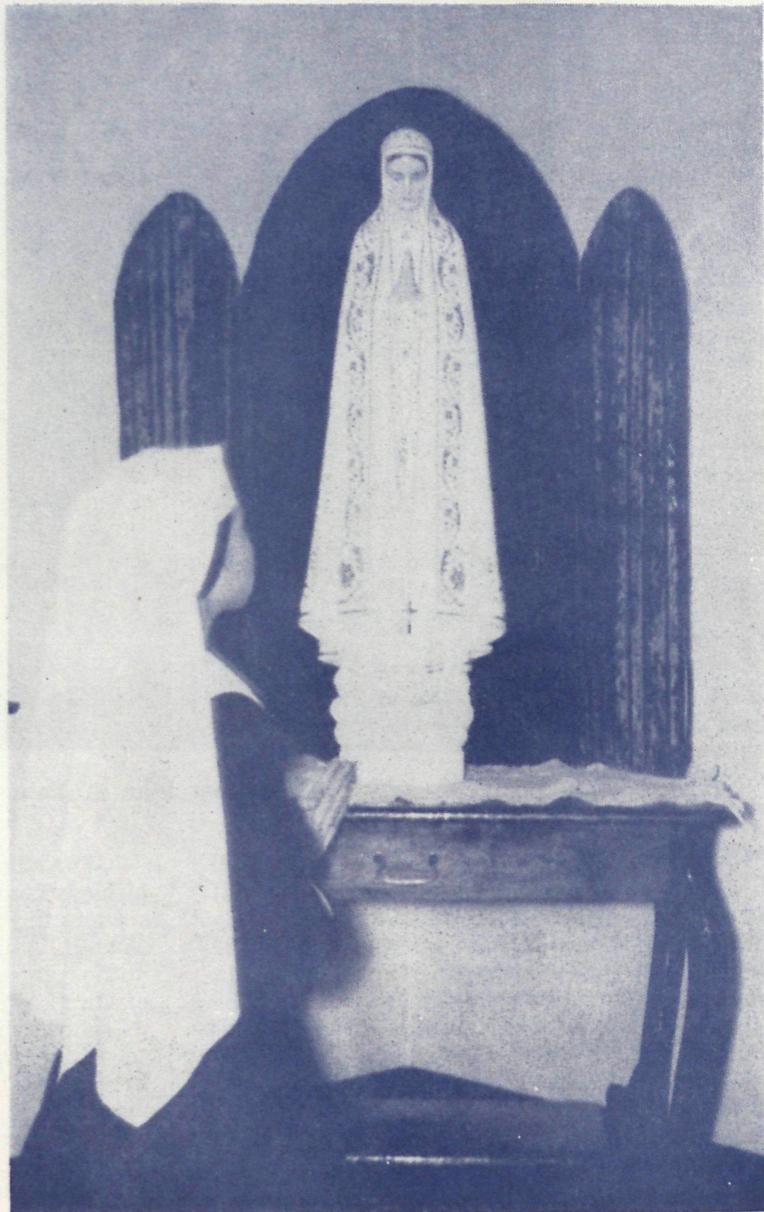


the **M**issionary **G**atechist

October
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Volume 29

Number 10

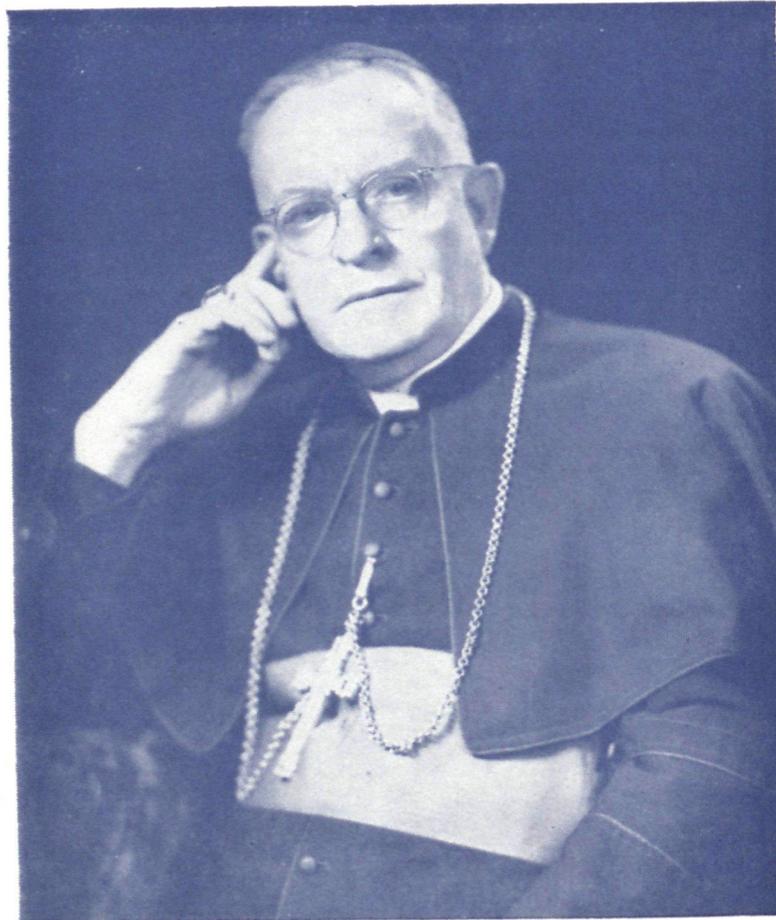


Our Lady of Fatima, pray for us.



OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

Our Archbishop -- Bishop



Archbishop John F. Noll

THERE was much rejoicing at Victory Noll when we received the news of the honor that has come to our beloved Bishop Noll. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in recognition of the services of the Bishop to the Church in America, elevated him to the rank of Archbishop. He is now the Most Rev. John Francis Noll, D.D., Archbishop-Bishop of Fort Wayne. The honor is distinctly a personal one and does not affect the status of the diocese.

Archbishop Noll, in the fifty-five years of his priesthood, twenty-eight of which he has been Bishop of Fort Wayne, has played a vital role in the development of the Church in America. As Cardinal Stritch declared three years ago on the occasion of the Archbishop's silver jubilee in the episcopacy: "Even a cursory glance at his record makes us wonder how one man, even a great good man, could have done so many things for the Church. The answer is clear. Bishop Noll has one passion, one vehement passion, one almost boundless passion, and that is his love for the Church."

For the fascinating story of the Archbishop's countless activities we would refer our readers to Father Ginder's book, "With Ink and Crosier," published by *Our Sunday Visitor*. The author gives a lively account of the founding of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters and its sponsorship by Archbishop Noll.

Throughout the years the Archbishop has been to us not just a sponsor. He has been a kind father and friend to the community as a whole, as well as to each individual member. Archbishop Noll is personally interested in every postulant, novice, and professed Missionary Sister. It is no exaggeration to say that, after the grace of God, most of the members of the community owe their religious vocation to the Archbishop, for it is through the pages of *Our Sunday Visitor* that the work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters is made known to the youth of America.

Our debt to Archbishop Noll is enormous. We rejoice, then, in the honor that has come to him and we beg Almighty God to continue to bless his labors for Holy Mother Church.

The Missionary Catechist

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WITH THANKS TO OUR LADY OF FATIMA

THERE is a story behind our cover picture this month. A year ago the little novice who is kneeling before the statue of Our Lady of Fatima was not expected to live. Doctors, nurses, everyone but the community had given up all hope of her recovery. At Victory Noll novices, postulants, and professed took turns before the Blessed Sacrament praying night and day to Our Lord to spare our sister. To the great happiness of everyone and to the amazement of the doctors, Sister recovered.

Perhaps she was the only disappointed one, for she had received the Last Sacraments and had made her vows. It seemed that there was nothing left but to go straight to heaven, for St. Thomas teaches that the vows have the effect of a second baptism. Instead, Sister made such a complete recovery that she pronounced her vows with her class in August and is now in the mission field.

The statue of Our Lady of Fatima which stands in the novitiate is a thanksgiving offering for such a great favor.

NOW A NEW ONE

NEARLY every Missionary Sister who has taught for even a short time has heard the usual variations of the ordinary prayers: "Hail Mary, full of grapes"; "Our Father who works in heaven"; "O my God, I am heartily sorry for having defended Thee." There are many more. In fact, we thought we had heard them all, but the Santa Fe Sisters report one from a first grader that tops the others. Here it is: ". . . I firmly resolve with a helluva grace to sin no more . . ." Now we *know* we have heard everything.

YOUR NAME, PLEASE?

GETTING names and addresses of the children when classes start is sometimes a headache. Of course they are given registration slips to bring back with them the next class day, but it is not always so simple as that. One sister wrote her adventures with two first graders. Here's the story.

I couldn't understand their names, so I wrote them as they sounded: *Luz Elidafone* and *Dosadorafone*. At succeeding classes I was still unsuccessful and they didn't return a registration slip. At roll call I would say *Luz Elidafone* and a little girl would get up and go out. I would say *Dosadorafone* and a little girl would get up and go out. I was sure they were sisters. Then I found two registration slips with Rosalio Fong and Socorro Something written on the back, but *nothing* on the front! I felt sure there was a connection between Rosalio and Socorro and my two little girls. Finally I kept one child and sent the other home during class to get their slips filled out. She came back with names, but no addresses. I sent her back again to get the address and finally all was revealed. Their names were Rosa Elida Fong and Rosaura Dora Fong. Don't you think that was a pretty good translation I made of their names even if I had them all in one piece?

Sister had just finished speaking about the Ascension of Our Lord into heaven when Petra asked, "Are all the sisters going to heaven?" Sister said, "We all hope to go there." "Then," said Petra, "if all the sisters go to heaven, who is going to teach us *doctrina*?"

It was a windy day. Sister had just come into the classroom. One little boy very seriously said, "Sister, your hat is crooked."

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The Challenge of the Missions

Joseph A. Vaughan, S.J.

Father Vaughan, S.J., West Coast writer and educator, sent us his article from Manresa Retreat House, Azusa, California, where he is now stationed.

YEARS ago I was a Jesuit student in Spain. One of my companions, a young Spaniard, had left the Philippines where he had been teaching and crossed the United States to join us in final preparation for the priesthood. A query on what he most admired or marvelled at in the United States brought the answer: "The sisters teaching in the parochial schools." He of course had known many nuns, in his childhood days in Spain and in his later missionary activities in the Islands, but nothing like the American Catholic school system with sisters leaving their convents each morning to enter a nearby school building, or to get onto a street car or bus or into an auto to go miles to a classroom. All this was something new.

We are 40,000 priests in the United States, but we have 160,000 nuns, some 110,000 teaching in our schools (and as J. Edgar Hoover remarked in an address last year, there's not a Red among them). Often I wonder who is keeping alive the Faith in America. Is it the priest who comes to the pulpit or altar rail on a Sunday morning and in a few more or less eloquent words expounds the Gospel, or is it the nun who has these tiny youngsters so close to her knee day in and day out, teaching them earthly wisdom mingled with the wisdom of heaven? In fact, these religious women should be called the fifth mark of the true Church, for no other religious group can breed an heroic race of young women who abandon in such numbers all the world holds dear: youth, beauty, pleasure, family prospects, and frequently wealth, choose the unglamorous routine of conventual life, clothe themselves in the voluminous and often fantastic styles of centuries past, and lose themselves under the anonymity of some anachronistic name, purely to serve God and save our children.

In the March number of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, His Excellency, Bishop William T. Mulloy of Covington, emphasized the spirit of sacrifice that should inspire the young girls of America. In a day when people at large frown on the word sacrifice, and so many secular educators disparage the thought for fear of tensions, inhibitions, neuroses, psychoses, and frustrations—all in reality the afflictions of the over-indulgent—these young Catholic girls, self-sacrificing, self-controlled, nobly self-willed and deter-

mined, manifest through life a perpetual youth, a calm, sweet, even disposition, a persistent stability and a totally unfrustrated joy that soothe and enchant all with whom they come into contact. The youth of America need such women. They give the lie to the frustrated professors, whose teachings create and foster what they are supposed to check and destroy.

My Spanish fellow student from the Philippines suddenly asked: "Why is it so few of those young ladies are on the foreign missions? Or so few of your young men? Is it possible you Americans are too soft and can't take it?"

In my own youthful ambition for the priesthood, never did I give thought to the foreign missions. Nor did my teachers ever mention them, except occasionally when we were asked to purchase and name a Chinese baby whom we would never see. But in 1911, two zealous far-seeing secular priests from the East organized the Maryknoll Society, published the *Field Afar*, and made young America mission-conscious. Divine Providence inspired those priests, and at the critical moment. Previously, most of the man power, men and women, for the missions came from France, and the largest percentage of the money from Austria. Came 1914 and the First World War. At its end, both France and Austria were prostrate. America had to take over. Americans decidedly could "take it," and Maryknollers, Passionists, Franciscans, Dominicans, Vincentians, Jesuits—in fact all of our American communities of men—poured in their man power. They were quickly followed by numerous communities of women, young, healthy, vigorous and practical to replace gradually the fast aging heroes who had so long held the battle lines on those distant fields. Today five thousand American priests, brothers and sisters are on the foreign missions.

THE West of my youth was still a missionary field, most of the priests who supervised my education were Italians, and the parish priests were and still are in great part Irish. All of them knew the meaning of sacrifice, and by word and example passed on the idea to their young charges. Americans have long since supplanted the Italians in education, and are slowly but gradually taking over the parishes.

Meanwhile a new problem has arisen, the home missions, amongst the Indians and Negroes, and particularly amongst the Mexican immigrants of the past three decades, scattered in a thousand cities, towns or isolated villages on the vast desert expanses and mountain ranges of the West and South.



The joy of teaching boys and girls like these the truths of religion overshadows the sacrifices that mission life calls for. Sister Louise Marie, Coachella, California.

In every crisis of history God has raised up men and women to meet each new problem. In 1911 Fathers James Anthony Walsh (later a Bishop) and Thomas F. Price were inspired by Divine Providence to found Maryknoll, and make youthful Catholics mission-conscious. In 1922 Divine Providence inspired the Rev. John J. Sigstein of Chicago and his enthusiastic co-operator, Father (now Bishop) John F. Noll of Huntington, Indiana, to found the catechetical sisters, and arouse hundreds of young ladies to renounce the comforts of home and familiar faces, to push out onto the plains and into the mountains of the West and South. It was a new, a different, a variegated and thrilling career for nuns, with catechetical centers and clinics and sodalities and Girl Scout groups, with youth clubs and mothers' clubs, with libraries and church choirs and the training of altar boys, and Confessions and First Communions and Confirmation for forgotten children, with days of recollection and retreats for the students of public schools, all this under the patronage of

Our Lady of Victory, the sisters all the while sanctifying their own souls by trying to save others. Everywhere they became indispensable to the zealous, over-worked, lone, and anxious priests of those distant regions.

Like Xavier in the 16th century, these sisters of the twentieth century are blazing a new trail. Like Xavier, they cry out: "*Amplius, Domine, amplius*—More souls, O Lord, more souls!" Like Xavier, they plead with the homeland: "Send me more workers, send me more workers!" Or again like Xavier, in one of those rousing letters that stirred the youth of Catholic Europe, a letter directed to his old fellow students at the University of Paris: "If you only knew my consolations amid the so-called privations of these distant lands, you would all throw away your books and rush out here to join me."

To a man or woman, a boy or girl of character, a difficulty is a challenge. Christ hurled forth the challenge when He said: "The fields are ripe for the harvest; the laborers are few."

Inquiring Photographer

Like the staff member on so many of our metropolitan dailies, we too posed a question to our newly professed sisters. We regret that we do not have space to publish the answers of the entire class, but here are some of them.

QUESTION: When you began your training at Victory Noll three years ago, was there anything you expected to find very difficult, and that turned out to be not hard at all?

Sister M. Socorro, Fillmore, California: To answer that question I must tell you my grandmother's last words to me before I entered Victory Noll. "Chatter, chatter, chatter. My dear little girl, aren't you ever going to stop talking? And to think that you want to be a sister!" Yes, this was my big worry. Would I ever be able to become a quiet, serene sister? Both Grandma and I doubted it, but



I would try. Now, three years have passed, and I must admit silence is a wonderful virtue. Do I mean to say that I have stopped talking? No, I still talk too much; but now I spend more time talking to Someone very special. I talk to God in my heart!

Sister Carolyn Marie, Indianapolis, Indiana: I must admit I did not look forward with too much enthusiasm to the first day of regular classes. But I was soon to find out that a class schedule of subjects that leads one to a greater knowledge and love of God and neighbor, subjects so essential in the training of Christlike missionaries, can be most delightful and interesting. In all sincerity I can say that the hours spent in class were far too few, and often it meant a real sacrifice to close my book promptly when the bell called me to other duties.



Sister M. Marlene, Osage, Iowa: I must admit I have always been a night owl. How could I ever retire at nine-fifteen? Especially in the summer time I couldn't get ready for bed when it was still light outside. Imagine doing that every night, always at exactly the same time! After a short time at Victory Noll I realized the necessity of routine in the religious life. When one gets up every morning at five-ten and is busy all day, that bed looks very inviting by nine-fifteen. In fact, sometimes I wish bedtime would come a little sooner.



Sister M. Dorothy Louise, Racine, Wisconsin: "But singing is so much a part of me! How will I get used to working without breaking into song?" That was a thought which ran through my mind before I entered the convent. At home I had never washed the dishes or scrubbed the floors without an accompanying song. (My family had long since resigned itself to it.) The only answer then was to learn to sing silently. And it worked! Yes, I found that this kind of singing in one's heart is really the best singing. And only One has to put up with it—Our Lord.



Sister M. Helen Rose, Los Angeles, California: Plain black oxfords! How will I ever get used to wearing them? That was a big question that stood out in my mind as I look back three years to the time of my entrance. They were bright and shiny, but they did not seem very bright to me when I wore them for the first time. Black was so dull and colorless. As the days passed I realized that



it was not the shoes that were giving me trouble, but my own attitude that needed changing. Now, after three years in the steady company of a pair of black oxfords, I have to admit that they have become a very reliable friend carrying me in comfort and ease in the service of Jesus and Mary.

Sister M. Alberta, Racine, Wisconsin: I was strictly a career girl! There was no time in my

life for a needle and thread. Many a pair of nylons with a pin hole or an almost unseen run landed on Mom's bed with an exclamation, "Here, Mom, another pair of nylons for washdays." Mom, who knew that nylons didn't grow on trees, neatly sewed up the run and wore the stocking



for months to Mass, shopping, etc. Then God called me to the convent. What a maiden He chose! Neither could she sew, mend, nor cook. During my three years at Victory Noll I learned to sew, to mend, to cook, to wash, to house-clean. After a month in the sewing room under a patient instructor, and experience daily with my personal clothing, I can truthfully say that all things are possible with the help of Our Blessed Mother. Every stitch is a prayer now and I can even hum contentedly as I set my pleats, make aprons, or mend my stockings. Truly I am a career girl, an all-round handmaid of Christ.

Sister M. Marjorie, Brooklyn, Iowa: No doubt every girl entering the convent feels that there are some almost insurmountable obstacles. For myself I hesitated to give up what I considered my liberty—like surprises for Mom on Mother's Day, choosing my favorite entertainments, eating between meals. But now I realize that there is no more precious gift I could offer anyone than a remembrance in my Masses. Whether I plan the evening recreation or a classmate does, there are always surprises and a wide variety of activities. My fears for food were certainly unfounded. No one has any desire to eat oftener when there are three well-balanced meals served daily, and a lunch every morning and afternoon besides.



Sister M. Helen Clare, Los Angeles, California:

When I rang the doorbell at Victory Noll three years ago, there was one thought uppermost in my mind: "I wonder what the other postulants are like? How will we get along with one another?" Some had been teachers and clerks; others were students, factory workers, or had served in the Armed Forces. It wasn't long until my wondering about our working together ended. We had all come to serve God and with this as our aim, we couldn't help but work together.



Sister M. Juanita, Sante Fe, New Mexico: Convent! Convent! Every time I heard the word, I

would think of one thing—scrubbing floors! Well, I took the big step and entered the convent. A week went by—no floors to scrub. Two weeks, three weeks, and still no floors! Perhaps after the first month we would be scrubbing. I soon discovered that floors were scrubbed not daily, but at



regular intervals. Best of all I learned that there is much joy and pleasure in scrubbing a floor.

Sister M. Damien, St. Louis, Missouri: "I can just see you playing tiddleywinks instead of basketball or volleyball. You'll have a wonderful time sitting quiet." This was the main tease all seemed to resort to when they heard I was entering the convent. It would be hard to give up sports, but what can you expect in a convent! Imagine my surprise when soon after my entrance Sister announced that we would play volleyball or softball after supper. Then I found out that winter brought basketball. Many of the postulants had played ball before, and those who had not were willing to learn. Now after three years of playing together, we are experts. Who knows, someday we might coach champions.



From New Brunswick to California

Julia Ann Murphy

A MOTOR trip of 9,807 miles in exactly thirty-one days was well worth the effort and expense in order to spend one precious week with our daughter, Sister Alice, who is a Missionary Sister of Our Lady of Victory and was stationed at Redlands, California, at the time of our visit. Traveling through seven Canadian provinces and thirteen American states held many interesting and exciting adventures, but all was overshadowed by the beauty, quiet, and spiritual peace we experienced during our stay at Redlands.

After battling with traffic through rush hours and the congestion of turnpikes, freeways, and four-lane highways of the outside world, it was a revelation to swing into that lovely circular, stone-walled driveway at Redlands and rest our eyes for the first time on Queen of the Missions Convent. Sister Elizabeth smilingly greeted us from where she was working among the flower beds, and invited us into the welcome

coolness of the parlor while she busied herself preparing tall glasses of fresh orange juice for our enjoyment.

The days of our visit started at seven in the morning with Mass in the beautiful little chapel where God seemed so very close. After our leisurely breakfast Sister Alice joined us to explore our new surroundings and admire the huge palm trees and those of many other strange varieties, to say nothing of the orange grove where choice navels are grown. Even the seven days did not give us time enough to see all the beauty surrounding us, but the real highlight of our visit was the celebration of our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary that occurred while we were there.

After mentioning to Sister Benigna, the superior, that we would like to have Father offer a High Mass for us on that day everything was taken out of our hands. For the next few days we sensed that mysterious plans were being



It was a revelation to swing into that lovely circular, stone-walled driveway at Redlands and rest our eyes for the first time on Queen of the Missions Convent.



Mr. and Mrs. Murphy

made. On the morning of our jubilee, Father suggested that it would be nice if we would renew our marriage vows. Although my good husband at first protested, he consented in the end. This time I had to propose.

Words cannot express my emotions that morning when, with the beautiful California sun shining on the flower-decked altar, and the voices of the sisters sounding like a heavenly choir, we took our places in front of the altar. We felt the true significance of the words of the marriage ceremony far more forcibly than when we repeated them twenty-five years before. I am certain that during the Consecration of the Mass we never more humbly thanked God for our many blessings and especially for our gift of faith.

On that memorable day the sisters really outdid themselves with their best linen and silver, and the table decorated with flowers, wedding bells, and attractive place cards. A huge wedding cake, complete with bride and groom adorning the top, was the centerpiece. At our places as we sat down to a most delightful repast, were beautifully wrapped gifts.

We left Queen of the Missions that afternoon feeling more and more convinced that we had not lost our daughter when she entered the convent, but that on the contrary we are more than ever united with her in Jesus through Mary.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND—AND SISTER'S

Sister Alodia

WHEN she left home to go to Victory Noll, Helen left behind her, among other friends, a faithful, four-footed pal. Terry had been as true a companion as any good dog could be. After the parting Terry accepted the unexplain-

ed absence without questioning. Being a dog he couldn't ask questions, but being a dog he could be lonesome—and was.

As the weeks rolled by, Helen's weekly letter home always closed in the same way: "How is Terry?" Letters from the folks unfailingly replied: "Terry is O.K.!"

Three years later came the long-awaited home visit—the brief break before going out to the missions. She was Sister Helena now and had passed from her teens into her twenties. On the canine gradation Terry had passed from his prime into middle age. How long and how well does a dog remember a face and voice? Some said a blue habit and veil were going to fool Terry.

On the happy evening of the homecoming a welcome committee of one did the honors. Good old Terry was beside himself with joy when a certain person stepped from the car. The excitement of the first greeting subsided. White collie hairs were carefully picked off blue serge while the old acquaintance was renewed.



Sister Helena, we notice, is taking no chances with Terry's exuberance. She has protected her habit with apron and sleevelets.

"Hello, Terry, old boy. Did you miss me?"

A jerking tail and a pair of eager eyes replied, "Sure, I missed you, but I didn't forget you!"

Sister Alodia is Sister Helena's own sister. They entered together and were professed a year ago.

AMERICANS, ALL!

"Mexican, dirty Mexican!" Anthony May stopped short in distributing the daily papers to his newsboys. He had been made circulation manager only a short while before in this large Texas city. He had been "on the job" long enough to have seen several clashes between the dark and light-skinned boys in his charge.

"Now, listen to me, boys," Mr. May moved into the fight and spoke in his mild-mannered way. "We have no Mexicans here. Only Americans." Then he spoke to them quietly, explaining that it was unfair to abuse nationalities. "Perhaps your mothers and fathers were Mexicans, but you all are Americans. My mother and father were French and German but I am an American."

For the thirty-three years that Mr. May was with this daily paper, "his boys" were to hear this over and over. Mr. May even went to the parents when he could and explained to them his doctrine of Americanism. Now that he is retired, Mr. May's "boys" don't forget him and his little patriotic talks. The other day a dark-skinned young soldier on a bus stopped before him and asked, "Aren't you Mr. May?" "Yes, I am" he replied. "You don't remember me," the soldier continued, "but I remember you from the time I was a paper boy. You know, Mr. May, I have been in action in Korea so I guess I am really an American now!"

Sister Noreen
San Antonio, Texas



Mr. May banquets his All-American Newsboys.

In the Home Field

VERY CATHOLIC!

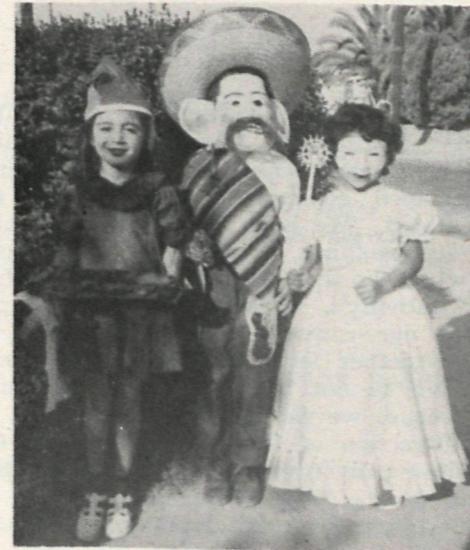
I was busy speaking to one of the lay teachers when Billy arrived for his class. I noticed that he was impatiently shifting from one foot to the other, evidently waiting for the "polite" time to speak. I turned to him and said, "Yes, Billy?" "Sister, will you please let me go a little early today? I'm going to do something very Catholic." "Whatever it is, Billy," I said, "don't you think it could wait until class is dismissed?" "I suppose so, Sister, but gee—" "Now just what is this very Catholic thing you're so concerned about?" "Notre Dame is playing football this afternoon, Sister, and I want to see it on TV."

Sister Marie Helene
Los Angeles, California

ALL OVER

One little boy in the first grade had a hard time remembering that God is everywhere, not only in heaven. Finally Sister said, "Langfry, God is everywhere. He is in your heart. He is in St. Louis, in New York, in China, in Russia. God is everywhere. Now, Langfry, tell me; where is God?" With a big smile Langfry replied, "All over the place."

Sister Juliana
Montrose, Colorado



The police lead the wrong parade

POLICE ESCORT

On Hallowe'en Day we went to Ramona school as usual to meet the children and bring them to the church for class. The second and third graders formed their line outside the school, and as we started off with them, we caught a glimpse of the boys and girls of the upper grades dressed in costumes and assembled in the inside patio. Some of our children were in costume, too, because they had had a party at school.

A motorcycle cop started ahead of our line. When we reached Sixth street the policeman, evidently a little puzzled about something, turned and asked, "Which way is the parade going?"

Luckily for him I remembered hearing about the school's Hallowe'en parade. "Oh, they're going to Vine street," I answered.

Off he hurried to lead the boys and girls in costumed attire, while I chuckled to myself at the novelty of having a motorcycle policeman escort us to catechism class.

Sister Marie Therese
Redlands, California

Sister: When did Jesus change the bread and wine into His Body and Blood?

Faustino: At the Last Supper.

Sister: When does the priest do it?

Faustino: Before breakfast.

SPELLING CHAMP

Toward the end of October I explained to the second graders the origin and meaning of Hallowe'en. At the next religion class, I opened with, "Now who remembers how Hallowe'en started?"

Norbert, with a very intelligent look, raised his hand excitedly. "All right, Norbert," I nodded, "you tell us."

"It starts with an H," said Norbert triumphantly.

Sister Columba
Colorado Springs, Colo.

PUNISHMENT

One little girl has offered something new in the way of correction. Throughout class Shirley had been most inattentive; in fact, she had been a bit trying, to say the least. Before I had a chance to correct her after class, Shirley remarked, "Sistah, mah aunt said if Ah didn't behave, youall should just wring my little neck."

Sister Mary Mark
Ogden, Utah

'T WILL BE A GRAND FEAST

I don't think they are trying to stump the theologians—but, is it heresy or is it not, when in saying the Creed in Spanish some children have Our Lord sitting at the *fiesta* of God the Father instead of His *diestra* (right hand). The old Negro spiritual *does* say, "I'm gonna sit at the Welcome table."

Sister Rose Anita
El Paso, Texas

HERE TO STAY

Our good people here had seen sisters come for summer school, stay for four weeks, and then leave. Again for the annual mission, sisters came for three weeks and then left. So it was only natural when we opened our convent here last year that many asked us, "How long are you going to stay?"

Sister Mary Ida
Mathis, Texas

Little boy reciting the confession form in class: "This is my first confession since my last confession."

Sister: Why did God make you?

Pete: God made me to show forth his good nuts.

This came from Santa Paula, California, where so many of the children work in the nuts with their parents.



**All enjoy the
Cooler
weather:
Time to get
your
Band together!**

SRILLIANS OF OUR LADY
(Cincinnati, O.)

AN annual event sponsored by the members of this Band is a large card party held at the Fenwick Club in their city for our benefit. The party is always well attended and the returns are very gratifying.

The ladies of the Band were delighted to have Sister Marguerite whom they sponsor, so near to them during the past year. Sister was missioned at Washington Court House, Ohio which is about a two-hour ride from that part of Cincinnati where most of the members live.

The Band's Promoter for the past two years has been *Miss Eleanor Hanekamp*.

ST. MARY SODALITY BAND
(Detroit, Mich.)

WE are indebted to *Miss Ann Huhn*, Promoter, for a very special favor. In 1950 when she toured Europe she offered prayers for us all at the principal holy shrines on that continent. She has indicated that she hopes to join the throngs of pilgrims who will go to Rome for the Marian Year of 1954. This pilgrimage (unlike that of 1950) which she plans to make will include a trip to the Holy Land. What a favor to be remembered in prayer at the places hallowed by the very presence of the Son of God when He walked this earth! We recall the words of a sister who visited the Holy Land, Rome, and France in 1950. She said she felt that her visit to the Holy Land made her a better Christian, her visit to Rome made her a better Catholic and her visit to Paris, France made her a better Daughter of Charity.

News Items About

ADRIAN CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)

WE especially enjoy the friendly letters written by the treasurer, Mrs. Louise V. Schmit, and that treat is enhanced by the generous check which accompanies each letter. One letter stated, "We have another new member, a former neighbor of Miss Dietz from away back when she lived on Emerald Avenue from old St. Anthony's, so she will be able to partake of our conversations of the good old days." Another letter written in the Spring said, "We do not have any meetings during Lent because we would have to leave out the main attraction of the meeting—*food!*" God bless these jolly friends and good benefactors!

**OMAHA PROMOTER VISITS
VICTORY NOLL**



Pictured above, left to right: Sister Mary Marguerite (Shields), Mrs. Fred Shields, Promoter of St. Margaret Mary Band, and Regina, her daughter, of Omaha, Nebraska. The Band sponsors Sister Mary Marguerite.

GOOD WILL MISSION CIRCLE
(Carrollton, Ky.)

IN the Blue Grass State we have a group of mission friends who say little but what they say is meaningful for they "say it with checks" of a good sized denomination. We refer to Good Will Mission Circle of Carrollton, Kentucky, headed by *Mrs. George Krumpelman*. Their donations bear silent testimony that they are still working for our missions.

Our Associates

TWO NEW JUNIOR BANDS

IT gives us great pleasure to tell you that we have two groups of Junior Associates consisting of girls of high school age. One of these is the *St. Therese Mission Circle, Joliet, Illinois* and the other *The Martinettes, Cincinnati, Ohio*. In this month's issue we carry a news item about the activities of the former. In a forthcoming issue we hope to tell you something about the latter.

ST. THERESE JUNIOR BAND (Joliet, Ill.)

THESE young ladies, now sophomores at St. Francis Academy in their city, headed by *Miss Jeanne Siegel*, meet at the homes of members and mount sacred pictures and medals for their sister, *Sister Mary Millicent*, whom they sponsor. With the aid of their mothers they gave a benefit card party at the Knights of Columbus Home on Ascension Thursday which brought \$25.10. The girls made the tallies and tickets and picked enough violets so that each of the nine tables had a small vase of flowers for decoration. These Junior ACMs also served the tables and did a lot of work to make the party a success.

A special feature consisted of large mission posters showing our sisters and their work. These were hung about the room where the meeting was held. After the party the girls wrote "Thank You" notes to all who attended the affair and invited them back for another party in the future.

ST. CATHERINE BAND (Los Angeles, Calif.)

FORMERLY of Chicago, most of the members of this Band are residents of Los Angeles. They are chiefly sisters of *Sister Madeleine Sophie* who is oldest in vocation in our community. In the beginning meetings were held, but of recent years *Mrs. Margaret McMannamy*, Promoter, finds it more convenient and even more profitable simply to collect dues and thank offerings from members at stated intervals. As a private project *Mrs. McMannamy* has secured many new subscriptions for our little magazine.

October 1953

Work for

Missions

Surely pays,

God rewards it

Many ways.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

July 2, 1953 to August 12, 1953

| | |
|--|----------|
| Ave Maria Band, Elkhart, Ind., | |
| Cecilia Murphy | \$ 25.00 |
| Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Helen Ford | 14.00 |
| Community Mission Group, Louisville, O., | |
| Mrs. F. X. Paumier | 150.00 |
| Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago, | |
| Mrs. Mary Staley | 207.25 |
| Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., | |
| Mrs. J. V. McGovern | 26.00 |
| Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, | |
| Mary A. Perkins | 20.00 |
| Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, | |
| Lillian T. Dunn | 25.00 |
| "Martinettes," Cincinnati, Carole Niklas | 2.00 |
| Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis | |
| Mrs. A. J. Lammert | 10.00 |
| Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., | |
| Mrs. Dan Herzog | 4.00 |
| St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, | |
| Mrs. Geo. Deininger | 4.25 |
| St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, | |
| Mrs. M. McMannamy | 25.00 |
| St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Ann Igel | 105.00 |
| St. George Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lee Walters .. | 24.25 |
| St. Joseph Band No. 1, Chicago, | |
| Mrs. Eva M. Dugan | 10.00 |
| St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, | |
| Mrs. A. Naumes | 27.50 |
| St. Jude Mission Society, Ft. Wayne, | |
| Mrs. Fred Potthoff | 42.00 |
| St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Potter | 47.50 |
| St. Margaret of Scotland Band, Marshfield, | |
| Wis., Mrs. Earle L. Leu | 50.00 |
| St. Raymond Band, Chicago, | |
| Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan | 14.00 |
| St. Mary Magdalene Band, Madison, Minn., | |
| Regina Emmerich | 10.00 |
| St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer | 38.00 |
| St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., | |
| Mrs. John Huebl | 5.00 |
| St. Stephen Band, Detroit, | |
| Mrs. Joseph Koroly | 5.00 |
| St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, | |
| Mrs. Helen Burch | 55.00 |
| Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati, | |
| Eleanor Hanekamp | 3.00 |
| Via Matris Band, Chicago, Anna Aldworth | 25.00 |

Around Victory Noll

TWO more memorable days AROUND VICTORY NOLL have come and gone—August 5 and 15.

On the fifth, the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, it was our privilege to have our beloved Bishop Noll preside at our ceremony of reception and profession. His Excellency celebrated the Mass and delivered the sermon. He was assisted by the Very Rev. Joseph M. Srill, O.S.M., Chicago, and the Rev. Simeon M. Schmitt, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul Church, Huntington. Father Conroy, our chaplain, was master of ceremonies. Father Srill, who is Provincial of the Servite Fathers, is the brother of Sister Helen, Sister Marguerite, and Sister Mary Loretta.

There were one hundred and fifty sisters at Victory Noll for the eight-day retreat that began July 27. The Rev. Lawrence Jordan, S.M., rector of Chaminade College in St. Louis, was our retreat master.

Many guests were AROUND VICTORY NOLL on the feast day—relatives and friends of the sisters, including twenty priests from various parts of the country.

Of the fifty-two sisters who took part in the ceremonies, thirteen were jubilarians who renewed their vows publicly and received a silver crown from the Bishop. On the same day six other sisters celebrated the twenty-fifth anni-

versary of their profession in convents in the West.

The sisters who made perpetual vows at Victory Noll are: Sister Henrietta Wilke, Breese, Ill.; Sister Martha Mary Wordemann, Bellevue, Ky.; Sister Mary Kathleen Rice, St. Louis; and Sister Joseph Marie Konrad, Buffalo, N. Y. The other members of their class made their vows elsewhere. At Redlands, Calif.: Sister Augustine Augenstein, Parkersburg, W. Va., and Sister Maureen Waters, Chicago; at Monterey, Calif.: Sister Mary Beatrice Mott, Cleveland; at Santa Fe: Sister James O'Brien, Norwood, Mass.; at Denver: Sister Louis Marie Welter of Chicago; and at Salt Lake City: Sister Clarissa Heckler, Milwaukee, and Sister Doris Koenig, Detroit.

Fifteen sisters made their first profession in the community. They are: Sister M. Socorro Sanchez, Fillmore, Calif.; Sister M. Rita Therese Johann, Hammond, Ind.; Sister M. Helen Rose MacArthur and Sister M. Helen Clare Burch, Los Angeles; Sister M. Juanita Montoya and Sister Consuelo Marie Maes, Santa Fe, N. Mex.; Sister M. Marlene Wolf, Osage, Iowa; Sister M. Marjorie Curran, Brooklyn, Iowa; Sister M. Jacquelyn Aschenbrenner, Rice, Minn.; Sister M. Alberta Walter and Sister M. Dorothy Louise Wortmann, Racine, Wis.; Sister M. Amelia Villanueva, Pueblo, Colo.; Sister Carolyn Marie Neff, Indianapolis; Sister M. Joseph Ann Kostka, Arlington Heights, Ill.; and Sister M. Damien Chenot, St. Louis.



The newly professed sisters enjoy a visit home before leaving for the missions. Ready to leave Victory Noll are Sister M. Jacquelyn (left) and Sister M. Joseph Ann.



St. Therese of the Child of Jesus, whose feast we celebrate this month, is dear to novices everywhere. Sister Sophia, novice mistress, shows her relic to two novices whose patroness she is: Sister M. Margaret Therese (left) and Sister M. Rita Therese.



Mission appointments for Sister M. Dorothy Louise (left) and Sister M. Alberta sent them to widely separated points — New Jersey and Texas.



Standing, left to right, the silver jubilarians are: Sister Mary Genrose, Sister Margaret, Sister Emma Elizabeth, Sister Mary Ann, Sister Mary Agnes, Sister Mary, Sister Mary Angela, and Sister Marguerite. Seated: Sister Julia Marie, Sister Mary Clare, Sister Mary Eleanor, Sister Martina, and Sister Marion.

Several sisters renewed their vows at Victory Noll, preparatory to taking them perpetually. They are Sister Marilyn Schatz, Ellicott City, Md.; Sister Mary Brigid Kinney, Trenton, Mich.; Sister Alice Murphy, Moncton, New Brunswick; Sister Loretta Ann Zapf, Rochester, N. Y.; and Sister Ruth Banet, Fort Wayne.

Our eleven postulants who received the habit and were admitted to the novitiate are: Margaret Hurlburt, Cincinnati, now known as Sister M. Therese Martin; Martha Tafoya, Las Vegas, N. Mex., Sister M. Dominic; Leona Bruckner, Hicksville, L. I., N. Y., Sister M. Leona; Rose Miller, Mandan, N. Dak., Sister Maria Goretti; Marie Meles, Allegan, Mich.; Sister Ann Mary; Mary Louisa Rowney, Kokomo, Ind., Sister M. Joan Louise; Mary Theresa Waters, Arcadia, Wis., Sister M. Emmanuel; Antoinette Golabowski, South Bend, Ind., Sister M. Antoinette; Mary Therese Doran, Ludlow, Ky., Sister M. Therese Ann; Mary Ellen Descourouez, St. Charles, Ill., Sister M. John Joseph; and Frances Ciccarelli, Natick, Mass., Sister M. Assumpta.

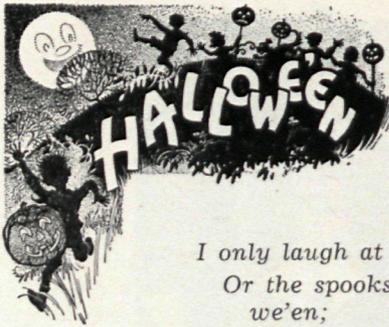
The sisters who celebrated their silver jubilee at the Motherhouse are: Sister Mary Angela Dickebohm, Lafayette, Ind., Vicar General of the Community; Sister Mary Genrose Sullivan and Sister Marguerite Srill, Chicago; Sister Marion Drexler, New Haven, Conn.; Sister Mary Clare Leutenegger, Omaha; Sister Martina Martinez, Holman, N. Mex.; Sister Emma Elizabeth Dietz, Shawneetown, Ill.; Sister Mary Eleanor Clements, Okeechobee, Fla.; Sister Mary

Whitfield and Sister Julia Marie Schmitt, Dubuque; Sister Margaret Campbell, Stevens Point, Wis.; Sister Mary Ann Seewaldt, Gainesville, N. Y.; and Sister Mary Agnes Rauschenbach, La Porte, Ind. At Redlands Sister Mary Dorothy Schneider of Buffalo, N. Y., and Sister Mary Catherine Brohman, Grand Forks, N. Dak., celebrated. Sister Mary Ida Kuntz, Oldenburg, Ind., and Sister Guadalupe Vasquez, Aguascalientes, Mexico, had their jubilee celebration in San Antonio, Texas; and Sister Mary Salome Dorava, Dodge, Wis., and Sister Dorothy Leahy, Davenport, Iowa, in Monterey, Calif.

As usual on the Feast of the Assumption there were many surprises AROUND VICTORY NOLL. It is the annual appointment day. Four new missions were opened this year: West Harwich, Mass., Flemington, N. J., Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Eagle Pass, Texas. Sister Mary Regina is the new superior at West Harwich. With her are Sister Eleanor and Sister Mary Brigid. Sister Mary Germaine has been appointed superior of our Flemington convent. Her companions are Sister Marion and Sister Joseph Marie. To Cheyenne are assigned Sister Mary Rose, superior, Sister Dorothy Ann, and Sister M. Jacquelyn. Four sisters are in Eagle Pass: Sister Virginia, superior, Sister Mary Bernarda, Sister Inez, and Sister M. Rita Therese.

Among the newly professed, then, Sister M. Rita Therese and Sister M. Jacquelyn are going

(Continued on page 18)



I only laugh at screeching owls
Or the spooks seen on Hallowe'en;
I have an angel at my side,
And Mary for Mother and Queen.

Dear Loyal Helpers:

OF course we know that that day so popular with children, Hallowe'en, falls in the month of October. Let us not forget that it is also the month in which Mission Sunday occurs, and every day is consecrated to our Heavenly Mother, under her beautiful title of Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

We have noticed that it is a growing custom in Catholic schools (and we like it very much) to have a masquerade party on or near Hallowe'en at which each pupil dresses up like his patron saint. Their sister often arranges for the pupil to tell or read to the other members of the class something outstanding in the life of the saint whose name he bears. Naturally, that goes for the girls, too.

It seems to me that after such a party the boys and girls go to bed with lovely thoughts and sweet dreams about how these dear saints served God and are moved with the desire to imitate them. How different are these from the nightmares occasioned by a weird party in the dark where one sees ghastly witches, goblins and ghosts, or feels a clammy hand consisting of cold mush stuffed into a silk glove, or hears the blood curdling scream of Hallowe'en whistles. Not that there is anything wrong about this latter kind of party, but neither is it helpful in reaching our great goal in this life—a blessed Eternity with God.

On the opposite page you will find the picture of Marie Sikora of Middlesex, New Jersey, dressed as an Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sister. She wears a habit and veil exactly like that worn by our sisters. Read Marie's interesting letter about a Mission parade in which she took part last October.

May we urge every Helper to save three Sunshine pennies a day this month, making up

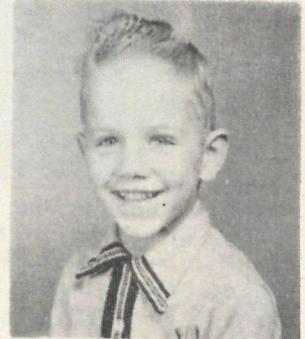
Mary's Loyal

the difference of seven cents, and send the dollar in sacrifice money, after changing it into a money order or check to

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH,
Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana

A WALLINGFORD (CONN.) HELPER

In the accompanying picture is Edward Dorsey, age 6, who is in the first grade at school. He has an older sister, Beverly Dorsey who is a sophomore in high school, and a younger sister Frances, age 11, who are also Helpers.



Everyone calls Edward "Rocky." I do not know why. Maybe he will tell us.

With three Helpers in one family there should be much enthusiasm for the Missions. Moreover our sisters get three Hail Marys from this household instead of one!

TWO MORE WALLINGFORD HELPERS



Above are pictured Louise Balderacchi, who attends kindergarten and her little brother Thomas, who was one year old in May. Their older sister Marie is also a Helper. The Balderacchi children live in Wallingford, Connecticut.

Helpers Page



Marie Sikora

Dear Sister:

Last October I was in the Mission parade which took place in Trenton, New Jersey. I represented Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. We walked in the procession wearing the habits just like regular sisters.

I help Sister Florentine on Sundays to collect the singing books at Mass. The day the Children of Mary received their capes I helped put them on at Mass.

I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade at Watchung Public School where we are released on Mondays at 2 o'clock to go to religious instruction. We go to a lady's home for class in the basement. My Catechism teacher is Sister Ruth. I like her very much. We do not get a lot of homework in Catechism.

In my home I have a Mary shrine and try to have fresh flowers near it every day and often have a candle burning near it.

Marie Sikora, Middlesex, N.J.

OCTOBER PUMPKIN PUZZLE



If you were going to chop off a carrot top you would use a sharp knife. We are going to chop off the first four letters of the word *pumpkin* by running a pencil through *pump*. Now write what is left of the word (i.e. "kin") eight times on eight separate lines, numbering the lines and leaving a little space between the number and *kin*. We are going to make new words by adding new letters where the old letters were cut off. Here are the clues.

1. Place four letters before "kin" and you have the name of a sheep a few days old.
2. Place three letters before "kin" and you have the name of a long-eyed needle for drawing tape or ribbon through a hem.
3. Place four letters before "kin" and you have a dressmaker's model.
4. Place three letters before "kin" and you have one of the furry little bumps which appear on a pussy willow bough.

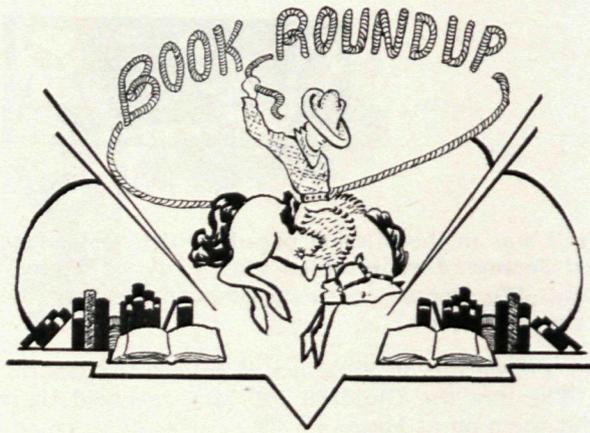
5. Place five letters before "kin" and you have an expensive coat of soft, black fur.
6. Place four letters before "kin" and you have a North American Indian.
7. Place three letters before "kin" and you have a glazed pot for cooking.
8. Place four letters before "kin" and you have another name for raincoat.

Good luck to you! Send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary* for a holy card.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLE



In last month's rebus puzzle you were to guess the names of school children from a series of pictures and letters. Here are the correct answers: Henry, Mildred, Grace, Cora, Robert, Harold, Oliver, Walter, Carlotta, Lillian, Miriam, Howard, Curtis, Basil and Barbara.



THE MOTHER OF GOD by M. -M. Philipon, O.P., M.S.T., translated by Rev. John A Otto, Ph.D. Newman Press, Westminster, Md. \$3.

This is one of the finest volumes on Our Blessed Mother that we have seen for a long time. Father Philipon's name was almost enough to insure its excellence even before we read it. Based on solid dogma and compelling in its logic, the book breathes a warm tenderness and devotion to Mary. It will bear reading not just once, but many times.

The author develops the principle that the divine motherhood is the ultimate source of all Mary's greatness. It is the focal point of all aspects of Our Lady and the reason for all her perfections and prerogatives. Father Philipon shows us Mary's role in the economy of our Redemption. In his study of the mystery of Mary there is nothing vague, nothing conjectured. Everything is based on holy scripture and the teachings of the Church. Such a study cannot help but increase one's devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

Mary is truly God's Masterpiece. As the saints tell us, He could have created a more magnificent universe, but He could not have created anything more beautiful than His Mother.

Several pages of theological notes and a complete index make the work still more valuable. The notes include the most important writings and utterances on the Mother of God by the popes from Pope Pius IX to our present Holy Father.

It is rather strange that St. Louis Marie de Montfort is referred to as Blessed Grignon de Montfort (p. 141) since he was canonized as long ago as 1947.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGES by John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 50c

Father O'Brien's work among the students at the University of Illinois and at Notre Dame well qualify him to speak with authority on the subject of mixed marriages. In this excellent booklet Father O'Brien does not confine himself to condemning such marriages, but he tells what can be done about them. His aim, as he says, is to safeguard and pro-

mote the happiness of every couple contemplating marriage. Father O'Brien is a born story teller, and his book teems with interesting, true stories drawn from his own experiences with young people.

AROUND VICTORY NOLL

(Continued from page 15)

to new missions. Of the other members of the class seven were assigned to California: Sister M. Socorro, Redlands; Sister M. Helen Rose, Coachella; Sister M. Helen Clare, Monterey; Sister M. Juanita and Sister Consuelo Marie, Los Angeles (but different convents); Sister M. Marlene, Brawley; and Sister Carolyn Marie, Ontario. The other assignments are: Sister M. Marjorie, Salt Lake City; Sister M. Alberta, Brady, Texas; Sister M. Amelia, San Angelo, Texas; Sister M. Joseph Ann, Elko, Nevada; Sister M. Damien, Brigham City, Utah; and Sister M. Dorothy Louise, Middlesex, N. J.

Holbrook, Arizona, while not exactly a new mission this year, is a new location. Flagstaff, where our sisters who work in the Gallup Dioceses have had their convent, now has a Catholic school. The sisters have been working in Holbrook for some years now, and the people are happy to have them live among them.

We have no postulants AROUND VICTORY NOLL now. We miss them and as this is written are looking forward to the reception of the next class. We hope to tell you about them in the next issue of the THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.—SEA.

In your charity pray for our departed:

Very Rev. Msgr. Thomas E. Dillon, Huntington., Ind. Jacinta M. Mendoza, Chicago, mother of Sister Maria Rafaela, O.L.V.M., and Sister Lucia, O.L.V.M.

Albert Chenot, St. Louis, father of Sister M. Damien, O.L.V.M.

Frank Leahy, brother of Sister Dorothy, O.L.V.M. John Sullivan, Chicago, brother of Sister Mary Gerose, O.L.V.M.

Mary Donovan, Moncton, New Brunswick Lorraine Descourouez, Geneva, Ill.

Helen Noll, ACM, Fort Wayne

Pauline Bickel, ACM, Fort Wayne

Margaret Kane, ACM, Chicago

Mrs. J. Burbach, ACM, Chicago

LeVaughn A. Mick, Bridgeport, W. Va.

Mary Guck, Lake Linden, Mich

Agnes Sikorski, Winona, Minn.

Mrs. McCarthy, Cincinnati, Ohio

Margaret Healy, Kansas City, Mo.

John Urban, Detroit

Edwin R. Rammien, Chicago

George W. Vogelpohl, Springfield, Mo.

Anna Stech, Chicago

George Siebel, Reading, Ohio

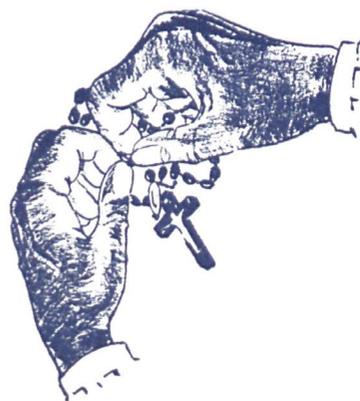
Mrs. W. O'Connell, East Liverpool, Ohio

Hedwig Gottlieb, Detroit

W. A. Rogers, Ipswich, S. Dak.

A Cherished Gift

Sister Marie Celeste



IT was while taking census in a small mining town that we came upon a little shack where there stood in the doorway an aged colored lady. She smiled at us as we approached the door, a most friendly, welcoming smile. "Come on in, Sistahs," she said as she ushered us into her two-room, dark, dreary home.

After a short conversation with our new friend we learned that she was not a Catholic, but that some sixty-five years ago she had acquired a great love for Catholic people as a result of the little she knew of the Catholic Church.

"Sistahs, I want to show you my rosary," she said as she began to remove things from her rickety trunk. She failed to find it although she searched the whole time we were there. However, it gave her great delight to tell us her life story. When she was very young she became a servant in the home of a wealthy lady in New York. This woman was not only rich in the goods of this world, but had the great gift of the true faith and cherished and practiced it diligently, giving good example and edification to all in her home. It was hard for her to leave her good mistress when she was called to give up her work and go West to take care of her aged mother. She loved and cherished the beautiful rosary her mistress had given her as a parting gift when she left New York.

"Sistahs," she told us, "I love that rosary, and I will love it to my dying day. It's my only treasure. I ain't got a good home, I ain't got much of anything. I's sick all the time and crippled with rheumatism. I ain't got much to eat, I ain't got folks or friends. I's eighty-five years old and all alone. Sometimes I get lonesome but I always start thinking of my rosary when I get a little blue."

When we asked her if she knew how to say the rosary, she said she had forgotten, for she had had little contact with Catholics since she came West. We promised her that we would come to see her again; and every time we were in her neighborhood we stopped to see her. Many times we paid her a special visit to take her some food, to explain the rosary, or to take her some good reading matter.

Several months later we received a telephone call from the county hospital. The voice said, "This is one of the nurses at the hospital. We have an old colored lady who is in critical

condition, and she asked us to call the sisters and tell them to bring her rosary right away."

"We will come immediately," was our reply; but knowing that it would be impossible for us to find her own beloved rosary in that little house, we took with us a beautiful blue one which had attached to it a special blessing. On our arrival we found our friend in her agony, but conscious and very alert.

"Wouldn't you like to be a Catholic before you die?" we asked her.

"Sistahs," she said, "I suah would." She held the rosary tight in her quivering fingers and began to say the Hail Mary aloud. One of us stayed with her to pray, while the other went to the phone to call the priest. As soon as Father arrived he began to have her make a profession of faith.

"Do you believe in God the Father Almighty—?" But before he could finish she answered,

"Why all my life I have believed that God the Father Almighty made everything."

"Do you believe that there is one God in —?"

And she said loud and clear, "I always knowed that there is one God in three Divine Persons." Then she made the sign of the cross perfectly.

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ who was —?"

"I believe Jesus Christ came down on this earth and died for my sins and yours and for the whole world."

"Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church?"

"I believe everything that the Catholic Church teaches because I know it teaches the right thing."

"What name would you like to take?" asked Father as he prepared to baptize her.

Clear and distinct came her reply, "Why I want Mary Magdalen. That was my mother's name."

Father baptized her, gave her Holy Viaticum, and Extreme Unction. Mary Magdalen's last words to us were, "Sistahs, I love my rosary. It has done lots for me. It has helped me all my life."

And our thoughts were, "Yes, your rosary has helped you all your life and unto eternal life."



As we look over the vast Mission Fields the question comes to our mind **WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT OUR GENEROUS BENEFACTORS?** They are the ones who by their self-sacrificing charity make it possible for us to carry on our work of giving spiritual and material assistance to the souls under our charge in the Home Missions.

An opportunity is offered to others to share in this Christlike work by becoming associated with a group of our zealous Co-missionaries who as members of our 2500 CLUB contribute one dollar a month for one year.

The obligation is not binding as membership may be discontinued at will.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Dear Sister:

Please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB. I will send one dollar a month for one year toward the support of the Sisters and their work.

Name

Street

City Zone State