

# *the* **M**issionary **G**atechist

## THE MEMORARE

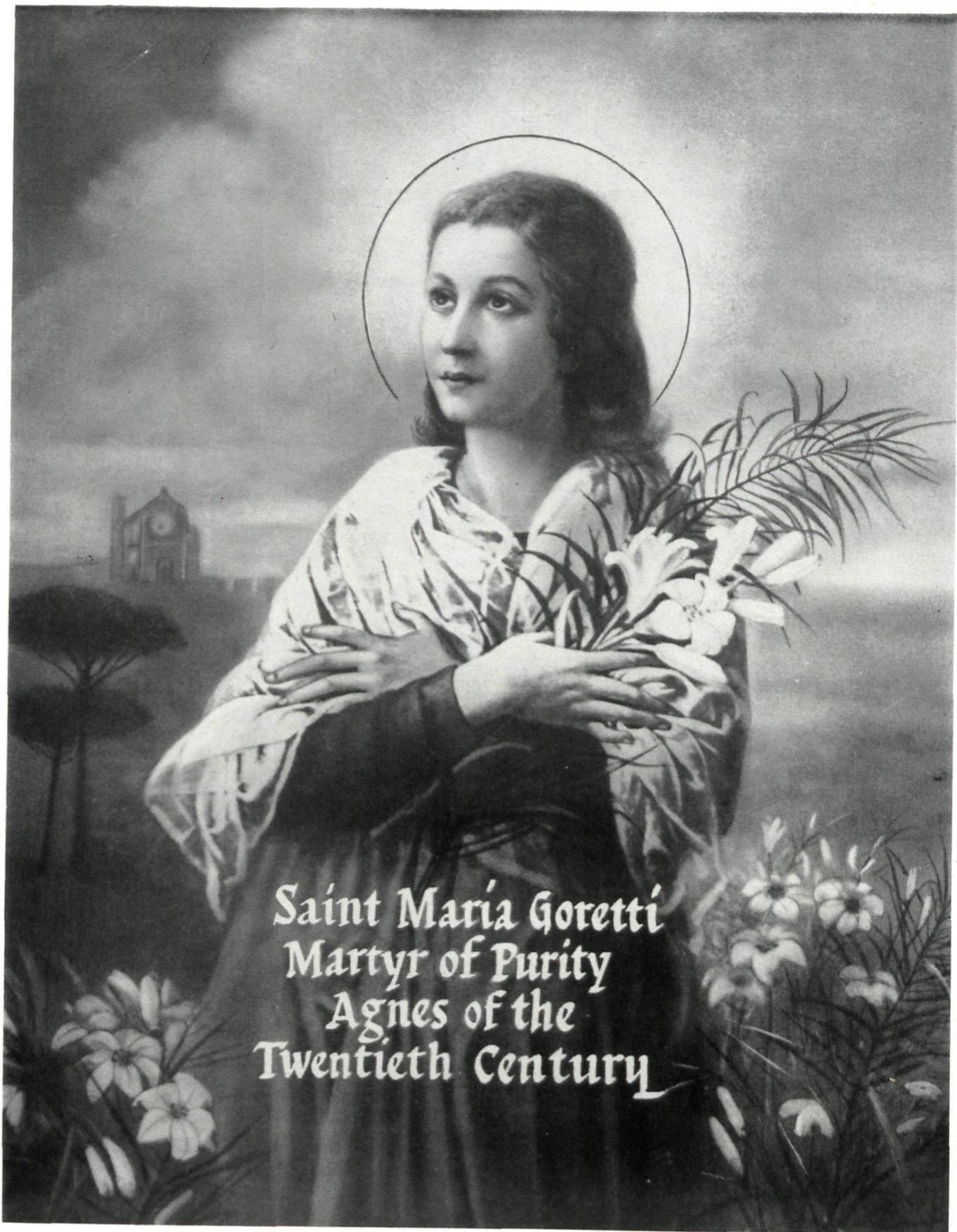
Remember,  
 O most gracious Virgin Mary,  
 that never was it known  
 that anyone who fled to thy protection,  
 implored thy help,  
 and sought thy intercession,  
 was left unaided.  
 Inspired with this confidence,  
 I fly unto thee,  
 O Virgin of virgins, my Mother.  
 To thee, I come;  
 before thee I stand,  
 sinful and sorrowful.  
 O Mother of the Word Incarnate,  
 despise not my petitions,  
 but in thy mercy,  
 hear and answer me. Amen.



Right: Mary, Queen of Peace statue graces the entrance at Mary, Queen of Peace Mission, Salt Lake City, Utah.



**OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS**



Saint Maria Goretti  
Martyr of Purity  
Agnes of the  
Twentieth Century

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVIII

July-August, 1952

Number 8

## Saint Mary Goretti

by FATHER CONROY

IT has now been almost two years since the evening of June 24, 1950, when I stood in St. Peter's Square in Rome for the Canonization of St. Mary Goretti. Two years, but it seems like yesterday. . .

The huge crowd of 500,000 people representing every nationality under the sun—newsboys circulating with Rome newspapers shouting "Santa Maria Goretti!"—people eating their lunch—a conversation in Russian going on right at my elbow—a priest from Peoria, Ill., slightly disturbed at this "baseball atmosphere". . .

The long procession of 3,000 Cardinals, bishops and clergy winding slowly through the crowds. The electric moment when the Holy Father made His entrance borne on the *sedia gestatoria* by the stalwart Swiss guards—first a deafening silence, then the air punctured with isolated shouts and finally a general storm of shouts and waving of handkerchiefs and newspapers—"Viv' Il Papa! Viv' Il Papa!"—the Holy Father slowly, graciously, dramatically giving his blessing—the triple tiara a thing of fascination. . .

The soul stirring moment when the Holy Father ordained that "the name of Maria Goretti, Virgin and Martyr, be added to the calendar of the Saints of the Church and the customary honor be paid her by a day being set aside once a year for her veneration, namely July 6th," to which was immediately added and the world heard for the first time, "Sancta Maria Goretti! Ora pro nobis!" . . .

The Mother of the Saint, "La Mamma," viewing these tremendous proceedings from a spot in the balcony to the right of the temporary Papal Throne situated before the Holy Door on the steps of St. Peter's! . . .

La Mamma! What were her thoughts! She had been through much in the past months. Long interrogations in which the frightful murder had been gone over time and time again.

It must have torn her soul with grief anew to remember the agonizing sight of her Marietta lying in an ever widening pool of blood on the rough wooden floor, the long ambulance ride to Nettuno, the 20 hours of death agony, most of which Assunta spent alone outside the hospital room. These would be the thoughts of any other Mother who had ever undergone such tragedy. It takes no mind reader to discover this.

But no one will ever be able to fathom the thoughts of this little woman as she pondered the resulting miracle of all this horror. This must be left to God to understand, the God before Whose Throne in Heaven the little Santina now stood. Perhaps the Mother of a newly ordained priest might be able to share the thoughts of Assunta Goretti on this occasion, but certainly no other human being could come close.

All these thoughts came to mind and still come to mind whenever we harken back to the evening of June 24, 1950—the Holy Year. But since then—for this was only a beginning—more wonderful things have continued to happen in the name of St. Mary Goretti. The Holy Father termed her the "modern St. Agnes," patroness of Purity, giving her to the youth of the world as an example and special intercessor in these tremendous times. And she has been just that.

We cannot speak for the youth of other countries but we can speak for the youth of America. And we hasten with enthusiasm to tell you of the many youths who have turned to her in the hour of temptation, of the many miracles of souls which have been wrought through her powerful intercession. The Little Saint continues to spread her influence. It is steadily growing, giving rise to the speculation

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# Ranch Country Memoirs

By Sister Alice Marie

## God's Gentlefolk

Father introduced us to Sam and Molly on the very day we arrived in Elko, Nevada to open our convent in the western town. They were pioneer ranch people in Elko County. Molly was a prim and lovable bit of New England transplanted to the alkali desert land. Sam, a tall aristocratic product of old England had pitted his strength and native shrewdness against this primitive country, long before he brought his bride across the salt flats and buffalo trails of Utah and Nevada. They had left the old ranch and now lived in their town house, next door to the small convent home of the Missionary Sisters.

Molly's joy over our arrival was tempered by her concern over Sam's reaction. Sam was a non-Catholic and had a picturesque vocabulary left over from his days on the ranch. "I persuaded him to sell his chickens last week," she confided to us a few days after our arrival, "because I won't have the ears of you good Sisters insulted by Sam swearing at his hens."

The old couple became our good friends and on our return from long desert trips, we found Molly's dainty dishes and Sam's posies awaiting us. These old-timers knew all about the long stretches of sage land and the choking dryness of alkali dust clouds. Sam admired the missionary spirit of the ladies from the "Dude Country," but always there was some reserve.

It was during Molly's last illness that we won Sam's heart completely by our visits and kind attentions to our old friends. "God bless you ladies. I'll never forget you," he assured us. And from the depths of her big pillow, Molly whispered, "God bless Father and the day he brought you to Elko. He is God's own missionary. When I pass on, I'll be remembering him and you good Sisters."

God has called both of our old friends to Himself, but they kept their word. Today, their former home is the beautiful and spacious convent home of the Missionary Sisters.

## Western Hospitality

"Go ahead, Larry." Father smiled his encouragement. "Tell the sisters."

The boy raised a freckled sun-tanned face. He gulped several times. His big toe ploughed up the dust in the space beside the car. Then he thrust a roughened hand through the car window. "This is for you ladies, cuz you're coming out here to help us kids." A bag, slightly stained with chocolate and twisted into a ball, fell on Sister's lap. Before we could thank him, the lad was half way to the front entrance of the State Industrial School.

\* \* \*

"Just a minute, Sisters," the old man lying on the narrow cot fumbled with the draw string of a worn tobacco pouch, "sure, I wouldn't let me company go away empty-handed." The Sisters did not dare to refuse the thin discolored dime from the crippled hand of Pat. We looked towards Father. His eyes were moist like ours. He nodded his head. Sister thanked Pat as she slipped the coin into her pocket. He smiled contentedly. "Sure, it's meself that knows that the Sisters have the sweet tooth like all the ladies. 'Tis a bit of candy, I'm wanting you to have on Pat."

\* \* \*

Father stopped the car in front of our small convent. He turned towards us. "A poor under-privileged boy gave you the bit of candy that someone had given him, because he is so glad that you have come to Elko. An old man on the county poor farm wanted you to have the dime that he has saved to buy a little more of his favorite brand of tobacco. That was his way of welcoming you to the ranch country. Western Hospitality! You bet!"

## Canyon Chapel

The soft notes from our small portable organ drifted up through the pink and white haze of the apple blossoms. The birds flitting about in the orchard added some grace notes of their own. The mountain stream murmured a contented accompaniment, and in the distance a calf called plaintively to its mother.

Sister tinkled the silver bell. Father lifted the Host above the heads of the canyon people. These good people had come from the distant ranches to gather around the trailer chapel.

Usually they came to the church in Elko only once or twice a year, because of the distance and the condition of the mountain roads during the various seasons. And now the little chapel on wheels had come to them.

They crowded around Father to tell him of their gratitude. They knew the hardships of the long trip he had made over the alkali roads for their sakes. This was one more blessing to be added to the list of all that Father had done for them in the isolated fastness of their canyon.

### Leaving the Ninety-nine

Father drove slowly and carefully over the desert stretches leading to the highway. Dick sat beside him, a pitiful old man with a face ravished and seared by cancer in its last stages. Father knew what the slightest jolting of the car meant to the poor sufferer. Yet as he glanced from time to time at Dick, he surprised a look of peace and contentment in his eyes that had not been there two months ago. Some good non-Catholic neighbors had called Father to visit the old man. They thought that Dick might be a Catholic because of the black beads he fingered day and night.

Father had travelled the hundred miles to the shack that Dick called home. His story was

soon told. It was like many another story in the ranch county. Dick had lived the glad, carefree life of ranch hand and prospector. There was always money enough for a game of cards and a drink for the crowd. No, there hadn't been much time for God then. Then the cancerous growth on his face and the necessary isolation from others had made Dick aware of his need for his heavenly Father. He had been too ashamed to ask for a priest. Now Dick was ready to return to the Sacraments after thirty-five years. Father heard Dick's confession and gave him Holy Communion. He returned several times in the next two months and then persuaded the old man to go into the general hospital in Elko. Dick did not last very long. Toward the end, he gave Father a thin silver watch and a beautiful chain. He made Father promise that after his death, he would write to the address in the back of the watch.

We sang Dick's Requiem Mass and Father wrote the letter and sent it to the east. The answer came immediately. The writer was a prominent architect, who thanked Father for all he had done for Dick—the long lost younger brother of this gentleman. Dick had run away from his home at the age of seventeen, when his dear mother had died.

### Other Sheep

During World War II, Father left his beloved ranch country to minister to the spiritual need of the fighting men. He spent the greater part of the time in the South Pacific area. He brought all the years of his priestly experience to the aid of these other sheep. Then he returned to the ranch country, content to take up again the burdens and the blessings of the missionary.

With the opening of hostilities in Korea, Father was recalled to the service. At present he counsels and helps thousands of young men in a large naval center in the southwest. But Father is scheduled for a return engagement to the ranch country. It will be brief—just long enough to join his people in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. For just a little while he will forget that he is . . . Right Reverend Monsignor George L. Smith, Chaplain of the United States Navy . . . and become once again "Padre of the Ranch Country."



Lieutenant Commander  
George L. Smith  
Chaplains' Corps, of the Naval  
Reserve

# No More Pupils -- No More Books --

by Sister Jean Marie

THROUGHOUT the school year, the Missionary Sisters are constantly engaged in one or other of the following: catechetical instruction, social service work, clinic management, census taking, convert study club, group supervision or home visiting. Those are a few of the threads woven into the pattern of their daily lives. How frequently do they feel that our 24 hour day is all too brief to accomplish half the deeds they would like to offer to their Spouse at the close of each day. What tremendous consolation and joy they experience each morning at the offertory of the Mass as they place on the paten, in advance, those 24 hours whether they be filled with joys or sorrows, smiles or tears, plans performed or hopes unfulfilled. They know that Christ accepts and blesses the desires of their hearts to do great things for Him, even though the "greatness" may lie only in the multiplicity of little deeds magnified by tremendous love.

SUDDENLY the school year has vanished: no other word describes the lightning rapidity with which those months have sped by. But, it still is not time for—No more pupils, no more books! The Sisters now commence three or four-week religious vacation schools: many of them in places where they have taught during the year; but the majority in out-of-the-way places where they could not cover the distance regularly. They have intensive preparation for First Holy Communion, and usually stress the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Sacraments.

## What do the Teachers do?

### They Go Apart

Finally, on July 26, if we confine ourselves to "What do they do in Southern California?", the Sisters staffing ten of their convents have hurried last-minute departure cleaning and then wend their way by train, auto or bus to QUEEN OF THE MISSIONS, their eleventh convent in lower California, located in Redlands. On July 27 they visualize a placard reading: "No more Pupils, No more Books." July 27—the day their hearts and minds have been longingly anticipating—the eve of their annual eight-day Retreat. Throughout the year they have earnestly striven to use for God all



Queen of the Missions Convent  
Redlands, California

that He has given to them in an endeavor to draw souls closer to Him. Now, for eight glorious days, they can forget everything to concentrate on the Unum Necessarium, the one thing necessary. In retrospect they will inventory the year, not in view of failures or achievements, but to see if they have tried to use each thing behind which God hid Himself—each thought, word or action that entered into their lives—to sanctify themselves. For well do they know that they can give to other souls only if they have a surplus themselves. Have they been true apostles filled to the brim with Christ and letting the overflow quietly stream on needy souls? For eight sublime days they will be permitted to breathe in the fragrance of heaven's atmosphere as they spend most of the day in chapel alone—though in the midst of many—with Jesus in the tabernacle; or as they walk outdoors feeling that Our Blessed Mother has her hand clasped in theirs as they tread softly the pathways lined with giant trees whose branches whisper melodies while swaying to and fro.

### They Chat

August 5, feast of Our Lady of the Snows, is enthusiastically welcomed by some 75 Sisters at Queen of the Missions Convent. Many of them will renew their Holy Vows for one year, for three years, or for life; while still others will celebrate their silver jubilee. Long before the rising bell rings at 5:00, most are awake sending their thoughts down to the chapel until they can actually go there. When they do enter the

chapel, they find the altar banked with gladioli and the very air is electrified with festivity. After Holy Mass and the Vow Ceremonies, the solemn stillness of the past ten days is broken with something akin to a cyclonic disturbance as 75 voices merrily congratulate, greet and welcome each other. Some may not have seen others for a year, five years or ten years. Yes, they have a few things to discuss!

Picture below shows Sister Aurelia Jane, (third from left) supervisor of Guadalupe Clinic at San Diego, being greeted by Sisters she trained as novices ten years ago at Victory Noll.

### They Sew

How frequently, during the course of the year, do the Sisters long for a few unoccupied moments that are always so elusive. Somehow or other, they manage to keep up with the regular sewing, mending and patching; but rarely do they have time to devote to handwork dear to their hearts. Now, however, they can give full reign to their nimble fingers in dainty stitches. On close observation you might see a few Sisters from Azusa working together on a lovely new blue silk drape for their mayshrine; an absorbed gathering might be the San Pedro



Sisters making a new set of altar linens; some of the finer artists might be Brawley Sisters doing the daintiest of needlework on an altar cloth; while those more efficient seamstresses could be Ontario Sisters making a new white vestment. What keen pleasure does each derive from sewing such as this: needlework that will rest so close to her Eucharistic King.

*(Please turn to the next page)*





### They Can

Mrs. Generous-heart called and said that if some of the Sisters would come to her orchard they could have all the apricots they could use. Would the Sisters mind picking? She did not have the receiver quite settled on its hook before the Sisters were driving up to her door announcing their arrival. Mrs. Let-me-help-you, Mrs. I'd-like-to-share, and Mrs. Open-hand called in turn to tell the Sisters they would be most welcome to bushels of this or that. And soon the Sisters were revelling in the beauty of their rows and rows of fresh canned fruits and vegetables. They had a wonderful time as (during work-time) they mingled prayer with the washing, peeling, cutting and cooking; and (during recreation time) they spun rows of laughter circling 'round the jars.

### They Picnic

The Sisters built an out-door stove on their spacious grounds and frequently eat outdoors. Who would dare refute the fact that food tastes so much better outside?—even though it is heavily coated with charcoal or ashes. The Sisters from the various convents never come to Redlands for these few weeks of Retreat-Vacation empty-handed. While there, a cosmopolitan meal such as this might be served: San Pedro fish topped with Ontario lemon; piping hot rolls made from Santa Paula eggs and Los Angeles nuts; steaming Brawley carrots; delightful salad concocted from Redlands oranges, San Jacinto apricots and Yucaipa peaches; and last, but by no means least, Coachella date cake.

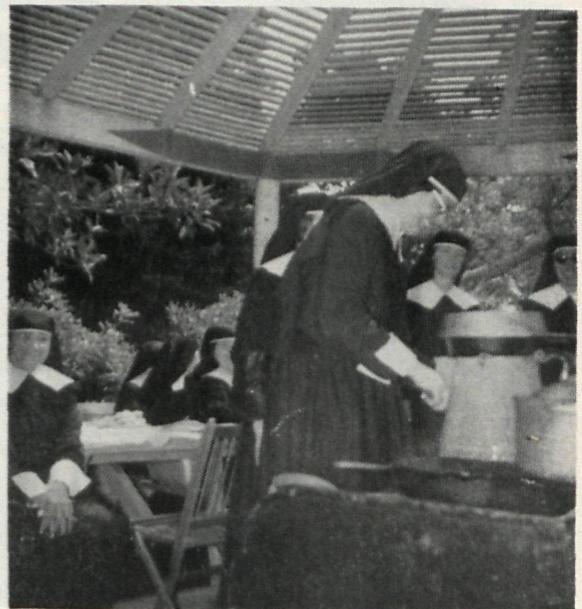
### They Study

The Teacher-book separation is not quite as long as that of the Teacher-pupil severance. Each year a priest is invited to Queen of the Missions to give the Sisters a refresher course in religion. The Sisters enthusiastically welcome this opportunity to learn new angles and slants on presenting the truths of our glorious heritage in a manner that will instill a lasting love and eager desire to learn more. Any adult or child who receives instruction from the Missionary Sisters is certain of a daily remembrance in their prayers that the lessons imparted will have tenacious roots budding forth into virile Christian lives. The Sisters consider these annual lectures and classes as part of vacation because each one provides additional help for their future classes.

### They Work

Yes, now and then the Sisters work. Annually there is much conjecturing done as who might be the recipient (when the work list is posted) of the honor of daily cleaning the outdoor steps. That might seem, on reading but not seeing, a casual job. However, there are one hundred wide cement steps leading from the street to the convent.

Even Sisters must eat; so nine have a steady position cooking for the 75. Nine more are well occupied in washing and ironing. To keep the forty rooms looking like the proverbial well-waxed convent requires the attention of a few! The Sisters need not fear the devil setting up his workshop in Redlands for there are no idle hands to be found.





**Would you like to climb the 100 steps?**

After work, they play. Occasionally they engage in a good game of volley ball or tennis. Band concerts cheer the winners and fun is rampant. And always, always, you can locate a group exchanging class ideas, discussing new methods, and viewing attractive catechism charts.

#### They Wait

In Redland's beautiful patio, where the Sacred Heart welcomes all who enter and holds colloquy with those within, the Sisters wait. They eagerly watch for the arrival of large brown envelopes bearing the return address: VICTORY NOLL. They know that each year those same brown envelopes are the carriers of God's Holy Will for them in the prosaic form of a little white card. On the morning of August 15, after their ten-days of vacation, they receive their appointments for the coming year. During Holy Mass, before opening the envelope, there is a similar refrain in each heart and mind:—"I accept in advance, joyfully, dear God, whatever you wish me to do and wherever you wish me to go: be it to remain here in beloved California, or to go to the lonely stretches of Nevada; to the mountains in Utah or the dusty Texas ranges." Whatever it will be, there will be souls in whom they can see Christ's Image and minister lovingly to Him in them.

#### They Read

The greatest thriller of the year for each Sister is one which takes but a fraction of a

second to scan. She removes from an envelope a 3x5 card with her name written on it; the name of her superior-to-be; and the name of her convent-home. Perhaps she will have the joy of returning to the same mission where she has spent several happy years; or she may eagerly set forth for a new convent in a city hitherto unpopulated with Missionary Sisters. All gather in the patio for this informative perusal, and then!—a human bee-hive launches forth. Ten minutes later some start to pack. Vacation is just about over. All are filled with joy and exultation.

#### They Pray

During the following days, before each Sister departs, she slips quietly into chapel to beg Our dear Lord to be with her throughout the minutes of each day and to keep far from her any taint of mediocrity. She prays that in the midst of the tasks allotted to her, she will not fall short of the one only important work assigned her by God. May He keep her in His conscious Presence, for this work stems from within:—*her goal is Sanctity.*



CHAPEL QUEEN OF MISSIONS CONVENT REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Look at the Tabernacle—the One Who dwells there knows all, understands all, and loves us!

We have Him in our midst Who is the joy of Angels.

Jesus, my life, Jesus my love, Jesus my all.

Prayer is one of the sweetest consolations in life.

How sweet is abandonment to Him Who has universal power at His command.

My God, give me the grace to love Thee as Thou hast loved me—to love Thee as Thou deservest—to love Thee in time and in eternity.

Sayings of Blessed Therese Couderc

## "DOWN IN 'DE COAL BIN"

Down in de coal bin, heah dat joyful soun'  
All de chilluns am a singin'; singin' deah—  
beneat' de groun'.

Now who'd ever thought of singing a song about a coal bin. Why a coal bin is *such* a dirty old dark spot that—

Here now, (Mr. Coal Bin speaking) let's not have any such remarks about *this* coal bin. Why I'm high class, now.

It's true, I was once a dirty old dark spot in the basement of a church. Big lumps of coal were tossed in and stored in me a while and then used in a huge roaring furnace outside my door. My life was much like that of any *ordinary* coal bin, but now—!! ah, now, there've been some changes made.

Once after coal was outmoded and the furnace was, too, I was cleaned up and scrubbed and my walls were made white as could be. Then I was used, oh, happy day, not for storing coal, but for harboring little children who came to the church to learn their Catechism. Those were gay days for me.

And then (woe is me) something happened! Someone came down one day and started to fill me up to capacity with,—not coal, not children, no,—but with old chairs, tables, dressers, rugs, dishes, and what not. I almost complained out loud, but I guess it was better than having all that coal again, so I just kept quiet. (And besides, I might startle someone, if I complained.) But sometimes, I felt like my sides would burst. Once in awhile the door would open and some article would be taken out or else (oh, ouch,—my sides!) something else would be squeezed in.

This went on for quite some time. Occasionally, I would hear someone say, "Maybe someday that place will be cleaned out and used again." That was my only hope. Would I ever be used again for "church" as the children called it? Oh, the time seemed so long, until—

Until one cool morning things started to happen. From then on my life was filled with unexpected surprises. Old musty furniture was pulled out and taken someplace else. I

## In the Home Field



overheard it said that it was a new "rect'ry," whatever that is. But I didn't care just so long as they moved that furniture that was jabbing me in the sides.

Gradually everything was taken out and I was emptied once more. Then two women, all dressed in black came in early in the morning, scrubbed me clean with nice warm soapy water, patched up the aperture (isn't that a nice big word for a coal bin?) that was formerly used for the coal chute and made me feel good all over again. At last, I thought, was I really going to be used for something worthwhile? The future looks bright this far. Now what???

CHAIRS!!! Yes, chairs, and more chairs. So it's true! The children will be here again for "church." What fun!

Those ladies (I found out that they are Sisters) started to put up some nice bulletin boards on my walls. In the corner they put two wooden dynamite boxes on top each other for shelves. (The boxes were empty.) The bulletin boards and shelves were trimmed with gay wallpaper. They hammered nails here and there, but I didn't mind. I knew that if I wanted to look nice it might hurt a little. And such pretty pictures! I just love to look at them.

Soon everything was in readiness and for a few days suspense hung over everything. But late one afternoon, the light switch was pulled and in a flurry of excitement a bevy of wee tots came merrily in. "Oh, Sister," they ex-

claimed, "This is a nice new place." (Now if I were wearing a shirt, I'm sure the buttons would have popped off with that.)

They were a delightful group of children and sometimes they afforded me a hearty laugh.

Like the time the Sister told them, "There is only one God, but there are three Persons in God." She emphasized that over and over and soon a tiny little girl said, "Well, that's simple." But I don't know. It's quite a mystery to me.

And when she told them the story about two men who went to church to pray and the one just bragged about himself and didn't pray nicely like the other one did, that same little girl said, "He was just kiddin', huh, Sister?" and her companion chimed in with, "Yes, he was just a 'kidder' 'cause he wasn't good at all." That was good.

After the little children finish their class, which is filled with songs, prayers, and stories, they go home, and for a little bit, I am alone. But then, it never fails—

CRASH! BANG! BOOM! and the influx of some twenty girls makes my sides hurt. They are so lively that I almost hold my ears shut until they leave again. They, too, thought that I was a nice new place, though, so that made me feel good.

The other day they were more than excited over some letters they'd received from the Rosary Center assigning them a part of the Rosary to say each day. I think that's a super idea and I hope it will do them a lot of good.

Well, maybe I'd better stop talking now or someone will think that I'm bragging. But after all, it is quite an honor for me, an old coal bin beneath the ground to be considered good enough for a classroom; so what coal bin *wouldn't* be proud? And I'll debate with anyone on the subject now after the happy times I've been having with the children in Catechism classes.

Sister Dolores Ann  
Winnemucca, Nevada

## THREE GENERATIONS

"Children, will you keep on receiving Holy Communion every time you go to Mass, even after the Sisters are gone?"

"Yes, Sister."

We know they mean it at the time, and we fondly hope that they will keep their resolution. But there is one time when we are pretty sure. That is when we know that the children have the good example of parents who are frequent Communicants.

In the case of the Miller children of Capitan, New Mexico, we are doubly sure. Not only their parents, but the grand-parents also, receive Holy Communion at every Mass they attend. That involves real sacrifice too, for Capitan is one of a dozen out-missions of Carizozo, and the zealous pastor offers his third Mass at eleven o'clock on three Sundays a month at the mission chapel.

We thank God for families like the Millers, who are pillars of the parish and exemplary Catholics in so many ways. May He bless them and raise up more of their kind!

Sister Miriam  
Santa Fe, New Mexico



The picture above shows Yvonne and Richard Miller, their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Miller; their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Miller.

# News Items About



Dear Associates:

THROUGH the good offices of Mrs. H. R. Staley, President of Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, our Sisters recently received publicity in THE NEW WORLD, the official Catholic paper for the Archdiocese of Chicago. This newspaper has many readers and consequently our work was made known to a great many people. Although Mrs. Staley's prime purpose was to publicize a benefit party she was giving for us at the end of May, she also included in the article a brief sketch of our work, announcing with justifiable pride that there are forty-two Sisters in our Order from Chicago, and that our community had its beginning in that city. A picture of our Sisters accompanied the article.

I mention this because if some of you ladies, elsewhere, who belong to mission bands and clubs which aid our work would give our work and yours publicity in local Catholic papers, perhaps our Sisterhood and the good we do for the poor and underprivileged would become better known. We would then receive an increase of vocations and financial help. Think it over.

Anyone desiring publicity material—material for an article and photographs for newspaper cuts—may have them by writing to

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

## ST. JUDE'S SENDS CHECK FOR DUES

During the month of May we received a much appreciated check for \$131.00 from the members of St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Mrs. Fred Potthoff is President and Mrs. Adolph Venderley is Treasurer of the Society.



ST. ANNE BAND (Milwaukee, Wis.)  
THIS is one of our newer Bands. It consists, at present, of twelve members, with Mrs. Robert C. Schrimpf in charge. Most of the ladies who belong are close relatives of our Sister Ann Therese, and of course, they sponsor Sister's work. Sister has been missioned at our Mission in Santa Paula, California during the past school year. She is delighted with the mission boxes she receives from the Band, and which contain little gifts for the children under the Sisters' care.

## ST. CATHERINE BAND (Los Angeles, Cal.)

In spite of the Band having lost some of its members, we have received a nice array of checks from the Promoter, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy since the first of the current year.

The Band is divided between Chicago and Los Angeles members, although most of them, we believe, live in Los Angeles and its environs. At present the ladies who comprise it are working on a Burse named for Saint Anthony.



## SACRED HEART MISSION SOCIETY (Newark, N.Y.)

TWO checks, each for \$50.00, have come through the mails from the members of this Society during the past six months.

Our Associates will recall that these ladies, headed by Mrs. Sue Albanese, have had the distinction of being our biggest mission givers for at least three consecutive years.

The Secretary, Mrs. Theresa Pitrella, wrote us that they were very pleased to have lead again and "that gives us quite a goal to work for next year—trying to stay on top." Most of their money is realized at an annual bazaar, held just before the Christmas holidays, at which hand made articles are sold. However, there is an annual ice cream social held in July, and brush demonstration parties from time to time, which augment the funds in their treasury.

# Our Associates

## GOOD WILL MISSION CIRCLE (Carrollton, Kentucky)

IN September 1950, the ladies of Good Will Mission Circle celebrated the twenty-fifth year of their club. Funds are raised through card parties and donations. A ninety year old member does her bit by crocheting articles for prizes! As might be expected, the ladies are chiefly interested in the mission districts of their own State, and have more than once helped our Sisters in the mountain missions of Richmond, Kentucky.

Our last letter from the group was written by Mrs. George Krumpelman, Treasurer, who enclosed a check for \$24.00.

## ASSOCIATES GIVE PICNIC



Each summer the members of Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Indiana invite the Sisters of their parish school to a picnic on our grounds at Victory Noll. The day is enjoyed by all.

## UPSILON CHAPTER, PI EPSILON KAPPA (LaPorte, Indiana)

PERHAPS we should inform the readers of this page that *Upsilon Chapter* is a group of Catholic women belonging to the Sorority named *Pi Epsilon Kappa*. Among other charitable endeavors, they contribute to Guardian Angel Burse, held by our Sister Mary Agnes. At this writing, Sister with a companion, is taking a census of the Catholics in LaPorte, Indiana, and this must please those who sponsor her Burse.

The officers with whom we have acquaintance through correspondence are Miss Marion Riley, President and Miss Irene Baczkiewicz, Treasurer.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 26, 1952 to May 21, 1952

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan .....	6.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. C. Koschnitzke .....	\$ 10.00
Little Flower Mission Club, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch .....	40.00
Mary, Queen of our Hearts, Band, Lombard, Ill., Cecilia Quirk .....	10.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	15.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. E. G. Walsh ....	25.00
St. Ann Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Geo. Deininger .....	7.00
St. Ann Band, Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Robt. Schrimpf .....	19.50
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck .....	5.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Anne Igel .....	10.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lee Walters .....	30.95
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes .....	20.00
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N.Y., Mrs. Mary Luke .....	34.45
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Fred Potthoff .....	131.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Erwin Hammer .....	\$123.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Fred Shields .....	5.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb., Lucille Murphy .....	197.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Ann Huhn .....	20.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Beach .....	24.00
St. Michael Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. John McCann .....	5.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer .....	11.50
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	10.00
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Marie V. Dwyer .....	10.00
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. J. C. Burch .....	18.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy .....	13.00

# A G.I.'s Love and Sacrifice

by Sister Lucia

THIS is the story of a simple Texan boy who gave his life and earthly possessions for an eternal reward.

Manuel Orona was a young man with high ideals for a better future. World War II took him to the fighting ranks in the front. He left his parents and loved ones in whom were all his hopes and dreams.

During the battle in 1943, Manuel was taken prisoner in Italy. It was during these hard times that God seemed so near. His heart would beat with love and devotion as he saw from a great distance the tall steeples of Vatican City. Each day the great bells would echo through the Eternal City, calling all and announcing the great mystery of the Archangel's salutation of the Angelus to our Blessed Mother. As these sounds rang through the valley, his thoughts would take him back to the little town of his childhood. Most of his life had been spent in hard work, picking cotton in the heat of western Texas summers. His meager savings had been earned under the scorching sun. Oh, how he wished to assist again at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. His desire was so great that he promised Our Blessed Mother to do all in his power, if released, to help build a church in her honor.

During the struggle which our country and our boys went through, Manuel's mother and his girl-friend offered many prayers and sacrifices for him. They also attended weekly Mass offered by the missionary priest in a private home for the few families of the village. His mother, not knowing of his promise, also prayed, "O Madre Santissima, grant that my boy may return. We wish to live only for your service and that of the Church." Our Blessed Mother saw their faith and heard their simple prayer.

V-E Day came and the whole world rejoiced and thanked Almighty God and His Blessed Mother. Manuel returned to his humble home very weak in health after the hardships he had endured. His dreams had not altered, but God had something else destined for him. He was not to live long.

Manuel resigned himself with full trust and love to the Holy Will of God. All his earthly possessions were given to the Padre for the new church. He even went back to cotton-picking to provide for a tabernacle and a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.



After surmounting many obstacles, the land for the church was finally purchased. Now a neat white building, once a barracks, stands out as a beautiful structure at the small village of Winters, Texas. It is dedicated to Our Blessed Mother under her title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Disease was taking strong hold of his lungs; so, Manuel completed his sacrifice by giving his future home, land and money to the church. His devoted pastor and confessor frequently brought to him his sole Comfort, Holy Communion. Manuel had the cherished privilege of dying in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. His pastor writes, "I was there with Holy Viaticum, hoping that I might again give him his Lord and Master; but God decreed otherwise. Nevertheless, he died in his Master's presence. A poor cotton picker, he had a heart which exceeds the generosity of anyone I have ever known. He and his mother gave to their little church well over \$2,000. God will certainly have a crown for him." Manuel died in 1950, the Jubilee Year, and his body is resting in the cemetery facing the beautiful church.

It was in this little town that the same pastor, Reverend Edward Postert, O.M.I., asked us to teach the children. Our first impression was the love and devotedness of these people to their church and pastor, and their pastor for them.

# Is Teaching Catechism Easy?

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

At the time I left home to become a Missionary Sister, I had an idea that teaching catechism is easy. In fact, as I look back now, I have a suspicion that such an opinion probably influenced my decision to join our Community rather than one that teaches school. Now while it is true that in teaching catechism as in everything else, experience gives one a certain facility, yet after my first experience in teaching, no one could tell me it wasn't hard.

Three Sisters were scheduled to teach a two weeks' summer school not far from our Motherhouse. At the very last minute one of the Sisters was given another assignment and I was sent for.

"Sister, could you be ready to teach this afternoon? It's rather short notice, but it is unavoidable."

Could I be ready? Why, I *was* ready! This is just what I had been waiting for. Didn't we just finish a course given us by Father Heeg and wasn't I just bristling to put all that knowledge into practice?

The Sister whose place I was taking would have had the smallest children, so when the other two Sisters very thoughtfully asked me which group I preferred to take I answered that I would take the little ones. I knew that was the nicest thing to do since they had already made their plans for the intermediate and older groups, but I had an ulterior motive besides. Down in my heart I thought that would be the easiest. The Sisters who taught here during the year had had First Communion in May. I wouldn't have that to worry about. All I would have to do would be to teach about fifteen little first and second graders every afternoon for two weeks. It would be a snap!

One of the Sisters gave me some papers with mimeographed outlines of trees on them, and some green chalk. The chalk, she explained, was so much easier for the young children to use than crayons. So, armed with the trees, lots of green chalk, books, and charts, not to mention my catechetical and pedagogical knowledge, we set forth.

I smiled my best smile at the fifteen, but thirty eyes regarded me coldly. I wasn't *their*

Sister. Where was *their* Sister? We plunged into the lesson, I trying frantically to remember all that the books and teachers had taught us. The first period finally ended and I sighed in relief. The hardest part was over. But alas, for my innocence. The worst was yet to come. The recreation bell rang. We went outside and I suggested we play Farmer in the Dell. But there was to be nothing sissy like Farmer in the Dell for that bunch. Red Rover was the rage then, and nothing would do but that we play Red Rover.

"But I don't know how," I objected.

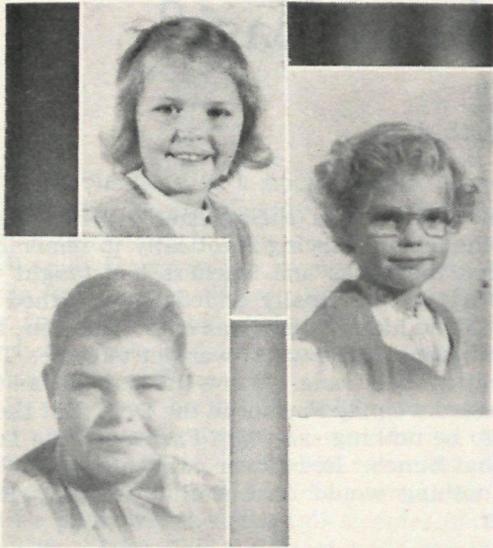
"We'll show you," shouted fifteen voices at the top of their lungs.

They did. I guess they thought it more polite to make Sister "It" in spite of her protests that everyone ought to have a chance. Every bone in my body ached at the end of that recess period.

But anyway, I'd have a chance to sit down maybe, while the children colored their trees. Again I was disillusioned. The very thought of green chalk makes me feel green inside even after all these years. We had green chalk all over the trees, all over the tables, faces, hands . . . everywhere! Then they had to go outside and wash it off. More trouble. The only hydrant was by the rectory and the pastor was very particular about the water. The children were not supposed to make a mud hole around the hydrant. But what are you going to do when you are simply covered with green chalk?

One of my duties was to play the organ for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which closed each afternoon's session. That *would* be simple! But here again I ran into trouble. The organ was an ancient one, seldom used. It wheezed and sputtered. Only one pedal worked, and I was worn out trying to pump enough air into it to keep it going.

I survived the two weeks, yes, but don't anyone try to tell me that teaching catechism is easy. They were the busiest two weeks I had ever had, and at the end of them my respect for kindergarten and first and second grade teachers had gone up one hundred percent.



HELPERS IN MINNESOTA

Reading from left to right: Wayne Erickson, age 12, grade seven, Sharon Erickson, age 9, grade four and Donna Erickson, age 7, grade two. These children are brother and sisters and live in Kampton, Minnesota. Wayne is a server and a member of the boys' choir.

Wayne writes: "We are enclosing a dime card with money for the missions. A couple of weeks ago we won some prizes. My sister Sharon prayed to Saint Conrad that we might win something, and so to show our appreciation we are sharing our gift with the poor in the missions, in honor of the Saint, through whose help, no doubt, God granted us this favor. Please send another card."

Sharon writes: "I will try to fill the dime card you sent me. I would have written sooner but I had the measles. I am saying a Hail Mary every day for you."

Donna writes: "I am in the second grade. I am saving for the War orphan collection in our church next Sunday. We do this by giving up some little thing at table on which Mother has put a price of one, two, three or four cents.

"I am going to make my First Holy Communion this Spring, so please pray for me and I will try to remember to pray for you."

SOME HELPERS HEARD FROM LATELY

Letters have been received from Patricia and Carol Ciulik, Amsterdam, New York; the Eilers sisters, Breese, Ill.; Mark and Gary Fedota, Chicago, Ill.; Barbara Grzeslo, Chicago, Ill.; Carol and Sharon Howard, Hampton, Virginia; Mary Therese Herrman, San Diego,

# Mary's Loyal

Calif.; Judith Matteson, Great Barrington, Mass.; Peggy O'Neil, Lorain, Ohio; Nicky Passino, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Harvey and Jerry Puchalla, Foley, Minn.; Patricia Sager, St. Louis, Mo.; and Theresa Stadler, Topeka, Kansas.

DETROIT (MICH.) HELPERS  
HAVE A PARTY



Above are pictured Judith Ann Schefke, standing, age 8, third grade, with her brothers Michael and Jerry. Seated is Judith's little sister whose fourth birthday they are celebrating. Judith forgot to give us her sister's name.

Dear Sister:

I did get my typewriter for Christmas. I was thinking I might be a Missionary Sister. I am enclosing a picture of us.

This shows my sister's fourth birthday. My two brothers' names are Michael and Jerry. We had lots of fun that day. My sister always wants me to play house and my brothers always want me to play cowboys. Sometimes my sister and brothers want me to play tag. My sister had a cherry cake.

Love,

Judith Ann Schefke.

P.S. I love the medal you sent me. I am always wearing it. I love the Sisters.

The Missionary Catechist

# Helpers Page

## CONNECTICUT HELPER



Little Louise Balderacchi, of Wallingford, Connecticut was absorbed in watching the baby chicks, when her sister Marie asked her to turn around so that her picture could be taken. Louise would rather have continued to watch the chicks but she obliged.

Louise has two pet ducks and a little dog. When the ducks were small the dog chased them, but now the ducks chase the dog.

## NEWS FROM CANADIAN HELPERS

Dear Sunshine Secretary:

Eleanor and I earned this money by sacrificing candy and shows, and by helping the lady next door. It is not very much but we will try to do better next time. We never forget to say our daily Hail Mary for the Missionary Sisters.

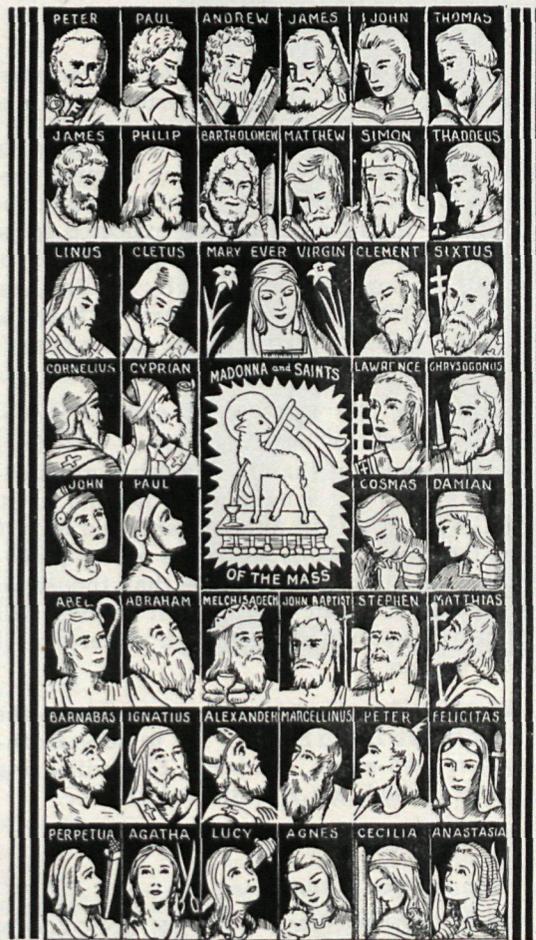
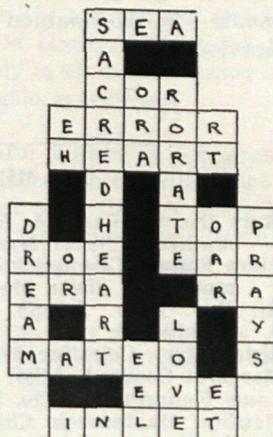
*Patsy and Eleanor Murphy,  
Moncton, N.B. Canada*

## ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLE

KEY TO

LAST MONTH'S

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



## SAINTS OF THE MASS PUZZLE

In the above diagram are shown the names and the symbols of the Saints who are mentioned in the Canon of the Mass. Below we have listed a few of them but we have scrambled the letters which compose each saint's name. Spell out the names of the Saints correctly, and fill in the blank spaces in the sentence which follows with the two missing words. Then send your answers to SUNSHINE SECRETARY, VICTORY NOLL, HUNTINGTON INDIANA for a holy card. (Number your answers.)

1. TERPE.
2. MINOS.
3. SUNLI.
4. PICARNY.
5. LUPA.
6. LEBA.
7. GANSE

The Mass is the \_\_\_\_\_ sacrifice of the \_\_\_\_\_.

## RUTH THE FIRST COMMUNICANT

Last month in printing the picture of Ruth and Joanne Karnitz we said that Joanne was the First Communicant. That was a mistake. Ruth was the First Communicant and Joanne, her younger sister.

## ST. MARY GORETTI

that she is destined to be one of the greatest Saints of the Church's brilliant history of Saints.

All over America shrines are beginning to make their appearances. Contrary to some predictions, she is becoming as popular among the boys as she might naturally be expected to be among the girls. Cathedral High School of Belleville—a boys' school taught by the Brothers of Mary—is the latest among many to boast of a beautiful erected shrine to the Little Saint's honor.

Currently, the FIGHTING 69th, a movement dedicated to bringing about a stricter social observance of the 6th and 9th Commandments is sponsoring a nationwide novena to St. Mary Goretti to begin June 28 and end July 6 on her feastday. She is patroness of this movement. Present indications are that thousands of American Catholic youths will answer this spiritual mid-summer challenge. Everyone is invited to join in.

We are witnessing a modern miracle in the progress of the Little Saint. Pray to her—mother, father, teen-agers, children. She will bring you close to God and His Blessed Mother.

St. Mary Goretti! Pray for us!

### FROM THE KNOWN TO THE UNKNOWN

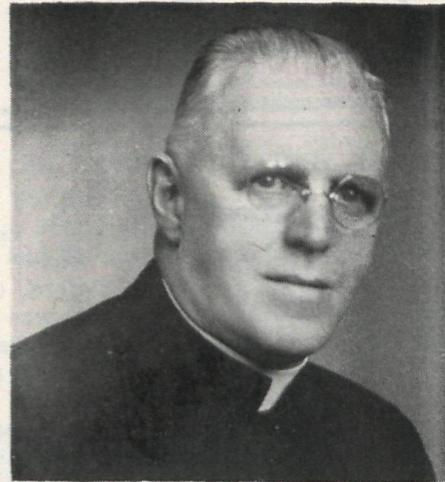
At the end of class one Saturday Sister gave out the Banks from the Holy Childhood Association, explaining to the children the ransom of pagan babies through their Lenten offerings. They were quite enthusiastic over the idea.

After class all the children went to the church where Father, as usual, conducted general assembly. That day he gave several of the children small statues of the Infant of Prague as prizes for good answers on Catholic practices. A week later Cheryl very sadly informed him: "Father, I dropped my 'pagan baby' and it broke in three pieces." After much pondering, and consultation with Sister, Father gave Cheryl another statue of the Infant of Prague.

Sister Anne Rita  
Elko, Nevada

Mine is the First Communion class. The children had turned in their Lenten banks and had enough money to ransom five "Pagan Babies." We chose the names for the babies by having the children suggest a number of names, then taking a vote.

We had only one more baby to name. We



**Msgr. John J. Boardman of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been named titular bishop of Gunela and auxiliary to Archbishop Thomas E. Molloy, bishop of Brooklyn. The bishop-elect is national treasurer of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and is diocesan director of the Holy Childhood Association.**

needed a boy's name. The first name suggested was: James, then came Anthony, Joseph, John and Peter. One little girl very much in earnest gave the name: James.

"We already have James," I said.

"Yes," she answered, "I know, Sister, but I mean the other James. You know—the *little* one." So I proceeded to write "The other James."

As we voted I noticed that many of the children were not voting at all. By the time I came to the last name I hesitated, but I knew the child would be terribly disappointed if I didn't give the "little James" a chance. With all the self control I could muster I said "How many would like the baby to be named the other James?" Lo and behold, it was almost unanimous. So we named the baby: James (the Less).

Sister Rosario  
Elko, Nevada

### IN MEMORIAM

Mary Turnis, Cascade, Iowa  
mother of Sister Mary Germaine, O.L.V.M.  
Clara Spisak, Cincinnati, Ohio  
mother of Sister Mary Camillus, O.L.V.M.  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Pietrasik, Grand Rapids,  
Michigan  
Sister Mary Celestine Weber, S.M., Titusville, Pa.  
Margaret Coonrad, ACM, Fort Wayne, Indiana  
Louis Konrath, Chicago, Illinois  
Matthew Manternach, Chicago, Illinois  
Harold Knaggs, Toledo, Ohio

*The Missionary Catechist*

# The Glories of Mary

When we behold how the Blessed Virgin in her humility lowered herself beneath all creatures, we behold at the same time that her humility exalted her above everything but God. Not the powers or princes of this earth have raised her to this highest degree of dignity, no, the three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity have placed her upon this throne of glory. They have proclaimed her the Queen of heaven and earth, and made her the keeper and dispenser of the heavenly treasures. Mary is our great helper; she it is who presents to her divine Son all our prayers, our tears, and our sighs; she it is who obtains the graces for us which we need for our sanctification. The Holy Ghost tells us that amongst all creatures Mary is a miracle of might, a miracle of sanctity, and a miracle of love.

The highest praise which the Church gives her, is in the words: Mary is the daughter of the eternal Father, the Mother of the redeeming Son of God, and the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. The Heavenly Father preserved her from original sin, fortified her in grace with a perfect security, and enriched her with heavenly gifts in just proportion to the great dignity to which she was to be exalted. He did for her everything which it was possible to do for a creature. Next to the adorable body of Jesus Christ, she is the most beautiful ornament of the heavenly court.

After having been subjected for a time to the miseries of this life and the humiliation of death, she enjoys the most glorious, the most honorable existence which a creature could ever enjoy. Jesus left her on earth so long to still increase her glory and to aid the Apostles who needed her presence to encourage and guide them.

Mary had no fear of death because she knew heaven was waiting for her, and that she was to be one of its choicest ornaments. Her Son and the whole celestial court were advancing to meet her, the Saints of heaven were waiting to conduct her in triumph into their kingdom.

Do we wish to die without fear? Let us live like Mary, in innocence; let us avoid sin, which causes our unhappiness in time and in eternity. Do we wish, like Mary, to die without trouble? Let us then live like her, without attachment to created things; let us love God alone, let us desire Him alone, let us seek to please Him only in all we do. Happy is the Christian who leaves nothing, to gain everything!

Let Mary, our beautiful mother, be our guiding star in life and in death. Let us imitate her virtues, her humility, her piety, her charity, so that after the few years in this life we may expect to imitate her also in a happy death, to partake of the glory of her divine Son for all eternity.

(Excerpts from a sermon by the Cure of Ars on  
THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN  
MARY



## NOVENA FOR THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

(Novena begins August 6th)

Come, O Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and enkindle within them the fire of Thy Divine Love. Send forth Thy Spirit and they shall be created,

And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

Let us Pray

O God, who by the light of the Holy Ghost, hast instructed the hearts of the faithful, grant us by that same Holy Spirit to know what is right, and always enjoy His consolation through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Prayer

May, O Lord, the prayer of the Mother of God come to the aid of Thy people. We know that, as is the lot of all mankind, even she has passed away from among us; nevertheless, make us feel that in Thy glorious heaven, she is forevermore our advocate with Thee. Amen.

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St. John Vianney (1786-1859) was pastor of Ars for more than forty years. He was canonized May 31, 1925, and his feast day is August 9. He is the patron saint of pastors.



Located near San Basilio Mission is a Child Care Center where mothers who work may confidently place their little ones for care during the day. Here children of varied races, religion and national descent learn to live in harmony.

Sister Mary Dorothy  
San Basilio Mission  
Los Angeles, California