

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

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September  
1953

Volume 29

Number 9



All over America boys and girls, from kindergarten through high school, will start back to their religion classes this month. Sister Rita Marie is showing a confession chart to these children from Christ the King parish, San Bernardino, California.



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

# Three R's Plus

*Sister Francesca*



Smiling eagerly, Philip finds his favorite story in Treasure Chest. He is taking a peek before the rest of the third graders are released from school to form their line.

READING, 'riting, and 'rithmetic are not the sum total of the school day for these children. Although the dismissal bell has rung, they know that this particular school day is not yet complete. It is catechism day for the Catholic children of this public school. Their fourth R, religion, the most important subject of all, has yet to be studied before they can go home and call it a day.

One hour a week is not much time to instill the saving truths of our Holy Faith into young minds already filled with the many distractions of a busy day behind them. One hour—to mould hearts and wills to the love of God and the practice of His laws! One hour — to eradicate false ideas and ideals gleaned from everyday living in a materialistic world! And yet, the problem of fulfilling such a task is the challenge that must be met by every Missionary Sister in

the field. She, probably more than anyone else, realizes the obstacles to such an undertaking; but, more than this, she knows that she is not working alone. The Divine Teacher is ever active, ever present. He is the principal Teacher in every class. He it is who speaks and acts through His willing handmaid. How well every Missionary Sister knows that she is merely the instrument through which He deigns to work His miracles of grace in souls.

And so it is that one meager hour a week takes on new zest; for is it not an hour charged with the power of divine aid!

The worth of such an hour ends not with sixty minutes, but lengthens into the never-ending hour of eternity.



John shares Philip's delight until it is time to march to class.

# The Missionary Catechist

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## PROUD MAP

It was a proud map that appeared on the first page of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for August, 1928. Two new states were being added to the field of work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Until this time the sisters had been confined to Indiana and New Mexico. Now they were going into the Texas Panhandle and into the San Joaquin Valley in California.

West Texas is in the Diocese of Amarillo. Of our foundation twenty-five years ago and the sisters' work there through the years, Father Bottoms, present Chancellor of the Diocese, has written in this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Our first convent in California was located at Dos Palos in the Diocese of Monterey-Fresno. It was moved the following year to Los Banos, and Dos Palos was taken care of from there. Several years later a convent was established in Tulare, and in 1934 in Monterey. From these three centers the sisters now reach thousands of children. Shortly after they arrived in Dos Palos, the sisters reported that there were between sixty and seventy high school students in that small town who were supposed to be Catholics, had been baptized, but had never made their First Communion. In the months that followed they were to find this same situation multiplied over and over.

These two foundations in 1928 were but the beginning of many in their respective states. Today Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters staff fourteen convents in California and nine in Texas, with the tenth being opened this month at Eagle Pass in the Archdiocese of San Antonio.

And now, twenty-five years later, we are again adding two new states to our map—Wyoming and Massachusetts. Wyoming borders on Utah and Colorado where we have had convents for a number of years, but this is our first venture into New England. West Harwich, where we shall be located, is the "elbow" of Cape Cod and is in the Fall River Diocese. We can now

truly say that our fifty-eight convents are from coast to coast and from Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

## QUICK RESULTS

A FEW months ago we published an appeal in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for a great many back copies of *American Ecclesiastical Review*. It was, as we said at the time, a large order, and we must confess that we were not very hopeful about having it filled. At best we thought maybe a few missing numbers might trickle in. Imagine our surprise and delight when we received all that we wanted, plus a few more for good measure.

We are deeply grateful to the Salvatorian Fathers of Mother of the Savior Seminary in Blackwood, New Jersey, and especially to Brother Herman Hann, S.D.S., who read of our need and was responsible for sending the copies for our library.

Now who says it doesn't pay to advertise in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST?

## MERCY AND HOPE

THERE is something very peaceful and comforting about the liturgy of the Sundays after Pentecost. On the Sundays in September this year we ask God's mercy over and over again, but the dominant note is hope. It is as children of our Heavenly Father that we beg His mercy, with the firm conviction that He will pardon us.

"Save Thy servant, O my God, that trusteth in Thee; have mercy on me, O Lord, for I have cried to Thee all day." So sings the Psalmist in the Introit of the first Sunday of the month, a song that is echoed each succeeding week until it culminates in the strong cry of the Church for the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost: "In Thy tender mercy, direct our hearts, we beseech Thee, O Lord, because without Thee we are not able to please Thee."

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

# Twenty-five Years in the Diocese of Amarillo

A. M. Bottoms

*Father Bottoms is Chancellor of the Diocese of Amarillo*

THE Diocese of Amarillo was erected as a diocese by Pope Pius XI on August 25, 1926. Almost a year from that date, Bishop Rudolph A. Gerkin came to Amarillo as the first bishop. He found a vast, thinly populated area of approximately 73,000 square miles, extending from the northernmost border of Texas southward almost to the Rio Grande—a distance of over five hundred miles. One of the most pressing problems facing the new bishop was sup-

plying the spiritual needs of the large Spanish-American population — a problem made doubly difficult because of the frequent moving around of these people.

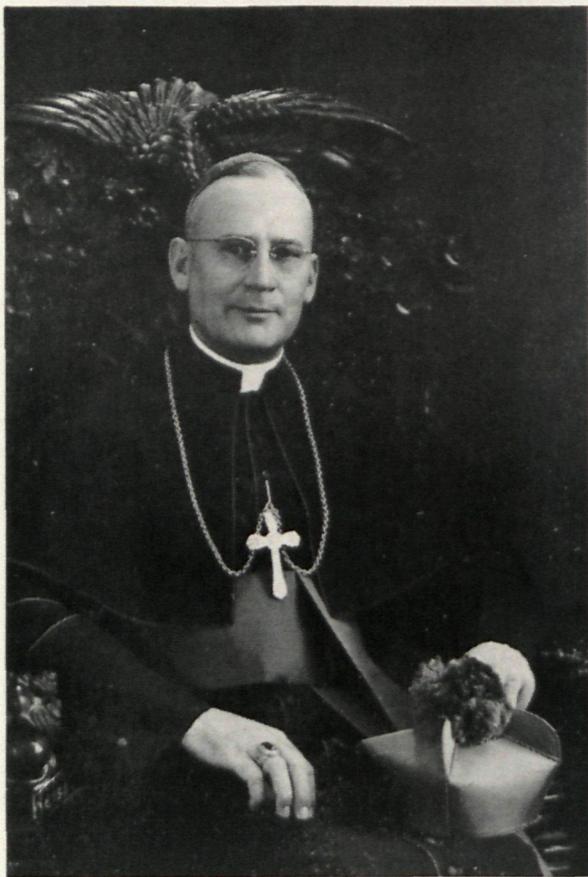
In answer to Bishop Gerken's prayers, he received a letter from Father J. J. Sigstein, founder and spiritual director of the Society of Missionary Catechists. Father Sigstein wrote, in July of 1927:

Realizing how much you are in need of workers in the vast mission field under your jurisdiction, we would like very much to assist you by supplying bands of zealous catechists for the destitute mission districts of your diocese.

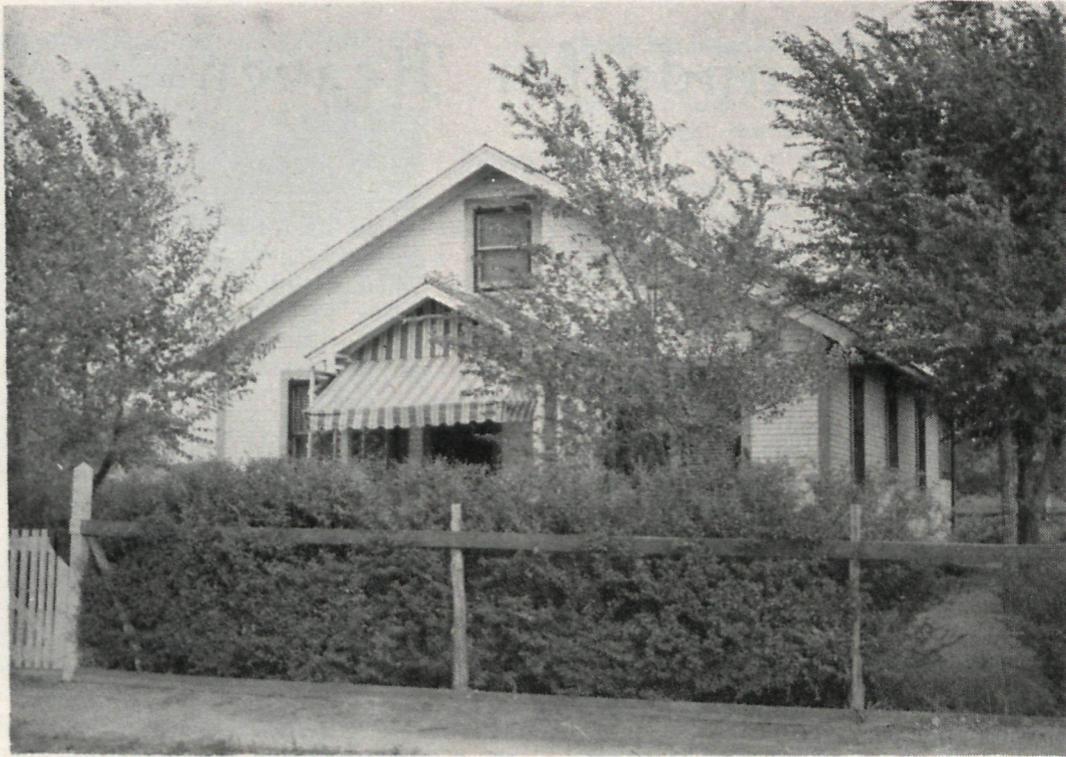
Bishop Gerken was naturally overjoyed, and immediately set about making the necessary arrangements with Father Sigstein. The first thought was of San Angelo since it had the highest percentage of Spanish-American population. On October 22, 1927, Bishop Gerken wrote a formal letter requesting the sisters to come to the Diocese of Amarillo. This letter was published in the November, 1927, issue of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*, under the heading, "Missionary Catechists Called to the Diocese of Amarillo."

It was some months, however, before all the details could be arranged. Finally it was decided to make the first center at Lubbock; the need for sisters there was great, and Lubbock was not so far from the community's other centers in New Mexico. A house was built in Lubbock next to St. Joseph's Church, and the sisters arrived in September, 1928, with Catechist Sullivan (now Sister Mary Genrose) as the first superior.

The unselfish and persevering work of the sisters in Lubbock and its missions has been, over the past twenty five years, one of the greatest factors in the preservation of the faith



**Most Rev. Laurence J. FitzSimon, D.D.**  
**Bishop of Amarillo**



**The Sisters' Convent at Lubbock looks very different now from the way it looked twenty-five years ago. Then there was not a blade of grass, not a tree or shrub in the whole neighborhood.**

among the Spanish-Americans. While the sisters work among other racial groups as well, by far the greatest amount of work has been spent among the Spanish speaking. Over the course of these years, their work has gradually been expanded until at the present time the Missionary Sisters have regular missions not only in Lubbock itself, but in three adjoining parishes.

Meanwhile, Bishop Gerken was transferred to the Santa Fe Archdiocese in 1933. The new bishop, the Most Rev. Robert E. Lucey, was equally zealous in promoting the work of the Missionary Catechists. Bishop Lucey immediately opened negotiations with Father Sigstein to establish a center in San Angelo, some two hundred miles south of Lubbock. Father visited Bishop Lucey in November, 1934, and after surveying the area, promised to send sisters for San Angelo. Thus, in September of 1935, a center for the Missionary Catechists was opened in San Angelo. The Missionary Sisters have worked with the Franciscan Fathers in supplying the spiritual needs of the many missions taken care of from San Angelo.

Bishop Lucey was transferred to San Antonio in 1941. His successor was the Most Rev. Laurence J. FitzSimon, still the Ordinary of the

Diocese of Amarillo. Under Bishop FitzSimon's urgings, the Missionary Catechists established a third center in Big Spring, a city about half-way between Lubbock and San Angelo. The first sisters at the new center came in September, 1944. For a number of years, the sisters from San Angelo had been traveling to Big Spring each week to work that territory.

The Missionary Catechists, now the Missionary Sisters, have labored in all three areas with great zeal, filling a void in the missionary field which could not be taken care of by the priests. During the summer months, the sisters forsake their regular missions to conduct summer vacation schools. The only complaint against the good sisters is that they cannot be in two places at one time!

The Diocese of Amarillo has grown swiftly in the last twenty-five years. The Catholic population has trebled, and the number of parishes increased four-fold. It is perhaps noteworthy that each of the three bishops of the Diocese of Amarillo has succeeded in bringing about the establishment of a new catechist center; for each bishop was keenly aware of the splendid work done by the Missionary Sisters, and has done all in his power to further their work.

# Hounds for Heaven

Sister Estelle

MY companion, Sister Mary Monica, sighed, "It sure is hard to find some of these children."

"Yes," I agreed, "you have to be something of an F.B.I. agent or a Royal Mountie."

Our conversation was punctuated by the varied bumps, jolts, and rattles of our 1940 Plymouth. Our faithful car gets us around the vast countryside which is our territory of Mecca. Some of the children live eighteen miles from the school and are picked up at various points by the school buses.

"Gardens of the Setting Sun." "Gardens of Mecca Guest Ranch." Such legends as these that we see along the highway lend enchantment to our Wednesday afternoon child hunts. It gives us the feeling that we have suddenly been transported to the land of Aladdin and the Arabian Nights. The countryside is dotted with palm gardens and here and there the All-American Canal winds through the desert. Lately many ranchers have taken to raising cotton, and now cotton ranks with the production of dates in our Coachella Valley. The coming of the canal has opened vast opportunities for farming because of the year-round growing season. The population of the Valley is increasing daily.

"Oh! Look! There is the school bus. Let's follow it and maybe we will find Maria's home."

Did you ever follow a school bus? Such wandering notions it takes. In and out; up and down; back and around; over the bumpiest roads the bumpiest; the dustiest roads the dustiest; to forsaken spots the forsakenest; the school bus goes with its load of precious children.

Once we followed the bus up a narrow, dusty road when it turned in the wrong direction for us. Dis-

appointed, we started to turn around by driving into a little opening between some tumble weeds. Then we stopped with a jolt. Directly in front of us loomed the huge yellow bus which had gone to a ranch house and returned by a circular drive. Nothing left for us to do but back out fast.

By now, no doubt, you are puzzling, "Why don't they ask the children where they live?" A sample or two will show you why.

"Jack, where do you live?"

"Over there."

"How do you get there?"

"Well! It's like this. You go until you see two gas stations. Well! Don't go between them. (Highway 195 to us). Go the other road till you see another road that goes like this. Sister, do you have a piece of chalk?"

I provide the chalk. Jack illustrates.

"Here's the two gas stations. Well! Don't go between them. Go on this road until you see a big bush."

"What kind of bush?"

"Oh, a big one! Turn this way." He is sure I am following him. "Go until you come to an irrigation control. (All roads have them). Turn and go until you see a big tree." (They are rare on the desert).



Shifting desert sands are fascinating, but can make trouble for a driver, as our "Desert Sisters" well know.



**"Where do you live, Jack?"**

"Is that where you live?"

"No, Sister, you go till you see . . ."

"Stop, Jack," I say at this point, my head going around. "We'll never find it that way."

We ask directions at the filling station. They are more vague, not even mentioning the trees and irrigation ditches. We try the post-office, but with no success because everyone has a box at the station. There is no rural delivery.

Maybe a girl can do better.

"Where do you live, Joan?"

"Over there."

"Where is that?"

"On Highway 99."

"Where on Highway 99?"

"By the bunch of trees."

"What kind of trees?"

"I don't know, but I know they are trees."

Where do we go from here? We follow the school bus. Each week we rejoice because we find one more family in this unique way.

One family we visited lived in a sea of cotton. As far as eye could reach stretched the green and white plants. Mused my companion, "I wonder how it feels to live here when the caterpillars come."

"Why?" I asked, a newcomer at the time. Now I know, for the caterpillars have come: little fur coats wrinkling down the highway, up the steps, over the yards. Everywhere you look you can see the fuzzy caterpillars.

ONE Wednesday we had a really exciting adventure. At least it was to us. After driving about ten miles on a road which we believed to be the right one we were stopped by a huge mound of earth stretching across the path as far as we could see on both sides of the road. The perfectly good road had suddenly come to an end. We got out of the car to see what we could see. We climbed up on the embankment and saw that this was indeed the end of the road. About two hundred yards away a man was working so we decided to ask him what it would be best to do. We started to walk in the ankle deep sand. As we drew near he called out, "I bet somebody is stuck."

"No, we're not stuck."

"You are lost then."

"No, we are not lost. We want to go over to that little mountain."

"Well, you'll have to turn around. Whatever you do, don't come up here. You'll never make it."

We plodded back to our faithful car.

"It's too sandy to turn right here on the road. I'll direct you until we reach a better spot," offered Sister Mary Monica.

We were so busy trying to turn around that we did not see a red truck coming down the road until it was almost upon us. The driver shouted, "Don't turn around. You'll never get out of that sand once you get into it."

"What would you suggest that we do?" I asked.

"Drive up that embankment. Turn sharply left and go ahead."

"But the other man said not to come up there, that we would never make it."

"I don't guarantee you anything if you get stuck in this sand. It is very treacherous. If you get stuck up there I will be behind you and maybe I can push you out."

My heart stood still as I put the engine in first and started up four feet of loosely packed sand. The *Memorare* tumbled out as our wheels spun around and threw up a huge cloud of fine dust. After much churning of wheels and racing of engine we arrived at the top where we made the sharp turn to avoid the irrigation canal.

"Keep going! Keep going!" cried Sister Mary Monica. "You'll never get out if you stop."

We crawled along in second past the working man who raised his hand in salute and called, "Keep it up!"

After two miles of that loose dirt we reached something like solid ground. The red truck had followed us all the way and the driver grinned as we drove on with a wave of the hand. We did not dare to stop. He will always be in our prayers.

# Back to School

THIS month the Missionary Sisters go back to school. Going back to school for them does not mean going into a well-equipped classroom to teach. It means teaching religion, the most important and most fascinating of subjects, but it does not mean that classes are always held under ideal conditions.



The sisters' own convent often provides teaching quarters. Here Sister Jerome conducts a class in the sisters' dining room at Grove Hill, Alabama, while through the open doorway we can glimpse another class in progress.

Some times the janitor or the person responsible for the key to the church or hall in an out-mission forgets it is catechism day. When the class finds itself locked out, there is nothing left to do but make the best of it by having catechism outdoors. That's what happened to Sister Mary Veronica and her class at Perris, California.



More and more bishops and priests are doing their utmost to provide desirable teaching facilities. In Cheyenne, Wyoming, for instance, where Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters will open a new convent this month, a fine catechetical center was erected during the past year. In other missions, too, the parishes have erected buildings for the teaching of catechism. Some might be very unpretentious, but still the sisters and pupils have a roof over their heads and benches to sit on.

Still, in many places, before classes can start, the sisters will have to go house hunting or garage hunting or even back yard hunting. In many instances non-Catholics permit classes to be held on their property.

In cities where religion classes are held on a released time basis, it is absolutely necessary to find a place within reasonable distance from school. If the classes are released at the last period, the children do not have to return to school, and then the distance between school building and religion center is not of such great importance. But where the classes are staggered, the classrooms must be close enough to school so that precious time is not lost going and coming. When there is nothing more available than someone's garage, then that is where the sisters have to teach.



Here is Sister Mary Karl with a class in El Paso, Texas. Somebody's porch is always a good classroom in fair weather.



All the wondrous things in this garage look as if they might distract the boys from their class. Yet they seem to be listening attentively to Sister Barbara Ann, their teacher.

And so it is that when religion classes resume this month, there will be some odd teaching centers, but what is taught will be the most sublime, the most necessary of all subjects — the purpose of our life here on earth and the relations that must exist between man and his Creator.

The good pastor in Tulare, California, purchased several no-longer-used public schools to provide classrooms for the children of his parish. The smiles on the faces of these children show how happy they are to have their very own classrooms.

Not so happy were the sisters in another mission when they discovered that their catechism buildings were being used as motels by night. Food, blankets, and other articles indicated that the classrooms were being used for a purpose very different from their original one!





CONVERSION OF THE "LITTLE GUY"

Ernesto and the "little guy" are happily on their way to *doctrina*. But it was not so from the beginning! Ernesto had been faithful in coming to class since school re-opened in September. Then, one day in January, after the second term had begun, he met Sister and said, "I can't come today. I have to take the little guy home." Sister remonstrated. "Take him to class. He should be going with the other little ones." But the little guy was adamant in his refusal. He wanted nothing to do with *doctrina*, or anybody or anything connected with it!

After this happened the second time, Sister decided it was time to win the little guy over to the right side and restore Ernesto to his proper standing in his own class. She smiled especially for Joe. She talked especially to Joe. She went directly to Joe when school was dismissed. She prayed especially for Joe! The little guy held out for four weeks. Then one day, he announced, "*Voy a doctrina.*" O happy day! Sister walked with Joe and introduced him to the lay teacher. But the victory was not complete. The following week, Joe came again and more than that, brought another "little guy" with him! A real conversion!

Sister Noreen  
San Antonio, Texas

# In the Home Field

## DAD'S CHOICE

It was the beginning of the school year, and as usual we were urging the children to subscribe to the *Messengers* and to such publications as *Topix*, *Treasure Chest*, *Mine*, etc. A boy came up to me and said, "Sister, I want *Treasure Chest*." Thinking that the *Junior Messenger* would be of more help to him in learning his catechism lessons, I tried to get him to change his choice unless, of course, he could get both. "But, Sister," he said, "it's my *dad* who wants *Treasure Chest*."

Sister M. Frances Therese  
Winnemucca, Nevada

## ANGEL OF GOD . . .

Little Elisa's prayer must be very pleasing to her Guardian Angel. It goes like this:

"O Angel of God, my darling dear . . ."

Sister Carol  
El Paso, Texas

## REQUIREMENTS

An old answer ever new always brings a hearty laugh. I was instructing a private pupil for the sacrament of Confirmation. This is how she filled in the blank at the end of the sentence. "To receive the sacrament of Confirmation worthily it is necessary to be in the state of *California*."

Sister Alice Marie  
San Fernando, Calif.



Too bad Sister Bernarda and Andy didn't share their joke with us. It must be very funny.—Santa Paula, Calif.

## LINDA'S READY ANSWER

As yet we have not organized a pre-school class. However, when we took the census at Linda's house, this five-year-old coaxed until she was allowed to join the group of first, second, and third graders. Linda was made to understand that she could attend class only on condition that she could sit still for an hour. Sitting still was no problem, but keeping still was. Repeatedly she spoke up, to the amusement of her grown-up six to eight-year-old companions.

During the story of the finding of Jesus in the temple, I asked, "Why did Jesus go home right away when Mary asked Him?" I received the reply, "Because that is what God wanted Him to do." I expected a similar answer to my next question, "Why were the doctors glad to let Jesus go with Mary and St. Joseph?" Linda, however, had another reason: "Because they knew His mother wasn't going to spank Him."

Sister Ruth Anthony  
Union City, Pa.

**Sister:** Where did God give the Ten Commandments to Moses?

**Pupil:** God gave the Ten Commandments to Moses on Mount Rushmore.

## SCOTTISH RITE, MAYBE

Now we've heard everything. When we ordered the daily paper, we were listed as the *Masonic Sisters*.

Sister Hildegarde  
Las Vegas, New Mexico

## STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN!

Two of us were driving to La Verne after dropping off a third sister at San Dimas to teach. As we neared the railroad tracks we noticed that several cars had stopped and the drivers were looking up and down the tracks for the oncoming Santa Fe. A bell was ringing lustily so naturally they expected a train. We knew better and sailed across the intersection, no doubt much to the confusion and amazement of the occupants of the waiting cars. For us the bell only meant that the San Dimas children were being summoned to catechism class.

Sister Florence  
Azusa, California

## ESCAPEE!

It was a review the first and second graders were having on the fall of the angels. I asked them if they remembered what happened to the bad angels who sinned.

"Yes, Sister, they were put into hell."

"What are those bad angels called?"

"The bad angels are called devils."

"How long will they have to stay in hell?"

"Forever."

"Will they ever get out of hell?"

"No, Sister, they are still there, and they can never get out."

At this point one little hand started to wave frantically.

"Yes, Gerald, what is it?"

"Sister, one of the devils got out!"

"He did! What makes you think so?" From the conviction in his voice, I knew he must have a good reason for thinking so.

"Well, Sister, that one that got into the snake and told Adam and Eve to disobey God must have got out!"

Sister Gertrude Marie  
Ida, Michigan

## SCHOOL BOAT

At Boca Grande we have the children on released time and we send them back to school in time to get the school boat. Yes, *boat*, not *bus*, for a number of the children live on other islands.

Sister Eugenia  
Punta Gorda, Florida



Nothing delights Grandma so much as to have the Sisters visit her. Sister Mary Lawrence (left) and Sister Mary Consuelo are her visitors this time.—Brawley, Calif.



**Unfold the tables,  
Set up the chairs,  
A game of cards will  
Chase all your cares.**

**MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS (Chicago, Ill.)**

**A**S president of a parish branch (St. Kilian's) of the Ladies Catholic Benevolent Association, Mrs. Earl Keegan, Promoter of "Mothers & Daughters" Band has been able to route donations our way for the aid of our mission work. Mrs. Keegan has been instrumental in getting quite a number of perpetual enrollments in the *Associate Catechists of Mary* for deceased members of the LCBA, besides the voluntary offerings of the members of her Band.

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

**T**HE last meeting before summer vacations, of this Band headed by Miss May Walsh, was held at the Club for Catholic Women. Miss Margaret Cox, one of the members who lives there was hostess for the evening. Another member, Miss Mary Cothral, has been added to the group. Miss Cox had pictures to show of the First Mass of her nephew, recently ordained, and afterwards served refreshments in the snack bar of the Club.

At present, Miss Walsh has been taking in the Novena tour to Seattle, Portland, Vancouver and California. Before leaving she sent us scapular medals which she had mounted for distribution.

**UPSILON CHAPTER, PI EPSILON KAPPA (LaPorte, Indiana)**

**T**HIS group, *Upsilon Chapter*, represents the Catholic members in a local sorority. For the current year, Mrs. Irene Murray is President. The ladies sponsor our Sister Mary Agnes, also of LaPorte, and contribute toward her Guardian Angel Burse.

# News Items About

**ST. ANNE BAND (Milwaukee, Wis.)**

**A** LETTER from the Promoter, Mrs. Robert Schrimpf, contained "moving events"—six members had changed addresses during the previous year! There was an increase in the infant population, too. Five members had had new babies.

Although regular meetings were necessarily rendered a little difficult, the Band members are trying to keep their dues paid up and Sister Anne Therese, whom they sponsor, supplied with scapulars, Sacred Heart Badges and other articles needed at her mission center. The two grandmothers, Mrs. John Plum and Mrs. Frank Schrimpf, were especially helpful in this regard.



**Raising money for the Missions? Tell US how!**

**OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND (Huntington, Ind.)**

**T**HIS group started out purely as a study club, but at the suggestion of Mrs. Dan Herzog they began making voluntary offerings at their meetings for the aid of our sisters. Dues money was augmented by "paper sales," so that their annual contribution exceeded \$50 last year. It goes to show what a small group with a lot of zeal can do.

**ST. ROSE BAND (Marshfield, Wis.)**

**T**HE above-named Wisconsin Band sponsors two of our sisters! One of these is Sister Adelle, located this past year at Santa Paula, California, and the other is Sister Adriana, located at Santa Fe, New Mexico. The ladies try to augment their dues money through rummage and bake sales.

In charge of the Band is Mrs. John Huebl, while Mrs. Ray Flagel is corresponding secretary.

# Our Associates

## OUR FT. WAYNE MISSION SOCIETIES

*St. Jude's.* According to our records there are at present eleven Bands comprised in the group known as *St. Jude Mission Society*. There is one card playing group among them, Holy Trinity Band. The others simply pay dues without meetings. We were very glad to get a check for \$133 in the Spring, representing amounts collected by *Mrs. Fred Potthoff* who is President of all the Bands.

An annual project of these ladies is to make and collect toys for the colored children at the Holy Family Center in their city. They devote much time and effort to it and we know they will be richly rewarded by God for their charity.

*St. Mary's.* This Society operates along the lines of *St. Jude's*. It is composed of ten Bands, with *Mrs. Augusta Hake* as President of all of them. We understand there are two card playing groups: *St. Anne's Band*, headed by *Mrs. George Deininger*, and *St. Clara Band*, headed by *Mrs. William F. Ryan*. The other Bands pay dues without meetings. We were greatly pleased to get a check for \$181 from the Promoter in the late Spring.

*Mrs. Hake* is to be commended for her efforts to get new members. I think at least ten have been added to the roster recently.

*St. Patrick's.* This group consists of Sodality members who pay dues. *Miss Catherine E. McGill* is secretary for these Associates.



When  
THE WELL IS DRY  
YOU KNOW THE  
WORTH OF WATER

PLEASE share  
Mission news!  
Our wellspring  
of ideas is dry!

### ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

May 22, 1953 to July 2, 1953

Bl. Martin Band, Lewiston, Minn., Mrs. Irene Lehman .....	\$ 27.00
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Mary Gibbons .....	35.60

If you would have  
your spirits soar,  
Then aid the poor  
as ne'er before.



Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. J. Butler .....	19.00
Community Mission Group, Louisville, Ohio, Mrs. E. Evard .....	15.00
Dolores Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Klingel .....	101.75
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Jos. Walz .....	16.50
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary Nye .....	100.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. McGovern .....	28.00
Little Flower Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch .....	50.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, Carole Niklas .....	2.00
Mary, Queen of our Hearts, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky .....	5.00
Mothers' Club, Chicago, Mrs. L. Picchietti .....	6.00
Mother, Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. A. J. Lammert .....	10.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	10.00
Sacred Heart Mission Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. S. Albanese .....	100.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Geo. Deininger .....	5.75
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. Julia O'Brien .....	20.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Ann Igel .....	15.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke .....	18.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh .....	11.50
St. John Mission Guild, Chicago Mrs. A. Bechtold .....	30.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes .....	49.75
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....	20.00
St. Jude Mission Soc., Fort Wayne, Mrs. F. Potthoff .....	8.50
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Hammer	37.80
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Marie Egermier .....	120.00
St. Mary Sod. Band, Detroit, Ann Huhn .....	33.00
St. Michael Guild, Palos Hts., Ill., Mrs. Janet McCormick .....	5.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. N. Lopez .....	16.50
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. J. Burch	19.50
Seven Dolours Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. Jno. Murphy .....	15.00
Srillians Mission Club, Cincinnati, Eleanor Hanekamp .....	100.00

# Gilbert's Problem

Sister Marie Celeste

"SISTER," pleaded sixteen-year-old Gilbert, "will you come to my house after class and talk to my mother? I keep telling her that I have to have my baptism certificate and she keeps telling me she will get it, but she doesn't do it."

Gilbert had been most faithful all year at religion class. He came of his own accord one day and asked if he could be in the class, for he had not as yet made his First Communion nor been confirmed. Even though he was now almost six feet tall, he did not feel that he was too big to be in the confirmation class.

In class Gilbert was most attentive, asked intelligent questions, recited his prayers and lessons earnestly. Hidden under his ungainly outward appearance were manly qualities. He had a strong desire for the sacraments and for a deeper knowledge of God. Lent came and the class was reminded of the little sacrifices they could make. Gilbert was stern with himself in the strict abstinence from candy and shows during the holy season.

Now the time was drawing near when the bishop was to come to administer the sacrament of confirmation. Each candidate of course had to present his baptism certificate. Two weeks before the date set for the ceremony all the boys and girls had brought their certificates, that is, all except Gilbert. We reminded him over and over again, but each time he only said, "I'll bring it next time, Sister!" The last few times we spoke of it, he seemed discouraged, but promised faithfully to bring the certificate the following week. Today, with a worried expression on his face, he had stayed after class and asked if we would come to his house and speak to his mother.

We had been to Gilbert's house a number of times before to see about the younger children who should be attending religious instructions. The mother had been—not exactly unfriendly, but somewhat shy; not indifferent, but somewhat helpless in the management of the family's religious training. We always had to talk to her in the doorway, for she never invited us to come in. This day, however, when my companion and I reached the house with Gilbert, we were invited to come inside. It was Gilbert himself who gave us the invitation. The mother had just brought in a big wash from the lines and had most of it neatly folded. Now she

stood sorting the socks and rolling them in pairs, laying aside the ones to be mended.

"Mama," the boy said, "the sisters have come to see my baptismal certificate."

"Yes, Mrs. Gonzales, it is necessary for him to have his certificate. If you do not have it, you can easily get it from the church where Gilbert was baptized."

Without a word in reply the mother continued to roll the socks—Gilbert's and Johnnie's, Henry's and Jessie's, Mary's and Josie's, and on down the list of nine to the baby of six months.

"Mother," Gilbert tried again, "will you get it from the church for me?" She only half smiled and continued her work. The boy pleaded again.



One of the greatest joys of the Missionary Sisters is to prepare older children for the sacraments. Like Gilbert in the story these two boys were in their teens when they received Our Lord for the first time. This is their First Communion picture.

"Mother, will you please tell Sister where it is?"

"In church," she said.

"But which church?" he asked.

"If you tell us which church," I suggested, "maybe we can help you to get it.

Again there was silence. Gilbert's dark face grew long and sad. A thought came to him, and in a voice choked with emotion he asked, "Mother, am I baptized?"

There was a pause. Then the answer came. "No," and the mother looked at her boy with eyes filled with grief and pity.

Gilbert rose from his chair. His face had become ashen. He looked as if he had been crushed. "O Mama, I am not baptized!" Tears came to his eyes and he pulled a big red handkerchief from his pocket as he walked slowly into the other room.

WHEN he was gone the mother told her story.

She had married when very young. Just after the marriage her husband turned against the Church. He beat her when she went to Mass and when she prayed. He threatened to kill her if she had the babies baptized. She was much younger than he and was very much afraid of him. So the first three children were deprived of the saving waters of baptism. As the years passed and he did not change, she determined that the younger ones would receive the sacrament. Secretly she took the six younger children to church for baptism.

While the mother was telling her story calmly, but with tears in her eyes, one by one the little ones entered the room and sat quietly on the sofa. Their big eyes expressed their wonderment, their fear, their pity for their older brother who wept bitterly in the next room.

Again there was silence and Gilbert returned to the room. After we spoke of the mercy and goodness of God, the wonderful power of His grace and the great need of the holy sacraments, the mother acknowledged that though she herself had had but little instruction, she knew that she was not being fair to Gilbert, but she did not know what to do. Now she seemed relieved. The time and the way had come when she could make it known to her son that he was not yet a child of God. She turned to him and said, "Son, you are old enough now. You will not have to ask your father. Go to the priest and make the arrangements for your baptism as soon as possible. Nothing will make me happier."

We assured him that we would do all in our power to help him. We left the house sorrowful for the mother, happy and hopeful for Gilbert and the little ones, and with a prayer in our hearts for the conversion of the father and the two older children.

That evening Gilbert went to the rectory and arranged to be baptized the following Saturday. Sunday he received Our Lord for the first time, and on the following Sunday he was confirmed. Since the day of his First Communion Gilbert has been a weekly communicant and an example to his companions, as well as a consolation to those who instructed him.

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The proof reader surely must have been napping when she put 23,000 Navajo Indian boys and girls into the Intermountain Indian School instead of 2,300. The mistake was made in the caption under the picture of the school on page six in the July-August issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

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Holy Redeemer College  
Oakland, California

Queen of the Missions Convent  
Redlands, California

Dear Sisters:

Some fifteen years ago I was one of those little Mexican boys you teach daily. I don't remember the names of the Sisters that taught me, because all I remember calling them is Catechist. I wish I could remember their names. They would be very happy to know that I am a religious.

It is with thanks that I write, a thank you, Sisters, for the religious training you gave me while I was just a little Mexican barefooted boy. I say with an ache in my heart that my family was too poor to send me to a Catholic school, but with joy I say I was taught by the Catechists. With still greater joy I say that it was a Catechist who showed me how to pray the rosary. I was eighteen and in the San Bernardino County hospital when the Catechists visited me and asked me if I wanted a rosary. They also gave me a booklet on the rosary. On that hospital bed I learned to pray the rosary daily; it was the beginning of my religious vocation.

I was taught at Christ the King parish in San Bernardino from about 1935 to 1940. I was David R. Luna. I am now Brother Peter of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. I have not forgotten the Sisters and will always remember you in my prayers. Pray for me.

Yours in Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and Alphonsus,

Brother Peter, C.S.S.R.

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*A letter like this gives us a real lift and makes everything worthwhile. It isn't everyone who takes the time to write a word of appreciation. Brother Peter graciously gave us permission to publish his letter. He will make his perpetual vows next year. We hope that our readers will remember him in their prayers.*



**Gone the days  
Of our vacation,  
Turn we now  
To education.**

**Happy school  
days and —  
don't forget  
the Missions!**

*Dear Loyal Helpers:*

**S**HORTLY after you receive this magazine, school will have begun for most of you. Some will be walking to school on the city's pavements and others will be riding along on yellow school buses.

Your *Sunshine Secretary* was day-dreaming recently about her own school days, at least a generation removed from yours. She had three very different school phases. Most of the time school was reached on the sidewalks of a big city, but there were two years spent in the country before the era of school buses. At no time during her life in the country was she lucky enough to live near the school-house. The first year it was a hike of one mile and five eighths, and the second it was still a good mile. In spite of our long walk on country roads which at best were graveled not paved, a good time was had by all. From one farm-house to another the group would get a little bigger on the way to school because other children would fall in, and on the way home it was the reverse—the crowd got smaller as the children fell out at their homes. The girls carried pretty wicker lunch baskets and the boys carried sturdier ones or else just small metal pails which served the purpose very well and were less easily broken.

During the mild, beautiful days of autumn or spring we ate our lunch at noon on the grounds. Sometimes girls would pair off under the canopy of forest trees and spread their lunch together on an old tree stump. We enjoyed nibbling at the other's lunch which, of course, always tasted better than our own.

Finally *Sunshine Secretary's* high school days were spent as a boarder in a girls' academy

# Mary's Loyal

and these were the happiest of all. So you see she *did* have a combination pattern of experiences which may have been a little different from the average.

*Mary-ly yours,*  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

## MIDDLETOWN (R. I.) HELPER

In the accompanying picture is *Anna Silvia*, now a senior at Rogers High School, in Middletown, Rhode Island. Anna has been a Loyal Helper for four years, and in all that time has not forgotten her daily Hail Mary for our Missionary Sisters. A while back when her father was ill, our Helper worked to help out with the financial needs at home. For that reason you may be sure her dollar offerings meant a real sacrifice. We are happy to say that Anna's father is well again.



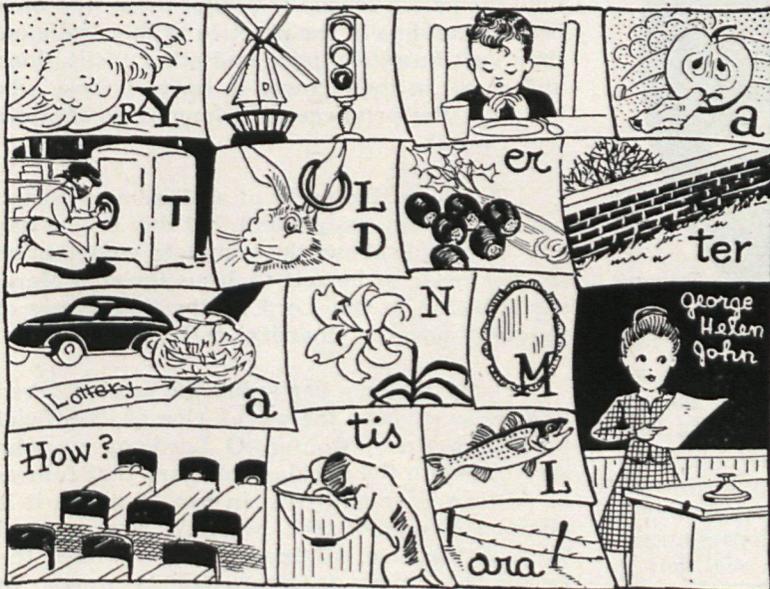
## CHICAGO HELPER



Several years ago *Barbara Grzeslo* whose picture is shown here sent us a snapshot when she was a grade school pupil. During the interval she has grown up and is now a sophomore in Lourdes High School in her city. She is one of Sister Teresita's younger sisters. Sister belongs to our Order, and has been missioned in Brawley, California. Barbara has always been a faithful contributor to our missionary work. Once she talked her entire class into taking up a collection for us.

# Helpers Page

## September Rebus Puzzle



The school bell has summoned the children to school. The teacher is about to call the roll. See if you can help her with the names. Send your worked puzzle to **SUNSHINE SECRETARY** at Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card.

GRIFFITH (IND.) HELPER



Marcia Grimmer, pictured above, was twelve years old and in the seventh grade at St. Mary's School, Griffith, Indiana when she sent us this snapshot. Marcia writes us that she has a lot of holy cards which she received for working our puzzles and values them highly.



**Ten pennies make a dime. Fill that dime card RIGHT NOW — not some other time!**

### NEW HELPERS

Nyla Beausiegnur, York, Nebraska; Carolyn Flanagan, Whitewater, Wis.; Josephine Joliet, Canton, O.; Jo Anne Emanuele and Anne Monahan, Miami, Fla.

### Quotes from Helpers' Letters

"I want to form a mission band among my friends. Please tell me how to go about it."

*Mary Jean Carter, age 11  
Poplar Bluff, Mo.*

"I enjoy saving my pennies for the missions because it is helping some of God's people."

*Janet Andrews, age 11½  
St. Mary's School,  
Huntington, Indiana*

"Enclosed you will find two dollars we have saved in our Sunshine bags. We are also sending you some cancelled postage stamps that we saved. We hope they will be useful. We have half of our relatives saving them for us."

*Arlene, Mary Lou and  
Tom Trombley,  
Standish, Michigan*

"I am sorry that I have not been sending my monthly donation for the last few months. Enclosed is a donation for July and August, too."

*Carole Grocke,  
Chicago, Ill.  
A high school sophomore.*

True  
Devotion  
to  
Mary



IN September 1921, on the eve of the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother, in a humble backroom in Dublin, the Legion of Mary came into existence. The Legion, patterning its spirit on the True Devotion to Our Lady by St. Louis Marie de Montfort, asks its members to be consecrated totally to Our Blessed Mother and to live and work in complete dependence upon her. The Legion emphasizes personal holiness overflowing into apostolic work. The members learn that personal sanctification and penance are inseparable. Sacrifices are necessary if the work is to succeed. Every legionary must be an apostle. The work of the apostolate brings joy and peace of soul.

Across the world, in the United States of America, another apostle of Our Lady had, like Frank Duff, the founder of the Legion, learned the Secret of Mary. Unlike Mr. Duff he was not a layman, but a priest, Father Sigstein. Many years before, he had learned of the True Devotion and it had become a very part of him. Nothing gave him greater joy than to teach the devotion to others.

At the very time that the Legion came into existence, Father Sigstein was guiding two young women in the practice of the devotion that would be their mainstay in the difficult task ahead of them. Several months later, in the company of her who is "terrible as an army set in battle array," they went forth under her banner, the first two members of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

Since then, many other young women have followed in their footsteps. The True Devotion has been the very guiding spirit, the heart and soul of the community. And the Legion of Mary, which began at the same time as did the Society of Missionary Catechists, now known as Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, has been a

nursery for vocations to the institute. Many a legionary now wears the dark blue habit and veil of a Victory Noll Sister. It is easy to understand. Members of the Legion devote themselves to the same apostolic works as do the Missionary Sisters. They catechize, visit homes in order to take the parish census or to find those who have become careless in the practice of their religion; they visit hospitals, jails, and other institutions, and do all in their power to convert those who have not the privilege of belonging to the one, true Church.

These are the works of a Missionary Sister, not as a weekly assignment, but day in and day out. Over and above the complete consecration she has made of herself to Jesus through Mary, she is bound to Our Lord by the three vows of religion—poverty, chastity, and obedience.

From the very beginning the Legion dared to hope to conquer the world. One of its official prayers begins: "Confer, O Lord, on us who serve beneath the standard of Mary that fulness of faith in Thee and trust in her, to which it is given to conquer the world." Now spread through the five continents of the world, the Legion has more than proved its worth. In China so formidable has it been to the enemies of Christ and His Church that it is the victim of fierce persecution.

If you wish to learn of this True Devotion which makes the Legion of Mary so strong, the same devotion that motivates the life of every Missionary Sister, write to Victory Noll today. The Sister Secretary of the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Hearts will be glad to help you to practice the True Devotion that has meant so much in the spiritual lives of thousands of clients of Our Blessed Mother. SEA

## Memoriam

In your charity pray for our departed:

Very Rev. W. Howard Bishop, Founder and Superior  
General of Glenmary Community, Glendale, Ohio  
Esther O'Brien, Chicago, sister of Sister Mary  
Genrose, O.L.V.M.  
Clara Sullivan, North Vernon, Indiana  
Charles Hollinger, California  
John Dworski, Detroit  
Antonia Hargarten, Milwaukee  
Edward McGeean, Chicago  
Julia Morrin, Chicago

# Dialog Mass



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

Sister Florence, superior in Azusa, California, rehearses the Dialog Mass with one of her classes.

MISSIONARY Sisters everywhere consider it their highest privilege to instill into the children a love for the sacred liturgy. In many parishes where the sisters work, the pastor has the Dialog Mass. In some places it is once a month, in others every week.

In the fast growing parish of St. Frances of Rome, Azusa, California, there are two Children's Masses. Children from the first to the fifth grades attend the nine-thirty Mass and use the Little Mass Books. An earlier Mass, at eight-fifteen, is always a Dialog Mass and in this the boys and girls from the sixth grade through high school take part, with many adults praying along with them.

In Middlesex, New Jersey, the sisters are doing everything possible to encourage the use of the missal. The children love it and are do-

ing very well. One day Sister Clarice overheard the following conversation between two sixth grade boys:

"Gee, I didn't have a bit of trouble with the Mass this morning. I even beat Father in some places."

"Not me," said his companion. "I was OK till the offertory. Then I got all balled up."

But this, Sister Mary Martha reported, is the climax. One Sunday a little boy, age seven, was sitting next to Sister Florentine all engrossed in *My Little Missal*. All went well until Father began to read the Bishop's letter on behalf of the victims of war. The little fellow paged and paged. Then he handed the book to Sister with a loud stage whisper, "Where are we now, Sister?"

# This Month

another class of newly professed Missionary Sisters will enter the mission field. Follow them through the pages of

*the* **M**issionary **C**atechist

Renew your subscription

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Interest others in their apostolate