

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

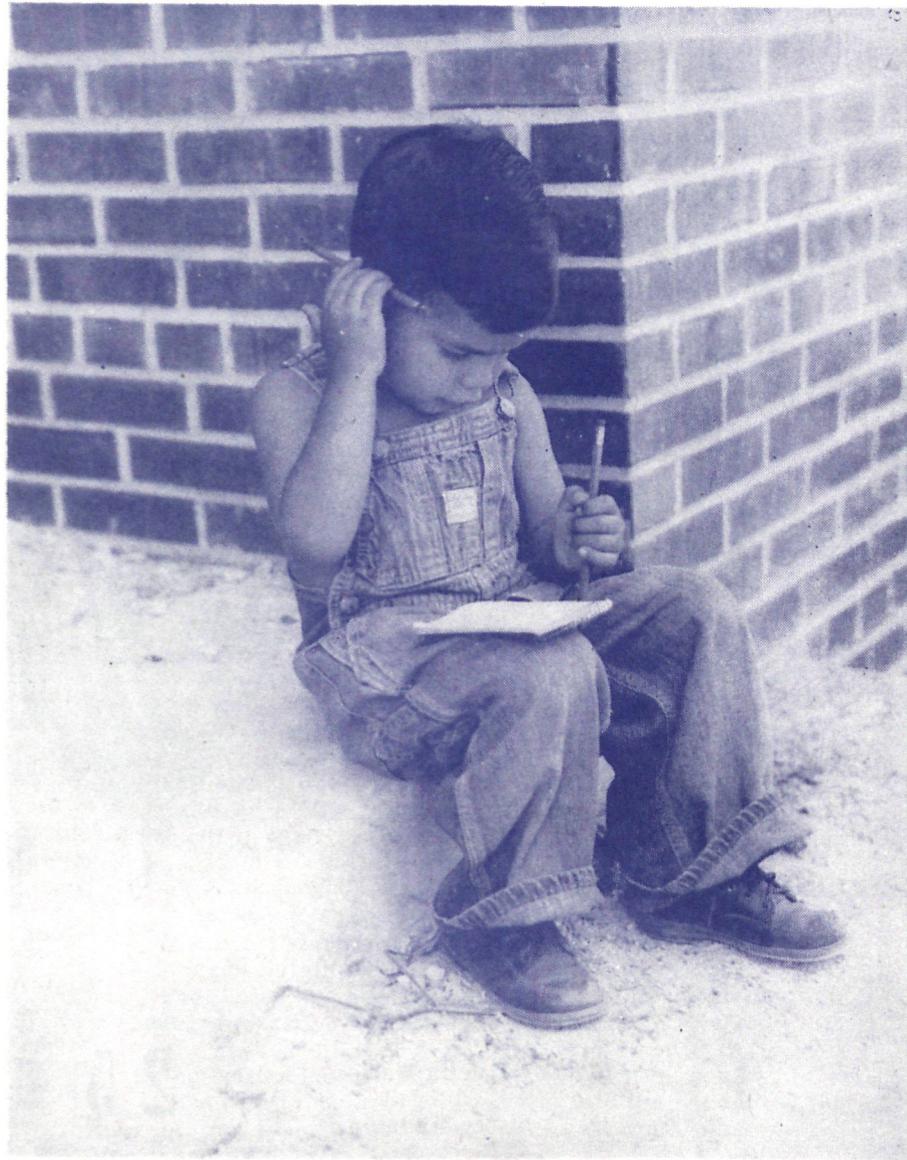
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September

1952

Volume XXVIII

Number 9



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS



1927

1952



Sister Evelyn  
Sister Cordelia Marie  
Sister Madelon  
Sister Mary Joseph  
Sister Eleanor  
Sister Genevieve

25  
years

Sister Benigna  
Sister Rose Mary  
Sister Susanna  
Sister Jeannette  
Sister Frances Therese  
Sister Carmelita

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXVIII

September, 1952

Number 9

## "Go Sell What Thou Hast..." Matt. 19:16

by Sister Frances Therese

IT WAS Sunday morning in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty five. I had heard this Gospel many times, yet it never ceased to intrigue me. On this particular occasion it seemed to convey a deeper significance. Our Lord, in no uncertain terms, made known the necessary requirements for salvation. These terms have echoed down through the ages to whom and when He wills.

IF possessions were the obstacle to this man who approached Our Lord, I need not worry on this score. I had but few besides a devoted family. Of loyal sincere friends I had more than ample. Here then was the test. Family ties are not easily broken, much less friendships of long standing, which now began clamoring for consideration.

I was feeling very courageous. How long this courage would endure only Our Lord knew. At any rate, before the setting of the sun on that eventful day, I decided to sell. As quietly and expeditiously as possible, I disposed of my earthly goods and chattels and in due time found myself on the train speeding westward.

"F-O-R-T W-A-Y-N-E." Aroused from my reverie by the loud call of the conductor, I found myself at the first point of embarkation. After a few inquiries I was directed to a Toonerville-type of trolley which was to transport me over the remaining twenty-five miles of my journey. And what a journey it was!

I was mentally comparing the low flat country to the mountainous one I had just left when a sudden jerk brought us to a standstill. "Almost forgot to let you off, Miss," said the conductor. "Just follow that path across that little bridge and don't fall in," he laughingly admonished, trying to hide his embarrassment for the jolt he had given me.

The bubbling little stream beneath the foot-

bridge later proved to be no other than the Wabash of song fame. After a short distance I came to open highway and directly before me was the entrance to the driveway. At last I had reached the end, or was it the beginning, of my destination.

IT was the month of October, the 29th day to be exact. The trees garbed in autumn loveliness seemed to vie with each other in beauty as the noon-day sun danced from limb to limb in a blaze of glory. The birds overhead burst into a song of welcome. It was then that a great surge of aloneness almost overwhelmed me. I had literally followed the injunction to "go sell what thou hast" and, not unlike the young man in the Gospel, I felt a little sad. My traveling case was heavy; and so was my heart. Raising my eyes to the opening in the road ahead a beautiful image of Our Blessed Mother greeted me in time to sustain my lagging courage. Presently I was pressing the door bell at Victory Noll.

YES, that happened yesterday, just twenty-seven short, busy years ago. And now, for today. Although a quarter of a century has marked the swiftly passing years of my religious life, with a double check they have been notably quiet years, the greater part of which has been spent in the Nevada desert.

AS the deepening shadows stoop to meet the sheen of the silver sage, the memories of a few heart warming successes linger near. There have been failures too, and mistakes—more than one cares to admit; but, I shall slip these between the years as I gently fold them away and package all together. I shall bind them with the cords of confidence and love, and to make sure that this parcel will not fall into the hands of the enemy I shall label it, "All for Jesus through Mary."

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with Ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50 Canada and Foreign. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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

# It Happens in September

by Sister Jean Marie

COME SEPTEMBER, and there are poignant dramas and interesting events that find reenactment regardless of the year, be it 1940, 1950 or 1960. There may be slight variations—different names, changed scenes—but the essentials remain. For instance:

"Please, Daddy, honestly I'd rather have it this way. Don't accompany me now, but I'll eagerly look for all of you as soon as I may have visitors. It would tear my heartstrings to have to part from you in unfamiliar surroundings and have you walk off and leave me. It will be much easier here with Mother, Jerry and John to help me keep up my courage." And a tear that was welling up in Margie's eye was distracted by a tremulous smile.

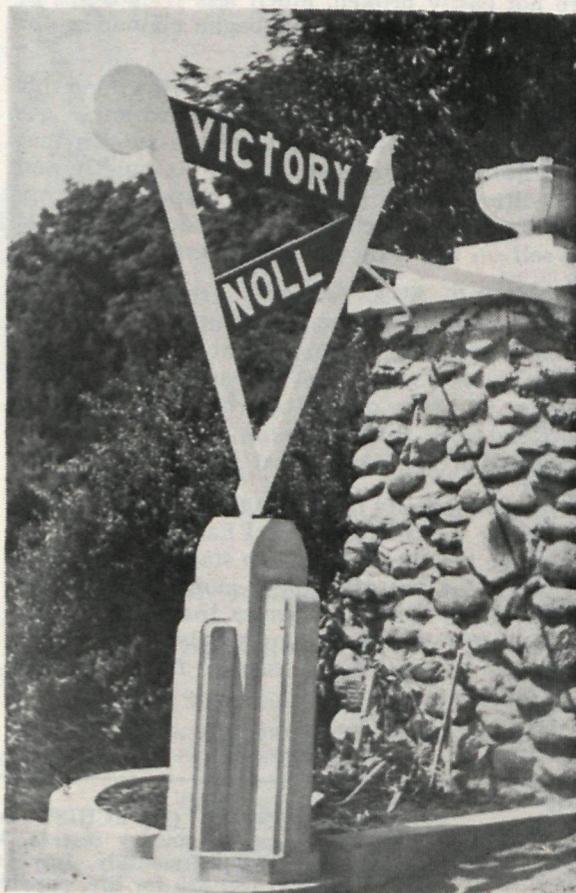
IT IS the first week in September (any year) and a little Missionary Sister-to-be is seated in the Union Depot (could be in New York or California, Montana or Texas) with her loved ones, waiting for the streamliner that will speed her over hundreds of miles to Victory Noll. The family chain, closely entwined with strong love, is about to lose one of its links. Our little applicant realizes, however, that the break will be external only. In separating herself from her dear ones to follow in the footsteps of Christ, she is spiritually binding herself in an indissoluble union with them that will last through time and eternity. Right now, though, the knowledge of the mind isn't triumphing too successfully in its effort to quell the emotions of the heart.

The train traverses, not along such commonplace things as tracks, but over the endless pathways in memory's lane, and tender thoughts are still unwinding in Margie's mind when Huntington territory is reached. She has never seen a Missionary Sister, but she recognizes them from the pictures in *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*, as two welcome her as she steps from the train. After a five minute drive the car turns into a serpentine road whose entrance is graced by a beautiful sign depicting a white V with pale blue letters spelling VICTORY NOLL on a dark blue background. It seems like an invitation to enter. As they near the top of the hill, a lifesize statue of The Immaculate Conception smiles at them benignly.

It is Sunday, Our Lady's Birthday, the eighth of September. The Margie (Ann, Rose or

Nan) of all the yesterdays quietly slips into anonymity as she kneels before Our Blessed Mother's Altar, recites her Act of Consecration, and becomes one of a large group of brand-new Postulants in Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters Community.

The role starts in September and gradually there unravels a year filled to the brim with prayer, work and study in the happy companionship of a group of chosen souls. They learn the truth of the old adage: "Many hands make light work," and the beauty of the saying: "Willing hearts make joy-filled hours." Even waxing huge classroom floors can evoke hearty smiles! Joy does abound: stifled mirth as they so noisily walk up the chapel aisle in their unused-to heavy military oxfords, late for some community exercise but always, of course, with an excellent excuse; quiet mirth at the novel brain-waves elucidated during class periods by one or the other; and jubilant mirth as they re-



*The Missionary Catechist*



The feast of St. Isaac Jogues is September 26.

create together. It is the custom for the Postulants to give an annual play for the entertainment of the Professed Sisters and Novices. This is usually nothing short of a minor masterpiece.

Consider . . .

The Postulants enacting the life of 'Saint Isaac Jogues. In seven scenes they portray his Early Childhood, Schooldays, Life among the Indians in America, Kneeling before Mary's Shrine, At the Court of Queen Anne, and His Death. Their acting is an inspiration to us as we renew our passing acquaintance with this great martyr. The play is a graphic incentive to do

anything God might ask of us. Jogues spent his life of labor and suffering with God as his witness and he was content.

#### Sweeping up after the play

After the play, mild tempered hilarity issues from behind the stage and a curtain call is responded to by a Postulant with a brush: time to go—they want to clean up!

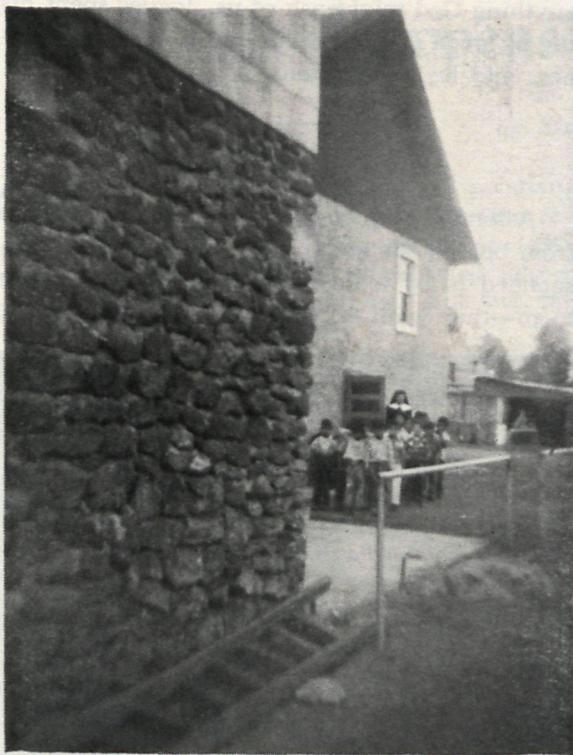


It is September!—At Victory Noll. The newly Professed Sisters have all had their ten day vacation at their homes. Many leave directly for their Missions; others are brought back to Victory Noll by their parents loathe to say that "Good bye" to cherished daughters leaving for



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more distant parts of the Master's vineyard. But, the newly Professed are eager to leave for their first Mission. In the years to come how they will look back in fond reminiscence to that First Appointment after Novitiate days. They will recall the adjustment to an entirely different life: a life in the midst of the world after years of quiet seclusion; really teaching children after their many practice classes when other Novices were the "children," and applying the lessons they were taught in their Course on Directed Teaching and Technique of Teaching; instructing adults and truly being questioned about matters that the holy and learned Capuchin Fathers had stressed in their classes on Principles of Morality and Christian Dogma; visiting homes and actively assisting souls to return to the practice of their religion, after having listened hours on end to general Psychology which is now being particularized!



Ready for a catechism class at Flagstaff, Arizona

The "First" Mission could be in Alabama or Arizona, (left) California or Colorado, Indiana or Kentucky,

In September 1952, that "First" Mission could be any one of 55 as the Missionary Sisters are staffing four new convents: Montrose, Colorado; Punta Gorda, Florida; Union City, Pennsylvania; and Mathis, Texas.



The Villegas family, mother and daughters, readied the convent and welcomed the Sisters on their arrival last year at Brady, Texas.



In the hills of Kentucky

(right) Michigan or Missouri, New Mexico or Nevada, New Jersey or Ohio, Texas or Utah—and this year—Pennsylvania or Florida.

It is September!—In the U.S.A. As we herald in the commencement of the first year of our little Postulants in their religious life we ring out with joybells, over the Mission Territory of the United States, the Silver Jubilee Year of Profession of Sister Evelyn, Sister Cordelia Marie, Sister Madelon, Sister Mary Joseph, Sister Eleanor, Sister Genevieve, Sister Benigna, Sister Rose Mary, Sister Susanna, Sister Jeanette, Sister Frances Therese and Sister Carmelita. There was much rejoicing and festivity in an attempt to fittingly celebrate the silvery span of years which these Sisters have spent in devoted service. We know that Our dear Lord will express to them, with His grace, the gratitude and affection we owe them for the inspiration and help they have been to those who follow after by their faithful religious lives. Ad Multos Annos!

#### OUR FRONT COVER

Juanito Costa of Pensacola, Florida says he is going to write two letters—one to his uncle Pedro in Mexico, and the other to his aunt Maria in Barcelona, Spain.

Juanito's father received religious instruction more than twenty-five years ago from Sister Evelyn, Silver Jubilarian.



Above: Sister Cordelia Marie, Silver Jubilarian, and members of El Apostolado de la Oracion (The

Apostleship of Prayer) from Our Lady of Guadalupe Parish, East Chicago, Indiana.

This year of 1952, the Parish of Our Lady of Guadalupe at Indiana Harbor, (East Chicago) is commemorating the Silver Jubilee of the dedication of its first church. It is also twenty-five years since our community began its mission work among the Mexicans in this crowded, industrial area.

On January 30, 1927, the day of dedication, our Sisters already had a large class of First Communicants prepared to receive Our Lord, the first of many such classes to follow in the years to come. The Parish had been organized two years previously, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass had been offered for the Mexican colony in the basement of St. Demetrius' Church, the Romanian Catholic Church. It was here on August 2, 1925 that the Rev. O. Zavatta, C.P.S., the first Pastor, organized the women of the parish into the Apostleship of Prayer.

This group of women has been not only an apostleship of prayer but also an apostleship of Catholic Action. They have been outstanding in their fidelity to their religious duties, as well as in sponsoring all fund-raising projects for the building of the first church, and thirteen years later the building of the second Guadalupe church. Much of the success of this fine organization has been due in great part to Maria Picon de Reyes, who has been its president for the past twenty-five years. Her humility and gentleness as well as her untiring zeal and charity have endeared her to all its members, so that every election has resulted in a unanimous vote that she continue in office.

When we resumed our work here in September of 1950, after an intermission of five years, it was a representative committee of this organization who generously welcomed us and begged us to again conduct meetings for them as in former years.

The Apostleship of Prayer has a High Mass

offered on the first Friday of every month in honor of the Sacred Heart at which the members receive their Communion of Reparation. Many of these also receive Holy Communion on the first Saturday, in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and again in a body on the following Sunday. Not a few of the members have been enrolled in the Night Adoration in the home.

For the past eighteen months many of its members have been of valuable assistance to the priests and the Missionary Sisters as "celadoras" or promoters of the Catholic Action group. Each promoter has a district assigned to her which she visits every two weeks, not only to collect funds for the parish, but also to acquaint the priests and the Sisters of any particular spiritual or material need in her district.

The Apostleship of Prayer for many years has had charge of the cleaning of the church. At present the society employs a man to do the daily necessary cleaning of the church and premises.

It is an honor to be associated with this faithful group of women as assistant directress, under the direction of the Pastor. It is only on account of the language difficulty that our Pastor, the Rev. Peter Miller, S.C.J., has not assumed personal charge of this group. All our meetings are conducted in Spanish, as many of the older members, the President included, have not acquired a knowledge of English in spite of the many years they have been in our country.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus bless this society dedicated to His Honor and may the fire of His Divine Love ever inflame their hearts so that they may set other hearts on fire with love for Him.

Sister Cordelia Marie  
East Chicago, Indiana

# How I Became a Member of the Catholic Church

by Barry Smith

**T**HIS is my story of how I, through the grace of God, became a member of the Catholic Church. For eighteen years of my life I was a Protestant, and a poor one at that, as far as participation in church activities was concerned. I simply wasn't interested in going to church. I did not consider it necessary. I had gone to many Protestant churches in search of something on which to build my faith. The only thing I found was a place of social activity with little feeling of the wonderful presence of God. Many times I have gone to Sunday School, as it is called in Protestant churches, only to sit in a group with a teacher and talk about sports, news, and the weather, when the conversation should have been about God on His day. This is the reason why I stopped going to church entirely. This did not stop my belief, hope or love for God; but, it certainly brought me no closer to Him. This went on until God, through His generosity, introduced me to the Catholic Church and summoned me to come to Him.

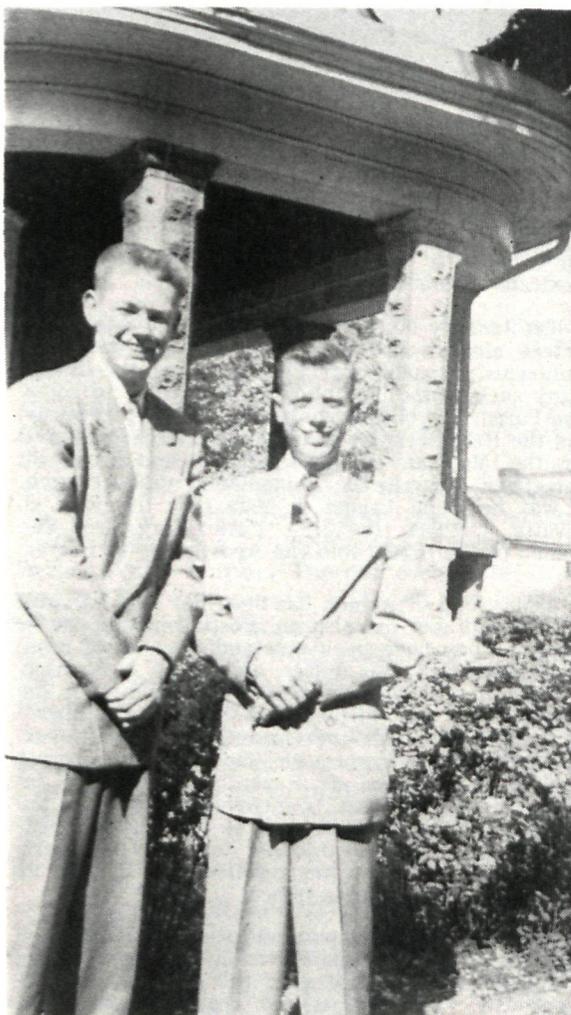
**A** Catholic girl, whom I had been going with for some time, invited me to accompany her to Christmas Midnight Mass. I decided to go, and it was at this Mass that my mind was completely made up. My joy in assisting at this, my first Catholic service, is indescribable. I was overwhelmed with a feeling I had never before experienced. I could not analyze it until I started taking catechetical instructions and realized that the Catholic people had something that I had searched for and never found until that moment when I felt the presence of the living God. They had the true faith. I now know that during that first visit to a Catholic Church I had felt the presence of Jesus: Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. This quenched my thirst and fed my hunger for a closer union with God.

**I**T was not long before I started taking instructions from the good Sisters, God bless them in their work. They taught me the faith as only they can teach it: by being living examples of the truth and goodness of God. They taught me how to bring my soul to life everlasting. Whether I do it or not is my struggle. I do know that if I live up to God's laws and commandments as the Catholic Church teaches them, my soul will certainly be with Him in Heaven.

**T**HROUGH the veneration of Our Blessed Mother, I learned a deep respect for motherhood that I had never known before. Protestant

churches make little or no mention of the Mother of Jesus, Mary, Most Holy.

**I**N summing it all up, the Protestant church offered me nothing while the Catholic Church offered me everything. My decision was as simple as that. I intend to do my best, with the help of God's grace, to live a good Catholic life. I realize that by doing this, and by the great mercy of God, I may live in eternal happiness with Him, which should be the goal of us all. Throughout my life here on earth I shall be grateful every moment of the day for the great gift of God to me: that of bringing me closer to Him through His True Church. For this gift my thought shall always be, "Deo Gratias!"



Barry Smith (left) and Isaac Bennett (right) on the day of their First Communion. (See also Back Cover)

# Faraway Places

by Sister Mary John

SLOWLY and majestically the *President Wilson* glided into the blue tranquil waters of the Pacific. Aboard the steamer were acquaintances of a day but friends and fellow-workers of a lifetime, French Canadian Missionaries on their way to the Far East. Their boat docked at San Pedro and during its sojourn it was our privilege to meet them—Redemptorist Fathers and Brothers on their way to Japan; Good Shepherd Nuns likewise going to Japan to establish homes for Japanese girls; and Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels on their return trip to Japan and China.

The farewell wave, and the black and white veils were lost to our vision; and, as the boat began to fade on the distant horizon, we returned homeward. The thought and desire of the Little Flower then came to mind, "To be a Missionary to every part of the world until time should be no more." Our Lord is never outdone in generosity — just the thought and the desire and right away the faraway places came to me at home.

\* \* \*

THE FIRST COMMUNION CLASS were all thrilled. They had a new boy in their group. "Can't talk English, Sister, just Slav. He came from Yugoslavia." Into wide, puzzled, frightened eyes I looked. Oh, if I could only say a few words in his language. Not gifted with the gift of tongues, I smiled and tried to show by action that he was most welcome. When we made the Sign of the Cross, a smile lighted his face as he joined us in making this dear familiar profession of faith. His story is like those of the rest of the D.P.'s. They are searching for freedom—freedom of Religion, freedom of speech, and freedom to work for their livelihood.

\* \* \*

MARGARITA was from sunny South of the Border. Her dark eyes danced as she answered my questions in soft musical Spanish. She recited the Our Father and the Hail Mary for the class in Spanish.

\* \* \*

THE YOUNG LAD ran into the garage, pushing the sandy hair from his eyes, demanding, "Say, you're a Catholic Sister, aren't you?"

Just what do I have to do to make my First Communion? When I was in England I knew the whole Catechism Book forward and backward; then we had to leave for America. Now, just what do I have to do?" After telling him about the different class days, we started to learn the Catechism Book from the beginning, learning it all over forward.

\* \* \*

THE NEW BOY on Release Time caused the class to gasp and I tried to show no amazement when he answered my question. The last school he attended had been a Catholic School in Japan.

\* \* \*

TONY was from Italy, Gabriel from British Honduras, Emilia from Puerto Rico, Valerie from Scotland, Dulcesimo from the Philippine Islands, and others from places too numerous to mention. Yes, the faraway places that I couldn't go to came to me at home. Children coming to get ready for their First Communion, Confirmation, or to receive additional instruction in their Holy Faith.

\* \* \*

BUT, what about our own United States? One day as I was leaving the Boys' Club heavily laden with briefcase, blackboard, and charts, I was helped by a young man of about ten years. When we reached the automobile, we began discussing things as the other Sisters had not come to the car as yet. Worldly and manly stuff like football, teachers, etc. Finally the subject was on what I wanted,—religion. As it was nearing Christmas I asked him what church he belonged to. "Don't belong to any. But, next week I am going to the one on Seventh Street because they're having Santa Claus there and he's supposed to give all the kids candy and a present."

After talking a while I found that this young pagan had no idea at all about God, about Jesus Christ and His part in Christmas, or about anything that pertained to religion. Here was a fertile field in which to work and it was right at home in my own back-yard!



Lucricha, Mrs. Goldberg's pet parrot, was the center of attention during catechism class.

#### AN UNUSUAL VISUAL AID

by Sister Henrietta

All was quiet and peaceful as Sister unlocked the door to her regular Tuesday classroom, which was Mrs. Goldberg's home. She gathered chairs from the various rooms and carefully arranged them in the large front room, praying that all would be occupied with interested little first graders.

While waiting for the children, Sister briefly reviewed her lesson plan which she had prepared the previous evening. "The lesson on the angels is most appropriate today," she thought, as she hung a picture of the Guardian Angel under the wall lamp, "since it is the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel."

When the children arrived, they questioned eagerly. "What do we learn today, Sister?" "What story are you going to tell us, Sister?" "Today we have a beautiful lesson on the angels," Sister responded.

An unexpected change in plans was called for, however, when Lucricha, Mrs. Goldberg's pet parrot, appeared from apparently nowhere. Sister was as surprised as the children since she had not seen the parrot when she collected the chairs.

Lucricha was the center of attention as she gave a bad example by talking during catechism class. Sister suddenly became concerned when the thought occurred that if anything happened to Lucricha, who was parading under the feet of forty excited youngsters, it might mean teaching outdoors for the future. So, she determined to make use of Lucricha as a visual aid for her class. But how could a parrot be correlated with a lesson on the angels? Not

## In the Home Field

very well, she decided. She would review the story of Creation instead, and the different classes of creatures that God had made. The question, "Will we see Lucricha in heaven someday?" needed an explanation.

After class, which seemed too short for the teacher and the pupils, one of the boys said, "Sister, I know why you teach boys and girls about God. We got a soul that won't ever die and will live with God someday."

And Sister knew that her hurriedly changed lesson plan had borne fruit.

#### SENDING "GOLDEN PENNIES" HEAVENWARDS

Father Mateo's story of the little girl who was asked by Our Lord to give Him three golden pennies, namely prayer, sacrifice and Communion, in return for a soul's conversion is bearing fruit. Our public school children are sending many such pennies to Heaven's bank. Seventy-five of these children taught once a week (not in one group but in six country places) had made over a thousand by the beginning of Lent, so I asked them to double that during the holy season of penance. They were enthusiastic as they watched the crown of thorns on my chart change to a crown of gold. For each twenty-five sacrifices made, a gold penny was pasted over one thorn.

During Advent they made their pennies "to get ready for Baby Jesus" and in May they worked "to please Mother Mary, by pleasing Her Son" and in June "to make up to the Sacred Heart" . . . Thus it was an all-year-round program to be carried on through their lives. It proves, too, that our public school children want to be generous with God, even though they haven't the advantages of Catholic school training.

The children's sacrifices were known only to the Sacred Heart so there was no rivalry or chance to spoil it by vain glory, as individual efforts were not posted or even told to the teacher. They reported the number, or dropped paper pennies into a jar which were counted afterwards. Some of their remarks gave me an idea of their sacrifices such as one I heard

from a brother and sister during the recent coal strike: "How many times didn't you get up this week when the house was cold?" or "Sister, we both got the same sacrifices; we do ours together, like the dishes, or getting the wood. 'N we go get the potatoes and it's dark down there and—pooh, it's so dusty!"

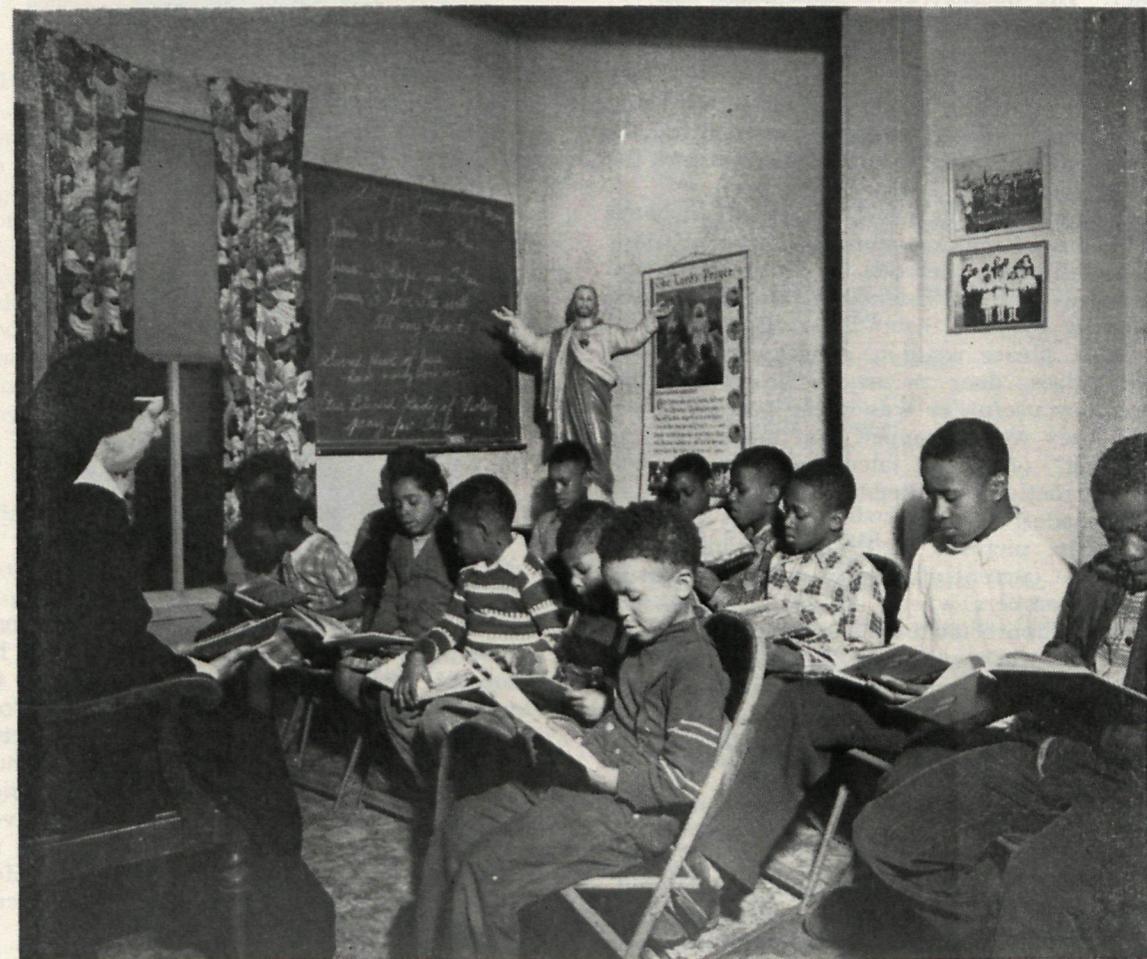
Once while children were waiting to drop in pennies I heard a loud stage whisper from one of the big boys explaining to a newcomer who looked puzzled at what was going on: "You gotta do somethin' you don't wanta do!" Again, when a boy called out to a latecomer: "Hey, did you earn any Gold Pennies? We need three more," it showed their enthusiasm.

A funny note was struck by one of the youngest ones who didn't quite have the right idea as she told the class: "I have to do all the dishes, and cleaning, and everything, and all David (big brother) does is put the cat out."

Sister Mary Rita  
San Pierre, Indiana

On Fridays, after finishing release-time classes in Dos Palos, we go to Eagle Field for class. We instruct the children there in the office building, right next to the plane hangars. Our classroom is like a goldfish bowl with windows all around, quite a distraction for the newcomers when the planes come in or take off.

Sister Gemma  
Los Banos, California



Children at Holy Family Center in Fort Wayne, Indiana delight in the Bible Stories taught them by the Sisters.

Above: A group of children taught by Sister Elaine are reading the Story of The Good Shepherd.

# News Items About



**An evening at  
Cards?  
Let it be your  
goal—  
To send the  
proceeds  
to Victory Noll!**

Dear Associates:

**M**OST summer vacations will be over by the end of this month. Clocks will be turned back, too, and the evenings will be longer and cooler. The mission bands and clubs will resume their benefit card parties which, for the most part, were dropped at the onslaught of hot weather.

We would like it very much if we could hear oftener and in greater detail from the officers of the bands and clubs, during the coming months.

Everything you have to say about ways and means of making money for the missions—especially *new* methods tried out and found successful—will be listened to attentively and gratefully by your Sister Supervisor.

Also, please write us what were used as table prizes, door prizes, raffle prizes, etc. Were they useful, or was it the pretty way in which they were wrapped that made them so appealing? (A can of talcum powder can look very attractive swathed in tissue paper of pastel shade.)

Lastly, pictures of Promoters and group pictures of current officers of a Band—even of all the members where this is possible—will be greatly appreciated by this office.

Let us work with zeal for God's poor and underprivileged ones, and pray for each other!

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

ADRIAN CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)

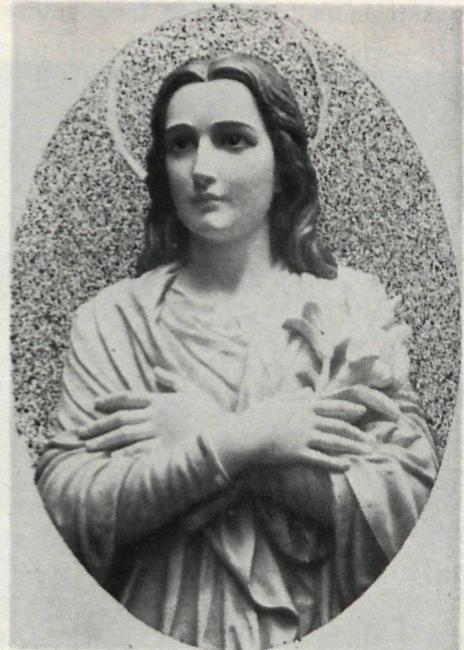
**A** LETTER from Mrs. Louise V. Schmit, treasurer, brought a check and the following comments: "We have another member which makes us seven now, and we hope we can have regular meetings from now on. Of course we do not meet in July and August due to vacations and hot weather. We do have a

very enjoyable time when we meet as we have known each other so many years. We just *yaat-de-de-yatt*, so do not get much card playing done. Our conversation invariably drifts back to our school days."

The above quote goes to prove how one can convert earthly pleasures into heavenly treasures by making these social gatherings count for eternity through money given toward the missions.

The President of the group is Miss Florence Dietz.

## PRAYER TO SAINT MARY GORETTI



Dear Saint Mary, blood stained lily, martyr of purity, model of courage, as a true heroine of God you continually guarded the priceless gift of chastity you received from God. Rather than sacrifice this precious virtue, you submitted to the cruel knife of your murderer and humbly prayed for his conversion.

From your throne of glory in Heaven, pray for us, dear little Martyr, and obtain for us the grace we need, according to God's Holy Will and the good pleasure of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Amen.

**Our Associates will be interested and pleased to know that the above prayer to St. Mary Goretti was composed by our Reverend Founder, Father John J. Sigstein.**

# Our Associates

## AVE MARIA BAND, (Elkhart, Ind.)

THESE young ladies, presided over at the present time by Miss Virginia Murphy, organized their mission band nine years ago. Time has brought changes. During the period mentioned at least three have married. One thing remains unchanged—their interest in the work of our Sisters.

Meetings take place on the second Tuesday of each month and two members serve as hostesses—all taking turns in this regard. Sometimes the evening is given over to mounting religious pictures for the Missions, at other times it is purely a social occasion. The payment of dues, though, is an important feature of all the meetings. A check for \$25.00 was received from the Band members in June.

## ST. IRENE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THIS is one of our very faithful Bands. The members never forget the purpose for which they were organized in 1939—to help the Sisters who help the poor. Therefore our books show a check each month from the group which is lead by Miss May Walsh.

One of the members, Miss Margaret Cox, belongs to the Illinois Catholic Women's Club and makes her home there. When it was her turn to entertain, the ladies gathered in the beautiful French Room overlooking Michigan Boulevard, with its myriad street lights, and played cards for the benefit of our missions.

## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THESE ladies, headed by Mrs. Marie B. McDonald, take turns meeting in the homes of members. This is one of those history making Bands for they have been meeting for sixteen years to aid our Missionary Sisters.

Sickness and death have claimed some of the members in the interval but the remainder have never ceased in their intention and efforts to sponsor our work. All of the ladies live in "Chicago 44," which is equivalent to saying they live on Chicago's West Side.

### ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

May 22, to July 2, 1952

Ave Maria Band, Elkhart, Ind., Virginia Murphy .....	25.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan .....	6.00

Much you can do—

Yes, with your mite!

Alms for God's poor

Are blessed in His sight.



Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. James M. Butler .....	19.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz .....	18.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary E. Nye .....	75.00
Infant of Prague Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Hansen .....	75.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	4.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	20.00
St. Anne Band, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Geo. W. Deininger .....	4.60
St. Bridget Band, Covington, Ky., Mrs. John Busse .....	5.50
St. Clare Band of St. Mary's Church, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Wm. Ryan .....	23.50
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Ann Igel .....	5.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke .....	7.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh .....	12.00
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Eva M. Dugan .....	28.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Aloysia Naumes .....	20.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....	80.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer .....	10.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Potter .....	31.50
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Fred Shields .....	115.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb., Lucille Murphy .....	15.00
St. Mary Mission Club, Oak Park, Ill., Mrs. Forest Lehman .....	21.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Ann Huhn .....	15.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Pales Hts., Ill., Mrs. John McCann .....	5.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer .....	7.50
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan .....	14.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl .....	50.00
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. J. C. Burch .....	5.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John Murphy .....	10.00
Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati, Eleanor Hanekamp .....	100.00

# Some Aspects of Social Work

by Katherena S. Wilcox

(Editor's note: The following is taken from an informal talk given by Miss Wilcox at Victory Noll. Miss Wilcox spent eight years as Administrative Assistant to Mary Berkemeier Quinn, attorney and counselor, and Public Guardian of Cook County, Illinois.)

MY WORK in the Public Guardian's office proved most interesting and some times most heartbreaking. The duty of a Public Guardian is largely to administer the estates of minors and of the mentally ill where there are no relatives to take care of such matters, or where there are relatives who refuse to accept such responsibilities or their interests are in conflict with those of the incompetents. This duty is performed in other states, and in other counties by perhaps the sheriff, the county clerk, the coroner, or some other public official, but since Cook County is so large, having a population of 4,492,629 (over a million and half more people than in the state of Indiana) the governor with the approval of the Senate appoints some individual to take care of these duties. The larger part of the work done in the office dealt with the problems of the mentally ill. (We don't use the word "insane" anymore, and insane asylums are now known as State Hospitals, and the insane person is called an *incompetent*—and, oh yes, plain old fashioned "charity" is now known by the very popular name of "public welfare.")

IN the State of Illinois we have eleven State Hospitals for the mentally ill and two institutions for mental defectives. One of these is known as the Lincoln State School and Colony, and has a certified capacity of 3,400 patients, but has over 5,000 inmates at the present time. It requires over 700 employees to staff this particular institution, which has 84 buildings. It has a farm of 1,000 acres about four miles from the main institutional buildings. 850 acres of this land is cultivated by 1,750 men and boys who are patients living on the farm.

LAST year it cost the State of Illinois more than \$38,000,000 just for the care and treatment and rehabilitation of mentally ill patients. It is now estimated that one out of every twenty persons will require treatment for mental illness. Perhaps this is caused by our present mode of city living, as it is aptly described by Ellwood

in his book entitled, **Sociology Principles and Problems**. "The growth of large cities constitutes, perhaps, the greatest of all the problems of modern civilization. Whether human beings can adapt themselves to the new biological and psychological conditions which city life presents, and still keep sound in body and mind, remains to be demonstrated. The growth of cities has brought about conditions of living which are relatively new to mankind."

PERHAPS we should try to return to normalcy, but what is normalcy? I found it described as, and I quote, "Normalcy, of course, is a fable. It is the modern name for that golden age which figures so prominently in the folklore of all peoples. It refers to an earlier and happier era quite vividly remembered as it never was."

THE PRESENT number of patients in the State Hospitals of Illinois now totals over 50,000. A great many of these patients are really only senile—elderly people who have no one to care for them, or no one who wants to assume the responsibility of their care. I'm sure we can all recall when nearly every family had some older member living with them, perhaps it was Grandma, or Grandpa, or great-aunt Susan or uncle Phil. They were given the most comfortable rocker by the side of the fire in the winter and a favorite chair by the sunniest window, where they could sit and read or knit or do the mending. Or if it was Grandpa, he could make the most wonderful toys and was always ready to play a game of checkers or tell a thrilling story. Now, in this age of small, efficient (efficiency) functional apartments, there is no room for the aged, (and as far as that goes, no room for the young.) So what happens? In Cook County, they end up either at the Infirmary at Oak Forest, the Home for the Aged, (they used to call them "Poor Farms"—remember?) or are sent to one of our hospitals for the mentally ill. The field of geriatrics is coming to be one of the larger problems in cities especially. Since modern medicine and better care has added to the life span of mankind, we are soon approaching an era of the aged. A recent survey shows that in the Chicago area there are 400 homes for the care of the aged accommodating from three to fifty patients, with charges for their care ranging from eighty-five to five hundred dollars a month. But many, many more nursing homes are needed with trained personnel who understand the special needs of the aged.

THE last time I was here someone asked me how many juvenile delinquents there were in Chicago in a year. I didn't know, but tried to find out when I got back. There are many different courts and agencies that a child could go through as a delinquent or a dependent, but the records of these various agencies have never been co-ordinated. However, I did find this data: that for the fiscal year of Oct. 1, 1950 to Sept. 30, 1951, there were 10,243 cases of children up to the age of 18 years referred to the Juvenile Court. There were 4,558 delinquents between the ages of 11 and 15 years; 1,908 between the ages of 16 and 18. It might come as a surprise to you that the number of girls exceeded the number of boys in all the offenses except automobile theft.

WHEREIN have we failed?—for in view of the above we surely have failed. Wherein have we failed? We have been so busy building material things—gigantic skyscrapers and newer types of labor-saving devices; we have made great advancements in the fields of science and medicine. Yes, we can point with pride to our material advances, but we have to view with alarm, our moral and spiritual decadence. May the coming generation profit by our mistakes, our weaknesses and our errors.

THE PROBLEMS surrounding the proper training of our youth and the sympathetic care of our aged are difficult indeed in a society where MORE THAN 25% OF ITS PEOPLE HAVE NO RELIGIOUS AFFILIATIONS. There is a direct cause and effect between rising juvenile delinquency, the increasing divorce rate and the mounting toll of the mentally ill in a nation where millions of its citizens claim no religious affiliations of any kind. Send your missionaries to the United States so that we may raise a generation of parents who will teach their children the appreciation of human values and those certain qualities of the spirit which determine the civilization of its people, and that character is built only by assuming responsibilities and then meeting the responsibilities assumed.

YOURS is a precious heritage handed down to you by the pioneers of your Community, who, faced with hardships and trials which no doubt tried the very souls of the saints that they were, blazed a trail for you to follow, where you too will be faced with difficulties, trials and heartaches. Hold high the flaming torch they have handed down to you—the cross of the Missionary Sister—and carry on.

Let us offer ourselves without delay and without reserve to Mary and beg her to offer us herself to God.—St. Alphonsus.

ONE October morning my three companions and I set out on our customary fifty mile drive to our mission. The peace of the valley was magnified by the glimmering lake which reflected the majestic snow capped mountains. It was our fervent prayer that such peace might reign in the hearts of our people.

UPON arrival at our destination we continued our census tour: that experience which ever reveals so many sorrows of this world. Our first visit was to the home of one of our noble cross-bearers. The mother of the family ushered us into a comfortable living room. Her husband approached, with halting step, and gave us a welcome greeting. Between labored breaths he made known his pleasure in seeing us. He wore a celluloid nose cap to which was attached a long slender tube, extending from an oxygen tank in the next room. In this way he had received a continual supply of oxygen for many years.

AS always, Mr. B. was very grateful for our encouragement, and for the literature which helped him to spend happily the long hours of confinement. We were once again inspired by his cheerful acceptance of his cross. He admitted that sometimes he tried to ponder God's unsearchable ways; but, with the help of grace, he was always able to resign himself to God's Holy Will. Suddenly he said, "What will heaven be like?" We gave him the best explanation we could, including St. Paul's words, "Eye has not seen nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, what things God has prepared for those who love Him." He appreciated the information and while he meditated on the subject, we added that the best way to prepare for heaven is to receive Holy Communion frequently. Mr. B. hastened to inform us that this was not possible in his case, as he was not able to leave the house and would not consider troubling Father to bring Holy Communion to him more than a few times a year. We knew the zealous priest of this parish and his kind concern for this particular soul. When we informed Mr. B. how pleased Father would be to bring him his Divine Friend more often, he was surprised and delighted. His resolution to ask Father to oblige him was quickly forthcoming.

WHAT a happy privilege to be instrumental in moving this soul closer to the Fountain of Grace and enabling him to embellish his heavenly mansion.

Sister Mary Paula  
Elko, Nevada



**Hello there,  
boys  
and girls! Let's  
all work hard  
for  
the missions!**

*Dear Loyal Helpers:*

**S**UMMER vacation is drawing to a close. Tanned and freckled from the long days spent in the open, boys and girls will soon be seen trudging along the roads and streets toward school. There will be new books and new lessons, old friends and some new ones, too. Each one will have much to say about the places he went and the things he saw during the months when there was no school.

Of course there'll be a little reluctance about having to get down to the ordered life which school presents, where everything is regulated by the sound of a bell. But there will be real joy and a sense of importance, too, in passing from a lower grade to a higher one, perhaps even from grammar school to high school.

#### ALL LINED UP BEHIND OUR MISSIONARY SISTERS



These nine children are brothers and sisters and they live in Owensboro, Kentucky. Reading from left to right their names, ages and grades are as follows: Mary Medley, age 15, grade 9; John, age 13, grade 8; Sarah, age 12, grade 7; Billy, age 10, grade 5; Thomas, age 9, grade 4; Frances, age 7, grade 2; Cecilia, age 6, grade 1; and then Ben, age 2½ and Dan, age 1½. We are indebted to Sarah for this fine picture and she sent it to us several months ago, so we believe you will have to add 1 to their ages and grades to be up-to-date on the family.

# Mary's Loyal

Just as our Helpers will be fluttering back to school, our little mission monthly, THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, will be on its way to our many subscribers. We hope it comes to *your* house! If your subscription is about to expire, why not try to earn a dollar to pay for it for another year? You might also tell your classmates about our mission club for boys and girls, known as *Mary's Loyal Helpers* and get them to join. Remind them that the "first dollar" we receive from a new member entitles him to a *free* subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for one year. We know that each one will enjoy the true stories about our mission experiences and will be happy to know his Sunshine money helps us to save souls. Lastly, all will be glad to learn that they share in the prayers of our Missionary Sisters.

*Mary-ly yours,*

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

#### A CALIFORNIA HELPER WRITES

*Dear Sisters:*

Enclosed is my offering. I could not send it sooner as I am helping to pay my own school bills. I have saved a half pound of cancelled stamps. I will send them when I have a pound.

*Theresa Pacheco, Goshen, California.*

# Helpers Page

## SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

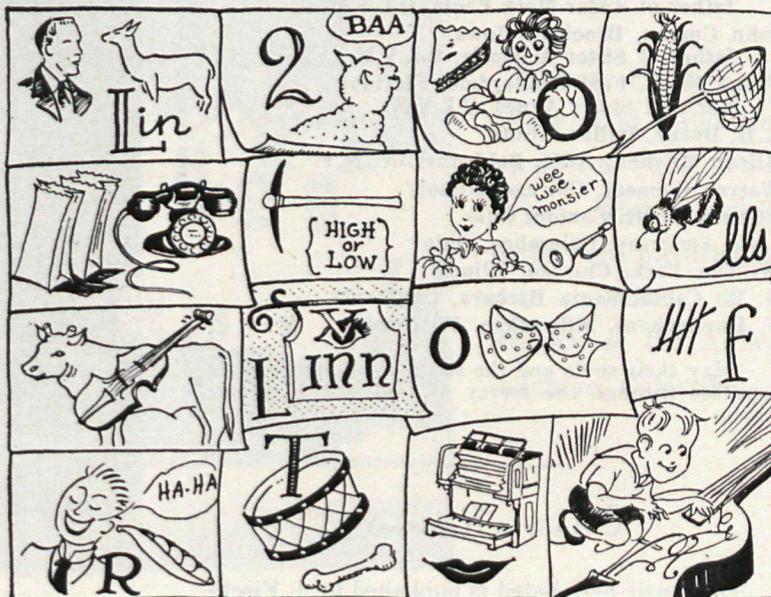
### LETTER O' THE MONTH

Dear Sisters:

It has made me very happy to know that I am enrolled as a member of *Mary's Loyal Helpers*. The wonderful part of it all is I share in the Masses and Communion of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

My family and I pray the Family Rosary daily. It is always offered up that God will bless your loving and charitable work. I am enclosing one dollar which I saved in my Sunshine Bag.

Mary McCarthy,  
The Bronx,  
New York, N.Y.



### ANSWERS TO JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE

1. Peter. 2. Simon. 3. Linus.
4. Cyprian. 5. Paul. 6. Abel.
7. Agnes.

Fifteen boys and girls expressed the desire to join the school orchestra this year. Each one of them wanted to play a different instrument. Can you name the instruments? Number your answers and send them to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card.

### ANOTHER CALIFORNIA HELPER WRITES

Dear Sisters:

I like *The Missionary Catechist*. I am sending you this dollar for the poor children. I am saying my daily Hail Mary for you. I also

enclose fifty cents from my brother Vincent and fifty cents from my brother Gerard. God bless you.

Mary Therese Herrman,  
San Diego, California

### A LYNDBURST (O.) HELPER

THROUGH the medium of these pages we are happy to introduce a new Helper, *Norahann Hawkins* of *Lyndhurst, Ohio*. *Norahann* was in the sixth grade at *St. Clare School* when she wrote us. She has probably passed to the seventh by this time. In her last letter she wrote: "Here is my second dollar and my snapshot. For school we had to make up a little poem and this is the one I made."



O sweet Virgin Mary  
I love you so much,  
I hope you will help me  
To be pure, sweet and such.

### A CHESTER (PA.) HELPER

IN the accompanying picture we make you acquainted with *Sally Ann Reeder*, of *Chester, Pennsylvania*. *Sally Ann* is four years old. Her aunt writes us that she will never let anyone complain about the weather in her presence, — not even if their bones ache with rheumatism or their ears suffer from congestion.



If she hears the remark, "I wish it would stop raining," she comes out with, "God makes it rain so that the flowers will grow!"

May *Sally* always be as devoted to God's Holy Will as she is now!

## In Memoriam

**John Fortier, Detroit, Michigan**  
father of Sister Mary Paula, O.L.V.M.  
**John Curran, Brooklyn, Iowa**  
father of Sister Marjorie, O.L.V.M.  
**Frank Kozla, Fort Lauderdale, Florida**  
uncle of Sister Agnes, O.L.V.M.  
**J. H. Deane, Dallas, Texas**  
**Aileen Mitchell, ACM, Baldwinsville, N.Y.**  
**Warren Clement, Chicago, Illinois**  
**Edward Kuntz, Canton, Ohio**  
**Lena Anderson, Columbus, Ohio**  
**William Peck, Chicago, Illinois**  
**G. W. Cahill, Santa Barbara, California**  
**F. Huennekens, Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

## Music Reviewed

The music here listed is published by J. Fischer & Bro., 119 West 40th St., New York City.

PROCESSIONALS and RECESSIONALS for the year by A. Edmonds Tozer No. 8674 Price .40

"SERVITE DOMINO" Sixteen Motets and Hymns for two equal (S.A. or T.B.) with organ by Rev. Carlo Rossini No. 8666 Price \$2.00

MASS in honor of ST. BERNARD No. 8663 T.T. B.B. Price .80

PANIS ANGELICUS by Cesar Franck Arr. by Philip G. Kreckel T.T.B. and Solo Voice No. 8660 Price .18

LAUDATE NOMEN DOMINI—Offertories and Communion Hymns for ALL Sundays and Principal Feasts by Rev. Carlo Rossini (For One Voice or Chorus in Unison With Organ) No. 8600 Price \$2.75

OUR LADY, STAR of FATIMA, Text and Music by Carlo Rossini Mixed Voices No. 8624 Price .15

CREDO—Chant-like from Mass in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus by Philip G. Kreckel S.A.T.B. No. 8623 Price .18

ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS by John E. Ronan T.T.B. No. 8603 Price .15

CHORUSES FROM THE PASSION by Cyr de Brant T.T.B. No. 8591 Price .20

MASS for the DEAD and Chants for the Burial Services by G. Prado and Carlo Rossini No. 8642 Price \$1.00

REQUIEM MASS — Gradual—Tract—Offertory —Subvenite Simplified setting by Cyr de Brant Price .15



Sister Annette gave a series of private classes to this handicapped young woman, a victim of polio since childhood. She lives on a ranch, consequently had no opportunity to receive instructions for reception of Sacraments.

The Sisters went to her home weekly in between release-time classes at two different schools.

(Picture taken on day of her First Communion)

## Books Received

John Haffert, Editor of SOUL MAGAZINE, has written a fifth book entitled RUSSIA WILL BE CONVERTED, which is considered a real solution to the world crisis. Before its release to the general public, 8,000 advance private edition copies were sold. It includes 92 photographs. Price \$3.00, Ave Maria Institute Press, Washington, New Jersey.

THE ROSARY, A Social Remedy, by Rev. Thomas Schwertner, O.P., is a thorough evaluation of the Rosary as the epitome of Christ's life and an antidote for present social ills. The lessons of the different Mysteries are applied to practice in everyday life. The Joyful Mysteries show the importance and means of safeguarding happy family life; the Sorrowful Mysteries provide an example of how to accept suffering; the Glorious Mysteries enlighten our vision of future life. Price \$2.75, Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Father Figlino, (left) pastor of St. Augustine's church, and Father Lyons, (right) assistant pastor, are pictured here with members of the Knights of the Altar in Brighton, Colorado.

The boys are: (First row) Eusebio Sandoval, Milton Knuffke, Romie Saks, John Beals, Daniel Romero, Arthur Madrid, Gilbert Rael, Reuben Maes, Raymond Sandoval, Eloy Trujillo.

Arthur Sandoval, Roger Smith, Ronald Starbuck, John Morales, Darrell Knuffke, Robert Martinez.

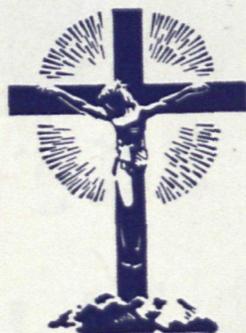
(Second row) James Smith, Robert Moncini,

(Third row) Carmen Sandoval, George Maes, Tony Sandoval, Leo Schumacher, Fred Baldwin, George Maes, Robert Baca, Moses Sandoval.

Father Figlino and Father Lyons are justly proud of the Sandoval family, which has seven boys who serve at the altar.

Sister Beatrice, who trains the altar boys, has firm hopes that baby Christopher will follow in the footsteps of his big brothers.





## *The Spirit breatheth where He will . . .*

**G**OD is truly the great, and only, convert maker. We, His instruments, remain silent as we try to fathom the unsearchable mystery of the reason why He so generously bestows on certain ones the priceless gift of the true Faith.

**I**N the graduating class of last year from our public high school, about ninety-five young men and women received their diplomas. There was much exuberance and enthusiasm as each student felt the first milestone of life was completed. For many this was the end of their formal education and we wondered how many of these young people had received during these formative years the true Christian education, so beautifully put by St. Paul: "Grow in the knowledge of the Son of God, attain to the perfect man unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ. That their charity may abound in knowledge and in all understanding."

**I**N the graduating class were four Catholic students. Three others were taking instructions to become Catholics. Two boys and one girl were the chosen ones from this group to receive the grace to become active members of the mystical Body of Christ.

**F**IRST came Barry Smith. The story of his conversion you have read. When his friend, Isaac Bennett, heard of Barry's intention to become a Catholic, he was horrified, and with implicit assurance said, "That would be the last thing I would ever do—become a Catholic."

**T**HERE were many pros and cons among the students. Isaac still doubting, but deep in his heart he felt Catholics really had something different. So he tells us how one afternoon he returned from school and just sat quietly wondering if all he had heard about Catholics was true. God's grace gently began to work in his soul opening it to the light of faith and bringing peace, confidence, and truth. As Isaac assures us, he needed all these helps to get the necessary courage to enroll for instructions. He and Barry came together for instructions. They were baptized on the feast of Our Lady Mediatrix of all Grace, and received their First Communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart.

**W**ITH a twinkle in his eye, Isaac tells how one afternoon a gentleman drove up, stopped his car, and asked if he could ask him a personal question. He said, "Yes." The question was, "Is it true that you have become a Catholic?" Again Isaac responded, "Yes." And the query came, "What did you pay the priest to have your sins forgiven?" Isaac explained that there had been a time when he, too, believed such stories; but, now he knew better.

**W**E PRAY that they will always be faithful to their Church. May God in His unbounded generosity richly grant to countless of our youth the wisest wisdom which is the knowledge and love of His Divine Son.

Sister Mary Patrick  
Washington C. H., Ohio