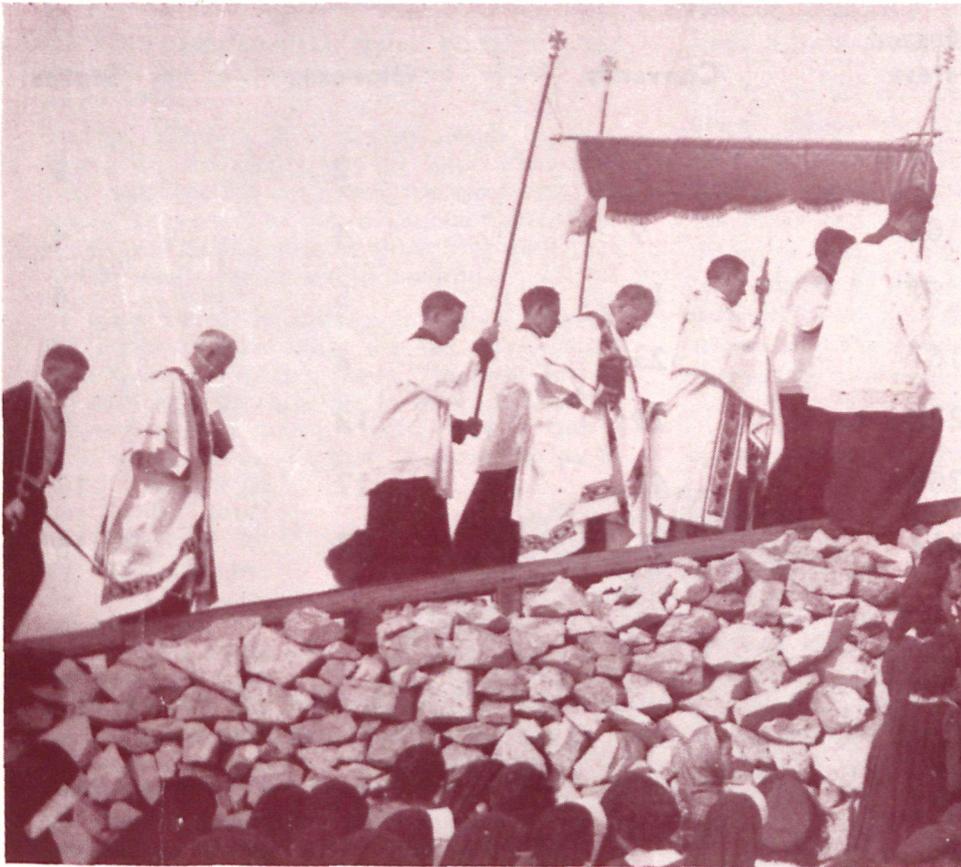


the **M**issionary **G**atechist



January
1953

Volume 29

Number 2

His Excellency Bishop Metzger of El Paso carries the Blessed
Sacrament up the steep slope of the Sierra Cristo Rey.
(Story on page 4)



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

As We Begin a New Year . . .

We Present Some Statistics . . .

Year	Professed Sisters	Convents	Dioceses	States
1924	2	2	2	2
1929	62	9	4	4
1934	97	16	5	4
1939	167	23	8	5
1944	220	29	12	9
1949	269	42	17	13
1953	314	55	27	16

It is you, our faithful friends and benefactors, who have made these gains possible. So we thought you would find the numbers interesting.

Twenty-five years ago five convents were listed in the pages of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Four of them were in New Mexico and one in Indiana. Of the four in New Mexico only one, Las Vegas, is still staffed. The other missions were very small and are now being taken care of from our large convent in Santa Fe. From there the sisters go out

to many different parts of the state on Confraternity of Christian Doctrine work.

The last two lines of this chart really cover a period of only three years because the last figures given are those of the fall of 1952. By next fall there will be more professed sisters and more convents.

To you, then, our benefactors, we say, a fervent God bless you and thank you for your continued interest and support. May the New Year be filled with blessings for you and those dear to you.

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YOLANDA'S CALENDAR

YOLANDA was very happy because she had a present for me—a calendar. “Look, Sister! Isn’t this pretty? It’s for you. Can we hang it up in our classroom?”

“Why, yes, Yolanda, it’s a very pretty calendar and it will be nice to have in our classroom.” Then I took another look . . . “But, Yolanda, it’s for 1950 and this is 1952.”

“Oh, that’s all right, Sister. I’ll fix it.” And she took her pencil and scratched out 1950 and wrote 1952.

No, Yolanda, it is not so simple as that. The great Chesterton would have applauded your solution, but not having his simplicity, we would be afraid to try it. Sunday would be coming on Wednesday or something like that, and it would be an awful muddle.

The world is already mixed-up enough. We might wonder what we can do to bring some order out of this chaos. The most practical advice is for each one to be a Christopher. The old Chinese proverb says, “It is better to light one little candle than to curse the darkness.” We must live in the spirit of faith and let our light shine before men. Our circle might be very small, but if we do our part in that small circle, it will widen out into other circles, just as a little pebble dropped into a stream causes circle after circle to form on the water.

NO FORWARDING ADDRESS

WE like to please our subscribers and we like everyone to get his magazine, but recently we had a request we cannot fulfill. A copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST was returned to us marked *Deceased. Please forward.* Now that is asking a little more than we can take care of, especially since the person did not leave a forwarding address.

If you are not receiving the magazine regularly, please let us know and we will check your subscription. Then if it is leaving Victory Noll all right, something might be wrong at the other end. One lady was not getting her magazine and we suggested she ask her postman about it. He told her he remembered distinctly that he delivered it. She lived in a duplex and the children upstairs were helping themselves to it because they liked the pictures!

If you are planning a change of address—in time, not eternity—we should appreciate it if you notify us before you move, if possible. Be sure to give both your new and old address and include your zone number if you have one. If the move should be into eternity, you may be assured that our fervent prayers will follow you.



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

Where Friendly Nations Meet

Sister Mary Karl

HIGH atop Mount Cristo Rey, where two friendly nations and three states touch corners, a mammoth figure of the Christ overlooks El Paso.

Thus reads the travel circular, illustrated by a picture of the beautiful Christ the King monument it describes—the gigantic statue placed on the border of the United States and Mexico at El Paso, Texas. However, the statue is much more than a point of scenic travel interest. Read the invitation that came to our convent in mid-October and you will learn the real meaning and purpose of the mountain and monument of Cristo Rey.

“You are invited to join with thousands of Catholics and non-Catholics, both American and Mexican, in the pilgrimage to the *Sierra de Cristo Rey*, Sunday, October 26, starting at 1:00 p.m. This pilgrimage, presided over by His Excellency the Bishop of El Paso, is divided into three parts. First, the Penitential Ascension, for our dear soldiers in Korea; second, the Eucharistic Procession, for our fighting men; and third, the Holy Hour, for the new recruits in our next wars against the enemies of God and Christian civilization. This is our battle cry of peace: *Appease God, not Stalin!*”

Five of us elected to accept this invitation so inspirationally worded, and make the pilgrimage up the sierra. True enough, we found ourselves among thousands of other pilgrims. An orderly procession was formed, four abreast, that wound up and across, up and across, up and across the high, rocky side of Mount Cristo Rey. There is a narrow road, six feet wide, by

which the ascent is made. The Knights of Columbus marched in full dress uniforms. There was the Jesuit Seminary choir from Ysleta in cassock and surplice. Religious of various communities made a long line of dark habits and white headgear. Here and there among them were units of school girls in their attractive navy blue and white uniforms. His Excellency Bishop Metzger marched with the priests of his diocese. And the laity! Yes, they were there in thousands. Only Christ the King knows the true tally of the tremendous throng that came to do Him honor where two friendly nations meet.

The procession wound up the mountainside. A quiet prayerful murmur or the burst of fervent prayer arose here and there from praying men, women, and children. A faint bright haze hung over the blue sky of Texas that seemed to grow more blue as we approached the summit of the mount. The sierra stretched tawny and gray above; and below us, the gray-green of the scant brush along its gaunt side blended into, rather than contrasted with its rocky barrenness.

When the procession was perhaps halfway up the hill, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed at a little wayside altar. Here I found myself involuntarily distracted by the altar boys. Bearing cross, bell, censer, incense, four of them stood in readiness. The path was narrow even by the altar, and with all the dignified aplomb of the small boy who knows he is important, the four stood right at the edge of the pathway, backs to the cliff! Could I help it if for a passing minute I wondered what kind of scramble would ensue if one of them stepped back ever so little?



On the march. Section of the procession showing Knights of Columbus and Ysleta Seminary choir.



The statue is a foot higher than the "Christ of the Andes" but stands on a lower base. The overall height of the South American statue then is greater.

Here too I inadvertently had the great honor of taking part in the ceremonies myself. It happened that some of us sisters, in kneeling for the exposition, had placed ourselves directly in front of the canopy prepared for the Blessed Sacrament. The path was narrow, and there was nowhere else to kneel. When it was time for the procession to resume, attendants looked about uncertainly for the canopy, and it was necessary for us to disentangle it and hand it over, since they could not have reached it over our heads!

THERE began now the most solemn part of the procession. Now came the great Eucharistic hymn, *Cantemos al amor de los amores*, and that to Christ the King, *Viva Cristo Rey*. The rosaries for the boys in Korea seemed to be more pleading, for One walked with us, was one of us, who years ago had walked another hill, among another crowd. Jesus of Calvary was with us, walking with us, praying with us, in His Sacramental Presence. Now and then sharing this precious burden with others of the clergy, Bishop Metzger bore the monstrance with the Blessed Sacrament.

We passed the Guadalupe shrine, and finally reached the clearing at the top of the mount just below the gigantic statue of Christ the King. Bracing themselves to the steep incline, the bishop and his attendants continued up the treadway that leads to the very foot of the monument where the altar of Benediction had been erected, beautiful with its red drapes and burning candles.

After the Blessed Sacrament was exposed there, a short sermon in English was preached, followed by a longer one in Spanish. Picturesque was the setting: the towering monument, the gracefully canopied and draped altar with the flags of the United States and Mexico, and the colorful banners of the various organizations of El Paso and Juarez massed at its side. The sun was beginning to grow lower in the west, and slight shadows came as if to whisper that the pilgrimage was almost over. Then Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament; a blessing for thousands kneeling at the crest of the mount. If only there were involved not only "two friendly nations" but if at the borders of every nation such a scene should be repeated, how truly then would Your title be vindicated, O Christ our King!

Finally the cheers for Christ the King, led by Father Costa to whose zeal and energy El Paso is indebted for this great monument. The *Vivas* echoed far across the cliffs, far down the mountainside. And thus concluded the pilgrimage. As soon as the Blessed Sacrament had been speeded on Its homeward journey, this time borne in a jeep, the crowd broke into pleasant laughing and talking as the descent began.

I was not tired after the pilgrimage. I should have been, for it must be some miles up the mountain and down. But somehow all I can remember of that afternoon is the color; the praying; the faces, quiet, intent, reverent; the babes carried in arms; the children tugging at the hands of mother or father; and climbing steadily, steadily, quietly. I remember the sun shining on the monstrance as Bishop Metzger carried it up, up, to the peak of the mountain.

And I remember the little fellow, maybe three or four, who, on the path, insisted on asking questions of his father in a high childish treble. "Danny," said his father quietly, after several ineffectual attempts to quiet him, "you don't talk in church, do you?"

"No," said the little fellow seriously.

"Then," went on the father, "you mustn't talk here. This is just the same as church. Here we are all praying too."

And Danny walked on quietly, evidently finally understanding that this was a place, this was a day, this was an hour of prayer.

Fisherman's Paradise

Sister Eugenia

OUR brand new Ford station wagon arrived on Wednesday from Detroit. It was not exactly f.o.b. Mother and another sister drove it down from there. Thursday we spent packing it, leaving just enough room for Sister Philomena, Sister Loretta Ann, and myself. Early Friday morning we were headed south to open our new mission in Punta Gorda, Florida.

The first evening we spent with our sisters in Kentucky. Sister Mary Eva and Sister Mary Josephine had gone to the mission chapel in the mountains and were planning to spend the week-end there. They were painting the Communion rail when they received word that we had arrived, so they dropped everything and came back home. After Mass and breakfast with them the next morning we were off to an early start. We did not make much time for a few hours on account of the winding Kentucky hills and the Cumberland mountains. Nevertheless, that day we had lunch in Tennessee, and our dinner in Georgia.

In the South one can drive for miles and miles without coming across a Catholic church, so we planned to be near a large town in order to attend Sunday Mass. We were surprised to find the week-end traffic very much to our liking, for there were very few cars on the highway. After Sunday Mass at Marietta, Georgia, we were invited to breakfast by a university professor and his wife, recently from Wisconsin.

We received a royal welcome in Punta Gorda and began our mission work almost immediately. The classes are small, but there is quite a bit of territory to be covered. Father O'Dowd is pastor of three parishes: Sacred Heart at Punta Gorda, St. Paul's at Arcadia, and Our Lady of Mercy on the island of Boca Grande. The parish and missions cover an area 115 miles long and 100 miles wide. In addition to his parish duties, Father is chaplain of two state hospitals.

Arcadia is about twenty-six miles from Punta Gorda, and it takes us about two hours to get to Boca Grande. We drive down to Placida and then take a ferry across to the island. The ferry can accommodate eight to ten cars. The fare is three dollars per car (round trip), but Captain Hartigan, who runs the ferry, does not let us pay. The Captain has two sisters and a niece who are nuns in Canada.

PRACTICALLY everyone here is from some other state. One of the standard questions is, "Where are you from?" Since Punta Gorda is reputed to be *the* fishing resort of the nation, "a fisherman's paradise," many tourists come down for the winter. Some have been coming year after year. Others like it so well that they pack their belongings and move down permanently. As they say, "Once you get that Florida sand in your shoes, you never want to leave."



Leaving Victory Noll for Florida. Left to right: Sister Loretta Ann, Sister Eugenia, and Sister Philomena, superior.

Having weathered a seige of mosquitos who have a hankering for Yankee blood, we are fast on the way to becoming real Florida "crackers," too. We are becoming acquainted with guavas and papayas, avocados, and sugar apples. We are enjoying the beauty of the various tropical trees and flowers, and the abundance of grapefruit, oranges, lemons, and limes. But most of all, we are delighted to be in this fisherman's paradise, where we are fishing for souls and where the catch is plentiful!



Father O'Dowd and some of the parishioners welcome the sisters on their arrival in Punta Gorda.

Child of Grace

Sister Mary Ruth

"SISTER, there's a new girl in our class at school, and she must be a Catholic because I saw her at Mass Sunday."

"Then invite her to come to class with you," I answered.

So the following Wednesday the girls proudly announced, "Here's the new girl, Sister."

To my inquiries Nellie, the newcomer, said that she was baptized a Catholic, but although she was now fourteen, she had never received the other sacraments. I was somewhat surprised at this and asked, "Do you always attend Mass on Sunday?"

"Yes," Nellie replied, "but sometimes it is hard. You see, we travel around all the time because of my father's work. We will only stay here about six weeks. But when we get to a new town I always ask right away where the Catholic church is so that I will be able to go to Mass."

"Does anyone else come to church with you?"

"No, Sister," was the answer.

Impressed with the child's faithfulness to Sunday Mass in spite of no evident cooperation, I inquired, "Would you like to prepare to receive your First Communion?"

"Oh yes, Sister," she answered eagerly, "I would like that very much."

"Where do you live, Nellie? We would like to visit your mother."

"We live in the trailer court on South Fayette street," Nellie informed me.

When we visited the mother, the situation did not look too favorable. The parents were not married in the Church and Nellie, the oldest child, was the only one baptized. The mother would not even talk about her own spiritual problems. She was not interested in doing anything toward the baptism of her other children since it would involve her own return to the Church. Nellie's case was different. She had already been baptized, so the mother was quite willing to have her receive the other sacraments.

Nellie attended special instructions almost every day. She showed a deep interest in her faith. As the six weeks were drawing to a close, she made the final preparations for her First Communion. On a Friday morning she received Our Lord into her heart for the first time. After Mass we served her a little breakfast in the convent before she went to school. On Sunday Nellie was again at the holy table. That was the last Sunday we saw her at Mass, for the family moved that same day.

We expected to see no more of Nellie. But God was watching over His child. The father's work brought him once again to this territory. Imagine Nellie's delight when she learned that the bishop would administer Confirmation in three weeks. She attended the special classes and urged her family to stay long enough that she might be confirmed. Then strengthened with the graces of the sacrament, she departed again.

So the Bells Told

Sister Alice Marie

Editor's Note: For the historical background of this sketch of San Diego Mission, Sister Alice Marie referred to The Franciscan Missions of California by Berger and to The San Diego Mission by Engelhardt, O.F.M. Sister also had access to the lecture notes of the late Dr. A. E. Osborne and to those of the Rev. Arthur D. Spearman, S.J. who graciously made both available to her. Father Spearman is the former librarian of Loyola University of Los Angeles.

THE delighted laughter of my sisters came back to me as I started up the worn stone steps that lead to the campanile of the old mission. Various signs asked all visitors to refrain from touching the bell which dangled so invitingly against the wall. But the gracious guide gave the unexpected permission. The Missionary Sisters were to ring the bells of the "mother mission"—San Diego de Alcalá!

Soon the beautiful tones of the bells flung triumphantly over the country side. Deep and resonant with the mellow richness of antiquity, the voice of the largest bell sounded above the others. In 1894, parts of the original bells had been recast into this one—the "Mater Dolorosa."

I paused and looked down into the patio of the old mission. Many of the first Indian neophytes are buried there beneath the glorious purple of the bougainvillae, the wistful green of the acacia trees, and the many fragrant blossoms in the garden. The peace of the patio and the enchantment of the bells were upon me, inviting—no, commanding me to return to scenes of other days.

ROSES of Castile! Padre Junipero Serra forgot the weariness of his aching limbs and drank in the fragrance of the roses, a fragrance suggestive of all the beauty and romance of his beloved Spain. It was a glorious morning in July of 1764. The long land expedition of soldiers and Christian Indians from Baja California had come to an end. They had marched a distance of four hundred miles in forty-eight days.

Padre Serra joined the land expedition while his companion Franciscans travelled by sea. He had been named Father-President of the group of sixteen missionaries from the College of San Fernando in Mexico City. They were to found the first mission in Alta California—San Diego de Alcalá! With all the ardor of his Spanish heritage and the missionary zeal of the sons of St. Francis, Serra planned to begin immediately the evangelization of the Indians. God planned otherwise.

The members of the ocean expedition



Edward Sievers Photo. Courtesy, San Diego-California Club

Always popular with tourists to Southern California is Mission San Diego, the oldest of the famed twenty-one California Missions.

aboard the San Antonio and the San Carlos had reached San Diego also, but not without adversity. They had contracted the fatal disease of scurvy. Padre Serra found almost the entire camp sick from the painful ulcers which characterized the disease. The men were suffering from hunger also, because so much of the food had spoiled enroute.

The Spaniards bartered with the Indians, bits of cloth for fresh fish. They found the natives shrewd traders but also grasping and inclined to pilfering. Padre Serra kept a wary eye on the doings of these "Dieguenos." He longed for the day when he could begin to work for their conversion.

Although the great missionary kept very busy caring for the sick and the dying, he found time to make the beginnings of his first mission. On a spot, which the Indians named Cosoy, he planted the cross on July 16, 1769. His chapel was a poor hut with a roof of grass,

but the heart of Serra rejoiced. Alta California's first foundation was becoming a reality.

Slowly but surely Padre Serra's program went ahead until the mission compound consisted of a wooden church, an adobe convento for the padres, and a corral and several small houses for the neophytes. He was able to leave the infant mission in the care of Fathers Furster and Jayme. He himself went on to make other foundations. Now San Diego de Alcalá was ready for the cross which sanctifies all beginnings.

Two apostate Indians from the mission of San Diego incited a large group of unbaptized Indians to attack the mission. In the early hours of the morning of November 4, 1775 they surrounded the place. Fathers Jayme and Furster, a few soldiers, and the Christian Indians awakened to the shrieks of the attackers and the hiss of fiery arrows. Father Furster and the soldiers made their way to the small barracks, where the latter began to fire their guns at the howling mob. Father covered the kegs of gunpowder with his heavy robe to protect them from the blazing arrows.

And Father Jayme—possibly he could not believe that the simple Indians were so aroused. He would try his usual kind greeting. He walked slowly from the compound toward the natives. "Love God, my children." Before he could say more, they were upon him. He went down beneath their clawing hands.

A little later, the enemy fled. Evidently they feared that reinforcements would arrive from the Praesidio. The little group of defenders staggered from the barracks. The frightened neophytes came warily from their various hiding places. In the bed of the arroyo, they found the body of Father Jayme. They sent the sad news of his death to Padre Serra. "God be thanked. Now the soil is watered; now the REDUCTION* of the Dieguenos will be complete!" Thus he accepted this new cross.

THESE were lonely days for Padre Serra. The illness which had lasted for the past two years was running its course. He could feel the remaining strength leaving his emaciated body. But not even illness could conquer the great missionary spirit of the Father-President.

He paid a last visit to each of the other mission stations, "beads" of his rosary he called them. He left a picture in the hearts of his fel-

*The Franciscans in Mexico and California followed the broad lines of the successful REDUCTIONS of the Jesuits. The sons of Ignatius established those great and unequalled missionary ventures in communal living in Paraguay and the Parana province of old Brazil, especially among the Guarani Indians. The early Spanish missionaries discovered certain practices in the various tribal religions suggestive of Christian beginnings. Among the Aztecs and Incas there seemed to be convents of virgins. The people made auricular confession of their serious sins to their ritual priests. The missionaries accordingly became convinced that the native races were once Christian and had fallen away. These needed to be led back (reducirse) to the truths of Christianity. Hence the name of REDUCTIONS.

low priests that time would never efface—the sight of their beloved Father, his own strength almost completely spent, conferring the sacrament of strength. Because there were no bishops in the area, Padre Serra was permitted to administer Confirmation.

He returned to his present dwelling, the mission of San Carlos on the Rio Carmelo. Here he buried good Father Crespi, one of his lifelong companions. He knew that his own end was near. So did his sorrowing neophytes. Hadn't their beloved Padre given orders to the mission carpenter to build the simple coffin of redwood that would hold his feeble body?

Yes, the days were lonely but they were happy too. Padre Serra was living again the mysteries of his "beads." His thoughts must have lingered long on the first—San Diego de Alcalá! There he had lived his favorite and most tested virtues, the great theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity. His deep faith had kept him plodding at the almost hopeless task of converting his Dieguenos, "ugly, dirty, careless, smutty, and flat-faced" though they were.

His constant hope was that God's work would continue in spite of all obstacles. Eventually the greed of soldiers and new settlers might take the material possessions of his poor Indians, but the spiritual would endure. The memory of his great and selfless love for God and souls would encourage and console them when others offered them only the selfishness of envy and avarice.

Serra was ready to go. There would be others to take his place. He prayed that they also would know the power of faith, and hope, and love in the endless striving for souls. Those grand virtues would be his legacy to the future missionaries of his beloved California. Peacefully he slept in the Lord on the twenty-eighth day of August in 1784.

THE voices of the great bells died away to silence. We descended the worn steps of the campanile. We passed the peaceful garden and entered the old mission chapel, each absorbed in her own thoughts. We knelt beside the graves of the five companions of Padre Serra, who are buried before the altar.

We were missionaries also, following in their footsteps along the King's Highway, their beloved *El Camino Real*. Although the centuries separated their times and ours, the problems were of the same pattern. We know the ravages of the modern scurvy of secularism; the social disease of a moral breakdown in marriage and family life, which is sapping the spiritual life of our people. We know the grind of endless labor for souls, often without apparent results. We need the message of the great Serra's faith, hope, and unwearying love.

But the lips of the padres were silent in the majestic stillness of death. Not even the martyred Jayme could whisper to us, "My children." . . . SO THE BELLS TOLD.

GOD LIKE THAT!

Manuel was perplexed. How could he help his father get a job?

"Sister, my dad hasn't had a job for a long time," he complained. "Pretty soon we aren't going to have any money."

"Well," I said, "did you ask God to get him a job?"

"Will He get him one?" he asked in surprise.

"Of course, if you ask Him. He'll give us anything that's good for us. You ask Him today after class. You can go over to church and make a visit."

"What prayer should I say?"

"You don't have to say any special prayer," I answered. "Just ask Him in your own words. You can tell Him that you think maybe there were times when He helped Joseph get work by selling the things that he made. Then ask Him if He would please help your dad get work now."

Manuel seemed pleased with the idea. The following class he was all smiles.

"Sister, my daddy got that job. It's a real good one. He gets \$220 a month and he's going to go to school at the same time."

"You asked God to help him, didn't you, Manuel?"

"Yes, Sister."

"See," I said, "God will give us anything we ask Him for as long as it is good for us."

"Gee!" murmured Joe from the other end of the bench, "I didn't know God was like that!"

**Sister Elizabeth
Redlands, California**



"As I rounded the corner of the house, a pleasant scene met my eye."

In the Home Field

NON-SKID PRAYERS

The children like to offer suggestions for a special intention before and after class. One day Jackie said, "Sister, could we pray for the people who have to be out on the road today?" The streets were covered with ice, so we thought that a very worthwhile intention. The next time we saw Jackie he said, "You know what, Sister? The other day when we prayed for people who had to be out on the ice, my dad skidded on the way to work and had an accident, but he didn't even get a scratch."

**Sister Viola
Kendallville, Indiana**

Sister: How do we get a new Pope when one dies?

Fourth grader: They elect him from the Reds.

MARGARITA TAKES OVER

One day when I arrived at my teaching center I was surprised that there were no children to greet me. Usually there is a wild scramble to see who might be the first one to meet me and carry my briefcase. But today all was quiet. Then as I rounded the corner of the house, a pleasant scene met my eye. Seated on the class benches were all the little tykes. Margarita was in front of the group with a stick in her hand.

"Our Father who art in heaven," chorused the little group.

"Oh, there is Sister!" shouted someone whose attention had strayed from teacher Margarita. At once the class was disrupted as they scrambled to meet me.

"Gee, Sister, these kids are dumb," was six-year-old Margarita's comment on her class. "Here, take this stick."

"What do I want the stick for?" I asked.

"To make the kids sit still," came the prompt reply.

**Sister Estelle
Coachella, California**

HE SURE DID!

The lesson had been on the sacrament of penance. I had brought out how good God was to give his priests the power of forgiving sins. One little boy raised his hand and said, "Gee, Sister, God sure gave us a break when He gave us that sacrament."

**Sister Mary Beatrice
Tulare, California**

NO 'OSCAR' FOR OSCAR

Father had promised a prize to the boy and girl having the best record for the term. This included Mass attendance, application in catechism, and good conduct. It seemed as if Oscar and Gloria would be the winners: Gloria, a quiet and lovable girl; Oscar, a wide awake boy with all the boys as pals. However, Oscar had two points against him that put a question mark after his name. He was caught ringing the church bell and he put a thumb tack on the chair of the boy in front of him while the boy was reciting his lesson. When the victim sat down there was a yell.

When Father entered the classroom and asked who the winner was, all the voices cried, "Oscar, Oscar."

"Remember," Father continued, "this includes good conduct."

Silence reigned while all eyes turned in Oscar's direction.

"Now what does this mean?" asked Father.

Then I said, "Oscar, perhaps you would explain to Father what you were doing in the bell tower the other day and tell him also what you did in the classroom."

Oscar looked up at Father in all peace and calmness and said, "Father, I already told you in confession this morning. Let Gloria have the prize."

**Sister Rose Mary
Abilene, Texas**

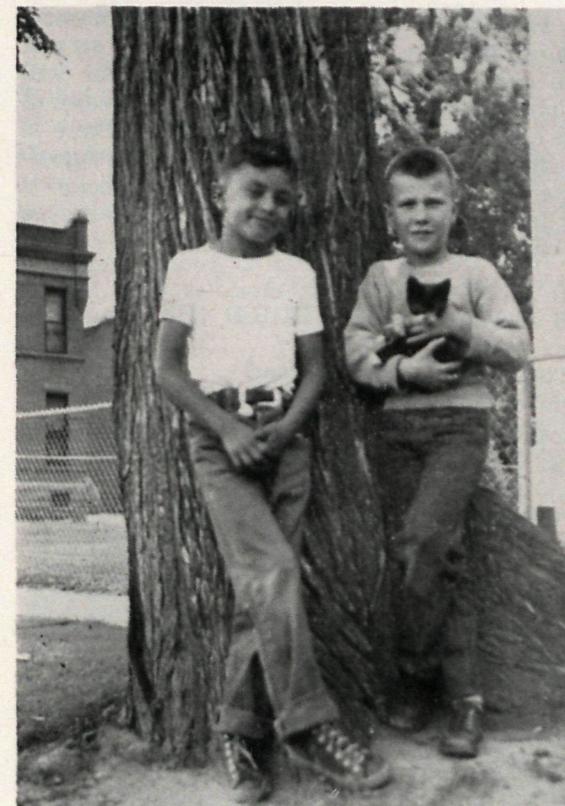
DID BOBBY PASS?

Bobby was on the doubtful list of the First Communion class. One day I decided to take him alone and find out just how much he knew. We got along fine until we reached sin.

"Bobby, what is a mortal sin?"

Slowly he raised his large brown eyes toward the ceiling, made a horrible face, and said, "It's a BIG FAT SIN!"

Sister Mary Patrick



The boy was on his way to school to enter his cat in a pet show. The sisters met him and ask him the cat's name. "Sister," he answered very seriously, "it is not a cat. It is a mouser."—Denver.

GROWING UP FAST

Sister Mary Ida greeted a small boy in visiting. "How are you?" she asked. Mistaking her question, he held up four fingers.

"Oh," Sister said quickly, "you're getting to be a big boy."

The lad drew himself up to the height of his four years and replied, "I'm not going to be a boy. I'm going to be a man."

**Sister Noreen
San Antonio, Texas**

IDENTIFICATION

Another sister and I were walking to school to meet the children. As we passed under a tree we heard voices and saw feet dangling down among the branches. "Hey, lookit," we heard, "the two angels!"

**Sister Grace
San Pedro, California**



**Another year
For us is here,
Do all for God
And have no fear.**

Chicago Benefit Party

DUE to the generous co-operation of our Chicago Associates, the benefit party held at The Milk Foundation on October 21, in that city, exceeded the expectations of the members of Good Shepherd Mission Club who sponsored it. The grand sum of \$453.00 was realized on that occasion.

It was my privilege and pleasure to attend that meeting. I was accompanied by Sister Mary Paul, a former Chicagoan. Among the Chicago Bands represented were Charitina Club No. 1, St. Anthony, Holy Family, Les Petites Fleurs, St. Gemma, St. George, St. Jude, St. Katherine, St. Luke, and Seven Dolors. Besides these Associate members, other friends of our community were present. Bands which mailed in contributions but whose members could not be present, included Adrian, Infant of Prague, Immaculate Conception, Little Flower Circle, Mary, Queen of our Hearts, Mother Cabrini, Poor Souls, and St. Michael Guild. We have not yet secured a complete list of all the contributors as we go to press, but we wish to assure all who aided our sisters of our earnest prayers.

We join the President, *Mrs. H. R. Staley*, in expressing our sincere thanks to all who helped make this party a grand success.

COLORED SLIDES UPON REQUEST

PERHAPS the officers of your mission club would like to invite two of our sisters to be present at your annual big mission party but cannot afford it. (Our traveling expenses to Chicago and return amounted to \$20.00 in round figures.)

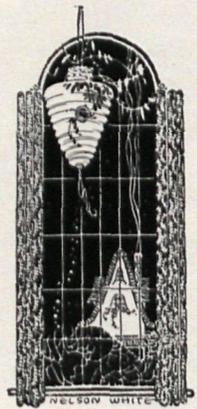
As an alternative, we suggest that you send for our thirty-five minute illustrated lecture on the work of our community. The two inches

News Items About

by two inches slides are beautiful in natural colors, and can be thrown on a large screen. The accompanying talk on tape recorder will be mailed to you at the same time. The voice of one of our sisters explains the slides. There is no charge for this service, but we would appreciate the cost of postage. If your projector is for larger slides you may get an adapter, free of charge, from the Eastman Company.

ST. JOHN MISSION GUILD (Chicago, Ill.)

The members of this Band seem to have adopted the slogan, "Say it with dollars," for neither the promoter, *Mrs. J. Bechtold*, nor the secretary, *Mrs. Charles Berger*, have much to say when they write. The checks for \$25.00 or \$50.00 which accompany their letters, however, speak volumes of their interest in and love for our work with God's poor. They value, too, the prayers of our sisters because a plea for these is appended to every letter.



ST. MICHAEL MISSION GUILD

(Palos Hts., Ill.)

THE secretary of St. Michael's Mission Guild warned us last Spring that there would be an election of officers and consequently a "new" correspondent at the end of the party season. But the Guild members know that not too many ladies are capable or willing to hold a responsible office of this kind and so *Mrs. Jane Fleming* fell heir to the office for another year.

Although none of these Associates could attend the Fall reunion party, they sent in a check for \$10.00 as their donation toward it.



Our Associates

ST. MARGARET MARY BAND (Omaha, Neb.)

THIS year, Sister Mary Marguerite, whom the Band sponsors, is stationed at Victory Noll, after being in the Southwest for a number of years. When Sister came to the Motherhouse last summer she brought with her a hundred dollar check which the Band had made at a rummage sale just before her brief visit in Omaha with relatives and friends. Mrs. Fred Shields, head of the Band, is the wife of her brother.

The Band also goes in for bake sales and auction sales. In addition, they take orders for jello, greeting cards and a soft, fluffy dishcloth, nice enough to be used as a face cloth. The ladies are ever on the alert for new ideas for helping our missions.



A winter scene at Victory Noll

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

THE secretary, Mrs. Norbert Roth, in a letter to Sister Mary Catherine, whom the Band sponsors, declared she had nothing much to say. "Everything is the same," she wrote. And yet in her letter which contained such sentences as, "We still say our Rosary at meetings," and "Something always turns up (to hinder good attendance), first, sickness, and then little children who need their mother's help," we could read of devotion to Mary, our Heavenly Patroness, and devotion to the mission cause, for they were working for our missions in spite of many obstacles and difficulties. God bless them all.

January 1953

Meeting day?

Then do not

tarry!

Join the band

In January.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

October 23 to November 19, 1952

Adrian Band, Chicago, Florence Dietz	25.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Helen Ford	6.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. J. Butler	18.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis, Regina Connors	42.50
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. C. Koschnitzke	14.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	25.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, O., Carole Niklas	2.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	42.50
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Florence Kuenster	100.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	19.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	50.00
St. Anne Band, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Geo. Deninger	10.50
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. Julia O'Brien	25.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	25.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton O., Helen Melke	10.25
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Aloysia Naumes	15.25
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	15.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	20.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	25.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	60.00
St. Mary Magdalene Band, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	15.00
St. Michael Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. Chas. Lynch	5.00
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. J. C. Burch	84.35
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. Jno. J. Murphy	10.00
Tip Top Twelve Club, Cincinnati, O., Catherine Dumont	5.00

True Devotion to Mary

THE Sunday supplement of a metropolitan newspaper carried recently a result of a poll conducted among the students of a large state university. The survey was to discover the students' attitude toward prayer. Such questions were asked as: Do you ever pray? When do you pray? It was enlightening—and sad—to learn that most of them prayed only when their back was against the wall, only when there was no one, humanly speaking, to turn to. The answers revealed, too, that their only idea of prayer at all was prayer of petition.

Prayer is one of our greatest privileges. Prayer is conversing with God. It is our duty. St. Alphonsus says that without prayer it is impossible to be saved. We must acknowledge our dependence upon God. We must praise God, adore Him, and thank Him for His favors.

Prayer of petition is good, yes. Our Lord Himself tells us to use it. Again and again during His magnificent discourse at the Last Supper, He tells us to "ask whatever you will and it will be done unto you." (John 15:8) But too many of us emphasize prayer of petition and neglect adoration, praise, and thanksgiving. These prayers have nothing of self in them. They are all for God. It is said of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, the saintly Carmelite who called herself the "Praise of Glory" that she liked especially the office of Lauds, the Church's official hour of praise.

Let us make use of the wonderful prayers the Church uses to praise God: the *Gloria Patri*, the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Mass, the *Te Deum*, the Canticle of the Three Children, the *Benedictus* or Canticle of Zachary, and especially the *Magnificat*, Our Blessed Mother's own hymn of praise and thanksgiving to God.

If we depend more and more on Our Blessed Mother, we shall, without doubt, learn



to pray more perfectly and our prayer will always be in conformity with the Divine Will. Living in the spirit of the True Devotion, as taught by St. Louis Marie de Montfort, is living in the spirit of Mary, forgetting self in order to belong without reserve to God alone. It is living in the spirit of praise and thanksgiving, and in complete conformity with the holy will of God. No one knows so perfectly the will of God as does Our Blessed Mother. By placing in her hands all our goods, both interior and exterior, we put them to the best possible use, for she will use them for the greatest glory of God.—SEA

At Victory Noll we have the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Hearts, a confraternity uniting those who practice True Devotion to Mary. If you have consecrated yourself to Our Blessed Mother but are not a member of her confraternity, send your name to us and we will enroll you. There are no dues. The only condition is that you try sincerely to practice the True Devotion.

Hi, Sister!

Sister Mary Edna



We hear the delightful chorus of the still free pre-schoolers.

AS we walk through the projects to meet the Riffin school first-graders, we hear the delightful chorus lisped or shouted by the "still free" pre-schoolers, "Hi, Sister!" Then follows the regularly repeated question, "Where are you going, Sister?" And more often than not the answer, "To school to get the big kids."

If Sister is not too late or in too big a hurry to check up on some truant, there is usually some extra little confidence like, "I say my prayers every day," or "I love God." Again, it may be a shy little miss who whispers in our ear, "I like you;" or a not-yet-steady-on-his-legs little fellow will solemnly promise, "I'm goin' to catechism *next year*."

From the school playground comes the same greeting, "Hi, Sister!" Not all the small fry who come up to chat with us claim membership in the Fold; indeed, some are quite emphatic in announcing their affiliation with the "Luferans," or, as one ragged, dirty little youngster always announces triumphantly, "I'm Jehovah!" By far and large, however, most of the separated brethren are "Christian," evidently the most prominent sect in this part of east Los Angeles. But a bit of careful coaching from the sisters, and our zealous Catholic children now have a ready answer. Gleefully they shout, "So are we—we belong to the *first* Christian church!" Just how far these

youthful defenders of the faith could go in expounding this doctrine has never been decided, because the reply ordinarily leaves their opponents nonplussed for the moment.

Even the participants in an exciting ball game take time out to shout, "Hi, Sister!" It doesn't matter in the least if this is the same noisy gang who have just tried Sister's patience almost to the limit during class; or if they have just been thoroughly subdued by a good scolding for not fulfilling their religious duties. All is past, and we are still friends.

On the way to church, visiting the homes, or shopping in the neighborhood stores, from every side we are welcomed by the same greeting, "Hi, Sister!" Nor does it imply disrespect or lack of courtesy, but is rather an expression of genuine love and affection for the sisters and what they represent.

SINCE the greater majority of our children here come from bilingual homes, English is reserved for the school and sometimes the place of work, while Spanish alone is used in the intimacy of the family. Nothing could be more courteous than the Spanish "*Buenos dias, Madrecita!*" of their elders, but not less sincere is the youngsters' abbreviated English form, "Hi, Sister!"

At first I failed to realize this, just as in my early days in the missions I struggled with an ill-fated resolution not to use nicknames because they seemed somehow disrespectful contractions of the baptismal names. Complications soon arose when I discovered that the child was already called by one name at home, another at school, and now a third at catechism. Jose for instance, was Joe at school, Jose or Pepe (pronounced appropriately enough, Peppy) at home, and Joseph in class. Now I only hope and pray that the patron saints have an understanding of a teacher's dilemma and don't really object too strenuously to their spiritual progeny's being called Joe, Mike, or Candy (for Candelario).

In the same way I have become reconciled and now appreciate the greeting dear to the heart of a Missionary Sister—so informal and yet so friendly, "Hi, Sister!"

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!



Dear Helpers:

JANUARY is dedicated to the Holy Childhood of Jesus. That calls to mind two things. First, the virtues which the

Boy Jesus practiced in His home at Nazareth and in His relations with the great teachers in the Temple of Jerusalem. He was obedient, prayerful, industrious at home, and respectful to the teachers and doctors of the law, because their authority came from God. Nowadays we hear much about disrespect for authority on the part of school children,—student strikes, student riots, jeering at persons in authority (even the highest in our land). This is to be found chiefly, of course, in schools where children are not taught that our parents and teachers take the place of God. But, alas, Catholic children are often prompt to imitate those who know no better. As Catholics, I hope our *Loyal Helpers* will make a special effort to practice

A CANADIAN HELPER

In the accompanying photograph is *Robert Donovan*, age 13, of grade eight at St. Angela's School in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Robert, together with his sister *Marlene*, joined our MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS during the summer of 1952. They both make sacrifices for the missions, sending us the money they have saved in mite boxes and dime cards.



One of these times you will see *Marlene's* picture in these pages, too.

Mary's Loyal

the virtues of the Boy Jesus this month and always.

THE month of the Holy Childhood also reminds us of that mission organization which has done such fine work for the missions, through its prayers and sacrifices.

MAY our Missionary Sisters share in your prayers (a daily Hail Mary) and in your sacrifices, for we work with 65,000 Catholic boys and girls in the mission districts of our country, and in other localities where they do not have the benefit of Catholic school education.

Mary-ly yours

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

Miss 1953



We selected *María Cecilia Aragon*, of La Loma, New Mexico, aged 2½ years, as "Miss 1953." She joined *Mary's Loyal Helpers* last summer. Her aunt is *Sister Margarita* of our Order.

Helpers Page

PHILIPPINE HELPERS



(Excerpts from two letters.)

September, 1952

Dear Sister:

I am sending you my graduation picture with my sisters and brother around me . . . With the mercy of the Blessed Mother I was able to land a position despite an over supply of teachers in the country . . . I teach Home Economics, Physical Education, Music, Reading, Elementary Science, Elementary Agriculture, Language, Spelling and Arithmetic. Besides, I am adviser of the women's club and teach adult education to the women of the barrio every Saturday. All of them are very co-operative. But I am situated 36 kilometers (approximately 21 miles) from Talakag proper and we have to hike this, passing two deep canyons, every time we have a district meeting. Well, for the sake of humanity, I'll make the sacrifice. As the saying goes, "The harder the struggle, the sweeter the fruit."

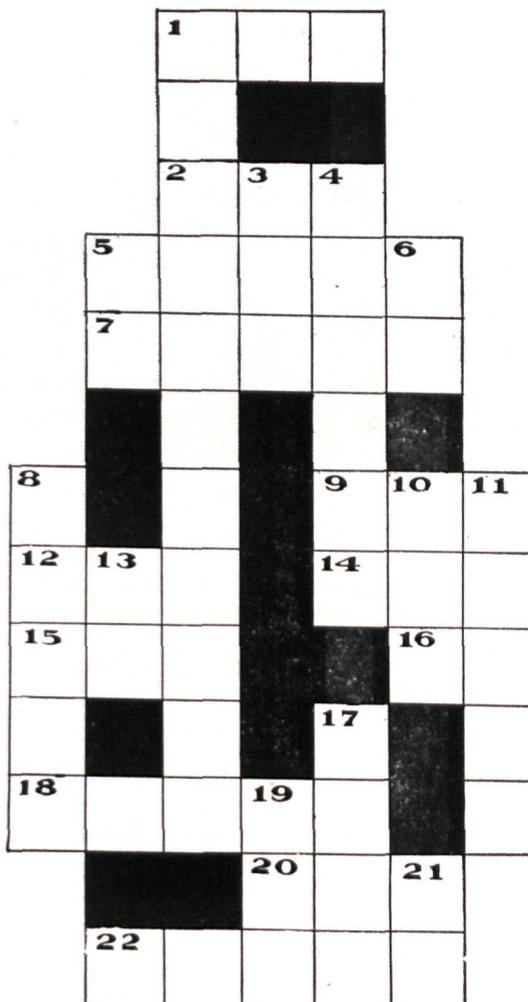
My younger sisters and brother are going to school in Malaybalay, while Lily, the older, is studying in Manila. I sent her a little money that I earned for her needs.

May God bless us and guide us. Love from

Genoveva Grapinag, Talakag, Bukidnan,
Philippine Islands.

January 1953

JANUARY CROSSWORD PUZZLE



DOWN

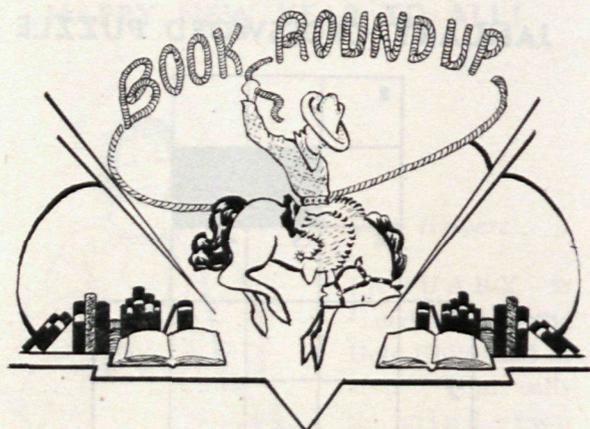
1. I am Mary's
3. Ontario (abbr.)
4. Closer
5. South America (abbr.)
6. Railroad (abbr.)
8. Form of courteous address to a lady
10. A sketch or plan
11. Used for cooking
13. West Indies (abbr.)
17. United States Military Police (abbr.)
19. Personal pronoun
21. Neuter pronoun

ACROSS

1. To fall behind
2. Yonder
5. More reasonable
7. Place of sacrifice
9. Unit of measurement in printing
12. Cobbler's tool
14. Rodent
15. To immerse
16. Post Office (abbr.)
18. I am Loyal Helper
20. Oblate of Mary Immaculate (abbr.)
22. To burst forth

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLE

1. Bethlehem, Mary. 2. Stable, Jesus. 3. Shepherds. 4. Angel, God. 5. Highest, peace, good. 6. Jesus, Mary, the Infant.



THE CARTHUSIAN FOUNDATION IN AMERICA, Sky Farm, Whitingham, Vermont. 25c.

Americans are intensely interested in the contemplative life. That this is not merely curiosity is proved by the large numbers of vocations to this life. This little brochure describes the strictest of all religious communities—the Carthusians. Recently a foundation was made in Vermont, the first in America. At the present time two Carthusian priests and two lay-brothers, together with a group of candidates, make up the community. Their rigorous daily schedule is given here. Not only men who are considering the Carthusian life, but also other Catholics will find this descriptive booklet very interesting and instructive.

CATHOLIC DIGEST READER selected by the Editor. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, N.Y., \$3.95.

This is one of the finest anthologies we have ever seen. Especially commendable is the way the work is unified by its three divisions. The first part, "Religion at Its Source," contains five sub-divisions: The Life of Our Lord, The Approach to Belief, Prayer, The Mass, The Sacraments. Part Two, "Religion at Work," presents the subjects of Church and State, Religion and Science, The Church in the Social Order, Religion and Education, The Church in Current History, Religion and Racial Equality, The Church in Industry, Religion and Art, and Virtue and Vice. Finally, in Part Three, "Religion in Persons," are the four concluding sections: Outstanding Christians, Missioners, Saints, and Conversions. Each of these sub-divisions contains from five to seven outstanding articles published in the *Catholic Digest* during the last fifteen years. The list of authors reads like a Catholic Who's Who in the literary world: Francois Mauriac, Ronald Knox, Fulton Sheen, Arnold Lunn, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, F. J. Sheed, Thomas Merton, to mention but a few. Father James Keller has written the Introduction.

THE WOMAN SHALL CONQUER by Don Sharkey. Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. \$3.75.

This is the story of the Blessed Virgin in the modern world. Mr. Sharkey, whose popularly written account of Our Lady of Fatima was so much in demand several years ago, now gives us this account of the apparitions and messages of Our Lady who pleads with us to help her save the world from the results of its own sins. The result of reading can only be greater devotion to Mary and a generous response to her frequent, motherly appeals.

The following MUSIC is published by J. Fischer & Bro., New York.

MESSA MELODICA by Pietro A. Yon, arranged by Philip G. Kreckel. S.A.T.B. No. 8689, \$1.25.

This Mass by the late Pietro Yon is not for the "ordinary" choir. It is on the difficult side. There are a number of solos throughout. Some authorities do not object to them in a Mass of this type. Like most of Yon's Masses with which we are familiar, the original theme recurs frequently throughout the various parts of the Mass. This gives it a pleasing unity.

PATER NOSTER by Carlo Rossini. S.A.T.B. No. 8724, T.T.B.B. No. 8725 20c.

This is a beautiful composition, arranged for four voices and intended to be sung *a capella*. Father Rossini's talent received official recognition, as it were, when he was called to Rome several years ago to take charge of the Holy Year music. College glee clubs might well include this *Pater Noster* in their repertoire.

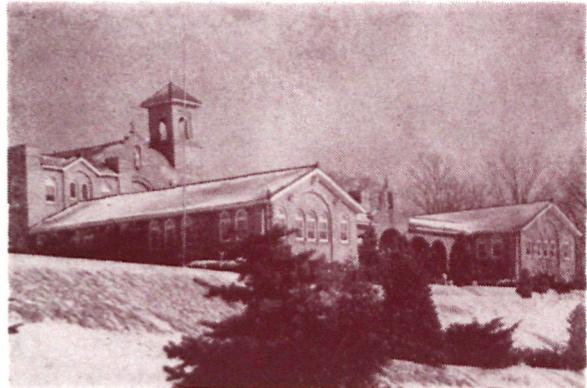
JESU DULCIS MEMORIA by B. Kothe, arranged by Philip G. Kreckel. S.A.T.B. No. 8729, 15c.

This is a simple but pleasing arrangement of Kothe's *Jesu Dulcis* which has long been a favorite with many choirs.

Memoriam

Mrs. J. P. Welling, ACM, Chicago
 Edward Carr, Columbus, Ohio
 Edward Niesen, Chicago
 Frank Witt, Belleville, Ill.
 George Eisenhauer, Huntington, Ind.
 Joseph Hartmann, Fort Wayne
 Emma Bird, Salt Lake City
 Ben P. Ivory, Salt Lake City

Letter from the Editor



Dear Readers:

Are you one of the many who compose imaginary letters to the editor but never write them, much less mail them? We confess to that weakness; so maybe we can partially satisfy it by reversing the order and writing a letter *from* the editor.

We say "Dear Readers" advisedly, for many of you are readers, though not subscribers. Some of our subscribers have the good habit of passing on their copies to relatives and friends. We know of several who receive *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* this way. That is fine, but we would like it still better if you were both a reader *and* a subscriber.

We have been delving into history a bit. It started when we got the idea that you might be interested in events of twenty-five years ago. So we went through the 1928 issues of *TMC*. Some of it seems a bit "corny" now according to 1953 standards, but on the other hand, we found some fascinating reading. Our magazine was certainly ambitious in those days. The January issue set a goal of 50,000 subscribers by the end of the year. It also announced that it hoped to become the best home mission magazine published.

Alas for such ambitions. A quarter of a century later we would be very happy to reach a goal of 10,000 subscribers. The years have passed and we have never received a CPA award for the best home mission magazine. We feel honored to be in the *CP Directory*!

Next month is *Catholic Press* month, but we thought it better not to wait till then to announce our modest (compared with 1928) goal of 10,000 subscriptions. January is the month of noble resolutions. If each subscriber would only resolve to get a new subscriber, it would be wonderful and we would be very happy. One virtue we can claim through the years. We have never raised our subscription price. No, we aren't going to now. It's still a dollar. We don't have to tell you we don't begin to meet expenses. With prices of paper, type, engravings, etc. skyrocketing over the years, it is impossible to break even at a dollar a year. If we had more subscribers, it would help tremendously.

So, please, will you help us?

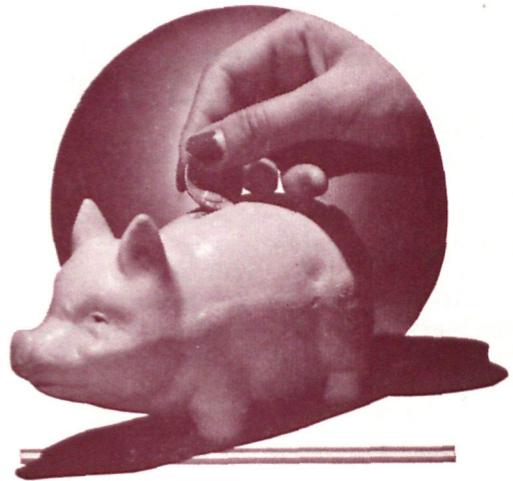
The Editor



Are You Helping the Missions?

A *GOOD* way is to keep a savings bank or mite box handy.

The *BEST* way is to form a Mission Band among your friends.



Your sacrificial offerings matched by those of others can double, treble and multiply many times over the aid given to our Missionary Sisters.

Spiritual Benefits include many Masses and Daily Prayers by our Sisters.

(Tear off the coupon below and mail it to us TODAY!)

Sister Supervisor, Mission Bands
Victory Noll,
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

I would like to organize a small Mission Band among my friends. Please tell me how to go about it.

Name

Street

City Zone State