



The Missionary
CATECHIST

December 1954

Our Christmas Greetings



When the sun shall have risen on the heavens,
you shall see the King of Kings proceeding
from His Father as the bridegroom from the
bridal chamber.

Antiphon at the Magnificat
Vigil of Christmas

*May the joys of a blessed Christmas be yours
and may your New Year be filled with peace
and happiness. As an expression of our grati-
tude, we promise a special remembrance at
Holy Mass on Christmas Day when Christ
dwells among us again.*

Mother Cecilia and Sisters

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Credits

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OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are a home mission community. They have no institutions of any kind but are employed strictly in missionary work. The sisters teach religion to public school children and do parish census work. They instruct converts, organize sodalities, train altar boys and choirs, and engage in various kinds of youth work.

At Victory Noll, their Motherhouse, the sisters receive their spiritual and professional training for their work. Convents are located in every section of the United States. To answer the many requests for more sisters, vocations are needed.

This is a Marian Community. Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters believe that if souls love and serve Mary, she will lead them safely to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Each sister consecrates herself to Our Blessed Mother as her slave of love forever, according to the practice of the True Devotion taught by St. Louis De Montfort.

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This Day is Born to You a Savior

by Daniel B. Cronin, S. J.

While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word, O Lord, leapt down from heaven, from Thy royal throne. Wisdom xviii, 14-15

CHRISTMAS night is a night of wonder and of mystery. On this night there glows within our souls a light so blinding that reason reels; emotions surge in a tidal wave: imagination is transported beyond the reality of earth; and all the avenues of sense conspire in a wild, delirious annihilation of time and space, whisking us backward through the centuries and over oceans, until we kneel in a cave and witness the human birth of God.

It is all so near, so actual, all in the here and now. The cattle-shelter in the Judean hillside; the manger carved in the cavern wall; the ox; the adoring, simple shepherds, the bewildering song of angels on the midnight air; the self-effacing Joseph; the comely, silent Jewish Maiden; the tiny, helpless, newborn Babe. All this and more is present to us. *This day is born to us a Savior.*

Underneath this fiction of reality, and explaining it, is the factual reality that all time, antecedent and subsequent to the advent of the God-Man, is reckoned in relation to His coming. Every ticking second before Bethlehem's birth clocked human decisions, all of which were somehow related to the future Child in the manger. Every second thereafter witnesses human choices, all of which are referred to the mystery wrought in Mary's womb.

Nor is Bethlehem merely the central and significant fact of history, giving meaning to the whole. Bethlehem is somehow relived in the personal biography of every man. Christ was not

only to be born of the Virgin Mary, but to be born in the soul of every man. From the dark night that followed Adam's sin until that black day when the sun will be darkened, Christ comes and knocks at the door of every human heart, to be accepted or rejected. Of Him it is written: "His going forth is from eternity." So likewise is His coming. Although men before Him never heard the promises, yet all received the grace contained in them. Though men today are ignorant or heedless of the fulfillment, yet each is offered freely of the fruits, and walks by conscience to or from the Babe of Bethlehem.

Our Western world walked slowly out of paganism to fashion down the centuries a unity and a civilization known as Christendom. Out of the effete, civilized paganism of Rome and Greece; out of the barbaric paganism of the outer, savage European tribes; out of the alien and despairing paganism of Asia; out of the degraded paganism of Africa; out of all of these, men walked from darkness into the light of reason illumined by faith, and bequeathed to us the priceless inheritance of Christian Western culture.

For several centuries now nations have been walking away from Christ. Having extinguished the light of faith, they groped in the gathering gloom until they overtopped the light of reason, and returned to the darkness of a new paganism in which the blind guides are emotionalism and rationalization. Emancipation from revealed truth has been followed by emancipation from the

conclusions of natural reason, and man, at long last free from the "superstitions" of the past, is caught inexorably in the superstitions of materialism. Here he finds himself homeless and out of place, for not by bread alone can he live, who is spirit as well as matter.

The appalling fruits of walking away from Christ are now apparent. We have a revival of slavery, a pagan social system. We have the destruction of morality with consequent anarchy. We have barbaric cruelty accompanied by contempt for justice, because the conception that man is sacred has been lost. Human dignity and human rights are meaningless apart from the God who bestows them.

Christmas proclaims that man is more than animal and that the real is not confined to sense perception. The angels are real, pure spirits of a non-material realm. The God-Man is real, the Son

eternal made flesh in time. God is real, from whose creative act all reality comes to be, and toward whom all reality flows.

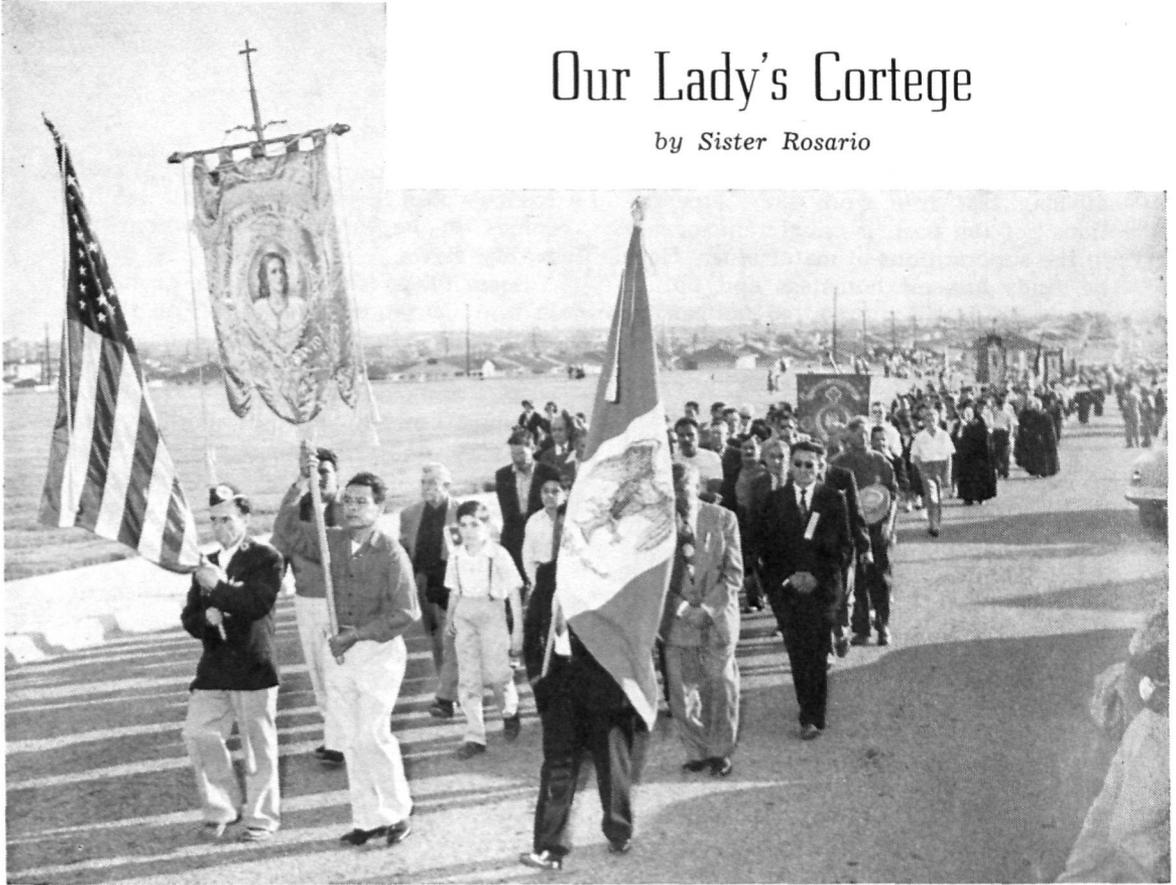
Security, peace, and joy are promised in the Christmas message. For these, men seek in vain in the modern religions of humanitarians and state-worship. I am free to reject the reality of Christmas and its meaning, but I should be aware of the result of my choosing. To turn my back on the Light of Bethlehem is to go backward into the neo-pagan superstition, where one finds fear, disorder, and despair.

The serenity and joy and peace of Christmas are ours for the taking. They come from accepting the teaching of the gentle Christ, who in the beginning made all things that were made, and who in time took upon Himself the form of a man, to teach men to operate the world according to the mind of its Maker.



Our Lady's Cortege

by Sister Rosario



Our Lady's Mexican children had gathered from the four corners of Los Angeles to take part in the annual procession in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

No hizo semejante con otra nacion.

He has not done the same with any other nation. Ps. 147.

THE golden letters rippled as the silken banner swayed gently in the warm December breeze. Behind the banner came Our Lady's cortege, her Mexican children who had gathered from the four corners of Los Angeles to take part in the procession held annually in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

"It's coming! Here comes the big parade!" Faces of young and old lighted up with expectancy as the word was passed along. Some of these spectators had been here for several hours and were impatient for things to get underway.

My companion and I took our places in the procession as it wended its way for two miles to the East Los Angeles Coliseum. As we walked along I began to finger my beads, but found every other decade interrupted by the sonorous tones of *De Zacatecas Vengo Yo*, The Double Eagle March, or the Mexican National Anthem. Unfortunately these tunes were all familiar to me and although I appreciated the fact that the musicians were trying to make the march less tedious, the music was hardly conducive to a meditation on the mysteries of the rosary.

The band, however, was not the only source of distraction. I think I manufactured some of my own. When we were about half way to our destination I began to wonder how we were being

televised. Televised? Yes, televised in heaven. So far as the casual onlooker was concerned there was nothing spectacular about this procession. There were no twirling batons, no chic major-ettes, no costly, breath-taking floats. All was dignified, and very, very humble. Yet I think that glimpsed from heaven, here was a parade that would make the famous Tournament of Roses fade into insignificance.

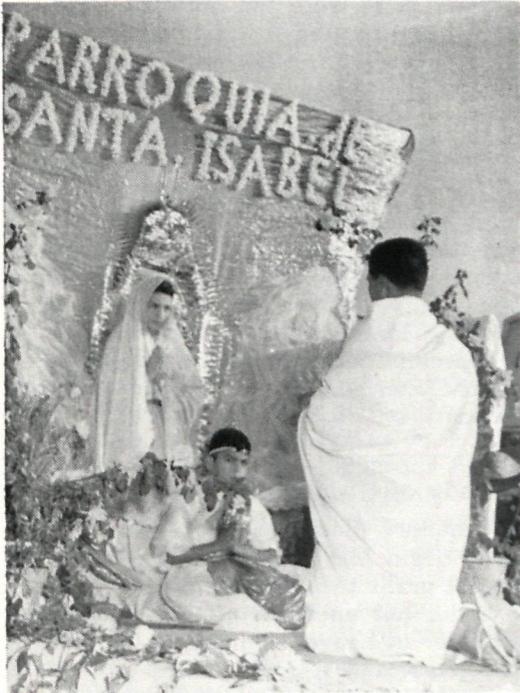
First, let us look at the Queen of the day. A queen is selected to reign over a particular event for one or several days. She is chosen for her beauty and charm. She is chosen from a few select contestants. Seldom does she reign for two successive years, for there come others, more charming and more beautiful than she, and she must step aside to make room for her rival.

Our Queen was chosen not from a few, but from among all the women

who ever lived or who ever will live, until time will be no more. Down through the centuries her incomparable beauty has been the inspiration of poets and artists, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Her charm has captivated all hearts, even of the hardest sinners. In the litany we salute her as Queen of Angels, Queen of Patriarchs, Queen of Prophets, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Martyrs, Queen of Confessors, Queen of Virgins. Queen of All Saints. In these turbulent times we invoke her as Queen of Peace. Could we have a more perfect Queen?

Our floats? A few crude pieces put together by amateurs, but who can fathom the love and labor that went into the making of each paper flower? There is, for example the float made by Dona Maria depicting the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe to Juan Diego. Her grandson is again portraying the part of Juan Diego. I say again, because many years ago Jim acted the same role in a parish play. From that day he called himself Juan Diego. A few years after the play he was called into the army and it was not too long afterward that he was in the front lines in the thick of battle. He was wounded. He had fallen writhing in pain. Humanly speaking, all seemed lost. In two days they had lost seventy-five percent of their company. Their line was broken. Their wounded had to be tended in the open field, and there were very few medications. Nothing was left but Divine Providence and prayer. For those who had little or no religious training, things were black indeed. Left alone, with no hope, in utter desperation, they snapped, not only physically, but mentally.

Though the picture was very dark, Jim had implored, "Mother, remember your Juan Diego!" And Our Lady of Guadalupe had stooped to the aid of her Juan. Help had come. In gratitude



Once again Jim was acting the role of Juan Diego.



The children were there, hundreds of them, to do honor to Our Lady of Guadalupe.

for this and for many other favors, Dona Maria had worked laboriously at this loved task which, to put in her own words, was her "last testimonial to Our Lady of Guadalupe."

There were other creations in this procession; creations not made by human hands; masterpieces fashioned by God Himself. They were the beautiful souls who had learned to carry the crosses that are inseparable from a life of poverty, and while carrying them had become pliable in the hands of the Divine Artist. What were \$15,000 floats compared to these?

Then there were the innocent children reflecting the myriad beauties of their Creator. All these were passing in review before heaven's gaze.

No, there were no judges to tag the sweepstake winner, to award the grand prize. No newspaper reporters vied with one another for the story of the day, but as I watched that vast crowd throng into the coliseum I wondered how many had carried the honors of the day; for surely more than one person present had merited to be named by the Eternal Judge "Winner of the Sweepstakes of Heaven."

Collect for the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe

○ God, who by having in a special manner placed us under the patronage of the most blessed Virgin Mary, hast been pleased to heap unceasing favors on us: grant to us, thy suppliants, whose joy it is this day to honor her upon earth, for evermore to be made happy by seeing her in heaven. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son who livest and reignest with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, world without end. Amen.

Roman Missal

"Lord, That I May See!"

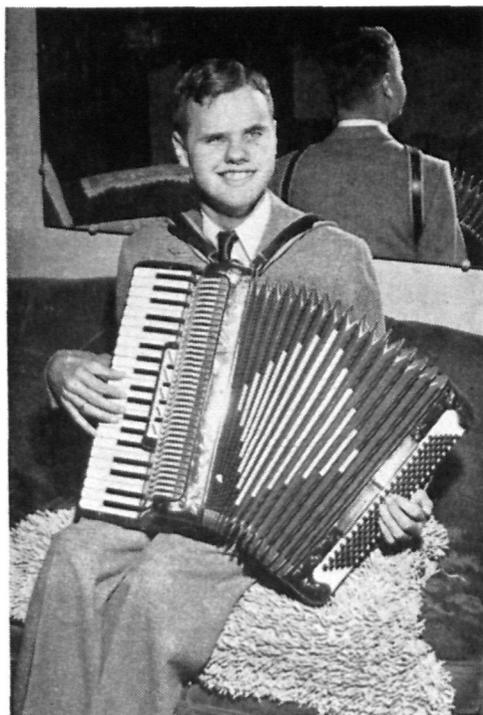
by Sister Mary Patrick

LORD, that I may see!" We in the twentieth century still thrill with wonder and expectation as we recall the beautiful scene in the life of our Blessed Savior — the healing of the man born blind.

To be born blind can be both a tragedy and a blessing. We who are blessed with sight, take this wondrous gift of God so much for granted. Daily we march through this natural wonderland looking through the windows of our soul at the marvels of nature. Perhaps we never think of how it must feel to listen to the choraling of the birds in the leafy woodlands, and never see them; or to hear of the beauty of the human face and never behold it.

Quite recently I had the privilege of instructing two people who are blind. One was a fine old gentleman, almost completely blind as the result of an accident; the other, a young boy named Richard, age seventeen, totally blind from birth. There is a tremendous difference between the partially blind and the totally blind.

We met Richard and his family while making a parish visitation in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It was quite a relief to his parents when we told them that it would be possible for us to call at their home and give Richard religious instructions. So arrangements were made that we call twice a week for classes. Richard's mother decided to take instructions at the same time. A younger sister, Patricia, age nine, was enrolled in the Saturday religion class at the Catholic school. At first, I was confident that it would be an easy matter to instruct Richard, but that was



Richard's third number was always the same—
"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

only at first. After the first few classes, I realized that I too had much to learn.

One afternoon we were discussing the fall of our first parents. Vividly describing how the devil appeared in the form of a serpent, I noticed a slight frown on Richard's face. Making an effort to be thoroughly clear, I said to Richard, "You know what a serpent looks like. A serpent is the same as a snake." Again there was a puzzled look on Richard's face, which expressed powerfully his inner struggle to visualize my explanation. Observing this, I had my first lesson in instructing the blind. I returned home, grateful for the enlightenment,

and realized that in order to instruct the blind, sympathy, understanding and patience are necessary. I realized too, it was a case of teaching only a little each time.

As our lessons progressed, I became more proficient in drawing the kinds of word pictures Richard could "see." There were a few discouraging moments I will admit; days when I wondered what impressions, if any, I had made on my pupils. But it was always refreshing in our review of the former instruction, to find that Richard had understood the lesson. Some amusing incidents did occur, especially in Richard's telling back the previous day's lesson.

When we came to the Sacrament of Holy Orders, I made a special effort to instill a deep reverence for the priesthood. I asked Richard what qualities would be necessary for a young man to become a priest. He enumerated the various requirements, such as an excellent character, good education, etc. Then he added, "I think it is also im-

portant that a priest have strong muscles." This is not a requirement of the Church to be sure, but it might be a very useful one.

Richard is quite an accomplished accordionist. Occasionally we took time out to enjoy some good music. Our musical program always consisted of three selections. Right before Richard would play the third piece, he would always announce, "Now I would like to play one more piece, 'When Irish Eyes are Smiling.'" Regardless of what he played, number three never changed. If Sister Callista were along with me, she smilingly approved, and we both looked forward to number three.

Easter Sunday was a joyous day for Richard and his family, as they knelt together to receive Holy Communion.

I think Our Lord must reserve a special glance of love for those who have been born blind. It must be a source of deep consolation to them to know that their first vision will be the radiant face of our Blessed Savior.



*O Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite
And Holy Ghost eternally.*

Amen

Doxology for Christmastide



Convent Christmas

by Sister Mary Martha

IT was a cold December day, and after packing our brief cases, charts, and blackboard into the car, we settled ourselves. I switched on the ignition and we were homeward bound. This evening, yes, right now, we were beginning our Christmas recess.

Neither of us felt much like talking, so an understanding silence reigned, each absorbed in her own thoughts. Perhaps they were much the same, for what else could occupy one's mind at this season of the year except Christmas with its joys and excitement, its trees, wreaths, and candles, and its hundred other surprises. In just a few more days we would fashion in our own convent a miniature stable; then in the silence of the night slip down to chapel and kneel in prayer, meditating on that first blessed Christmas when the earth lay in peaceful stillness under the silent, scintillating stars of a midnight sky. It was then in that hush hour with the night in the midst of her course that the Son of God came down from heaven.

As I thought on these words, they seemed to vibrate through my very being; there was a new thrill in them, one I had never known before. The Son of God came down from heaven.

Everywhere there were preparations for the feast. We drove under a multi-colored canopy of twinkling lights, the result of many hours of labor on the part of workmen. And the towering street lamps, the city's faithful sentinels, why had they been laureated? Someone knew of the King's birthday.

As we drove on, I noticed more signs



One of the happiest privileges is taking Christmas cheer to God's poor. Sister M. Dorothy Louise and Sister Anthony start out with boxes and baskets.

of Christmas. Many families had already hung pretty wreaths on their doors, and half open shades revealed the sparkle of tiny lights.

Shifting my foot from accelerator to brake, we came to a standstill inside the garage.

"Home already?" Sister asked. Her mind must have wandered too.

It is always good to be home with the sisters at the end of the day, but tonight was special. There would be much talk and planning. Then early tomorrow we would begin our own Christmas preparations.

Next morning we were up before the sun (we always are) and after prayers, Mass, and a hurried breakfast, the sisters seemed to disappear into thin air. It was my good fortune to be asked to accompany Sister Jeannette, our superior, on a little Christmas business. That is always fun.

First we would look for a Christmas tree. We passed two or three sale lots, why, I do not know. Then we saw a large sign, MIKE AND MEAD. CHRISTMAS TREES FOR SALE. We drove in. There were large stately trees that pleased the eye, and there were small, wizened ones that pleased the purse. We decided to gratify the eye first, so we looked at first one, then another. Soon we came to it. There it stood, an artist's conception of the perfect model, all eight feet of it. As we stood, admiring this huge mass of beauty, we were suddenly brought back to stark reality by a deep but friendly, "May I help you, Sister?" Quickly, Sister Jeannette turned toward the little trees (she carried the purse) and asked very politely, "How much is this one?" as she pointed to a spruce so small that the purse alone smiled approvingly. We

hadn't fooled this big man. He said, "That is a very small tree; would you be interested in something larger?" We tried to be very nonchalant, but much to our embarrassment, we both turned to look at the same tree. Sister said, "This one is very lovely but . . .," and before she could say another word the owner of the friendly voice, a great big man, looking like a real lumberjack, tied a rope around the tree, pulled it across the lot, hoisted it onto the car, tied it securely, then smilingly said, "Merry Christmas, Sisters; say a prayer for me." We did.

It was fun driving along with this huge chunk of the woods tied to our car. Soon we stopped at the grocery. I could not help but hope that he too would be in a merry mood. Once inside, Sister began her order. The clerk stopped her with, "Is this your Christmas order?" On hearing that it was, he added, "Oh, you don't have to worry about that. A good friend has already taken care of it. We will send it out on the 24th—turkey and all the trimmings! Merry Christmas." Things were looking brighter every minute.

Next we stopped at the florist to place our order. "We would like four poinsettias." "Yes, Sister," smiled the friendly little man, "four poinsettias and all the white chrysanthemums you want, with our wishes for a Merry Christmas."

Without one cent to the deficit, we started home. It must have been our lucky day, or was it, perhaps, the promised hundredfold? I like to think so.

On and on the hours and the days rolled, and each evening we thrilled to discover the *Magnificat*, our Lady's gem, mounted in a new setting. *O Sapientia*, *O Adonai*, *O Radix Jesse*, *O Clavis David*, *O Oriens*, *O Rex Gentium*, *O Emmanuel*. And then Christmas Eve: "When the sun shall have risen in the heavens, you shall see the King of Kings." With the lingering strains of



Sister Anthony and Sister Ruth have the fun of trimming the tree.



Sister Anthony gives a last critical look at the dining room table.

this beautiful antiphon, we retired to our rooms. It would soon be time for Midnight Mass. As I watched the endless procession to the Communion rail, I could not help comparing it with the first little procession to the Christmas Crib when Mary, Joseph, and the Shepherds stood alone as His courtiers, while all the world made merry, "knowing not the time of its visitation."

After Mass we returned to our convent for breakfast in the tastefully decorated dining room. Then we hurried into the community room where our big tree, wearing sparkling jewels of many colors, was standing in what might be called a gift garden. There were gifts and more gifts. Each had been wrapped with love and care, and as it was unwrapped, I am sure many a silent prayer was whispered for the sender.

Some gifts were put to good use right away; for example, the bon bon or the delectable cookie from Mother's box. In the middle of the night? Try it. On Christmas anything agrees with you! We unwrapped gifts, talked, and laughed until about 4:00 a. m. Eyes were heavy. This is one time we are permitted to leave the room in a mess,

and that it really was. We went to our rooms for a few hours rest.

Later we attended several more Masses, and spent the day just enjoying Christmas. During our evening visit to our Lady, again I recalled the antiphon of her own *Magnificat* on Christmas Eve: "When the sun shall have risen in the heavens you shall see the King of Kings." Tonight it might well be changed: "When the sun shall have descended in the western sky you shall have received the peace He came to bring *Magnificat*."



Something for the whole community around the Christmas tree.

As the feast of the Immaculate Conception drew near, I showed my class of small children a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes and told them the story of her appearances to Bernadette. I emphasized Mary's wonderful privilege, her Immaculate Conception. I then asked, hoping of course that they would tell me that Mary was free from original sin, "Now, what doesn't Our Blessed Mother have?"

A little boy answered very earnestly, "Shoes."

SISTER MARY TERESA
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Typical of Christmas parties everywhere is this one at Guadalupe Clinic, San Diego, California. The gifts for the 260 who attended were donated by the Catholic school children of the city and by scout troops and other civic organizations. The gracious Santa, Mr. Staudinger, is a generous benefactor of the clinic. The sisters are, left to right: Sister Mary Camillus, Sister Marie Jane, Sister Aurelia Jane, Sister Mary Christine, Sister John Francis, and Sister Louise Marie (kneeling).

In the Home Field

CHRISTMAS PARTY

We were happy to be instrumental in three conversions as a Christmas gift to the Infant Jesus. One of our nicest seasonal events was the party with the Displaced Persons and their families who faithfully attend classes in English and religion. They enjoyed singing their long, ballad-like carols, and we enjoyed listening to them. We gave them gifts of religious articles and they presented us with a lovely white cyclamen. Its twenty or more star-like blossoms completed the beauty of our chapel Crib.

SISTER DOLORES
DENVER, COLORADO

CHRISTMAS GUEST

Two days before Christmas a strange little man presented himself at our side door with the offer of a turkey for our Christmas dinner. No, he was not a Catholic, knew very little about the Church, but he felt that sisters were worthy of help. Since he had no one with whom to share his gift, would we accept the turkey? When we discovered that he was alone and lonely, we accepted his offer on condition that he come to the convent to share our dinner on Christmas day. He agreed. At the appointed time our guest arrived, and ate sumptuously of the Christmas feast in the presence of the Infant of Prague who was arrayed in His finest and bedecked with candles and flowers. What went on between the two of them we don't know, but we are sure that our benefactor went away happy in the thought that he now had friends.

SISTER FLORENCE
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

COMPLICATIONS

If at times your good intentions are not appreciated, be consoled by our experience. After a Christmas party with more than 150 children, we found a musical instrument that had been left behind. Since many people have access to the center where we had the party, we decided it would be best to take the instrument home for safe keeping.

Unfortunately, no one called about it, but we finally discovered the owner. One of the sisters telephoned the home, picturing at the same time the happiness of the owner and his family on learning that the precious trumpet was safe. But no! The loss had been reported to the police so the police must see the case through. They would have to pick up the lost article at our convent.

SISTER MARY MARK
OGDEN, UTAH



In every mission carolers delight in bringing the songs of Christmas to the poor and the sick in homes and institutions. Sister Anthony accompanies this group in Richmond, Ky.

At this stage of our Christmas activities, our convent looked like a center for confiscated goods. Amused, we awaited the law. Recreation passed and no one came. Night prayers were over and still no officers appeared. We were asleep when the telephone rang at 9:30. It was one of the sisters from a neighboring convent calling to inquire if we knew anything about a lost trumpet. A plain clothesman was there to pick it up. We explained, but we hastened to request the officer to wait until the following day for his visit. Promptly at the suggested hour the officer called and collected the troublesome instrument. Since then we are not so ready to pick up after the children.

Mission Bells

by Sister Bernardine

ONE pleasant day in the spring, armed with pamphlets, papers, gaily-colored holy pictures, well-sharpened pencils, fat little notebooks and census cards, we tucked ourselves into our Plymouth and headed over the hill toward quaint Carmel-by-the-Sea.

We were expecting adventures in this different town with its sharp contrasts between old and new in architecture and with its generous sprinkling of artists, musicians, retired Army and Navy officers, language teachers from various countries, and its Old World atmosphere.

We might have expected that plain door-bells would be too ordinary for Carmel. Our acquaintance with a great variety of bells began as we approached our first door. At one side we read "Office" and noticed that we were in a cottage court. The door was open—no bell was in sight. But as we glanced

up we saw a large bronze Chinese gong with a padded wand hanging nearby. Self-consciously we struck the gong. A lovely Oriental note hung upon the air. We half-expected our first contact to match the gong in country of origin; but instead a lovely young woman, a Catholic, with a delightful French accent, courteously answered our questions and guided us to the next permanent resident in the block.

All through the day we wondered at and admired all kinds of bells. First there were the gate-bells. Gates to enclosed gardens announced our entrance by jangling gaily. Cowbells dangled their tongues raucously as we pushed on rail-fence gates. Some gave no sound as we entered, but clanged warningly after us as the gate swung closed.

Then the electric bells. A few were the ordinary kind, but even they were often hidden in unlikely places: at the



"We saw a large bronze Chinese gong with a padded wand hanging nearby. Self-consciously we struck the gong."

side of the door jam, under a grinning gargoyle's face as you lifted the knocker. Sometimes they introduced us to unusual people or to unusual answers to our routine questions: "No, we are not Catholics, but we are Catholic well-wishers." "I don't know why you're here, but you may sit down" (condescendingly but uninvitingly. "Are you the ladies from the powerhouse?" (Probably a reference to the Carmelite monastery of nuns just outside the city limits.)

The rows of hanging bells intrigued us also. Strung upon a rope, a tug set them ringing. They effected a wide variety of tones and harmonies to please our ears between visits and provided a pleasant opening comment when the air was charged with unsympathetic currents.

One of the most interesting bells did not meet our eye until a rhymed sign on the door directed our attention to it. A large knocker failed to arouse the notice of the non-Catholic woman we hoped to meet. Her nearest neighbor, a Catholic, had mentioned her interest in all things Catholic and had asked us to try to spend some time speaking with her. The knocker did not gain entrance for us so we followed the directions of the rhyme:

If knocker fails to rouse thy host
Ring friar's bell on yonder post.

Obediently we walked over, pulled the rope, tipping the small mission style bell suspended between two supports at the top of an unshaven oak post. But our host, or hostess, must have been out, for even this bell did not effect a meeting between us.

Even the old, old type ringer, the "twist-the-button-ring-the-bell," provided added variety to our census-taking that day.

It's a funny thing about all those bells, though. With all their oddities and differences, they have one thing in common. All of them are an open sesame to a recounting of the same human joys,



Sister Bernardine (left) and Sister M. Helen Clare discover all kinds of bells in Carmel.

troubles, mistakes, sorrows, anxieties, happiness. Behind their gay clatter the door often opens to a home broken by divorce; to a soul or a family of souls long and far-strayed from Christ and His Church; to a pagan home dedicated entirely to worldly ideals and pursuits; to an indifferent home, in which all are too careless of the truth and grace so generously given them. But they frequently swing before a home filled with patient and sanctified suffering, a home in which young wills happily accept more children in spite of difficulties and great sacrifices, a home filled with the buoyancy of a wholesome and holy family life, or with the desire of faith so great that one wonders at one's own lack of appreciation in having it.

Finally when the day ends one more bell brings to mind the needs of the souls visited during the day. The chapel bell with its gentle, insistent voice begs us to remember them before the Lord of all. It begs us to offer to Him all our desires for their sanctification that He deigns to share with us.



our **A**ssociates'

Dear Associates:

WE open our column this month with a timely comment on the holiday season, written by ANTOINETTE BUCHANAN and sent in by Mrs. Frances Fitzgerald, Chicago, a member of St. Catherine's Band:

CHRISTMAS is that season when children prepare themselves for an important event—Santa Claus! With all the commercial advertising, it is no longer remembered as **THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR LORD**. We no longer see the Infant Jesus lying in the manger before our Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph. Nor do we see the star of Bethlehem, with angels singing 'Glory to God in the highest.'

"As one walks downtown she notices a window displaying a cute little angel orchestra playing different selections while children play in the snow with new snow suits that they had purchased from the store, or similar advertising. Christmas is something only for businessmen who want to sell as much as they can at this particular time, displaying their best merchandise.

"So let us do all we can to put Christ back into Christmas, reminding others that **CHRISTMAS** is not what they see in the store windows but **THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING!**"

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. MARY SOD. BAND, Detroit.

We had the pleasure of seeing the Promoter, Miss Ann Huhn, at Victory Noll recently. The group sponsor Sis-

ter Mary Veronica, formerly of Detroit. Do you want to be successful in raising money for the missions? Invoke Saint Corona, who was a Roman matron and early Christian martyr, advises our Promoter.

HOLY FAMILY BAND, Chicago.

"Take it easy, sorry it took so long for you to hear from us, but now we are back in the swing," writes **Joseph Walz**, secretary of the Band. To prove



it, Mr. Walz enclosed a handsome check for \$26. The September meeting was held at the home of Mr. Fiore who spent six months in the hospital this year. His young married daughter, Mrs. Jim McDonald, did the honors as hostess. This is the "never say die" spirit.



Above are Jean Pranton and her friend Tony Glabiak of Wildwood, New Jersey. Jean takes up a yearly Christmas collection for us from employes at her place of work.

Club Mention



SRILLIANS BAND, Cincinnati, O.

This group sponsors an annual big card party at the Fenwick Club center. Their latest party was attended by 175 people and brought \$507. Some of the money was sent to Victory Noll, and the remainder divided between Sister Helen at Flat River, Missouri, and her sister, Sister Marguerite in San Diego, California, whom the Band sponsor.



The Band is presided over by Miss Eleanor Hanekamp who wrote that the Band was turning out five hundred green scapulars for Sister Marguerite.

OUR LA PORTE FRIENDS

Every year we hear from the Upsilon Chapter of the Pi Epsilon Kappa of LaPorte, Indiana with a donation toward the Guardian Angel Burse held by Sister Mary Agnes who lived in this city before entering our community. Miss Marie E. Menkhaus is Secretary for the Chapter.

OUR HUNTINGTON, (IND.) BAND

The good ladies who meet each month under the title of Our Lady of Fatima Group, are always reminded at meetings by Mrs. Dan Herzog to donate toward our Missionary Sisters. Besides these frequent donations, two of our Sisters are treated to an annual excursion and pilgrimage to Carey, Ohio (Shrine of our Mother of Consolation) by the same women and other members of the Third Order of St. Francis.



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILD DONATIONS September 29 to October 19, 1954

Charitina No. 1, Chicago	
Helen Ford	\$ 7.75
Florentine, St. Louis	
Clare Luechtefeld	20.00
Immaculate Conception, Detroit	
Lillian Dunn	40.00
Little Flower Circle, Chicago	
Veronica Foertsch	25.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington	
Mrs. Dan Herzog	7.00
St. Anne, Fort Wayne	
Mrs. Geo. Deininger	6.00
St. Anthony, Chicago	
Mrs. A. F. Beck	3.00
St. Cecilia, Cleveland, O.	
Mrs. Koczan	25.00
St. Irene, Chicago	
May Walsh	4.00
St. Joseph II, Chicago	
Mrs. A. Naumes	53.00
St. Katherine, Chicago	
Mrs. Katherine Hammer	23.00
St. Martin of Tours, Omaha	
Mrs. Frances Schuette	240.00
St. Mary Magdalen, Madison, Minn.	
Regina Emmerich	13.75
St. Philomena, Chicago	
Mary Schaefer	47.00
St. Theresa, Los Angeles	
Mrs. J. C. Burch	55.50
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Ill.	
Mrs. Jno. J. Murphy	5.50
Srillians, Cincinnati, O.	
Eleanor Hanekamp	3.00

ADRIAN CLUB, Chicago.

The Treasurer of this Band, Mrs. Louis Schmit, lost her dear husband in death last spring. Her consolation was the good life he had lived — a Holy Name man and frequent communicant. Mrs. Schmit writes, "I believe fervently in prayer so with the help of yours and the prayers of many good friends I know I will be able to bear up and take the cross God has sent me."



Mary's Loyal

FT. WAYNE (IND.) HELPERS

A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS SEASON TO ALL OUR LOYAL HELPERS!

FAMILY CHRISTMAS TREE

IN one of her letters, written around Christmas time, Helper "Pat" Ciulik, of Amsterdam, New York describes their Christmas tree in which she, her Mother, Dad, and sister Carol all have a hand in decorating. "Our tree looks so pretty all lighted up. Beneath the tree we have a little village, in the center of which is a little church lighted on the inside. A short distance from the village is a little hill on which there are altar boys singing. Then we have the stable scene in the center, just beneath the tree, with Jesus Mary and Joseph. To the back we have a miniature ice skating pond, and ski slope and reindeer. Miniature evergreen trees near the church, on the hills and in the village add color and beauty to the scene."

Helpers' Letters

"Enclosed is some Sunshine money. Eleanor earned her part by babysitting, and I earned my part by working on the playgrounds this past summer. I liked it very much as it had to do mostly with young children which I thoroughly enjoy. I am sending a picture taken recently with my new flash camera. Dominus vobiscum."

Pat Murphy, Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada.



Above is pictured Barbara Berdelman, age 13, grade 7. Barbara says the entire family enjoy our mission monthly. Any extra money she gets goes into a dime card for us.

SAVANNAH (GA.) HELPERS

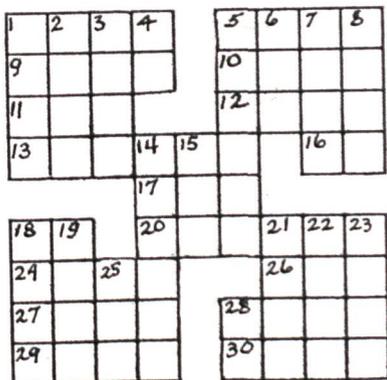


Reading from left to right are Barbara (15), Mary Frances (5) and Jean (19) Pounder. The Pounder girls have been Loyal Helpers for four years and are generous with offerings and prayers.

Helpers' pages



December Cross Word Puzzle



SEND IN WORKED PUZZLE FOR
A HOLY CARD

ACROSS

1. To stuff
5. Stunt
9. Residence
10. In like manner
11. Frozen water
12. For sliding on snow
13. Our Savior
16. Like
17. Used before maiden name
18. Rhode Island (abbrev.)
20. Where Jesus lay
24. Upon top of
26. To be in debt
27. Minerals
28. Beverages
29. Place money is made
30. Central Daylight Savings Time (abbrev.)

DOWN

1. Smart
2. A Saint
3. American (abbrev.)
4. Pronoun
5. To secure
6. Animal
7. Largest continent
8. To throw
14. Inner
15. Large body of water
18. There was no _____ at the inn.
19. Letters over crucifix
21. The Magi brought it.
22. Sheep
23. Repose
25. A number
28. Air Corps (abbrev.)

November Key Puzzle Answers. 1. Turkey. 2. Monkey. 3. Donkey. 4. Mickey (Mouse). 5. Jockey. 6. Hockey. 7. Lackey 8 Turnkey. 9. Redkey. 10. Rookie. 11. Parkee.

CHICAGO HELPER



We should have spelled the caption above in the plural because Stevie Micelli and his Mother Joan are BOTH Loyal Helpers!

"Enclosed is \$2. I say my Hail Mary and an extra one for the Missions every day. I've been having quite a time with my homework. The eighth grade is pretty tough, but of course everything is not all a bed of roses."

Regina Shields, Omaha, Neb.

"I am sorry I didn't send you money sooner but we moved. I was confirmed here last month, and my most precious gift was a lovely statue of Our Lady of Fatima. It is twenty-one inches tall and now stands in the center of our home altar. God love you."

Kathleen Gorman, Springfield, Ohio

"I was pleased to receive your interesting magazine. THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. I could tell by the letters on the MLH page that it circulates all through the United States. I have no complaints to make but I would like to suggest a Pen Pal Page."

Darla Wannemacher, Delphos, Ohio

True Devotion to Mary

UNLIKE many devotions in honor of Our Blessed Mother, the True Devotion is not limited to any special season, particular mystery, or outstanding event in Mary's life. Although she is, under no matter what title, the same dear Mother of us all, yet her devotees are wont to honor her as Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Mother of Sorrows, Our Mother of Perpetual Help, Our Lady of Guadalupe, etc. Do not think of the True Devotion in this sense. It transcends all other devotions. That is why St. Louis De Montfort, who explains it so lucidly, calls it *the True Devotion*. It is a total consecration of oneself to Mary, and through her, to her Divine Son.

We just said that the True Devotion does not belong to any particular season. Yet, in a sense it does. And that season is Advent.

During the season of Advent—the Church's official preparation for the feast of the Nativity of Our Lord—we meditate on the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation. The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity took to Himself a human nature like ours. He became Man. The Word became incarnate. And by what means did He assume human nature? By being "born of a Woman," as St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Romans. He became incarnate in the womb of Mary. Through her He came into the world.

If Our Lord had so willed, He, the second Adam, might have appeared on earth as the first Adam, a full grown man. But no, he chose to be born as a helpless, tiny babe. He came into the world as an infant not only because He wished to be like us in every way, but also that *we might be like Him*.

All holiness consists in perfect imitation of Christ. But how can we possibly imitate Him who is holiness itself, who is the Son of God? Our Lord has made it not only possible, but easy for us by giving us His Mother as our Model. St. Augustine calls Mary the Mold of God. If we are to find grace, the grace that makes us Godlike, we must find Mary.

St. Louis De Montfort, who lived in France in the eighteenth century, learned this secret of holiness himself and spent his life teaching it to others. He wrote a book about it and called it the *Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. In this Treatise he explains the necessity of going to Jesus through Mary and thence to God the Father.

First we must rid ourselves of the spirit of the world and then give ourselves to Our Blessed Mother by an act of total consecration. This consecration is much more than a pious, transitory dedication to Mary. It goes deeper than that and embraces our whole self—body, soul, mind, heart, and will, even all our good works and the value of them. We give them to Our Blessed Mother to do with as she wills.

Ah, you might wonder, but how shall I ever get to heaven if I give to Mary my good works? We read a prefect answer to that objection recently in *Therese of Lisieux*, a serious study of the spiritual doctrine of the Saint by the eminent Swiss theologian, Hans Urs von Balthasar. One of Therese's novices had a terrible fear of the judgment. This is the advice the Saint gave her: "Appear before Our Lord empty handed and so deprive Him of matter for judgment."

The whole life of St. Therese is characterized by her perfect trust and confidence, so she knows whereof she speaks. Now how can her advice be better carried out than by putting all our treasures in the hands of Our Blessed Mother? She will take care of them to the best of our advantage. No one knows so well as she does the will of her Divine Son. She will obtain for us at the right moment the grace to do what God wants us to do.

Once we consecrate ourselves to Our Blessed Mother and try seriously to live this consecration, our whole spiritual life will become very simple. We will look to Mary for everything and will give her our complete confidence. Then whatever happens to us we will accept as coming from her. We will find much joy in this dependence on Our Lady.

We will have nothing that we can claim as our own. We will owe all to her and rely entirely on her love and protection. And this protection will never be wanting to us. We will soon learn that Mary will repay our confidence over and over again. She will not be outdone in generosity.

If you are interested in learning more about the True Devotion of St. Louis De Montfort, write to Victory Noll to the Sister Secretary of the Confraternity of Mary Queen of All Hearts. She will be happy to send you literature explaining exactly how you can make your act of consecration. Surely no time of year is so appropriate as this holy season of Advent when we adore Jesus hidden in the womb of His Mother and we look forward to His nativity on the Feast of Christmas.

SEA



The miniature Virgin, St. Joseph, and angels are from our Kentucky mission.

Books



ST. BRIGID OF IRELAND by Alice Curtayne. Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$2.

St. Brigid, with Patrick and Columcille, forms a triad of Irish saints whose cult has never dimmed through the centuries. St. Brigid, though not a contemporary of St. Patrick, (the date of her birth has been established as 453 and the great Apostle died in 461), was like him in her genius for organization. Before her time, young women who consecrated themselves to God by the vow of virginity, continued to live in their own homes. This, more often than not, entailed great hardship. Many were persecuted by their own families. It was Brigid who called them to community life. Throughout the length and breadth of Ireland she traveled, founding convent after convent. Her journeys were arduous and perilous and remind one somewhat of those that St. Teresa made in Spain some ten centuries later.

Charming indeed are the stories found in the old "Lives" and retold here with rare insight. Here is one (p. 104) that "emphasizes Brigid's adaptability and practical common sense. One day in Lent, because of the previous harvest having failed, her community found themselves on the brink of starvation. Being forced to make some provision, Brigid set out with two of the sisters to visit a neighboring monastery, then in charge of Ibar, and beg from him the loan of a supply of corn. The distance between the two churches was great and the nuns arrived exhausted and famished at the monastery. Famine was prevalent in the district. A meal—all that was available, bread and bacon—was set before the guests, and Brigid thankfully began on it. Presently she noticed that her two nun-companions were pointedly refraining from the bacon. There was a sniff in their attitude, implying, 'Well, we're going to keep Lent, anyhow, whatever you do.'

"Not to avail of dispensation accorded under circumstances of such stress was really more than Brigid could stand. Rebuking the nuns sharply and with vehemence, she even turned them out of the room! In all the mass of legendary stories and traditions concerning Brigid, this is the sole instance recorded where she displayed anger. What provoked it is worth remembering: pharisaical formalism masquerading as piety."

Brigid was a most lovable saint—personable, hospitable, fond of music. She was one of those rare persons who was appreciated and even venerated during her lifetime. Little is known of her death which took place in 524. The lines on her burial place are among the most touching in the book. The author, who lives in the saint's own County Kildare, has written well of *St. Brigid of Ireland*.

LIVES OF SAINTS compiled under the editorial supervision of the Rev. Joseph Vann, O.F.M. John J. Crawley & Co., New York. \$5.95

Here is a book that deserves a place on the shelf next to the family Bible. It contains the lives of sixty-seven saints from St. Ignatius of Antioch to St. Pius X. Moreover, to the biography of the saint are added excerpts from his writings. You will find here, for instance, some of the sermons of Pope St. Leo the Great, letters of St. Jerome, Office hymns attributed to St. Ambrose, the *Lorica* of St. Patrick, passages from St. Augustine's *Confessions* and from his *City of God*, parts of the encyclicals of St. Pius X, etc.

Forty-eight beautiful paintings, most of them by the masters, a few by modern artists, illustrate the book. Symbols used by the Church to identify the saints are also included. Each illustration is accompanied by the story of the painting and of the artist. Four illuminated end paintings reproduce in full colors the stained glass windows of medieval cathedrals. They depict the Apostles Peter, Paul, James, and John.

The Rev. Thomas Plassman, O.F.M., has written the Introduction to the volume.

The edition we examined is beautifully bound, and the price is not too high for a book of this kind and size (527 pages). A deluxe edition sells for \$19.95.

OUR LADY COLOR BOOK SERIES. Text by Mary Fabyan Windeatt; illustrations by Gedge Harmon. Grail Publications, St. Meinrad, Ind. 25 cents each book; 5 copies \$1; discount on quantity orders.

These lovely color books are ideal for the religion class. They are suitable for all the elementary grades. The older children can read the interesting stories themselves; the smaller ones will love to hear their teacher read them. The illustrations are both artistic and simple—not cluttered up with details. Each book describes in story and pictures an apparition of Our Blessed Mother. They are titled: Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of La Salette, Our Lady of Pontmain, Our Lady of Knock, Our Lady of Beauraing, Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Pellevoisin, Our Lady of Fatima, and Our Lady of Banneux.

FATIMA: PILGRIMAGE TO PEACE by April Oursler Armstrong and Martin F. Armstrong, Jr. Hanover House, New York. \$2

We picked this up with the thought—maybe not exactly expressed—that it was just one more book on Fatima. But we found that we were mistaken. It is one of the most refreshing books on Fatima that we have yet read. Unlike so many other American pilgrims, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong did not spend just a day or two at Fatima. They remained a month. During that time they had revealing and delightful interviews with many persons, among them the Bishop of Leiria, the Martos, Lucy's sister, and even Lucy herself!

First the authors recount briefly the story of the apparitions. This is told with the same freshness with which they write of their own experiences in Portugal. For instance, on page 40, on the subject of the children's vision of hell, we read: "Hell is an unfashionable thought these days. Fire and brimstone went out with ankle-length dresses and high collars."

To make the book practical there are end maps and an appendix with information on transportation to Fatima, places to stay, prices, etc. A second appendix explains the devotion of the Five First Saturdays and includes prayers taught the children by Our Blessed Mother and by the Angel.

THE SECRET OF THE ROSARY by St. Louis De Montfort. Translated by Mary Barbour, T.O.P. Montfort Publications, Bay Shore, New York. \$2.50

Very timely right now is this translation of St. Louis De Montfort's book on the rosary. The translator, Mary Barbour, T.O.P., has done an excellent job. The book sounds quite "modern," although it loses nothing of St. Louis' own style, so familiar to those who know and love his *Treatise on the True Devotion, The Secret of Mary*, etc.

St. Louis Marie De Montfort, ardent Apostle of Our Blessed Mother that he was, never tired of preaching her rosary. In this book he traces its origin, explains how it is to be recited, and tells story after story to illustrate its marvelous effects. An appendix contains a list of indulgences now attached to the rosary.

Incidentally, the rosary to St. Louis meant the whole fifteen decades, not just the third of the rosary as we say it. But being practical, he tells us that if we are pressed for time, we can space it throughout the day—even saying a decade now here, now there.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR VEST POCKET PAMPHLETS. Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind. Single copy 10 cents, any 3 for 25 cents, \$5.25 per 100.

The Priesthood and Education by Rev. F. A. Houck.

Prayers to Our Lady by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.

The Meaning of Fatima by John Mathias Haffert.

Works of Charity for Vincentians.

Open Letter to a Fallen-Away Catholic (by Rev. Roger L. Vossberg).

An Open Letter to Friends in Danger (on Unlawful Marriages) by Rev. Roger L. Vossberg.

Education: True and False or *The Prevalence of Amoral Training* by Rev. F. A. Houck.

An Easy Way to Win Souls by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D.

BEHOLD THE HANDMAID. The story of Our Blessed Mother in "comic book" form. Geo. A. Pflaum, Dayton, Ohio. Single copy 25 cents; on orders for 20 or more 15 cents each.

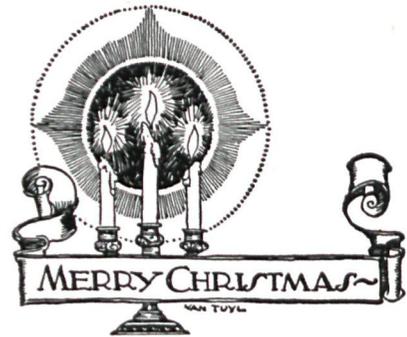
The last word

by the editor

We hope you like it, our new format, we mean. THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, with this issue is celebrating its thirtieth birthday. Our first number was dated December 1924, the same month in which Victory Noll was complete enough for our tiny community to move in. Five years later we came out with our first cover in color and added several pages. All this time the magazine was being printed by *Our Sunday Visitor* press . . . We went along for another ten years and then began to do our own printing. In January 1940 we reduced the size of the magazine and added several pages . . . **Once again** now we are making a change. We have added eight pages. It means more mission stories for you, and we hope you will approve. Perhaps some of you will be so kind as to tell us you like the new MISSIONARY CATECHIST. If you have any suggestions, we will welcome them . . .

You know, we are thinking it might be a good idea if we add an AA section—meaning Accounts Anonymous. So many times we hear or read of things that happened to our sisters that are not exactly meant for publication. Yet they are too good, too funny not to pass on to you. Since they really and truly happened, we are toying with the idea of writing them without identifying persons and places. In fact, the editor herself has had some experiences she might tell you about that way . . .

When this reaches you we will be in the season of Advent. On December 16 we begin our solemn novena for the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity. Holy Mass is offered each morning for the intentions of the novena. Every evening we chant the beautiful prophecies foretell-



ing the coming of the Messiah. Whether you send us your intentions or not, we will consider it a privilege to unite our prayers with yours from the sixteenth to the twenty-fifth.

JESUS CHRIST

There was a star that was bright,
It was on the first Christmas night.
There was a Baby born on earth,
Both shepherds and angels rejoiced his
birth.

Three wise men came from afar,
They followed the beautiful star.
In a stable a Baby lay
Sleeping quietly upon the hay.
He was to suffer for every sin
And open the gates of heaven.

RICHARD HAYDEN
DESLOGE, MISSOURI
GRADE 5

In Memoriam

Regina Lohr, Clark, S. Dak., mother of Sister
Florentine, O.L.V.M.
Martin Weber, Ozone Park, N. Y., father of
Sister Helen Therese, O.L.V.M.
Rev. F. M. Higgins, Littlefield, Texas
Rev. F. A. Houck, Toledo, Ohio
B. J. Courtright, Del Norte, Colo.
Fred Kercher, Evansville, Ind.
Clara Sturn, Toledo, Ohio
Mary Gibbons, Atlanta, Ga.
Christine Viering, Detroit
Linus G. Wey, Houston, Texas
Nell Harris, Chillicothe, Ohio
Emma Reinig, Hammond, Ind.
Mary Ladach, Detroit

Christmas at Victory Noll

by Sister M. Ann Patricia

DID you ever wonder what it is like to spend Christmas in the convent?

The usual before Christmas rush is replaced by a calm and loving preparation for the birth of our Infant King. Instead of going shopping for presents we get busy with needle, thread, pen, paint brush, and many clever ideas to make our gifts.

Each year there is something special connected with the joy of Our Lord's nativity. The very first Christmas spent at Victory Noll is filled with surprises and delights for a postulant. By the time the second Christmas comes, a novice is better prepared. But there are still many surprises awaiting her. Our Lord has drawn her closer to Himself, and because she has cooperated with His graces she is rewarded with a deep and serene peace. Truly the first Christmas as a novice is unforgettable.

But the best is yet to come. By the time a sister is a second year novice and spending her last Christmas at Victory Noll, she begins to realize all the privileges our Divine Savior and His Blessed Mother have so generously bestowed on her. In her previous years of training she has had her share of happiness and a few sorrows too. But the thought that Our Lord has chosen her for His own and in just a few months she will give herself completely to Him by vow is compensation for any trials that may come her way.

By Christmas Eve the decorating has been completed. Chapel and corridors are gaily decked with wreathes and evergreen sprays and bright red bows. Everything is in readiness. We retire very early in the evening so we will be wide awake for Midnight Mass. After Mass and a fervent thanksgiving we go down to a little breakfast. Then it is time to go to the community room in the novitiate.

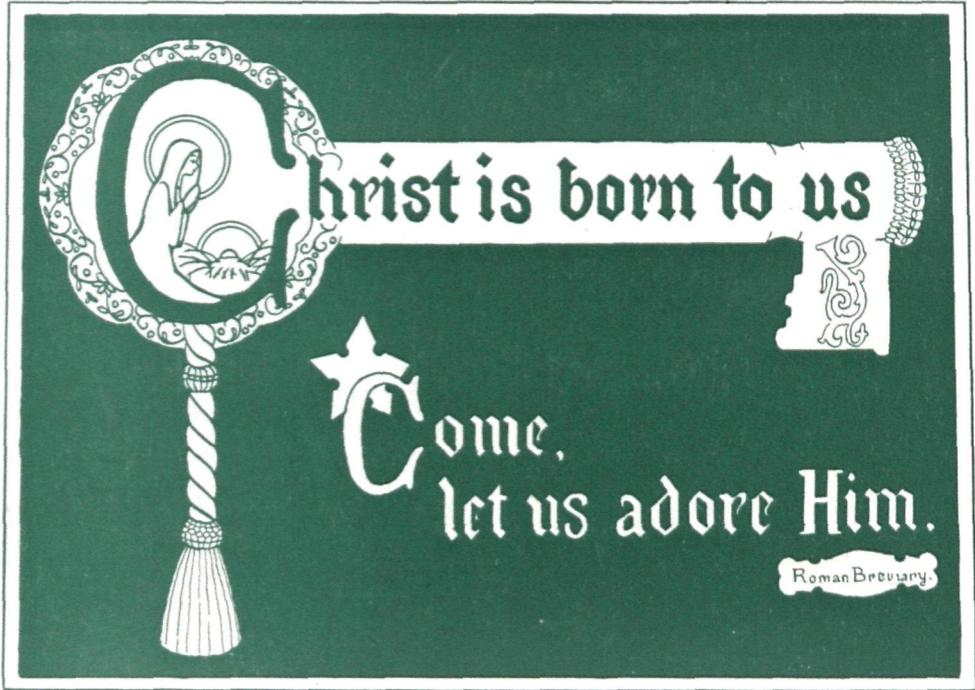


Toys in the novitiate? It looks like it, if we would believe Sister M. Ann Patricia, Sister M. Dominic, and Sister M. Angline.

Santa is always very good to us. He seems to know just what we need most. We are, among other things, well supplied with many teaching aids that will be useful in our future mission work.

Vacation days that follow the feast are brim full of work and fun. Things are never dull in the novitiate. How could they be with dozens of lively novices around!

Yes, Christmas in the novitiate at Victory Noll is truly a memorable occasion. But we know that Christmas in the missions is just as inspiring. No matter where Christmas may find us it will be the same, for Christ will be born anew into our hearts in whatever place we may be.



Christ is born to us

Come,
let us adore Him.

Roman Breviary.