

the **MI** *ssionary* **G** *atechist*



December 1953



A
"Mary"
Christmas

and a Marian Year filled with many
graces and blessings is our wish for
you.

Mother Cecilia
and
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters



GOING ON THIRTY

WITH this copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we begin our thirtieth year of publication. Our first issue was mailed December, 1924. That makes our magazine, then, the same age as Victory Noll, for our sisters moved here from Gary in time to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception in our new motherhouse. It was dedicated the following July, the first public episcopal act of Archbishop Noll who was consecrated several days before.

We are proud of the fact that some of our first subscribers are still with us after nearly thirty years. Most of those first subscriptions were recruited through *Our Sunday Visitor*. THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST has always been bound up, more or less, with the *Visitor*. Until 1939 everything but the editing and mailing of the magazine was done by OSV. Since then, however, we have our own printing plant. The copy is set up on the linotype at *Our Sunday Visitor*. From there everything is done at Victory Noll.

A birthday celebration calls for gifts. The gift of one new subscription from each present subscriber would be the nicest thing we could wish for. Many of you responded generously to our subscription appeal a year ago and we are sincerely grateful.

We will be glad to send you sample copies of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, subscription blanks, literature about our work—anything that will make it easier for you to secure subscriptions. Meanwhile, we will do everything we can to make our magazine interesting for you and for the new friends you make for us.



VOLUME 30

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

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ON THE COVER

Bringing flowers to the Infant Jesus on Christmas morning are these little children in Azusa, California. The crib is in the chapel of the sisters' convent.

PHOTO CREDITS

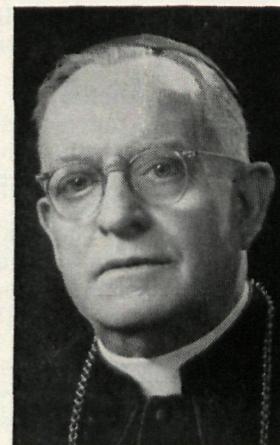
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Our National Shrine to Mary Immaculate

- From December, 1953 to December, 1954 -

by the Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D.
Archbishop-Bishop of Fort Wayne



Archbishop Noll

IN the year 1846, at the request of the then body of Bishops of the United States, a petition was sent to Pope Pius IX to designate Mary Immaculate as Patroness of our young nation. This was seven years before the same Pope issued his Decree promulgating as a dogma of the Catholic faith what had always been believed through the centuries, namely, that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was, because of her choice by Almighty God as the instrument of the Incarnation, preserved from Original Sin at the moment of the creation of her soul. Pope Pius graciously acquiesced in the appeal of the American Bishops in January, 1847.

In the year 1947—exactly one hundred years later—the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, convened for its annual meeting in Washington, D. C., appointed Bishop (now Archbishop) Noll chairman of a Committee to raise the needed funds to erect the superstructure of an uncompleted Shrine. This was known as the Crypt or Basement Church towards which American Catholics had contributed nearly \$2,000,000.

The cornerstone of that Crypt was laid in the fall of 1922, or more than thirty years ago. It has been a show place for tourists visiting the national capital and has served as a church for the students of the Catholic University, and for the many Religious Orders and Communities having Houses of Study near the campus.

At the time the Committee was formed to gather funds, it was decided that the money would be raised over a five year period through diocesan collections; and the architect estimated that the cost of erecting the walls and covering the same with a roof would entail an expense of some \$4,000,000. During that five year period, ending in 1952, that goal was attained.

However, because of the steady increase in the cost of both material and labor, a revised estimate, in the year 1952, called for an amount double that of the first estimate.

But the Bishops, who were conducting the drive, decided that the unfinished Basilica should be usable, and, therefore, should have the marble floor, which was contemplated, at least one huge altar, besides heating and plumbing and lighting; that the area around the Shrine should be landscaped into a beautiful approach. This brought the calculated cost close to \$12,000,000.

The Bishops at the November meeting, 1952, agreed to become responsible for \$8,000,000 which, added to the \$4,000,000 on hand, would provide the \$12,000,000 needed.

The firm of Maginnis and Walsh, of Boston, was chosen as architects, and it informed the Committee that it would require at least one full year to complete the plans and specifications, which would mean that work could not be started until the spring of 1954, the centenary year of the promulgation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

It was also decided at the 1952 meeting to attempt to raise the \$8,000,000 in one collection—on the Sunday prior to the feast of Mary Immaculate, 1953, which means on December 6 of this year. Considerable publicity has been given to this collection.

The slogan of the campaign for funds is "Pray to Mary . . . Give for Mary's Shrine."

We are certain that the readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, which is under Mary's patronage, are looking forward with eagerness to the day when they, with all members of their

respective parishes, will have an opportunity to show their love for their Heavenly Mother.

The Catholics of practically every other country in the world—excluding the pagan countries where the Church is still young—have set us an example which should have been emulated long before this. Even since the end of World War II, National Shrines to Mary have been erected in several countries despite the fact that their people had become impoverished through the effects of the war.

Parents who, in these days, are so much concerned about the restoration of peace and the kind of society in which their children will live, should make a contribution in behalf of their children tied to a prayer that they may “keep themselves unspotted in this world,” and foster the habit of praying daily to Mary not only for their temporal security, but for their growth in holiness. A home consecrated to Mary, a nation striving to cultivate her friendship and her motherly care, should have reasonable hope that all will be right with the world in another generation—and we know of no other way to appease the grievously offended majesty of God.



This is how the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D. C., will look when completed. It will be one of the ten greatest religious edifices in the world. A national appeal to raise funds for the work on the Shrine will be held, in most parts of the country, on Sunday, December 6.



Crowning the hilltop at Victory Noll, at the crest of the beautiful, winding front drive, is an exquisite statue of the Immaculate Conception—Our Lady of Victory who crushed the head of the serpent.

THE feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, has always been a day of special rejoicing at Victory Noll. It was on that beautiful feast in 1924 that Holy Mass was offered for the first time at our Motherhouse. In recent years it has been our privilege to hold Forty Hours Devotion at this time. The three days of prayer before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar, come to a close on the evening of Our Blessed Mother's great feast.

Prayer For The Feast

O God who, by the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, didst make ready a fitting dwelling-place for thy Son: grant, we beseech thee, that as through the death foreseen by thee of the same thy Son, thou didst preserve His Mother unsullied by sin, so, us likewise, pure in heart, thou wouldst make to come unto thee. Through the same Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who livest and reignest in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

The Gift of Oneself

by Sister M. Dorothy Louise

THE novice knelt before the Christmas crib, her eyes intent upon the face of the little Child. This was her last Christmas at Victory Noll. In a few months she and her class would be making their long-awaited profession; then she would be leaving for the missions. Christmas would be wonderful wherever she was sent, but somehow Christmas at Victory Noll would always hold a special place in her heart.



The crib in the chapel at Victory Noll.

What would she remember most? She smiled at the little shepherd boy gazing at the Child so adoringly. Never before had Christmas held so much meaning for her. The four weeks preceding Christmas had been days of anxious expectation and preparation for the King who was to come. And there were so many reminders: the Gospels of the Sundays revealing the longing of the people for the Messiah; and the lovely Christmas Novena that had made the chapel resound with its message of expectation, "O come, O come, Emmanuel!"

She would never forget the corridors of Victory Noll before Christmas, bustling with eager sisters, as one passed another carrying ladders and holly wreaths and decorations. Neither would she forget those painstaking practices in choir, the sisters grouped around the organ, with eager eyes intent on the music of the beautiful Christmas Mass.

The figure of Our Blessed Mother kneeling at the side of the crib seemed so youthful yet maternal. Who can love the Infant without loving His Mother, the novice thought? How many religious vocations has she not nurtured and brought to full growth! And how altogether fitting that the formula of profession should contain her sweet name. "In the presence of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of Mary His Most Blessed Mother . . ." Yes, Mary was playing an important part in her novitiate years just as she had in the growing boyhood of Jesus at Nazareth.

Next Christmas at this time, she too, like the Magi, would offer the Savior three gifts, gifts so precious that the riches of the earth could not buy them—the three vows of her religious profession. Meanwhile, the novice thought gratefully, He has given me three inspiring years of preparation and of expectation.

Oh, yes, the years that lie ahead would be wonderful years. Next Christmas she would be settled in her first mission, possibly a little village center. Then perhaps after a few years, one of the big cities would be her post. And still later—but the place did not matter. At Christmas each would be Bethlehem again, for Bethlehem is not bound by earthly borders. But whatever the year, wherever the place, the Christmas season would always take her back in spirit to Victory Noll—Victory Noll where she had offered the gift of herself to the Christ Child.

We consider it a privilege to remember your intentions in our Christmas novena. On the nine days preceding the feast of the Nativity, Holy Mass is offered every morning for the intentions of the novena. In the evening, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar, the community chants the prophecies that foretell the coming of the Messiah. All our subscribers and benefactors are included in these prayers, but if you have a special intention you wish to send to Victory Noll, please feel free to do so.

If Your Name Is Guadalupe

by Sister Josephine

WE have had many glorious adventures in our years of missionary activities, but our work among the Indians in the primitive and quaint pueblos of New Mexico is entirely different from anything we ever experienced before. The last time we visited one of them, my sister companion remarked, "No matter how many times we come to the pueblo, I always feel as if we are in a different world."

On one day in particular, even the different world has a different air about it. It is on December 12, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, most beloved of feasts for all Indians. When we arrived at the Indian government school on that day for our noon time classes in religion, we had a surprise. The teachers informed us that there was no school and there was no use of our staying. However, we told them that we had more reason than ever for staying because we would have more time for our weekly visitation of the homes in the pueblo. Besides, we had been invited the previous week to attend a family party in honor of a little girl whose name is Guadalupe. All week we had been looking forward with keenest anticipation to this rare opportunity of taking part in a real Indian festal celebration. These celebrations have a special meaning for the children whose patron is being commemorated. This feast being in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, all the families having a member with that name were to furnish the entertainment for the whole village, and it is practically the entire village that takes part.

Upon arriving in the pueblo we saw a large crowd of Indians standing in expectation in front of a very humble adobe hut. Everyone was looking up to the low flat roof where an entire family from the three-year-old girl up to the elderly grandmother were enthusiastically taking various articles from four or five large boxes and throwing them down to the eagerly outstretched hands of the crowd below. I ventured to ask a kindly looking Indian woman near me what all this meant. She said that the family had a girl named Guadalupe and it was their turn to throw gifts to the neighbors.

Just then a group of Indian men in costume came from the rear of the hut, singing a hymn to Our Lady of Guadalupe and dancing most reverently and gracefully in her honor. They

formed a semi-circle in the midst of the crowd and continued their dancing while the gift-throwing progressed from the roof of little Guadalupe's home.



Sister Maria Anita and the woman who gave the sisters the delicious Indian bread.

What impressed us was the composure and dignity of the crowd. One would expect to see a mad scramble when gifts come falling through the air. But even among the children there was no rowdiness. Grownups and children calmly held up their hands and caught the gifts that happened to land where they were standing. Only a few of the tiny little ones on the outer part of the crowd showed some excitement and ran out of their places to gather the food or household goods that were so generously being given away.

We did not remain to see what happened next, for we wanted to visit some of the elderly people and some of the mothers in the pueblo. Surely, we thought, these elderly people would



Mr. Garcia, the sacristan at the pueblo, speaks to Sister Carlota of the progress his children are making in catechism class.

be home. They could not stand the rigors of an all-day tour to the homes of all the Guadalupe, for the dancing and gift-throwing were to continue until the last house with a Guadalupe had taken part. And surely we would find some of the mothers of our pupils at home, for they would be preparing many of the pastries and other good things for the feast.

Our first visit was to be to the home of the little girl named Guadalupe whose family had invited us the previous week. But as is usual on our visits, Our Blessed Mother guided our footsteps to those who needed our help. On the way we met a very elaborately dressed Indian woman. She was wearing her fanciest jewelry and most colorful silks for the occasion. She cordially invited us to come to her house for the feast. Her home was poor, but the table, like every other one in the pueblo that day, was filled with good things. She regretted that we could not partake of some of the delicacies right at the table, but she insisted on filling a bag for each of us with oven-baked Indian bread and delicious pastries. During our conversation we discovered that the woman, although baptized, had never been instructed in the faith; so on that memorable day she received her first instruction and begged us to return again to give her more.

Across the street from this woman's home was an elderly Indian who greeted us in perfect Spanish. The old people always like gifts, so we presented him with a brightly colored, but used rosary, and showed him how to say it. When we

left we wondered whether he had been so obliging and appreciative just to please us, but later in the afternoon we passed by his hut again—and we found out. He did not see us, but we could hear him devoutly uttering familiar, but strangely combined sounds. As we drew closer we caught the words: "Our Father who art in heaven; full of grace, the Lord is with thee." He had the *Pater* and *Ave* all combined into one, but his prayerful expression told us that the strange combination must have made to our gracious Queen of the Rosary, a beautiful melody of grateful love.

Each time we visit these good people we learn more of their admirable traits of character. Several are especially noteworthy. For instance, they consider it most offensive to stare at people or to ask questions; also, they are never over-profuse in their words. When they visit the home of a friend, they do not introduce their presence with meaningless or exaggerated greetings. Their tradition is that on entering, they maintain a moment's silence out of respect for their host, and then they speak.

With so many natural traits to build on, there is great hope that with the help of divine grace, the Indians will be faithful children of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

It was to an Indian lad, Juan Diego, that Our Blessed Mother—Our Lady of Guadalupe—appeared on the hill of Tepeyac, outside Mexico City, in December 1531. Of all the apparitions of Our Lady to her children on earth, none is so touching, so charming as this one.

Mary always uses the poor and the humble as her instruments—those who are insignificant in the eyes of the world. Just as she chose to show herself to the children at Fatima in our own century and to Bernadette in the nineteenth century, so she singled out poor Juan, the Indian boy, in the sixteenth century, soon after the conquest of Mexico.

At the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in the magnificent basilica near Mexico City is preserved the *tilma* of the humble Juan. After more than four centuries the beautiful picture, painted thereon not by human hands, is as vivid today as it was when it was first venerated in 1531. And the faith, which Our Lady of Guadalupe implanted in the hearts of her Indians in the sixteenth century, burns brightly today and will continue to burn so long as the Mexican people preserve their tender, loving devotion to Mary, God's Mother and theirs.

Salvation Through Clinical Work

by Therese Beihl

“**W**HEN I meet Our Lord,” said soft-spoken capable Sister Aurelia Jane, superior of the Guadalupe Clinic in San Diego, “I am going to ask Him to make us more conscious of the need of clinics in the United States for the sole purpose of saving those who are out of His reach in any other field.”

Sister Aurelia Jane continued to explain as she showed us through the clean examination rooms and orderly laboratory, that the clinic offers care in all branches of medicine to people in low-income brackets regardless of race or creed. She said that among the eight to nine hundred visitors a month are the unemployed, the aged poor, the colored with large families, and other national groups not cared for by other agencies. All types of care are available through the clinic medical and dental staff. The fees are from twenty-five cents to a dollar. Many are unable to pay even these small amounts, but they receive the same care as those who can pay a little.

Sister told us that in 1945, when the clinic came into being through the inspiration of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Charles Buddy, D.D., Bishop of San Diego, it was strongly opposed.



Mrs. Beihl, author of the clinic story, not only helps our sisters teach catechism at Perris, California, but provides transportation for the country children who could not otherwise attend.



A public health nurse giving a course on mother and baby care to a group of expectant mothers. Sister Aurelia Jane is in the background.



Our Lady of Guadalupe Clinic, San Diego.

There were several years of struggle to keep it going under lay personnel. Then in 1948 Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters were requested to take over the management.

At present Sister Aurelia Jane and four other sisters spend more than the usual eight hours a day in the clinic. The group of sisters include two registered nurses, a medical social worker, a laboratory technician, and a receptionist. A lay nurse is also employed at the clinic.

Clinic patients are cared for by doctors who are members of the San Diego County Medical Society. The 152 physicians and dentists who render service to the patients serve on a rotating basis and give generously of their time and ability.

Sister told us of a child less than a year old who had a hair lip and cleft palate. Since the parents were too poor to give him the medical care he needed, staff doctors through extension surgery at Mercy Hospital operated so successfully that the defect now can hardly be recognized. Many are the children under clinic care.

We heard the story of a mother who came to ask for dental work for her two children. The sisters asked her at the time if she cared to take advantage of the cancer detection service in the clinic, which is staffed by women doctors. The mother had had no history of cancer, but a cancerous growth of the rapidly growing type showed up in the examination. She was given assistance through the clinic and the growth was removed. Through the cancer detection service many mothers are being saved.

The sisters at the Guadalupe Clinic desire above everything else that every soul who passes through the clinic shall receive spiritual help. Through their daily counselling, souls are brought back to Our Lord and to His Church, families are united, courage and faith are quietly given.

Sister Aurelia Jane's desire that the clinics should be for the sole purpose of saving those out of reach of Our Lord in other fields is truly being lived out here at the Guadalupe Clinic. The atmosphere of the whole clinic is gentle and kind, as if Our Blessed Mother is herself receiving all who come into her motherly care. Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are the hands of Our Blessed Mother who is gently leading souls to salvation.



Dr. Lawrence E. Reck, pediatrician, president of the clinic staff for the current year. The young woman is a vocational student nurse in training at the clinic.



Backstage after the Christmas play. Sister Mary Gabrielle, Ida, Michigan.

RURAL LIFE

A short time before Christmas I was enthusiastically teaching the story of the birth of Our Lord, carefully explaining any words that might be unfamiliar to my little ones—words like “stable” and “shepherds.” However, when I reviewed the lesson the following week, I wondered if perhaps I had carried my own rural background a bit too far. To my question, “Where was Jesus born?” I received the answer, “In a barn.” And when I asked, “Who were the first ones to visit the Baby Jesus?” the prompt reply was, “Some farmers!”

SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

IDEA OF PARADISE

Vianny, eight years old, lives in a crowded tenement. The nearest thing to “wide open spaces” in her young life is a dark stairway and the sidewalk of a busy street. I was not too surprised, then, when she ended her story of Adam and Eve with “And then God chased them out of that nice yard.”

SISTER COLUMBA
DENVER, COLORADO



WITHOUT WORDS

St. Francis with his brother companion set out purposely to preach a silent sermon. On two occasions recently, we found that we had unwittingly preached without uttering a syllable. Once it was our backs, no less, that did the preaching. We'll let Mrs. Jonas tell you the story as she told it to us.

“Sisters, you don't know how good I felt at the novena last Monday night, just looking at the backs of you three sisters. I was feeling so blue when I went to church. My Bill had just written that he couldn't come home for Christmas. Up until then we had hoped against hope that he could get away from Camp somehow. When we heard it would be impossible, I couldn't get Bill off my mind. Then, when you sisters came into church and knelt right in front of me, I started thinking of what Father told us. He said you don't ordinarily go home, except maybe once in five years, or so. I know you love your folks and miss them too. So I decided if you can give them up for such a long time, surely we can stand being without Bill this one Christmas. I've felt better ever since.”



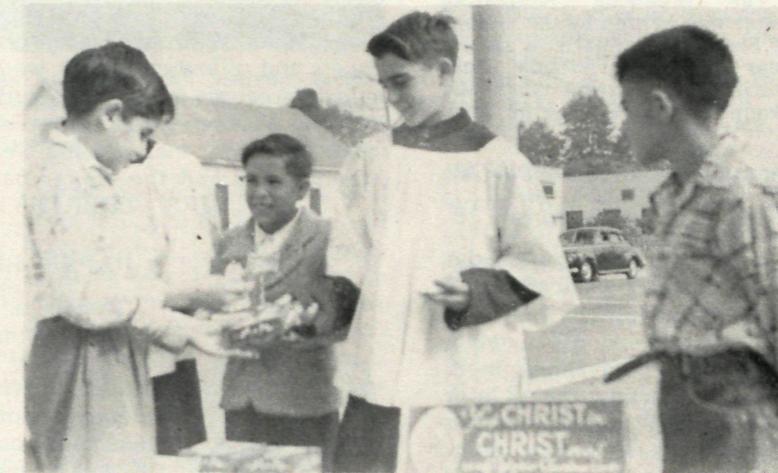
These youngsters in Suggsville, Alabama didn't even wait for Sister to leave before they started to play the checker game that was in the Christmas box she brought.

A non-Catholic neighbor also informed us of how she was helped by our example. When we called at her home in our house-to-house census-taking, she thanked us in these words, “Getting up is always hard on me, especially getting up early. The other morning I had to be up at six o'clock to get my son off to his new job. I was feeling horrible—mad at him and mad at myself for feeling that way. I happened to look over at your house and I saw your lights burning. Right then I said to myself, “If they can do it everyday, it won't hurt me this one time.”

Such expressions of appreciation leave us speechless, marveling at the childlike simplicity with which people draw inspiration from such insignificant actions and at the goodness of God who deigns to use us in awakening His grace in souls.

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY
UNION CITY, PA.

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Savior. Ps. The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands. V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Drop down dew . . . (Introit, Fourth Sunday of Advent)



Knights of the Altar of Resurrection parish, Los Angeles, consider it a privilege to keep Christ in Christmas by selling Catholic Christmas cards.

“SISTER, WHAT'S WRONG?”

We were saying our community prayers when seven-year-old Jerry rang our door bell. Our convent is very small, and when I opened the door, Jerry could hear the sisters praying. He was very much puzzled and asked, “What's that noise?”

I told him, “All the sisters are in chapel praying.”

Jerry looked so sad and sympathetic while he asked, “Sister, what's wrong?”

Never had he heard of anyone praying except when something was wrong.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE
BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA

CLOSE QUARTERS

In one of our centers we have to have two classes in a room that is really only big enough for one. Consequently, the children are not always sure as to which sister they would rather give attention. During the instruction period before the first Sunday of Advent both sisters were explaining the beautiful custom of the Advent wreath. The prayers for each week of Advent were being read by children in both classes. When one reader paused a minute, the announcement came from the reader in the other class: “Prayer for the Fourth Sunday.” Then there was a loud whisper on the other side of the line, “Hurry up, Tony. The other kids are two weeks ahead of us!”

SISTER MARILYN
MIDDLESEX, NEW JERSEY



Dear Associates:

THIS is the season of the year when we are drawn together in the all-embracing love of God the Son who became a Child for our sakes. It is for His sake and in imitation of Him that we exchange gifts, and bestow charity on His poor to honor His poverty and to win the reward He promised of accepting it as done to Himself.

For this reason, we want to thank our Associates first for the money offerings sent to Victory Noll during the past year toward the support of our sisters, and secondly for all the mission boxes forwarded to our convents in our far-flung mission fields.

May our Blessed Lord, Himself, be your exceeding great reward in your Christmas Communion and throughout all eternity.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

SUCCESSFUL MONEY RAISING



The following interesting letter was written by the mother of Sister Grace Marie, a second year novice at Victory Noll. During the current year the group mentioned sent us \$165.

"SOMETIME ago you wanted to know how we raise money for the missions. We have different ways.

"Two years ago we sold chances on a cedar chest filled with linens. Later it was raffled off at a card party held in our parish hall. Of course the chest and contents were all donated, and we had such a nice variety of things in it.

"Last year we sold chances on \$25 and later in the month had a bake sale. Five-cent chances were sold on one large cake that was especially nice. Bake or pastry sales are fun and everything always sells easily. We do not confine our sales strictly to baked goods, but also

our **A**ssociates

have fruit salad, potato salad, fresh eggs and farmers produce,—whatever we think we can sell.

"This year I shall suggest to the chairman of our mission group to have an apron booth as an added attraction. Aprons are so very useful and can be priced reasonably for a quick turnover. A person is surprised at the variety of ideas used in making very pretty aprons, ranging from laundry aprons to those used in serving a dainty lunch.

"Here is another idea which we will also talk over at our next meeting. It is that of selling chances on \$500 at one dollar a chance, limiting the sale to 1,000 tickets. This clears \$500 but naturally involves work and the good will of the people.

"Ours is a real small town and that perhaps has something to do with our success, as we know nearly everyone."

MRS. V. P. SAMBLANET

..FURTHER SUCCESS IN FUND RAISING..



Accompanying the letter quoted below was a check for \$200 which represented the proceeds made by the mission club at its ice cream social. The ladies held a bake sale in connection with the social and made enough to pay for the ice cream and other incidentals.

"THE past year we have had brush parties, copper parties, and now plastic parties. Two members have already given plastic parties with a few more lined up. We realize around \$25 for each party which is pretty good we think.

"Along with our sales of greeting cards, sheets and pillow cases that we buy from wholesale houses, we manage to build up our treasury the easy way. This leaves us free to concentrate on our main events, i.e. the summer ice cream social and the winter bazaar."

MRS. THERESA PITRELLA

PICTURES WITH PAPER PLATE FRAMES



This is a suggestion from Regina Emmerich, Promoter of St. Mary Magdalen Band, Madison, Minn. "We pasted pictures clipped from Christmas cards on the flat surface of small round paper plates of pastel shades, and found the children loved them."

Club **M**ention

THE MARTINETTES JUNIOR BAND (Cincinnati, Ohio)

WE promised a couple of months ago to give you some information about this Junior Band of high school girls, organized a little over a year ago by Miss Carole Niklas, who is a niece of Miss Rita Busche, one of the Srillians. It was with the aid of her aunt and the other Srillians that the new Band was formed. Carole refers to the older women as "honorary members." The latter help chiefly through suggestions. The girls are strictly on their own in making articles for the missions and raising money. We quote from Carole's letters:

"It all began when I returned from a visit to Victory Noll with Aunt Rita and the other



Reading from left to right, seated: Janette Brown, Shirley Engst, Eleanor Mormile. Standing: Carole Niklas, Mary Lou Nastold, Clare Gerhard, and Mary Kay Gerhard.

Srillians where we met Sister Marguerite and Sister Helen. Exactly one month later four of us formed "The Martinettes," named in honor of St. Martin's Parish to which we belong. In the course of time three more members were added. Dues are 25 cents a month. At Christmas we pack medals, hankies, barrettes, balloons and scrapbooks into a box and send them to Sister Helen."



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

September 18, 1953 to October 15, 1953

Adrian Band, Chicago, Florence Dietz	\$ 25.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Helen Ford	6.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Jos. Walz	22.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. M. McGovern	22.00
Holy Trinity Band, St. Jude's, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Alberta Duesler	3.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Elsie Jachmann	2.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch	40.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, Carole Niklas	1.00
Mothers & Daughters, Chicago, Mrs. Earl Keegan	12.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	200.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	25.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Mary Preiner	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Helen Melke	3.75
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	8.50
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes	38.50
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Kiefer	17.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	40.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	155.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Mrs. Frances Schuette	140.00
St. Mary Mission Club, Oak Park, Ill., Mrs. Forest Lehman	50.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	21.00
St. Raymond Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	5.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	10.50

* * *

CORRECTION. A total of \$175 had been received from ST. JUDE MISSION SOCIETY, FT. WAYNE, INDIANA (Mrs. Fred Potthoff, President) by the end of the summer instead of \$133, and there are four card playing groups in the Society and not one as stated in the September issue.

Go-Betweens

by Sister Kathleen

It's fun being a go-between, especially at Christmas. It usually starts about the first of December with, perhaps, a request like this from the Catholic Daughters:

"Sister, we can furnish a few Christmas baskets to needy families in your parish. If you will give us the names of these families, we will see that they get a basket."

Then begin the checking of files and the consultations with the other sisters as to which families are the neediest. Finally the list is compiled and forwarded.

In its wake comes a similar request, this time from the St. Vincent de Paul Society who also want to supply some Christmas dinners. Then the list is gone over again, and we are glad of the opportunity to aid some of the people who had to be left out in the first check.

For the past two years we have had an unusual and very welcome request. The student body from the local college has sponsored a Yule party for twenty-five of our poor children between the ages of six and ten. The college bus comes for the children and we accompany them to the campus. When we arrive, the girls of the sponsoring committee greet the children and quickly help them to overcome the timidity which quite overwhelms them when they find themselves in strange surroundings and the center of so much attention. The party takes place around a huge tree in an attractive hall on the campus. The gracious hostesses play entertaining games with the children and hold them enthralled with fascinating stories. As the climax, the dean of men literally breezes in, dressed as Santa Claus. In his sack he has presents for each one there including the sisters. Refreshments are then served and the

children still a little awed by the whole experience, are taken home in the bus.

Last Christmas one of the college sororities sponsored a second party for fifth and sixth graders and it was as successful as the one held for the younger children.

Always we have the generous individual who wants to do something special. With this something special in mind the person calls on us to help her. This sometimes poses a problem but it is one we are happy to cope with.

One year a lady asked for two small children, one a boy and one a girl. She would take them to her home for Christmas dinner and would have toys and clothes for them. Out of our hundreds we finally made a selection, twins, a boy and a girl. Not long before, their mother had complained to us of her inability to provide for the children because of the size of her family. We decided that this choice would benefit both the mother and the children.

The arrangements were completed satisfactorily between the mother of the children and the benefactor, and the latter made her purchases accordingly. The day before Christmas, acting on a hunch, we suggested that our friend contact the family just to make sure the children were still going. It was a lucky hunch. The mother informed the lady that she had decided to keep the children with her on Christmas day. So we had to make another check for two children who matched the twins in size, for the good woman had purchased quite a few articles of clothing.

Each year we are beneficiaries of a civic organization that sponsors a toy dance for the benefit of our children. We consider ourselves very fortunate to receive these many beauti-



ful toys, for there is no obligation on the part of this organization to donate them to us. The members give a toy as their admission to the dance, and the collection is brought to us the next day. Then begins the sorting so that the prizes are given out according to merit and to the need of the children. These toys, together with other gifts and religious articles that we receive from our families and friends, help to provide a wonderful Christmas for those whose Christmas might otherwise be slim indeed.

While we ourselves are unable to provide material advantages for our people, we feel that ours is a necessary part in getting them in contact with the individuals and organizations who can help them. When Christmas day finally arrives, and there is a respite from telephone, doorbell, and typewriter, we let the peace of Christmas seep into our souls, happy in the thought that for at least some of our people, Christmas is not the day of disappointment it might have been.



Sodalists of St. Frances of Rome parish, Azusa, California, get ready for their annual sale of Christmas cards. Sister Melita is pictured with them.



Mary's Loyal

Come, raise your gladsome voices
To hail our Saviour King;
Each grateful heart rejoices,
His praises thus to sing!

Dear Loyal Helpers:

It is just a few weeks until Christmas, so Sunshine Secretary takes this occasion to wish you a joyful one, filled with blessings from our Infant King who reigns over all hearts from His altar crib. With this wish for a Happy Christmas go our heartfelt thanks for all the Hail Marys and all the Sunshine sacrifice money offered to aid our work in the mission fields.

We shall give you special remembrances in our prayers during this holy season.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

* * *

WISCONSIN HELPER

In the accompanying picture is John Uselding of Belgium, Wisconsin, who was ten years old and in the sixth grade when last we heard of him. John's older sister Marie joined our Loyal Helpers before he did. She became a Helper in 1950. It was Marie who got her two younger brothers to join. Elsewhere on this page you will find a picture of John's younger brother. We are proud of this trio from the Badger State.



ARTHUR USELDING
(Belgium, Wis.)



Now that we have introduced you to John, we are happy to make you acquainted also with Arthur Uselding, his brother. Arthur was seven years old and in the third grade when we received this picture. Both brothers joined our Helpers more than a year ago and are good givers.

Arthur likes to work out dot puzzles. Others prefer the rebus or hidden word puzzles.

* * *

Dear Sister:

I am sending for a Sunshine Bag. I am a convert. I was baptized June 14, 1953. My mother read history and found out the Catholic Church was the true Church.

Marian Churchill, Chicago, Illinois

* * *

Dear Sister:

Enclosed is the puzzle picture. You said we would get a holy card for it. I am not too good in school but I pray asking God for help and I get it.

We get THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and I like it very well. I liked "Operation Summer School" by Sister Bernardine, and "Our Mother's Hour" by Sister Lucia especially well. I could say a lot of things I like about the magazine but I have to go now.

Marjorie Pape, New Richmond, Wis.



H^{elpers} pages



NOT CHOKING BUT HUGGING HIM!



Above are pictured Donald Picchietti, with his younger brother Daniel, Loyal Helpers, who live in Elmhurst, Illinois. At the time this picture was taken Donald was twenty months old and Daniel four months old. Their mother, Mrs. Louis Picchietti, is a member of the newly organized St. Mary Goretti Mission Band.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Sister:

Today at school I won a prize. Sister offered a prize for the best talk announcing something. I announced how the children could become *Mary's Loyal Helpers*. The children really liked the idea and want more information about it. Would you write a letter that Sister St. Dennis could read to my classmates?

My aunt promised five dollars if her wish was granted. She asked me to pray for her special intention and thinks my prayer helped so she let me send her offering to you. I am also sending the dime card filled with dimes.

In another letter I will tell you how we save our pennies.

Karen Feller, Dubuque, Iowa

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

In each of the sentences below is one of the following *hidden words* which has a bearing on the story of the first Christmas: *Angels, flocks, stable, star, kings, dromedary, gold, frankincense and myrrh*. Underscore each hidden word and send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana* for a holy card.

1. Ralph is just able to walk after many months in bed.
2. Martha was taking sewing lessons at school, last year.
3. The Wisemen from the East are seeking the newborn Saviour.
4. "There goes the man who performs in the hippodrome, Daryll!"
5. An inhabitant of Asia belongs to the Mongol division of mankind.
6. Mr. Wolf locks up the store every night at ten.
7. It was then that Frank, incensed at their irreverence in church, boldly denounced them.
8. "I have the clothes to hang, else I would go, too," remarked Beth.
9. There was a notice on the bulletin board that Amy R. Rhodes had won the Christmas contest.

* * *

RAISE MONEY GIVING A PLAY

Dear Sisters:

Enclosed is \$2.00 which our club has made by having a play. About twenty people came and we charged ten cents admission. We think it was successful and are trying to think of more ways to help the missions.

Enclosed, too, are Rap-in-Wax coupons. We will try to get more for you.

Joan Mader and Mary Gene Hackett, Chicago.



Books



THE SPRINGS OF SILENCE by Madeline De-Frees (Sister Mary Gilbert, S.N.J.M.) Prentice-Hall, Inc. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y. \$2.95

This is the year, it seems, for autobiographies on the religious life. Fortunately, each one differs from the other just as various vocations differ from one another. Sister Mary Gilbert writes of her years as a Sister of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Sister herself does not call her book an autobiography, but rather a portrait, and that is just what it is. Cleverly woven into each chapter is a picture of a postulant, novice, professed sister, a superior. There are beautiful explanations of the vows. This would be an excellent book to give to a non-Catholic for whom the religious life is a mystery. Catholics too would appreciate it and would learn why it is that young women leave the world to enter the convent.

THE GREATEST FAITH EVER KNOWN by Fulton Oursler and April Oursler Armstrong. Doubleday & Company Inc., Garden City, New York. \$3.95.

Fulton Oursler proved to the world, if proof was needed, that the bible contains the most exciting, most dramatic stories ever written. **The Greatest Faith Ever Known**, like its predecessors, **The Greatest Book Ever Written** (the Old Testament) and **The Greatest Story Ever Told** (the New Testament), will hold the reader's interest from beginning to end. This last of the trilogy relates the story of the Acts of the Apostles. It is written with the simplicity and vividness that endeared Fulton Oursler to everyone. The characters truly come alive, in this deeply moving account of the first century of Christianity.

In a beautiful foreword to the book, April Oursler Armstrong, daughter of Fulton Oursler, tells simply how she carried out her father's wishes in completing the work that his death interrupted. She had assisted her father with its preparation, and the final draft had almost been completed. We should be grateful to her for a task well done.

Two editions of **The Greatest Faith Ever Known** have been published. The Catholic edition carries Cardinal Spellman's **Imprimatur**.



GLORY to God in the highest
and on earth peace
to men of good will.

We praise Thee.

We bless Thee.

We adore Thee.

We glorify Thee.

We give Thee thanks for
Thy great glory.

O Lord God, King of Heaven,
God the Father Almighty.

O Lord Jesus Christ, the
only-begotten Son.

O Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father.

Thou who takest away the sins
of the world, have mercy on us.
Thou who takest away the sins
of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou who sittest at the right
hand of the Father, have mercy
on us.

For Thou only art holy,
Thou only art Lord,

Thou only art most high,

O Jesus Christ, with the
Holy Ghost, in the glory of God
the Father. Amen.



Mrs. Flora Toensmeyer, Bellevue, Ky.
Martin A. Greven, Fort Wayne
Anna Knusman, ACM, Chicago
Nellie Sowards, Chillicothe, Ohio
Mrs. Dwelly, Cincinnati, Ohio
Timothy Trant, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Henry Zeiger, East Chicago, Ind.
Joseph Wienczek, Detroit

True Devotion To Mary

“YET this centenary celebration [of the definition of the Immaculate Conception] should not only serve to revive Catholic faith and earnest devotion to the Mother of God in the souls of all, but Christians should also, in as far as possible conform their lives to the image of the same Virgin.” Pope Pius XII.

These beautiful words are taken from the magnificent encyclical letter *Fulgens Corona* with which our Holy Father established the Marian Year beginning this month to mark the centenary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Our Holy Father would have us conform our lives to the image of Our Blessed Mother, for in conforming our lives to her, we conform them to Jesus, her Son. How to do this St. Louis de Montfort shows us in his teachings on the True Devotion. True Devotion to Mary consists not in many pious practices, but rather in striving to acquire the *spirit* of Mary.

First of all we consecrate ourselves to Jesus through Mary, and then try to do all our actions by Mary, in Mary, with Mary, for Mary. It is a perfect renewal and ratification of the vows of our baptism. Because we were baptized as infants, most of us, we were not aware at the time of the promises our godparents made in our name. We should now go back in spirit to the sacred moment when we were regenerated in the holy font and the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity began to dwell in our soul. The vows we made then we can renew again and again, each time stirring up within us the grace of the holy sacrament. This is the very essence of the True Devotion.

Before we make our initial act of consecration and before each solemn renewal, it is well to make a preparation. This will depend, to a great extent, on individual circumstances. Our Blessed Mother allows for our deficiencies, sees our good will, and embellishes all our actions. This thought is beautifully expressed in a letter we received recently. We asked the writer, a faithful servant of Mary, for permission to share it with you. Parts of it follow:

Yesterday on the beautiful Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I enjoyed the privilege of renewing my Consecration to Our Blessed Mother . . .

Due to the nature of my present duty assignment and the fact that an extended inspection trip coincided with the period for my preparation for this renewal, my efforts to make the recommended preparation resulted in their being made in a variety of places and circumstances, such as: in churches and missions and hotel rooms in Los Angeles, Phoenix, Tucson, and El Paso, and even aboard planes high over this great Southwest. I trust that Our Lady will make up for the deficiencies due to environment. One of the consoling things about the True Devotion is that Our Lady does the “bookkeeping” even when we are unable to complete certain devotional formulae.

If you too would know the happiness of belonging entirely and forever to Our Blessed Mother, write to Victory Noll and ask for information about the True Devotion.



The Preface for the Nativity



It is truly right and fitting,
just and salutary,
that we thank Thee,
always and everywhere,
holy Lord, almighty Father, eternal God.
Because by the mystery of the Word made flesh,
the light of Thy glory hath shone anew
upon the eyes of our mind;
that while we acknowledge Him to be God in visible form,
we may be drawn by Him to the love of the invisible.
And therefore with angels and archangels,
with thrones and dominations,
and with all the heavenly hosts,
we sing a hymn to Thy glory
saying endlessly,
Holy, Holy, Holy the Lord God of Hosts!

Roman Missal

