

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

June
1953

Volume 29

Number 7



Fascinating combination — a girl and a palomino. The girl here is Kitty Tennille, one of our converts of Elko, Nevada. A year ago Kitty reigned over the Silver State Stampede, a rodeo that attracts visitors from all over Nevada.



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

We Learn About God

Sister Mary Martin

"I WAS almost too tired to get started, Sister, but there is no living with Billy when he has to miss catechism on Tuesday."

This remark of a mother of one of our pre-school children is indicative of the zeal to be found on the four, five, and six-year-old level. Few of the children live within walking distance. That means that mother has to come along. Consequently, another sister conducts a study club for the mothers in an adjoining room. This class is equally enjoyed because of the eagerness of the mothers to review their religion and learn little methods and practices for imparting it to their children.

Catechism lessons and stories, singing, coloring, and visits to the Blessed Sacrament are part of the procedure in our pre-primer class. After hearing an explanation of the purpose of the sanctuary lamp, four-year-old Paul is thrilled to see it burning, and reports each week, "Jesus is home again, Sister."

Abstract ideas are soon reduced to the concrete by the imaginative five-year-old. After

I had presented the doctrine of the Trinity in its simplest form, I told the children that the Three Divine Persons are equal in all things . . . None is more important. None is older . . . "Sure," volunteered Judy, "They're just like twins!"

Just before Forty Hours' Devotion I told the little ones that when their mothers took them to church they should notice the large gold vessel called the monstrance. Enthusiasm was great when they returned for class the next week. "I saw it, Sister," said Joan. "It was right up on Father's big desk."

SOME of the mothers must hold younger children on their laps during the mothers' class, and others have duties that make attendance difficult. But as one mother said, "If I suggest that we pass up class this week, I soon find myself relenting under the pressure of a sermon from Marilyn which goes something like this: 'You know, Mother, we really ought to go to catechism. It's a good thing to do. We're learning about God and everything. And besides, if we don't go, I think He'll be disappointed in us.'"



While Sister Mary Martin teaches the pre-schoolers, Sister Justine conducts a study club for their mothers. — St. Francis Xavier parish, East Gary, Indiana.

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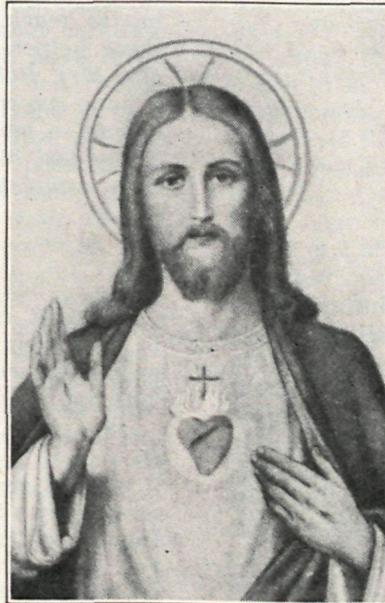
LET CHRIST REIGN

JUNE is the month of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. It would be an ideal time to enthrone the Sacred Heart in your home if you have not already done so. When Our Divine Lord revealed His Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary, He told her that He wished to reign over the homes of rich and poor alike, that He wanted to be received there as Friend and King.

The ceremony of the Enthronement has been earnestly recommended by the last four Popes and has been officially approved by many bishops throughout the world. Full particulars about the Enthronement and how it is to be carried out may be obtained by writing to the *Victory Noll Secretariate* here at our Motherhouse.

THANK YOU!

A HEARTFELT thank you and God bless you to all who have obtained new subscribers for us. While we cannot report that we have doubled our subscription list or that the increase has been in the thousands, yet the number of subscriptions we have received during the past few months has been impressive. Perhaps the time will come when we print so many magazines that we will have to give two evenings to assembling the copies instead of just one. (See page 9)



HINTERLAND

TO prove to us that they are working in America's Hinterland, our Kentucky Sisters write that they have Catholics who have never heard of bingo, much less played it. The altar society of one of their mountain missions celebrated its first birthday with a party. After the meeting they played bingo. For three or four of the women it was their first acquaintance with the game.

There is nothing backward about them when it comes to helping the church. Only ten women make up the group, but they were able to gather over \$400 to help finish their little chapel, and this in a place where poverty is the order of the day. The sisters report

that they hope to have electricity there soon. All that is needed is to clear a mile of underbrush for the right of way, and wire the chapel.

FOR CANADA

OUR Canadian subscribers will be glad to know that there will no longer be an extra charge on their magazine. Now that the Canadian dollar is valued higher than our own, there is no justification for a higher rate in Canada than in the United States. As noted in our masthead, then, the subscription price for the United States and Canada is one dollar a year.

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As I See It

Catherine Mattingly



THIS is being written through the eyes of a lay person and is directed to all who have ever taught catechism, are teaching now, or may teach it in the future. Never having taught children in my whole life this was more to me than just an old experience. I believe I was more frightened than the children on registration day. But now, toward the end of the year, I can report that it is a most gratifying experience, to say the least.

Los Alamos, the "Atomic City" is rather a secluded spot, sitting high up above the world. There is a great need here as in any other community, for the religious instruction of the children. The good Missionary Sisters from Santa Fe brave wind and storm and mountain roads to come to Los Alamos and bring God into the lives of our children. However, only two sisters are available for this work and since there are so many children, they need lay teachers to help them. Under the guidance of the sisters we try to teach in a way that will benefit the children not only for the present, but for the future as well.

We utilize all available space in Immaculate Heart of Mary church for our classes, putting the little ones in the "cry room," the First Communicants in the back of the church, and third graders in the basement. The older boys and girls have their instruction in the rectory club room. Because there are so many children taking instructions here on the Hill we have had to divide several of the classes to accommodate everyone. We have these classes on Mondays and Wednesdays. Even then it is a tight

Sister Bernadette, one of our sisters who teaches at Los Alamos, New Mexico, sent us the accompanying article with this explanation: "At the beginning of our school term we knew it would be impossible for two of us sisters to handle over 375 children from pre-first to eighth grade. All are dismissed at the same time and we have only small rooms in which to teach. We spoke to Father Schuler, the pastor, about getting lay teachers to help us, and he had no trouble at all in finding two lovely, capable young women who were willing to teach. Mrs. Mattingly, who is one of these helpers, certainly deserves much credit; also Mrs. Bakes, who teaches the third grade. I have never yet met two lay teachers who devote so much time to their classes. We certainly feel blessed by God for sending us two such unselfish, capable teachers."

squeeze; but the children are learning about God—right in His very house—learning how to save their immortal souls. And even though we are crowded, from our little room we can look out on the altar, and the children love that.

From my own experience I would advise anyone who has the opportunity to help out in this more than worthy cause to do so. When you are with your children, talking to them, teaching them, and even sometimes reprimanding them, you forget about your own troubles great or small, whatever the case might be. Your whole attention is drawn to your little group. You want to help them all you can, smooth over the humps when they forget part of their prayers, answer any and all their questions if it is within your power. After awhile each little child becomes as one of your own, even if it is for only one day a week. You look into innocent little faces and sparkling eyes. They are eager, happy, and enthusiastic, with more than their share of atomic energy. You feel like the mother hen and want to bring them close to you. You pray to Almighty God that they never lose their present sparkle and innocence.

Many times you will go home weary and even a bit discouraged because you feel that maybe you are failing somewhere along the way. It is a very, very great responsibility and you hope that the things you are teaching the children now may be stepping stones to the salvation of their souls, something that will remain imprinted on their memories for as long as they may live. Some days you are sure that you absolutely did not get a thing across

to them. They were too noisy, more interested in other things than in their religion class. Yet, for the most part you will find they do very, very well.

HAVING come from a fairly large city myself and having had the privilege of attending parochial schools, I believe I can safely say that I am one among many who took Catholic education for granted. Now, being a lay teacher, I can see the great need for these religious instructions for public school children, and I appreciate the great honor I have to be one to try, with the help of the good sisters, to bring these instructions to the children here at Los Alamos. It is not only because she receives so many graces and indulgences that a lay person should teach. There are many other advantages. One leaves behind a sense of her own importance and tries to grasp some of that sweet innocence from the children—the innocence long left behind us as adults. From my teaching experience I have become a little more patient than I was before. One must have patience and understanding if you are to help children. The little ones are sometimes slow, forgetful, and perhaps even very naughty. However, you must have patience, and if you do not have it when you begin to teach, you will have it before you are finished!

The sisters visit the parents of the children at regular intervals and are always anxious to help them in any little difficulty that may arise in the catechism instructions of their chil-

dren. Some children of course need special attention. With such a large group to teach it is almost an impossibility to give individual attention. Therefore, it is up to the parents to help their child. This, of course, should be the parents' first and foremost responsibility.

I like to think of people as vigil lights. When we are born, we are baptized and through this sacrament we become lovely white wax candles snuggled safely in our little vigil light. The flame of our candle is lighted and as we grow, the candle melts a bit. As I teach these little ones I pray the flames on their little candles will always be straight, without a flicker. If the flame should flicker and even go out along life's highway, we have the sacrament of penance to renew our love of God and light again our little candle. Let us hope that at the end of our life, whether short or long, we can look into our little vigil light and see a burned-out, but straight wick.

So if you ever have the chance to teach religion to children, young or old, take it. It's an inspiring experience. It will help you to help others to save their souls. What a wonderful joyous act on your part—giving up a little of what you think is valuable time to help mold a little soul to keep close to Almighty God, helping children to know, love, and serve God so that they may be happy with Him one day in heaven. And at the same time helping yourself climb up one more slippery rung to the ladder of your eternity.



Mrs. Mattingly with some of her little ones in the "cry room."



Stairways

Sister Mary Karl

“CLIMBIN’ up the golden stairs” ought to be an easy job for us. We have so much practice—at least at the *climbing*.

I used to think a stairway was a stairway, something you go up and down. I thought all stairways were alike. How much I have learned! Now I know that every stairway has a personality of its own. There are the humble stairs, the elite, those with an air of being glad to be of service; others are lazybones and just don’t care whether you go up or down them or not. And—well, let me tell you about a few stairways I know.

There is the pussy-foot kind with steps that feel only about three inches high. When you get to know them you can get along with them, but there is always an uncomfortable feeling that there is something wrong somewhere. Half-steps may be useful in music, but

I have no use for them in stairways. Fortunately I know only one stairway like this. Every Wednesday I climb its steps to ring the church bell informing the children of the neighborhood that catechism class will begin shortly. This church being rather large, there are sixty-two of these pint-size steps to negotiate. I learned to count in Spanish while going up and down. You *have* to do something while going step, step, step, one after another, yet feeling something like a squirrel in a cage going round and round without really getting anywhere. However, once the tower is reached and you start the bell pealing, you are rewarded. Looking down, down, down, out the tower window you see tiny figures ambling along, playing, tussling. The bell sounds, they look up as though they never heard such a thing before, then start off in a mad gallop toward the church door. Your class is assembling, and even the stairway seems benevolent as you go down: *cincuenta y uno, cincuenta y dos . . .*

Exactly the opposite is the stairway at Juan’s house. Next time I go I intend to hide a ruler in my visiting material, and check the size. I am curious about those steps. I have visited Juan’s house only once. Unlike the stairways in most of our tenements, this one is on the *inside* of the house. We had to inquire around before we found the apartment, and then a little boy downstairs showed us where it was. Whether he had called Juan’s mother before we followed him, or whether she heard the door open and came to the top of the stairs for that reason, I don’t know. But there she was, ready to welcome us.

and

Thinking this was an ordinary stairway, I began to climb. Then I realized that I should have brought an alpen-stock along. True, there were steps; but there was no hand rail. And each time I stepped up, I had the distinct impression that my knee was perilously close to my chin. Of course I kept on going; in the face of a waiting welcome, it would be impolite to stop for breath. But that is what I needed to do. I began to find myself winded, and to make matters worse, my unfortunate sense of humor came to the fore. For the last three steps I was struggling with an almost overpowering desire to laugh out loud at my ludicrous situation. *That* did not make breathing any easier!

Finally we reached the top, and fortu-

nately the lady had to lead us down a short hall and through the kitchen before we could settle down for our visit. By that time I had overcome the inner laughter and recovered enough breath to talk soberly about the object of our coming. We had made this visit because Juan had been missing from his First Communion classes. He had a valid excuse. Mama had had to take his asthmatic little sister, four, to the doctor for treatments, and Juan was the only one big enough to take care of the other little ones during her absence. She was interested, however, and decided she *would* arrange it somehow. She has been as good as her word. We learn in such visits to appreciate the hard work of good mothers. Often I find myself remembering in prayer this good woman, carrying the asthmatic little four-year-old up and down that forbidding stairway.

I KNOW another stairway like that too. The steps are not *quite* so high, but there are broken metal edges that reach out eagerly to catch your habit hem or mantle. The apartment we visited is just at the top of the steps, so after learning the predatory nature of this stairway, I used to warn my companion to wait



Stairways

for me at the bottom of the steps. I would go up and knock; if no one answered, as was usually the case (for this was a working mother, seldom at home), I descended slowly and carefully. If the lady were at home, my companion too had to take her chances and ascend!

Then stairways may be the occasion of minor adventures. Last week another sister and I started out blithely to take the census. We had stopped the day before at an upstairs doorway. Now we were headed for the next door, only to find, as we approached the stairway, two dogs playfully gamboling up and down. One ran away as we approached; the other settled himself at the top, sitting on his haunches, facing us. What to do? I am not particularly afraid of dogs, but I believe in the virtue of prudence. We had to get by that dog. I *had* to start at that *one* upstairs door if I wanted to keep my census records straight.

"Think I'll try it," I said.

"You go up," said my companion bravely, "and if you get up all right, I'll follow."

I gave her a look, and started up slowly. "This," I said to her out of the side of my mouth, not wanting the dog to hear, "will be the first time I have ever met a dog face-to-face. Up to now it's always been feet-to-feet."

Slowly I advanced, a step or two at a time, making pleasant remarks to the dog now and then to let him know that I was very friendly. He ignored me. Soon I found myself, as I expected, face-to-face with him. It was a rather trying moment. If he didn't do something, I would not have known what to do next. But he deigned to move his head to look at me in a bored way as if asking reproachfully why I had to come along and make him move. He wagged his tail feebly as though he hated to do it; then he got up and went away.

This is what that particular stairway led us to: a woman away from the sacraments twenty-seven years; a young couple married only by the law, who need the sacrament of matrimony; an old man and his wife away from the sacraments for thirty-two years; a baby needing baptism. Lend us your prayers and help us to help them too, to "climb de golden stairs."



It could have happened anywhere, but the license plate reads Michigan.

LAST Thursday Sister Gertrude Marie and I had a memorable experience. We were scheduled to take our lunch and spend the day in Blissfield, twenty miles distant, looking up children who had been missing their Saturday religious instructions.

First on our list was Armandita. She and her younger brother had been absent for several weeks. We stopped at a farmhouse to find out where the Jimenez family lived. A kindly young couple, most willing to help, gave us the directions. The road, they said, was graveled up to within forty rods of the house. From there we would have to walk, for the ground was too soft and slippery to drive over.

Forty rods did not sound far, so off we started, down a very lightly graveled, narrow road, a soggy plowed field on our right and a water-filled, ice-encrusted ditch on the left. One inch off, and the wheels would spin, so we carefully kept to the straight and narrow. After about two miles of this we reached a branch laid as a warning across the road and stopped. We could see the house, a block away, as town folks say.

When Sister stepped from the station wagon on her side, she sank into the soft mud. It almost covered the top of her rubbers. From there on, the going for her was especially rough, carrying about a pound of gluey mud on each of her numbers tens. I got a good dose, too, but not quite so much on number sixes. The situation, and we were afraid it was going to be a situation any minute, was so precarious that we were almost in hysterics, laughing heartily as we tried to jump from one less goeey spot to another. Finally, when only a short stretch stood between us and our goal, we almost gave up and turned back. It seemed an impossibility to continue with clothes and dignity intact.

Dead End

Sister Barbara

Then Armandita appeared on the scene. From the porch she observed our predicament and hurried over to help us. Evidently glad to see us, she could not conceal a trace of wonderment that we were where we were. Not forgetting to be courteous, however, she invited us to come into the house, mud and all. As we insisted on removing our overshoes, she dropped to her knees and helped us to relieve ourselves of a generous supply of mother earth along with our rubbers and galoshes. We entered the house and met Armandita's mother and the rest of her brothers and sisters. None of them had been able to get to school on account of the terrible roads. We had a nice visit with them, now understanding very well why they had not been attending class. Preparing to leave, I innocently inquired how Mr. Jimenez, their father, turned his car around to reach the main road. The one we drove in on came to a dead end at their house.

"Oh," Armandita smiled, "Papa does not turn around. He just backs and backs and backs, all the way."

AS we bade *adios*, put on our weighted footwear and started down the porch steps, she stood there, watching "to see how you get out." We made it safely back to the car and then our worries really began. We were *almost* stuck in the mud. By wriggling forward and backward awhile we at last got off to a slow and slippery start. We were a trifle nervous about our proximity to the ditch, and an ominous spinning of wheels made us wary of going off the other way as we traveled backward at a very cautious speed. Finally my neck was so strained from looking back that I could no longer see straight, so Sister Gertrude Marie suggested that I not look back at all but simply keep the car moving and she would keep her eyes on the road and give directions as necessary. The cooperative method worked fine.

"Your side." I steered ditchward.

"My side." Toward the field. And so on, very peacefully. Only one more bad moment; we had to edge around a parked car. It was close but we made it. At last we eased around the corner out to the main road, muddy and bumpy, but at least it was possible to go head first.

Around Victory Noll

BIGGEST event AROUND VICTORY NOLL the past few months was the celebration of the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom (Mass in the Eastern Rite) in our own chapel. The Rev. Hermes Kreilkamp, O.F.M.Cap., of St. Felix Friary, offered the Holy Sacrifice in the Byzantine Rite on the Feast of the Annunciation. Father Hermes studied in Rome at the Pontifical Oriental Institute, and has a licentiate in Oriental Ecclesiastical Studies. Father was ably assisted by Frater Lyle Peyovich, O.F.M. Cap. We were all aware of Frater Lyle's musical talents, but we appreciate them still more after hearing him sing the beautiful chants of the Eastern Liturgy.

Although a number of the sisters had assisted at the Divine Liturgy in Detroit, Gary, or Los Angeles, none of us had ever before received the Holy Eucharist under both species. At Holy Communion time Father stood just inside the open sanctuary gates holding the chalice containing the consecrated Hosts and the Precious Blood. We approached one by one and stood on the step to receive, with our hands crossed on our breast like the Easterners.

From the beginning to the end it was an unforgettable experience, and we are deeply grateful to Father Hermes for sharing with us the privilege that is his of celebrating the Divine Liturgy.

LAST year a friend of ours, a Jesuit, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. He is a missionary in India. When *Jesuit Missions* arrived, we noticed that there was an article about jubilees. Eagerly we turned to the page, expecting to read something about the celebrations. But what should we find but a two-page spread of pictures and sketches of the venerable Fathers and brothers who were celebrating their *golden*, and in a couple of cases, *diamond jubilees!* Not a word about our friend. In other words, silver jubilees are so common that little fuss is made over them.

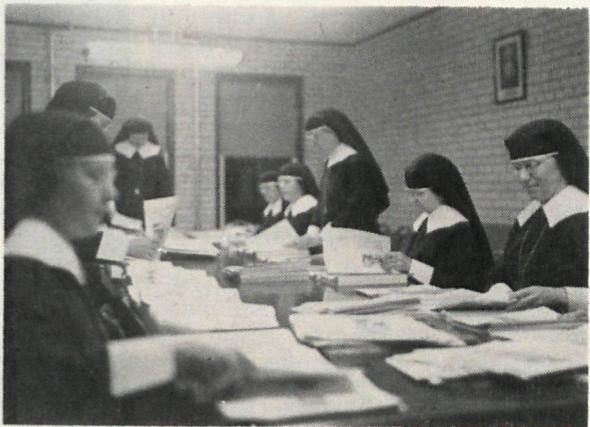
This is not so with us. With the community itself scarcely thirty years old, a silver jubilee is an event. This summer nineteen sisters will observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of their religious profession. This is the largest number we have had so far. Not bad for 1928, is it? The jubilarians are: Sister Mary Dorothy Schneider, Sister Mary Genrose Sullivan, Sister Guadalupe Vasquez, Sister Mary Salome Dorava, Sister Marguerite Srill, Sister Marion Drexler, Sister Mary Clare Leutenegger, Sister Martina

Martinez, Sister Emma Elizabeth Dietz, Sister Mary Eleanor Clements, Sister Mary Whitfield, Sister Margaret Campbell, Sister Mary Catherine Brohman, Sister Dorothy Leahy, Sister Mary Ann Seewaldt, Sister Mary Ida Kuntz, Sister Mary Agnes Rauschenbach, Sister Julia Marie Schmitt, and Sister Mary Angela Dickebohm.

PROFESSED sisters AROUND VICTORY NOLL are the minority. And rightly so, for we must keep as many as possible in the mission field. That is why the Victory Noll Sisters double up on some jobs—assembling THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, for instance. One evening a month everyone helps to put it together. Other than that, the printing, folding, stitching, and trimming of the magazine is all the work of one sister, Sister Agnes Marie. And in between magazines she is never out of work. There are always letterheads, envelopes, and other printing jobs waiting for her. Likewise the circulation "department" is one sister, Sister Therese Marie. And the editorial department? There isn't any; there's only an editor.

With the arrival of early summer we look forward to seeing many of our sisters whom we haven't seen for a year at least and some whom we haven't seen for many years. Most of them will not come to Victory Noll until the latter part of July, just before retreat, but special duties might bring a few of them earlier than that. Then there are the always-new summer thrills of retreat, reception, profession, and appointments, especially appointments. Every year new missions are opened, and these appointments are the most exciting ones.

Likewise there will be retreats and reunions in California, New Mexico, Texas, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado. These yearly get-togethers are but one of the many joys of the religious life. They make us realize with the Psalmist "how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." SEA



THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST assembly line.

In the Home Field

UNBURDENED

One First Communicant is just as important as 101. Billy Watson, Berea, Ky., renews his baptismal promises. The little girl with Sister Eleanor Marie is from Nevada.

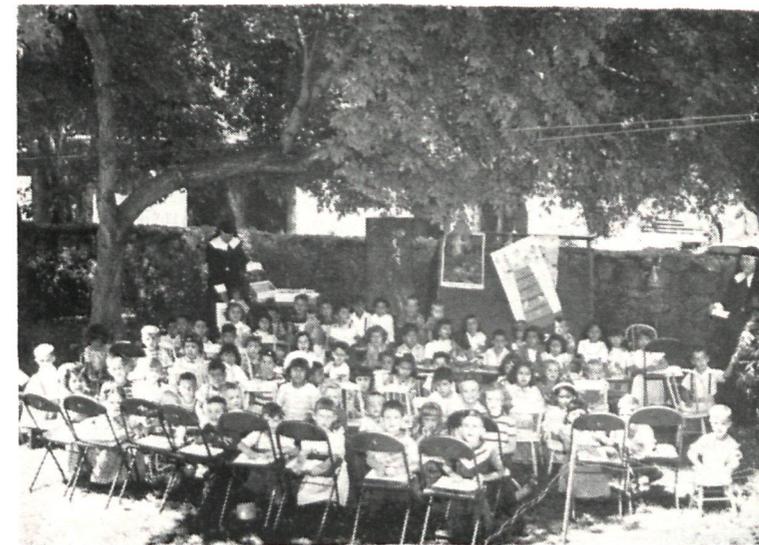


FUTURE CHURCH BUILDERS

On Sundays Sister Mary Rita and I teach at a little mission about twenty-two miles from Greeley. There is neither a Catholic church nor a hall in this little village of Windsor. Not long ago Father Casimiro Rocca, our assistant pastor, celebrated Mass in a private home on a Friday morning. All our children attended the Mass with their parents. Father preached a beautiful sermon in Spanish and advised them not to get discouraged, that some day perhaps they would have a little church of their own.

The following Sunday when we went there for our regular classes, the children were talking about the Mass and what Father had said. One of my little boys in the First Communion class brought me a postcard with a picture of a church in Corpus Christi, Texas. He said, "My daddy said that when he was a boy he helped to build this beautiful church. He says that if we were not blind now he would get all the men together and build one in this town. Boy, when I get big I am going to get all you fellows to help build a church. Will you all help me?"

Sister Carmelita
Greeley, Colorado



These children at Guadalupe Mission in Salt Lake City, enjoy their outdoor classroom during vacation school. The sisters are: Sister Roberta, left, and Sister Mary Mathilda.

Sister Estelle
Coachella, Calif.

ANGELS TREAD

Marguerite's little curls bobbed up and down as she clapped her hands. Marguerite was very happy. It was her first day at religious vacation school. Her tiny feet were a long way from the floor because the chair was much too high for her. But she didn't mind that.

We were teaching in the new parish hall while the workmen were still plastering the inside and outside of the building. There were no panes in the windows, and the noise outside was terrible. The cement mixer was going constantly. It was a test of the nerves, but to Marguerite and all the children everything seemed just right. They were happy.

The morning went by quickly. We prayed and sang hymns. Then we had class, recess, and project work. The last bell rang and it was time to leave. While I was gathering up my books and things, preparing to go home, I could not help but think of what Marguerite's mother had said when she brought her to class a few hours earlier.

"Sister," she said, "I don't think Marguerite will get anything out of class. She has not yet reached her fifth birthday, but I just couldn't keep her home. She begged me to let her come."

Then I began to wonder how much the tiny ones do get out of class and what goes on in their little minds.

The next morning came and Marguerite's mother was waiting to tell me how her little girl had entertained herself the afternoon before.

"Usually Marguerite spends her afternoons with her dolls in the back yard, but yesterday she was all alone on the front porch just talking away and enjoying herself immensely. 'Marguerite,' I said, 'what are you doing?' 'O Mama, I am talking to my guardian angel,' she told me. And just think, Sister, I said she wouldn't get anything out of class."

Marguerite waved goodbye to her mother and another morning of class started. I noticed, when the children sat down, that some of them did not sit all the way on their chairs. Soon they let me know the reason. "We are leaving room for our guardian angel, Sister."

And then I did not mind the noise outside.

Sister Mary Imelda
San Pierre, Indiana

ALL ARE INVITED

Children from eight of our teaching centers will make their First Communion together in St. Joseph's church. Among them are two Jewish children, two colored, one who is blind, and one deaf mute.

Sister Mary Mark
Ogden, Utah

UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE AGAIN?

The first grade had been working hard on the *Our Father*. Leroy was trying to graduate from the "forgive-us-our-trespases-against-us" stage. Finally one day he held up his hand and said, "Sister, I know it now." I nodded approvingly as Leroy correctly recited, "and forgive us our trespases as we forgive those who trespass against us." Then he triumphantly finished, "And lead us not into temptation, with liberty and justice for all!"

Sister Columba
Colorado Springs, Colo.



Children of St. Matthew's parish, South Bend, Indiana.

News Items About



**Your Christlike
alms have shining
wings
Which mount
to God: His
blessing
brings.**

ST. JOSEPH MISSION CLUB
(Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

THESE good ladies, whose President is Mrs. Mary Luke, began helping our Missionary Sisters in 1939. We are very grateful for their generous checks.

Last year around "Father's Day," the ladies wanted in addition to their usual contributions toward our missions to give some personal direct aid to the aged and sick in their immediate locality. With this in view, they baked pies and brought them to a local sanitarium. Then they served apple pie a la mode to thirty-four of these old people. Among the ladies who participated in the project, besides Mrs. Luke, were Margaret Zahn, Marie Brotherton, Georgianna Thompson, Bernice Wilbur and Harriet M. Pollard.

We know God has great rewards for their works of charity at home and in behalf of our mission fields.

ST. RAYMOND BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

WE believe it is quite well known that this is a Band composed chiefly of young mothers with small children, headed by Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan. The care of their children and household duties keep them very busy, but not too busy to meet once a month in the interest of poor children in the missions cared for by our sisters. A generous check always follows these meetings.

We were amused at one of Mrs. Quinlan's letters from which we quote a paragraph: "I just finished getting the last of the Indians to bed and asleep. That last drink of water is stretched out as long as possible, and Mary always has to tell me a real important secret before she dozes off."

The last count was 37 little ones, all under eleven years of age, among ten little mothers, with three more bundles from Heaven expected within a short time. God bless them all!

ST. JOSEPH BAND NO 2 (Chicago, Ill.)

MONTHLY meetings followed by monthly checks sent to Victory Noll is the established order observed by St. Joseph Band No. 2, of which Mrs. Aloysia Naumes is the Promoter. We appreciate these regularly offerings more than we can say. We recall that these checks kept coming last year even during the hot months of the summer. Mrs. Naumes loses a percentage of her members during the winter months when some of the ladies in her Band migrate to Florida. However, some of these have become long distance "contributing members" and the others seem to make bigger gift offerings so the checks received are always of a gratifying size. God bless these good workers.



—
**May the Sacred
Heart of
Jesus be
praised in all
homes!**
—

ST. GEORGE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THIS Band was organized many years ago by good Father George Lescher, deceased. The members bestowed on him the title of Spiritual Director, with a standing invitation to all their meetings. Father Lescher attended many of them until ill health prevented. Upon Father's death, the group decided to invite another priest to serve in that capacity and Father Bernard Scheid of St. Veronica's Parish now holds the title and attends the meetings. The group appreciates Father's cooperation.

A letter from the Promoter, Mrs. Ita Walters, contained the following information: "I raised the dues from fifty cents to one dollar. This should make a difference in our contributions. We also play cards and a certain percent goes into a kitty for the Catechists. Some nights the Catechists do much better than the players."

Our Associates

ST. JUDE MISSION CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)

SOMETIMES the Promoter, Mrs. C. J. Fiala, gets a bit discouraged when very few ladies turn up on meeting days, due to illness in their families or other unavoidable causes, but her devotion and confidence in our Blessed Mother are great and do not go unrewarded. Once during the past six months an earnest plea to our Heavenly Mother just before a meeting brought eleven "regulars" and a new member! So her motto is "try and try again."

In a recent letter, Mrs. Fiala reported the death of Mrs. Julia Mathieu, who had been a faithful member of St. Jude Mission Club for eighteen years! Kindly remember her in your prayers for the faithful departed.

DOLORES MISSION BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THE members of this Band were happy to have their sister (Sister Mary John) with them last summer. In a letter following the meeting at which Sister was present, the Promoter Mrs. Anna Klingel wrote us as follows: "We all enjoyed Sister's visit so much. When we heard of all the difficulties they have, we were ready to work a little bit harder."

Mrs. Klingel does not write us often, but she makes up for her infrequent messages by sending us a big, fat check—usually close to one hundred dollars—on these occasions. Some of the money comes from the treasury and some of it results from card parties given by the different members.

JUANITA CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)

THE passing years have brought great changes in the membership of Juanita Club, headed by Mrs. Marie Phelan, but the members are unwilling to disband for they know the amount of good that their offerings accomplish in the missions. A short little note from the Promoter written after the first of the year shows the difficulties the group has met with in its struggle for continued existence. In it Marie told us of one member who had moved to New York State, of another who had died, of a third who had resigned, and of still another who was inactive. However, she still has hopes of increasing the membership. Are any of our South Side Chicago subscribers interested in joining the Band?

You may not see
just where your
money goes,

But the Record-
ing Angel surely
knows.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

MARCH 19, 1953 TO APRIL 16, 1953

Adrian Club, Chicago, Ill., Florence Dietz	\$25.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Mary C. Gibbons	28.00
Christ the King Band, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien	85.00
Florentine Mission Band, St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Anna Luechtefeld	15.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz	20.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	32.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Betty Accomando	6.00
Little Flower Mission Club, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	40.00
Martinettes, Cincinnati, O., Carole Niklas	2.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Regina Lammert	5.00
Our Lady of Fatima Group, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	12.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wis., Helen Arens	75.00
St. Anne Band, Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Robt. Schrimpf	30.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Geo. Deininger	5.00
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. James O'Brien	20.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	11.50
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke	25.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	13.00
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	35.00
St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Eva M. Dugan	16.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Potter	42.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Marie Egermier	5.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Mrs. Frances Schuette	125.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Noreen Lopez	11.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. Janet McCormick	5.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	5.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	17.50
Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati, Eleanor Hanekamp	3.00
Via Matris Band, Chicago, Anna Aldworth	15.00

Pray Brethren

Sister Mary Millicent

Illustrations by Sister Marie

"SISTER, will you find time to help my altar boys while you are here?" asked the pastor very hopefully the day we arrived to begin our two-week summer school in a small, off-the-highway town.



"Certainly, Father," I replied.

"I have only two of them, Ernesto and Federico. They don't know very much Latin, although they do seem to know the movements around the altar pretty well. As you know, it is pretty hard to find time for such things in these out-missions."

Yes, we knew. The great distances to these west Texas towns; the constant demands on the priest for baptisms, confessions, marriages, etc.; to say nothing of this particular priest's numerous convert instructions on the days he made trips to his various out-missions. It was indeed time-taking. Besides, many families must go away to work and take their boys with them. So naturally altar boys in these small out-missions could not get the needed amount of instruction.

"Teach the Latin prayers to them," was the pastor's parting advice.

Then we began summer school. Oh yes, Ernesto and Federico were there in the class for older children—interested and attentive, but real boys just the same. After class that morning we set a time for their instructions. They came. For an hour or so they drilled on the Latin phrases, and much to my astonishment, went home that first day knowing over half of the Mass prayers.

"It's really marvelous!" I exclaimed to my companion that evening. "Who ever heard of altar boys learning over half of the Mass prayers all in one sitting!"

"Do you think they'll be able to say them for Mass next Wednesday?" she asked casually.

"In two days? Well, at the rate they are going they certainly ought to be able to."

Wednesday came. But Ernesto went. And so did some of my pride. It is true that the boys had learned the rest of the Mass prayers

pretty well, but when Ernesto's father told us on Tuesday that they had to leave immediately to work in the harvest, it left Federico alone to serve in the sanctuary—tongue-tied.

"They seem to know the movements around the altar pretty well" kept going through my mind as I watched Federico. Ah, if the pastor could only see his altar boy as we did from the pews. But the pastor's back was devoutly turned! Federico galloped into the sanctuary—late—with cowboy attire emitting from the top and bottom of his ritualistic clothes. The impression he gave was that he had come in from a distant ranch on horseback and was still dizzy from the ride. It is true that Federico changed the missal from the epistle side to the gospel side at the right time, but he mounted the steps as a cowboy mounts a horse. And his genuflections! How they hurt! It was very painful to watch him go down, and still more so to wait hopefully for him to rise again.



After much signalling from the long-suffering celebrant he galloped over for wine and water. By that time I was so distracted I decided to bury my nose in my missal. Why should I see any more mistakes to correct when there were so many stacked up already! The only other blunder I noticed that Wednesday morning (and that only because I was taken un-awares, for I was deliberately trying not to see any more) came toward the end of the Mass. Father was finishing the prayers at the foot of the altar with Federico kneeling on his left beside him. Suddenly Federico must have recalled his duty of handing the biretta to the priest just before leaving the sanctuary. But the biretta was on the step to the right of Father. In a flash he would have it. To my horror, he reached *in front of Father*, then lost his balance and went sprawling on the altar steps. The kneeling priest lent him a helping hand, and he, to reward the charity, handed Father the all-but-smashed biretta.

DURING the week or so that followed, Federico won my most sincere admiration. No, not that he learned to be one bit more graceful—he will probably retain his awkward-

ness for many a day—but for his heroic humility. It takes real virtue for a twelve-year-old boy to go through what he went through—walking around slowly, having other boys younger than he mock his genuflections, and constantly showing his unabashed efforts to “get it right.”

The final day of summer school proved to be a climax for Federico’s antics. At Mass that morning he seemed to have improved considerably. All went well, including the responses, until he sat down for the sermon. He looked a bit confused. Halfway through a beautiful discourse on the Holy Eucharist, Federico rose from his seat, left the sanctuary by way of the main gate, and galloped down the middle aisle. There was a long pause in the sermon. It was a good thing, for no one was listening anyway. All eyes were on Federico. Right up to my side he galloped.



“Sister,” he said in a loud stage-whisper for the benefit of all who were listening, and all were, “when did you tell me to say the *Suscipiat*? What does Father say just before I answer?”

After a struggle to conceal my laughter and embarrassment, what did I answer? Why, it was the same thing I am going to say now: “*Orate fratres.*”

Orate fratres. Pray, brethren, that my sacrifices and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty . . . Yes, pray that God may accept our little sacrifices that we offer, along with the great Sacrifice of Our Lord Himself in the Mass. Training altar boys to assist at this sublime function can often be very amusing; yet it is just another small portion of the sacrifice that a Missionary Sister makes of herself to God.

True Devotion to Mary

THE older we get, the more we realize the truth of the gospel assurance that we are “unprofitable servants.” How little we have to offer in the form of precious spiritual goods. Looking back, it seems as if all we ever have are desires, resolutions, and beginnings, constant beginnings. The little good we accomplish, we achieve in spite of ourselves. It is the work of Someone Else, Someone working through us, using us as mere instruments.

Isn’t this enough to bring about discouragement? Not if we practice the True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother. This is only one of its many wonderful spiritual fruits.

By the True Devotion we give ourselves completely to Mary, our body, soul, possessions, both exterior and interior, and even the value of all our good actions. We leave to Our Blessed Mother the right to dispose of us according to her good pleasure, for the honor and glory of God. We do not simply place ourselves under the protection of Our Lady. We give ourselves to her forever.

Our Blessed Mother, not to be outdone in generosity, enhances our meager spiritual offerings. She makes fruitful what would otherwise be barren. We leave to her the disposal of our good actions, and you may be sure that she uses them for the greatest glory of God.

The True Devotion to Mary is a living thing. It is living a new life. What we give is nothing to what we receive. What we consider troubles now will be as nothing when we give ourselves completely to Our Blessed Mother. She will smooth the way, will show us how foolish we are to fret and worry. If we really try to live in total dependence upon her, we will live in absolute conformity with the holy will of God, abandoning ourselves to Him through Mary. And this is sanctity.

For those who practice the True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother according to the teaching of St. Louis de Montfort, there is the Confraternity of Our Lady Queen of All Hearts. It is not necessary to join the confraternity, but it is well to do so, and very helpful in view of all the indulgences that can be gained. The confraternity is spread throughout the world, with headquarters in five different locations in the United States alone, one of them being at Victory Noll. If you would like to know more about the confraternity or about the True Devotion, write to:

Sister Secretary, C.M.Q.H.
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana



Mary's Loyal

DONA RAE GREENWALD AND HER DAD

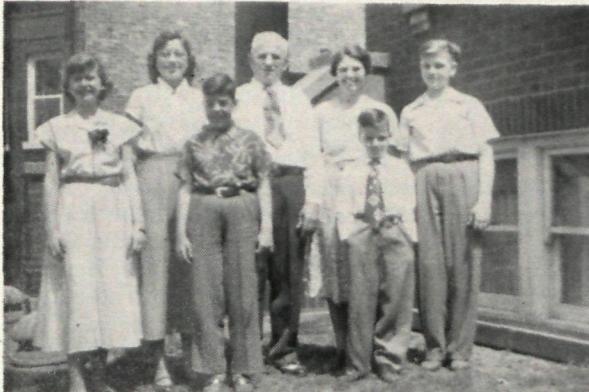
Dear Loyal Helpers:

It has become the custom in the United States to observe the third Sunday of June as *Father's Day*. Too often Dad is "the forgotten man"; too often he is regarded by the members of the family as a sort of useful commodity, a kind of money machine to turn to when you need new clothes, books, the price of a ticket to the movie, or a dish of ice cream when it's hot.

What to do about showing your appreciation for all that Dad has done for you? Well, he may not be so enthusiastic about a box of chocolates or a spray of flowers as your mother was on Mother's Day, but you can bet he'll appreciate a *spiritual bouquet* just as much as she did. So offer the Mass at which you assist and your Holy Communion on Father's Day for your Dad, asking our Blessed Lord to reward him for all the loving care he has given you and the rest of the family. Pray that abundant graces and blessings be his in time, and life everlasting in the world to come.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

SOUTHARD FAMILY CELEBRATE THEIR
DAD'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY



Reading from left to right in the above picture are Barbara Southard 14, Mary 16, Martin 10, Mr. Southard, Mrs. Southard, George 7 and Paul 13, all of Chicago, Illinois. The picture is at least one year old so you will have to add 1 to each of the children's ages. All of these boys and girls have been very good mission workers. George and Martin each sent a dollar recently which they had saved in their Sunshine Bags. Their mother is a member of St. Jude Mission Club.



It is easily seen that our Helper, Dona Rae Greenwald of Chicago, Illinois is mighty proud of her Dad. This picture was taken about two years ago and we hope Dona will forgive us for holding it so long before printing it. Her mother belongs to Les Petites Fleurs Mission Band.

Dear Sister:

I've been busy with regents and preparation for graduation. I made out pretty good in regents. Tomorrow is the big day—graduation! We go to 9 o'clock Mass and then at 3 P.M. receive our diplomas. We are wearing maroon caps and gowns with white tassels. I got my corsage today, too. It consists of red roses and white sweet peas. My brother came home on a furlough, so he will be present at my graduation.

We went to Caroga Lake two weeks ago and had a lot of fun. It rained a little, but still we enjoyed the day.

I will keep you in my prayers so that you may have help from God in carrying on your missionary work.

Carol Ciulik, Amsterdam, New York
Sunshine Secretary's comment: Although Helper Carol wrote this letter a year ago and she has been a high school student during the past year, we think it makes nice reading for June.

Helpers Page



We are pleased to present the Seventh Graders of St. Leo School, Irvington, New Jersey who call themselves the "Semper Fidelis (Always Faithful) Mission Club" in honor of their teacher, Sister Mary Fidelis, S.S.N.D. During the past few months they made it a mission project to collect around 10,000 cancelled postage stamps to aid our Missionary Sisters. Among the stamps were the more valuable commemorative and foreign stamps. All were carefully sorted and labeled. We are proud of these mission helpers.

JUNE PUZZLE (Patron Saints of Boys)

BELOW we have scrambled the names of eight "men" saints whose feasts occur this month. They are well-known names—the kind that the boys who sit alongside of you in the classroom have. A Catholic calendar or your missal will help you find the correctly spelled names more quickly. Number your answers and send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary* for a holy card.

1. BERROT, 2. HNOJ, 3. YOSSILUA, 4. ALUP, 5. HONNATY, 6. TREEP, 7. MILIAWL, 8. TRONBRE.

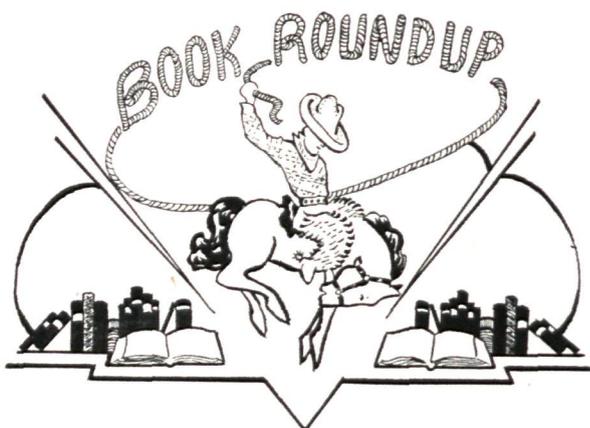
Dear Sister:

I have emptied my piggy bank and am sending the full dime card for the Missions. Please send me another dime card. Thanking you, I am one of your Helpers.

Barry Hurlburt, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Comment: The above letter was neatly printed by one of our "Littlest" Helpers. He is six years old and in the first grade.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLE

1. Catfish, 2. dogfish, 3. starfish, 4. sunfish, 5. swordfish, 6. devilfish, 7. goldfish, 8. flying fish.



THE BETTER PART by Theodore Maynard;
The Macmillan Company, New York; \$3.50.

Most readers will, no doubt, like Teresa Demjanovich's college friends, not be attracted to her in the beginning, but will be drawn more and more toward her as the story of her life unfolds under the skilled pen of Theodore Maynard. Teresa, while she had great intellectual gifts, was not physically attractive nor did she have the qualities of one who makes friends easily.

Sister Miriam Teresa, as she was known in religion, was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, March 26, 1901, the youngest daughter of Alexander and Johanna Demjanovich, Ruthenian immigrants. The family belonged to the Eastern Rite. After an uneventful girlhood in a somewhat European home atmosphere, Teresa made a brilliant scholastic record at the College of St. Elizabeth, Convent, New Jersey. In 1925 she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity whose motherhouse shares the St. Elizabeth campus. After only a little more than two years of religious life she died on May 8, 1927. The formal process for her beatification was begun in 1945.

From early childhood Teresa had lived in close union with God, although she had no formal spiritual director until she came under the guidance of Father Benedict Bradley, O.S.B., in the novitiate. Father Benedict recognized in her a chosen soul and led her along the path of perfection. He commissioned Teresa to write the weekly conferences which he then delivered to the community as if they were his own. Only after her death did the sisters learn who was the real author. These conferences were published in 1928 under the title "Greater Perfection." Their excellence was quickly recognized and the book has had a wide circulation.

Sister Miriam Teresa suffered intensely from misunderstandings, especially on the part of the novice mistress. The mistress was of the opinion that Teresa was a misfit in an "active" community and that she should have been a Carmelite. Teresa herself was convinced that her mission was to show that the active life, in order to be fruitful, must be

accompanied by contemplation. To say that St. Vincent de' Paul wished his daughters only to be "simple, pious souls" is an oversimplification, it seems to me. On the contrary, he often warned them that **because** they had no cloister except the public streets, no enclosure but obedience, etc., they must live very close to God. That is the interpretation of St. Vincent's conferences that our own Reverend Founder gave us, and he is a close student of the saint.

It might occur to the reader that Dr. Maynard intrudes himself quite a bit in "The Better Part." Certainly he does so more than in his other biographies, but it is almost inevitable. After all, Teresa is a very different person from Mother Cabrini, St. Philip Neri, Bishop Brute, or any of his other subjects. At times I found myself wondering whom I admired more—Teresa or her biographer whose erudition and spirituality are so evident. He would be the first to disclaim the latter quality, but it would be impossible for him to write so brilliantly of a person like Sister Miriam Teresa if it were otherwise. Dr. Maynard is scrupulously objective, so much so that he says he will be lucky if it is not thought that he has done the spade-work for the devil's advocate. Quite the contrary; and besides, it looks as if the devil's advocate will have plenty of help without needing any from Teresa's biographer.

Memoriam

In your charity pray for our departed:

Margaret Rauschenbach, Laporte, Ind., mother
of Sister Mary Agnes, O.L.V.M.
Very Rev. Aloysius Kippels, C.S.S.R., Chicago
Rev. Alphonse A. LeMay, Cedar City, Utah
Pauline Bien, Detroit
Mary Daskoske
Jiggs Plucineck
Joseph Devin
Anna Baca
Joseph Merkle, Chicago
Elizabeth Vanden Bush, Green Bay, Wis.
George Miller, Louisville, Ky.
Julia Mathieu, ACM, Chicago
Katherine Closs, ACM, Fort Wayne
Jennie Wilke, Racine, Wis.
Agnes Corrigan, Kansas City, Mo.
Clotilde Paymal, Altadena, Calif.
Theresa Mazuchowski, Detroit
Peter Scola, Cincinnati
Mary Pearl Wathen, Fresno, Calif.
Mary Martin, Buffalo, N. Y.
George F. Massey, Lake Geneva, Wis.
Samuel Max, Detroit
Joseph McLoughlin, Central Falls, R. I.
Anna Fresch, Milwaukee
John F. Ryan, Oak Park, Ill.
Augustine Reid, Hammond, Ind.
Ervin Larkin, Detroit
Bertha Struck, Burlington, Iowa

Mission Magic

Sister Marie

FRANK MEYER chuckled to himself as he lit his favorite pipe and sank into his cosy armchair. He was recalling the looks of astonishment on the faces of the audience who had been watching his magician's show an hour or so before. "They just don't know the secret," he grinned to himself as he fingered the 50-cent piece that he had "taken" from a lady's purse, another woman's hat, and from a little boy's pocket. "And the rope stunt," he thought, "that always amuses me!"

A lazy curl of smoke climbed ceiling-ward as he turned to the table beside the chair to discover a letter in the familiar handwriting of his daughter, Sister Frances.

Eagerly, he sought her latest news. A pathetic paragraph found echo in his magnanimous heart. ". . . and Dad, not only was the church itself poor, but I noticed as we put things away in the sacristy after Mass, that the chalice is very old and worn. It is hardly fitting to contain the Precious Blood."

Frank Meyer was on his feet in an instant, phonebook in hand. He dialed the phone number of a fellow Knight of Columbus in St. Bernard, Ohio. "Jack," he came to the point immediately, "I just had a letter from my daughter. She knows a place in New Mexico where they need a chalice. Remember our conversation at the last meeting?"

"Sure, Frank," came the reply, "and the chalice arrived yesterday. When can you call for it? By the way, this idea of having a chalice donated as a "living memorial" of a deceased member is wonderful! I wish more people were aware of it!"

Early the next day, the chalice was on its way to Sister Frances for the needy mission, but the good work did not stop here. Chalices have followed Sister Frances to California to whatever poor mission she has found to be in need.

FRANK MEYER is vehement when he stresses the beautiful practicality of remembering deceased members, not only of the Knights of Columbus, but also of families, in this wonderful way! It is a daily reminder to Him who is the Fountain and Source of all graces as He descends into the confines of the gold-lined "memorial" and offers Himself again and again to



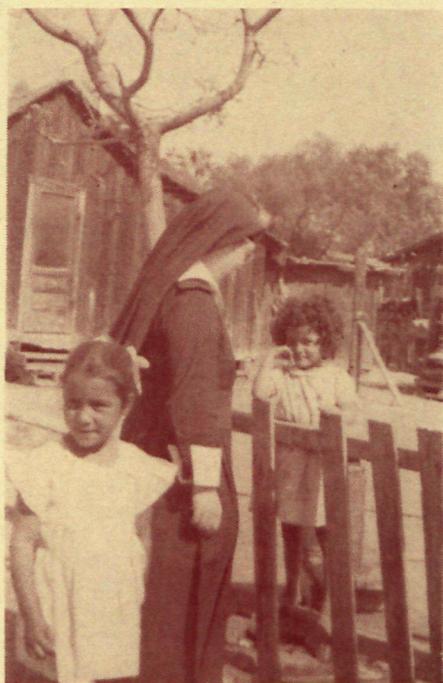
Our sisters in Ontario, California, made and photographed this artistic arrangement. Near their convent, below the San Bernardino mountains, are the world's largest vineyards. From the thousands of acres of grapes is made the purest altar wine. It is sent out to all parts of the world to be consecrated and offered to our Heavenly Father in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

the Eternal Father for all souls and for the soul in whose memory the chalice was donated.

But the story really does not end here. In fact, it does not end. It is still going on. One would think our "magician" has real powers at times. To poor priests who plead for necessary materials and church equipment, he says, "Don't happen to have a set of Stations of the Cross this week, Father, but I'll send them to you as soon as I get them." And the priest can be assured that he will receive the answer to his petition within a couple of weeks. Mr. Meyer's attic is a store room . . . a cross-roads, as it were, where cast-offs which are still usable are sent to missions all over the world as well as here in our own country. Vestments, altar linens, statuary, altar equipment, and many other articles of use in churches and missions have found their way into grateful hands simply because Mr. Meyer is doing his part to help spread the faith.

More eager to take a coin from your ear, or from behind your elbow, than to talk about his wonderful accomplishments in this work of assisting poor priests and missionaries, Frank Meyer continues to entertain you with a merry twinkle in his eyes, but at the same time, those eyes are always on the look-out for an opportunity to answer in a tangible way, the generous question, "What can I do to help?"

There is a satisfaction



in knowing you are doing **IMPORTANT** things, and when those **IMPORTANT** things are for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, that satisfaction becomes a great joy which erases from the memory any sacrifice that **DOING** entails. Our **2500 CLUB** is doing **IMPORTANT** things for God and for souls . It is helping the sisters in their work of reclaiming the souls that have wandered from the true fold, bringing to others the light of faith, and instructing in Christian Doctrine children attending public schools.

Read what some members say:

Dear Sisters

We wouldn't miss the privilege, ever, of belonging to your 2500 Club, and hasten to renew our membership. Enclosed is a check for \$24 to cover next year's dues. Thank you ever so much for your precious prayers !

M. G. D. and daughter H.

Dear Sisters

My husband and I wish to help you in your mission work. Enclosed is \$1 for one month in the 2500 Club. The work you are doing is very dear to our hearts. I once lived in a mission area of Oklahoma and I know the hardships the good priests and sisters endure in mission areas.

We wish to offer our small contribution to your work in thanksgiving to Almighty God for past favors and blessings and for His blessing and protection in the future for ourselves and our home.

We are sure that God will help us to be able to continue our monthly dues in the 2500 Club for He knows the wonderful work you sisters are doing. May God bless you and provide many vocations to your community, also many generous benefactors so that you may be able to extend your labors to other needy areas.

We enjoy the **Missionary Catechist** very much and hope you will keep it just as it is now.

Sincerely
Mr. and Mrs. L. S.

You too can taste the joy of doing **IMPORTANT** things for God.

Application for a year's membership in the 2500 Club

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sisters

I will try to send \$1 each month for the support of the sisters. I understand that this promise does not bind me in any way and that I am free to stop at any time.

Name

Street

City Zone State