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

MARCH 1954

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March has been designated as Vocation Month with special emphasis on religious vocations. Everyone is aware of the shortage of priests and brothers and sisters. Parish schools are understaffed; some parishes are waiting patiently for the arrival of sisters to teach their children.

Every year we Missionary Sisters open three or four new mission centers. We could open many more if we had more vocations. During this month of March we beg you to pray for an increase of priestly and religious vocations. The future of America depends upon it.

We will pray especially for this intention in our novena to St. Joseph which begins on March 10 and ends on his feast, and also in our novena in honor of the Incarnation of Our Lord beginning March 16. We will be happy to remember your personal intentions in these novenas also and we want you to feel free to send them to us.

SISTERS EAT PROFITS?

Maybe the sisters are profit eaters, too! On page 11 of this issue there is a little story about a child eating her father's profits. When the sisters in Middlesex, N.J., sent us Joan's picture they told us that her family is most generous toward the sisters.

Everywhere our sisters are, they are provided for by good people like Joan's father. We salute all these generous lay people who do not forget the sisters, and we ask God to bless them for their thoughtfulness.

SHARP SHOOTERS

Do you think a rifle range at Victory Noll will be the next thing? We've seen the sisters playing volley ball, tennis, and croquet, but in our wildest imaginings we can't picture a shooting contest.

Now why all this? Because one of our sisters wrote: "If you have any spare time, may we recommend acquiring an interest in rifle shooting. It seems to be a sport growing in popularity. One of our boys, a junior in high school, asked, 'Sister, do you know how to shoot?' When the answer was a firm negative, the probing continued. 'Well, I know a sister in a military academy in Wisconsin who can shoot from the hip.' We sincerely hope that word never gets back to Victory Noll of how attractive such abilities make a sister in catechism class, or the next thing they'll put up is a rifle range."

All things to all men, yes; but even St. Paul must have drawn the line somewhere.

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Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana



ON THE COVER

Carmen is delighted with the statue of Our Blessed Mother that Sister Mary Alice has given her, but what child wouldn't be?

PHOTO CREDITS

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# Inconsistency of Parents

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

THE Catholic Church has been in the field of education longer than any other organization. In fact, after the barbarian Huns and Goths entered Europe from the north and devastated practically everything as they went south to the Mediterranean Sea, the Church found a wholly uncivilized people with which to deal. She, therefore, had first to teach them how to cultivate the soil so that they could provide what they needed to eat, then to bring them into schools both for secular and religious training. It was not long until they all had been baptized and embraced the Catholic religion. The extraordinary success she had in this endeavor must be attributed to Divine Providence. All the western world, which includes Europe and the north and south hemispheres on this side of the ocean are indebted to the Catholic Church for what she did for their ancestors.

Throughout the Middle Ages she built schools wherever she built churches. Most of them were adjacent to a monastery occupied by members of religious orders.

People think of our great colleges and universities in Europe and in this country as something quite modern, yet the Catholic Church built more universities before the Reformation than all other religions taken together have erected since that time. The State has now control of many universities, sponsored by the Catholic Church, such as Oxford and Cambridge in England.

Now the Catholic system of education is based on two obligations imposed by Almighty God Himself both on the Church and on Catholic parents. You have learned that we are not born into the world as children of God, but only as children of our parents. But within a week or two after our birth, we were adopted through the Sacrament of Baptism, into God's own family and, therefore, became "children of God." From that moment it became the duty of both Church and parents to raise us as children of God, to teach us all that we can learn about God and our destiny, and to guide us along the path of sanctity and salvation.



Postulant days are happy days.

The first school of Christ must be the home, yet we know that most parents do not instruct their children in the most important knowledge of all. They leave that to the sisters in our schools after the children will have reached the age of six. The Church then takes over their religious instruction and uses religious, whose whole lives are dedicated to that one work of instructing and guiding children unto holiness.

The school's success in that effort evidently depends on the home. If it has a discipline different from the school, follows different principles than the school, the child is swayed by either one of the two contradictory principles.

It is a good omen when parents demand religious instruction for their children in the Church's system of education, but they are very inconsistent when they exact children of other families to provide such instruction for their children, while refusing permission for their own daughters to be helpful in the same manner to the children of other parents. If they were consistent they would encourage one or more of their daughters to take up the teaching profession under the auspices of the Church.

The Church has also been in the field of nursing for centuries. In fact until somewhat over a century ago practically every hospital in the world was a Catholic hospital. Even today there are more beds in Catholic hospitals than there are in those of all others under religious auspices combined. The generality of people in most cities would prefer to have sisters in charge of a hospital in their midst.

Despite the high regard people generally have for a nurse, too few Catholics are entering that profession as religious to sanctify themselves by waiting on Christ in the person of the afflicted, the seriously sick, and the dying.

Then there is another field in which numerous workers are needed. It is the vast field in the United States, where, because of the absence of parochial schools, millions of children are receiving little or no religious instruction. Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters and some other communities have been formed to instruct Catholic children living far from a parish church and, therefore, having only occasional slight contacts with a priest, who does not reside among them, but who comes to them once or twice a month to afford them the opportunity of attending Mass. This same priest might have several or even a dozen other places to look after.



Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters (for a long time called "Missionary Catechists") are now doing that work in several hundred places in many states. In the western and south-western states there are more than one million Mexicans, not migrants, but families who have moved into the southwestern states to make a permanent home there. They are, for the most part, poor, and could not build and support their own schools. However they are very amenable to Catholic attention, and are so appreciative of the attention given to them by these sisters that they become good and faithful Catholics.

The migrant Mexicans, with whom we come in contact in the north and west, come chiefly from a state in Mexico — embracing more than 100,000 square miles—that has only a dozen priests. They are Catholics by instinct, but have never had the opportunity to receive religious instruction.

Protestant sects, in the aggregate, spend millions of dollars to win them over to Protestantism.

Catholic young women who would like to work for our Divine Savior and for His Church, and would like to see ready responses to their efforts, should join Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, whose Novitiate and Training School are located just one mile west of Huntington, Indiana, and sponsored by OUR SUNDAY VISITOR.

Parents should consider not what they think their daughter would lose by embracing the religious life, but rather consider what she will gain and what parents themselves will gain in a spiritual way for having encouraged her to enter this religious social service group, and the young woman herself, having some interest in the spiritual welfare of children and at least a spark of love for Him Who wants them to come unto Him, should at least have an open mind to persuasion to do that thing in this world which is most meritorious and which will guarantee an eternity of bliss with Him Who created all people for one purpose only, namely, for the opportunity of living forever in Heaven in the bliss of God's Paradise.

# It Could Be You

by Sister Marilyn

**D**ID you ever see your little sister, so tiny and sweet, receive her first Holy Communion? Or the ordination of your brother or a friend? Or perhaps your loved parents renewing their marriage vows on their silver anniversary? Did you?

If you have, you can easily recall how happy you were; so happy that your throat had a very strange tightness.

A young girl kneels in the sanctuary of a beautiful convent chapel. She too has the same feelings that you may have experienced. But her happiness is for a different reason. She is not witnessing a touching scene. No, she is giving herself to God.

Kneeling there, she swallows hard. Then slowly, prayerfully she begins to say the words of her profession:

"In the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Mary, His Most Blessed Mother, . . . I, . . . , called in religion Sister . . . , vow to Almighty God, poverty, chastity, and obedience, for a period of one year. . ."

And as she hears her voice, unnatural though it sounds, she realizes that now she truly is a Bride of Christ.

Why she can remember just a few years ago she was in high school and looking forward

to the Spring Hop and the Junior Prom. Yes, she loved to dance. She also enjoyed Sunday evenings with the crowd—a good movie, then a stop at the Milk Bar or a drive over to Hobs curb service. These things had filled her with joy before, but now how empty they were compared with the joy she feels.

She is no longer the high school girl nor is she the private secretary she thought she would like to be. No, she is what God really wants her to be. She had heard His call. Just when, she cannot remember, but for a long time it had been in her mind—to be a sister, a Missionary Sister, to work among God's poor and neglected children.

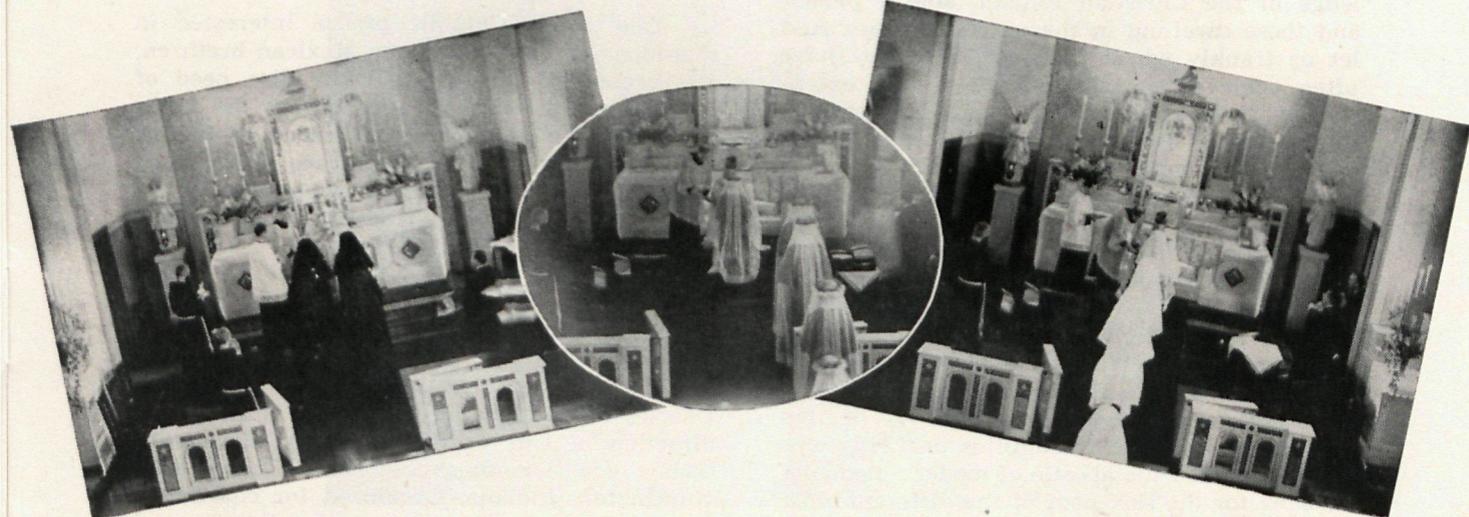
And now here she is, carrying out that desire. Yes, for you see she and I are one and the same person. I am about to renew my vows to Almighty God. I know that again I will swallow hard and make my vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—this time for a period of three years.

Dear Lord, I heard the call, and I have answered.

But . . . what about you?

Won't you also come if you think God is calling you, and kneel beside me when I (in three years) promise my God poverty, chastity, and obedience for life?

He is waiting for you as He waited for me.



# Apostolate of Healing

by Albert Muntsch, S.J.

*Long associated with the St. Louis University School of Social Service, Father Muntsch is perhaps best known as an anthropologist. He is the author of several textbooks and contributes to a number of reviews. During a recent visit with his confreres of Our Lady of Guadalupe parish, San Diego, Father Muntsch visited the clinic in charge of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.*

IT has sometimes been said that St. Paul the Apostle, if he were living today, would be acting as an editor. It may be said with equal truth that when he realized the pitiful condition of immigrants from foreign countries to our land, and especially the sad plight of our Mexican brethren congested in the large cities, he would open up free clinics and dispensaries. For he would know that a safe approach to the work of healing their souls would be to relieve them first of their bodily ailments.

And in this Paul would only be following the example of that Divine Physician whom he loved so much and whose doctrine he desired to preach to all men. Jesus healed men of their infirmities and bodily afflictions, and He did this, no doubt quite often, before pardoning them for their sins and moral delinquencies.

Non-Catholic missionaries today, especially those working in India, China, Japan, and Africa have realized the importance of clinics and infirmaries in the work of spreading the knowledge of the Christian religion among pagans and those dwelling in the outer darkness. And let us frankly admit this fact, that they have often achieved amazing results in the extension of Christian missionary work by means of their medical help to those afflicted with disease. I need only recall the splendid achievement of Dr. Albert Schweitzer and his devoted wife, both of them evangelical missionaries, who did such heroic service for the sick and suffering people of darkest Africa.

But we need not be ashamed of our own record in this important work of bodily administration of those suffering from disease. We need but recall the splendid activity of that great man of God, St. Camillus de Lellis who might be called the apostle of modern medicine, laboring for the sick poor of the different cities of Italy. He established a vast hospital to which

came the poor from all parts of Italy, and there St. Camillus and the brethren of his order worked wonders for the alleviation of human misery.

Nor should we forget that heroic servant of the black slaves who were shipped from Africa and landed at ports in South America to work on the plantations managed by Europeans. St. Peter Claver met these diseased out-cast slaves at the port. He became their doctor, their servant, and their constant helper during all the time of their languishing in wretched hospitals, the only ones that could be provided for them at that time.

Yet it was not until recent years that those in charge of Catholic missionary activity in foreign lands and also among immigrants in our own country fully realized the absolute need of providing health stations, lest those of the faith fall a prey to medical workers of Christian sects who often misuse their opportunities for service to entice these sick and needy Catholics from the faith of their fathers. It was Dr. Anna Maria Dengel who clearly saw the absolute need of training missionary sisters in medical work so that they might be of help to women like the so-called Purdah women in India who are not allowed to consult a male physician. So she established a community of medical missionaries who have achieved a deserved reputation for their excellent service as helpers to Catholic missionaries in foreign countries.

Like many Catholic priests interested in missionary work among our Mexican brethren, the present writer has felt the dire need of medical centers for the people from the Latin countries. We have had experience in British Honduras and have become aware of the dangers to the faith of the native population by the presence of non-Catholic medical missionary helpers.

It was therefore a great joy to me to have the opportunity to visit Guadalupe Clinic operated in San Diego, California, under the sponsorship of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Charles F. Buddy, D.D. The clinic is under the direction of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters whose motherhouse is at Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Organized for charitable, non-profit purposes, it is open to all races and

creeds. Guadalupe Clinic is staffed by 162 physicians and dentists who serve on a rotating basis. All fields of medicine and dentistry are covered, and more than 1,000 monthly visits are made by patients who would otherwise have nowhere to turn in their need for medical assistance.

In the Gospel Our Lord warns us of the dangers of false prophets in our midst. They come, He said, like wolves in sheep's clothing. Many a poorly instructed and sick Catholic come to sectarian medical centers to be relieved of bodily ills. But alas! The wolves in sheep's clothing misuse their services and succeed in weaning away these poor people from their faith.

What a fine opportunity missionary sisters who have become expert in medical and clinical work have to undo the work of these false teachers. We therefore send out an invitation to our Catholic young women to ponder this matter seriously and ask themselves whether they do not feel called upon to enter the ranks of missionary workers in some field of medical service. Surely the opportunity is present and the need imperative.

We often hear appeals over the radio for young women to take up the nursing profession. They are told it is one of the most rewarding fields for social and community service today. We never hear an appeal that they should become artists or musicians, lecturers, or act-

resses. But we do hear an earnest appeal for young women to take up medical training and training for the profession of the nurse. Here again the Catholic girl has a special reason to listen to this call.

And by way of conclusion let me say how rewarding is this work of helping the sick from a spiritual motive, and what great happiness it leads to. Last year the present writer, who is an instructor of psychology at St. Mary's Infirmary in St. Louis, asked one of Mother Dengel's sisters to speak to his class in psychology. When he returned to the class the following week he asked the students what was the outstanding characteristic of the lecturer. After some little discussion the class agreed that it was the genuine joy and happiness which radiated from the missionary sister as she described her work in the infirmaries conducted by her order in Pakistan, Karachi, India. Yes; this is true. The sister simply radiated sunshine and happiness.

So I say to Catholic girls: Do you want to choose a vocation which is at the same time acceptable to God and which will fill your hearts with sunshine and happiness? I would answer this question by saying to these Catholic graduates of high schools and colleges, and also to those girls who have not enjoyed these advantages: Think very seriously of the beauty, nobility, and vital necessity of helping our Catholic missionaries in clinics and dispensaries.



Sister Mary Camillus, R.N., one of our sister-nurses on duty at Guadalupe Clinic.

# Colorful Pageant of Ancient Tome

by Edwin A. Baca

*Mr. Baca is a veteran of World War II. Wounded on the battlefield, he is unable to work. He devotes himself entirely to the Church. Besides directing the annual Passion Play given each year during Holy Week, Mr. Baca teaches catechism and directs the choir. It was he who built the Memorial Monument dedicated to those who gave their lives in the war.*

SEVERAL months ago I met a prominent attorney, the brother of a great teacher, linguist, and historian—Aurelio Espinoza — member of the faculty at Stanford University. This attorney thanked me for having made available to him the booklet by Dr. Florence H. Ellis of the department of anthropology at the University of New Mexico entitled "Passion Play in New Mexico."

"It is a very nice story," he said, "but I am afraid that she forgot to mention the fact that even in the days of Coronado (1540), Penitente Easter rites and ceremonies took place on the east banks of the river, approximately thirty miles south of what is now Albuquerque. The place, beyond doubt, is what we now call Tome."

Before I write about the Passion Play, however, let me tell you a little bit about Tome (pronounced Tomay, with the accent on the last syllable). Tome, New Mexico, is today a tiny farm village approximately thirty miles south of modern Albuquerque. About its early days very little is known, all records having been destroyed in the Pueblo Rebellion of 1685. According to archives to which I have access this village got its name from a certain Spanish captain, Tome Dominguez. Also, according to some people, the village was in the early days dedicated to St. Thomas. It is interesting to note that *Tome* is definitely the Portuguese form of *Thomas*. It is equally interesting to note that some family names in Tome and vicinity are really Portuguese. Among these are two very good examples: Silva and Britto.

For many years Tome did celebrate its patronal feast on St. Thomas' Day, but in 1854 when Pope Pius IX solemnly proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the people of Tome, led by their pastor, re-dedicated their church to Mary under this title. They were indeed jubilant when they received the

overdue and long awaited news from Rome because for many years they had manifested their belief in the Immaculate Conception through special devotions and public acts.

At one time Tome was more important than the modern metropolis thirty miles to the north. It was the capital of the State for awhile and was the county seat of Valencia County. It is a matter of record that Tome was the site of the first United States post office for territorial New Mexico.

The Rev. John Baptist Ralliere was pastor at Tome for more than fifty-five years. J.B.R., as he was affectionately called, came to Tome at the time Archbishop Lamy came to the See of Santa Fe. Prior to his time all priests at Tome were Spanish and were subject to the Bishop of Durango in Mexico. It was Father Ralliere who gave to his people the ceremonies which Dr. Ellis has seen fit to call "Passion Play in New Mexico."

When I came home from overseas in late 1945, I sought to revive this Easter Pageant which had all but died out. I wished to do this in memory of my buddies who gave their lives for the cause of freedom and justice, and also in tribute to the many boys and girls who worked in obscurity here on the home front during the dark days of the war. The pastor was most cooperative, as were also the people of the village.

This Easter Pageant, or Passion Play, as it is variously called, is actually a revival of one of the old mystery plays of Europe. It was first brought to New Mexico by the Spanish people and was used to teach religious truths to the Indians.

The play actually takes place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy Week, reaching its climax on Good Friday. After Tenebrae service on Wednesday the congregation files out of church and walks in procession around the plaza. They are led by a man carrying a four-foot image of Christ Crucified. The priest intones the *Miserere* and the choir continues it.

The usual Mass and procession to the repository on Holy Thursday take place at eight o'clock the next morning. In the afternoon the play begins outside the church. Costumed fig-



Little children love to stop on their way home from church to pray at the Memorial Monument erected by the author. Several war dead from Korea are buried here.

ures representing the Jews and Roman soldiers appear and search for Christ. Judas receives his thirty pieces of silver and then the spectators and actors enter the church and listen to a sermon covering the story of the Last Supper, the agony in the garden, the betrayal, and the arrest of Jesus. The sermon ended, the people leave the church for another procession around the plaza singing the ancient hymn *Pues padeciste por amor nuestro* (He Suffered for Love of Us).

At seven in the evening the villagers again return to church for another sermon on the passion. This time they see the image of Our Lord imprisoned in a little room made of bars to represent a prison cell.

After the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday, the people gather in front of the church to begin the Way of the Cross. The scene before Pilate is first enacted, then the procession forms and each station is portrayed. Statues (*bultos*) are employed in all the acts, the idea being that certain roles may never worthily be played by living sinners. The *bultos* include those of Christ, the Mother of Sorrows, and St. John the Evangelist.

The procession ends in front of the church where the tenth station is enacted. The priest then tells the story of the Crucifixion. The final four stations are portrayed on the ceremonial stage, the Memorial Monument in front of the church. Against the painted background showing the city of Jerusalem is the

cross of Our Lord. Suspended from it is the life-sized wooden *santo*. The spectators, all kneeling, sing *Perdon o Dios Mio* (Pardon, O My God).

After the scene of the taking down from the cross the statue of Christ is laid in an open coffin. The procession of the *Santo Entierro*, a *bulto*, concludes the play. Here I should like to quote from an old manuscript in relation to this figure of the Dead Christ which is 232 years old. Translated from the Spanish it reads: "The *Santo Entierro* has on the feet the date 1722." This means that this statue is more than fifty years older than the Constitution of the United States!

We do not seek to attract tourists, for we do not want to bring commerce into the picture. However, all good people who are sincerely interested in this play are welcome, regardless of race, color, or creed.

May I take this occasion to express my thanks publicly to those who helped me in my undertaking: to Mr. Kelley, the librarian at the University of New Mexico; to Mr. Ted Raynor of the *Albuquerque Journal*; to Mr. Bruce Ellis of the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe; and to his wife, Dr. Florence H. Ellis of the faculty of the University of New Mexico. Without their encouragement and the help of so many others too numerous to mention, the revival of Tome's Passion Play would not have taken place. Nor would it have been possible to erect the Memorial in tribute to the many who stand great in my esteem.



Earnest fishermen.

Spring comes to our backyard in a very special way. Violets spring up around the walnut tree, weeds express themselves in much too profuse a manner, and the spring rain always manages to preserve itself in the form of a good-sized puddle in the deep depression in our asphalt driveway.

This puddle is the delight of a few of the

# IN THE HOME FIELD

younger members of the neighborhood. They come with worms and fishing rods, and try their luck for hours. Even though they catch nothing, they go away happy with the thought that they at least have tried. If God didn't put any biting fish there, how can you expect to have any luck?

SISTER FRANCESCA  
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

### NOT TO SISTER!

After class I was checking prayers to see how many each child knew. David's little four-year-old brother had come to class with him and as I drew nearer to his place in line I noticed that he was anticipating his turn with much anxiety. When I heard the last "Amen" from the child next to him, he quickly stood up and announced, "I know my prayers, but I say them only to God."

SISTER MARY FRANCES  
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA



Sister Mary Martin makes the stations with her pre-primer class.

### INTRODUCING JOAN



Joan the Prophet (Profit) Eater, otherwise Joan Musalowski of Martinsville, N. J.

Our sisters in Middlesex, N.J., told us this one. The class had been reading about the prophets who foretold the coming of Christ. Sister said, "Prophets, that is a new word. Can someone tell me what a prophet is?" Little Joan, whose father owns a fruit market raised her hand. "Yes, Joan?" "Well, Sister, I don't know exactly, but some of my daddy's customers say he'll never make anything 'cause I eat up all the profits."

### FROM SALT LAKE CITY

Sister was giving out Lenten penances. A first grader read the penance slip for a little one in kindergarten. "Jimmy," she reported, "you have to go to Nevada next week." Sister was puzzled. "Let me see the slip." It read: "For the love of Jesus I will go to the novena next Wednesday."

### INSPECTION

Before catechism class began in Los Alamos on Ash Wednesday Father was distributing blessed ashes. Some of the children came in late, and so I walked around, looking closely at their foreheads. (Los Alamos is the city of inspections, anyway.) I came up to Bernard who had a questioning look on his face and a clean forehead. I paused for a moment. Bernard grasped the opportunity. "Sister," he said, "I got ashes this morning, but my forehead didn't get very dirty. Shall I go up again?"

SISTER BERNADETTE  
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

### HOUSING SHORTAGE

We hear much about the housing shortage. We didn't pay too much attention to it until it began to concern us very specially. One of our missions has an odd name—Flood Ranch. It is flooded not with water, but with children. We teach in a small two-room house which is practically tumbling down and is very hot. The number of children reached one hundred and thirty and is still increasing.

A lay teacher has been called in to help with the teaching and that is fine, but teaching two classes so close to each other is a different story. There is no door between our rooms so a blackboard on a table is used for a partition. Our housing problem is really a problem. We need a larger place immediately to house our children.

SISTER GRACE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

### DAILY MASS

We have always been edified at the large attendance at daily Mass here. Fifteen years ago we used to say, "But who will come to Mass after the old men and women are gone?" Many—both young and old—are now taking their places.

At the beginning of Lent when we were passing out penance slips, one little girl wanted one that said, "Go to Mass every morning." Sister said, "But you can go to Mass whether you get a slip or not." The child answered, "But it's like this, Sister. If I take a paper and my mother knows it is from you she will wake me up."

SISTER MARY CLARE  
LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO



## our **A**ssociates

To all our dear Associates, whether they were able to maintain their former records for mission giving or, due to circumstances, slipped down a little we want you to know we appreciated more than we can say your contributions, and our grateful prayers accompany you throughout 1954 and always!

*Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,*  
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

Dear Associates:

WE were greatly pleased with the efforts of all our Mission Bands during the year 1953. Some of them, however, deserve special mention.

Among these, *Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N.Y.*, (Mrs. Sue Albanese, Promoter and Mrs. Theresa Pitrella, Secretary) again secured first place for the fifth time as the largest givers of the year with an annual total of \$800. Our heartiest congratulations!

Second highest honors went to *St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb.* (Mrs. Frances Schuette, Promoter, and Mrs. Adelaide Wichert, Secretary) with a year-end total of \$686.10.

Third place was gained by *St. Margaret Mary Band*, also of *Omaha* (Mrs. Fred Shields, Promoter) with an annual total of \$460, while fourth place went to *St. Clare Band*, likewise of *Omaha*, (Mrs. Mary Preiner, Promoter) with a twelve-month total of \$360. Not long ago these ladies constituted but one Band, *St. Margaret Mary Band* being the original, but increased membership obliged them to form three separate groups. By adding the year-end totals of these three Bands together the magnificent sum of \$1,506.10 results. Very splendid work, you'll agree!

Not far behind was *St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago*, headed by Mrs. Aloysia Naumes, whose year-end total amounted to \$352.75. We recall that these good ladies continued to have benefit parties for us all during the terribly hot summer of 1953.

In our annual letter to Promoters, we cited fifteen other Bands which either doubled their former year-end total or notably increased it. We are sorry that lack of space prevents us from naming them here.

### OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND

(San Antonio, Tex.)

ALTHOUGH the Promoter, Mrs. E. G. Walsh, does not enjoy the best of health, she keeps at her task of trying to collect dues from her friends. She wrote us in January, "I want to keep up the Band of Our Lady of Fatima and will send at least twenty-five dollars a year." She modestly adds, "I hope I can pick up some new members." In this way she conceals the fact that this generous offering is mostly, if not entirely, her own.



*"The March winds sweep cleanly  
for Spring's rebirth,  
While clouds spread a comfort  
of down on earth."*

### ST. MARTIN OF TOURS BAND

(Omaha, Neb.)

SHORTLY after Christmas we heard from Mrs. Adelaide Wichert, Secretary of the Band and cousin of our Sister Mary Martin whom the Band sponsors. A holiday dinner given for members (plate dinners paid for by members to raise money for the missions) together with the usual monthly dues, individual donations and proceeds from the sales of aprons, towels, and novelties, added up to \$55. A postscript informed us that several members had sent bushel baskets of clothing to Sister for their poor in Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

# Con-Mention

ST. MARIA GORETTI BAND  
(Chicago, Ill.)

COMPOSED of seven members, all married save one, these Associates got off to a good start in the late fall although we had received a dues check from them earlier in the year. A letter from Mrs. Louis L. Picchiatti informed us that ninety pounds of candy was ordered by their group for our West Harwich, Massachusetts center to be dispensed at Christmas among the children. They also sent Christmas stockings and boxes as containers for the candy.



INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND (Chicago)

WE quote from Secretary Germaine Hegi's letter. "We are now working on crepe paper Easter bunnies to be filled with candies, also Easter baskets. Our December shipment which went to Grove Hill, Alabama consisted of around 1,000 pounds. It included sixteen complete layettes, shoes, clothing, toys and dolls, First Communion outfits, altar boy outfits, religious articles, red flannel boleros stitched in yarn, rickrack earrings, besides Christmas stockings and candy.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN GROUP  
(Logansport, Ind.)



EXCERPTS from letters written us by Mrs. Richard Brink contain the following information. "We are a small club of twelve women, all of us between the ages of twenty and thirty.

We get together once a month to learn more about our religion. Right now we are studying the book, *The Externals of the Catholic Church*. Enclosed is a check for \$10. Our club is very enthusiastic about the mission in Texas (Eagle Pass) and sometime soon we will get a mission box off to the Sisters."

## Lenten Mite Boxes

Write today for several LENTEN MITE BOXES and distribute them among your friends. They may send the contents direct to Sister Supervisor, ACM, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

December 23, 1953 to January 20, 1954

Bl. Martin Band, Lewiston, Minn.,	
Mrs. Irene Lehman .....	\$ 2.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Helen Ford .....	4.50
Charitina Club No. 2, Paris, Ill., Mary Gibbons .....	12.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Joseph Walz .....	25.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary Nye .....	100.00
Infant of Prague Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Lorraine Nyman .....	75.00
"Martinettes", Cincinnati, Carole Niklas .....	2.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, San Antonio, Tex.,	
Mrs. E. G. Walsh .....	25.00
Sacred Heart Mission Soc., Newark, N. Y.,	
Mrs. Sue Albanese .....	70.25
St. Anne Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind.,	
Mrs. Geo. Deininger .....	6.35
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass.,	
Mrs. Jas. O'Brien .....	15.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	55.00
St. Irene Auxiliaries, Chicago,	
Madeline Sebraska .....	16.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago,	
Mrs. A. Naumes .....	22.25
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago,	
Mrs. C. J. Fiala .....	1.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. Fred Shields .....	55.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. Frances Schuette .....	155.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer .....	81.25
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Marie V. Dwyer .....	25.00
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill.,	
Mrs. Jno. J. Murphy .....	5.50
Srillians of Our Lady, Cincinnati,	
Eleanor Hanekamp .....	3.00
Upsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, Laporte,	
Ind., Marie Menkhaus .....	25.00

## TIP TOP TWELVE CLUB (Cincinnati, O.)

OUR twelve Associates with the above title, headed by Miss Catherine Dumont, are still meeting. They make things for the missions, but regret they cannot send much in the way of financial help. Many members are young mothers with children in school, and all loose change goes to help their little ones ransom pagan babies.

# Birthday Gift

by Sister Mary Martha

sketch by the author

IN our missionary life we meet with many trials and discouragements, but if placed on the scales with our joys and consolations, they would, undoubtedly be far outweighed. Only the other day as we checked our census file, I came across one of these consolations. The card in itself was a strange paradox, for while it told the sad story of a father who drank and even deserted his wife and little son, it also told the joyous story of a convert to the Catholic faith. The mother? No, the little boy.

Jimmie literally blew into class one day. It was cold and rainy and he came along with the gang to warm up or dry out, I don't know which. He was a friendly little fellow of eight years who said he had never attended Sunday school or church, so he decided to stay and try it out. He really didn't think it was so bad and asked if he might come around again sometime. I assured Jimmie that he was always very welcome provided that his mother had no objections; and as he skipped out the door I could not help but breathe a prayer for the rather sad-looking little fellow. I felt sure our paths would never cross again, except in prayer.

Much to my surprise Jimmie did come around again; in fact he came the very next week, and the next, and the next. Then he became a "regular." Soon December rolled around and the joyful Christmastide was near. Gift giving was in season again. There were gifts and more gifts; many children brought them. They presented them with a merry greeting and were on their way. Not so Jimmie. He waited until everyone had gone; then from under his tattered little coat he pulled an awkwardly tied package.

"Here, Sister, I saved my money for this. Lots of times I had to miss the show, but my mother said you'd like it."

As I looked into his eyes sparkling as did the stars on that first Christmas night, I felt something in my throat that I could not swallow. This was like a gift from the humble shepherds of long ago.

After a few words we parted, he whistling happily, I wondering what was in the package. I shook it, squeezed it, and smelled it, but no clue. It was not until Christmas Eve that my curiosity was satisfied. After struggling with several knots and removing three sheets of wrapping tissue, I unearthed an odd looking box. As I removed the cover the thing sprang



up jack-in-the-box fashion, and so did I! After again collecting my spoils I examined it. It was a little metal-covered desk pad with a pencil chained to a tall spring that had not liked the idea of being pressed down into a box. For this he had missed several movies, God love him!

Winter passed, and songsters ushered in the spring and First Communion time. Jimmie was still a regular. Then one day he said very seriously, "Sister, I'd like to sign up for First Communion."

I explained that only the Catholic boys and girls received Holy Communion, and that someday when he was a big boy, perhaps he would too.

"Well," he said, "if I get baptized, then could I make my First Communion?"

Now I realized that this little fellow meant business, so I told him I would think about it.

Late one evening, because Jimmie's mother works all day, we called at his home. We were greeted by a friendly but very tired woman and were ushered into a small room. Jim was not there; he was playing somewhere — in the alley, she supposed. We explained the reason for our visit and soon realized from her conversation that every word spoken in the classroom had been carefully re-told at home.

Little did that mother realize the sudden joyous surprise she caused when she said, "Yes, I know he wants to be a Catholic, because when I asked him what he wanted for his birthday, he said, 'I want to be baptized a Catholic.' So I called the Catholic minister and he said I could come to see him tomorrow night."

After a while we left Jimmie's house feeling very happy indeed.

Four weeks later, baptized James signed up for First Communion. His mother had solemnly promised to rear him in the Catholic faith. After several more months of "put-to-the-test-study," Jimmie received into his little soul Christ the Friend of Children, the Lover of the Poor.

# First Year in the Missions

by Sister Alodia

"THE first year in the mission is like no other year!"

"You'll remember the first year the longest."

"I hope your first year will be as happy as mine was."

These are the counsels and good wishes of older members of the community to the younger members just fresh from first profession. This sister has just passed her first year in the missions and *has* found it like no other year.

The year of adventure actually began at home on August 15, the day my mission appointment was unsealed and read. Since profession day, ten days before, I had been visiting my parents. "San Antonio" looked foreign, but not for long. The family atlas soon fell open at the two-page spread of Texas, and parents, relatives, and friends eagerly surveyed it. "Our girl will soon convert Texas," was the predominating thought.

Soon enough I was in the railroad station outfitted with ticket, baggage, and companion. Saying goodbye is no fun, but when it is over, all thoughts are turned to Texas and San Antonio. San Antonio on its part gave us a warm welcome, as only San Antonio in August can give.

Uppermost in the mind of the untried teacher looms large the thought of the first class. Small children will accept the utterances of their teacher with docility, she has been told. Approaching older children the teacher reassures herself, "I know more about this than they do." Undoubtedly it's a shaky hand that wields the catechism during that first class. The first class is begun with trembling and finished with numbness. Is this teacher unique in that all memories of her first class are buried completely and forever in happy oblivion?

Walking new streets one encounters new faces. A wide-eyed tot inquires shyly, hoping it's true, "*Tu eres angelito?*" (Are you an angel?) Many are the visits in the homes, of brief or lengthy duration. After the gist of the conversation is reached, the cue for leaving is usually the proffering of some reading matter or of a religious article. Of course, handing a newspaper to a blind man and bidding him to enjoy it is no more than can be expected from a beginner who did not follow clearly the rapid Spanish.

As with all thriving institutions, records are kept of work accomplished. And what's this little anomaly in the census records? The Rodriguez home, recently on Vera Cruz Street, is now listed as standing on Chihuahua Street. Simple! They trucked their house from the first address to the second just in time to meet the census-takers again as they trod their appointed rounds.

How beautiful is the Spanish language! How melodic and euphonious! But how disconcerting as it falls on confused ears and reluctant brain. The inquirer at the door must be cross-questioned in distinct and painful Spanish as to whether it's a *velita* or *blusita* that's wanted. When the interview terminates and the door closes, it is usually upon a dubious sister.

The Christmas program, too, was memorable. The only suggestion to be offered might be, "Why didn't somebody turn off that blower earlier in the program?" The first audible words were those of the farewell. However, all agreed that pantomime has a charm of its own.

Among the pupils one finds that certain youngsters soon distinguish themselves by their behavior. These the teacher greets each week with a sigh of hopefulness and leaves with a sigh of resignation. Especially trying is Oscar, the lad calculated to throw a monkey wrench into any lesson plan. "God is eternal. He always remains the same." Oscar, with a masterpiece of self-application, confirms the obvious. "I'm like that, Sister. I was always bad!"

There was the thrill of "showing off" a new city to eager parents. Mom and Dad visited San Antonio in early spring. It was with a promise to come back and see more that they departed.

What a privilege it is to accompany Father bearing the Holy Eucharist to the sick. Who could forget to pray for the poor, the sick, and the neglected when at Father's bidding, *Ecce Agnus Dei!* heads are too weary to rise and eyes too tired to open?

Confirmation, First Communion, summer school, all are anticipated in their turn and all pass by. Comes time for retreat. The sisters meet, this time not in Victory Noll's familiar halls, but under Texas skies. For the others, another year of mission work is completed; for me, the first year.



# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

AS you've probably heard at school, the month of March is *Vocation Month* with an accent on religious vocations. To have a "vocation" means literally to feel oneself "called" by God to the priestly or religious state. Have you ever prayed that God might call *you*? If not, why not? It is the greatest grace that God can bestow upon a boy or girl. Some of our former Loyal Helpers have embraced the religious state, and I am sure more will do so. Elsewhere on this page is the picture of a Loyal Helper who joined a Sisterhood. Several Helpers (girls, of course) have written Sunshine Secretary they intend to join *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters* after they finish school.

Most of you are too young at present to make up your minds on such an important matter. But you are not too young to ask God in prayer what He wishes you to be and to do when you grow up.

The vocation story, "The Glorious Coronet" which follows was written by Carole Niklas, a junior in high school who is both a Loyal Helper and the President of a Junior Mission Band which aids our sisters. We know you'll like it.

*Mary-ly yours,*  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

THE GLORIOUS CORONET  
*By Carole Niklas*

WHEN I was just eight years old, I looked up to a girl who attended high school. Her

name was Margie. I can still see her golden hair of which her mother was so proud. It would bounce up and down as she played baseball for her parish team. She was the catcher. Her

miracle that she could take me to a movie on Saturday afternoons.

I wonder why I never told her how much I appreciated everything she did for me. That's a kid for you, I guess. I regarded her sparkling crown of golden ringlets as emblematic of her scintillating personality.

I'll never forget her graduation night. She received so many awards that my hands hurt from clapping for her.

One year later, Margie told her relatives and friends some marvelous news. She announced that in September she would become a bride of JESUS!

What a thrill I experienced the first time I saw Margie in the black dress of a postulant! Margie was smiling. How happy she was that day! In a few months she became a novice and wore the regular habit of the Order, except for a white veil.

I read the monthly letters that she wrote to her parents. It was hard to imagine a human being in such a state of ecstasy. After another two years, Margie received her black veil and then she looked just like the sister who taught me in school. Her hair was hidden now, though it seemed to my imagination it had been converted into a gilded halo which floated above her in bright contrast to her dark veil.

I guess that golden crown will always be a part of Margie. In the future, a glorious coronet will be given to my dear sister (Yes, Margie is none other than my very own sister!) when she will become my saint in Heaven.

## HELPER JOINS SISTERS



Above is pictured Monica Eilers, now a candidate in the School Sisters of Notre Dame, with her sisters Celia, Clare, and Helen. All four joined Mary's Loyal Helpers when they were very young. They are natives of Breese, Illinois, and nieces of our Sister Anna Marie.

father came to almost every game and cheered for Margie. Sometimes he took me with him. I was so happy when Margie would look at me from behind her catcher's mask.

Margie's enthusiasm for any worthwhile activity always amazed me. She belonged to nearly all the clubs at school. I really don't know how she managed to do her homework, which was never handed in late or incorrect. It was a small

# Helpers pages

## Ohio Helper



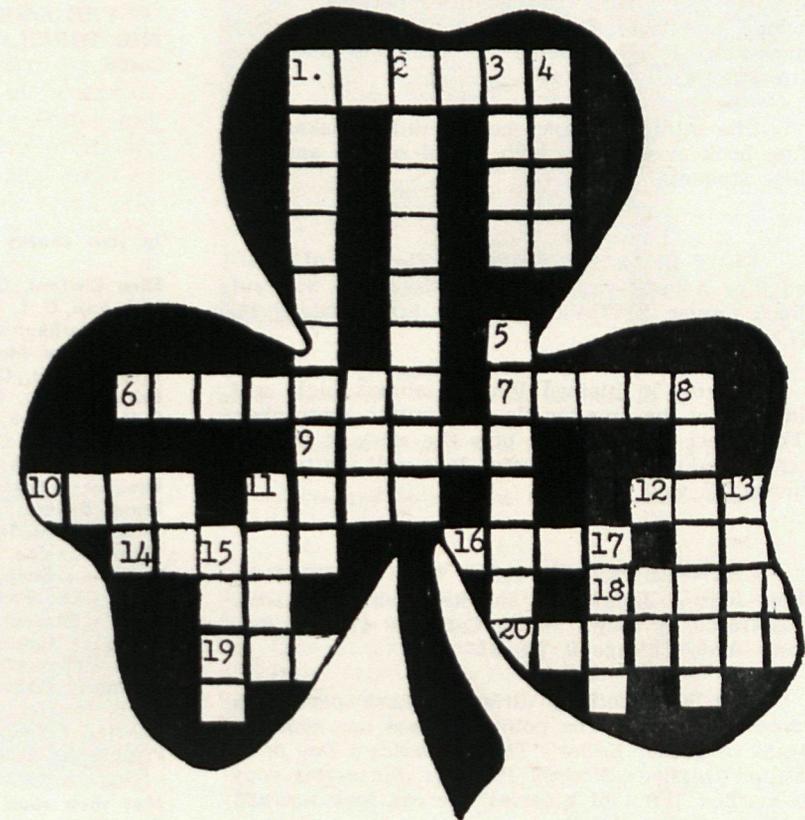
Paul Rosenbeck, Coldwater, O.

### March Puzzle

Fill in the white spaces of the shamrock with words relating to Irish geography, history, legend or song, and "the luck of the Irish to you!" (Send in your worked puzzle for a holy card.)

#### ACROSS

1. The dear ..... shamrock (song).
6. Irish word of endearment.
7. St. Patrick drove the snakes and ..... out of Ireland.
9. Irish exclamation.
10. The ..... of Tralee (song).
11. The name of an historian who wrote the life of St. Patrick.
12. An Irish boy or girl is proud of this name.
14. The name of an Irish saint.
16. A famous county in Ireland.
18. The name of a sainted Irish bishop.
19. An Irish word for "small."
20. It is interesting to ..... Irish history.



#### DOWN

1. A "little creature" said to be found in the woods of Ireland.
2. It's a long way to ..... (song).
3. Our ..... of Knock is a place of pilgrimage in Ireland.
4. Another name for Ireland.
5. Birthplace of John McCormack, the Irish tenor.
8. A famous river in Ireland.
11. Exact ..... and birthplace of St. Patrick is unknown.
13. There's a ..... in your eye (song).
15. St. Patrick is buried at ..... in Ulster.
17. The Irish ..... the Faith during centuries of persecution.



#### LETTER O' THE MONTH

Enclosed are two dollars. I say a Hail Mary for your Missions every day, except that Christmas Eve I didn't because I was so excited about opening my gifts and going to Midnight Mass.

After I get this letter sent off I think I'll feel kind of good because I got these two dollars for Christmas and a present is sort of hard to part with. Still, I know I'll feel good when I get them mailed.

*Regina Shields, Omaha, Neb.*

## Books



**THE NEW TESTAMENT.** An Official Catholic Edition. Catechetical Guild Educational Society, St. Paul 1, Minn. 50 cents.

Once again the Catechetical Guild has scored by giving us a paper cover edition of the New Testament. It is complete with footnotes, verses numbered in the margin, etc. The translation is that of the revised Confraternity of Christian Doctrine edition.

**THE WIFE DESIRED** by Leo J. Kinsella. Catholic Literature Distributors, 660 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. Cloth \$2.50. Paper 70 cents.

Father Kinsella was well qualified to write this book. For many years he has been a delegate judge on the tribunal set up for the hearing of separation petitions in the Archdiocese of Chicago, and he has been one of a group of priests selected to teach the fine points of married life to high school seniors. In *The Wife Desired* the author outlines the virtues and qualities necessary for a happy marriage. The style of the book is very appealing. It is enlivened by examples and true life stories.

The attractive paper cover edition makes this fine book available to high school seniors and college students.

**FROM PEASANT TO POPE.** The Life of Blessed Pius X by Rev. Joseph F. X. Cevetello. St. Paul Book Center, 2187 Victory Blvd., Staten Island 14, N.Y. 35 cents.

Interest in Blessed Pius X, always high, will increase as the time for his canonization approaches. This paper cover edition puts the story of his life within the reach of everyone. It is well written and unusually well printed.

**CATHOLIC TRUTH THRU THE KEYHOLE** by Rev. John J. Jankauskas and Rev. John F. Fearon. Illustrated by Ralph Smith. Catholite 4747 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago 9, Ill. \$1

This is something different. Each page is a story in pictures. The points brought out make us think of Father Keller's *Three Minutes a Day* or of Fulton Oursler's *Modern Parables*. Since this copy is marked "First of a Series" we can look forward to those that will follow.

The following "vest pocket size pamphlets" are published by *Our Sunday Visitor*, Huntington, Indiana. Single copy 10 cents; any 3 for 25 cents; \$5.25 per 100, all prices postpaid.

**THE MARIAN YEAR.** The Encyclical Letter *Fulgens Corona* of Pope Pius XII. Every Catholic should read this beautiful and important encyclical.

**HOW LOVE HELPS YOU** by John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. With graphic and sometimes poignant stories Father O'Brien proves that love is the keynote to happiness.

**EVERYBODY HAS A VOCATION** by George L. Kane. Father Kane is director of vocations in Antigonish, Nova Scotia. In this little pamphlet he does not use the word vocation in its restricted sense, but includes the four states of life: the single state, the married state, the religious life, and the priesthood.

**THE IDEAL NURSE** by Luke Missett, C.P. Father Missett says that the ideal nurse should be like Christ, and then he points out the particular virtues she should have, virtues represented by the letters in the word *CHRIST*: charity, humility, respect, interest, self-control, and trueness or loyalty.

**THE UNITED NATIONS** by Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. This is the address given last May to the Catholic journalists of the United States by our U.S. Representative at the United Nations.

**THE SACRED SYMPHONY** and **HOLD HIGH THE TORCH.** Religious poems by Rev. William J. Cotter.

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## In Memoriam

In your charity pray for our departed:

Ellen Clifford, Chillicothe, Ohio, mother of Sister Elizabeth Ann, O. L. V. M.  
Clara Herlihy, Chillicothe, Ohio  
Dr. William Maxwell, Chicago  
James, Cross, Chicago  
Bridget Joyce, Chicago  
Catherine Clark, Chicago  
John Herlihy, Chicago  
William Herlihy, Chicago  
Elizabeth Krinkle, Chicago  
Frank Bonner, Lafayette, Ind.  
D. L. O'Brien, St. Mary's, Ont. Canada  
Thomas Scalon, St. Louis  
Katherine Gebhard, ACM, Fort Wayne  
Rita Nolan Dickson, Chicago  
Martha Elizabeth McNulty, Memphis, Tenn.  
Veronica Lauer, ACM, Fort Wayne  
John Urhausen, Lincolnwood, Ill.  
Raymond Dahm, Chicago  
M. P. Howley, Chicago  
Charles J. Geisert, Terre Haute, Ind.  
Philomena Pfister, Huntington, Ind.

May their souls and the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.



One of the most exciting things in the novitiate is the bulletin board. There you find the order of the day, your class schedule, and your special duties for the month. There too, you find your name printed on the feast day and baptismal chart. The novices are Sister M. Constance and Sister M. Angline.

**T**HIS will not be the usual Victory Noll news, but rather a brief account of what our postulants and novices do **AROUND VICTORY NOLL**.

Victory Noll is the motherhouse of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. It is here that young women come who wish to be Missionary Sisters. They come from all walks of life and from all parts of the United States and Canada. They spend from six months to almost a year as postulants. That means that most of them have the advantage of a full scholastic year of training before they enter the novitiate.

After receiving the white veil and dark blue habit of the novice, the young sister begins a year of intense spiritual formation. She is now known by her religious name. Secular



Letter writing Sunday. Left to right: Sister M. Dorothy Louise, Sister M. Ann Patricia, Sister M. DePorres, Sister Marita, and Sister M. Socorro.

## Around Victory Noll

studies are not undertaken during this year, but are resumed in the second scholastic year of novitiate which follows the first. These subjects are included: religion, catechetics, ethics, sociology, English, Spanish, liturgy, psychology, principles of teaching, music (both vocal and instrumental), hygiene, and care of the sick.

Both postulants and novices have household tasks to perform, too. They rotate their duties so that each has a period in the laundry, sewing room, sacristy, kitchen, dining room, etc.

Recreation periods in the postulancy and novitiate are joyous affairs. During the summer vacation the young sisters spend a week at Archbishop Noll's cottage on Sylvan Lake. Studies are forgotten, and boating, fishing, and swimming are the order of the day.



When you can park between two cars you are just about graduated. Through the courtesy of the Scherger Chevrolet Co. of Huntington, novices take a driver training course in their last months before profession. Sister M. Dorothy Louise takes the wheel while Sister M. Alberta and Sister Effie, their instructor, watch.

Are postulants and novices permitted to receive visits and letters from their relatives and friends? Of course they are, although during the first or canonical year of novitiate, visits and letter writing are restricted. This is a regulation imposed by the Church on novices everywhere.

Judging by their smiles, postulants and novices **AROUND VICTORY NOLL** are very happy. Time passes quickly for them and almost before they realize it, profession day is here and they are ready for life in the missions.

# A Marian Community



Under her glorious title of Our Lady of Victory the Missionary Sisters look to Mary as their heavenly patroness.

Every sister solemnly consecrates herself to Our Lady and practices the True Devotion as taught by St. Louis de Montfort.

The motto of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters is "All for Jesus through Mary."

Community devotions include special prayers and hymns in Mary's honor.

The sisters' habit and veil are blue in honor of the Mother of God.

**The greatest happiness of a Missionary Sister lies in spreading devotion to Our Blessed Mother.**

*If you wish to serve Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother in the missionary state, write today.*

MOTHER GENERAL  
**Victory Noll**

Huntington, Indiana