

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



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Volume 29
Number 6

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

"Hail, full of grace!" Dramatizations are always popular with the little ones. A serious Gabriel brings the Glad Tidings to Mary while their teacher, Sister Mary Joachim, and the rest of the class look on. (Story on page 10)



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS



Hartford, Michigan

Sometime during this month there will be a May Crowning in nearly every mission where Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are teaching. Some will be elaborate affairs, some more simple, but Our Blessed Mother will be honored by the very young children and the older ones too.

Denver, Colorado



Angola,
Indiana



St. Theresa's Chapel, Kentucky

The Missionary Catechist

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OUR PATRONESS

THIS month we celebrate on the twenty-fourth, the feast of our Heavenly Patroness, Our Blessed Lady of Victory. The feast has a glorious history. In thanksgiving for the victory of Lepanto, Pope St. Pius V ordered the feast of Our Lady of Victory celebrated on October 7, the day now known as the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.

Almost three centuries later another Pius, Pope Pius VII, instituted the feast of Mary Help of Christians on May 24 in thanksgiving for another victory attributed to her powerful intercession—the triumph of the Church over Napoleon. The May feast is not celebrated in the Universal Church. Its Mass is found in that section of the Roman Missal for feasts celebrated in certain places. The Mass is that of the common, *Salve Sancte Parens*, with proper collects. The Society of Jesus celebrates on this same day one of its own feasts of Our Blessed Mother—Our Lady of the Wayside. The shrine of Our Lady under this title was a favorite one of St. Ignatius.

The church of Our Lady of Victory is one of the best known and loved of all the churches of Paris. In this country many churches are dedicated to Mary under this title. The most famous, of course, is the magnificent basilica of Our Lady of Victory in Lackawanna, New York, built by the late Monsignor Baker.

This year the feast of Our Lady of Victory coincides with the great feast of Pentecost. We will have two novenas—one in honor of the Holy Spirit and another to Our Blessed Mother, His Immaculate Spouse. In order to join us in these novenas, you do not have to send in your petitions; but if you care to do so, you may, and we will place them on the altar of Our Lady of Victory from May 15 to May 24.



THE ONLY ANSWER

ABOUT a year ago the Inquiring Photographer on the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* posed this question: *Who was the greatest woman of all times?* From the six or seven persons asked, the answers ranged from Cleopatra to Eleanor Roosevelt. One man said: *The Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Jesus.* He was an old man, a retired laborer. We remember his name very well because we wrote to congratulate him on his answer. It was Mr. Butz. He lived on Natural Bridge Road which, it is said, the late Cardinal Glennon used to like to call *Supernatural* Bridge Road because of the many religious houses on it.

Mr. Butz gave the correct, the only answer.

THIS IS FOR YOU

DO bear with us if we bring up the matter of subscriptions again, but we were never more serious than when we asked you to help us get them. So now we are asking you once more: Have you sent in yet a subscription for a friend?

As you know, priest editors can speak to you in church about their congregation and its work. They can tell you about their publication and ask you to subscribe right then and there. But sisters have to use another means of approach.

The direct mail method is too costly for a community like ours. There is nothing left for us to do, then, than to sit down at our huge desk (probably used by "top brass" at one time; we got it at one of those marvelous army surplus sales after the war when you could get anything from a chapel to a flashlight bulb for little more than a song) and plead with you to help us get new subscriptions. If everyone would get JUST ONE, it would give us a tremendous boost.

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Mary, Queen of Russia

Cuthbert Gumbinger, O.F.M. Cap.

MEET indeed it is to bless thee, Mother of God, ever blessed and most sinless Mother of God. Honored above the Cherubim, infinitely more glorious than the Seraphim, who didst bear God the Word without stain; Mother of God, in truth, we magnify thee!

Thus is Our Blessed Mother praised in the magnificent Byzantine Liturgy of the Eastern Church. Well it is for us to recall that behind the Iron Curtain vast millions of enslaved peoples are praying to the All-Holy and Ever-Sinless Virgin Mother of God to be delivered from the night of bondage and to be led again into the bright sunlight of the love, the grace, and the justice of her Divine Son.

We know enough about these peoples' faith in God and Mary to give us a ray of hope and joy. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. We ought to be humbled when we realize that the vast number of the faithful behind the Iron Curtain honor and love Christ and Mary perhaps even more than we do; that they are suffering fines, imprisonment, and even death for their faith and loyalty to God.

To limit ourselves to Russia alone, look well to the fact that there are millions of Catholic Ukrainians who follow the Byzantine Rite of St. John Chrysostom, who honor the Pope, and who are as Catholic as we are! Besides them, there are some others in Russia who are Catholics of this same rite and who call themselves Russian Catholics. There are also Catholics of other Eastern Rites in Russia, such as the Armenians and some Maronites. Then there is an immense phalanx of good Christians (persecuted together with the Catholics) who belong to the Russian Orthodox or the Armenian Orthodox Church. These Orthodox peoples believe practically the same as you and I do. They are cut off from the Catholic Church through lamentable schism, engineered through various pretexts centuries ago and kept up through narrow politics and jealousy of Rome.

The Byzantines, whether Catholic or Orthodox, use the same prayers, the same Mass formularies, the same texts for the administration of the sacraments, and have the same great de-

The Very Rev. Cuthbert Gumbinger, O.F.M. Cap., S.T.D., is a Consultor to the Sacred Congregation for the Eastern Church and has the privilege of celebrating the Divine Liturgy in the Byzantine Rite. Father Cuthbert spent twelve years in Rome, having served the past six years as a Secretary General at the Capuchin Curia. Now a professor of philosophy at St. Felix Friary, Huntington, Ind., Father also teaches at Victory Noll.

votion to the Mother of God. From the Greeks the Russians inherited all this and wish ever to be known as the "Friends of the Virgin" even as the Greeks are known—*Philoipartheni*.

WHEREVER possible the Catholic and Orthodox still hold divine worship and offer the Immaculate Lamb of God in the magnificent and splendid rite of Constantinople in the Old Slavic language. Innumerable are the prayers, antiphons, canons, and troparia used in that wonderful liturgy in honor of Our Blessed Lady. In preparing the hosts for the Liturgy (Mass), the priest says: *In honor and in memory of our most blessed and glorious Lady, Mother of God and ever-virgin Mary, through whose intercession do Thou, O Lord, receive this sacrifice on Thy heavenly altar. The Queen stood at Thy right hand clothed in a robe of gold and many colors.*

Thus from the very beginning of the Liturgy, the Church asks the intercession of the Mother of God in this rite. For as Mary assisted at the immolation of her Son, and actually offered Him to the Father for the world's salvation, so now the Byzantine Liturgy asks that she assist at every unbloody renewal of that sacrifice of Calvary and render it more acceptable by her most powerful intercession.

In the following prayer we get glimpses of the intense faith and devotion of the Eastern Christians to Christ our God, and Mary the Mother of God: *O only begotten Son and Word of God, who being immortal didst vouchsafe to take flesh for our salvation of the holy Mother of God and ever-virgin Mary; Thou who without change didst become man and was crucified, O Christ our God, by death trampling upon death; Thou who wast Thyself one of the Holy Trinity, who are glorified with the Father and the Holy Spirit, save us.*

In this wonderful exclamatory prayer we see the greatest truths of our faith given pithy expression. We turn back the pages of history and we hear the echoes of the Church's great early Councils—Nice crying down the ages that Christ is true God and true Man, consubstantial with the Father; Ephesus proclaiming with St.



Russian Ikon

Celestine I and St. Cyril of Alexandria that Mary is truly and really the Mother of God; Chalcedon sealing former Councils and explaining still more the wonderful mysteries of the Incarnation and the Divine Maternity!

In the Byzantine and other Eastern liturgies, used both by Catholics and Orthodox, these eastern peoples carry on proudly the traditions bequeathed to them by the Apostles, especially by St. John at Ephesus and by the early Eastern Doctors of the Church. These heroes of God teach us the divinity of Jesus Christ as well as His true humanity; they teach us the Divine Maternity and the other glories of Mary who is beyond all praise. Thus the holy Doctors Athanasius, the two Cyrils, Basil, the two Gregorays, John Chrysostom, as well as Popes Sts. Celestine and Leo cry aloud to the whole world in the accents of the Byzantine liturgy that Christ is God and Man, that Mary is Immaculate, ever a Virgin, entirely sinless, truly the Mother of God, assumed into Heaven body and soul. She is the Gate of Light, the Hope of the Hopeless, the Mother of Christians, the Universally Celebrated Virgin, the Citadel of Christians, the God-bearing Virgin Mother, Precious Palace of God, the Dawn of Salvation, the Powerful Mediatrix of Grace, Queen of the World, Mother of Life, Full of Grace to all who

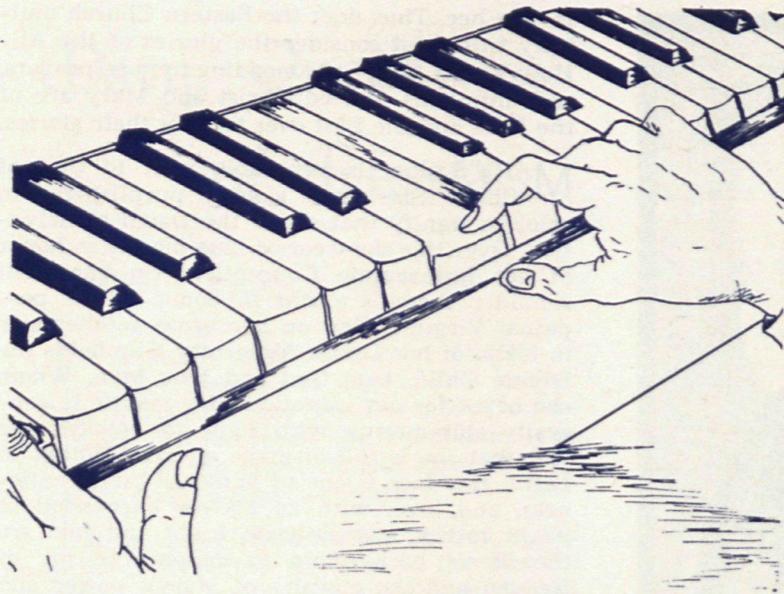
invoke her. Thus does the Eastern Church multiply titles and consider the glories of the All-Holy Virgin in almost unending hymns, prayers, and antiphons. Indeed Christ and Mary are of the East, and the East ever teaches their glories.

MARY'S ikon is venerable next to that of Christ. She wears a gown purplish-red in color to signify that she is the Dawn of Salvation. Over this she wears a blue mantle in honor of her Immaculate Conception. On her right shoulder there is a star in honor of her perpetual Virginity and on her brow another star in token of her Divine Maternity. She holds the Divine Child, true God and true Man, Whom she begot for our salvation. Her mantle is generally shimmering with light to betoken the fact that she is full of grace and the Mother of Light. Her face is one of immense pity, gentleness, and love, with an ageless expression of peace, mercy, and patience. Light and gold are the ikon's background to denote the joy of Heaven and the eternity of Mary's power and majesty and glory.

This venerable ikon of Our Lady beams upon the faithful in Moscow, in Kiev, in Lenin-grad, in Stalingrad, in Smolensk, and in all other Russian cities and towns where there is a Byzantine Church, in Russian homes, and through the world, wherever God and Mary are honored in the Liturgy of Constantinople in the various languages proper to that rite. In Moscow and other great cities of Russia, there are still solemn services (and also secret ones) which many attend and where they pray "for the peace of the whole world, for the good estate of all the holy Churches of God, and for the union of all."

By praying with our Catholic Eastern brethren, whether privately or in their churches, we draw closer to the soul of the East and we gain a better understanding of Russia's heritage. By fostering love and mutual understanding among ourselves and the Eastern Catholics in this country, we give them courage, and we prepare the way all the more for the Orthodox to enter the Catholic Church. When we pray for Russia, we pray for the conversion of her Communists, and for the re-entry of the Orthodox into the true Church.

We must be humble, then, and know that many Russians are devout and good Christians, who are praying with us for these very same intentions—*praying day and night to the Mother of God* before her holy ikon. We do well to look to this venerable image and to learn from it patience, humility, and strength, for it is the image of the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of God who conquers all heresies, and who is all-powerful to lift the darkness from the world of Communism and to bring all men into the light and love of the Kingdom of her Divine Son.



Found Out

Sister Paula

SOMEWHERE in the dark and distant past of my childhood Mother had decided that I would not be a truly accomplished young lady unless I knew how to play the piano. So I proceeded to become accomplished.

From the very first meeting the Piano was a monster with a capital P. I must admit I became quite brave in my attacks on it. The Piano received many a vigorous thumping as I struggled through momentous renditions of "The Traffic Cop" or "A Babbling Brook." It was not too long before its first shrieking turned into something resembling a purr. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending upon which side of my fingers you are on, the ability to distinguish between one note and another stayed with me. Thus was my fate sealed.

For many years I managed to sit quietly in my corner listening to someone else draw exquisite or not-so-exquisite hymns of praise from the local organ. When we gathered around the piano I urgently pushed the invitation already extended to someone else to play. Any question of my own ability was quickly disposed of by "I don't know anything," a statement which is quite true since I never memorized any piece. I was never asked whether I could tell one note from another.

Finally the day came, however, when all the known musical talent in the convent had disappeared one way or another. Benediction was scheduled at the home parish and, "Someone has to play the organ."

I tried to talk myself out of it a half a dozen times but "myself" won the argument in the end. In a wee small voice I whispered, "Maybe I could do it."

My great hope that no one would hear me or that someone else would discover a hidden

talent in a louder voice were in vain. All present pounced on the idea immediately. You would have thought they had discovered a bonanza gold mine the way they exclaimed.

"You! You mean you can play!"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

These were some of the comments that exploded on all sides, so I hastened to give them an idea of my past repertoire and tell them not to expect too much. Still they made so much fuss I almost thought I was going to play Beethoven's 9th with the Philharmonic. If there would be suppressed laughter afterward at least before the act I was ready to burst my buttons.

QUICKLY we made our way to the church. Soon I was seated at the organ, my feet on the pedals; my hands on the keys. Now the problem was to get the two to work together. Father and the altar boys tread their dignified way into the sanctuary. All the people knelt expectantly in their places waiting for the prayer-inspiring strains of *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*.

What a disappointment! Had my ability to tell one note from the other worked faster the whole church would have been bouncing up and down. As it was, it is surprising the people did not think it was the tolling for the next day's funeral.

My fingers complained, "We aren't in shape for work like this. Don't blame us if it doesn't sound right."

Something told me however that I was far from being fired after this, my first meeting with the organ. At frequent intervals after the laughter dust began to settle, one then another would approach me with, "You know, it really wasn't so bad. With a little practice you could do as well as a lot of others."

Or perhaps they would try a psychological approach, "I really admire you for what you did the other night, Sister." A puzzled look would come on my face and they would continue, "To get up there and play without any practice, I mean. That really took courage. I would be scared to death."

With such broad hints being given to me I decided I had better be ready. As the saying

goes "the cat was out of the bag." Now I knew I could expect at any time to see a finger pointed my way and to hear a voice say, "She can play. Why don't you ask her?"

So every spare minute went to practicing the organ until now they say I am really quite proficient. Anytime an organist is needed be it weddings, funerals, Masses, I am ready. My specialty, however, is Benediction.

To Jesus through Mary

Sister Francesca

"TO Jesus through Mary" sounded out gaily as each sodalist entered the room for our regular weekly meeting. A few weeks before, the Junior Sodality had decided that their motto, in the form of a pass word, should be used by each member on arriving for the meeting—to "put them in the spirit," as one sodalist explained it.

I could not have chosen more appropriate words myself, I thought, for was not that our aim exactly—to put them in the spirit of offering all "to Jesus through Mary" and living in this spirit daily! Although I had not intended to ask the girls that afternoon to examine themselves on the meaning and observance of their motto, the thought occurred to me to determine right then and there just how much these words meant to them.

Many explanations were given in the course of the questioning, but the answer I thought best was the one volunteered by Jane. "Our motto," she said, "means letting Mary take care of us and all we do in the way that she wants, and then she'll make sure that we will be with Jesus in heaven someday."

This eighth grade sodalist had formed, from

her Sodality motto, a safe and sound philosophy of life, a valuable asset for any young girl of modern times.

My next question was to be even more specific. "How can you put your motto into every day practice?"

The answers were edifying as well as satisfying. Here are just a few:

"Sister, every night I try to get my family to pray the rosary together. Everyone is either too busy or can't be bothered, so I almost always end up praying it alone. I ask Our Blessed Mother to make it count for the whole family though."

"When I buy new clothes, I try to choose the kind that I imagine Mary would like best to see me wear."

"Lately I have been asking Our Blessed Mother to help me think of what to say to Jesus when I go to Holy Communion. Now I don't have so many distractions."

Yes, I was satisfied! These seventh and eighth grade sodalists of Mary not only understood their motto, but, in their own simple way, were truly living it.

Sister Francesca and the Junior Sodalists of her story.

St. Frances of Rome Parish, Azusa, California.



The "White House" of Colorado Springs

Sister Kathleen

BEFORE our arrival in Colorado Springs, after thoughtful consideration, it was decided to convert the second floor of the large white house purchased for our use into our convent rooms, while the first floor was to be used as classrooms. After several years in our mission, we now feel that this experiment has proved successful and that the project has been blessed. Our teen-age boys refer to it as the "White House" and when remonstrated with, invariably the answer is, "Gee, Sister, it takes so long to say sisters' convent, and it's easier to say 'Are you going over to the White House this afternoon after school?'" The fact that they remind the others about class in this way overrules all objection and it is still the "White House" to them.

Big business is taken care of at the National White House in Washington and likewise big business is accomplished in the Pikes Peak Region White House, except that the business is quite different—the latter being entirely spiritual.

The most important room on the first floor is the chapel—used as our convent chapel and also open to all who wish to visit the Blessed Sacrament. Holy Mass is offered here once a week, taking the place of the parish Mass that day. Here too the various grades take turns leading the rosary before their respective classes. Most of the children have reached the point where they feel they know how it is done, and in introducing the family rosary in their homes and being told by mother and father that they do not know how to lead it, the pupils are ready to carry out the practice they have learned.

We are grateful for the chapel and thank Our Lord for His Presence each time a visit is made. For instance there is the mother who recently lost her husband and finds herself with a family to rear. She stops on her way to town to say her rosary before the Blessed Sacrament and on her return stops with her widow's mite—a tiny plant to place before the statue of Our Blessed Mother. The little old couple who stop for their visit sometimes have a little talk with us, too, and tell of their erring children and of the many prayers they are offering for their return to the practice of their holy religion. We are glad to see a group of

our teen-age boys come and announce bluntly that they want to "visit the chapel," and after a few moments of prayer quietly walk from the convent. Some of the little non-Catholic neighbor children watch their chance to see Sister in the yard and timidly ask if they can make a visit to Jesus, since the wonders of the big white house and especially of the chapel and its Eucharistic Presence have been explained to them. We are grateful for the honor shown to Our Lord in all these visits and feel that many blessings come to our district because of the prayers offered.

AT first, upon being told that there were not many children here, the classrooms looked large. However, a few weeks of home visiting resulted in an increase in our classes, and the size of the rooms dwindled. The opening day of class the clap chairs had not as yet arrived. One class sat on odd chairs, while the younger children sat on the steps leading from first to second floor. That day they prayed for the chairs to come and for enough children to use all the chairs. The prayer was answered and now we are almost tempted to pray for walls of rubber. We teach the older children here at the catechetical center, while the younger ones receive their religious instruction at the church which is a bit closer to the schools. But it is always a treat for the little ones when at times they are brought over to the center after class for a visit in chapel or for the big business of getting a new "Jesus and I."

With the dismissal of public schools in the afternoon, the classrooms and the play ground in the rear of the convent become veritable beehives of activity. Evenings, too, often find the rooms occupied with various activities, such as sodality meetings, choir practices, art and sewing classes, private instructions for adults or older boys and girls, or perhaps just a visit from some of the parishioners for one of the many purposes for which we are here to help them.

In our work at the center we have the valuable assistance of the members of the Junior Legion of Mary, boys and girls from nearby St. Mary's High School. They assist us in our religious instruction classes, supervise other activities and in many ways prove most helpful in the work for souls.



Sister Kathleen and one of the Junior Legion of Mary helpers at the "White House."

During the first few months of the occupancy of our new President in Washington's White House, many prayers are ascending heavenward for God's blessing upon the business to be transacted there. At the same time we hope that the prayers ascending to God will also bring blessings upon the work of drawing souls closer to Him which is what we are doing at the "White House in Colorado Springs."

Why I Love Mary

Therese Beihl

I WAS a Protestant. Only another Protestant can understand that strange indifference which I felt toward Mary. My attitude was even stronger than indifference, for I felt it was not proper to give her devotion and honor. In the Protestant mind devotion to Mary seems to detract from devotion to Jesus, so I never gave her a thought until I became a Catholic.

From that point on I must admit there was a strong conflict in my emotions because at every point of the Catholic religion devotion to Mary was evident.

I remember standing before the fourth station of the cross, where Jesus and Mary in their sorrow look upon each other, and I asked Our Lord to give me love for His mother. To me Mary was almost like a myth; she had no reality.

Jesus answered my prayer in the most beautiful way. One morning during early Mass I became aware of the power and loveliness of Our Blessed Mother. It was almost as if she were actually present. Her humility, sweetness, and beauty seemed to melt my whole heart. There were some children kneeling beside me in the church and I felt our Mother's love not only for these children, but for all children. It was a love of tenderness and mercy such as I did not know was possible. From that time on, Mary was my Mother. I loved her, and to be like her became one of my most ardent desires.

I knew now, how to say the rosary with a spirit of devotion to Mary. I knew how to ask Jesus to come into my heart at Holy Communion through Mary's pure and loving heart. For the first time I could sing the hymns to Mary in choir and rejoice in giving her praise.

I have learned to surrender hard problems into her merciful hands and then to see the problems melt away. Time and time again she has answered my prayers in the way a loving and wise mother helps her children.

When I first came into the Catholic Church I was troubled about the salvation of certain friends of mine. I have learned that when Mary asks Our Lord for any soul that her prayers are always granted, so I have asked Mary, Mother of Mercy, to pray for these friends. I pray for them too but I have placed my confidence in her intercession and my heart is at peace. It is no wonder that Jesus said to Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity: "Protestants deprive themselves of the true faith because they do not accept the intercession of my Mother, Mediatrix of all Graces." Perhaps it is only a true Catholic who really loves our Blessed Mother with his whole heart. How blessed are those who know her and love her!





If you ever want to have a successful Baked Food Sale, just employ these four young lads.

STREET VENDORS

When the sodality girls held their annual baked goods sale, these boys, dressed in baker hats and wearing huge posters, were on duty in the vicinity to advertise the wares and to direct customers to the place of commerce. With vim and vigor they enticed shoppers with their cries: "Get your homemade pies now! Ravioli for sale! Chocolate cakes, apple pies, cookies, and candy sold at the bake sale!" All morning they called, up and down the streets, in and out of stores.

Do you wonder why this bake sale was such a success?

Sister Dolores Ann
Winnemucca, Nevada

HAIL, FULL OF GRACE!

The words of the heavenly greeting ring out again as young players portray the Annunciation. Helping to assimilate doctrine and gently move the will toward good, this efficacious and very old means of teaching always creates new interest.

Little people with their vivid imagination quickly realize the great drama value of the stories of the Bible. One day, several hours after class, I heard the shouting of familiar phrases, but ones not usually used in play. I looked out to see what was happening. A very lively enactment of the fall of the angels was taking place. A soft-spoken angel was pleading, "Lucifer, why don't you mind God?" A very determined Michael was telling the fallen legions just where they should go; and a strong opposition was trying to hold its own.

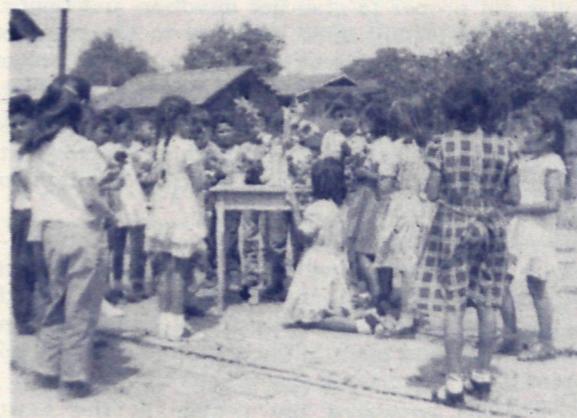
Sister Mary Joachim
Azusa, California

In the Home Field

OUR LADY IS CROWNED

The fourth, fifth, and sixth grade girls planned to have a private May crowning on the last class day of the month. Several girls offered their big yards for the occasion. Maria Iacono was the most anxious to have the crowning at her home and she was the first to get permission from her parents.

On the appointed day all the girls took their little bouquets to school in the afternoon so that they would be ready to go to Iacono's as soon as they were dismissed. Their teacher, who is not a Catholic, wondered about all the bouquets so the girls told her of the crowning. Imagine their surprise and delight when she gave them the beautiful flowers that were on her desk.



These children borrowed a statue from Sister and made a May shrine in their back yard.

A non-Catholic neighbor gave flowers to all the girls who had none to offer. She was so interested that she asked to come over to see the affair. She was very respectful during the recitation of the rosary and the singing of the hymns. The crowning of the lovely Queen of Heaven was simple, but sincere and beautiful.

Papa Iacono considered it such an honor to have the May crowning at his home that he came home early with a surprise for the girls—cake and sodas.

Sister Veronica
Monterey, California

SISTER, HOW WAS I TODAY?

This eager query came
From a poor little lad
Who finds it hard to be good,
So easy to be bad!

To be sure he must see
That religion class clicks
By drawing now and then
From his bag full of tricks.

But today will be different,
He would solemnly own,
And now levelled his voice
To a confidential tone.

"Sister, how was I today?
I tried very hard."
And not once did the devil
Catch him off guard.

I smiled my approval
Recalling words sweetly styled
"Unless you become
As this little child . . ."

As night time descended
I knelt down to pray.
Humbly I asked
"Lord, how was I today?"

Sister Mary Martin
East Gary, Indiana

How to make a Dollar
go a long way....

Send it to Victory Noll for a year's
subscription to "The Missionary Catechist."

JUNIOR "GANG" OF BOCA GRANDE

Boca Grande, Florida, a small island out in the Gulf of Mexico, is a rather quiet and restful little place—at times. Many of the big city distractions are unheard of to most of the children there. One wonders just what they do to amuse themselves during the day. It doesn't take long to find out once you make the acquaintance of Ronnie, leader of the "Gang." Five years of age, about three and one-half feet high, with black curly hair, Ronnie finds plenty of activity for himself and his companions. For instance, one well-planned activity was precariously undertaken just a few weeks ago with one of his accomplices, a six-year-old girl. Little Sheila's grandmother had some fruitful foliage in the backyard which, no doubt, had been cultivated through the years with tender care. Ronnie and Sheila had done a bit of surveying and decided to extirpate a bit of grandma's "jungle." So one bright morning in grandma's absence, Chief Ronnie and Squaw Sheila undertook the cutting down of grandma's lovely banana tree!

Unlike George Washington's cherry tree, the remains of this tree are yet to be found. Nevertheless, the culprits were duly punished since their conception of landscaping just did not coincide with grandma's!

Adventurous as children will be, the Junior "Gang" of Boca Grande (consisting of a group of youngsters ranging from three to five years of age) also find great sport in chasing the neighbors' pigs and riding them like real cowboys. This is their rodeo!

So you see, although Boca Grande is small, and its modern attractions few, our Junior "Gang" has little trouble providing entertainment during the warm, sunny days!

Sister Loretta Ann
Punta Gorda, Florida

FROM THE KNOWN TO THE UNKNOWN

Pat and Mike brought their four-year-old brother Victor to May Devotions one evening. During the Litany of Loretto there was quite a commotion at their place; Pat and Mike were struggling bravely but somewhat unsuccessfully to keep from laughing out loud. After devotions, when Sister corrected them for their misbehavior in church, Pat explained: "Sister, Victor never heard us pray the litany before. When we answered 'Pray for us,' he was saying, 'Free Press; Free Press.'"

Free Press is the name of our local newspaper.

News Items About



For a cup of water in Christ's dear Name, A heavenly reward is yours to claim.

ST. JUSTIN MARTYR BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THESE ladies, headed by *Mrs. Fred Kiefer*, have monthly parties of pinocle at the homes of the different members. Occasionally a big parish-hall card party is put on which always brings splendid returns. Two of the members, *Mrs. A. J. Sach* and *Mrs. Frances Sutterlin* also belong to Immaculata Mission Club in St. Augustine's Parish. *Mrs. Sach* is president of the latter club. Recently we received a check for \$75 signed by *Mrs. Sach*, from *Sister Justine*, daughter of *Mrs. Kiefer*, whom the Band sponsors. It proved to us that our good friends in the Immaculata Club were again augmenting the funds raised by *Mrs. Kiefer's* group by a benefit card party for *Sister*. Both groups have our grateful prayers.

LITTLE FLOWER CIRCLE (Chicago, Ill.)....

IN a letter which enclosed a \$25 check, *Miss Veronica Foertsch*, Promoter, expressed the wish that they could get two more members. Would any of our readers like to join? *Miss Foertsch's* address is 5919 S. Wood Street, Chicago 36, Ill. Here's a chance for some of the members who used to belong to South Side Bands which later were discontinued.

ST. SABINA BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

ILL health on the part of members and unforeseen difficulties made it impossible for this group to get together for many months. However, *Miss Marie Dwyer*, the Promoter, gets in her best strokes (and has for years) in interesting the Daughters of Isabella at their national conventions to contribute toward the work of our sisters. The summer of 1952 was no exception. After the convention held in Toronto, Canada, our sisters received a check for a large amount taken up by popular subscription among the attending delegates.

ST. JOSEPH BAND (Chicago, Ill.)



WE admire *Mrs. Eva M. Dugan*, Promoter, for the beautiful quality of "stick-at-it-ness" which she possesses. Time has taken its toll, and the members of the Band are along in years but they insist upon sending donations to our sisters at stated intervals.

Most of our Chicago Associates will recall that this Band was started by *Mrs. Catherine Service*, once Chief Promoter of the Chicago Bands and who has long since gone to a great and lasting reward in heaven.

ST. HELEN BAND (Dayton, O.)

THE members of St. Helen's Band are pleased that *Sister Eleanor*, whom they sponsor, has been missioned within the confines of their own state, at Paulding, Ohio, this year.

Last fall the ladies celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of their Band. The Promoter, *Miss Helen Melke*, gave each member a surprise gift of a crystal rosary. At their celebration, they played cards and afterward those who had taken extended summer vacations shared the beautiful landscapes with the rest by showing slides from pictures they had taken.

May Mother

Mary

bless our

Associates on

Mother's Day

and always!



Our Associates

SEVEN DOLORS BAND (Bellwood, Ill.)



ALTHOUGH sickness and death invaded this loyal Band of mission friends, they kept at their loving task of raising money for us. Mrs. Sadie Murphy, Promoter, went to the hospital for a major operation in

March, Mrs. Dawney lost her husband and Mrs. Kenost lost her father in death, while Mrs. Anna Thomas' husband suffered a stroke recently. All happened within a short time.

The ladies sponsor our Sister Mary Bernadette who is the superior of our convent in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND (Detroit, Mich.)

THESE ladies make much of their money for our missions the hard way, at least so it seems to us. They take orders for greeting cards, sending us the profits they make on the sales. They maintain they have always been successful in the venture, even though keen competition, especially on the part of school children, has reduced their profits. The Band is headed by Miss Lillian Dunn, and the ladies who compose it sponsor Sister Mary Mark, who is the sister of one of the members and superior of our Ogden, Utah convent.

MOTHER CABRINI BAND (Wauconda, Ill.)

THE names of new members sent in from time to time remind us that this Band is alive and growing. It is the custom of the officers to hold money collected at meetings and send us an annual check, so we do not hear from either the president, Mrs. Clara Swiatly, or the secretary, Mrs. Rose Hennessey, often.



While it is true that their contacts with Victory Noll are infrequent, the members are in constant touch with Sister Mary Genrose at our Grove Hill, Alabama convent, to whom they send many large mission boxes of clothing for the poor, aids for teaching, and other articles.

Giving, for
Christ,
to His poor
friends
Will pay the
best
of dividends.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

February 18, 1953 to March 18, 1953

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Miss Helen Ford	5.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz, Sec.	25.00
Holy Trinity Band of St. Jude's Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Alberta Duesler	7.50
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	10.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, O., Carole Niklas ..	2.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	5.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Geo. Deininger	5.25
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Agnes Beck	5.00
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. James O'Brien	21.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	5.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Ann Igel	5.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	7.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes	50.25
St. Jude Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mrs. Fred Potthoff	140.50
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	75.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Frances Schuette	25.00
St. Patrick Sodality Band, Fort Wayne, Miss Catherine E. McGill	1.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	15.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	6.00
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Helen Burch	34.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	3.00

IMPORTANT!

Save your Rap-in-wax Coupons for us. The Company even accepts for cash redemption outdated coupons if accompanied with current coupons.

Ernie

Sister Charlene

STANDING on the lawn of the Indian Reservation Chapel in Palm Springs, I was greeted by a welcoming committee of one, Ernie. I had seen him come, half running, half hopping, seemingly on springs, across a four-road intersection. He looked neither to right nor left, leaving the cars to shift for themselves.

"Hi, Sister. You're a new sister, huh?"

Never had I seen anything quite so alive. Each freckle seemed to twinkle in the sun. He twisted a toe in the dust as he gazed the long distance between us. I affirmed his decision that I was "new" and turned to get my brief case from the car. He was past me like a shot.

"Can I carry it? Can I, huh?"

"Why yes, thank you. What is your name?"

"Ernie."

"Ernie what?"

"Ernie Reyes;" he was breathing harder now as we approached the church. He was struggling to keep the brief case off the ground.

Soon class began and I found myself trying to secure addresses from seven-and eight-year-olds. Ernie again proved his usefulness. He was a walking information bureau. When any child hesitated in giving an address, Ernie waved his hand, wildly attempting some semblance of order.

"I know, Sister. I know," and before I could approve or disapprove, he explained, "You go straight down that street and turn this way by the garbage can and you see some children playing." Then turning to the child, "That's your house, ain't it, huh?"

The whole class nodded agreement, leaving me the only one in the dark as to the location described.

Altar boys were to practice after class so I cleared the children from the sacristy classroom in preparation for them.

"Whatcha gonna do, Sister?"

"Practice with the altar boys."

"Can I be an altar boy, can I huh?"

"You're a little small. And besides, you should wait until you make your First Communion."

WITH that two years away I felt reasonably safe. But my troubles were only beginning. Each week as altar boy practice began, I ejected Ernie until he wore me down. Finally I permitted him to remain if he would be good. He tried, but he distracted the other boys by his jumbled Latin and he lost his privilege. He



then began begging Father. Finally Father gave in.

"Let him march in the procession on December 9," Father decided. Little experience was required for that. So we rehearsed again and again in preparation for the big day.

The day before the ninth we tried on cassocks and surplices. Here was another stumbling block. Even the smallest one engulfed poor Ernie. So we pinned it at the waist and sleeves, and with the surplice who would know?

The big day dawned and all went well as the boys donned their attire.

"Now boys, keep your hands folded nicely," I warned, as I illustrated. I looked around to see Ernie angelically fold his. The line formed and where yesterday there were jumping jacks, today all were quiet little angels. They marched well. Then I noticed that the altar boys must kneel at the Communion rail, all those who were not actually serving, as the church and sanctuary were both well filled. As High Mass proceeded I could hardly believe my eyes. Was that Ernie? That little statue in surplice and cassock, hands folded perfectly though they barely reached the rail? They marched out; his hands were folded. They proceeded around the outside of the church; his hands never moved. They fell out of line and people began to take pictures, but still his hands remained folded and he scarcely moved. I was beginning to wonder if we would have to pry them apart. Then it was time to disrobe and I helped the boys put things away. No sooner was Ernie dismantled than he was his old self again. Out the door he bounded and across the intersection before I could realize what had happened. He hopped and skipped along the dusty road and Ernie, the altar boy, was forgotten.

Traveling Sisters

Sister Mary Frances

WHEN my new appointment last August read "Flagstaff, Arizona," I was quickly informed by those who preceded me that St. Colletta's convent there, would be only a stop-over for me. I would be a traveling sister for at least one year. Then I was given an enthusiastic account of just what it meant. Two of the sisters appointed for this mission do Confraternity of Christian Doctrine work throughout the vast diocese of Gallup, going from place to place helping the pastors in mission territories for a month or so in the various works for which our community was founded.

In some places it might be to teach lay-teachers how to teach religion to the Catholic children attending the public schools; in another place it might be a concentrated effort to teach the children themselves; or perhaps a pastor needs a complete census of his parish or parishes; or again, it is a combination of all of these. Whatever the need might be, the sisters go to work with enthusiasm, knowing that it is a work that is dear to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Though our sisters have worked in many parts of New Mexico, the northwestern part was more or less "unknown." Now we were asked to spend the month of September in that section—in Blanco, New Mexico. The zealous pastor had tried valiantly to give religious instructions to all the children, but it was a losing fight to try to reach all of them alone. The parish, named in honor of Santa Rosa, is a scattered one, reaching out for miles in every direction, for it is a farming country.

I was excited over it all as it would be my first real mission trip on the Confraternity work. At the same time I was especially happy to have as my companion, Sister Louise, who is a veteran of that type of work and well accustomed to the rough life in New Mexico.

AT last the day arrived and we started on our way, bright and early. For several hours the road was familiar, having passed over it only a short time before on our way to Flagstaff from Santa Fe where we had our summer retreat. After we reached Gallup, however, we nosed our car straight north to the unknown. For miles we rode through dreary desert land and read the sign "Navaho Reservation." Hardly ever was a sign of life visible. When we did see a tiny Indian hut here or there, it only seemed to add to, rather than diminish the silence of the desert country.

According to the map we would be driving into a mountainous country, but now, instead of the old familiar mountain range sights, we saw huge castle-like rocks loom up in the distance—not in a flowing range effect, but in individual shapes of every kind. Some appeared to be magnificent cathedrals; others were like ships anchored on cliffs; others resembled towers, domes, and animals in different postures. A land of enchantment indeed! Now instead of a feeling of sympathy for the Indians who live in this part of the land, I began to feel happy for them that they do not have to contend with stuffy streets and the noise and bustle so common to city folk. Meditation and recollection are easy among all these masterpiece God placed here.

The drive lasted for hours, but with not a tone of monotony. When we left these scenes, we began to see other beauties of a different nature. Now we were in a more fertile region. It was the time of year for the fruit to be harvested and this was "Fruitland" in its glory. Big rosy peaches hung from the branches of every peach tree. There were besides, apples, pears, plums, grapes, and melons. When we arrived in Blanco we found that the people were indeed generous, and we enjoyed these fruits every day of our stay.

After settling in the little house which was given for our use, we started our work with much gusto. Since the future lay teachers were unable to get together during the day, (most of them were public school teachers), we took the census during the day and had classes for them in the evening. Taking the census was quite different from the year before when we went from house to house or door to door in city blocks. This was the country! We became very adept at opening and closing big ranch gates, going over shaky bridges, dodging cattle, and circling around narrow mountain roads. But how we loved it! The people welcomed us with joy and counted it a blessing to have us visit them.

Besides teaching the future lay teachers, we were also able to instruct the children every day for two of the weeks. The days flew by on wings. Before we packed our car for the return trip we had the opportunity of attending the catechism classes taught by the lay teachers in every section of Santa Rosa parish. The children now attend regularly, for none of them live too far from *their* catechist.



MONTH OF MAY

*Mother Mary calls us,
We bring our flowers
sweet,
As incense for her altar
Their fragrance is most
meet.*

Dear Loyal Helpers:

We cannot do better in Mary's month of May than to offer her many rosaries, saying the prayers with loving attention. This is not easy for children who are ever prone to distractions. Remember that even the holy children of Fatima—Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta—once said the rosary very carelessly until they were admonished by the Queen of Heaven to say it properly.

We also urge our Loyal Helpers to erect May altars in their homes. A very simple May altar will do. Try to keep some fresh flowers, either cultivated or wild, before the image of Mary all through the month. With more and more Catholic families pledging themselves to recite *The Family Rosary* (in this case the entire family kneels down, usually after supper, and prays the rosary aloud together) we hope it has become a custom in your home, too.

We would like to hear from each of our Helpers, telling us how Mary, our Blessed Mother, was honored in his or her home during May. Perhaps you could send us a snapshot of your May altar, too!

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

ENCLOSED you will find one dollar from our Sunshine Bag, earned through baby sitting and doing errands. We know this is just a small offering but we never neglect our "Hail Mary's" for the Missionaries. We hope to have another contribution after Lent.

*Patsy and Eleanor Murphy,
Moncton, Ont., Canada*

(Patsy and Eleanor have a sister, Sister Alice, in our Order, located at present in Redlands, California.)

Mary's Loyal

THIS month I made a beautiful altar for our Blessed Mother. My sister and I are going to have a crowning as we do every year. I made the crown. My youngest sister will do the crowning and Barbara will carry the crown. We have a little procession. After the crowning we sing hymns and say prayers. I will deliver a small talk on our Blessed Mother. The only ones who will be present are my mother and a few girl friends.

During the month of May I am trying especially hard to be pure.

Jane Dichello, Wallingford, Conn.

(Our Helper wrote this letter a long time ago, but it makes delightful reading for our May magazine.)

CAROL CIULIK IN DANCING COSTUME



We introduced Carol and her sister "Pat" of Amsterdam, New York in December. Here you see Carol in a pretty Polish dance costume, seated in their garden in front of a bed of tulips. Both girls are faithful Helpers, sending offerings frequently.

Helpers Page

MARY LIZ JORDAN, WEST ORANGE, N.J.



In the above picture our Helper is seen aboard ship, as it approaches San Francisco Bay. The shadowy outlines of the Golden Gate may be seen in the background.

Letter O' the Month

Please excuse me for not writing sooner but I thought it would be nice to wait until I had a dollar for your Missions.

About Guam. The Guamanian natives are very polite. This year I went to a Catholic school in the village of Yona. The school is taught by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. It cannot be called a mission school because 98% of the natives are Catholics. The other 2% are Baptists and Seventh Day Adventists. We could talk to the Guamanians because all of them can speak English except the very old people. The language which the natives speak is very interesting. It is composed of Chomorro—an ancient language—and Spanish. We (the United States) acquired Guam in the Spanish-American War of 1898, and English has already started to creep into their language, with such words as *car*, *truck*, etc.

Sincerely,

Mary Liz Jordan, West Orange, New Jersey

(The above interesting letter was written by one of our Loyal Helpers, Mary Liz Jordan, who is eleven years old and in the sixth grade. Her father is an officer in the United States Navy, and she spent much of the present school year in Guam, returning to the United States the latter part of February.)



ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLE

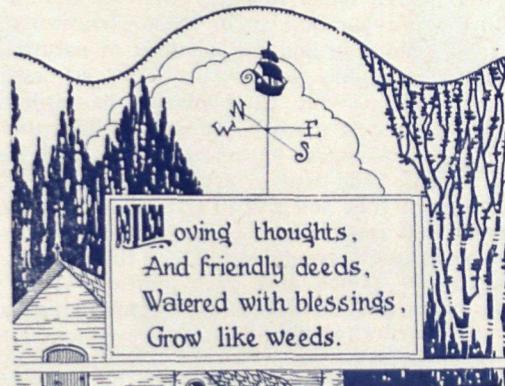
The sound of "egg" is found in the following words: 1. beg, 2. nutmeg, Greg. 3. Exactly, Eggleston. 4. Degnan, example. 5. Peg, keg. 6. Megaphone, legate. 7. Hollweg, legacy, meg. 8. Winnipeg.

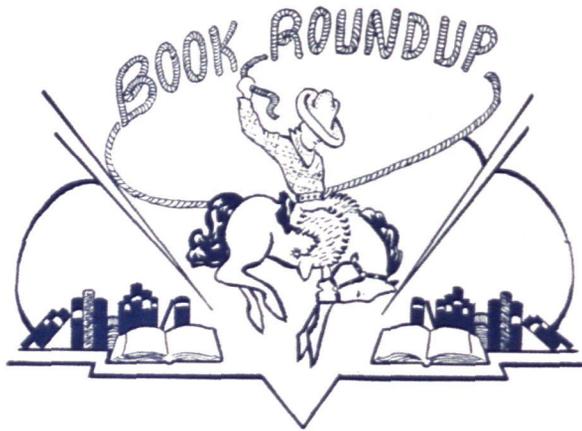
MAY PUZZLE



Let's go fishing this month. Numbered below are clues to compound words ending in "fish." You'll have to "puzzle" over each description a little, but we are sure you will have no trouble identifying each fish, because they are all very well-known ones. Good luck to you, and remember if you send your worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary she will send you a holy card.

1. A fish that is a grown-up kitten.
2. A fish that is a grown-up puppy.
3. A fish that is seen in the sky at night.
4. A fish that rises and sets each day.
5. A fish that is a weapon.
6. A fish that is from the infernal regions.
7. A fish that is a precious metal.
8. A fish that imitates angels and aviators.





A REPORTER IN SEARCH OF GOD by Howard Whitman; Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York; \$3.50.

A veteran journalist gives himself a different assignment—to find out what Americans believe about God, life after death, prayer, the problem of pain and suffering, etc. His search takes him to big cities and to small rural communities. Those whom he interviews include clergymen, professional men and women, scientists, businessmen, laborers in factories and mines, farmers, and housewives.

What does he find? He finds that on the whole, Americans are searching for God. Many have found Him. What perhaps will be especially revealing to the Catholic reader is that so many persons practice the most consoling truths of our religion: an awareness of the presence of God, abandonment to Divine Providence, resignation to God's holy will. With the ordinary grace that God gives to everyone, these good people are living very close to Him. What wonderful converts they would make. With the grace of the sacraments they could easily become saints.

Not so encouraging is the evidence that most people do not see that we owe God public worship. Too many express the view that they can be "religious" even though they do not go to church. A soldier for instance, said he can pray best out on a hilltop very early in the morning. A young woman prays best when she rides alone out on a mesa. Here we do not mean to imply that we cannot or should not pray to God under these circumstances. Not at all. Solitude and the beauties of nature are especially conducive to prayer. But we cannot neglect formal worship. God Himself has ordained it. This attitude of many persons is perhaps understandable when church means a sermon and some hymn singing. The idea of sacrifice went out with the reformers. In too many instances throughout the book and especially in the chapter on prayer, the persons interviewed betray that the concept of prayer is understood only as a petition. That we should make acts of adoration, thanksgiving, and reparation occurs to only a few.

A glance at the index might give the impression

that Catholic sources were drawn upon more heavily than they were. Actually only a few priests were interviewed. Not knowing all the circumstances in which the author gathered his material, we do not blame him for this. We might wish, however, that he had visited a Trappist Monastery, for instance, or had attended a laymen's retreat as he attended the "ashram" in Wisconsin, its Protestant counterpart.

Mr. Whitman sincerely tried to make his reporting objective. Only in his interview with Mr. Woolsey Teller, general secretary of the American Association of the Advancement of Atheism, Inc., did he betray his own views. This is understandable and we are glad he did. The chapter is particularly interesting. A tape recorder took down everything that was said. Mr. Whitman's questions and, where necessary, his arguments show that he himself is "not far from the kingdom of God."

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

CANTATE DOMINO by Hassler-Kreckel. S.A.T.B. No. 8730. 20c.

This *Cantate Domino* by Hassler, the 16th century composer, arranged by Philip Kreckel, is perfect for that "special occasion," whether it is a jubilee, first Mass, or feast day. The present arrangement should work out well in three voices also.

MISSA ADORO TE by Paul Creston. Unison, Two Equal Voices, or S.A.T.B. No. 8751. Score \$1.

This Mass has as its theme the Gregorian hymn *Adoro Te* which, being in the fifth mode, lends itself easily to modern music. The Mass is well written, but this reviewer is prejudiced against imprisoning any Gregorian melody between bars.

Memoriam

In your charity pray for our departed:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Mellon, Philadelphia
 Rev. Albert Suter, Philadelphia
 Frank Bruce, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Margaret Sullivan, ACM, Chicago
 Margaret Ankenbruck, ACM, Fort Wayne
 Theresa Bauer, Detroit
 Margaret Boland, Chicago
 J. J. Dreher, Dubuque
 Mrs. George Hartke, Chicago
 V. J. Knochel, Lincoln, Nebr.
 Joseph Schmid, Fort Wayne
 Margaret Wolfe, Grove City, Pa.
 Alice Comine, Omaha
 Daniel Dineen, Stevens Point, Wis.
 Josephine Mack, Chicago
 Winnifred Gillig, Decatur, Ind.
 Catherine McCarthy, Rensselaer, N. Y.
 Van O'Daniel, Louisville, Ky.

Mary in the Theater

... the story of Mary Productions

Mildred M. Bruckner

IN the city of Rochester, New York, in the year 1946, Mary Eunice Sayrahder, a convert to the faith, founded Mary Productions, named in honor of Mary, Mother of Jesus.

It was reorganized in Brooklyn in 1950 and its first production was a play written by Mary Eunice, a three-act drama about Our Lady which inspired thousands of people during its forty-five performances. The director was Francis P. Caruso, an actor of many achievements and a winner of numerous dramatic awards. Its second season manifested Our Lady's approval by casting two plays—one a comedy called "The Oskuss," a story of family life with a non-practical father and a super-practical mother; the second called "The Message of a Century," a story of Mary's message for world peace. Mary Eunice was also the author of these two plays.

Since then Mary Productions has been growing rapidly. The sixteen plays that have been written by its founder, and the increase of personnel for their casts who give their time and efforts voluntarily to this cause, have spread love and devotion to Mary, Our Mother, throughout the great eastern states.

It is the sole aim of Mary Productions to make Mary better known and loved. The latest three-act play, "The Secret of Mary," depicts the life of St. Louis de Montfort and his inspired foresight of the age of Mary. It is not only an educational drama, but also one of humor and inspiration.

The proceeds of these sketches are split on a sixty-forty basis; sixty percent is given to the church which permits the use of its auditorium, and the remaining forty percent goes to Mary Productions to defray expenses. All religious are invited to attend these performances gratis; also those who feel they cannot afford to purchase tickets are permitted to attend without charge.

Persons who would like to give their time and effort to this great enterprise for Mary, are invited to do so. Those who are interested in securing information regarding these plays in order to use them exclusively for the purpose of spreading honor and glory to God through Mary, may do so without cost by writing to

MARY PRODUCTIONS
237 Walworth Street
Brooklyn 5, New York

Scene from "The Secret of Mary" in which Father Louis meets Mathurin Rangard for the first time, while Sister Marie-Louise looks on. Mathurin later becomes the first brother to follow Father Louis. Sister Marie-Louise is here played by Letitia Grant, Father Louis by Frank Moore, and Mathurin by Charles Miles. Our own postulants gave a beautiful performance of "The Secret of Mary" in honor of Mother Cecilia when she returned home in April from her visitation of our convents in the west.



—Photo, courtesy of Mary Productions

Fresh Flowers

Of Prayer every day!

If you enroll her in the
ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

Both the living and

the dead enrolled.

Usual Offering for Individual Perpetual Enrollment is \$10; for Individual Annual Enrollment, \$1; for Perpetual Enrollment of Entire Families, \$25.



Sister Supervisor, ACM
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana
Dear Sister:

Please enroll (Living)
..... (Deceased)
in the ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY and send me a Certificate of Perpetual
(Annual) Membership. I enclose an offering of \$.....
Name of Donor
Street
City Zone State