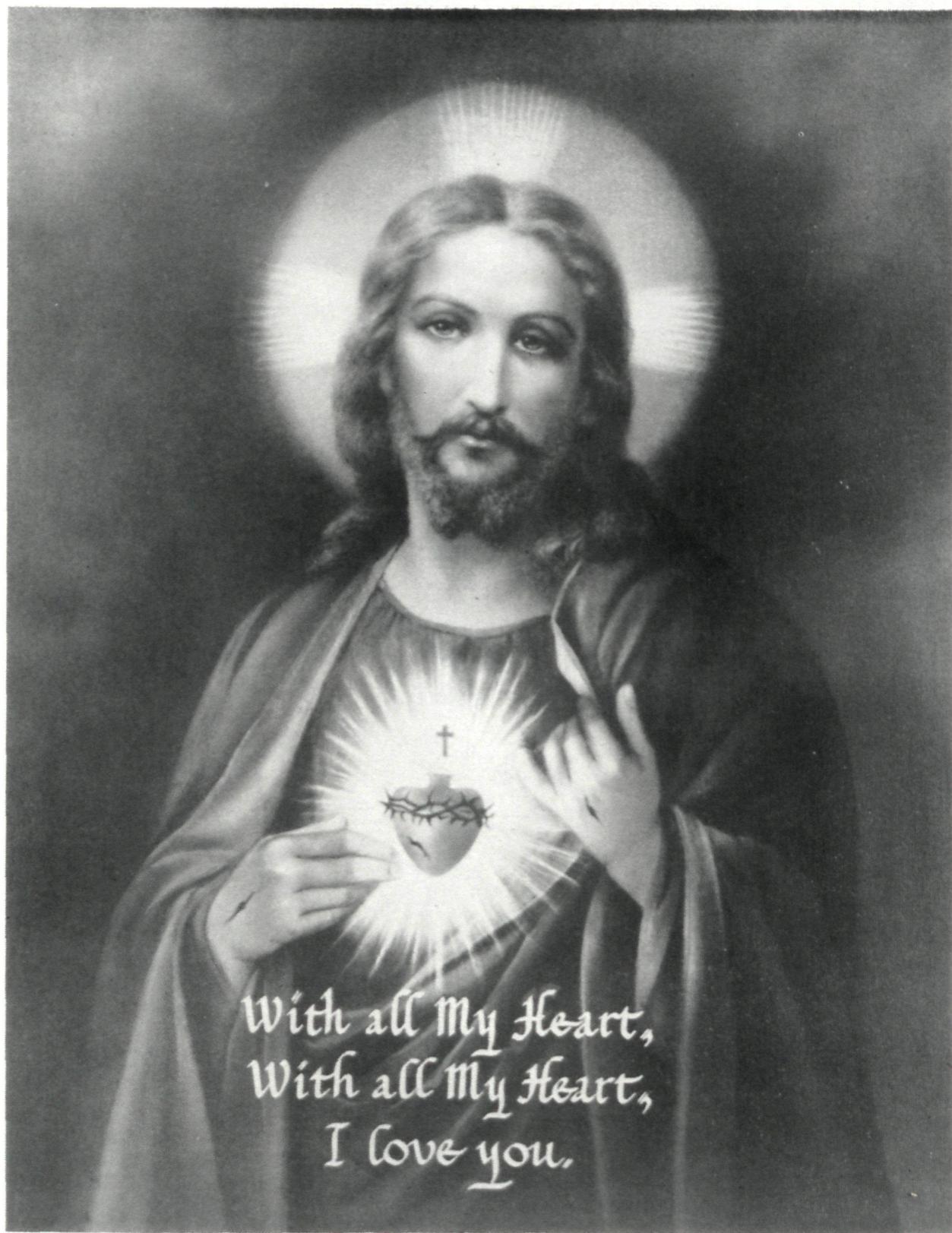


# *the* **MI** *ssionary* **G** *atechist*



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS



With all My Heart,  
With all My Heart,  
I love you.

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVIII

June, 1952

Number 7

## Jesus Loves You!

JESUS LOVES YOU!

(see opposite page)

This is a picture of Jesus showing His Heart. It is called a "Sacred Heart" picture.

He spoke of His Heart in the Gospel: "Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of Heart" (Matt. 11-29)

It is a sign that He loves YOU.

It is also a reminder that He wants YOU to love HIM.

You love Jesus especially by keeping His commandments and avoiding sin.

THE CROWN OF THORNS around the Heart of Jesus means that our sins hurt Him.

The WOUND in His Heart is made by His enemies who hate Him.

The FLAMES mean that Jesus' Heart is on fire with love for ALL people—white and colored, rich and poor, sinners and saints.

The CROSS tells us that Jesus died on the Cross out of love for us, to save our souls from Hell.

Won't you show your gratitude and love for Jesus by carrying this picture with you or putting it in your home where every one can see it?

If you do this and say the prayer on the other side every day, Jesus will love you and bless you and help you to be His good friends and get to Heaven.

Left: This picture of Our Lord has been reproduced on small cards and is being distributed by SACRED HEART CENTER, 4930 South Dakota Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.

The above words are printed on the back of each card. Tarcisians throughout the country are helping to make it possible for these cards to be distributed freely in the South. The general intention of all Tarcisians this year is to pray for the Negroes of America. (See page 5—WHAT ABOUT ME?) Each Tarcisian group has been assigned a special county.

Right: Tarcisians of St. Catherine's church, Nix Settlement, Indiana, pray and make sacrifices for the Negroes of St. Clair county, Alabama.



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

# Deep South Murmurings

By Sister Alice Marie



## QUILT SCRAPS AND WATERMELON SEEDS

"Start to countin' the years, honey, cause mah head ain't good for straight thinkin' no more . . . and some day you'll need to know how old you is."

Wrinkled fingers worked busily on, pressing small pieces of material into neat creases, and carefully stitching them to a backing of a magazine page. Slowly but surely the quilt pattern formed, and the tranquil voice of the old negress took up the thread of her story as patiently as she sewed the quilt pieces.

"Ah did what mah mammy told me, but Ah reckon it jus' wasn't to be that way. Ah tries to help mah self all Ah can. This is about

the only work Ah am good for any more. Now and then, Ah do some midwivin' but that's no help when the folks are so poor they can't pay a penny . . . Yes'm Ah have a record of mah birth in the old Bible there, but when Ah asked for the help for the old folks, the law man told me it won't do. The white folks mah mammy served remembered the exact day Ah came. Many a time Miss Sidney used to tell me about it. That won't do either. Ah told the law man just what she said, but he says Ah was just one more little black child on the old plantation and maybe Miss Sidney didn't recall the right day. The law needs more than that."

She was quiet for a little while, going back in spirit to the happy days of that childhood long ago. We looked about the interior of the shack that she called home. The light and the wind entered through the numerous cracks between the boards in the walls and the floor. Old pieces of corrugated paper and old posters were discolored and misshaped from the frequent rains of the southland; they were little protection from the bad weather. Our old friend looked at us.

"It does get mighty cold and damp sometimes, and that's not so good for the misery in mah back. It gets so bad that it seems ah can hardly stay with mah quiltin' . . . but Jesus takes care of me."

She pointed to a small white package on the table.

"Today He told one of mah friends what to do . . . she done it . . . and now Ah have plenty of watermelon seeds for makin' me some tea . . . That will help this old misery . . . It surely will."

Now she put the quilt pieces aside to look at the holy picture we had given her. She studied the pictured features of the Good Shepherd.

"Yes, You are mah Guide and mah best Friend, Jesus, . . . and Ah does love and bless You for it . . . and every time Ah looks at this sweet li'l old picture of You, Ah'll love and bless You all the more."

## MILK AND HONEY

"L'il old Somethin' is sure makin' a fuss this mornin' . . . thinks It's the onliest l'il old heap of sugar in the place . . . better be careful or Old Brother Fox is goin' to slip in the cabin

door and tote It away from It's mammy . . . Listen to that fussin' . . . Ah'm comin' . . . Some nice ladies are mighty anxious to see It . . . and



us is mighty proud to show It, the l'il old Some-  
thin' that lives in this house."

The smiling young mother disappeared through the cabin door to bring her baby daughter to meet the Sisters.

#### HOMESPUN

"Mah mammy and her mammy picked these same little berries, boiled them down, strained them and dyed those pretty colors right into the cloth. Reckon it was a sight of work but they didn't mind. It's the young folks minds the work."

Granny held the branch of purple berries for our admiration. She was taking us up the hill to visit a sick woman and we were enjoying her homely sayings along the way.

"Can't argue with the young folks that hard times a-comin'; they don't listen to the old folks like they should. Mah old folks knew when times was a-changin'. They told us, 'Get down the bacon but don't cut a thick slice . . . don't even cut a thick piece. Lawsy no, jus' stick out your tongue and take a big lick. Then you'll still have the bacon when hard times get here.' And us listened . . . us surely did.

"Can't tell mah young folks such things. They jus' laugh. But they's goin' to learn . . . Yes'm, they's going" to learn the hard way . . . they is . . . they is."

#### OTHER SHEEP

He stood in the doorway of his cabin home, a slight man with a frail body and eyes that were deep and compelling.

"Ah am right proud to have you ladies call. You are Catholic ladies, aren't you? Ah know about your work. Ah am eighty-eight years old and for thirty-six years, ah pastored the old South."

He twisted the points of a scraggy mustache. It was the old-time handle bar variety, still quite black but flecked with gray.

"Ah built twelve churches and established six missions. Mother and Ah gave seventeen children to the world. She passed on just nine years ago. Now Ah have thirty-six grandchildren, twenty great grandchildren, and six great, great grandchildren."

He paused to watch the small negro children at play in the roadway. One sensed how much he knew of the joys and the sorrows of his race. He smiled at us.

"Now Ah am just livin' on in the days of my children and my grandchildren . . . just waitin' for Jesus. Ah am ready for His call. Ah reckon He will welcome me, don't you?"



#### WHAT ABOUT ME?

**It is estimated that there are over 16,000,000 Negroes in America, and hardly more than 500,000 are members of the Catholic Church!**

# Children I'll Never Forget

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

"Sister, would you get a thrill out of going back to a place where you had been stationed say five or ten years ago?"

"Now I'll have to think a little bit about one . . . No, I don't believe I would. It would be nice to see the new churches, to see the progress that has been made; but it would not be the same. I would miss the children."

It is true there would be more children. There will always be children, but they would not be the **same** children. I don't think I would like to go back and find Pancho grown up, Lola not there to run down the street to meet us when we walked home from class, Carmen with perhaps a family of her own now, Little Joe not little any more, and Corina—I get panicky just thinking about it—not singing any more.

Carmen was the leader of a real "Our Gang." We called them the Daily Mass Kids, a group of from eight-to-ten-year-olds who lived a couple of blocks away and came every morning to seven o'clock Mass, even on dark winter days. We had the *Missa Recitata* in that mission. I marvel now as I think of how patiently Father waited while the children stumbled through the Mass prayers. Besides the usual responses in Latin, they had to read the Proper parts in English. Carmen was the dumbest of them all, in English or Latin, but it never affected her prestige with the gang. Anything Carmen said **went**. On their way home it was part of the ritual to stop in our alley and go through whatever we had thrown out the day before. Sometimes, when we knew some choice treasures—old hats or old shoes—were there, we watched the performance. Carmen always emerged with the prize booty. No one thought of disputing her claims.

Sonny was a little boy in California whose right name I cannot even remember, but I can still see him. He was in the third grade and had not yet made his First Communion. In fact, he did not know even how to make the Sign of the Cross. That, I believe, is why we Sisters remember so well children like Sonny, why they endeared themselves to us. They were ours in a special way because we had the privilege that belonged to their mothers, but that their mothers did not appreciate and use. Too often it is up to Sister to teach the child his first lessons about God.

Another little boy like that was Pancho. He was five when we met, a real street urchin, but I have never yet met a child with a keener mind. He had everything—looks, personality, intelligence, and a phenomenal memory. He quickly learned all the stories in "Jesus and I" and embellished them with incidents drawn from his own vivid imagination. He could be naughty in class and frequently was. But he was always sincerely repentant. Once when he had not apologized after class for his misconduct, he telephoned from a pay station in town to tell me he was sorry for the way he acted. Pancho was six then!

What was it about Little Joe that makes me think of him so many years after I knew him? Our acquaintance was short-lived too. I knew him only during two weeks of summer school. I didn't have him in catechism class either, but tried to train him to be an altar boy. Now anyone who has ever trained altar boys can just faintly imagine what it is like to teach a boy to serve in a small, out-of-the-way mission where Mass is offered twice a month; to teach him, that is, when you have only ten days to do it in.

During our two weeks of summer school we had Mass every day, so Little Joe had an opportunity to practice. But it was like asking someone who is just learning to toot a clarinet to play in the symphony orchestra. His mistakes were outrageous. The first morning he made his debut, the county prosecuting attorney was at Mass. He singled him out right away and predicted that in time he would make an excellent server, because Little Joe was so cock sure of himself. He himself had all the confidence in the world that someday he would serve perfectly.

There is always something pathetic about a little boy or girl living with grandparents, and no other children in the house. That is what Corina did. Her mother had many children and she often had to pick cotton besides. I suppose it was partly because it took so much to feed them all and partly because Grandma and Grandpa were old and sick and needed someone to run their errands and help at home that Corina went to live with them. She was a charming child and had a good mind, but missed so much school that she was far behind her

(Please turn to page 18)



Dear Amada:

TODAY I am going to write to you about my favorite subject—the *Sodality!*

At present we have about forty members but it is our hope to double the number soon. When Sister told me and my sisters that a vote had been passed by the officers of the Sodality, and that we could be received into it, we were thrilled to have that privilege.

First, we attended eight nightly instructions which kept us pretty busy. It was so interesting to learn about the beginning of the Sodality, its organization, etc. The nights passed all too quickly, and during the instructions we showered Sister with all kinds of questions. Finally came the day when we were to be received—the feast of the Immaculate Conception. There were eight of us in the group and we all wore navy blue skirts and white blouses with veils. We chose these colors because they are our Blessed Mother's colors. Right before Mass, we made our Act of Consecration, received the medal of our Blessed Mother and the Diploma. We were now Children of Mary forever! After Mass we took pictures and went to our first Sodality meeting as real Sodalists. On that occasion we received hearty congratulations from Sister, our Prefect and all the Sodalists. We have meetings once a month, on First Sundays, receiving Holy Communion together at Mass. During the meeting we discuss our activities for the month. One of

the assistant priests is our Spiritual Director, and we listen to his inspiring conferences every month.

Our church runs a cafeteria every Sunday to accommodate the people of the ranches. Our Sodality is in charge of it, and every Sunday five girls work in the cafeteria. We get a star on our records if we are present when our turn comes.

This year our parish had two plays. One was given at Christmas by the small children. The program ended with some dance steps by some of the Sodalists. Our second play was entitled, "Our Lady of Lourdes," dramatizing Bernardita's visit to the grotto where our Blessed Mother appeared to her. The rehearsals were lots of fun. We stumbled over some Spanish words until we could pronounce them well. At our last rehearsal we had the pleasure of meeting Mother Cecilia, Mother General of the Sisters. She told us about her visit to Lourdes, France and showed us some pictures. This made us all the more enthusiastic for the success of the play. We sold so many tickets that many could not get in to see it.

Right before Easter we had our yearly Retreat. It was the first experience of that kind for me, especially trying to keep silent. All the girls came to the eight o'clock Mass and received Holy Communion. We went home and had our

(Please turn to page 18)

# Mission Brevities



Betty was twenty-four years of age, but had never been prepared for First Holy Communion. Since she was four days old, she had suffered from epileptic fits, coupled with what seemed like a spastic condition, so that her limbs were misshapen, and walking very difficult. It was hard to tell how much she understood, since her speech was so impeded and her experience so limited.

But a devoted mother had carefully massaged the poor body to keep it from stiffening, and had patiently taught the girl to speak. One of her chief delights was to sing "*Dios te salve, Maria,*" the Spanish Hail Mary.

When Betty's plight was discovered during census-taking, the sympathetic pastor agreed that she might be allowed to receive Holy Communion, provided she showed the minimum required understanding. After a few weeks of instruction, stressing pictures and

singing of hymns, and two trips to church for weekday Mass, Betty was considered as ready as she ever would be.

Her obvious innocence precluded any difficulty over Confession. Although severe attacks recurred the week before and the week after the date set, the happy Sunday found Betty ready. Neighbors came out to watch as we helped her into the car, and the over-joyed mother exclaimed, "No one ever expected to see my girl like this, dressed in white for Our Lord's visit."

Many people in the crowded church must have thanked God for their own sound limbs as they watched the tortuous walk of the crippled girl. When I asked her after Communion, "Are you happy?" she nodded and smiled with the deepest look of understanding I had ever seen in her eyes.

Only in eternity will we know all that passes between Our Lord and His patient, innocent sufferers. But what joy it will be on Judgment Day to see Betty, straight and sound in her glorified body, praising Her Maker with all the power of her pure soul!

Sister Miriam  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

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## THE SACRED HEART KEEPS HIS PROMISE

Sometime ago, while visiting a tuberculosis sanatorium, we witnessed another example of the great Mercy and Goodness of God.

The day before the priest's tri-monthly visit to the men's building to hear confessions, we would visit the patients to ascertain which ones wished to see Father.

When we arrived at room No. 10 we asked the patient if he would like to see Father the next evening. The man sadly looked at us, and then in a trembling voice replied, "I am a Catholic, but I have not been to the Sacraments for eleven years. Because of my work I sometimes found it impossible to attend Mass on Sunday, and so I became careless in the practice of my religion, and did not attend

Mass when I was not working. I am afraid that I couldn't be ready by tomorrow night, but perhaps the next time Father comes I will be ready to see him." As we left his room we breathed a prayer that he would not wait until it was too late.

Three months later, when Father was making a return visit to the men's building, we also returned the day previous to Father's visit. This time, thanks to Jesus and Mary, the man whom we had visited three months before had decided that now he was ready to make his peace with God.

Two days later, we returned to see our patient. He was a changed man. He was so happy that he couldn't tell us enough about how grateful he was to God and to the priest, who helped him restore his soul to the friendship of God. He then told us he was certain that he had received this great grace from God because, from the time that he had received his first Holy Communion until he began to do this particular work, he had never missed his first Friday Communion.

Sister Mary David  
Flagstaff, Arizona

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#### "THE VALLEY SMILING BEFORE ME"

The excitement of the closing picnic in Winnemucca was over. After the last "Good bye Sister, I'll be seeing you" and Sister's last admonition "don't forget your prayers and go to Mass on Sundays," with a sigh of regret we turned the key in the lock bringing to a close an eventful year in the service of the Master. Nothing so emphasizes the fact that another year has passed into eternity as this last little duty.

Yes, there are regrets, but there are "bright spots, too," not the kind that dazzle and obscure your vision but rather that which warms and invigorates the heart of a Missionary. For instance — our Vacation School assignment which had just been received. It read—YERINGTON—June 2nd to July 2nd!

The trip from Winnemucca to Yerington holds little fascination for the average traveler. Five hours through desert and more desert until the proverbial "pot o'gold" at the end of the rainbow presents itself. However, time indicated that we were nearing our destination and the last sandy summit had been reached. We were

June, 1952

not surprised then to see . . . green meadows and trees smiling up at us from the valley below!

Our schedule went into effect practically the day we arrived. Visiting scattered ranches, both Catholic and non-Catholic brought forth inquiries about the Church; so numerous, in fact that we decided that the yield in souls gave promise of a rich harvest in the not too distant future.

Our month in Yerington was truly one of the bright spots in our Missionary life in Nevada and, quoting a former beloved Pastor, "Like the swallows from Capistrano, we hope to return."

Sister Frances Therese  
Winnemucca, Nevada

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In some of the country places the people we work with are mostly ranchers. They show their gratitude by sharing their ranch products with us, whatever is in season at the time. Since it is usually July when we stay in this town we are kept supplied with melons which are very refreshing at the end of a warm day.

Sister Loretta Marie  
San Antonio, Texas

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It was getting close to First Communion time and Mary, aged seven, was looking through her little book on confession. She heaved a deep sigh, looked up at her aunt who was working at the table, looked down at the book again, and said, "Oh dear, I wish I'd lived a better life!"

Sister Viola  
Kendallville, Indiana



SUMMER SCHOOL AT MT. BETHEL, N. J.

Every morning for four weeks found two of us driving up the Watchung Mountain roads on our way to teach religious vacation school at Mt. Bethel, N.J. Along King George Road and Washington Valley Road (truly as historical as their names sound) we stopped at various places where children were waiting for us, to take them along as they had no means of transportation themselves. By the time we arrived at the church hall we had quite a car full. Other children were transported in private cars by generous parents who also made many stops on the way. One of the parents was not a Catholic and only living in the vicinity for the summer. She brought her two daughters faithfully so that they did not miss a single day. A father of a large family brought a station wagon full of children as often as he could. Because the distance was too great for him to return during the session he would remain all morning waiting for the children. Some-

# In the Home Field

times we would see him in the parking lot washing the car or working on the engine or catching a little extra sleep since his job kept him up until one o'clock in the morning.

Because of this transportation problem, due to the extensive area of the parish, many children were unable to attend. But we were very pleased with the enthusiasm of those who came. On rainy mornings we found them standing on the road as usual, waiting for us. Even an umbrella didn't keep them from getting dripping wet, but their spirits were as gay as ever. After the classes the children would sing in the car the hymns they had learned at summer school. We enjoyed hearing their off-key version of "O Lord I am not Worthy" and others.

The church hall in which we taught was formerly a public school, but Our Lady of the Mount parish bought it for their hall. It is just across the road from the church. Last year, however, the public school asked Father's permission to use the building again for their kindergarten as there was not enough room in the public school. So, we found our classrooms in the very best order when we arrived to teach summer school.

Two mornings of the last week Father celebrated Mass in this little stone mission church for the children who attended Religious Vacation school. They prayed the rosary (which they had studied thoroughly during the four weeks) and sang the various hymns they had learned. We were very much pleased with the number of children present and especially with the number who received Communion. As Father has three parishes to care for, he has a late Mass at this mission on Sunday. Many children find it hard to fast that long, so these weekday Masses were a grand opportunity for so many of them to receive their Lord. Indeed it was a fitting close to the instructions they had so willingly absorbed during the past weeks.

Sister Josepha  
Middlesex, New Jersey

**OUR FRONT COVER: A summer school group at Santa Paula, California.**

## A CRYSTAL BALL

The four Byrne children had come to the convent for their first religious instruction. They were immediately captivated by the statue of the Infant of Prague in our living room. Knowing that the children had very little religious background, I gave them just a brief explanation of the statue before turning to the lesson of the day.

Toward the end of the class, I left the room for a moment. When I returned, nine year old Margie, pointing to the statue of the Infant of Prague, said, "I know what the Baby has in His hand!"

"You do! What is it?" I asked, delighted that from my short explanation of the statue, coupled with the lesson of the day, Margie had realized that the Infant Jesus was God and so could easily balance the world in His tiny Hand.

But my joy was short lived, as Margie replied triumphantly, "A crystal ball!"

Sister Helen  
Flat River, Missouri

## GOLDEN PENNIES! What priceless gems!

In one of our summer schools the children manifested a great interest to gain as many Golden Pennies as possible. Each morning would find the children assisting at Holy Mass and receiving Holy Communion, and then during the day they were busy making their little sacrifices. In the evening they returned to recite our Blessed Mother's Rosary. As summer school was drawing to a close two incidents occurred which I would like to relate to show how pleasing these Golden Pennies were to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Saviour!

One evening as I was waiting for Sister to finish her private instruction, the father of the children, accompanied by another gentleman, approached me. This gentleman said, "Madrecita, would the *Padrecito* hear my confession in Spanish?" I assured him that he would. With the simplicity of a child he asked for instructions to prepare for confession. He returned for two more instructions. On Sunday morning after an absence of twenty years or



His Excellency, Bishop Duane Hunt, confers the Sacrament of Confirmation at Our Lady of Guadalupe church, Salt Lake City, Utah.

more he received our dear Lord in Holy Communion.

Only the day before a youth of seventeen years received his First Communion. He had attended our classes ten or eleven years ago when we conducted a summer school in his mission ranch. Circumstances had been such as to prevent his receiving the Sacraments until he was of age to take care of it himself.

How grateful we must be to our dear Heavenly Father for these lambs that have returned to our dear Lord's sheepfold.

Sister Helen Marie  
Abilene, Texas

# News Items About

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OUR MINNESOTA BANDS

UNTIL 1949 we didn't have a single Band in this State. Then things began to happen. First, *Miss Regina Emmerich* organized *St. Mary Magdalene Band* at *Madison*, among a small group of Sodalists. The group sends dues to *Victory Noll* and mission boxes to three of our convents. They sent Easter boxes recently and later will send religious vacation school helps to our Sisters.

In March 1951, *Mrs. Irene Lehmann* organized *Blessed Martin de Porres Band* in *Lewiston*. This group specializes in layettes for poor babies, although they also mount medals and pictures, collect cancelled stamps, greeting cards, and engage in any and all kinds of work which will be of help to our Missions. Dues are paid by members at meetings and sent to *Victory Noll*. *Mrs. Lehmann* has a sister in our Order, *Sister Ramona*, who has been missioned at *Greeley, Colorado* during the past year.

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## POOR SOULS BAND (*Berwyn, Ill.*)

THE Promoter, *Mrs. J. V. McGovern*, wrote us that their March meeting was held in the *Lewis Towers Building* on *North Michigan Avenue*. Prior to that another Promoter had written that her members hold their benefit card games for us in these delightful club rooms, too.

The April meeting was held at the home of *Miss Nellie McHugh*. She is known to many of our *Chicago Associates* who used to attend the annual meetings of the *Central Committee*.

A new member, *Mrs. Alma Pfeifer* of *Melrose Park*, has joined the Band.

## ST. ROSE BAND (*Marshfield, Wis.*)

IN a letter which enclosed a \$50.00 check, *Mrs. Ray Flagel* wrote us just before Lent that a meeting was held on *February 14*. "It being *St. Valentine's Day* we didn't work but played bingo and a delicious lunch was served afterward. By the time we meet again it will be Lent and we will settle down to work. We have nothing definite in mind, but we shall surely do something. We also have a rummage sale and a bake sale planned, although the dates have not been set."

*Mrs. John Huebl* has held the Promoter-ship for many years. The Band is located in the *Diocese of LaCrosse, Wisconsin*.

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## ST. MEL BAND (*Chicago, Ill.*)

THE Treasurer, *Miss Winifred V. Walsh*, was able to report not long ago that "we were 100% strong at our last meeting." It is encouraging to note the unflagging zeal and energy our Associates display in order to keep up the good work they began many years ago of helping the Sisters (or the *Catechists* as many still call us) who help the poor.

At the last election of officers, *Mrs. Fred Beach* was re-elected President.



Pictured above are members of the *Srillians of Our Lady Band, Cincinnati, Ohio*, with *Sister Marguerite*, whom the Band sponsors.

# Our Associates

## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

March 23, 1952 to April 23, 1952

Charitina Club I, Chicago	
Katherine Hennigan .....	6.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill.,	
Mary C. Gibbons .....	12.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis,	
Mrs. Katherine Krueger .....	15.00
Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago,	
Mrs. H. F. Staley .....	22.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.,	
Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	11.50
Sacred Heart Mission Soc., Newark, N.Y.,	
Mrs. Sue Albanese .....	50.00
St. Anne Band, Ft. Wayne,	
Mrs. Geo. Deininger .....	5.35
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke	36.75
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh .....	6.00
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago,	
Mrs. A. Bechtold .....	50.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago,	
Mrs. Aloysia Naumes .....	15.00
St. Justin Band, Chicago	
Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	10.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....	73.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Edwin H. Potter .....	37.20
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha,	
Mrs. Fred Shields .....	5.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha,	
Lucille Murphy .....	15.00
St. Mary's Mission Society, Ft. Wayne,	
Mrs. Jos. Hake .....	200.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts., Ill.,	
Mrs. John McCann .....	28.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Kathyne Quinlan .....	16.50
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill.,	
Mrs. Jno. J. Murphy .....	4.50
Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati,	
Eleanor Hanekamp .....	3.00
Upsilon Chap. Pi Epsilon Kappa, LaPorte,	
Ind., Marion Riley .....	2.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Mary Genge .....	15.00

### A LARGE CHECK FROM FORT WAYNE

IT pleased us mightily to get a check for \$200.00 from Mrs. Augusta Hake, President of St. Mary's Mission Society. The check represented dues and donations.

June, 1952



### ST. MARY SODALITY BAND (Detroit)

THIS Band, presided over by Miss Ann Huhn, consists of fourteen ladies, four of whom are single and the rest are married. Originally the group called themselves St. Mary's Sewing Circle, and they still sew for the missions when they gather together for a meeting. Miss Huhn has plied a needle much of the time during the past two years. About that time she and Mrs. Sophie Nowasielski went into partnership, opening a Baby Shop in Detroit.

### OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND

(San Antonio, Tex.)

WITH seven of our convents now situated in the big State of Texas, we hope more Mission Bands may be opened there. At present there is only one—that of *Our Lady of Fatima*, in San Antonio, Texas which was begun in 1945 by Mrs. John G. Walsh, and aunt of Sister Madeleine Sophie.

### A CORRECTION

LAST month we published a poem on these pages which was written by Mrs. Evelyn Renier, a member of St. Catherine's Band. Through error we gave her address as Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Renier lives in Monterey Park, California.





# The Hundredfold

by Sister Eunice

"To tell the truth, Sister, I'd like to be a nun. But it's too hard. Leaving home, Mom, Dad, the twins—everybody, everything. No more good times. No more pretty clothes. No car. No television. That might have been all right years ago when girls didn't have anything—but it's not for the **modern** girl!" And Mary Jane, attractive, popular, fun-loving president of the C.Y.O., plunked another chocolate into her mouth with a finality that seemed to say, "The case is closed."

"But, Mary Jane," said Sister, quietly, "have you forgotten Our Lord's promise to those who leave all things for His sake—a hundredfold in this life and life everlasting?"

"I know, Sister, and I'm sure you'll get the 'life everlasting' if anyone does, but I can't see where you're getting the hundredfold."

Sister smiled. "What do I lack in this life, Mary Jane? I am well fed, well clothed, and comfortably housed. I have the best social security in the world—the assurance that I shall be taken care of physically and spiritually as long as life lasts."

"True, Sister. But look at your day! Up early in the morning—long prayers and daily Mass while most of us are still in bed. Knocking on doors all morning; in the afternoon trying to teach religion to children who are more interested in getting home to play or watch their favorite television program; then probably an evening instruction or some club work; doing your housework and cooking in between times. What a day! No parties, no dances, no shows... no fun! No time you can call your own—always at the beck and call of someone else. No Sister, I can't see the hundredfold."

"Shall I tell you where it is, Mary Jane? It is in the bright light of dawn as Sister rises to begin a new day in the service of her King; it is in the hush of the quiet chapel as the priest calls down upon the altar her Saviour and her

God; it is in the love in the depth of her soul as that God enters her heart for their daily tryst; it is in the business of her morning hours as she knocks on door after door seeking the straying sheep.

It is in the light of the eyes of aged or sick who happily welcome a visitor who will help break the monotony of their lonely life; it is in the relief mirrored in the face of the widowed mother who knows that the visit will bring emergency relief—food and clothing—to her little ones; it is in the joy of the little wife, married outside the Church, who knows that Sister will supply the courage she has lacked to do something about it.

"It is in the busyness of the four-year-old who 'wants to show her something' until he has half the moveable objects in the house carried into the living room, or in the confidence of the babe who brings Sister the dolly that has just lost one eye. 'Stevie did it,' she says, but somehow she knows that Sister can fix it. It is in the loveableness of the charming three-year-old who runs to Sister asking if she is from heaven; it is in the smile of the baby's eyes, as safe in the arms of his proud young mother, he sees someone different coming into his life and knows instinctively that **that** someone loves him.

"It is in the sacredness of the religion classroom when Sister implants in the minds and hearts of God's little ones the knowledge of the love of Jesus for all men. It is in the plea of the small boy to 'talk to Jesus' when he thinks Sister's 'Lets pray' means only the formal prayers at the end of class.

"Ah, finally, as the day comes to a close, it is in the peaceful silence of the chapel, kneeling before the tabernacle, that Sister knows the hundredfold in the loving embrace of the Divine Spouse of her soul as she brings to Him the joys and sorrows, the trials and sufferings, of a day spent in His service."

# Going Against the Grain



with Mary



by Alberta Schumacher

"I'm bad. I'm just naturally bad through and through," the woman who had come to call said.

"Aren't we all?" I asked mildly.

"I don't want to be, but I am," she added. "It was your poem in the **Catholic Telegraph-Register** that set me to thinking. 'IT ISN'T HUMAN' was the title. Here, I have the clipping . . .

Mother Nature serves if she  
Carries on quite naturally,  
Following her instincts to  
Do what God would have her do.  
Leafing when she feels like it,  
Flowering till she wants to quit,  
Dropping leaves and flowers . . . all . . .  
When she's in the mood for fall.  
Instincts tell her constantly  
What to do . . . all worry-free . . .  
Whether earth be washed or dusted—  
Would **our** instincts could be trusted!  
Sanctity we would attain  
Demands we go "against the grain!"

"You mean we have to fight our natural instincts in order to please God, don't you?"

I nodded, and she continued. "But how? It is easier said than done."

"You get down on your knees and tell Mary, the Mother of God, just what you told me. Say, 'I'm bad, just naturally bad, but I don't want to be. I can do nothing by myself, but I give all of me to you, sins and all. I renounce all my own inclinations and wish to think, say, and act only as you direct. As a mother would wash her child and make it clean and attractive

for its father's homecoming, you, Mary, prepare me for my Heavenly Father. I wish to be more slave than child, for unlike a child I cling to no will of my own. Give me the strength of your will, for mine is too weak.'"

"You think it would work for me?" the woman asked.

"It worked for me, so why not you?" I asked reasonably.

"But I am naturally bad, and you seem to be naturally good," she argued.

"I'm going against the grain," I laughed. "Seriously, I tell Mary truthfully each night how naturally bad I am, all my instincts surprising me with sneak attacks against my will to what I know to be right. I remind her that I have given up my own will because it is too weak, and I desire only what she desires for me. What goodness I have is supernatural goodness, the goodness of Mary exercising her dominion over her slave of love. And, believe me, I am naturally bad even when I am supernaturally good. We all are. We only achieve freedom from slavery to the bad in us by offering ourselves as slaves to Jesus through Mary, who was destined from the beginning to bring out the good in us."

"It sounds like just what I need," the woman said. "Right now I am convinced, but I need to know more. When I am alone again questions will come into my mind."

I told her where to secure complete information and the answers to all her questions.

*The address is: Confraternity of Mary Queen of Hearts, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana*



Dear Helpers:

On the first day of June this year, we have Pentecost Sunday. The Lesson for the Sunday says that the Apostles were all assembled together in one place when suddenly "there came a sound from heaven as of a violent wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting.

And there appeared to them parted tongues as of fire, which settled upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit."

When we are confirmed we receive the fullness of the Holy Ghost. Many boys and girls will receive Confirmation at this time of the year.

We should make an effort to invoke the Holy Spirit frequently during life,—in particular, while preparing for our weekly Confession, before examinations at school, and while considering what our future vocation in life may be.

This is the month of great decisions. Among those graduating from high schools and colleges in June will be found boys and girls, young men and women, who will be enrolled in God's army of Religious in the Fall. Sometimes the call is heard while the chosen soul is still in grade school. In that case, the boy or girl must carefully cultivate the seeds of a holy vocation which God has sown in the soul and do nothing which would hinder its development and growth.

A word of counsel to all. Be sure to frequent the Sacraments during the summer. There is never a vacation from the practices of our holy religion.

*Mary-ly yours,*

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

# Mary's Loyal

A WISCONSIN HELPER

This will introduce *Mary Jane Recker*, of *Manawa, Wisconsin*. Mary Jane is thirteen years old and was in the seventh grade at *Maple Hill School* this term. She joined our *Mary's Loyal Helpers* a year ago in April and faithfully says the Hail Marys and saves pen-pens when she can.



Although Mary Jane is not able to attend a Catholic school she attends a religious vacation school every day for three weeks in the summer. The school is conducted by two Sisters.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLE. 1. Daisy. 2. Cowslip. 3. Spring Beauty. 4. Violet. 5. Lady's Slipper. 6. Verbena. 7. Sweet Pea.

A BUSY SEASON FOR US MEN



"Plantin', cultivatin' the fields. It all adds up to lots of work on the farm," confides Ronny Wolf, of Chamois, Missouri, one of our Loyal Helpers.

*The Missionary Catechist*

# Helpers Page

## A CINCINNATI (OHIO) HELPER

In the accompanying picture is *Janette Lou Brown of Cincinnati, Ohio*. Janette Lou is fourteen years old and during the past year was in the ninth grade at Mother of Mercy High School in her city. She tells us she has a twin sister, and that one of her hobbies is writing poetry.



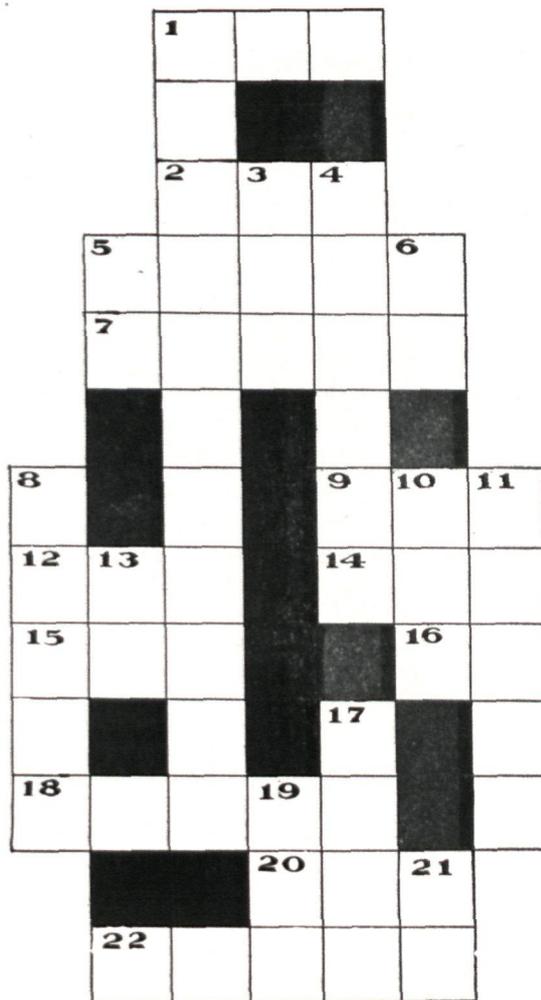
We have another Cincinnati Helper who loves to write, too. Shall we call this city one of budding journalists?

## A NEW SISTER FOR OUR ORDER



Little Joline Baca of Denver, Colorado, is happy to have her picture taken with Mother Cecilia.

Our little friend says that when she grows up she is going to be a Victory Noll Sister and that she has chosen the name of Sister Mary Joline.



## JUNE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

### DOWN

1. June is the month of the .....
3. Latin for "pray"
4. First word of Introit, 4th Sunday of Advent.
6. Registered Technician (abbr.)
8. Fantasy
10. Used for rowing
11. Talks to God
13. Either
17. Opposite of hate
19. Fish

21. French for "and".

### ACROSS

1. Body of water
2. Latin for "heart"
7. Symbol of love
9. Above
12. Fish eggs
14. Organ of hearing
15. Period of time
16. Note of scale
18. Modern Apostle of the Sacred Heart
20. Night before
22. Bay

Send your worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary, Mary's Loyal Helpers, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana and receive a holy card.

Do you want new Sunshine Bags or dime cards? WRITE US.

## THE WAY OF SELF-SURRENDER

(An easy way to Holiness)

To surrender oneself means more than devoting oneself, more than giving oneself, more even than abandoning oneself to God. To surrender oneself really means dying to everything and to oneself, being concerned only that the soul is ever turned toward God. To surrender oneself also means not to seek oneself in anything, be it spiritual or corporal; in other words, we must no longer seek our own gratification but solely the divine good pleasure. It must be said too, that to surrender oneself is also to be perfectly detached in spirit whether in regard to persons or things, time or place. It means conforming to everything, accepting everything, submitting to everything.

Now some may think this is a very hard thing to do. There is nothing easier to do and nothing sweeter to practice. It merely consists in making once and for all, one generous act, in saying: "My God, I want to be all Yours: please accept my offering." And that is all. But one must take care to keep in such disposition of soul and not draw back from any of the little sacrifices which can serve our advancement in virtue. One must remember that one has surrendered. I beseech our Lord to grant to all the souls that desire to please Him the grace of understanding this word and to inspire them with such

### AN EASY WAY TO HOLINESS.

Blessed Therese Couderc

## CHILDREN I'LL NEVER FORGET

(Continued from page 6)

class. She had a beautiful voice and loved to sing. When she was only ten, her voice was amazingly mature and sweet. She told me very solemnly one time that she was never going to get married, that she was going to be a Sister because, she added, you have to work too hard when you're married.

"You mean, Corina, that we don't have to work hard?"

"You don't have to work as hard as my mother," she declared. And I admit she had something there.

These are just a few of the children I remember. There are others, of course, and there will always be others in every place we teach. Maybe it's just nostalgia, I don't know; but I prefer to think of them as they were then.

## DEAR AMADA

(Continued from page 7)

breakfast and then came back for the eleven o'clock Mass, after which Father gave us a talk. We had lunch in the hall. I read to the girls while they ate. There was another talk at 2:00 p.m. We made visits to church and read much from some pamphlets. We recited the Rosary together. The last talk was at 4:00 p.m. and the Retreat ended with the renewal of our Act of Consecration to our Blessed Mother, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

For Easter Sunday we had a bake sale. All the members of the Sodality either made a cake, a pie or cookies and the ladies sold everything. The proceeds went to buy a Benedictine Cope.

Soon after Easter we began preparations for the May crowning. We chose World Sodality Day as the special day, it being also Mother's Day. I was chosen as one of the attendants to Transita Duran, who has been a Sodalist twenty-two years. (It seems that in three years our Sodality will be celebrating some kind of a Silver Jubilee). The crowning ceremonies were very beautiful and impressive. They began with a procession in honor of Our Blessed Mother, after which Father blessed the crown and placed it on Her image. We have kept right on celebrating the month of May. We take turns keeping a vigil light burning at the shrine of Mary.

Just now we are making plans for a picnic to finish up our activities for the year. We shall continue our monthly meetings, although Sister may not be able to be with us because she will leave here for summer school. There are rumors that jamaicas are underway, and we will have to help, too. But it will be fun, I know.

With love,

Your friend Lilia

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE, translated by Edward B. Pusey, D.D., carries an informative introduction by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., the renowned literary editor of the magazine *America*.

It is published by POCKET BOOKS Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y., and priced at 35c to bring it within the range of all who have not yet profited by the inspirational experiences of St. Augustine.



*Our Lady of Light - Spouse of the Holy Spirit,  
Obtain, O obtain for me the grace  
Of an intimate union with Jesus!*

## MISSIONARY SISTERS

under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady of Victory are laboring in the scattered mission districts of our country.

DO YOU WISH TO SHARE IN THEIR APOSTOLATE? In this month of the Sacred Heart JOIN THE 2500 CLUB in His honor and become associated with a group of our zealous co-workers who send a dollar a month to help the Sisters carry on their Christ-like work.



*Doing Christ's work*

### MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Dear Sister:

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

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....