

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



"What! You mean *me*, Sister? I teach CATECHISM?"

November 1954

OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS

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

NOVEMBER 1954

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ON THE COVER

"Yes," replies Sister Barbara Ann to Mrs. Frank Forve's shocked question, "after taking our CCD course you will find it most fascinating. It is one of the best means of serving the Church!" See pages 8 and 9 for the rest of the story.

PHOTO CREDITS

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AGAIN we are in the month dedicated to the relief of the Holy Souls. Since the last Commemoration of the Faithful Departed, All Soul's Day, many of those whom we knew and loved on earth have entered into eternity. Great and near-great have died; the poor and unknown; those we expected to die were taken, and those whose death we did not look for. One of the retreat masters whom we had engaged died suddenly and was buried the day before our retreat was to begin.

Although God did not call any of the sisters of our community from this world during the past year, He did summon our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and other relatives and friends. He would have us ever mindful of death. In her consoling liturgy of the dead, the Church keeps this thought before us when she prays:

Grant, O God, that while we lament the departure of this Thy servant, we may always remember that we are most certain to follow him. And give us grace to prepare for that last hour by a good life, that we may not be surprised by a sudden and unprovided death, but be ever watching, that, when Thou shalt call, we may, with the bridegroom, enter into eternal glory, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Perhaps before another November 2, you and I will be among those who have left this world. Let this thought spur us on to greater fidelity; and let us not forget those who have gone before us with the sign of faith, remembering especially those for whom we have a special obligation to pray and those who have no one to pray for them.

TIME FOR GIFTS

WE haven't mentioned it for a long time — our circulation figures, we mean. But just because we haven't mentioned it does not mean that we are not interested in seeing them grow, does not mean that we do not need new subscribers.

We sincerely try to make THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST informative and entertaining. We do not want it to be a guise for begging. We want you to take it because you want to read it and enjoy it, not just to "help a cause." For that reason, as you know, we do not clutter the pages with appeals.

Now and then, however, we feel justified in asking you to help us get new subscribers. We have no agents, we do not circularize lists of names. The only way we can get new subscribers is to have you introduce THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

Next month is Christmas. Why not give your friends a subscription as a gift? It would be a gift to us also.

# Around Victory Noll



**Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana, Motherhouse and Novitiate of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. It is here that postulants and novices spend almost three years before they make their first vows and are assigned to the mission field.**

FROM the East, West, North, and South they came—the postulants—on Our Blessed Mother's Birthday. They began classes the very next day and swung right into the routine of convent life AROUND VICTORY NOLL.

Novices, too, went back to school in September. The first year or canonical novices, of course, have fewer studies this year, for the Church decrees that they confine themselves to religious subjects that relate directly to the spiritual life. But for the second year novices studies have increased. This is the last year they have to prepare themselves for their mission work.

There is only one change on the faculty this year. Father Carmel Flora, O.F.M.Cap., replaces Father Giles Soyka, O.F.M.Cap., who was recently appointed assistant master of novices in St. Joseph Province. Father Carmel teaches dogma to postulants and novices. He is likewise a professor at St. Felix Capuchin Seminary in Huntington.

The Florida Sisters were among the very last to leave Victory Noll. Mother Cecilia, with Sister Dora as her companion, drove them back to their convent in Punta Gorda. From there

Mother began her visitation of the missions. With so many convents now—sixty-five of them—Mother's visitations take her to every part of the United States.

News of our Archbishop is still encouraging, but he needs your continued prayers for his complete recovery.

Our Marian shrines in the community dining room deserve special mention AROUND VICTORY NOLL. Sister Agnes Marie has been responsible for them. Every month—and sometimes oftener, depending on the Church Year—Sister redecorated the shrine. She chose as the central theme the outstanding feast of the month or season—for instance, the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Our Lady of Lourdes, Annunciation, etc. Our roses this year were especially beautiful. It was possible to keep fresh ones before Our Blessed Mother from late May until fall.

The Marian Year will soon come to a close, but we hope that each year of our life will be Mary's, each month, and day, for we are consecrated to her in a special way by the practice of the True Devotion. SEA

# Scents and Non-Scents

*As our readers know, we have made it a rule not to publish anonymous mission stories in our magazine. Nor do the authors use pen names. We have been encouraged in this practice by our subscribers who write to tell us that they like the "real" ring to the sisters' experiences. Now the following incident could have happened in any well regulated parish, but still, to avoid possible embarrassment, we are putting aside our rule this once and are publishing the story anonymously.*

It began to happen on a midwinter night in 1954. It happened in an old, old church in an old, old part of the United States, so suppose we call it St. Oldiana's. And—we can't stress this too much—it really happened!

There were we, two Missionary Sisters, visiting St. Oldiana's for the scheduled high school instruction class at 7:00 p.m. There we were with the skunks. That's what I said. SKUNKS. Capital letters and plural, please, Mr. Printer.

Reminiscent of youthful days when the Kelvinator office force would dash for the street if the service man accidentally flooded the office with S<sup>2</sup>O gas and we found ourselves temporarily sputtering and choking, was my experience at St. Oldiana's. For it seems that the church there for long had attracted and harbored some of God's little creatures—a family, or perhaps a small village, of skunks. There was no church basement, and between ground and flooring was ample room for whatever enterprising skunk couple first left the fields and woods to seek the haunts of man. More than once as we had been in and out of St. Oldiana's, I had noticed a scent that reminded me vaguely of my old friend on the rampage, sulphur dioxide. I thought it might be a slight leak in the gas heater. Then someone remarked that it was a skunk. I was mildly interested. My only previous (and inadequate) acquaintance with the species was "Flower" in Walt Disney's *Bambi*.

But this night—this night I learned all about skunks.

Our skunks must recently have had either a celebration or a fight; either a Party Royal or a Battle Royal, whichever causes them to give off more of their peculiar perfume. St. Oldiana's was filled with it. We went in, we looked at each other. It was really unbelievable, so we went in a little farther. Then we gasped "Goodness!" or "What in the world!" or something like that. It was still unbelievable, but it was, there was no doubt about it. At last admitting reality, we looked at each other again, and Sister voiced what we were both thinking: "How can I have class in here?"

There was no answer, so we genuflected and made a dash for the door—a more genteel dash, now, than my former ones of Kelvinator days, but still you would not say that we walked slowly. We opened the door and left it that way; then gladly gulped some of the good cold January air. It was refreshing!

But our problem wasn't solved. If we opened the windows, there would be no heat. If we didn't open the windows, there would be no class. And some twenty high school boys were due in about ten minutes. No Missionary Sister is going to allow a few skunks to interfere with a scheduled weekly class for all-important teenagers. So Sister thought of the sacristy, where she usually took the smaller children after school. When we advanced to the front of the church the fumes, though still strong, were lesser there. And when we opened the sacristy door (fortunately it had been closed), the atmosphere was fairly clear.

The first pupils were ushered into the sacristy. Then after Sister began class I stayed in front of church to make a holy hour and also to guide any late-comers, by means of a smile and a wave of the hand, toward the class in the sacristy. The varied expressions on their faces can better be imagined than described. But luckily all ended up with a grin!

And that night, for the first time, Archie showed up. He had been reminded of classes a



few times, but not until tonight did he come. Archie, despite his name, is a big, brawny, football-playing twelfth grader, a leader among his classmates both in sports and personality. Tonight he seemed bent on being obnoxious. "Sister," he drawled delicately, after some time in class, "if *this* keeps up, I'm going to pass out."

I haven't Sister's answer on record, but it must have been stimulating, for he didn't "pass out." And though we practically wrote him off our class records after such an unpropitious beginning, actually he came to class regularly after that, brought his friends, and was completely absorbed by every class discussion and activity. At the last class, literally the last high school class for him, since he would graduate a week or two later, he was the only one of the boys able to overcome youthful shyness enough to come up and thank Sister "for all you've done for us." But that's ahead of the story.

Well, that was the oddest holy hour I ever made. In between formal prayers I thought of my Kelvinator days (the boss would always assure us "It's good for your head," but Verna and I always strolled down to the corner drugstore for a sundae anyway), meditated on why God made skunks in such a peculiar way (after all, they're rather cute little animals to look at!), and occasionally, when the atmosphere became just too stifling, made a trip outside for a breath of clean air. But not for long. After all, the faith can only be propagated by prayer and sacrifice, and I had to keep on with my part of reminding Our Lord of the needs of souls, just as Sister and the boys kept on with their class, skunks or no skunks.

That marked the end of the skunks at St. Oldiana's. If you wonder why they had been allowed to live more or less unmolested previously—well, did *you* ever have to find somebody who would shoot or trap a skunk for you? No one wants the job. Did *you* ever have to live near a place where a skunk was trapped? No one else wants to, either. So while the skunks lived fairly peaceably, they were fairly unmolested. But now our harried pastor found a valiant trapper, and at final count, by the time we had finished our missionary work at St. Oldiana's, eight skunks were no more.

You'd think that was the end, but it wasn't. Came a day in April when Sister remarked, as we drove home after class, "Oddest thing in the sacristy today. The children called my attention to it. In one place there were a lot of little bugs jumping around."

"Fleas?" I wondered out loud.

"No, I don't think so. I've seen fleas. They are hard, but these squash, though they didn't bother us much. I guess they must have come in from outside. Hope they get out soon."

So we dismissed the subject, presuming that here was some passing pest, like the ants that fly in June.

And were they? Indeed not! It seems that our skunks had been harboring the now harborless, and these little creatures, having discovered a small hole in the sacristy flooring, were out looking for their defunct hosts. For they *were* fleas, on closer inspection, and after events made us estimate their number conservatively at 1, 234, 567, 891, 234, 567, or so. For, to our astonishment, we learned next week that the invaders had moved from the sacristy to the adjoining rectory, fanning out into *every room but one*. Sister had to move her class from sacristy to side chapel, the altar boys had to keep their cassocks at home, and for a few days Father even vested for Mass in the sanctuary. I considered myself lucky, for my classes were held in the back of the church, and I was more than happy to take the part of an innocent bystander only, in this Battle of the Fleas.

We finished our work in the parish a few weeks later. Our pastor, a dignified, elderly priest, "gentleman of the old school," had by that time used six kinds of poison in an effort to circumvent the surrounding menace. He started with ordinary DDT, advanced to 20% DDT, then 35% DDT, and when we said good-bye he told us he was contemplating some powerful potion that cost \$15 a gallon! "It's embarrassing!" he observed with a twinkle in his eye, as he describes his research into bug poisons!

Since this was our last interview, I tried to be helpful. "Father," I said, "maybe you ought to pray to St. Benedict Joseph Labre. You know the story goes that he suffered from such little creatures, and in fact, if he saw any of them leaving him, he would pick it up and put it back in order to continue to do penance. Now maybe if you asked him, he would reach down from heaven and . . ."

Father's eyes twinkled again, and he raised his hands in a gesture of frustration, while he uttered an exclamation—whether of assent or dissent, neither Sister nor I could tell.

# Papa and St. Anthony

by Sister Eugenia

THIS is the story of a conversion, and the part that St. Anthony had to play in it. We don't know just where or when St. Anthony first began using his influence on Papa Schlegel. But we do know that it was a spectacular occasion when the Wonder Worker found Papa's gold watch for him the time he lost it in the orange grove. That was after Papa had retired and gone to Florida to live. And Mama Schlegel at that time was a newly baptized Catholic with great confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the saints.

Perhaps we should go back to the very beginning, when Papa and Mama were still living in Chicago, and their beautiful daughter Alice was growing into young womanhood. For it was there that Alice met and married Alfonso. A Catholic, true, but otherwise a very fine young man. It did not take Mama and Papa long, however, to realize the worth of their new son-in-law, and to respect and admire the religion he professed so devotedly.

In due time a grandson arrived to brighten the lives and gladden the hearts of Papa and Mama Schlegel. They attended his baptism and saw him become a child of God and of Holy Mother Church. As he grew older, they listened to his childish prayers and even helped his baby hands to seal his heart with the sign of the cross. And all this time the Mother of God was working a subtle influence on the souls of Mama and Papa Schlegel.

Appropriately enough, it was Alice who first saw the light of grace and corresponded with it. After all, a mother can hardly see her son through his catechism lessons and the ecstasy of First Holy Communion without being profoundly affected by it in some way. In the fervor of her new-found faith, she longed to bring some of the fire and flame of divine love to the hearts of her dear parents. But this was to be accomplished in God's own time and in God's own way.

Papa and Mamma were very proud of their grandson, Eddie (named after Papa). They would even go to Mass on occasion just to see him serve at the altar of God. And Alice, Alfonso, and Eddie continued to pray for the conversion of Mama and Papa Schlegel.

The years flew by, and then it was war time. Eddie looked gallant in his uniform standing beside his piano. His picture is there right in the center on the piano. Mama will be sure to show it to you, even though she herself can no longer see it, for Mama is blind.

Yes, the shock of the telegram is what made her lose her sight. To how many families did the dreaded telegram bring its tragic sorrow during those war years! Papa and Mama were no longer young. They had built their lives around Eddie, and now the light and love of their lives had gone out.

The funeral was to be held in Chicago, so Mama and Papa made hasty preparations to get the first train out of Tampa. Mama sat in the station, her face swollen with grief, when she suddenly became conscious of the fact that she could no longer see. There were no tears in her eyes to blind her, for they had already been drained at their source.

Did Eddie beholding the Beatific Vision receive a speedy answer to his prayers? His grandparents like to think so. It was shortly after her blindness that Mama received her inner sight and an insight into the truths of faith. In addition to receiving a course of religious instruction from her local pastor, she spent many hours listening to the records of Archbishop Noll's *Father Smith Instructs Jackson*. Papa listened, too, but he was not yet ready to take the final step. It remained for St. Anthony to take things in hand and speed up the process.

As we said before, we don't know just where or when St. Anthony first began using his influence on Papa Schlegel. Perhaps it was when Alice in desperation began a novena to St. Anthony, threatening to disown him if he didn't soon do something about Papa.

Or again, it may have been when the saint found Papa's gold watch for him the time he lost it in the orange grove. This is the way Papa tells it: "Mama was sitting on the porch, praying her rosary," says Papa, "when I came in from the grove that morning. I sat down beside her and reached for my watch to see the time, but it wasn't there. You can imagine my dismay, for I had been all over the grove that morning. And when you drop something in Florida grove sand, it sinks out of sight."

Mama speaks up, "Then I told him to pray to St. Anthony and start retracing his steps."

"You will hardly believe this," says Papa, "but the very first tree I came to I stopped to repeat my prayer and get my bearings. And there glinting in the sun was a tiny link of the chain peeping out from the sand! St. Anthony is surely the saint who helps you find lost articles."

When Papa was baptized, he took the name of Edward Anthony. Eddie and St. Anthony in heaven must have rejoiced on that day.

Was it Eddie's prayers, Mama's prayers, or Alice's prayers that obtained for Papa his gift of faith?

We don't know. All we know is that when you go to visit Papa and Mama Schlegel in their big home on West Marion street, they will be sure to tell you all about how St. Anthony found Papa's gold watch for him the time he lost it in the orange grove.

# Raging Rio

by Sister M. Rita Therese

ONCE settled in my comfortable train chair, I breathed a sigh of relief and a prayer of thanks to God for having spared my father in his recent serious illness. With the assurance of his complete recovery I could now return to our mission in Eagle Pass, Texas.

Toward evening I was enjoying the restful scenery along the banks of the Mississippi, barely listening to the drone of the latest news from the train's radio. But suddenly I was startled to full attention. "Rising flood waters are threatening thousands along the Rio Grande!" And our convent only about two blocks from the river! Feeling utterly helpless with so many miles still separating me from Eagle Pass, I tried once more to get settled and resign myself to the long wait ahead of me.

At last our train arrived in San Antonio. Once inside the station I headed straight for a phone booth. First call—to the bus depot. "Yes, the bus for Eagle Pass leaves at 1:40, but it goes only as far as the north end of town." Second call—to my superior in Eagle Pass. "Sister Virginia? I'm in San Antonio now. Can I come the rest of the way or is *El Rio* lapping at our back door?" "No, it didn't come quite that far, so it will be all right for you to come."

I did not grasp the full significance of "quite that far" until the bus turned from the highway onto Main Street that evening and I could look down the gradually sloping hill toward the river about a mile in the distance. There, in the light of the setting sun, I could see what still remained of the reluctantly receding waters of the Rio Grande.

At supper the sisters told me of the excitement of the last two days. Gloomy weather and heavy rains had settled upon Eagle Pass Saturday, June 26. Sunday evening came the first news of the rising river. Monday morning the sisters walked downtown to do a little shopping. They came out of a store a few minutes later to discover water already up to the curb. That is how fast it came.

At intervals during the day the sisters took walks around the block in which are located the church, rectory, our convent, the parochial school, and the convent of the Incarnate Word Sisters, now empty for the summer. This area was gradually being surrounded by water on three sides. On one of their expeditions, the sisters dropped a medal in each of the three crucial spots. Frequent were the visits they

made to our little chapel that day. While the Rio Grande was storming down upon Piedras Negras and Eagle Pass, the Sisters were storming heaven with prayers.

During the early hours of the next morning, the record-breaking flood crest was reached. The water gradually receded without having touched any of the church property. When I arrived that evening it had gone down about twenty feet, with yet over thirty to go!

After supper we walked to within a few feet of the water's edge. As my eyes beheld the rushing water I experienced a small bit of the terror that had gripped the hearts of flood victims. It seemed impossible for anyone to save his life in that surging current. It rolled and thundered on its way to Laredo like a herd of stamping cattle, destroying everything that stood in its way.

We looked in vain for houses which had been the homes of some of our poor people who lived on the river front. An elderly woman, very much distressed, showed us a large log which the water had carried into her tiny house. Many residents were busily cleaning out the layers of mud deposited by the angry waters. A United States soldier with bayonet barred anyone's entrance into Main Street. He was there not only to prevent looting of the stores, but also to keep people out of the extremely dangerous mud which was about a foot deep. One very persistent old man succeeded in crossing the street, only to be discovered and carried back to safety on the shoulders of the soldier.

(Continued on page 14)



A woman cleans the mud from out of her little house. On the fence she has hung her little girl's doll and a few pieces of clothing to dry.



Mrs. Russell Caroll, Torrance, California; Mrs. Patricia Cason, Mrs. Dwight Buhman, and Mrs. Frank Forve, Lawndale; with Sister Barbara Ann of San Pedro.

## They Like to Teach Catechism!

**SOME** forty women of St. Catherine Laboure Parish, Lawndale, California, most of them busy housewives with growing families to care for, enrolled in the *Christian Living* course given by Sister Barbara Ann during the past year. Twenty of them are active members of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine — teachers, fishers, or visitors. These zealous women are a part of the small but efficient army of lay teachers who are giving their time and talents to help meet the demands of the ever increasing Catholic population in Southern California.



The Rev. Raymond Tepe, pastor of St. Catherine Laboure Church, Lawndale, offers a fine course in Christian Doctrine which includes the Creed, Sacraments, and Moral Guidance.



Sister Barbara Ann takes over for the course in *Methods of Teaching*. The women find the various techniques most interesting, especially the ways and means of meeting the discipline problem.



Each prospective catechist has the opportunity of observing Sister teach a class.



Mrs. Patricia Cason explains how to act when we go to church. She encourages frequent visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.



Mrs. Dwight Buhman tells a story. Danny, anxious to add his bit, waves his hand frantically to attract attention.



Here we find Mrs. Frank Forve teaching a class of third graders.



The pastor and his flock.

**RAY'S TREAT**

Ray was one of the boys in our First Communion class. He was about nine years old and a likable fellow, but his conduct in class had given us no hint of the originality we found in him later on.

One feast day we were able to have a little treat for the children. Each received a handful of candy, a cupcake, and a soft drink. They enjoyed it very much, and we enjoyed their pleasure in the "party" even though it was nothing very big.

Some days later when Sister Theodora and I were eating supper, we heard an odd noise at the front door. We wondered, but it did not sound like anything threatening, so we did not investigate. Then it stopped. But in a minute or two it began again, this time at the back door—a swishing, pushing, scratching sound. What was it? We looked at each other and then got up to see what strange visitor was disturbing our peace.

There was Ray at the door — pushing a broom! It was one he had picked up somewhere or he might have brought it from home, but it had done its work of pushing dust and dead leaves off the porches.

"Why, Ray! What are you doing?" I asked, and I offered him a couple pieces of candy. But he declined.

"No, thank you, Sister," replied Ray sturdily. "I don't know what the other guys are going to do for you, but this is my treat for the sisters. You gave us a treat; now this one is for you."

SISTER RITA  
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA



This is Ray.



Sister Mary Dolores (left) and Sister Carol visit Juan and teach him to say the rosary.

**FIRST THINGS FIRST**

Even first graders can quickly learn to appreciate the value of spiritual things. Just before Thanksgiving I was giving each child in class an opportunity to name one thing he could thank God for. Answers covered a multitude of things — from turkey and toys to Guardian Angels and the Church; with turkey 'way out in front. But I was deeply grateful when Larry, a first grader, said, "I want to thank God for sanctifying grace."

SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**BELL SYSTEM**

We were talking one day to the father of three little girls whom we have in class. He had their small brother, aged three, with him. "Do you know, Sister, why we don't bring him to church with us on Sunday?" We waited expectantly for the answer. "Whenever the altar boy rings the bell, Johnnie calls out loudly, 'Telephone!'"

SISTER JULIANA  
MONTROSE, COLORADO

**OLD MAN**

The bell rang for the end of recess. The boys and girls of the prayer class, with all the vim and vitality of little one, vied with one another for first place. All except Johnny. With his hands in his pockets, he shuffled one foot after the other and finally got into line. To the cries of "Hurry up, Johnny!" he replied, "Gee, I'm tired. My legs hurt. I'm getting old."

"Getting old!" exclaimed a little girl. "Why, you've barely got started."

SISTER MARY BARBARA  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**AND THAT GOES FOR SISTER, TOO!**

At the beginning of another school year, I often think back to the very first class I taught in the missions. I had forty-some kindergarten and first grade children. I just finished my first class with them when one of the mothers came toward me and said, "Now that wasn't too bad for your first class, was it?"

How did she know ? ? ? ? ?

Was it that obvious ? ? ? ? ?

Before I could even think of a reply she took the hand of her little girl who was standing next to me and explained very sympathetically, "You know, Sister, this was her first catechism class and she was quite nervous about it."

SISTER RUTH  
MIDDLESEX, NEW JERSEY



The principal work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters is teaching religion to Catholic boys and girls enrolled in public schools.

**RED**

Several little girls hastened to inform me that we had a newcomer in our prayer class. With notebook and pencil, I proceeded to get the usual information.

"What is your name?"

"Eva Lopez."

"How old are you?"

"Five years."

"In what grade are you?"

"Kindergarten."

"Do you know what your address is?"

Since most little ones do not know their address, I was not surprised at her hesitation. Then she began to pick up the papers that were on her lap — one by one — and I rejoiced that the child's mother had the forethought to write down the number for her. When all the papers had been removed, she still gazed where they had been. Then, in all innocence, she smiled at me sweetly and said, "Red."

And she was right. Her dress was a brilliant red.

SISTER MELITA  
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

**AUGUST TEACHER**

One day when we were teaching in one of the Indian pueblos, a young Indian, eighteen years old, came and asked me if I would instruct him for First Communion. I asked him if he knew any prayers. He said he knew the Our Father and the Hail Mary. I then asked him where he learned the prayers. His answer astonished me. "The Archbishop of Santa Fe taught them to me."

"The Archbishop!"

"Yes," he repeated, "every day I hear him say the mysteries over the radio."

SISTER JOSEPHINE  
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



#### OUR MINNESOTA BANDS

IT will interest our readers to learn that all the members in *Blessed Martin de Porres Band* at *Lewiston*, headed by Mrs. Irene B. Lehmann, are converts to the faith, with the exception of their honorary member, Father McShane. The members' specialties are two in particular: (1) the making of layettes for poor babies and (2) "religious articles kits"—three or four blessed medals and a crucifix covered with film to be carried in men's pockets as identification as Catholics.

In *St. Mary Magdalen Band*, *Madison*, presided over by Miss Regina Emmerich all are maiden ladies holding down office or school teacher positions. Among their 1954 activities were the making of 1,000 green scapulars for our sisters to distribute (they also mimeographed 1,000 sheets of information about these scapulars and packaged both in cellophane bags). As yearly projects, these ladies also make or purchase hundreds of awards for the children in our missions, consisting of rosaries, rosary cases, film-covered religious pictures, Christmas cribs, etc.

#### OUR MISSOURI BANDS

WE have three Bands at present in this State. With the opening this fall of another mission convent in Missouri, we hope there will be more.

*Child Jesus Band*, *St. Louis*. No meetings are held but contributions are made by members three or four times a year toward Sister Mary Edna's Burse. Sister is the daughter of Mrs. James Butler, Promoter of the Band.

*Florentine and Mother of Perpetual Help Bands*, *St. Louis*. Both Bands sponsor Sister Florence, Superior at Azusa, California. A letter from Miss Clare Luechtefeld (Sister Florence's sister) tells of plans for a membership drive and a big card party.

## our Associates

ST. ANNE BAND (Milwaukee, Wis.)

THE parents and relatives of Sister Ann Therese, located at present at our convent in San Fernando, California, make up the membership of this Band of which Mrs. Robert C. Schrimpf is Promoter. Mrs. Schrimpf writes that the members enjoy sewing for the missions much more than playing cards. Last word from them indicated they were going to turn out 1,000 scapulars for distribution by our sisters.

ST. LUKE'S BAND, CHICAGO, ILL.



Above are pictured twelve members in St. Luke's Band, Chicago. The picture was taken at the home of Mrs. Lee Walters, a member. There are sixteen members in the Band headed by Mrs. Edwin Potter.

#### OUR KENTUCKY BANDS

WE have two of them: *St. Bridget's* at Covington headed, at present, by Miss Mary Louise Schmeing, and the *Good Will Mission Circle* at Carrollton presided over by Mrs. Casper Hill.

The former group consists of four "misses" and four young married women, mothers of families. We quote from the Promoter's letters. "From the increases in the various families of our members we could say there is a junior St. Bridget Band in the making."

The latter group consists of twenty-one women. Mrs. Hill wrote us in part as follows: "We have had card parties and sold lots of greeting cards. Also each member on her birthday brings as many pennies as she numbers her years, and that makes for a nice little sum. We have been helping the sisters at Richmond, who are doing such splendid work."

# Commention

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

THE Promoter, Miss May Walsh, has followed our community since its cradle days at Longwood Academy. She once told your Supervisor she was present at the first clothing of our sisters held there, before Victory Noll was built. Just as these good mission friends have ever aided us with their contributions, we shall ever accompany them with our prayers.

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

IT is fifteen months since we last printed news of this Band. One dearly-loved member, Margaret Kane, died in that interval and there have been sickness and injuries resulting from falls among the others, but the rest keep bravely on with their benefit bridge parties for our sisters. (God love them all!) Mrs. Norean Lopez still heads the Band which sponsors Sister Mary Eva. Sister is located at our convent in Gary, Indiana, this year.

## MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS (Chicago, Ill.)

THIS Band (now that most of the Mothers have gone to their eternal reward) is chiefly a committee of one—Mrs. Earl Keegan—a Daughter, who is in a position to secure many Perpetual Memberships in the Associate Catechists of Mary for us. We hope she continues her good offices in this connection.

## CORONA CLUB AT VICTORY NOLL



In the late summer, members of the Corona Club, Detroit, chartered a Greyhound bus to bring them to Victory Noll, also to the nearby Capuchin Friary. In the center, kneeling, is Mrs. Sophia Nowosielski who sponsored the pilgrimage. To the left also kneeling is Miss Ann Huhn, Promoter of St. Mary Sodality Band, and to the right in dark dress, kneeling, is Mrs. Joseph Brusch, Promoter of Christ the King Band.



## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

August 19, 1954 to September 28, 1954

Adrian Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Louise Schmit .....	\$ 25.00
Charitina Club No. 1, Chicago, Helen Ford .....	7.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Illinois, Joseph Walz .....	26.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary Nye .....	100.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern .....	15.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins .....	5.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Betty Accomando	14.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Veronica Foertsch .....	50.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, O., Janette Brown	2.00
Mothers and Daughters, Chicago, Mrs. Earl Keegan .....	5.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Geo. W. Deininger .....	5.85
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Mary Preiner .....	30.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Aloysia Naumes .....	30.20
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinville, N. Y., Margaret Bocchino .....	15.60
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer .....	13.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. K. Hammer .....	15.00
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lillian Potter .....	17.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Fred Shields .....	100.00
St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Frances Schuette .....	35.00
St. Mary Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Augusta Hake .....	2.00
Seven Dolores Band, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. J. J. Murphy .....	11.00



## Raging Rio

(Continued from page 7)

The next morning a yellow kitten, another flood victim, found refuge on our back porch. Our cat was terribly jealous so we made arrangements to get rid of the kitten right away. We found a good home for him that very day. Then we hoped that our cat, who had disappeared, would come home, for we knew we would need her services after the flood.

For several days there was a steady stream of airplanes and helicopters through the airway between Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras. With a part of the International Bridge out, it was the only means of transportation. Many people from our side of the river were going over to seek their relatives who lived in Mexico. Food, clothing, and typhoid serum were being flown to the flood victims. Each return trip brought back more news of the horrible conditions in our sister city. The survivors had fled to the hills on the outskirts of town. There they had to bear the torrid heat of the sun each day and that added greatly to the agony of hunger and thirst. The parish priests and sisters were with the people on the hill, aiding and comforting them as best they could. Each day the total of those found dead mounted higher. The effects of the disaster in Eagle Pass were as nothing compared to Piedras Negras!

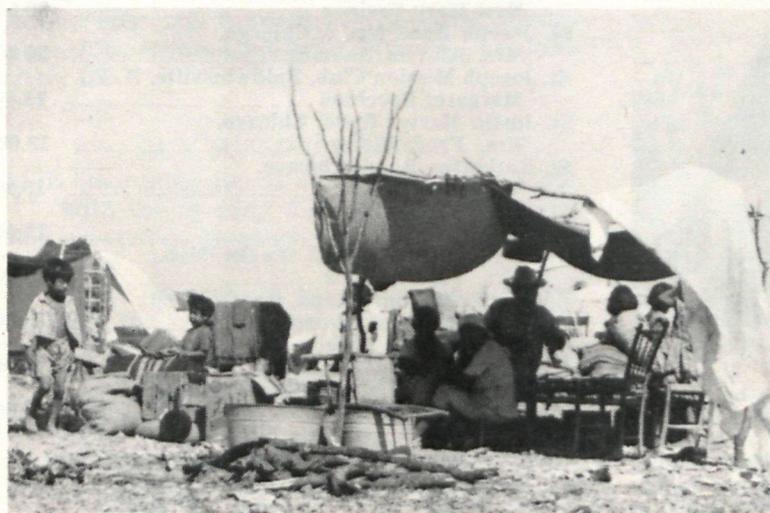
Nine days after the flood the United States Army Engineers completed a temporary section to replace the portion of the bridge which had been carried away by the torrent. Red Cross workers from Monterrey, Mexico, were in

Piedras Negras distributing food, clothing, and medicine, and giving typhoid shots. Among them were two Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul and several young women. Now that it was again possible to cross the bridge, our pastor asked us to prepare sleeping quarters for them at the convent above the parochial school, vacant during the summer months.

Our guests arrived that evening, utterly exhausted. Little by little the tale of their life since their arrival in the stricken area unfolded. They had been working hard in the hot, tropical sun all day with scarcely a moment to eat, much less rest. At the end of the day's work—which stretched far into the evening—they retired to stifling hot tents where it was next to impossible to sleep. The white habits of the sisters were coated with the tan dust which had been blowing constantly since the waters subsided and the mud dried. Needless to say, they were extremely grateful for the use of the convent.

Two mornings later the sisters were in need of transportation across the border to the Red Cross camp. We called a young woman who is an excellent driver and knows every nook and cranny of Piedras Negras. The sisters insisted that we go along to see the camp.

It was an experience we shall never forget. A war-torn city could not look worse. We drove straight through the town and headed for Villa de Fuente, a village beyond Piedras Negras. In this two-mile stretch we saw tent after tent after tent, each sheltering families whose homes had been demolished by the flood. These temporary homes had been provided by the Mexican government. Under the black and tan



Hundreds and hundreds of families in Piedras Negras lived like this for weeks after the flood.



The two Sisters of Charity who worked with the Mexican Red Cross.

squares of canvas were odd pieces of furniture which the people had managed to salvage or which had been donated by people in neighboring cities. In streams over which our highway passed, men were washing their trucks and cars, and women their clothes and children.

We stopped at the camp of the *Cruz Roja Mexicana*. They had about a dozen tents. Three contained boxes and boxes of medicine. Others had cots in them which were used by the personnel. The sisters showed us where they had tried to sleep for five nights. The tents had been set up by Boy Scouts, young men in their twenties, from Monterrey.

The spirit of this Red Cross group impressed me very much. Everyone was happy and peaceful. But it was still a pitiful sight to see the sisters and girls when they came home at night. They were so tired. Their eyes mirrored the human hardships and suffering which they had encountered all day. And yet through it all a peaceful smile penetrated.

Before returning to our convent that morning we took time to see some of the badly damaged areas of Piedras Negras. Eighty-five percent of the city had been flooded. Beautiful homes in the newest residential area were ruined, and this neighborhood is between two and three miles from the river! We drove on through the oldest part of town. Adobe houses were completely demolished, some with the roofs poised precariously on top of the ruins. Here and there people were picking through the heaps in search of anything worth saving. Bodies were still being found under the debris. The streets were being cleaned. There was so much dust and dirt flying everywhere that it was difficult to breathe. Added to that were foul odors of decay all around us.

For the most part the people seemed to be passively resigned to their circumstances. We talked to our driver's relatives who escaped by seeking shelter in the second story of their home. During the flood they could hear cries for help in the water all around them, but were unable to do anything about it.

We made our way back through the business district, past the stores with their many broken windows, and entered the International Bridge once more. As we crossed, Sister Inez drew my attention to the fire hose strung across the bridge to bring water from Eagle Pass to our sister city. Far below lay the mangled span of the old bridge. Beside it the Rio Grande sauntered peacefully on its way, as though innocent of the heartache and suffering its wild rampage had caused.

## Confirmation in Atomic City

by Sister Mary Bernadette

CONFIRMATION day in Los Alamos is one day we will never forget. Sister Bernadette and I got up at four-thirty in order to go to a five-thirty Mass. We wanted to have plenty of time to get to Los Alamos for the ceremony. When we reached the garage, there was a flat to greet us. We rushed around and changed the tire, putting on the spare that had a boot in it and was not too good at that.

When we started for town we both looked at each other questioningly. What was that noise? But we kept on going and arrived in time for Mass. Father preached a nice long sermon in Spanish. It was getting later all the time so we had to rush out as soon as we could after Holy Communion.

Before getting in the car we took a look at the tire and it seemed all right. We ate while driving. After several miles the noise really got bad. I said, "It is worse. Maybe we'd better stop."

Just as Sister stopped the car . . . BANG! A BLOWOUT! No spare. What were we to do? We locked the car and started back toward Santa Fe where we had seen a garage that we hoped would be open. But no, it was only the night light we had seen. We met a man hitch hiking his way to who knows where so we asked him if there was a telephone in the vicinity. He told us that there was another garage down the road and it had 24-hour service. Just when we started to cross the highway who should come along but one of the Franciscan Fathers from the cathedral. He was on his way to San Ildefonso Indian Pueblo but he told us to get in his car and he would drive us to the gate at Los Alamos. Then we could call a family to come and get us.

Miracle of miracles, we arrived on time — that is, before His Excellency got in line to walk into the church with the more than one hundred confirmants. Everything went off very nicely as far as the confirmation was concerned. Two men went down later in the day, put a tire on the car and brought it back to Los Alamos, and then bought a new tire for us. When we tried to pay them, they would not accept the money. They told us that there were four men who wanted to buy the tire. God bless them.



# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

Some boys and girls, besides doing their homework for school, are ambitious enough to learn to play a musical instrument. At least two Helpers wrote me they were learning to play an accordion. That is a difficult instrument, but *where there's the will there's a way!*

This reminds me of the days spent in the Southwest as a missionary. Once we came across an old French priest who told us that on being assigned to a parish, he learned to his dismay that there was no organist for the parish church. He was quite a musician himself, but of course he could not offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and play the organ too. Finally he called together four young girls in the parish and told them he would teach them to play the organ. They were glad and studied very hard. It took time before he, a busy priest, could give them a sufficient number of lessons and they had acquired enough ability to play, but the great day finally dawned when the people of the parish were to have their first High Mass. To hurry up that grand event, Father had taken the organ accompaniment for a certain Mass and had divided it into "pieces" for each girl to play. After the first girl had played the *Kyrie* she rose from the organ bench and the second one took over, playing the *Gloria*. A third played the *Credo*, and so on to the end of the Mass. All four girls sang to the accompaniment of the others. The pastor promised that the first girl who learned to play an entire Mass by herself would be the first to play it for the congregation. It was not long after that until the priest had four organists on whom he could depend to play for church services. We know because we met these several organists.

*Mary-ly yours,*

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

Dear Sister:

Six new convents this year! How wonderful! More prayers and more vocations to fill these convents are needed. I will start a Novena tomorrow to St. Philomena.

This year I am taking Latin in school. I think it is much easier than English. After I finish Latin I will take Spanish and any other language that will help me when I graduate.

I will remember you and all at Victory Noll in my prayers always.

Prayerfully in Jesus and Mary,  
Jo Anne Emanuele

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## AUTUMN LEAVES

The maple's a spendthrift who lavishly flings,  
When prompted by zephyrs, his bright, yellow gold.  
The oak is a miser who greedily clings  
To coppers,—for naught will he loosen his hold.

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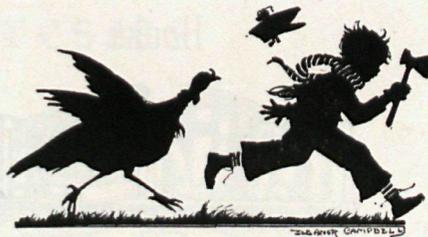
## LUDLOW (KY.) HELPERS VISIT V/N



Reading from left to right: Patsy Doran 16, a senior at Villa Madonna Academy, James Doran 9, a fourth grader at St. James, Eileen Doran 15, a sophomore at LaSalette Academy.

# Helpers pages

MILWAUKEE, WIS. HELPERS



Reading from left to right: Joanne, Mary and Ruth Karnitz who joined MLH six years ago. Ruth is now an aspirant in the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

I am sending you another full dime card. When we come again to see Sister Therese Martin (at Victory Noll) I am bringing you my blue bag full of pennies. Please send some more dime cards.

*Barry Hurlburt, Cincinnati, O.*

(Barry kept his promise. He brought \$4.50 in Sunshine pennies!)

I wish to continue being a Loyal Helper and am sending one dollar to renew my subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

*Mary Therese Herrman, San Diego, Cal.*

## NOVEMBER KEY PUZZLE

This month's puzzle has to do with keys. Write after each description listed below the proper key, and send your worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary, MLH, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card. Even if you do not get ALL the correct answers, you will still get a holy card.



1. A key that is a large American fowl.
2. A key that is an ape.
3. A key that is an ass.
4. A key that is a well-known mouse in the movies.
5. A key that rides a horse in a race.
6. A key that is an outdoor game.
7. A key that is a grovelling servant, a snob.
8. A key that is a prison warden.
9. A key that is a town in Indiana.
10. A key that is a new recruit. (This one spelled *kie*).
11. A key that is a boy's coat. (This one spelled *kee*).

## TWO FORMER HELPERS ENTER CONVENT

In September, *Mary Southard* of Cicero, Illinois who was a Helper many years joined the Sisters of Saint Joseph. In the same month, *Otilie Sana* also of Cicero and also a Helper joined the BVM Sisters.

May they both persevere in their happy, holy vocation.

## "GOOD THINGS COME IN PAIRS"

To the left is pictured *Barbara McCloskey* of Akron, Ohio and to the right, her little sister *Sharon*. Barbara is thirteen and in the first year high while Sharon is six and a first grader. Barbara has visited Victory Noll and spends all her free time covering religious pictures with film and crocheting around the edges. These are then sent by us to the missions as awards for good catechism lessons.



## Books



**STOP, LOOK, AND LIVE** by James Keller, Hanover House, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. \$2.

This is another Christopher book written in the manner of Father Keller's *Three Minutes a Day*. Of course the stories are meant to be read one-a-day, but you will find them so fascinating and stimulating that you will be tempted to read right through.

These little stories and reflections will help much to keep God in the lives of those especially who do not give much time to prayer and meditation.

At the beginning of the book is an excellent explanation of the Christopher Movement.

**THE IMITATION OF CHRIST** by Thomas a Kempis, translated by William D. Ryan. J. C. Paluch, Inc., 1800 Winnemac Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. 50 cents.

The J. C. Paluch Co. have been pioneers in the publication of low cost Catholic books — LUMEN pocket edition books, as they are called. This new edition of the *Following of Christ* sent us to the library to compare it with other translations — new and old. It stands up well in comparison. Easy to read it is, and the type and format are excellent. Each book is carefully indexed. Many will like the cover, the Head of Christ, painted especially for the publishers by Jerome R. Gibbons. Personally, we prefer a rugged, more Eastern representation of Our Lord.

An edition such as this should contribute much to the spread of the *Imitation*. The Paluch Co. is to be commended for undertaking its publication.

The following **MUSIC** is published by J. Fisher & Bro., 119 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

**MASS IN HONOR OF ST. ANN** by Philip G. Kreckel. Two equal or unison voices. No. 8823. 20 cents. A composition by Mr. Kreckel can be depended upon to be good. This Mass is excellent. It is melodious and reverent and so far as we can see, has all the qualities looked for in Church music. The *Gloria* and *Credo* are especially refreshing. Here and there verses start out with the intonation of a psalm tone, but yet they do not follow the regular psalm tone pattern. When you sing them through you are reminded of the *Ambrosian Gloria*,

the *Christus Vincit* acclamations, and several other chant melodies, and yet Mr. Kreckel's verses are not an imitation of any of these. They are wholly original.

**MASS IN HONOR OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA** by Robert F. Crone S. A. T. B. No. 8820 \$1. Perhaps we are unduly disturbed about frequent changes in time throughout a composition, but we do not like too much of it, especially in Church music. The composer resorts to it frequently in this Mass. For instance, in the little phrase *Deus Pater omnipotens* a measure in five-four is followed by two-four and then by six-four.

**MISSA REGINA ASSUMPTA** by Jean Beghon. S. A. T. B. No. 8830 \$1. A tenor solo in the *Benedictus*, an alto solo in the *Agnus Dei*, and repetition of words in the *Gloria* and *Credo* count against this rather difficult-to-sing Mass.

**MASS IN HONOR OF ST. CHRISTOPHER** by Cosmo Pusa-Teri. T. T. B. No. 8818 \$1. Although it is written for men's voices, solos here and there and a fancy accompaniment do not commend this Mass to us.

**CONFIRMO HOC DEUS** by Philip G. Kreckel. S. A. T. B. No. 8816. 20 cents. This is a beautiful setting for the offertory for Pentecost. It could be sung in two voices also.



In your charity pray for our departed:

Magdalene Huegel, Ionia, Iowa, mother of Sister Mary Lucille, O.L.V.M.

Anthony Rudell, Baltimore, Md., father of Sister M. Christopher, O.L.V.M.

Rev. R. H. Monnis, C.P.P.S., St. Stephen, Ohio

Matthew Rauschenbach, LaPorte, Ind.

Staff Sgt. John A. Magee, Jr., Calallen, Texas

Senator Patrick McCarran, Reno, Nevada.

Louis J. Vicini, Chicago.

Helen Bickel, ACM, Fort Wayne

J. Hess, Norwood, Ohio

Theresa Wagner, Subiaco, Ark.

Katherine Young, Chicago

Catherine Nolden, Escanaba, Mich.

Berta McNulty, Oakland, Calif.

John McCormick, Joliet, Ill.

Richard Preston, Des Moines, Iowa

Mary Stanwood, Chicago

Mrs. Robert Uray, Chicago

Mrs. Thomas McGinnis, Sr., Punxsutawney, Pa.

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

# Convent Addresses

## Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

### ALABAMA

GROVE HILL, ALABAMA

### ARIZONA

Box 23  
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

### CALIFORNIA

512 SOLDANO AVENUE  
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

1166 K STREET  
BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA

Box 95  
COACHELLA, CALIFORNIA

126 SOUTH FETTERLY AVENUE  
LOS ANGELES 22, CALIFORNIA

2321 OPAL STREET  
LOS ANGELES 23, CALIFORNIA

1143 FIFTH STREET  
LOS BANOS, CALIFORNIA

598 LAINE SREET  
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

537 EAST G STREET  
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

Box 46  
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

1747 KEARNEY AVENUE  
SAN DIEGO 2, CALIFORNIA

1669 COLUMBIA STREET  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

13958 FOX STREET  
SAN FERNANDO, CALIFORNIA

563 O'FARREL STREET  
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

222 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET  
SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA

120 SOUTH F STREET  
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

WILLOWS, CALIFORNIA

### COLORADO

178 SOUTH SIXTH AVENUE  
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

14 WEST COSTILLA STREET  
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

2161 TREMONT PLACE  
DENVER 5, COLORADO

306 FOURTEENTH AVENUE  
GREELEY, COLORADO

529 SOUTH FIFTH STREET  
MONTROSE, COLORADO

### FLORIDA

505 CROSS STREET  
PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA

### INDIANA

3868 BLOCK AVENUE  
EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

3223 GROVE STREET  
EAST GARY, INDIANA

1385 VAN BUREN STREET  
GARY, INDIANA

427 SOUTH OAK STREET  
KENDALLVILLE, INDIANA

Box 115  
SAN PIERRE, INDIANA

1009 EAST DAYTON STREET  
SOUTH BEND 14, INDIANA

### IOWA

317 TENTH STREET, S.E.  
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

### KENTUCKY

264 SUNSET AVENUE  
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

### MASSACHUSETTS

Box 493  
WEST HARWICH, MASS.

### MICHIGAN

290 ARDEN PARK  
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Box 187  
IDA, MICHIGAN

### MISSOURI

11 DONALD STREET  
FLAT RIVER, MISSOURI

Box 254  
KENNET, MISSOURI

### NEVADA

704 COURT STREET  
ELKO, NEVADA

Box 278  
ELY, NEVADA

HAWTHORNE, NEVADA

Box 26  
WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA

### NEW JERSEY

142 MAIN STREET  
FLEMINGTON, NEW JERSEY

610 HARRIS AVENUE  
MIDDLESEX, NEW JERSEY

### NEW MEXICO

1904 NORTH GOZALES STREET  
LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

ROUTE..2, Box 108  
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

### OHIO

403 NORTH WILLIAMS STREET  
PAULDING, OHIO

223 EAST STREET  
WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO

### OKLAHOMA

115 WEST CEDAR STREET  
DURANT, OKLAHOMA

### PENNSYLVANIA

23 THIRD STREET  
UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

### TEXAS

784 PEACH STREET  
ABILENE, TEXAS

405 NORTH SCURRY STREET  
BIG SPRING, TEXAS

211 PECAN STREET  
BRADY, TEXAS

507 WASHINGTON STREET  
EAGLE PASS, TEXAS

1001 EAST SAN ANTONIO ST.  
EL PASO, TEXAS

108 NORTH AVENUE P  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Box 97  
MATHIS, TEXAS

Box 1125  
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

1223 SOUTH TRINITY STREET  
SAN ANTONIO 7, TEXAS

### UTAH

420 SOUTH MAIN STREET  
BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH

635 TWENTY-FIFTH STREET  
OGDEN, UTAH

1206 WEST SECOND SOUTH  
SALT LAKE CITY..4, UTAH

### VERMONT

419 PEARL STREET  
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

### WYOMING

314 EAST SIXTH STREET  
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

# Eternal rest give unto them...



Enroll your  
**DEAR DEPARTED**  
in our

## **ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY**

**They will be remembered in  
daily prayers recited by our  
sisters in all our convents, as  
also in a monthly Mass offered  
at Victory Noll.**

A short prayer for the faithful departed follows the Angelus and many other prayers.

*Both the living and dead may be enrolled. The usual offering for Individual Perpetual Enrollment is \$10; for Individual Annual Enrollment, \$1; for Perpetual Enrollment of an entire Family, \$25.*

Sister Supervisor, ACM  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

Please enroll ..... (Living)  
..... (Deceased)  
in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY and send me a Certificate of .....  
Membership. I enclose an offering of \$.....

Name of Donor .....

Street .....

City .....

Zone..... State .....