened to us—minor happenings, of course, but such as filled one with a certain degree of apprehension.

There was the time a stray horse got on the track. Pete blasted the speeder's horn and I breathed a sigh of relief when the horse got the last of its four legs off the rails just in time to avoid our hitting him. Perhaps it was that time or another when, high in the mountains, we suddenly noticed the gasoline tank on the speeder was leaking. Little spurts of fire would leap up occasionally. In a sonorous voice, Father Ralph had called out, "Everybody off!" We were only four passengers, but his words were superfluous as far as I was concerned. I had already jumped, landing in some fine gravel alongside



the track. As soon as Father Ralph and Pete had thrown some sand on the fire and extinguished it, we proceeded again.

Once a bridge was out and we rode *two* speeders. One took us to the brink of the gully where we descended into the ravine and ascended again on the other side to board a second speeder which awaited us.

We always scanned the skies anxiously before making the trip up or down the mountains in the speeder. We knew we would be in for a good drenching in case of rain. Once when the skies portended rain, the owners of the lumber company graciously allowed us to make the return trip to the mission in their Packard car mounted on train wheels. But even that time, we encountered trouble. At the foot of the mountains there had been considerable rain and the railroad track was covered with sand and water. Pete was prepared for just such an emergency. He seized a shovel, rolled up his trousers and started to dig out the track. Father Ralph found a second shovel and helped him. In a little while, we were moving over the rails again.

* * *

My "unforgettable" experience was our last trip to the lumber camp.

Sister Elvira and I were waiting in the parlor of the parish house at the accustomed hour for departure. Father Ralph had phoned the camp asking them to send down a speeder, but for some reason or other Pete was late. Father paced the floor impatiently as the afternoon wore on. He then strode to the phone, asking again for the speeder. They reassured him. A speeder would surely be there soon.

Not long after, Pete put in his appearance. He hurriedly seized Father Ralph's Mass kit and led the way to the railroad track, with the rest of us trailing behind, carrying our overnight bags. It was while we were walking to the railroad, or shortly after we had boarded the speeder, that I chanced to overhear a conversation between Father Ralph and Pete. Rather, it was Pete's response to a remark that Father had made.

"You didn't phone a second time for a speeder, did you Father?" he asked anxiously. "What if they decide to send down another?"

Happily my companion Sister did not hear this remark or catch the full impact of what these words could mean. What indeed if they decided to send down another speeder? *It would mean a head-on collision!*

There was little conversation among us. Everyone, except Sister Elvira, was tense and silent. I recall Sister's very gayety irked me a little, but I preferred to say nothing to her about our danger, as it would only aggravate matters. Besides, Father Ralph did not know that I had overheard Pete's remark. Every time we rounded a sharp curve—and the whole trip consisted of serpentine curves—Father would lean far out over the side of the hand-car, hoping to catch sight, in time, of the other speeder which might be rounding that same curve ahead of and towards us. There were two tunnels of solid rock through which the speeder had to travel. I shut my eyes and shuddered at the thought of our meeting the second speeder in one of these tunnels. It was forty-five minutes of agonizing suspense. I recall I occupied the entire time reciting, inaudibly, one Hail Mary after another.

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4-H Club Work

by Sister Mary Rose

IF at the mention of 4-H Club, there looms large in your mind the picture of a freckle-faced farm boy feeding his calf, you have the same idea of 4-H Club work as I did.

But out here "Where the West begins" — Colorado—4-H Clubs are of two kinds, rural and urban. The urban groups, for the most part, choose projects in home economics, gardening, home beautification, or small animals, including poultry, rabbits, and pigeons.

Our 4-H Club girls at Holy Ghost Youth Center, Denver, are working on the *foods* project in the Home Economics division. We study such things as simple fundamentals of cookery, serving, and the principles of good food habits. Speaking of good food habits, we have already acquired the habit of saying, "I haven't learned



In the Home Field

to eat liver yet," rather than "I don't like liver!"

My first impression of 4-H Club work was that it was all work. But we are hearing from our Council Representative about some play programs during the coming months. Each club in the Denver county area elects one of its members to be Council Representative. Once a month these Council members from the various clubs meet with the staff of the Denver office of the Colorado Agricultural Extension Service of the Colorado A. and M. College, which sponsors the 4-H Clubs. This Council makes plans for county-wide activities in which all the clubs take part. This makes for unity of action and keeps the interest high in the individual groups.

Our latest report from the Council meeting is that there is going to be a "Talent Night" for the members of all the clubs, and later a one-act

play-writing contest. Of course, we'll have to do something about both of those, in-between the times we learn how to cook prunes or give a demonstration on how to make cocoa. Maybe, I'll discover some budding scenario writers who will make names for themselves as playwrights rather than home-economists; but no matter.

One of the basic aims of 4-H work is "to develop desirable ideals and standards for home making and family life." Its method is for the members "to learn to do by doing." If our girls learn the beauty of just this one aim from their club work, what a boon for their own future lives and for the good of our country.

The 4-H Club's national emblem is the four-leaf clover with the letter "H" on each leaf. In closing, let me quote from the 4-H Club ritual to explain the meaning of the emblem:

The four "H's" on the emblem represent the equal training of the head, heart, hands, and health of every member.

For what is the head trained?
To think, to plan, to reason.

For what is the heart trained?
To be kind, to be true, to be sympathetic.

For what are the hands trained?
To be useful, to be helpful, to be skillful.

For what is the health trained?
To resist disease, to enjoy life, and make for efficiency.

In what way can we be of help in our homes?
By realizing that a beautiful home life is the greatest asset we can have to building good character by striving to make our home a wonderful place in which to live.

Left: Members of the Youth Council at the Gary-Alerding Settlement House in Gary, Indiana are shown here with Sister Philomena, their instructor in arts and crafts. They were painting figurines the evening that Father James Cis, director of the recreation center, stepped in and snapped this picture.



These Michigan children come to catechism class in a jeep.

FROM—St. Joseph Mission—
Tulare, California

(Heard at the Catechetical Contest)

Father: Innocentia, supposing Johnny tells you that he's not going to confession anymore because he can't feel perfect contrition. What would you advise him to do?

Innocentia: I'd tell him to pray to God to make him feel perfect contrition.

* * *

FROM — Our Lady of Mt. Virgin Mission —
Middlesex, New Jersey

After the Christmas holidays Sister Marilyn thought that a general review with her kindergarten class was in order. Beginning with Creation she carefully lead their little memories step by step through the Fall, the Promise of the Saviour, and finally to the Birth of Jesus, and to His first visitors.

Recalling the vivid description of the visit of the three Kings which she had given at the last class, she asked, "Who came to visit the Baby Jesus besides the angels and the shepherds?"

How thrilling to see almost every hand waving! Even little Anthony, usually so shy and retiring, was volunteering to answer, so Sister gave him a chance. Undoubtedly remembering only his own visit to the Christmas Crib, the small boy said in a smaller voice, "I did."



News Items About

ST. SABINA BAND

(Chicago, Ill.)

AT a pretty fall wedding one of the members, Miss Agnes Dwyer, became the bride of Mr. James Dooley. Her attendant was *Miss Marie Dwyer*, her sister and Promoter of the Band. Activities in behalf of our Sisters is not limited to Band meetings, but the Promoter is a constant "plugger" for us at the national meetings of the Daughters of Isabella where she is a well-known figure.

Dear Associates:

A HAPPY, HOLY NEW YEAR TO ALL! Let us face the Year 1952 in a spirit of confidence and optimism as becomes Christians. It was a Pope (Pius XI if I recall it rightly) who said, "The future is in God's Hands, and therefore in very good hands."

*Devotedly in the Sacred Hearts of
Jesus and Mary,*

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

CHARITINA CLUB NO. 1

(Chicago, Ill.)

IT IS about three years since the members of this Club elected to meet monthly in the Loop District on the fifteenth floor of the Lewis Towers Building, in the clubrooms of the Illinois Catholic Women's Club. These rooms overlook the blue waters of Lake Michigan and are "delightfully cool in summer," according to Miss Mary Griffin who entertained in July, and also very comfortable during the winter months. The member who entertains for the month provides the prizes and whatever else is necessary.

The Promoter is *Miss Katherine Hennigan*, and the Club is at least twenty-five years old. It was named in honor of Miss Hennigan's deceased sister, Sister Charitina, BVM.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART BAND

(Appleton, Wis.)

WE QUOTE from a letter written on September 18, from the Promoter, *Miss Helen Arens*, and which accompanied a check for \$73.00. "I am very pleased to note that in October we will round out twenty years of existence with about five of the original members still active, and hope to carry through for another twenty."

We fervently second the wish expressed, and congratulate the members for their mission help over the years.

ST. LUKE BAND

(Chicago, Ill.)

ONE of the projects undertaken by the members of this Band has been that of making layettes for the mothers of poor babies our Sisters meet in their house-to-house visiting in tenement districts in our large cities, or in scattered rural mission districts. They refer to their project as "our Divine Babe of Bethlehem Box."

At their monthly meeting, the group either plays cards or fashions articles for the missions.

The Promoter is *Mrs. Lillian Potter*.

The Missionary Catechist

Our Associates

MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND

(Evanston, Ill.)

ONCE a year, during the Christmas season, we are accustomed to hear from the Promoter, *Miss Celia Henrich*, who sends us the proceeds of all the meetings held during the previous months. There are eleven members in the Band and it has been in existence for at least two decades of years.

Words fail us when we strive to thank friends of long standing like these.



PROMOTER OF VIA MATRIS BAND DIES

OUR Associates in the Chicago Area will be saddened to learn that *Miss Clarice McQuay*, who was Promoter of the Via Matris Band during the year just ended, died on November 14th and was buried from St. Jarlath's Church, Chicago, the following Saturday. May God grant her eternal rest and a rich reward for her charitable labors in behalf of His poor ones.

ST. PHILOMENA BAND

(Chicago, Ill.)

THE monthly dues of this Band are often augmented by a personal check from the pastor of the parish, Reverend Father Gehrig. The Promoter, *Miss Mary Schaefer*, writes that most of the members are unable to attend meetings during the summer months due to vacations. However, they see to it that our Missionaries do not lose out by paying their dues in advance for these months.



January, 1952

ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS October 18, 1951 to November 17, 1951

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	6.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	20.00
Immaculata Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. J. Sach	85.00
Immaculate Conception, Chicago, Mary Perkins	30.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. Koschnitzke	10.50
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger	100.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	5.00
Our Lady of Sorrows, Chicago, Anne Malone	80.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. McGovern	36.50
Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. Sauthier	15.00
St. Ann Mission Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. George Deininger	5.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Mrs. Marie Zender	24.15
St. Helen's, Dayton, Helen Melke	11.50
St. Irene's, Chicago, May Walsh	3.00
St. Joseph's No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Michael Naumes	285.91
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer	345.00
St. Katherine's, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	45.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Ann Huhn	23.00
St. Mary Magdalene Band, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	10.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Beach	11.50
St. Michael Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. Charles B. Lynch	23.00
St. Philomena's, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	6.00
Seven Dolours, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. J. J. Murphy	16.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, Eleanor Hanekamp	3.00

Wonderful are God's Ways

by Sister Rosario

THE wheels of the car churned and spun as inch by inch we made our way along what was more a sand bed than a road. Before us stretched the great Nevada desert, behind us—more desert. We had come about five miles now and still there was no sign of Harney. Perhaps our old Indian friend had not been too far wrong when she cautioned: "I don't know if you ladies had better try it. It's pretty rough and dusty. I see them cars disappear down the prairie but a long time afterwards I see the dust clouds rolling up . . . Yeah, the'er lots of kids out there. They say the'er all Catholic too."

ALL of a sudden, as though to allay our fears the car sputtered forward. We were at last on a road as good as paved! With our troubles behind us we sat back and relaxed. As the impenetrable dust subsided we saw Harney in the distance. It was anything but a metropolis. However, after ten miles of peering at nothing, four houses and a clump of trees were a delight to our eyes. Had the Harney Band (if there had been one) been out to meet us, it could not have given us a more rousing welcome than did the dogs. As the commotion made by the dogs did not seem to stir the slightest curiosity in the inhabitants, we began to wonder if the place was deserted. As we approached the first house a woman came to the door; from her we received all the information we needed. Hers was the only family living here. She had five children, three of them were in school. Yes, they were all baptized Catholics. The men living in the other houses were all single men; they were Catholic too. Incidentally her family was moving the next week.

WE were soon retracing our way to Beowawe. One would think that by now our spirits were more than a little deflated. To tell the truth we were quite satisfied with ourselves. We had wanted to visit Harney for a long time for it was one of the Railroad Sections belonging to our parish and our Sisters had managed to visit the other twenty-four sections at some time or other. Now we could say "We visited Harney" and could also add, and that very emphatically "You don't go there by car if you can help it." One resolution we made after this visit was: Whenever any one said "Lots of kids" we would immediately ask: "How many?" Most interesting of all—it was because of this visit to Harney that we learnt the story of the conversion of our Japanese family. How do they fit into the picture? Well—

NEEDLESS to say our habits and especially the car looked none the better for our trip. Before going home we were to stop at two different teaching centers. This meant we would not get home before dark. Then too, we were scheduled to leave at eight the next morning; consequently the car would not get its much needed washing. But Sister solved the problem. Towards the end of my class Kiyō came in to ask for the car keys. Sister had asked him to wash the car and he wanted to move it to the alley where the hose would reach it.

KIYO lives eleven miles out of town, so on class days we take him and his brother Tommy home. On the way home we asked him when he had learnt to drive. As was Kiyō's wont (Kiyō is a man of few words) he gave a brief explanation: "Dad taught me this summer, Sister, so that we could take the car to school on Holy Days of Obligation. We had been missing Mass on those days because the bus comes too late, so Dad thought it would be wise for me to learn to drive. Now we won't have to depend on Dad to take us on Sunday, which is good, because on some Sundays he works."

SHORTLY after this we made it a point to stop in and see Kiyō's mother. Mrs. N— met us at the door, and with that inimitable Oriental courtesy she ushered us into her two-roomed (section) house. We told her we were very much edified by her husband's goodness in permitting the boys to take the car. "Yes, Sisters," she said, "My husband, he is very good. He is not a Catholic, but he does every thing to encourage the boys to live up to their faith. He won't even eat meat on Fridays because he is afraid it might be a source of temptation to them. The boys are very good, too. One Sunday when the roads were very icy, I said to Kiyō: 'Kiyō, maybe we had better stay home today. The church is so far and the highway is so bad, something might happen.' But Kiyō's faith was not to be daunted. 'Mother,' he replied, 'God will take care of us.' So you see, Sisters, God has been very good to me. I am very grateful—but—it was not always this way . . ." and with this she plunged into the story of her conversion.

IT BEGAN with the bombing of Pearl Harbor. At that time they were living in San Pedro, where Mr. N— had two things against his favor. Firstly: He was a Japanese and therefore could be spy. Secondly: He was a fisherman and as

such was familiar with all the U. S. Naval Bases on the West Coast. So along with many others, Mr. N— was taken into custody. Kiyo and Tommy were then very small and Mrs. N— was in very poor health. In her utter grief Mrs. N— became very bitter. It was at this time that she conceived a hatred not only for the government but also for God. The American Government had separated her from her husband. And God had permitted this terrible curse. If there was a merciful, loving God, where was He now? Not that she knew too much about this God, but here was proof enough. Thus she argued with herself and though friends tried to help her she was inconsolable.

BUT wonderful are the ways of God. Her brother-in-law was instrumental in getting her into a War Relocation Center. Divine Providence guided her to a Japanese lady who gave sewing instructions. Mrs. N—decided to take up sewing as a means of a livelihood. It so happened that her instructress was one of Father Leo Steinbeck's (M.M.) neophytes. After weeks of coaxing she persuaded Mrs. N— to meet Father Steinbeck. Won by the kindness and patience of the Maryknoll Father, she began her instructions.

THE DEVIL was not ready to give up so easily with one who had, almost, been his exclusive possession. For three long years the war waged on. Finally grace triumphed and on Christmas Eve she and her two little boys were baptized. After her baptism Father told her he was going to begin a novena for the return of her husband. She knew that this would be short of a miracle and felt she was not worthy of such a favor, so she prayed with little hope. From the first morning of the novena until its close every parishoner was at 6:00 Mass to help storm heaven for the return of her husband. A month later Mr. N— was released and came home to his family.

Mrs. N— climaxed her story: "God's ways are so different from ours. I see it all now. If we could only trust Him, trust that He knows best what His children need. If all these things, which I then considered a curse, had not happened to me, I would not be a Catholic today. Before I became a Catholic I was never really happy. I can truthfully say that the Catholic religion has brought me a peace and happiness which I cannot describe."

"What we are is God's gift to us; what we become is our gift to God."

A tender love of our neighbor is one of the greatest and most excellent gifts that the Divine Goodness bestows upon men.—St. Francis de Sales.

January, 1952

25 Years Ago

A MODERN MARTYR OF MEXICO

All for Jesus through Mary

Holman, New Mexico

January 19, 1927

Dear Father,

This evening I received a letter from home. All my dear ones are filled with sorrow and I beg your prayers for them. They have received news from our relatives in Mexico, (state of Guadalajara) that the Catholics have revolted against the anti-Catholics who are persecuting them. My cousin was captured by the government forces. They tried to force him to give up his Faith, but, of course, it was not possible for him to give up his holy Faith, so they stabbed him to death. They then threw his body into a well, and the remains are still there. They allowed no one to see him or claim his body. May his soul rest in peace!

I think my cousin is a real martyr: that is my consolation.

The Catholics finally entered the town and the Priest offered up the Holy Mass in the public square. All the faithful assisted at this Mass.

Now at home in South Chicago my people are all upset by this sad news. My poor old grandmother wants to go back to Old Mexico, but of course, that is now impossible. Perhaps all my relatives there may die for the Faith.

I beg of you my dear Father, to ask my sister Catechists for their prayers. Pray for my family and for those who are in the midst of these wolves. Also please say a special prayer for my dear parents. May the Holy Will of God be done!

I remain your child in O.B.L.V.

Catechist Rafaela Mendoza.
(*Sister Maria Rafaela*)

"No man who loves God can hate his neighbor, nor can any man love God who hates his fellowman. If the love of our brother wanes, we may be sure that the love of God has already waned also in our hearts."—St. John Chrysostom.

The good which you cannot do to God Who needs nothing, you may do to your neighbor for the love of God.—St. Ignatius.



Dear Loyal Helpers:

IN the month of January comes the beautiful Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. There are many people in the world today who do not believe that Jesus is God, and many more who do not reverence His Holy Name. In reparation for sins of profanation and blasphemy, adopt the practice of repeating the Holy Name of Jesus very frequently, with respect and devotion. With it link the Holy Name of Mary.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

CANADIAN HELPERS



Above are pictured Gregory Morse, age four, and Jean Barbara Morse, age three. They live in Aylmer, Quebec, Canada. They visited Victory Noll, in company with their mother, at least two times last year, and we can vouch for their being "live wires."

Mary's Loyal

A HELPER IN MASSACHUSETTS

We are happy to make you acquainted with *Judy Matteson*, of *Great Barrington, Mass.* Judy was eleven years old and in the sixth grade when she joined our Mary's Loyal Helpers in March, 1951. She is probably twelve years old now and in the seventh grade.



Judy Matteson

Judy says she has attended Catholic schools and public schools, but likes *Catholic* schools much the best. When she attends public schools, the Sisters of St. Joseph teach her Catechism on Sundays. Our little Helper has a statue of the Infant of Prague in her room at home. She says she thinks our work with poor children is wonderful and to prove it sent us \$7.00 last year to help the work along.

A HELPER IN SOUTH OZONE PARK, NEW YORK

Another enthusiast about our Mission work is *Alice Higgins*, who is in the eighth grade at St. Clements School, *South Ozone Park, Long Island, New York.* Alice sent us several dollars from her Sunshine Bag last year. She writes, "I enjoy so much reading the very interesting articles and stories. Keep up the good work."



Alice Higgins

Our New York Helper promises to continue to save money in her Sunshine Bag and send it to help us in our work with poor children in the Missions.



Helpers Page

LETTER-O' THE MONTH

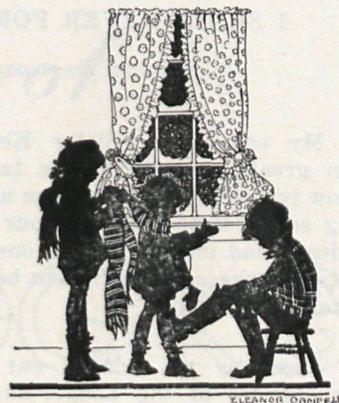
Dear Sister:

Please find enclosed a check for \$8.00 which we, the *Mary's Loyal Helpers of St. Rose, Illinois*, have gathered for the missions. At one of our meetings we had a few visitors which helped us along to get a larger sum. They enjoyed our games but did not join our ranks as yet. We hope we may be able to encourage them to do so.

Rita Kampwerth and myself are attending St. Teresa's Academy in East St. Louis, and we come home on week-ends.

Mary-ly we remain,
MLH of St. Rose, Ill. Per Bertha Wilke

Sunshine Secretary's Comment. The above children's club rates high with us. During the year just ended they sent us a total of \$23.70 in dues and the year before that their total was \$17.75. Bertha has three sisters in our Order: Sister Martha, Sister Henrietta and Sister Priscilla.



ORGANIZE AN MLH CLUB AMONG YOUR CLASSMATES

ON your street there must live many children who go to the same school that you do. Why not plan to meet once or twice a month (*even every week*) pay five or ten cent dues at each meeting, and while you are together say a Hail Mary for the Sisters who devote their lives to bringing religious instruction to Catholic children in the public schools. Then sit down at a table and clip religious pictures from old Christmas cards, calendars, sending these to Victory Noll so that we can mount them for the poor children in the mission districts. If there is an older person who can supervise the work so that it may be done neatly, you could also mount these pictures on bright colored construction paper before mailing.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLE

1. Start. 2. Stare. 3. Starve.
4. Starch. 5. Starling.

Your daily Hail Mary may be the key needed to open the hearts of those who have shut out God from their lives.



What letter -
or three letter word -
covers $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of the earth?



Work the above dot puzzle and send it to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

I SHALL NEVER FORGET IT!

(Continued from page 9)

My companion, Sister Elvira, must have been greatly puzzled at the taciturnity of her fellow travelers. Finding us an unsociable lot, she sang softly some hymns to our Blessed Mother. If death had met us around one of those curves that day, she could not have been engaged in a better occupation.

Presently we relaxed our tenseness. The dim outlines of the Lodge, surrounded by big pines, appeared in the distance. The company had not sent down a second speeder as we had feared, in response to the second telephone call that day.

Our mission work ended in the parish shortly afterwards. A year later we returned to visit some of the outlying missions and the people we knew in them. In the last little village up the canyon through which the railroad track winds like a shining ribbon before the walls of solid rock close in, and the track disappears in the mountain fastnesses, some people were pointing up the track. The night before, the rails had spread somewhere up in the mountains and a log train had jumped the track, killing two members of the railroad crew.

Something had happened again—this time to somebody else.

The names of persons and places in this article are fictitious, but the incidents are true ones.

MY CONVERTS

(Continued from page 5)

Dear Sister,

This is to tell you how happy I am. I have never been so happy in all my life as I have since I made my First Communion. It was while I was receiving instructions from you that I realized what the right road was for me. I shall pray for you every day of my life because it was your classes that have prevented me from losing my soul. Thank you for helping Sam and me to make our First Communion.

Sincerely,
Hank

I could relate many similar cases. For instance, there was Albert who was preparing to marry a Catholic girl and decided to take instructions to find out just what her beliefs were. Before long he too became a Catholic and he and his wife are both monthly communicants. He had never even been baptized although his father had been a Catholic.

Then there was Manuel who drove twelve miles three times a week to receive instructions for his First Communion. When the course was almost finished, we discovered that although his family were Catholics, he had

never been baptized. He had attended Sunday Mass as long as he could remember. So, on his twenty-third birthday he was baptized, the following day received Holy Communion, and one month later was confirmed.

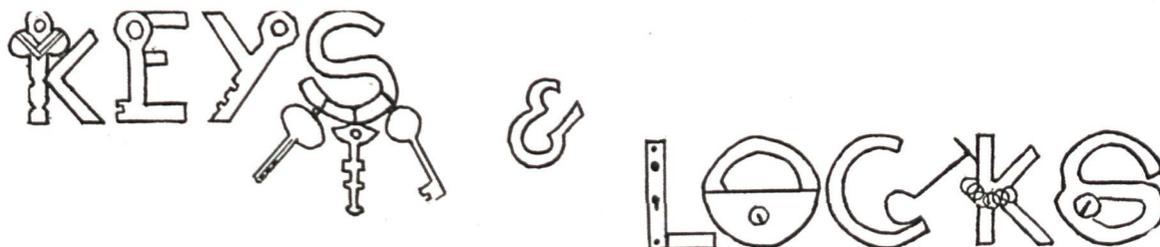
The wondrous workings of God's grace are utterly beyond our comprehension. Our Divine Saviour gives grace to all: some use it while others refuse. We thank God that these have accepted and corresponded with the grace offered them. Our fervent prayer is that many more will follow the example of these few.



Christmas carolers at Ida, Michigan present the Sisters with a gift.

He may be considered perfect in this life who practices these three things; first to please God in everything; secondly, to keep a strict watch over all his actions; and thirdly, to be charitable and useful to his neighbor.—St. Bernard.

The Battle of



by Sister Melita

LOCKS AND KEYS play a singularly significant role in a missionary's life. First, since her foremost duty is to unlock the treasures and mysteries of our Holy Faith for all who come to her for instruction, it truly may be said that she carries the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is another aspect of key-carrying, however, which is a more tangible, though less sublime reality. It is the necessity of her being constantly fortified with numberless keys in order to gain access to her various teaching centers. And, rare indeed would be the missionary, however young and inexperienced, who is not familiar with the "Battle of Locks and Keys."

We will cite a few typical situations:

One of our earliest episodes happened at the second release time class of the season, at a large Junior High School. Our pockets were bulging with keys, for no two doors of the Boys Club had the same combination. To our amazement, we discovered upon our arrival there, that four of the locks had been changed, and our prized collection of keys failed to be potent ammunition.

Class for these four groups of approximately fifty pupils each, was conducted on the nearby bleachers. When one division began to sing "An Army of Youth," all caught the militant spirit, and the football stadium re-echoed with the beautiful tribute to Christ the King.

Another experience was at a center where we used the room of a Catholic school for our weekly class. One Holy Day of Obligation, the school was locked because they had a free day, and as we had not time to walk the many blocks to the convent to procure keys, the children (and passers-by) enjoyed a class on the steps of the front entrance.

Then there was the day when our brigade advanced lightheartedly to our garage, and inserted the key into the lock as usual. But we did not meet with the usual results, for the lock would not respond to either cajoling or coercion.

An investigation revealed that the proprietors had unintentionally hooked the inner latch. We gathered all available crates and boxes, but the majority of the children just sat on the sidewalk, while the white picket fence served as a background for charts.

On a recent occasion, a lock had been broken since we had last held class. As again, lock and key would not come to any peaceful agreement, we had to seek other quarters. This time, our Mt. Ararat was under a fig tree on the front lawn of one of our good parishoners. The pupils, with legs folded under them, thought it a unique privilege to be instructed in the same manner as Palestinian folk were taught by Our Lord.

The mediator, in the person of a locksmith who replaced the lock and gave us a new key, assured us that the two opposing forces were no longer deadly enemies. On our next appointment there, we entered a side door which was open, prepared our scene of action, then carefully locked up before going to school for our pupils.

Imagine our consternation, when returning with the children, to find that already the new lock and key had declared war and refused to arbitrate. Seating space for the "retreating troops" of sixth graders was improvised with a few picnic benches plus the aid of the old lumber pile behind the hall. Since charts, pictures, books, and other class materials were locked inside, we realized more fully than ever our total dependence on the Holy Spirit for inspiration and guidance.

Countless similar incidents could be recorded, with equally as many solutions, such as removing the door from its hinges, finding an unlatched window, etc., all which serve to show that the "Battle of Locks and Keys" is constant and relentless. At the same time, however, they are a continual reminder of our privileged participation in presenting to others the Keys of Christ's Kingdom—a Kingdom of peace and love.



The Gary - Alerding Recreation Center
Gary, Indiana