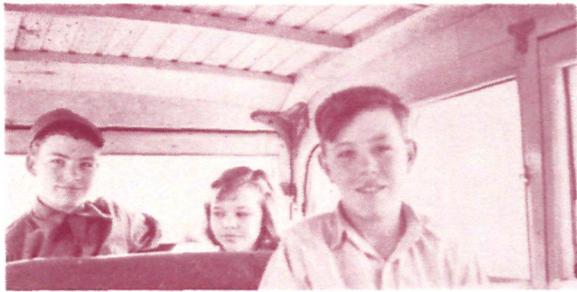


the **M**issionary **G**atechist



April
1953



At the forks of the road we stop our station wagon and pick up the waiting boys and girls.

Saturday Morning in the Hills of Kentucky

Sister Mary Eva



As our wagon approaches the mountain chapel, we spy the youngsters who live nearby "jest a-settin' waitin' fer the sisters."



Now we unload! Everybody helps carry the lunch basket (it's an all day trip for us), brief cases, charts, and other teaching necessities.

Into the chapel!
Zach, who lives at the foot of the hill, hears the chug of our motor and puffs up the road carrying a bucket of fresh well water. "Hain't this the best water ye ever did drink?" he asks.



Three lassies have been out gathering early spring flowers. Coming up over the hill they offer them to Sister. (Cover Photo)

The Missionary Catechist

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I arose and am still with Thee, alleluia.
Ps. 138

Thus does the Risen Christ greet the Eternal Father in the opening words of the Mass for Easter Sunday. It is a message of hope, of joy. No matter how dark Good Friday was, the day of the Resurrection has come, the feast of feasts, St. Leo calls it.

Consoling it is for us and good to remember that Christ is still with us, still in His Church, suffering with it in its sorrow, rejoicing in its triumphs. Christ is our Head. Together with Him we form a Mystical Body. If Christ is risen, then it is necessary that we should share in His glory. We will be united with Him in His glorious Resurrection. This is our faith and our hope, a hope that fills us with joy.

During the Paschal solemnities Holy Mother Church keeps before us this tremendous fact. In the collect for Easter Wednesday she prays: "O God, who dost give us joy by the yearly solemnity of Our Lord's Resurrection, mercifully grant that we who celebrate this temporal feast may deserve to attain everlasting happiness."

This is our Easter wish for you, that you may obtain joys that are eternal.

BUS INCIDENT IN EL PASO

A FINE looking young Negro soldier sat two seats behind the driver. He was reading. The bus stopped and a woman got on. Noticing the colored boy she addressed him indignantly, "Please go to the rear where you belong." The young soldier looked up from his book and answered quietly, "Sorry, lady, but in Korea where I just came from I was ordered to the front, not to the rear."

SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

THE first of the year, you will remember, we made a plea for new subscribers. We suggested that the easiest way for us to increase our subscription list would be for each old subscriber to secure one new one.

Some of you responded nobly and we are grateful. One man—from Los Angeles where they do things in a big way—sent ten. But we are still a long way from our goal. Almost a third of the year has now passed, so once again we appeal to you to give THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST to a friend and ask him to subscribe.

We cannot afford to use costly methods to build up a subscription list. You who are familiar with our community know that what money we receive is used to further our mission work. That is why we need *your* help to enlist new subscribers.

POAU PLEASE COPY

IN one of our missions the public school is using the basement of the Catholic church for a first grade room. They equipped the room with new desks, blackboards, etc. It is working out very nicely and our sisters are benefitting from the arrangement. They use the same room after school for a catechism class.

BLESSING OF BREAD

Among the Mexicans, Italians, and other national groups we find the beautiful custom of blessing bread on Holy Thursday. The priest, or the head of the household, does so in these words:

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, Bread of Angels, living bread unto eternal life, bless this bread as Thou didst bless the five loaves in the wilderness. May all who eat it with reverence have the bodily and spiritual health they desire. Who livest and reignest forever and ever. Amen.

—from the Roman Ritual

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

Stowaway

Sister Adriana

ONE morning as we stepped from the car while census taking a lovely young girl came out to greet us. She kissed our hands and said, "O Sisters, I am so happy you came. Come right in." We noticed with a wave of pity that she was badly crippled. She told us that she was a Polish refugee who had come to this country as a stowaway, the only woman stowaway from Europe who had been permitted to stay. This is her own story as she told it to us:

After the invasion of Poland I was taken to a concentration camp in Germany where women worked equally as hard as men doing road work, mining, clearing debris from the streets after air raids, etc. Our food was potato peeling soup and a coarse, dark heavy bread that scratched our throats. The older people died, but we younger ones lived. I was sixteen at the time.

The German priests and nuns were angels to us. The sisters came daily to the prison camp to ask the guards for girls to work at their hospitals. They promised to have us return in the evening. However, the good nuns would not allow us to work. Instead, they provided us with soap, water, a place to rest, and clean warm underclothing. They gave us the best food they could provide. To this day I offer prayers and sacrifices for them.

One day I was badly wounded by shrapnel from an American air raid. It wasn't the Americans' fault. Our guards forced us to stay in the open during the bombing. The bone in my left hip was shattered, the thigh and calf were injured, and I lost the knee cap. In the camp emergency station I was told that if I were useless, I would be sent to the crematory. Consequently I sat up in my bunk the following day to wrap bandages and sew for the enemy soldiers. All of us prisoners had our wounds bound in newspapers, the only type of bandage used for us. By now I was reduced to forty pounds. Many prisoners died, some attempted suicide, others lost their minds, and many disappeared. I shudder at the thought of their death by fire.

AFTER the American troops came I was taken to France for treatment. Before I recovered, all Poles were notified to leave France. That meant that we would now be at the mercy of the Russians. My first thought was, "No, no, I must escape. How can I ever go to Russia?"

A golden opportunity was given to me to go to Lourdes on a pilgrimage. I prayed and begged Our Blessed Mother to save me so I

Few refugees stories have moved us so much as this one. Hedwig's story of faith and courage will be an inspiration to all who read it.

wouldn't be sent to Russia. "Please," I said to Mary, "let me go to America, to Canada, or to South America, or any free country. But," I added, "if it is the will of Jesus that I go to Russia, I will not run away from His cross."

The next evening I went to the docks. Soon an elderly man walked by. I spoke to him in French, "Pardon me, Sir, but do you know whether any ship is leaving for the U.S. tomorrow?"

"Yes," he replied, "tomorrow morning one is leaving. It will take four days." He told me which ship was leaving and did not question me at all.

I sat on a bench and waited. It was ten o'clock. There was much activity aboard so I prayed to Our Blessed Mother for strength. I had never been on a ship in my life. I was in such distress that I could hardly think. All I could say was, "Dear Mother, help me; do not forget me, my Mother." Midnight came and everything was quiet on the ship, but I waited until one-thirty. Everything was dead still so I prayed, "Help me now, now."

As quietly as I could I walked, leaning on my canes, up the gang plank. I thought I could hide down in the boiler room but I could not go down the ladder because of my dangling leg. Instead, I climbed into a life boat. I thought, "Now I must hide here for at least four days." Little did I realize that this ship was a cargo ship, the only kind that leaves from that small harbor, and it would travel very slowly. The first and second day I could pray, but the third day I became dizzy. All I could say was, "Dear Jesus, holy Mary."

On the fourth day my lips were swollen. I was stiff, cold, in a fainting condition. In the middle of the fourth night I climbed out of the life boat to look for water. An officer spied me. He yelled, gave a signal, and men rushed on deck from every direction. "Stowaway! Stowaway!" Angry men surrounded me and shouted in an unknown tongue. I managed to make myself heard. "I speak Polish, German, French, Russian."

One man spoke some German so he queried, "Who helped you on this boat?"

I answered, "God did."

"Nonsense," he screamed, "don't be a fool. Who helped you?"

"I prayed, and God helped me. No one else."

Everyone seemed very angry. One said, "If we had only found you sooner we would have



Sister Anita with Hedwig at our convent in Redlands where she visited the sisters this past summer.

taken you back, but now we shall throw you overboard."

"I am not afraid," I said, "I shall die anyway only more terribly if I am sent to Russia."

"We will put you in prison in New York. You will be sent back to Europe."

At this point things changed. A very kind officer appeared and said, "Do not bother this poor girl further. Can't you see that she is crippled? She has suffered enough."

His words seemed to change everyone. One man asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Please, I want water, water," I gasped. My clothes were soiled, my hair disheveled. The officer told the men to take me to a comfortable cabin and to summon a doctor and nurse.

The doctor asked me, "Do you smoke?"

"No, but I should like some water if you please."

"Would you like brandy?"

"No, just water, please."

The nurse brought me orange juice. I had never seen it in my country so I did not know what sort of drink it was. Being assured that it was good for me, I drank it and liked it very much.

WHEN we reached New York I was put into a cell on Ellis Island. My little bag was taken away, for the guards said that I might try to kill myself. I would never think of that. I only cried and prayed. An Italian girl told me, "Hedwig, don't cry any more. Just pray to Mother Cabrini. She was an immigrant too." She slipped me a little picture of Mother Cabrini and I hid it in my blouse. My heart felt very heavy, like lead.

The next day I was told that I would be sent back to Europe. That morning the ships went on strike.

Doctors treated my limb which was now in a very serious condition. Meanwhile a priest came to see me. He told me that he would write my story for a Polish newspaper and that perhaps some reader would post a bond for me. As a result, a Lithuanian Protestant from a western state placed me under bond with an extension of time in this country. When I was permitted to travel, I went to the home of this charitable family.

After being given another extension of time, I was told that I had only thirty more days to stay in this country, with no assurance of any further extension. It was then that I decided to go to Washington to plead for a reconsideration through one of the state's senators. I had to borrow money to pay for my ticket on the Greyhound bus to Washington, D.C.

I had been in America less than five months so I spoke English very poorly, but I found the location of the senators' offices in the Capital City. I spoke to one of the secretaries who asked, "Do you have an appointment?"

"No, I do not, but I have come across the country to see him about a very important matter."

He answered, "You cannot come here just to consult the senator whenever you feel like it." He left abruptly.

Another secretary was more kind. He said, "Don't worry. Just wait here. I believe that he will see you as he is very gracious." I waited about an hour and a half when the senator sent for me. After I told him my story he said, "Miss Ragalla, tomorrow congress will be in session. Then I shall plead your case."

The next day I went before the subcommittee where my case was presented. One speaker took the floor and said, "We cannot let stowaways remain in our country. We cannot keep this girl. First, she has no relatives or friends here. Second, she has no money, and third, she is a cripple, unable to support herself. She will be a burden, just another useless person to aid. How can she become a good citizen?"

Then the senator who saw me the day before pleaded my case. "Hedwig comes from a freedom-loving people as we ourselves are. One of our bombs crippled her. Can we send her away? Which one of you in her circumstances would not have done the same as she did in order to escape communism?"

That noon it was my rare privilege to have lunch with several senators and their wives. I told them that I was a Catholic and since it was Friday I could not eat meat. A senator's wife said kindly, "I am a Catholic too, Hedwig. We shall have lobster."

A BILL was passed and signed by President Truman permitting Hedwig to stay perm-

anently in this country. The day she received this telegram she had a Mass said in thanksgiving. She borrowed a thousand dollars and built a little home. It is of a double garage size planned on European style. Four women roomers rent tiny rooms. A poor refugee girl shares Hedwig's room. She tinted photographs at a studio until the business was discontinued. Next she tried to work at a sewing factory, but could not sit at a power machine because of her back and leg. Now she washes and irons for several people who bring their laundry to her home and call for it later.

Hedwig is a frequent Communicant and attends several Masses on Sundays. She has been in this country over five years now and has become a citizen. She concluded her story, "Many people have made it possible for me to become an American girl so I have offered the remaining time of my life for all of them: the Catholics that they please Our Lord in all things and the Protestant people that they may receive the grace to embrace the true faith."

APOSTOLIC

ANN, one of the tiniest catechism pupils, told her mother that they had had a visitor at class today. Her mother asked her who it was, but Ann said she couldn't remember his name. After a few fruitless attempts at identification, the mother dropped the matter. The next morning at breakfast Ann asked, "Mother, who were the men who ate the Last Supper with Jesus?"

Her mother replied, "The apostles."

But Ann was not satisfied. "No, that wasn't who it was."

Then her mother got an idea. "Ann, was it the bishop who stopped at church yesterday?"

Ann was delighted. "Yes, Mother, that's who it was."

Now how could Ann know that the bishop is the successor of the apostles? When Ann's mother told us this story, we thought back a bit over the visit. It was shortly before Easter. Bishop Helmsing, Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis, was passing through Desloge, Missouri, and stopped to visit the pastor, Father Clohessy. It was catechism day so naturally he visited the class. Father introduced him to the children and the bishop spoke to them in his kindly way.

He said: "Soon you will be getting ready for Holy Week and Easter. What happened on the first Holy Thursday?"

Many were eager to answer that question, especially the ones in the First Communion class. Then the bishop said, "And who were with Our Lord at the Last Supper?"

One little boy who will probably go on to a diplomatic career shouted, "The bishops!"

That's how Ann got her lesson on the apostolic succession.

Eleventh Hour

Sister Barbara

WITH a sudden jolt and an ominous screech of the brakes our car stopped abruptly in the middle of the almost deserted street.

"Oh, what happened?" gasped the sister with me. She had just serenely closed her eyes for a moment after a long Saturday afternoon session of teaching a special confirmation class. They were wide open now.

"Don't worry, Sister," I hastened to assure her from my place behind the wheel, "but I simply must catch this girl crossing the street . . . Julia, Julia, come here a minute, please." I beckoned to one of a group of girls standing at the crossing.

Julia walked sedately to the car. A young Mexican girl of about fifteen she was. Imperturbable dark eyes with an oriental slant accented her clear olive complexion. Combined with her graceful womanly carriage, they set her apart from her more exuberant, more typically adolescent companions.

"Why have you stopped coming to class these last few weeks, Julia? Tomorrow the bishop will be here and I am afraid you are going to miss confirmation again. Next year you will be in high school and there will be even more difficulty in getting to instructions."

"Sister," Julia kept her eyes on her hands, "the reason why I missed so many classes lately was that I had to go to the doctor. He thinks I have T.B. of the glands. I was afraid I would never be able to catch up."

"But, Julia, you were doing very well until you stopped. I believe you already know almost



all the lessons we have been reviewing during these special classes. Do you have your baptism certificate?"

"I think so, but you will have to see my sister about it. My mother died when I was three and my father died last year, so she is my guardian."

"I see. Now where does your sister live?"

"Right there, the second door from the corner, Sister."

Turning to my long-suffering companion, I said, "Please come with me. This should only take a minute." I pulled over to the curb and parked. "We may see Julia through yet."

Knock, knock at the door of a poor little house almost bereft of its once white coat of paint. A pale, frail-looking young woman answered. "Yes, I'm Julia's sister. Has something happened?"

No, it was something we hoped *would* happen. I briefly explained the situation.

"I have searched the house for that paper, but it must be lost. I just came home a few months ago from the sanitorium. I was there for four years. When I returned I found my father's things upset and some of his papers missing, Julia's baptismal certificate among them."

"Was Julia baptized here?"

"No, Sister, it was somewhere in southern California. I don't remember the name of the place."

"Oh," my face fell along with my hopes.

"But she made her First Communion here."

Hope began to revive. "Well, there is a possibility in that case because I know you had to have the certificate before Father would let Julia make her First Communion. But there is one obstacle to be overcome. You know Father was very insistent about not waiting until the last minute to bring the certificates. It could hardly be much later. The bishop is coming tomorrow for confirmation. Now we ourselves do not have another minute to spare. We have forty miles to drive home and we are late as it is. So it will be up to you to see Father and find out whether he will look up the record of Julia's First Communion. He might let her through on that. If he does, you must see to it that Julia gets to confession tonight. Oh, and what about a sponsor? Have you someone in mind?"

She wasn't sure, but she thought that she might be able to get someone. But the time was very short, and with Father's dislike of last minute arrangements . . .

We said the rosary on the way home and asked Our Blessed Mother to take special care of our motherless Julia.

ON Sunday afternoon we arrived at the church just a few minutes before the bishop who was a half hour ahead of schedule and ready to make an immediate entrance! Fortunately, however, everyone seemed to be there. I glanced over the rows of girls and checked my cards while Sister did likewise with the boys. Yes, every girl was in her place—except Julia.

The bishop walked slowly down the aisle imparting his blessing. As he knelt before the altar for a few moments of silent prayer, there was a slight commotion in the rear of the church. Up the middle aisle walked Julia followed by her sponsor. I nodded toward the places we had reserved—just in case, and then beckoned to Julia. In low whispers I quizzed, "You saw Father? He approves? You went to confession? Sponsor a good Catholic?" All the answers were a breathless "Yes. Yes." With a sigh of relief I sent her to her place, just a second before the bishop turned around to face the confirmation group for the examination of the candidates.

With the rest of her class Julia received the Holy Spirit and the grace to be a strong and perfect Christian and soldier of Jesus Christ. The following Wednesday she was present at our regular class. And each week thereafter. She was reporting that she had not only gone to Mass, but had also received Holy Communion each week. It was plain to see that the Holy Spirit was indeed helping her to live her faith loyally.

Finally only two Wednesdays remained before the close of school. After class Julia stopped to ask, "Sister, may I come to class again next year when I am in high school?"

"Why, of course, Julia. Only you won't be having the privilege of a released time period for religion as you did this year. You will have to come after school in the afternoon."

The following week Julia's quiet assertion nearly floored me. She had visited the high school with the other members of her graduating class. While there she had taken it upon herself to interview the principal and ask him whether she might have the last period on Wednesdays free to attend religious instructions during the following school year. His answer had been an unqualified "Yes."



'Mr. Gray'

Sister Melita

THE streetlights flickered faintly through the softly falling rain, and cars splashed and skidded on the wet pavement. But the church maintained its customary serenity, nor was it lacking in its quota of Saturday evening confessions. The reverent stillness was broken only by the periodic shuffle of feet as each penitent in turn made his way to the altar to perform his penance.

Another sister and I had completed our last minute duties around the sanctuary and were preparing to leave when we heard someone gently calling, "Sister." Seated in the second bench was a professional looking man wearing a soft gray suit that almost matched his hair.

"These people are making their sacraments, aren't they?" was the stranger's strange question.

"Yes, they have just been to confession and received the sacrament of Penance. Tomorrow they will receive Our Lord in Holy Communion," we explained, curious to know the reason for his inquiry.

"That's what I should be doing," he stated in self-accusation.

Thinking that he was a lapsed Catholic we assured him that it was not too late, and that if he had forgotten how to go to confession or had any other difficulties, Father would be glad to help him.

"But I've never been to confession and I can't go because I am not a Catholic," he informed us, his face and voice betraying deep agony of soul. Then brokenly, but voluntarily, he continued his story.

"My father was a Protestant minister and until I was twenty-one, insisted that I attend his church. But once I reached that age I stopped going to his church or to any other church. And—well, since then, my life hasn't been what it should have been.

"Last night when I passed here, I don't know why, but something made me come in. I had not planned it, but I just *had* to come in. I had never entered a Catholic church before and it seemed so different from any other place I have ever been in. It's so peaceful. I stayed a long time. I left only when you sisters came to lock up.

"Then today at work something continued to sort of haunt me. I tried to convince myself that it was plain nonsense, just my imagination run wild, and I determined never to come here again. This evening I sped past lest I should submit to the urge to enter. But block after block it seemed that something followed me,

demanding that I return. I walked faster and faster, but finally, after nine blocks I retraced my steps, now becoming more eager than afraid. Once inside the church I again felt such peace and joy as I have never experienced anywhere else. And those people who are praying—they to seem to forget everything else when they step inside these walls."

Then almost frantically he demanded, "What is the cause of this, Sister? Surely you must know, for you seem to be a part of this calm atmosphere."

Gladly we gave a brief, simple explanation of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

"Is that why they all touch their knee to the floor when they enter or depart?"

We nodded.

"How fortunate you people are who have never known what it's like to live without these consoling truths. What could I do to learn more?"

We told him of Father's weekly convert instructions; and the assurance of a future brightened with the light of faith, plus the repentance of a wayward past brought tears of confusion to his eyes. Embarrassed, he apologized for his unmanly actions, and promised to begin his conversion by attending Mass the next day. Thanking us for giving him our time, he stepped into the aisle, made an awkward attempt at a genuflection, and departed into the dark, dreary night.

A YEAR passed and we heard nothing of 'Mr. Gray,' as we had come to think of him. Had he rejected the proffered grace so generously given? Had he escaped the 'Hound of Heaven?' We wondered, as we kept him constantly in our prayers.

Then one day we entered a religious goods store to select gifts for the altar boy graduates. As usual, we had to confine our choice to a budget, so in keeping with our financial status, we told the clerk to wrap the less expensive of the two items we had considered. But before she could do so, a customer stepped up saying, "Get whatever you like, Sisters, and I will pay for it."

We hesitated to accept this unexpected kindness from a stranger, but looking up we saw that he really was no stranger, but our 'Mr. Gray' of more than a year ago.

Joyfully he informed us that soon after our meeting he had gone to another parish, had taken instructions, and had now been a Catholic for several months.

Bicycle Exchange

Sister Mary Dolores

WHAT was this bicycle convention gathering in our yard? I thought I'd better investigate. One of the first things I noticed were extra knobs attached to the handle bars of two bikes. I asked the boys what they were for and drew closer to one of them to look. But the owner stopped me.

"O Sister," he exclaimed, "you can't see that!"

"Why not?" I inquired.

"It's a picture of a girl that you can't see . . ."

"Can you take it out?"

"It comes out, but Sister, I can't take it out. It's my brother's and he paid \$1.50 for the whole thing."

After some convincing arguments we exchanged pictures. I got the picture of the girl on the knob and in its place I put a picture of the Sacred Heart. Fortunately, the other boy's knob was still empty, and so that he might have a companion on his trips, too, I gave him a picture of Our Blessed Mother.



Photo by W. Wesley Kloefer, P.S.A.

Connie and Kenny Leonhard are small but they are efficient helpers in arranging our "classroom" when we teach the Herff school children. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leonhard have given us "yards" of space each Wednesday at the rear of their home. It is not in every place that we find such hospitable people who even set out the benches for us! When the children arrive, Connie who is only five years old and Kenny, barely two years, sit on the back steps and solemnly audit the classes.

We have felt ourselves to be entirely the debtors but we have reckoned as adults and not as do children. Connie has passed on to her little Protestant playmate Caroline, some of the gleanings from the classes. So it happened that when the father of the little neighbor girl was taking her in their car to visit relatives, they passed a church. The little one wistfully remarked, "Daddy, I wish I were a Catholic." He was surprised. "You do? Why?" Then came the astonishing answer: "So we could have sisters come to our house and have benches in the garage."

Sister Noreen
San Antonio, Texas



Connie and Kenny Leonhard help their father set out the benches for Sister's class.

SACRAMENTS A LA MIKE

Mike insists on making two mistakes when he names the sacraments and no amount of drilling has been able to correct them. Here they are as Mike says them: Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Penance, Extermination, Holy Orders, and Macaroni.

Sister Christine
Greeley, Colorado

In the Home Field



Signs of spring—marbles and jacks.

MARBLES IN THE SNOW

The most picturesque of our missions is Park City, a mining town up in the mountains. Salt Lake City is in spring attire when we leave it on Saturday morning. Within a half hour we are in arctic regions, the road winding up between snow-covered mountains. In Park City itself the snow is piled high above our heads. Snow, however, is no problem to the youngsters. Since they cannot find the sidewalk, they simply shoot marbles on the packed snow.

Sister Roberta
Salt Lake City, Utah

FOOT BANK

Essie Lee, one of Sister Jeannette's First Communicants, wanted to buy a *Jesus and I*. Sister gave her one and she said, "Wait a minute, and I'll get the money." While Sister waited, Essie Lee seated herself, drew up her foot, and removed her shoe. In the presence of her amazed classmates, not to mention Sister, she tipped the shoe upside down and out rolled the necessary twenty cents plus a few other coins.

"Doesn't that hurt your foot to walk on money?" one child questioned.

"Oh, no," she assured him. "I'm used to it 'cause I always carry my money there so I don't lose it."

Sister Estelle
Coachella, California

On the inside back cover of this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we are publishing the addresses of our mission convents. We suggest that you keep the page for reference, for we print the directory only twice a year.



Sister Mary Marguerite found this abandoned day-old lamb and brought it to the shepherd. He told her that the ewe often takes care of one lamb and leaves the other one to shift for itself. It has no chance of survival unless it is found and cared for.

A PRAYER FOR SOLDIERS

At Anthony, New Mexico, where we teach every Wednesday I asked my children in the prayer class and in the fourth and fifth grades to pray for my two nephews in Korea. Weeks passed and I took it for granted that for most of the children the prayers before and after class took care of the intention. But three weeks ago six-year-old Eddie Luera came up to me and said, "Sister, I've been praying for your nephews in Korea every night since September." Now Eddie is only in the prayer class and besides he does not know his prayers very well yet, so I asked, "What prayer do you say, Eddie?" Standing there with folded hands he recited the following prayer: "Por la senal de la Santa Cruz de nuestros enemigos libranos, Senor Dios Nuestro." Now what better prayer could you offer for a soldier?

["By the sign of the Holy Cross, deliver us from our enemies, O Lord Our God." The Mexican people say this prayer before making the sign of the cross. In fact, it is a part of the sign of the cross for them.]

Sister Celine
El Paso, Texas

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

I was checking on the morning prayers of the First Communion class. When I asked Tony what prayers he said, he replied, "I said the Hail Mary." Casimiro, in astonishment, exclaimed, "Is that all!" Tony, with all the wisdom of his seven years, answered, "Jesus' name is in that Hail Mary, and so is Mary's."

Sister Josephine
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Sunnyside is a small village nestling between pine-covered hills a few miles east of Flagstaff, Arizona. A few years ago there were only a dozen houses scattered here and there in this section, but more and more families have been building homes there until now it is a good-sized community. When we took the census we found more than ninety Catholic families.

Last year one of our Mexican families moved to Sunnyside and the parents were much concerned about their little boy who had been in our First Communion class here. The father spent forty-five minutes every evening teaching his son and then brought him to us whenever possible, asking us to check his lessons and point out the things he still needed to learn. Needless to say, this lad passed his exam for First Communion with flying colors.

This year, as soon as we returned, people began coming from Sunnyside asking, "Sister, what can we do about religious instruction for our children? Since they must come to Flagstaff in buses for school, they have no chance to attend your regular after school classes."

Several families offered us the use of their homes if we could come out there to teach, so now we have two teaching centers while a third sister uses the car for small groups. The parents sent notes to the bus drivers to ask them to let the children off at the nearest corner to our centers. Consequently we have very good attendance and have arranged for a First Communion class in the spring.

These good people and we sisters are hoping and praying that they will be able to build a chapel in Sunnyside in the near future.

Sister Edna
Flagstaff, Arizona

ANATOMY

When classes began in September, I hung up an achievement chart, the usual kind with a list of prayers and lessons to be learned. There is a very good appendix in the Baltimore catechism and I wanted the youngsters to learn it. In the last column of the chart I wrote "Appendix." Before class the children were looking at the chart and commenting on it. Finally one boy said to another, "Appendix, appendix! What the heck does your appendix have to do with catechism?" The other one remarked, "I don't know, but anyway I still got mine. Guess I'll get a check on that one."

Sister Mary Martha
Middlesex, New Jersey

News Items About



**April showers
bring flowers
in May.**

**Mission
showers
bring smiles
always!**

Dear Associates:

MAY your Easter joy be a foretaste of that which you will experience celebrating an eternal Easter Day with the Risen Christ!

Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP
(Evanston, Ill.)

A TWELVE member Band, headed by Miss Celia Henrich, this group marked its twenty-second birthday in January, having been organized in that month in the year 1931. We are proud of the members for having persevered so long in the good work of helping our sisters in their work with the poor and underprivileged.

NEED PRIZES?

Mrs. Helen Garrity of Mount Prospect, Ill., knit and donated two lovely articles—a wool



Pictured above is a wayside crucifix in rural Quebec. It was photographed by our Promoter, Mrs. J. V. McGovern of Poor Souls Band, Chicago, when she and her husband vacationed there last year.

stole (blue and white) and a wool cape (two shades of pink), so that money might be raised for our missions. If interested in either or both, please write to us at Victory Noll.

ST. PHILOMENA BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

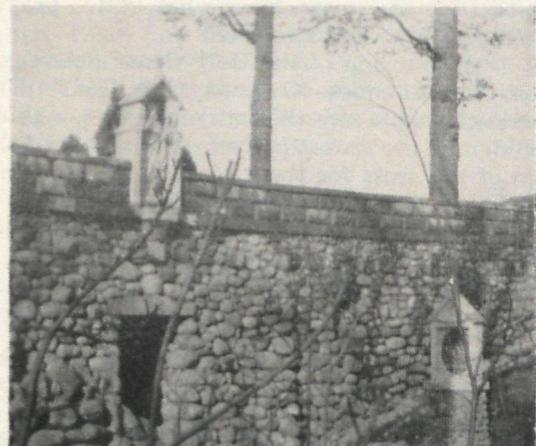
BETWEEN monthly dues and special donations, this Band, presided over by Miss Mary Schaefer, always makes a very fine showing at the end of the year. The Reverend Father Gehrig, pastor of St. Philomena's Church, has followed our work, not *passively* but *actively*, from its very beginning. At least once a year, he hands Miss Schaefer a check for fifty dollars to be included in the donations she sends us for our missions.

CHARITINA CLUB No. 1 (Chicago, Ill.)

FOR several months Miss Helen Ford has had charge of the Band's activities, because Miss Katherine Hennigan has not been able to attend the meetings regularly, due to poor health.

This group sponsors our Sister Bernarda, and the members were as pleased as we were at President Eisenhower's choice of her brother, Martin Durkin, as a member of his cabinet.

Sister Bernarda is at present stationed at our mission center in Santa Paula, California.



Above is a picture of Victory Noll's Holy Sepulchre grotto and the image of our Risen Savior above it. The picture was taken in early spring when there was very little verdure.

Our Associates

VIA MATRIS BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

The members of Via Matris Band change officers annually, following an alphabetical order which gives each member two years in office. Miss Anna Aldworth is Promoter for 1953, and there are thirteen members — nine active and four contributing. Once a year the group sponsors a large benefit card party. At their last party they filled seventeen tables and, with donations and prizes included, were able to send us a check for \$90. Congratulations to them for their achievements!



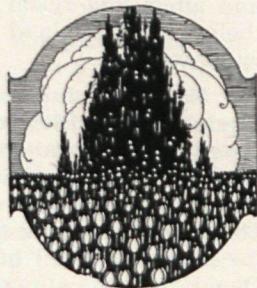
OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART BAND (Appleton, Wis.)

JUST how these ladies, headed by Miss Helen Arens, are ever able to hold regular meetings in the often frigid regions of Northern Wisconsin, we do not know, but they do. Moreover they have been doing it since 1931, and during that time have raised nearly \$2,000 for us.

The ladies sponsor Sister Marion Frances, at present situated in our mission center at Brigham City, Utah.

ST. LUKE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

Our St. Luke's Band has been in existence for at least twenty-five years. It is a beautiful custom with them to arrange for an annual Mass for their deceased members and then assist at it in a body. Afterwards, they breakfast together.



Another annual custom adopted by these ladies is that of sending us a large box of infant garments to be distributed among poor mothers in one of our missions.

In charge of the Band is Mrs. Lillian Potter.

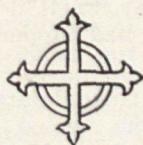
Now's the time
to ship that
crate—
Don't let
Mission
Sisters wait!



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

January 17, 1953 to February 17, 1953

Bl. Martin de Porres Band, Lewiston, Minn., Mrs. Irene Lehman	\$10.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Helen Ford	11.00
Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Jas. Butler	24.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	34.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Perkins	20.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	20.00
"Martinettes", Cincinnati, O., Miss Carole Niklas	1.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, Evanston, Ill., Celia Henrich	40.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Geo. Deininger	10.35
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Beck	3.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	25.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Nebr., Mrs. Ann Igel	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	7.75
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	4.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes	25.50
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	6.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Potter	15.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Miss Marie Egermier	5.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Mrs. Frances Schuette	10.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Norean Lopez	11.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathyne Quinlan	11.00
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. J. C. Church	10.06
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	15.00
Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati, Miss Eleanor Hanekamp	3.00



Easter Holiday in Mexico

Wilma Wengritsky

Miss Wengritsky's "homey" article on a trip to Mexico contains many interesting insights into Mexican living.

IT seems that everyone you speak to either has just been to Mexico or is soon going there. Three of us business girls fell under its charm last April. We purposely wanted to be there before and after Easter. Incidentally it is a perfect time to go—both from the point of view of temperature and of economics. This is the month that is sandwiched in between the crowded winter and summer tourist seasons. This also is the time the native Mexicans take off for the shrines and the seashore, especially during Holy Week when most stores and shops are closed. People stream out of the cities and as many or more stream into the cities from the villages.

About four hundred miles south of the border engine trouble forced us to leave our car and travel by bus. Gone now were all our well made plans. Instead, here we were faced with on the spot decisions in a totally strange country. But we had placed this trip in the hands of Our Lady of Guadalupe and this forced bus trip turned out to be better than anything we had dreamed of.

Our first "pilgrimage" was to be in the western state of Jalisco—the shrine of Our Lady of San Juan de los Lagos. We had to board a second class bus which always means a crowded bus, a bus that takes on anyone or anything. (You are guaranteed a seat on a first class bus.) Passengers get on and off in the middle of nowhere with not even a stone or a path marking the "station." It is still a mystery to us how they can tell the hill that hides their adobe hut.

We arrived in the small village of San Juan about eight-thirty in the evening. This is one place we should have had reservations, particularly in Holy Week. There was no room in either of the two small hotels. Our dear Lady gave us a few frightening moments, but we laughed it all off when we laid our heads down on a dusty bed in a private home—the only place left in a town of poor accommodations at any time.

After Mass the next morning we found the miraculous statue of the Virgin in a room back of the main altar. To our delight it was uncovered. Rather than give you a confused account of the legend of Our Lady of San Juan, we would urge you to visit there sometime.

Trying to find out its history might lead you into some interesting experiences. Suffice it to say it is a sweet statue, less than a foot high, elegantly gowned, even wearing sparkling diamond earrings.

Many miracles are attributed to Our Lady under this title and these are attested to by the thousands of *milagras* hung on the walls in thanksgiving for favors received. Probably one of the reasons Our Blessed Mother shows so much love for the Mexican people is their manifested gratitude. They always come back to thank her for favors received and post letters and pictures, crude or elaborate, of their granted favor, be it recovery from illness, prevention of accident, protection from fire, and countless others.

SOON we were on our way again, now to the beautiful city of Guadalajara. To turn away from the bus window was to miss something. Since most of the Mexicans spend the greater part of their lives out of doors, the bus traveler sees a lot of Mexican living. It was like a moving panorama—silhouettes of peons on burros, women bent over a brazier of charcoal or washing clothes in a sparkling creek, children romping about but suddenly stopping and staring when the bus comes by, cows and horses stubbornly planting themselves in the middle of the road and daring you to pass. In the towns you get glimpses of lovely flower-filled patios, and when you reach the plaza, vendors thrust their food, drink, and souvenirs through the bus windows.

Near our hotel in Guadalajara was the Church of the Blessed Sacrament where there is perpetual adoration. At midnight we walked over for a visit and were surprised to find the church crowded with men, women, and children. Every hour, it seemed, a priest came out to lead the rosary in front of the flower-packed altar. One sight we will always remember. In the middle of the rosary two tiny tots, really no more than three or four years old, came to the altar with a single bloom each in their hands and called to the priest, "*Tenga, tenga*" till he heard them. Without interrupting his loud *Aves* he got up, took the flowers from the children and almost absentmindedly tucked them into an already packed vase on the altar, knelt down again and continued as if nothing had happened. This must be common to them.

The two full day's ride from Guadalajara to Mexico City on a first class bus sealed our approval of this mode of travel in Mexico.



The tiny statue of Our Lady of San Juan to whom many miracles are attributed. So many have been the cures recorded since 1623 that Our Blessed Mother is here venerated as the "Healing Virgin."

Riding alongside but above the sixty-five-mile-long Lake Chapala, we saw fishermen with their turned down broad-brimmed hats, their white knee-length pants, and unique butterfly nets. It was like a scene in a Chinese rice field. We drove through pine forests like our own north woods. Then would come desert or biblical-like stretches of almost barren land with pipe organ cacti, its only growth. A ride of a few hours would bring us to cultivated farmlands separated one from the other by long, winding, hand-made stone fences. We passed through poor, bleak Indian villages, then flower-filled towns in the valleys, each with its large church spire. All these different scenes made you feel as if you were jumping from one country to another. How could this all be in one day's ride? With those bus drivers so strong and capable, we fairly flowed like liquid down, up, and around those mountains and valleys, and constantly changing scenery. We do not say it was a slow ride either. We kept a steady high speed that made you wonder why you were not frightened until you looked up in front and saw again the good-sized crucifix over the driver's head, or a shrine with various statues and pictures of saints and angels.

ON arriving in Mexico City we were very fortunate in finding an historical *posada* or guest house just two blocks from the center of town. Through mutual friends we met an English-speaking Mexican couple whose hospitality embarrassed us. Their time was ours for three days. They introduced us to Mexican

food, to Mexican homes in the city. We saw the old and the new Mexico, the exciting modern architecture, lacy grillwork, colorful tiles, the parks, industrial and commercial buildings, and of course the churches.

Holy Thursday and Good Friday seemed like holidays—stores closed, people free, parks filled with picnickers. On Holy Thursday everyone visits seven churches. One is more beautiful than the other. Throngs of worshippers filled the streets from one church to the next, even blocking traffic. It was physically impossible to enter some of the churches. We would not have missed seeing all this, but it was somewhat distracting to our accustomed Holy Week devotions.

Of course our first visit was to the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Anything you have read about the beauty of this shrine and the spirit of it is not exaggerated. Again you get the impression of "gratitude" above everything else in the devotion of the Mexicans. They crawl on their knees, holding a lighted candle in their hands, right from the market place in front of the church down the long aisles to the altar rail. The aged seem particularly remote from their surroundings. All are absorbed in their devotions even with the constant milling around. The churches are not empty one hour of the day or night. The Mexicans talk freely and naturally of heaven and of Mary. Their simple faith and their love of God are evident everywhere.

We were grateful for the advice given us not to travel on the highways over Easter weekend. It is like our Fourth of July or Memorial Day. We took to the skyways instead, and spent three days at Acapulco where we dined on open-tiled terraces facing the bay, swam in the warm water, sailed at sunset—all for no more in cost than you would pay for a weekend at "The Dells."

We returned to Mexico City by plane and after a farewell visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, we headed north for home, driving through the high mountains in a dense fog. This, of course, was something we would have liked to avoid, but you do not turn back when you are on high and constantly winding roads. Here we must give credit again to the excellent caliber of the Mexican bus drivers. After dark the fog lifted and the ride was beautiful under a starry sky. We reached El Mante at midnight. In the morning after Mass we went to the garage and were glad to find our car ready to go home.

We can easily talk ourselves into going back even if our only excuse is to get the Mexican roar out of our car, but our real and only true reason would be "We love Mexico."



Mary's

Dear Loyal Helpers:

MAY our Risen Savior fill your hearts to overflowing with Easter joys and blessings!

As Loyal Helpers you have prayed and sacrificed for the missions, more especially during this holy season of Lent which is fast drawing to a close.

All your efforts to "make up" to our Blessed Lord for your past faults in particular, and the sins of the world in general, through self-imposed penances, are bound to bring peace and *other-world* happiness into your lives.

Should any boy or girl want a Sunshine Bag (I have them in all the shades of brightly colored Easter eggs) or a dime card in which to send in Lenten mission savings, just write to

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

MARY'S LOYAL HELPER PIN

WE have a small quantity of blue and white enameled "Mary's Loyal Helper" pins available at the price of twenty-five cents each. Write for a pin today, while the supply lasts.



BRENHAM (TEXAS) HELPER

We are happy to introduce *Natalie Konieczny* of *Brenham, Texas*, who joined our Helpers last fall. Our new Helper is fifteen years old and graduated from the eighth grade last June. She says she likes our mission monthly very much and reads it from cover to cover. Her parents also read it.



Natalie lives on a farm in Texas where the skies are blue and the sun shines most of the time. There is plenty of room to move around in, too!

Like other Helpers, our young friend aids our mission work with her prayers and sacrifices.

NEW HELPERS

- Leona Abbott, Everett, Mass.
- Patricia Bailey, Apponaug, Rhode Island
- Josephine Joliet, Canton, Ohio
- Marian Kastura, Dearborn, Mich.
- Marita Hinders, Celina, Ohio
- Joanne Homerding, Chicago, Ill.
- David Soule, Wenatchee, Wash.
- Arthur Uselding, Belgium, Wis.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

It looks as though *Eileen Schmidt*, of *Coldwater, Ohio*, pictured at the left, outran the Easter rabbit and succeeded in catching the elusive animal on its Easter morning visit to her home. Well, we'd say the "critter" looks happy and contented in her arms.

Eileen, a friend of our Sister Mary Esther, joined our Loyal Helpers before she was old enough to go to school. She is now ten years old, and of great help to her mother. We believe she earns her Sunshine money by cheerfully doing her part in the household tasks.

Loyal Helpers Page

Letters from Helpers

Dear Sisters:

You will be happy to hear we are both altar boys at St. Francis de Sales Church. We always serve together at the 7:30 Mass on Sunday morning. Enclosed is a dollar. Please pray for us.

John and Thomas Collins, Oakland, California

Dear Sister:

Thanks for the dime card. My sister Donna is sick with the Flu that's going around and I suppose the rest of us will get it, too. The Scarlet Fever is going around. I hope we don't get it. Have you any extra Sisters? We need them. I don't know what else to say. Goodbye.

Sharon Erickson (age 9) Hampton, Minn.

Dear Sister:

I am enclosing cancelled stamps and one dollar for the Missions, also the January puzzle. I pray for the missions every day and I adopted a priest. God bless you.

Judith Schefke (age 9) St. Clair Shores, Mich.

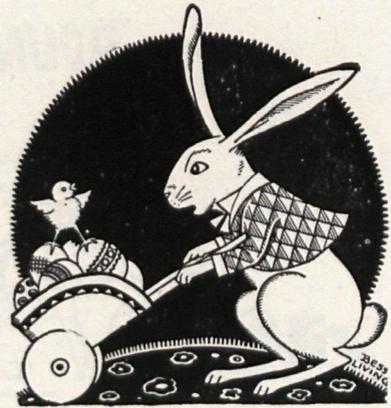
INDIANAPOLIS (IND.) HELPER



Sandra Dische

Although Sandra Kay Dische, of Indianapolis, Indiana joined our Helpers more than a year ago, it is only recently that she sent us her picture. We quote from Sandra's last letter: "I am twelve years of age and a sixth grade pupil of Sacred Heart School. I belong to the

Immaculate Conception Mission Club which consists of ten girls. Every year on Mission Sunday we give \$10 from our treasury to help the Missions. May God bless you in your wonderful work.



ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE

Lion, tiger, elephant, lynx, hyena, alligator, bear, porcupine, trained seal, monkey, jackal, wolf.

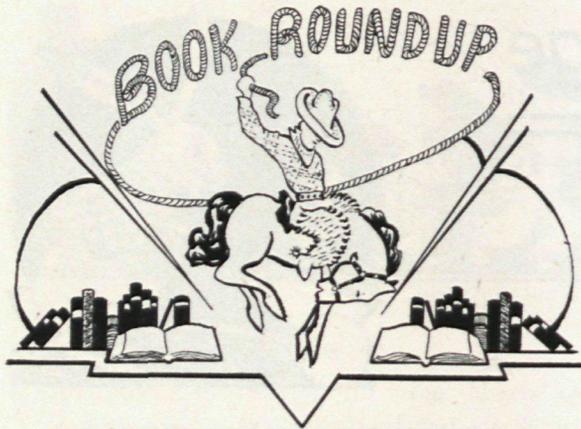
APRIL EGG-HUNT PUZZLE



Are you ready? You need only a pencil, paper and a good pair of EARS to find these eggs. Read each sentence below **ALOUD**, and underscore the word or words where you catch yourself articulating the sound of "egg." Take the first sentence, for example. You will find the sound "egg" in the word "beg." Remember, you must depend upon **SOUND** — not **SIGHT** — to find all the eggs. There are fifteen eggs to be discovered.

1. "The proud do not like to beg, Grace."
2. "Oh that is a nutmeg, grown in the East Indies," explained Greg.
3. Exactly three years ago, Jack came to live on Eggleston Street.
4. Edwards said Degnan always gave good example.
5. Jim told Peg to put the nails back into the keg.
6. A megaphone was used to announce the legate.
7. "Was it contained in Hollweg's legacy?" asked Meg.
8. The city of Winnipeg is in Manitoba, Canada.





SEA OF GLORY by Francis B. Thornton, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Av., New York 11, N. Y. \$3.

This is a book we have all been waiting for, consciously or not. The story of the Four Chaplains is one of the epics of World War II. What kind of men were they who on the night of February 3, 1943, in the icy waters of the North Atlantic, gave up their life preservers that other men might live?

Father Thornton, himself a wartime chaplain, gives us the answer to that question in "Sea of Glory." Patiently he gathered the material for the full life story of each of the Four Chaplains: Rev. George L. Fox, a Methodist; Rabbi Alexander D. Good, a Jew; Rev. John P. Washington, a Catholic priest; and Rev. Clark V. Poling of the Dutch Reformed Church. With a sympathetic understanding of their different religious beliefs, Father Thornton recounts the inspiring story of their early lives. All had proved their worth in the sometimes humdrum routine of their daily lives before they met the supreme test on that fateful night ten years ago.

The publishers refer to "Sea of Glory" as the Magnificent Story of the Four Chaplains. It is no exaggeration to add that it is magnificently told. This is Father Thornton at his best, especially in his realistic descriptions of the *Dorchester* and her men as graphically told in the prologue and epilogue of the book.

The proof reader did some napping here and there. There are several typographical errors, including a wrong date on page 47. These are minor flaws which will be corrected in a later edition. "Sea of Glory" will make the best seller lists.

HENRY SUSO by S.M.C.; Templegate, Springfield, Ill.; \$2.25.

To me at least the name Blessed Henry Suso simply meant a Dominican of the Middle Ages who is quoted not infrequently by spiritual writers in treating of mystical prayer. Now he means much more than that, for the English Dominican Sister,

who writes under the initials S.M.C., has made him come alive in this charming biography.

When she wrote "Brother Petroc's Return," the author showed that she had what might be called, for want of a better way to describe it, a "medieval sense." In her life of Henry Suso this is all the more marked.

Born of a saintly mother and a blustery, hard-headed nobleman father who perhaps after all was no worse than other men of fourteenth century Germany, Henry entered the Order of Friar Preachers when he was very young. Poor Friar Henry seemed to have a penchant for getting into difficulties. Some folk might say that he just seemed to be marked for trouble. The wiser ones will say that it was God's way of testing His servant. Terrible were the sufferings Henry inflicted on himself although his timid, sensitive nature shrank from them. But these were as nothing compared to those sent him by Our Lord. The friar was accused of theft, of being a poisoner, of faking a miracle. An evil woman practically succeeded in destroying his reputation. As if that were not enough, his youngest sister ran away from her convent and fell into serious sin. Henry rescued her, but by that time his union with God was so nearly complete that his reputation meant nothing to him. God alone mattered.

This biography is especially timely now when interest in mysticism and a correct understanding of it have been revived. Canon Saudreau predicted that the twentieth century would be an age of mysticism. During the past two centuries even some of the saints' works were suspect. The canon relates that the members of a well known religious community had to get permission from their superior general in Rome to read St. Francis de Sales' "Treatise on the Love of God"! Such incidents are now rare. True mysticism has come into its own. The biography of one of the most lovable of mystics will receive the welcome it so well deserves.



In your charity pray for our departed:

Andrew O'Reilly, Dublin, Ireland, brother of Sister Lourdes, O.L.V.M.

Rev. Gilbert Heuel, O.F.M. Cap., Milwaukee

Rev. William McGinley, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Rev. John Cash, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sister Theodore, C.S.A., Fond du Lac, Wis.

Sister Mary Alice, R.S.M., Titusville, Pa.

Mary Clifford, Cincinnati, Ohio

Anna V. Weibert, ACM, Fort Wayne

Amelia Rose, ACM, Fort Wayne

William D. Grote, Cincinnati

John J. Neville, Salt Lake City

Teofil Mozdzynski, Detroit

M. J. Schwartz, Spring Green, Wis.

Robert Rodgers, Dallas, Texas

Mrs. D. R. Cullen, Los Angeles

Andrew Hickey, Chillicothe, Ohio

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San Angelo, Texas

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by Sister Evelyn Benton, O.L.V.M.

Spanish-English text for Religion Teachers, Book I Creation, Book II Annunciation to Public Life, Book III Confession and Communion, Book IV The Passion. Large print, each book attractively bound, 25c each.



Sergeant Martinez

Sergeant Eloy Martinez of Las Vegas, New Mexico, has a special interest in Sister Evelyn's books. He translated the original Spanish text into English. From Korea he writes in part:

The booklet on Confession and Communion arrived at a very convenient time. I was trying to persuade a buddy of mine from San Antonio to go to confession with me, and the book really helped. He read it both in English and Spanish and he says it helped him a lot. I felt very good in knowing that it did some good, even way out here in Korea. I only wish I could speak Korean so I could translate all four into the language to be used here. The people seem very eager to learn.

Now I'm going to ask a big favor of you. Will you please send me 24 of the new books so that I can send them out. It's very far from here to the post office, but I figure that once I find out how much it costs to mail one. I can mail the others from here in the squadron. I'll send a money order as soon as I can get to the post office. Maybe I can borrow a jeep to go over one of these days. Don't forget the envelopes too. I can't get them here in Korea, not even from the Air Force!

Order now for your summer schools

Send orders to:

**Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana**