

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



4-1954

THE Paschal Mystery is not a mystery only of the Resurrection of Christ, but of His Passion and Death as well; for the glory of the Resurrection rests on the victory of Calvary. Christ's death on the cross receives its true meaning from the triumph of Easter morning.

The Church never lets us forget this fact Throughout the Paschal season she sings of the im-molation of Christ Who died that we might live. Likewise, in her liturgy of Passiontide, although plunged in sorrow, the Church never loses sight of the resurrection. In the collect for Palm Sunday she prays that "we may both follow the example of His patience and also be made *partakers of His resurrection.*" On Wednesday in Holy Week we find this prayer of the Church: "O God, Who willed that Thy Son should undergo for us the ignominy of the cross to deliver us from the power of the enemy; grant to us Thy servants, that *we may obtain the grace of His resurrection.*" Even in the darkness of Good Friday, the Church sings the antiphon: "We adore Thy Cross, O Lord; and we praise and glorify Thy holy resurrection; for behold by the wood of the Cross joy came into the whole world."

Without the death of Christ there would be no baptism, no cleansing from sin, no rising to a new life. Death and resurrection and everlasting glory, then, are the reality in this Paschal mystery.

That you too may share in this glorious Resur- rection is our wish and prayer this Eastertide.

## NEWCOMERS

SINCE the opening of our four new convents last September we have been looking forward to pub- lishing articles from the sister-pioneers. Evidently they were less intent on public relations than they were on arranging class schedules and organizing their work, for the weeks went by and no stories were forthcoming. Then, at the same time, we heard from three of them: West Harwich, Massachusetts; Eagle Pass, Texas; and Cheyenne, Wyoming. The fourth, Flemington, New Jersey, is yet to be heard from, but we are happy to give you an account of life *On the Cape, On the Border, and On the Range.*

## VOICE OF THE TURTLE DOVE

THE doves will be coming soon to make their nest outside St. Patrick's window. Why they choose the Apostle of Ireland and ignore St. Francis who is next to him is a mystery. Perhaps they are afraid of the flamingo who dominates the scene of Francis with the birds, or maybe there's an Irish strain in the doves. Anyway, for as long as most of us can remember now, they have made their nest, year after year, outside St. Patrick's window. Some mornings all during Mass they make their loud, peculiar noise.

*All ye birds of the air, bless the Lord. Praise and exalt Him above all forever.*

# the Missionary Catechist

APRIL 1954

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## ON THE COVER

Sister Ruth of Middlesex, N. J., gets an Easter lily. See back cover for what went before.

## PHOTO CREDITS

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**From the north bank of the Rio Grande Sister Mary Bernarda looks across to Old Mexico. The church spires are of Our Lady of Refuge Church in Eagle Pass (on the left) and that of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Piedras Negras.**

## On the Border

by Sister Mary Bernarda

EAGLE PASS, Texas, owes its existence to the establishment of Fort Duncan in 1849. It got its name from the ford below the town known to the Spaniards as *el paso del aguila* (the pass of the eagle) to distinguish it from El Paso del Norte. For many years after the establishment of the town an eagle's nest could still be seen in a huge old pecan tree where Rio Escondido empties into the Rio Grande.

The first settlers of Eagle Pass were seventy families from various towns in Mexico. They were induced to come over by Don Federico Groos who had secured the contract for hauling supplies for the Army at Fort Duncan. The families engaged in freighting and for this purpose used old-style, high-wheeled Mexican carts drawn by oxen.

Life on the border was not easy. In addition to the ordinary hardships there was the constant menace of Indians. The round trip from Eagle Pass to San Antonio on the freighting line took twenty-three days. The men travelled in large numbers for protection. The women lived in constant anxiety until their men returned from those long trips.

As the settlement grew there was an increasing urgency for the ministrations and comforts of the Church. The journey to San Antonio, where the nearest Catholic Church was located, was hazardous. Women could hardly be expected to travel 160 miles to have their little ones baptized and to receive the sacraments themselves. The constant menace of Indians was so great that the bishop required the citizens to furnish a chapel within the protecting boundaries of Fort Duncan.

The commanding officer of the post courteously granted permission for the use of a stone building for a chapel. A priest was sent from Mexico and for the first time the settlers of Eagle Pass had their own services. The first permanent pastor was the Rev. Juan Bautista Lacroix who came in 1863. He built the first

church, an adobe structure, in honor of Our Lady of Refuge.

In 1892 Eagle Pass was known as a kind of suburb of the thriving city of Piedras Negras, Mexico, across the Rio Grande. Twenty-two years later, in 1914, Eagle Pass was incorporated. This was brought about through the influence of the women who wanted the streets oiled to reduce the frightful dust.

In 1884 the Oblates of Mary Immaculate took charge of the parish. In recent years the church has been enlarged to accommodate the increasing number of the faithful. The rectory has been remodeled, a parish hall has been built close to the church, and in 1950 a beautiful new parochial school was dedicated. It is staffed by the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word who have been in Eagle Pass since 1882.

At the present time the parish, which includes all of Maverick County, an area of 1,279 square miles, is served by two priests. The pastor, the Very Rev. J. L. Busch, O.M.I., is also Dean of the Eagle Pass Deanery. His assistant is the Rev. Bernard C. Junius, O.M.I., who has charge of Sacred Heart Chapel, Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel in Seco Mines four miles north of Eagle Pass on the Del Rio highway, and who is also spiritual director and chaplain for the two communities of sisters.

On the second of September, 1953, the Rev. Charles J. Drees, Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of the Archdiocese of San Antonio, brought the first band of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters to Eagle Pass. This group of four sisters assumed charge of the catechetical work of the parish, teaching in four centers in the city.

Eagle Pass is a frontier town, for it is on the border between two great republics. There is an established friendship between the Texas city and Piedras Negras, across the Rio Grande. The culture and refinement of Old Mexico are seen and felt in the manners and customs of the people of Eagle Pass.

# On the Cape

by Russell P. Collinge

CAPE COD, the flexed and stalwart arm of Massachusetts, with Provincetown at its wrist, Chatham at its elbow, and separated at the shoulder from the mainland by the Cape Cod Canal, saw its first Catholic priests around 1800. Or, rather, it didn't see them. For these early visitors attracted as little attention to themselves as possible, and came in disguise as their only safeguard. Catholics were not thought of highly along the Cape at that time and Masses were celebrated in secrecy in private homes.

In 1908 the Fathers of the Sacred Heart began their work on the Cape and established missions in Wellfleet, Orleans, Brewster, Chatham, and Harwich. In 1927 the Harwich church burned down and the new, and present, Church of the Holy Trinity was built in West Harwich on Route 28 midway between Harwichport and Dennisport, about eight miles from the Church of the Holy Redeemer in Chatham.

In 1951 the pastor of Holy Trinity purchased the property directly across from the church. This property consisted of ample land for extra parking space, a dwelling, and a large barn. The barn was converted into a recreation and community hall and the dwelling designated as a convent.

Of course a convent does require nuns, a matter which was brought to the attention of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, and their Mother General agreed to send some of the sisters to West Harwich.

On August 22, 1953, three of the sisters arrived, ready to serve the parish in their special field of religious instruction. That might have been an ordinary day for the rest of Massachusetts, but it is a date that will be remembered by the parishioners of Holy Trinity and Holy Redeemer with thanksgiving, gratitude, and maybe a lavish display of fire works.

What the sisters thought is another matter. They were welcomed by the pastor, Father Finbar R. McAloon, SS.CC., and attended a Solemn High Mass in the church just across the highway. Then they were told that the parish had been advised that they, the sisters, would be available to all comers. "Just to say 'Hello' . . . and . . . er . . . maybe sort of show 'em the convent . . ."

How many people the sisters met, how many strange faces beamed at them, how many times they said: "Wouldn't you like to see the convent?," how many times they went up two flights and back down two flights . . . is known only to the recording angel, as is also the hour when they finally found the front porch empty of visitors, the driveway clear of cars, and had a chance to sit down and say: "Well!"

After a period given to orientation and looking-the-land-over and wrestling with the mimeograph which developed strange and stubborn maladies, came registration day. A day of furious tumult and mumbled names and noise and complicated relationships and lost papers and noise and peculiar spelling and noise and "Sister, I just can't read it. It's either a *k* or a *g* . . . or it might be an *m* . . ." and noise.

The general chaos resulted in the unshakable fact that the sisters would have to care for 375 grade school children and 65 high schoolers. Hard work, capable know-how, and more hard work produced schedules and lay teachers . . . and another problem! How to collect all the children from widely separated schools and get them home again. For a number of reasons the school bus system could not be used and the church has no bus of its own. Leaving the sisters with one ordinary station wagon and an enormous headache.

Appeals, both personal and from the altar, brought some volunteers with cars, and by dint of squeezing, wedging, and jamming, the children are fetched and returned. But just whisper "transportation" in the hearing of the sisters, and even now they pale visibly. Of course this form of pickup means having the parents sign a slip giving their approval and authorization.

About this time the Greenlease kidnapping broke, and the papers missed no chance to play it up. So you may imagine the dismay around the convent when the phone rang late one evening and an anxious voice inquired: "Where is my little girl?" The child had been at school, but it was her first appearance and no one was too familiar with her looks or name.

Out came the list of drivers, but frantic phone calls only confirmed the fact that she had not been seen after school. One driver remained on the list, and she had no phone.

Finally, someone who thought she could get hold of her did reach her and she said yes, she'd taken the little girl home, only she hadn't gone home. She'd stopped off with a friend saying she was going to play. And sure enough, there was the missing ewe lamb at her playmate's home. The sighs of relief were audible on the main land as far as Boston and Providence.

With the schedules arranged, the extra teachers willing, and the children collected, there should have been smooth sailing. But the sisters found that somehow, they had to handle four classes in the recreation hall which, with four teachers and four classes and no separating walls, lost a great deal of the usual scholastic calm. For a while, by some special magic, they did manage. But now the classes are held in the cabins of a motel which they are allowed to use for the winter, thanks to the owner, Mr. John Taylor.

Just how the sisters manage the workload they have assumed is a matter of wonder. In addition to the grade school classes in Christian Doctrine, they have instruction for the high school group, and classes for altar boys, and evening discussions with the teachers, and a course of instruction for the non-Catholic mothers of some of their pupils—open, of course, to all who are interested. And they are starting the young on plain chant, praise be. And the same program for Chatham. More . . . having found a spare moment or two, they are about to start a census. Ah, yes, sisters lead such an easy, charming life, withdrawn from the cares of the world . . .

And the children are only a part of the work that needs doing, and, if I know the sisters, will be done. The Catholic problem on the Cape is complex. The atmosphere is basically and predominantly Protestant, with a large number of mixed marriages. There is a grave tendency on the part of some to lean away from their faith, to practice Catholicism in a desultory manner, with a resulting neglect to home instruction for the children and the necessary setting of a good example. Nor is the Cape an isolated instance. There are thousands of similar localities with the same common problems, obstacles, and frustrations; with the same challenge to the ability and zeal of the religious worker.

I doubt if the most foreign of foreign missions can offer more in the way of necessity for action or greater resistance to accomplishment



Children of Holy Trinity Church, West Harwich. The Sisters are: Sister Mary Brigid (top left), Sister Mary Regina, superior (top right), and Sister Eleanor. Other adults are lay teachers.

than the apathetic attitude of some of our own Catholic sections. And my own thought, quite possibly selfish, is that the work may be even more important than laboring in foreign places with non-Catholics. Essentially the work is to keep our own from losing their great inheritance and to bring back to practice and safety those who are, by their very circumstances, in greater danger than those who have never heard the truth.

I am tremendously impressed with the competence, abilities, and methods of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters; their calm acceptance of obstacles, their refusal to allow lack of equipment and assistance to move them from their considered path, their quiet achievement of results in the face of discouraging odds.

In the short time they have been in this parish the changes are obvious. Not only in the new behavior of the children in and around the church, but by the consciousness of *action* and an indefinable, but very real feeling that while much has been done, a great deal more—all of it good and some of it wonderful—is about to be accomplished.

Perhaps my feeling about the sisters may be summed up by saying, with all reverence, that I think August 22, 1953, was the day God smiled on West Harwich.

*Mr. Collinge of Harwichport, Mass., writer, illustrator, and author of The Monks Who Worried, is an active member of Holy Trinity parish, West Harwich. He and Mrs. Collinge, one of the lay teachers and a member of the transportation committee, have been most helpful to our sisters.*

# Santa Paula Teenagers



1. "Moral Guidance, just what we need," agrees Alicia Torres as she reads the announcement of high school classes in St. Sebastian's hall, Santa Paula, Calif.



2. Gloria and Magdalene wait their turn to sign in as Jack gives his name to checkers, twins Ella and Elva.



3. Sister Marie is pleased with Josie's answer. Group uses Father Connell's Baltimore Catechism No. 3 in some of the classes.

# Study Their Religion



4. Voices blend in honor of Christ the King or our Mother Beloved.

These public high school boys and girls are in earnest about studying their religion. "It goes without saying," reports Sister Marie, their instructor, "that the classes demand a great deal of preparation, but I am far more than repaid for my efforts when, after class, I hear remarks like this, 'I'm going to confession. I haven't been there for a year!' Or, 'Can a girl become a sister if she laughs and talks a lot?' In my little talks with some of the students I marvel at the depth of their faith, for most of them depend entirely on this one hour a week class they get from us."



5. Part of the sixty present are caught smiling at one of Sister's remarks.

*High schoolers plan day of recollection. It entails much preparation, but is well worth it. Students are most cooperative.*

6. Lending library opens immediately after class. Popular with teenagers are lives of the saints. Irene acts as librarian while Sister is busy answering private questions.



# On the Range

by Sister Mary Rose

**G**REETINGS from Wonderful Wyoming! How often I have written that since our coming to Cheyenne this past September when three of us became the first Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory to work in the Diocese of Cheyenne.

We came by car from Denver. As we crossed the state line between Colorado and Wyoming two signs attracted our attention. The first one read, "Leaving Colorful Colorado." This was *hasta la vista*, "till we meet again," after five years of mission work in Colorado. A little farther on we were greeted by another sign, "Welcome to Wonderful Wyoming." Drawn in the center of this sign was a cowboy on a bucking bronco. He must be the official reminder of where you are; you find him in many places. He is on the drivers' license and has place of honor on the state license plate. Even a gasoline refinery uses him as their trade mark, "Rarin' to Go."

The history of the Church in Wyoming is as exciting as its civil counterpart. I have been reading the highlights in a little history of the

diocese published by the late Bishop Patrick A. McGovern, who died in 1951. Let me share some of it with you.

Did you know that the diocese of Cheyenne is scattered over 100,000 square miles? It includes the whole state of Wyoming and Yellowstone National Park. (How would you like to teach a religious vacation school in that vicinity?) With all this area, though, the Catholic population numbers only 50,000.

Did you know that before 1834 there were no white settlers in the territory? In that year Fort Laramie was built as a trading post. There were spiritual pioneers, too. Who, do you think, said the first Mass within the limits of Wyoming? That great American missionary, Father Peter DeSmet, S.J., on Sunday, July 5, 1840, in the presence of 2,000 Flathead Indians, trappers, and traders. Bishop McGovern was always interested in this fact, and in 1925, with the aid of the Knights of Columbus, he acquired for the diocese the land where the first Mass was offered. Now, each year on July 5, a Mass is said on the altar-shaped monument that the



The Most Rev. Hubert M. Newell, D.D., Bishop of Cheyenne, blesses the new catechetical center. With His Excellency are, left to right: the Rev. Gerard Schellinger, chaplain of De Paul Hospital, Cheyenne; the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John McDevitt, Laramie, Wyo.; the Rev. Glennon Sims, chaplain at Warren Air Force Base; and the Very Rev. Jerome Denk, pastor of St. Joseph's Church in whose parish the center is located.

Knights have erected on the spot in what is now Daniel, Wyoming.

Permanent settlers came with the building of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1867. At that time Wyoming was spiritually guided from Omaha, Nebraska, and in that same year a priest was sent to take care of all the Catholics from Sidney, Nebraska to Wasatch Canyon, Utah.

There have been five bishops since the Diocese of Cheyenne was erected in 1887. When the first bishop, Bishop Burke, came to Wyoming he had six priests, eight churches, one hospital, one academy, two parochial schools, one hundred and ten Indian missions, with a Catholic population of about 7,500. In 1897 Bishop Leniham became the second bishop, but ill health forced him after a short time to find a lower altitude. He died in 1901. Bishop Keane then became the bishop. He was most energetic in the cause of the Church, sparing himself not at all in the spreading of God's Kingdom. In 1911 he was promoted to the Archdiocese of Dubuque, and the Most Rev. Patrick A. McGovern became the fourth Bishop of Cheyenne. He was bishop for almost forty years. Statistics show that when he was installed in 1912 there were fourteen parishes, eighteen priests, thirty-two churches and two schools in the diocese. When he died in 1951 there were twenty-eight parishes, forty-eight priests, sixty-five churches, and eight schools. The Church in Wyoming continues to grow.

In 1947 Bishop Hubert M. Newell was named Coadjutor Bishop of Cheyenne, so upon the death of Bishop McGovern, Bishop Newell became the fifth bishop of the diocese.

Are you wondering about the sisters, back in those early days? They were there, too. As early as 1876 the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth had opened a hospital at Laramie. The Religious of the Holy Child Jesus of Sharon Hill, Pa., were teaching school in Cheyenne in 1884. The Franciscan Sisters from Glen Riddle, Pa., came early to take charge of the girls' school at St. Stephen's Indian Mission started by the Jesuits. Since then the Sisters of Charity, B.V.M., the Franciscans from St. Francis, Wisconsin, the Dominicans from Sinsinawah, and the Sisters of Loretto have come to work in the diocese through the years. And we are the latest comers.

We are living in Cheyenne, which was named for a tribe of plains Indians. It, too, began with the coming of the railroad in 1867, and to this day the railroad continues to employ many of its citizens

When we first arrived we admired the well-constructed houses. Experience has taught us that they need to be to withstand the Wyoming wind. It can blow for days and nights. Windows rattle and you hear high-pitched noises and whistles and you meditate on Our Lord's description of the house built upon the rocks. The wind carries along everything in sight. You never know what will come in the back door after you. It can be anything from leaves, snow, or dirt to old paper bags. The women of the parish were very thoughtful when, shortly after we came, they presented us with three brooms and two dustpans. Incidentally, these same women presented us with just about everything our convent needs.

There are two Catholic parishes in Cheyenne. St. Mary's, the Cathedral parish, and St. Joseph's on the south side. We are in St. Joseph's parish. Planning for the future, the parish has completed the first unit of what will eventually become a parochial school. The building, blessed by Bishop Newell on September 13, consists of two standard-size classrooms, nicely equipped with blackboards and bulletin boards, ideal seating and lighting, a principal's office, lavatories, and a heating plant. Keeping the many bulletin boards attractive and up-to-date is good exercise for the imagination and the scissors-fingers.

While we are here it is known as a catechetical center. Although it is quiet during the morning while we are out taking a house-to-house census of the parish, it hums with great activity every afternoon after school hours. We have three hundred and fifty children coming each week for religious instructions. They are divided according to their grades in the public schools and different grades come on different days. On Saturday afternoons we have classes for those who live outside of town; these live, for the most part, at railroad section houses from ten to sixteen miles away in all directions. While the parents are shopping, the children are getting their instructions in religion from us.

The well-equipped, attractive catechetical center has made a tremendous impression on both adults and children. It argues well for the importance of the religion class which unfortunately is too often relegated to surroundings unworthy of it. The people have shown their appreciation by seeing to it that their children are regular in their attendance.

Since this article has been all in praise of Wyoming, with what better words can it end than with the state slogan: "Stop roaming; try Wyoming, healthy, wealthy, growing Wyoming!"

## PROBLEM IN TRANSPORTATION

Coming to class is routine for the other children, but for Robert, a first grader, it is sometimes high adventure.

Robert forgot that it was catechism day, and went home on the school bus as usual. His mother brought him back on the tractor, the only means of transportation left at home, since his father takes the car to work each day.

On another occasion, filled with excitement and eyes sparkling, Robert entered the Clark's living room where catechism classes are held weekly.

"Today I have seen more country than I ever saw before!" he announced.

He explained that after school he stepped into the bus homeward bound. As Mr. Stevens, the bus driver, turned off the highway to take him home, Robert remembered it was catechism day.

"Stay on the bus," said the driver, "and I will take you to class after I take all the children home."

Robert's father has laid down the law against the use of the tractor and has forbidden his boy to go sight-seeing before catechism class. Even so, we wonder what unique form of transportation he will think of next.

SISTER VALERIA  
UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



Looks as if this little boy from Texas could be related to Robert in Pennsylvania. Maybe when he's big enough he'll drive to class on the tractor.



## QUESTIONNAIRE

We were taking census in a new district. Many of the children had never seen sisters before.

One little boy ran into the house and said, "Oh, mother, look; the Church is coming to our house!" A little girl asked us, "What are you all dressed up for?"

Another little girl asked what we were doing going to every house. We told her we were visiting all the homes to find out who were Catholics. "When you find out, what are you going to do to them?" she asked.

"We will write their names down in this book I have," I told her.

On one street we met a nine-year-old full of information for us. He would follow us to a house and then say, "That woman doesn't have any Catholic kids," or "Her kid isn't a Catholic either."

SISTER MARY EILEEN  
LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

## UNLESS YOU BECOME . . .

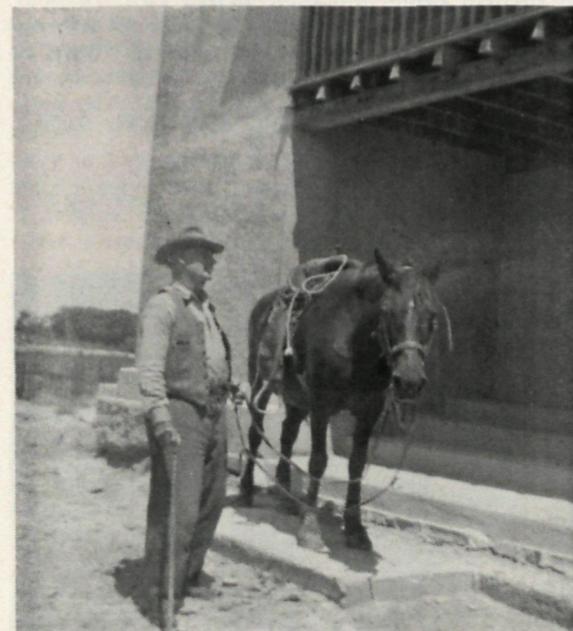
The prayer class, ordinarily made up of children in kindergarten and first grade, is one of the most interesting classes to teach. Often at the end of class it is Sister who feels that she has been taught the lesson.

We were talking about the goodness of God and His great love for us. Patsy was sitting very quietly listening to everything. Then, with the warm, generous response true to children she said, "Sister, when I get to heaven, I'm going to climb up into God's lap and give Him a big hug."

A frequent problem is little brother or sister who comes happily along to class either to sleep peacefully throughout the instruction, or to be a source of distraction to all. After class one Monday, when Elizabeth was leaving with her little brother (who had really been a very model pupil), I told her that he had better wait until he was a little older to come to catechism. Elizabeth, grasping him more securely by the hand, said very confidently, "But, Sister, he likes to prayer."

SISTER MARY JOACHIM  
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

## DON MANUEL



Manuel Sanchez of Los Lunas, N. Mex., and his horse *Morgue*.

It was Sister Josephine who sent us this picture of Mr. Sanchez. Our sisters first met him when they went from Santa Fe to Los Lunas, New Mexico, on Confraternity of Christian Doctrine work.

"Please do not talk English. It disturbs me," said the *senor*. But nothing disturbs him when he is making one of his frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, reports Sister. He kneels erect for long periods at a time, while outside the church, his faithful horse *Morgue* waits patiently for his master.

Mr. Sanchez was personally responsible for raising much of the money to build the church at Los Lunas. Nor did he stop with getting money for the Los Lunas church. When the Church of Sangre de Cristo collapsed at Valencia, he raised funds to have it rebuilt, traveling about the country on horseback. Now seventy-nine years old, he still takes a very active part in parish activities.

## AFTER FORTY YEARS

Mary, an aged maiden lady in her early eighties, had been away from the Church for over forty years. We were warned not to put any pressure on her regarding her return to the practice of her faith. So when we visited her, we discussed everything from fruit orchards to her early days riding horseback on her father's ranch. Never once did the subject get very close to religion.

A year went by and one day we were told to stop and bring Mary to the rectory because she wanted to see Father. Not long afterward she made her peace with God and has been a weekly communicant ever since.

It seems that our religious habit and the friendly visits at her home had performed the miracle; or rather we served as the instrument to bring the grace of God into that lonely soul.

SISTER PHILOMENA  
PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA

## How Do You Say . . . ?

Names and how to pronounce them, to say nothing of how they are spelled, is one of the lesser problems that confronts a sister taking over a new group of children whose parents are of various nationalities. For example, names such as Kolczycki, Ciarlariello, Nawracaj, Prokopczyk, Senchyshyn, Stracquadanio, etc., can be quite a problem until one gets used to hearing how they are pronounced. In one of our centers we have a family with three boys named Tom, Dick, and Harry. Their family name is Ike.

SISTER JEANNETTE  
MIDDLESEX, NEW JERSEY

## SOUNDS LIKE IT

After class in Kersey, one of our missions, we take Ramona home and she always has some news to tell us. Last week she said that a neighbor had adopted a six-year-old Indian boy.

"And she got him at the warehouse," said Ramona.

"At the warehouse! You mean the orphanage, don't you, Ramona?" asked Sister.

"Oh, yes, that's it," Ramona said.

The Spanish word for orphanage is *huerfanato*, pronounced *warefanato*, so it's no wonder Ramona got mixed up, especially when she speaks English at school and Spanish at home.

SISTER HILDEGARDE  
GREELEY, COLORADO



# our **A**ssociates

a group? It occurred to me that in a group where half the members are willing and the other half unwilling to entertain, those who do not take their turn as hostesses could be asked to furnish table and door prizes twice a year. Then the hostess would only have to concern herself about the lunch to be served. We'd be glad to have your comments.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

Dear Associates:

A Happy Easter to all! The Church in her collect for Easter Sunday asks that "God will follow with His aid the desires which He has put into our minds." Most of us have tried to spend a good Lent and our present desire is to live a little more conscious of the things that will lead to life eternal—a blessing we truly wish each other.

To return for the moment to the more practical, recently a Promoter wrote me that "all ladies like to attend the parties, but no-one wants to be hostess." How many Promoters have told or written me the same thing! Our Promoter says further: "It follows that each one who entertains has to do it twice a year and some of these think this is a little often to buy prizes for the raffle and also table prizes." How true!



We realize that there are some Associates who have very good reasons for not entertaining. Sometimes they live in very small apartments. Again among the members of their household are men who must work at night and a party would disturb their needed rest. Some of these Associates, though, have found a way to entertain the group by arranging for their annual party at one of those club rooms furnished by milk companies, bakeries, etc.

Has anyone suggestions to make about a just and even distribution of the work and expenses necessarily attendant upon entertaining

SOME OF ST. JUDE BAND MEMBERS  
(West Allis, Wis.)



Top Row: Mesdames Dorothy Hayes, Helen Lock, Helen Polakowski, Lil Barbion, Marie Krenke, Marge Sherer, Madeline Langkau, Frances Pfeifer.  
Bottom row: Mesdames Beatrice Roth, Ethel Radtke and Viola Schutten.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND  
(Chicago, Ill.)

SINCE Miss Mary A. Perkins first organized her Band, it has witnessed many changing events. To quote her, "At one time we all lived within a mile or so of each other but now we are scattered all over the city and suburbs so that it is not such an easy matter to get together." Miss Perkins herself in the late Fall moved to Skokie, Illinois. At the time of her last letter she was going to try to hold the Band together and we hope she will be successful.

# Club **M**ention

## HOLY GHOST BAND (Elkhart, Ind.)

OUR Promoter, Miss Mary E. Nye, is much too busy to pen lengthy missives, but we are always glad to hear from her. Following are quotes from recent letters: "Thanks for the remembrance in novenas, Masses and prayers. I often tell our members we get more than we receive. We all appreciate these prayers. I have a new member for the Band. I do not consciously look for members but think the Holy Ghost just gives a little nudge at the right time when the right person appears."

Miss Nye holds no parties; she simply collects from members three or four times a year. At those times she writes a short resumé of what has been done and a total of their own donations to date. Then she waits, and to use her own expression "the money rolls in." Her annual figure bears out that statement.

## Last Call for Lenten Mite Boxes



When this issue of the magazine reaches you, there remain only two and one half weeks of Lent. There is still time, however, to fill a LENTEN MITE BOX if you act promptly. Just address a two-cent postal card to

ACM Supervisor, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana, requesting one or more Mite Boxes for yourself and friends. Write your name, street, city, zone and state on the card and you will receive these by return parcel post.

## ST. KATHERINE BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

THESE ladies under the leadership of Mrs. Katherine Hammer have meetings twice a month from September until the end of May. There are enough Band members that no one has to entertain oftener than once a year. Three members, unable to entertain, give generous donations which amount to what would have been realized at a house party. Occasionally, too, the proceeds from a party are augmented by a personal donation from one of the members. The ladies look forward to and enjoy their meetings at which simple but tempting refreshments are served (at least outside of Lent).



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

January 21, 1954 to February 18, 1954

Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 4.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Bernice Bounk	15.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	22.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian T. Dunn	20.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, Chicago, Celia Henrich	42.00
Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	5.00
St. Anne Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Geo Deininger	5.00
St. Anne Band, Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Robert Schrimpf	22.00
St. Augustine Band, Norwood, Mass., Mrs. James A. O'Brien	1.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	60.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Mary Preiner	20.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O. Helen Melke	3.75
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh	8.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago Mrs. Aloysia Naumes	36.00
St. Jude Mission Club, W. Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Polakowski	38.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	45.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	38.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Fred Shields	5.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. Norean Lopez	15.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	15.00
St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. J. E. Burch	31.50
Seven Dolors Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. Jno. J. Murphy	2.00



# Linguistics

by Sister Mary Karl

WHAT I am going to relate concerns the doings of the Interlingual Association. This association, as yet unincorporated, is composed of any persons who start out life in one tongue and later on struggle to acquire another. The Spanish-English and English-Spanish potential membership along our Southern Border is tremendous! I belong to the English-Spanish Division.

"Sister," said a worried little voice when I stooped to listen during a break in my class questioning, "one little girl have a rock of the other little girl . . ."

The cryptic message startled me. A rock? In church? And among the girls? Not even the most mischievous little boy had ever gone so far.

"All right," I said soothingly, "I'll come back in a minute."

The child returned to her place; I continued my questioning, but quickly found a stopping place. After all, if tempers should flare, a rock could be a dangerous thing. I considered it best to leave my ninety-nine little white sheep (pardon me, to be exact, there were only seventy-eight) and see what that little black one *could* be doing.

When I reached the eighth bench, where the last of the girls were sitting, it was easy to distinguish the *dramatis personae*. There was six-year-old Margarita, her pretty little face ringed by dark curls, looking half angrily, half apprehensively, at Lupe in the pew ahead. Lupe's face too was angry, but stamped with a mixture of sullenness and stubbornness that almost automatically bespoke the culprit. Even the buzz of excited whispers that singled her out at my approach was unnecessary. Margarita said nothing, but her eyes implored my help. In her hands she had a blue rosary.

I looked at Lupe. "What do you have?"

Slowly she unclenched a tight little fist. Peace flooded my "rock"-harried soul. I could have sighed with relief, but one doesn't have time for such luxuries during class. There on Lupe's palm lay the rock—one of the little blue stones from Margarita's broken rosary!

From long practice my laughter-tempted voice was steady as I asked, "Is it yours?"

No answer.

"If it is hers, give it back to her."

Again no answer; but finally, after a long moment of indecision, Lupe's hand reached back over the bench and Margarita retrieved her lost treasure. Everybody relaxed, and class continued.

I used to think it was quaint when I heard a little girl say, "One boy hit me," or when someone called, "Sister, wait me!" Now I know it merely indicates they are unconsciously struggling with English constructions, just as I unconsciously struggle with Spanish ones. *Un muchacho* in Spanish can mean either *one* boy or *a* boy; it takes practice to make that distinction quickly in English when you've grown up in Spanish.

Likewise in Spanish the dative in pronouns is usually indicated by position rather than by a preposition; so "wait me" instead of "wait for me" is merely the child's literal translation. Thus too it was with Anita's: "One little girl have a rock of the other little girl." She didn't think of *cuenta* which means *bead*; but of *pedra* or *pena*, stone or rock. So she used the first English synonym that came to her head, unaware that her teacher would visualize the rock as a chunk of granite rather than a pretty blue rosary bead!

Usually, however, we members of the Interlingual Association understand one another very well. Broken English is entirely intelligible to me, and no one ever smiles at my broken Spanish. In fact, it was six months before one of my mistakes caught up with me and I had the chance to laugh at it myself.

It happened that one First Confession day Armando came without his baptismal certificate. He had been warned to bring it, and could give no clear explanation as to why he hadn't. After checking with Father, I sent him home with a note to his mother telling her to bring him for confession in the afternoon, and to bring the certificate. Later, when the sisters called to pick me up, I said, "Would you mind driving down Elfern Street and stopping for a minute at 718? Armando couldn't go to confession because he still didn't bring his certificate, and I want to be sure his Mother understands about bringing him this afternoon."

Obligingly, Sister stopped at the number I mentioned. Two of us hurried across the street and up the stairs to Armando's door. Fortunately his mother was at home, and she had the certificate right there! Knowing that she had

been quite uninterested in the child's First Communion I talked (in Spanish) fast and to the point. It was very important that Armando should receive his First Communion now that he was prepared. Father was very kind and would be glad to help him. She should take him without fail that afternoon for confession, first showing Father the certificate. To encourage her I even wrote a little note of introduction for her to take along. She listened seriously seemed very cooperative, and promised to do everything. Then we hurried away, for this unexpected visit had already made us late for prayers at the convent.

Armando's mother kept her promise. He made his First Holy Communion the next morning.

It might have been six months later, as we were discussing some Spanish words or other, that my companion of that day remarked, with a twinkle in her eye: "I know one funny thing you did say."

"Yes?" I was unimpressed, aware that my Spanish, if understandable, is far from impeccable. "What was it?"

A bit hesitantly, but now smiling, she answered: "You told Mrs. Nunez that Father X was . . . *muy bonito!*"

The visit I have just described flashed into my mind. I remembered my hurried earnestness, my listener's deep seriousness. Likewise, there came the vision of Father—his six-foot height, his rugged if kindly countenance, his graying hair.

"Oh, no!" I gasped.

"Yes," went on Sister. "You said, '*El Padre es muy bonito.*'"

"Good heavens!" I said, "I meant *bueno, amable*. I wanted to be sure she understood that Father was very nice and she didn't need to be afraid to go to him about Armando!"

"She knew what you *meant*," assured my companion. "So did I. But . . .!"

And then we just looked at each other and laughed and laughed. For you see, instead of saying, "*El Padre es muy bueno*"—Father is very good—I had twisted a word and said, "*El Padre es muy bonito*"—Father is very pretty!

However, as to that, Carlos is my consolation. He too belongs to our interlingual fraternity. He was a first-grader when I made his acquaintance, just beginning the intricacies of

turning Spanish into English. He was an earnest little fellow, square-built, square features in a round face, dark-skinned and black-haired, with big dark eyes. He came to First Communion class regularly, listened well, and was mischievous enough to insure his being normal. In March he made his First Holy Communion with the rest of the class.

Two of us supervised the children at the nine o'clock Mass every Sunday, and my place happened to be on the boys' side. Carlos had formed the habit of coming up the aisle, looking around for a place, giving me a smile of recognition, genuflecting grandly, and coming into the bench with me. I was not averse to this choice of place; there was much less temptation to whisper and play when in the pew with Sister.

Thus it happened the Sunday after Easter. Carlos was kneeling at my side. Then another boy came in and we made room for him between us. At the *Domine non sum dignus* Carlos arose to receive Holy Communion. It was a thrill for me. *Frequent Communion* and not *First Communion*, is the crown of the First Communion teacher. He went up to receive, and returned devoutly and knelt quietly for his thanksgiving. I noted all this, then resumed my glancing over the kneeling rows of boys before me.

Suddenly I felt someone touching me. I looked around. Carlos, reaching past the boy between us, was nudging my arm with his finger. Was something wrong? I leaned over, in back of the other boy, and looked my question. "Sister," Carlos whispered emphatically, his little face glowing, "I love to love Jesus. He is so pretty!"

What I answered to such an unrehearsed, unexpected Act of Love, I'm sure I don't know. I suppose it was, "Yes, Carlos, and He loves you very much too." Anyway, Carlos, satisfied, returned to his position, and I to mine.

The years in between haven't dimmed the clarity of my little friend's remark, and I don't think any ever will. What matter if Carlos had confused his *bueno* and *bonito* and, reversing my mistake, had said "pretty" when he meant "good"? I like his phrasing. Sometimes I say it over to myself: "I love to love Jesus. He is so pretty." I see a child's bright face, filled with love. And there's a flavor to that little mistake that adds richness to the meaning.

Yes, we interlinguals, as I said before,—we understand one another.





# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

We are sure that you have tried to keep a good Lent, performing little acts of self-denial to make up for your faults and the sins of others, doing all for the love of our thorn-

crowned King, through our dear Mother of Sorrows. May our Risen Savior reward you for all your sacrifices and penances by flooding your souls with happiness on Easter, and granting you a future glorious resurrection and eternal blessedness.

Do you like our *Mary's Loyal Helpers'* pages? What about them do you like the best? What would you like to see added to them?

Remember you can help us to make them better by writing us letters. Tell us how you earn the Sunshine pennies which you change into dimes for your dime-cards. Tell us how you remind yourself to say the daily Hail Mary for our sisters. Send us pictures of yourselves when writing. We especially like to receive small school pictures.

*Maryly yours,*

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

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A GARY (IND.) HELPER



This is Tommy Havrilesko of Gary, Ind. He is nine years old and in the fourth grade. We liked Tommy after his first letter which read, "My grandfather gets your magazine. I read it to him because he cannot read. I am sending a worked puzzle."



In the picture above is Joanne Karnitz. Sister Anne Therese of our community is Joanne's aunt. Her mother and relatives belong to St. Anne's Mission Band, Milwaukee.

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A TEXAS HELPER WRITES

I am sending my dollar offering for the Missions. I still get your "MISSIONARY CATECHIST" and read every page of it. It has lots of interesting things in it. I am also sending this month's puzzle for a holy card.

*Natalie Konieczny, Brenham, Texas*

# Helpers pages

AN ELKHART (IND.) HELPER



We are happy to introduce Karen Sue Paulk, of Elkhart, Indiana. Karen is six years old and in the first grade. She is a niece of our Sister M. Antoinette.

## WORD CHAIN PUZZLE

Change *east* to *west* in three moves, changing only one letter at a time. (Example: *Harm* may be changed into *heal* in five moves as follows: HARM, hard, herd, held, head, HEAL. Now go ahead.)

## ANSWERS TO SHAMROCK PUZZLE

*Across:* 1. little, 6. acushla, 7. toads, 9. arrah, 10. Rose, 11. Dury, 12. Pat, 14. Aidan, 16. Cork, 18. Eunan, 19. wee, 20. explore.

*Down:* 1. leprechaun, 2. Tipperary, 3. Lady, 4. Eire, 5. Athlone, 8. Shannon, 11. date, 13. tear, 15. Down, 17. kept.

Dear Sister:

I am sorry I did not answer sooner but we were making a Retreat and had examinations just before the Retreat.

During the winter I earn my Sunshine money baby-sitting, so I can't send much, but in the summer I get a more steady job. I have all my own things to buy but whatever I can spare will always be put in my Sunshine Bag.

Geraldine Lednisky, Merrill, Mich.



A holy card will be mailed to everyone who sends in a worked puzzle whether he succeeded in getting all the right answers or not.

## A "CHICK! CHICK!" PUZZLE

At this season we admire the fluffy yellow chicks to be seen on farms and even in store windows. Below we have listed clues to seven common and proper nouns beginning with the sound of "chick." If you are good at history and geography in school, it will help you guess some of the answers. Please number them.



1. A "chick" which is a city in Massachusetts.
2. A "chick" which is a small bird.
3. A "chick" which is chewing gum.
4. A "chick" which is a city in Oklahoma.
5. A "chick" which was a battle in the Civil War.
6. A "chick" which is sometimes mixed with ground coffee.
7. A "chick" which is an unwelcome childhood disease.



## Books



IN THE TRACK OF THE GOSPEL by Aloysius Roche. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York 8, N.Y. \$3

The subtitle for this book is *An Outline of the Christian Apostolate from Pentecost to the Present*, and the dust jacket refers to it as *The Story of the Missions from the Time of the Apostles until our Day*. It is more than just an outline. In fact, it seems incredible that Father Roche could put so much information into 200 pages.

Nothing makes such fascinating reading as the story of the missionary activity of the Church. Especially interesting to the American reader is the history of the missions in the New World. Father Roche recounts it here with skill and penetration.

The author acknowledges that it was difficult to single out foreign missionary societies in the contemporary scene. To include all of them would exceed the scope of this book. He is to be commended for the judicious selection he made. We are happy to note that he included the story of the Medical Missionary Sisters.

For an entertaining and easy-to-read story of the Church's missionary activity, we recommend *In the Track of the Gospel*.

CATHOLIC SHRINES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA by Francis Beauchesne Thornton. Wilfred Funk, Inc. 153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y. \$4.75.

Does Europe have a monopoly on shrines? Judging from the dearth of literature on shrines in the New World, one might think so. Father Thornton has filled a long-felt need by giving us this beautiful book on our own shrines.

Grouping them according to locality, the author describes 119 shrines, giving their origin and relating points of interest about each. Over 140 excellent photographs and maps enhance the value of the book.

Catholics will be thrilled to read of these holy places, some of which are rich in history. Many of the shrines described are dedicated to the Mother of God, indicative of the tender devotion America has for her. These should be of special interest to us in this Marian year when we are urged to visit churches and shrines dedicated to Our Blessed Mother.

THE PASSION. A Fides Album. Fides Publishers Association, 21 W. Superior St., Chicago 10, Ill. 25 cents. Special quantity prices.

Like the albums that have preceded this one, *The Passion* is excellent and deserves to be highly recommended. Intended as a meditation on the Passion and Death of Our Lord, it is especially appropriate for use during Holy Week. *The Passion* begins a new Fides series on the liturgical seasons.

The following book and pamphlets are published by Fathers Rumble and Carty, Radio Replies Press, 500 Robert St., St. Paul 1, Minn.

THAT CATHOLIC CHURCH, A Radio Analysis, by Rev. Dr. Leslie Rumble, M.S.C. Paper edition \$2.50; cloth edition \$3.50. This is a sequel and companion book to the three volumes of Radio Replies already published. Here are 1650 replies covering every possible question that might be raised by objectors. It is a mine of information for study clubs especially.

REPLY TO ANGLICAN-EPISCOPALIAN CLAIMS by Rev. Dr. Rumble. 25 cents. This is a scholarly reply to a pamphlet *Roman Catholic Assertions* by an Anglican Bishop.

RADIO CONVERTS by Rev. Dr. Rumble. 15 cents. Part one contains fascinating true stories of converts; part two covers special problems of converts and how to deal with them.

THIRTEEN YEARS IN A LABOR SCHOOL by Rev. Thomas J. Darby, Ph.D. 50 cents. This is the history of the New Rochelle Labor School, New Rochelle, N. Y.

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE SUFFERING! by Rev. Bruno M. Hagspiel, S.V.D. 35 cents. Suffering is still a mystery to many. To help us understand it better Father Bruno gives examples from the past and present of suffering heroically borne, suffering that makes our sorrows and disappointments seem light indeed.



Mathew LoRang, brother of Sister Madelon, O.L.V.M.  
Rev. Damasus Wickland, O.F.M. Cap., St. Felix Friary,  
Huntington, Ind.

George Carney, Cascade, Iowa  
Mrs. N. M. Henrich, ACM, Evanston, Ill.  
Frank Kerhin, West Allis, Wis.  
Frances Grochowski, Dearborn, Mich.  
John Galogly, County Leitrium, Ireland  
Catherine McGinnis  
Elise Bergeron, Riverside, R. 1.  
Mrs. Daniel Stroub, Mansfield, Ohio  
Frank Dworksi, Detroit

# Instruments of God's Mercy

by Sister Carol

"GOOD afternoon, Sisters," the nurse's friendly voice called out as we entered the surgical ward of the County Hospital. I was surprised to see her on duty at this time. She worked the earlier shift. She explained that she was working overtime because of an emergency case.

On our left a bed was screened off from the others, and several nurses were hovering around. A sheriff's deputy was sitting close by with his chair propped against the wall.

"Who is your patient?" I asked.

"Oh, that is Burke, the man who shot the policeman last night."

Now he lay in the County Hospital fighting for his life. He had been driving a stolen car. When policemen had tried to arrest him in a cafe, he had pulled out a gun and fired, hitting one of the officers in the leg. In turn Burke had been shot through the stomach and in the leg."

"Is he a Catholic?" I asked.

"Yes, Sister, but you can't do anything for him. I asked him if I could call a priest, and he would not let me."

He had refused the last Sacraments!

"Please, may I speak to him?"

"Yes, Sister. Wait just a minute."

She disappeared behind the screen, then came out again and motioned me to the bedside. The officer bowed his permission for me to speak to his prisoner. Two nurses and an interne were standing by. They had been battling for his life. Now I was calling on all the angels and saints in heaven to battle for his soul. I glanced at the patient. He was a young man, about thirty years old. Already he had served one prison sentence. He was under oxygen; a needle in his arm showed that he was being fed intravenously.

But the face! Perhaps it was his intense pain that made it look so hard. The mouth was in a thin line. The eyes were closed.

The nurse said, "The Sister wants to talk to you."

I walked to the bedside. The nurses and interne stood back. How to appeal to this dying man?

Quietly I asked, "Mr. Burke, are you a Catholic?"

He did not answer. The eyes remained closed.

Again the nurse spoke, "Aren't you going to talk to the Sister?"

Slowly and painfully the eyes opened. The blue eyes looked up, and he said, "I haven't been to church in nine years."

"Oh, that does not matter now. You are a very sick man. May I call a priest for you?"

He did not answer. I prayed. How helpless we are to move the human will!

Finally he said, "Yes, Sister, I should like to see a priest."

I put a Green Scapular on his bed and placed a rosary in his hand. As the bandaged fingers closed over the beads, they seemed to say, "Here is something I can cling to."

I went to the telephone to call the hospital chaplain. Then I thanked the mustached officer for permitting me to talk to his prisoner and gave him a picture of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. I visited the other patients in the ward, but my thoughts were on my dying friend. As I left the ward, Father was standing by his bedside giving him absolution. My nurse friend said, "Now he will feel better." This Protestant realized a fact that many Catholics fail to appreciate—that confession is a sacrament of peace. So we left him in the merciful hands of his Savior.

We visited the other wards in the hospital and prepared to call it a day, when the nurse who is in charge of the nursery rushed out, saying, "Sister, come quickly. I have a baby for you to baptize."

Mrs. Leigh is a Protestant, but she is very conscientious about the baptism of dying infants. No doubt she has many little saints in heaven who are praying for her conversion because she made sure that they were baptized before they embarked upon their voyage into eternity.

The baby's mother sat by the oxygen tent where her child was fighting for every breath. She had pneumonia. Mrs. Leigh said that she would die that night. I asked the mother if she were a Catholic. At first she said she was not. Finally she admitted that she used to be a Catholic, and now she wanted her baby to be baptized.

Again I went to the phone to call Father. He arrived quickly and we left the hospital with the consoling words of baptism ringing in our ears: "Elizabeth, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Truly, that Sunday afternoon we felt that we had been privileged to see Our Loving Father shower His mercies upon His children. And we thanked Him in our hearts for the vocation that makes us instruments of His great mercy.

# HAPPY EASTER!



Boy! Will Sister like this posey!



Oooops, now I did it!



It belongs in here — somewhere.



But golly, it won't stick.



Happy Easter, Sister, brought you something.



But she didn't even know they belonged together or she wouldn't have given me this. Am I lucky!