

The Missionary CATECHIST



2-1955

Our Mother's Rosary

by Sister Mary Alice



CLASSES spent in teaching the rosary often bring back to a sister memories of how she first learned this devotion so dear to the Mother of God. During our family rosary each child among the younger ones led one mystery. Before I knew well how to use the beads, I would pour out Hail Marys one after the other until the members of the family were breathless with responses. Then Mother's voice would whisper "Glory be . . ."

When we teach the rosary to the little children we must proceed slowly — what to say on the big beads, what to say on the small ones. A story here and there helps to arouse their interest. In one class we had begun to learn it and the children were struggling to master the method. My story about St. Dominic

came about that time and I started something like this: "Many years ago there lived a very holy priest whose name was Father Dominic. About the same time there were some bad men who were teaching some things that were not true about the Catholic Faith. Father Dominic was worried and he prayed to our Blessed Mother to help him and tell him what to do. Our Blessed Mother appeared to him and taught him to say the rosary."

Nancy, who had labored long in learning to say the rosary spoke out, "You mean he was already a priest and still didn't know how to say the rosary?"

After that I revised my notes a little on St. Dominic and the rosary.

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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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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Cover: School's out and Sister Adelle marches her little ones to catechism class in one of the many centers reached from our sisters' convent in Santa Paula, Cal.

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Little boys like to ring the bell.

Shortly a f t e r Sister Ruth wrote this article, she was assigned to teach summer school in the South Bound Brook Fire House.

Fire In My Blood!

by Sister Ruth



Fire! Fire! Dad—Mr. Henry Banet of Fort Wayne—is next to the driver.



Now I am a fire bug.



WITH sirens screaming, a big red fire truck whizzes by and a little girl proudly says, "See, the one next to the driver? That's my Dad!" Very often she would visit her father at the fire house, and see the many interesting things there: the fire engines, the yards and yards of hose hanging from the ceiling, the tickertape alarm; even the card table with its side pockets was fascinating. You could almost say there's fire in her blood.

Little did the fire fighter's daughter think that one day she would find shelter in a fire house and be a "fire bug" at the same time but that is just what happened when I became a Missionary Sister.

Our Lord, almost two thousand years ago, said that He had come to cast a fire upon the earth. It is our privilege to continue His mission. Jesus taught in the open and in buildings; so too do the Missionary Sisters.

When I went to my first mission, I was assigned to teach in the following places: a church hall, a choir loft, the Possumtown fire house, two private homes and the FINDERNE fire house.

"Two fire houses! Wait till I tell my Dad," I thought.

Just the thought of it intrigued me, but later the actual teaching in them gave me many happy memories. When in my girlhood days I visited the fire house, I never eyed the running board of the truck as a possible bench on which to sit. Nor did I picture the back platform of the engine as a beautiful site for a May shrine. It never occurred to me to hang a picture on a door knob. Now I am doing just that. One of the fire houses is so small that my class and another sister's class just fit. The only thing separating the two classes is the early dated red fire engine. I had to seat three of my children on the running board until we obtained more chairs. The bell on the front fender is quite an attraction for the boys of the class. Occasionally I catch one in the act of ringing it.

The other fire house is larger and modern. I teach in the double fire engine room and another sister in the kitchen. Here I have much space and many chairs so that I can seat the children at a distance from the fire engines. The youthful eager faces are always turned to me, to hear of the love of God. Sometimes it is I who find the bright red fire engines in the background a distraction. When I was the age of these children, what a difference in meaning was the fire house. Then I learned how to prevent fire. Now I am spreading a fire, right in the fire house, the fire of Love!

Roy and the Royal Road

by Sister Mary Colette

IT had been our practice during the first year in one of our missions to visit the Catholic patients in the local hospital at least once a week. We would have liked to visit with some of the other patients but as we had not been too well accepted by the authorities, we thought it best to limit our visits to the Catholics. However, our habit and a friendly smile as we visited in the wards had interested some of the non-Catholic patients who had been there for a time and were now used to seeing us.

One day we received a phone call from one of the nurses aides asking us to visit a patient who had been in the hospital since its opening five years ago. He had observed us visiting the Catholics and asked if perhaps we might visit him though he was not a Catholic. That afternoon found us at his bedside.

Some fifteen years before, Roy, as he was familiarly called by all, had been working beneath a scaffold when suddenly it collapsed, breaking his neck and causing other severe injuries. Many of the following months were spent in bed under a doctor's care. He was able to be up again after a year and for the next six years worked without great difficulty.

However the old injury again caused Roy to be confined to a hospital bed and multiple-sclerosis developed. When we visited with him he told us that this was his ninth year as a victim of the disease.

"At first I rebelled and could not understand why God had allowed this to happen to me. But later it occurred to me that perhaps God placed me on the flat of my back for a very good reason, and so I have been thinking more about Him these years. I was baptized in one sect but it never seemed right to me, and all that I have heard about Catholics has made me fear them; yet all that I have observed in them has made me admire them, so now I would like to learn more about the religion and I know that I want to die a Catholic."

After we had heard this beautiful tribute to good Catholic example, we explained to Roy a few of the truths of the faith. In regular weekly visits thereafter we continued to instruct our new friend in the teachings of the one true Church.

He was very eager and learned all the prayers necessary to say the rosary in a very short time, despite the fact that he could, and with great difficulty indeed, hold only a very small catechism in his hands, and this for only a few minutes at a time. Long pain-racked hours of the night were spent in weaving garlands of prayer that Our Lady might present to her divine Son.

After a few weeks Roy said, "Sister I've been a Catholic all my life but I didn't know it. What the Church teaches I've always believed."

When some of his non-Catholic friends became aware that he was studying the faith, they sent various

ministers to visit him to try to dissuade him from becoming a Catholic. "I get so tired of them, Sister, and they make me so provoked that I can hardly keep from telling them to get out," Roy told us.

Roy's meals were very frugal indeed; all he ever ordered was a bowl of soup or a glass of milk and a few crackers. However, the Friday after he began wearing the Sacred Heart Badge we had given him, one of the nurses aides came into his room with his meal and the greeting "Here's your fish!"

"Thank you, but I don't care for anything tonight."

"But you have to eat it, now that you are wearing that thing and going to be a Catholic."

Odd what erroneous ideas some people have of the obligations binding Catholics.

Due to the excellent work of a Catholic nurses aides who helped Roy study his catechism while she took care of the needs of his body, and a Catholic night nurse who during her spare moments and Roy's sleepless night hours, prayed the rosary with him and answered his questions, the day of his baptism soon arrived. The following day he received his first Holy Communion and within the week he again received Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

After his first Holy Communion he agreed to offer his sufferings for a particular soul who was interested in becoming a Catholic but who had met with a few difficulties. All Roy's suffering, and it was becoming more intense each day, was now being offered for others. Where before he had felt rebellion in suffering, he now found joy because he realized that he could offer it in union with the sufferings of Christ on the cross.

Ordinarily we do not visit the hospital in the evening, but it so happened one night that we received an urgent call from a patient. After our visit with her we decided to stop in for just a minute to see Roy.

We found him in a coma; the sclerosis had gone to the throat. Thanks to Divine Providence and the good work of the night nurse who called the priest, Roy was confirmed and received the Last Sacraments. It was the evening of the First Friday in June and his last spoken word had been to ask that his Sacred Heart Badge be put near his throat. Early in the morning of the First Saturday his soul went to meet his God and the Queen of Heaven.

At the end of the Royal Road he had received his wish; he died a Catholic and an apostolic one. The soul for whom his sufferings had been offered, an eighty-year-old man, was received into the Church and confirmed the week after Roy's death.



"No One Ever Asked Me"

by Sister Charlene



"Didn't anyone ever ask you if you'd like to take instructions?"

"I've always rather liked the Catholic Church," the woman told us.

"But you've never gone any further?" we queried.

"No. I didn't know how to approach a priest and no one ever asked me to attend church," she replied. "I didn't know if I would be welcome or not."

How many times you hear that in the course of house-to-house visiting! It makes you wonder how Catholics can be so slow to share the wonderful gift of faith that is ours. It is true that we cannot force those who do not believe. However, there are so many souls on the fringe of the Church, just waiting for an invitation.

One lady told us that she was impressed by the actions of her best friends who are good Catholics. She had become interested in their faith which seemed to be so much a part of their lives.

"You should study the Catholic Faith," we told her.

"I would like to do that," she confided. "I think any faith that can lead people to live such good lives must be true."

"Why didn't you do something about it before this?" we asked.

"No one ever invited me," she ex-

plained. "And I didn't know the priest had classes for persons like me."

Sometimes I wonder just how many souls there are like that. They have no faith of their own and are favorable toward the Catholic Church. We meet them everywhere. They are so close and yet so far. A simple invitation by some good Catholic friend would be the beginning or first step for most of them.

It is not only those who want to become Catholics but also the partners to mixed marriages who tell us this. So often we meet only the non-Catholic wife. She tells us that they are married by the justice of the peace and the children are not baptized.

"Would you object if the children were reared in your husband's faith?" we inquire.

"No. I do want them to have a religion of some sort but I don't go to any church," we are informed.

"Has your husband ever talked to you about being married before a priest and having the children raised as Catholics?"

"No, he has never spoken to me on the subject since we were married," she replies. "I didn't feel it was up to me to bring up the subject."

She certainly has a point there.

"But," the Catholic party often objects, "I don't think my husband would approve of the children's being Catholic."

"Did you ever ask him?" we insist.

"Well, no, I haven't," she admits. "We never discuss religion in our home."

"You should speak to him about it," we tell her. "He probably has no objections but doesn't feel it is up to him to suggest it. He doesn't realize how much it means to you."

Why are Catholics so loath to speak of religion to their friends or spouses? Often the other is waiting for the opening to speak about it. When their frank questions are brushed aside, they begin to wonder if we really have the truth as we claim.

We should ask ourselves: "How many people can say of me, 'You didn't ask me!'" And their words will be an accusation, will be a real proof of our lack of zeal and charity.

Variety Week

by Sister Susanna

I was just looking over my classbook and thought my week could be called a "Variety Week." By the time we make the round of classes we travel about five hundred miles.

Monday and Friday we travel to the Atomic City, Los Alamos. Sometimes I think the children are filled with atomic energy. A little boy informed me one day that before God made the animals He made dinosaurs.

Tuesday I teach a group of normal, giggling fifth and sixth graders at St. John the Baptist church. Thursday we are on the road again. This time to Cochiti to teach Indian children. What a joy it is to see them coming to class with their catechisms covered with brown paper and their names on them. I have always tried to accomplish this and at last I have succeeded. We call these our modern Indians. One day a boy was given money to buy his catechism but the temptation being too great he spent some of it on candy. I

told his bigger brother and expected him to give his little brother a talking to but all he did was look at the little boy and exclaim, "Gee whiz!"

Friday we go to Santo Domingo, another Indian Pueblo. Here we review all the things we learned about methods of teaching. We try one thing after another to see what might have effect. Once in awhile we hit upon something that works.

Saturday finishes the week and it almost finishes me. Two hours of teaching deaf children can be quite an endurance test. It is the quietest class I have as most of them do not speak. One day when the first hour was up and the boys were starting home, I thought to myself, "Have I gotten anything across to these children?" I doubted if I had. Just then a boy came up to me. He can speak and hear a little. I saw he wanted something. "Sister," he said, "the boys all like you. They think you are a very good teacher. And I like you too. And I will help you."



Terry during the Silver Stampede.

Terry

by Sister Gertrude

His mother was deeply embarrassed, but Terry unmindful of the sensation he was creating, dropped everything, and sidled up to us. "Hi, Sister, can I come to your class?"

That was the beginning of a longing and love for God in the heart of a little boy, a longing which has not yet been completely satiated. Terry's mother was not a Catholic, but she was perfectly willing and even eager that he should attend our classes. So when Terry was four years old, he was enrolled with our other pre-school children and began learning the fundamentals of our holy religion. His mother at the same time began taking instructions from the pastor, and soon it was evident that a race was on between mother and son to see who would learn their prayers the fastest. Strange as it may seem, Terry won. At four and one half years of age, he knew all the prayers and doctrine required of one about to make his First Holy Communion. The pastor was more than willing to baptize one who had applied himself so studiously and so fervently to preparing for the advent of the Holy Trinity into his little soul.

IN this western town of Elko, Nevada, everyone goes western during the Silver Stampede, even little two-year-old Terry.

We first made Terry's acquaintance in the local five-and-ten-cent store where sisters like to shop, you know. He was busily engaged in trying out all the toys he could possibly manage to get hold of, and was making enough noise for at least eight other little boys of his age, while his poor mother tried in vain to distract him into silence. As she left him and went to the other end of the building, he suddenly spied the sisters and called out in a voice which resounded loudly enough to attract the attention of persons in every part of the store: "Mother, look! The sisters are here!"

Sister Caroline told him that he would be given a candle to hold, and then went on to explain the significance of the ceremonies. Terry could hardly wait until the day of his baptism came. During the ceremony he answered all the questions, recited the Creed and the other usual prayers in a loud clear voice, and then as he ended with "Amen," in almost the same breath he asked earnestly but emphatically, "When do I get to hold the candle?" Monsignor and all present enjoyed a hearty chuckle at the eagerness of this youngster to cooperate in every detail, even to the holding of the candle.

A few months later, Terry's Mother was baptized and received her First Holy Communion. Being very much disappointed because he also was not permitted to receive, Terry was almost reluctant to attend Holy Mass that morning, for he said, "I don't want to see you receive Jesus in Holy Communion and not be able to receive Him too."

I think our dear Lord must have looked down with loving tolerance on the stubbornness of this small cowboy who had been thwarted in receiving Him in Holy Communion. He realizes now though, that this will not last and so each Sunday he is happy to assist at Mass, and lovingly watches his mother as she returns from the Communion rail, for he knows that Jesus is in her heart. Very soon now, the long-looked-for day is coming, and Terry will receive Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

Lucky Escape

by Sister Mary Karl

Sister Annette and I knew we would have to make one return trip to the convent in Santa Fe, for supplies, and had planned to leave after our Wednesday classes and return in time for classes the following day. Wednesday was beautiful, until about three o'clock, when it began to cloud over with really black clouds. When we went to the little mission church for class, our pastor also happened to be there, supervising the work of the man who was filling the butane gas tank. Father knew of our plans, and suggested we'd better not try to make the trip as the weather did not seem promising. When we came out of church after classes, we had to agree that he had been right. The sun was shining brightly, but lighting up in an eerie way scudding masses of black clouds banking the mountains to the east. All the clouds seemed to be heading north to Santa Fe! We decided to "stay put" and try again the following week.

The next time we saw Father he said, "Good thing you didn't go! They had snow at Santa Fe. *A hundred cars were stalled at The Pass!*" There is a fine highway between here and Santa Fe, but La Bajada Pass, formerly called the most dangerous spot in New Mexico, winds up through the mountains for about five miles, shortly before you reach the Capital City. That's where you gain the altitude that brings you to Santa Fe. The scenery is beautiful, and La Bajada is now a fine four-lane road—but even at that you can see what happens when an unexpected snow comes down in the mountains. Were we ever glad we hadn't gone along to make the one hundred and first stalled car! Our Blessed Mother takes care of these things for us. We did make the trip the following week, with beautiful weather and a most pleasant trip.

Buried Beans

by Sister Helen Marie

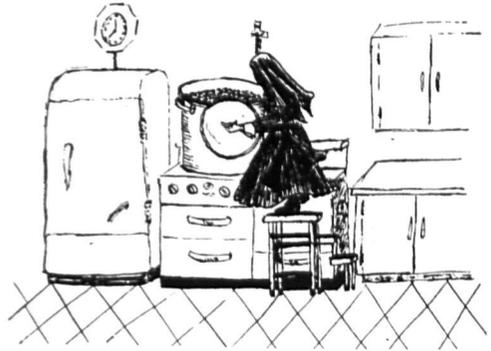
illustrated by Sister Mary Adele

THE Chamber of Commerce sponsored a barbecue supper one evening last summer. They prepared for seven hundred and fifty people but only about three hundred and fifty or so attended. The sponsors debated what to do with the food that was left over, and decided that perhaps the sisters would like to distribute it to those in need. So about eight o'clock, just before time for night prayers, the phone rang. It was a member of the committee, a doctor whom we knew well, calling to know if we would like to have the left over beans and cole slaw for our poor people. Surely we would. He said they would bring it over before nine o'clock. We presumed that the food left over would perhaps amount to enough to help twenty-five or thirty families and we thought of this family or that family that we would like to help.

When our benefactors arrived, we were overwhelmed. *Four* men came in carrying a huge container about three feet high and all of two feet in diameter, the kind used in restaurants or institutions to cook large quantities. It contained seventy-five or eighty pounds of baked beans!

We told the doctor we had no way to keep that much food under refrigeration. "Well," he said, "then you will have to keep it *hot* all night. Put the beans on the stove and keep them cooking."

"But Doctor, the stove will not hold such a big container," we protested.



Sister peered into the bean pot.

"The men all agreed it would, so up went the beans while our hearts almost stood still. Fortunately our frail gas stove held under the impact. We turned on the gas and hoped everything wouldn't come apart during the night. Then the men went out and returned with another huge container, same size, of cole slaw. After they left, we all agreed that many people would have their fill on the morrow!

But the morrow was a different story. When Sister Mercedes came down in the morning she got the kitchen stool (she is very small and the bean pot was very high), climbed up, and looked into the huge container.

"Sister! We can't use these!" she said, disappointed. "They've spoiled. There's froth on the top!"

Now all our nice plans to help people were spoiled too, and we sadly debated what to do. Our garbage can wouldn't hold a fifth of them. We had no car with which to dispose of them elsewhere. All we could think of was digging holes in our yard and burying all those beans.

After breakfast one of the sisters started to dig the holes. Another began to dip the beans from the large container into other kettles of a size we could manage and we began the procession to the bean holes. We had taken perhaps a little less than half the amount out of the container when one of the neighbor ladies came in. She looked surprised. Who wouldn't, to find sisters engaged in the rather unusual occupation of burying baked beans in the back yard! When we explained our queer behavior, she looked at the beans with renewed personal interest. "Why, Sister," she said, "those are good beans!" So away she went for a kettle to get some!

We stopped burying long enough to have a further consultation. Sure



Burial procession.

enough, there seemed to be nothing wrong with the beans in transit from the big kettle! We tasted them, and they were really good, very good. Finally we figured it out. Our little stove did not have sufficient *fuorza* to heat such an immense quantity of beans all the way through. The result was that those on the top had remained tepid and had actually begun to spoil during the night, while up to a certain point the heat had been sufficient to prevent bacterial action. It was while we, unsuspecting, were working on this perfectly good lower layer that Mrs. Vigil had arrived on the scene.



But even now, with our "taste-test" unanimous, and with reasonable assurance that the beans were all right, we still felt a little dubious about giving them out. However, the matter was almost taken out of our hands. Mrs. Vigil was back in a jiffy, and the word had got around; kettles and pans were coming from all directions for beans and cole slaw. We told them we feared they were not good. Oh, yes, they are! Everyone was convinced.

By afternoon the beans were pretty well gone but there was a great deal of slaw. Then arrived two cartons of bread. By that time we were getting desperate. We *had* to get that food out before nightfall. So one of the stores loaned us their delivery truck. We piled all the food in and away we went. We went to the homes farthest away and the most in need. By five o'clock the last bean, the last loaf of bread, and the last string of cole slaw had found a home.

Twelve of us took census for the new St. George's parish in Bloomington. During the first four days, we worked by twos in separate districts. On the closing afternoon, however, it was necessary for most of us to concentrate on the small unfinished territory. Children in this area were spellbound at our presence. Many had never seen nuns before, and to have us descend in such numbers was indeed startling. Two pre-school lads were engaged in savage Indian warfare. When we approached, they dropped their guns and dashed into the house. While we spoke with their mother, the former braves peered cautiously from behind her protecting skirts. On learning that they were not Catholic, we turned to leave. The older boy ventured from his ambush, swallowed hard, and asked in a relieved, but incredulous manner, "Is that ALL you want?"

SISTER BENIGNA
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA



Abilene, Texas, Sisters enjoy their only snowfall of the year. Leaving for the day's work are left to right: Sister Rose Mary, Sister Joan, and Sister Yvonne

In the Home Field

"WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE BACK"

We just got a good start in unpacking, the next day after our arrival, when a carload of people came asking for clothes. We stopped our work to serve them. We were away four months—a long time—and we knew the people were in need. After they left we began unpacking again. In just a few minutes another group came. I asked them how they knew that we were at home as we just came in the day before. They said the other people told them. So it spread like wildfire that the sisters were back and the procession lasted all day. We had several scoldings for staying away so long. We were glad they missed us. They said we must not do that again.

SISTER MARY GENROSE
GROVE HILL, ALABAMA

MOTHER'S TRAINING

While kneeling alone in the pew and waiting for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to begin at Medaryville, one Sunday, a tiny tot genuflected correctly at my place and with a smile knelt down beside me. I could not help noticing that every time I made the sign of the cross, this little one would bless herself too and I was surprised to find her doing it correctly. Making the sign of the cross correctly and saying *all* of the words has always been one of the points I stress and insist in my classes, so this pleased me very much. I also noticed a small rosary which she clutched in her tiny hands and unlike most tots she did not play with it but held it reverently. She would have knelt to the end of the Mass if I had not taken pity on her bare knees and told her to sit down when the Mass was almost finished. I wondered who she was; she appeared so confident and happy all by herself. Later I discovered, when she appeared in catechism class the following Sunday that Mary Catherine, age four, was the little sister of two of the boys I have in class. She is one child who does not have to be drilled for weeks to acquire the practice of blessing herself correctly.

SISTER JOSEPH
SAN PIERRE, INDIANA

WONDERS OF CREATION

Sister had received her new glasses and wore them to class for the first time. She was reviewing creation.

Sister: What do you think is the best thing that God made?

Ben: Eye glasses.

SISTER DAMIEN
BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH



The boys know the answer for Sister Mary Rose—Cheyenne, Wyo.

HEROD'S NAVY

Yesterday when we were reviewing the Nativity, Epiphany, and Flight into Egypt, a little girl said, "Herod sent the navy to kill the baby boys."

SISTER JULIANA
MONTROSE, COLORADO

MAKE-UP PRAYER

One of my second graders came to class and said, "Sister, I always say my prayers every night and morning, but last night we went to the show and came home about twelve o'clock so I didn't have time to say any prayers. So I just said a little make-up prayer by myself to Jesus and climbed into bed."

SISTER DENNIS
ELY, NEVADA

NOT ALWAYS

When we visited one of our families recently, the four-year-old dragged in a reluctant one-year-old who obviously was afraid of sisters. The older one shoved her toward us. "Don't be afraid," she encouraged. "It's the holy sisters." Then she smiled up at us, "You are holy, aren't you, Sister?"

SISTER FRANCES
SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA

On Going to a New Mission

Editor's Note: A couple of months ago we mentioned that we were considering publishing some "Accounts Anonymous." This is the kind of account we had in mind. We might mention here that in order to save travel expenses the Missionary Sisters do not "go Pullman." However, to make the trip easier we stop over for a day or so at one of our convents enroute. With convents in every section of the United States now, that is easy to do, whether we go east or west. It works out something like the early California mission era when Fray Junipero Serra founded his chain of missions one day's journey apart!

MY intentions of writing soon after my arrival were good, but we haven't had a moment to ourselves so far.

It was delightful riding on the streamliner to _____. Everything was so neat and clean and the seats most comfortable. The sisters met me at the station, then drove me to the cathedral where a Monsignor was prevailed upon to give me Holy Communion. Afterwards we had a delicious breakfast at our convent.

The sisters at the bishop's house invited us over for dinner. His Excellency was not at home but had told the sisters we should use his dining room. They made me sit at his place at table. Unaccustomed as I am to episcopal chairs, I promptly slid off and almost found myself under the table. However the feast day dinner soon anchored me.

His Excellency's bull dog was very doubtful about my right to use his master's chair but we soon became fast friends.

The rest of the train ride was not quite so pleasant. The seats were uncomfortable and the surroundings not so clean, but it wasn't too bad.

The train was a little late getting into _____ so I immediately checked my things in a locker and went out for a walk hoping to find a suitable place to eat. It seemed that every place was run by Chinese. I like Chinese food but since it was Friday I decided it was not the day to learn Chinese; so I nodded to Wing Fat Lo's gracious bow from the store window, and made straight for a Mexican restaurant. There at least I would know the difference between *carne* and *pescado*!

After a short conversation with the middle aged *senora* I discovered that she was a fallen-away Catholic. The more we talked, the more food she brought out on big platters, plus a half gallon pitcher of ice water and four large napkins (so I wouldn't get my "dress" soiled). She put more hot water on my tea ball and then produced a dish of sherbert all the colors of the rainbow. An hour and four or five courses later I managed to make my exit with a prayer of thanks for my first missionary endeavor and free meal in the diocese.

The pastor of our new mission met me as I crossed the street on my way back to the station. Someone told

him that a strange sister had come into the station and departed so he was very worried for fear he had missed us. The Holy Ghost must have tipped him off about the amount of our baggage for he was accompanied by two husky men and their trailer truck. He needed both!

The other sisters arrived from the south about that time and soon we were on our way to _____, eighty-five miles away.

Father and the two men assured us that they had a big barn all prepared for us—if we didn't mind sitting on bales of hay and looking at burlap bags at the windows and doorways. However, when we arrived at our destination, they promptly drove us to our new home. No landscaping had been done yet, but the convent, rather mission style all in white, is very beautiful inside and out.

Though men and women were still laying tile in the sanctuary and trying to finish the cleaning, Father assured us that he would say Mass the next morning in our beautiful chapel. Our faith was a little weak until we awoke Saturday morning and found it all finished. About a dozen people attended the Mass.

Father wants Protestants and Catholics alike to see the convent so all we have done since our arrival is to go on tours with guests. The drapes for the big windows were not up the first week, and we felt like rare gold fish in Grand Central Station.

The next time we write we hope to tell you about our classes and other mission work.

The last word

by the editor

After all, the last word does not necessarily have to be on the last page, does it? There just isn't room this month. As for the title of this column, we have seen it in at least a half dozen other magazines and newspapers during the past month. Funny we didn't notice it so much before. But we are not backing down. We'll just leave it set up and save that much on the printing bill . . .

Publishing a magazine is an expensive proposition even when you do your own printing, as we do. Linotype operators are well paid, and besides, there is the cost of paper, ink, engravings, stencils, and of course the mailing . . . **All of which** brings us to the subject of—that's right—subscriptions. We need more, and this is the logical month to ask for them—Catholic Press Month. Although we have added eight pages to TMC, we have not raised the price. If every subscriber will get at least one new subscriber, it will be easy. Shall we make that our goal? . . . **The postulants** spend two evening recreation periods a month assembling the magazine. And a merry hour it is, too, because they sing the whole time. Their repertoire includes everything from "Old McDonald Had a Farm" and "You Can't Go to Heaven in a Rocking Chair," through Father Lord's sodality songs, to the hymns of the season. We are sure the postulants wouldn't mind giving a third evening if we have that many more magazines, and we know that the professed sisters will enjoy another evening of their singing . . . **And now** we want to thank you, all of you who told us you like the new magazine. We appreciate your taking the time and trouble to write. We will remember all of you in our novena to Our Lady of Lourdes. God bless you!



our **A**ssociates'

SACRED HEART MISSION SOCIETY
(Newark, N.Y.)

Dear Associates:

WE hope that our quarterly, *Mission Want Ads*, which is mailed to the Promoters of Bands and Clubs, will keep you informed of the immediate and pressing needs of our Sisters in the different Mission Centers. Should any Associate or reader of these pages want a personal copy, just send us your name and address on a two-cent postal card and we will be glad to add you to our general mailing list.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. IRENE AUXILIARIES (Chicago, Ill.)

IN the late Fall, our Promoter *Madeleine Sebraska* laid her mother to rest. Precisely because she had been an invalid so long it was a keenly felt loss for both *Madeleine* and her Dad, but they accepted it with true Christian resignation.

Besides having a Band of her own, our Associate belongs to St. Irene Band which also has monthly meetings.

LENTEN MITE BOXES



Write for yours
now!

Dear Sister:

Please send me a
Lenten Mite Box.

Name

Street

City Zone.....

State

Just before the close of the year we received a letter from the Secretary, *Mrs. Theresa Pitrella*, which said in part: "The enclosed check brings our total to (more than) \$900 this year, and we are very happy we can send it to you. This is our way of saying *Thank You* for all the poor, sick and religiously starved children and their families whom you serve. May God bless you Missionary Catechists for all the good works you perform.



"All in all we had a very successful year. We took in quite a bit of money on our various demonstration parties—plastic, Stanley, Dutch Maid, etc. Our ice cream social was most successful. We think we did well with the bazaar but were a little disappointed because we had so much left over.

"One of our club ladies who makes the afghans for the bazaar will gladly make an afghan for anyone who wishes one and she in turn will donate the money she receives for same to our club for the aid of you Sisters."

OUR LADY, QUEEN OF ANGELS (Los Angeles, Calif.)

ONE of the members of this Band, *Mrs. Betty Miller*, wrote us, "Since I was lucky at a recent drawing I am sending you a part of my prize money." (Won't some other Associates follow her example if they are successful say in a "Stop the Music" contest or something similar?)

Club Mention



ST. THERESA BAND
(Los Angeles, Calif.)

The old saying, "If you want something done ask a busy person" is certainly true when it comes to Mrs. John Burch, Promoter of St. Theresa Band, Los Angeles. It is equally true of Mrs. Hopp, Mrs. Fregin, Mrs. MacArthur and



others in the Band. Three benefit parties for our Sisters throughout the past year brought gratifying returns. Mrs. Burch also sends mission boxes to the convent where her daughter, our Sister Helen Clare, is located. Inasmuch as the ladies of St. Anselm's parish are so co-operative in the affairs given to help our Sisters, Mrs. Burch reciprocates by helping them in their projects. A letter from our Promoter says, "Right now I should be out on Community Chest. I help the Welfare Chapter sew for Korea, too. During the past ten days I baked three cakes and four dozen cookies for various causes. Then I am active with my Hospital Alumnae and Civil Defense."

OUR LADY OF SORROWS BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

WE heard from the Promoter Florence Kuenster toward the end of November. In her letter she enclosed a welcome check for fifty dollars. The Band has always sponsored Sister Mary Blanche who, at present, is Sister Superior of our Brady, Texas Mission.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

November 25 to December 22, 1954

Adrian, Chicago, Florence Dietz	\$25.00
Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler	19.00
Florentine, St. Louis, Mrs. Lambert ..	9.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern ..	15.00
Immaculate Conception, Chicago,	
Mary A. Perkins	50.00
Mothers & Daughters, Chicago,	
Mrs. Earl Keegan	10.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington,	
Mrs. Dan Herzog	8.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,	
Appleton, (Wis.), H. Arens	92.00
Queen of our Hearts, Lombard, Ill.,	
Wilma Wengritzky	5.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Cal.	
Mrs. M. McMannamy	15.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner	85.00
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke	46.75
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	4.00
St. John, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	150.00
St. Joseph II, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	45.25
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	37.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	41.75
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha,	
Marie Egermier	50.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	175.00
St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Hake	2.00
Upsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa	
LaPorte, (Ind.), M. Menkhaus	25.00
Via Matris, Chicago, Alice Fenton	25.00

RECENT DEATHS

We were grieved to learn of the following deaths: Katherine Hennigan who founded Charitina Club, Chicago, thirty years ago, remaining active in it to the end; Anna Kaiser who helped form Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, more than twenty years ago, and Norean Lopez, Promoter and a member of St. Mel Band, Chicago, for fifteen years. Please remember our deceased Associates in your prayers.



Mary's Loyal

DETROIT (MICH.) HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

WE have a project to recommend to you this month. As you probably heard at school or in the announcements made at your parish church, February is *Catholic Press Month*.

We want you to go out and tell your school friends about *Mary's Loyal Helpers*. Ask them to join. If they agree, send us their names and addresses and we will send each one an invitation. Each new Helper usually means a new subscriber for our magazine. In that way you will be doing your bit to help the Catholic press.

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

LANSING (MICH.) HELPER



Loyal Helpers, this is Joanne Pung of Lansing. She joined our mission club about fifteen months ago. Her younger sister Rosemarie is also a Helper.



Above is pictured Bernadette Cerney. She is seven and in the second grade. Bernadette sends us the clothing she has outgrown so that we may give these garments to poor children.

Here is another dime card. On November 18 I was eight years old and received some money. I am sharing it with you.

Barry F. Hurlburt, Cincinnati, O.

"Enclosed are three Rap-in-wax coupons which I hope are still good."

Joan Mader, Chicago, Ill.

"Enclosed is my dime card. Please send me another. I am in the fourth grade and was confirmed on October 18. I take violin lessons from Sister Marissa at St. Benedict's School."

Joanne Homerding,
Chicago, Ill.

Helpers' pages



"It's been a long time since I've written or sent any donation for those needy missions. I'm sorry and will try to do better in the future. Even though our savings have been few we haven't forgotten you and your work in our prayers."

*Karen Feller,
Dubuque, Iowa*

"Here is money for you. I hope to send more soon. Please send me your magazine. I am trying to keep the rules and so far have kept them faithfully."

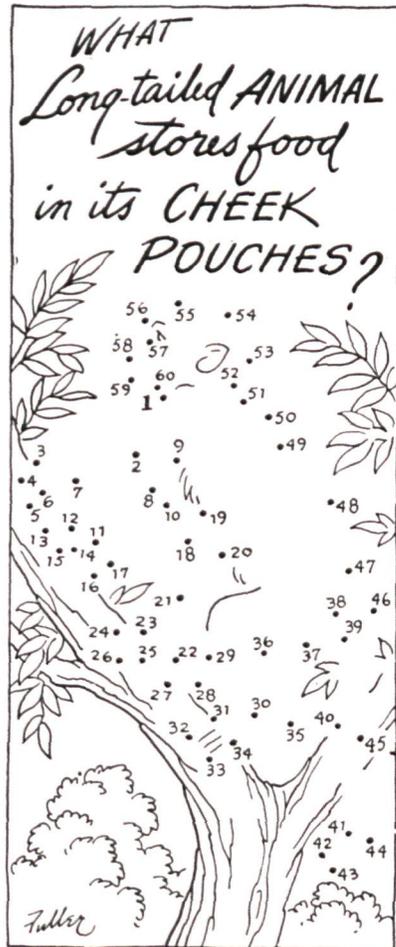
*Margaret Christianson,
Park Falls, Wis.*

ST. CHARLES (ILL.) HELPER



We are happy to introduce Janet Deutsch whose picture appears above. Janet was eight and in the third grade when this photograph was taken. She writes she is very proud of her cousin—our Sister John Joseph, a novice at Victory Noll.

February Puzzle



Work the quizzie dot puzzle above and send the answer to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana, for a holy card.

True Devotion to Mary

Our Consecration

by Wilbert Lanser, O.F.M. Cap.

EACH of us is looking forward to the day when he will be able to rest from his labors. Our eyes are set on the eternal Paradise where we shall enjoy complete union with God. In short, we are pilgrims. Our life on earth is a journey to our heavenly destination. This journey is relatively easy since Christ has already mapped out the route in the Holy Gospels. He is our Way. For food and drink while we travel He has given us His own Flesh and Blood.

Yet, why is it that it takes so many of us such a long time to begin this journey to God? Why is it that some of us get delayed along the way? And why is it that others never reach their destination? Could it be that we have no means of traveling? If we trust in our own two feet we will faint on the way, since we must travel a great distance. We need someone to take us along the way: we need a ride.

To whom shall we go? St. Grignon de Montfort gives the answer. He tells us that Christ our Lord traveled the infinite distance from heaven to earth by Mary. His heavenly Father willed from all eternity to send Him to mankind through Mary. And it is the will of God that we follow Christ in taking Mary as our means of journeying along the royal road.

But how dare we take Christ's own Mother as a means to the Father? Are we not being rather bold? No, we are simply carrying out the desire of our Master. Before He died Christ gave us His Mother when He said to you and me, "Behold thy mother" (John 19:27).

"Behold," He says, "behold and venerate Mary, that masterpiece of creation; behold and imitate her. She is not only My Mother, but also yours; take her for your own. Admire and love her as your Queen; but go to her especially as to your Mother." Yes, Mary, the Mother of the God-Man, is also our Mother. Our attitude, then, toward Mary should be that of Christ, our Elder Brother and perfect Model in all things.

God made for Himself a Mother fit for a King. From all eternity Christ was predestined as King of all creation, and Mary as His Mother. Despite man's fall He kept this first-born daughter free from every stain of sin, both original and actual, and filled her with graces, good measure, pressed down, and overflowing. When Mary's course on earth was completed, Christ the King assumed His Virgin Mother into Heaven, body and soul. There He crowned her Queen of the Universe.

Christ clothed Mary with the brilliance of the sun and placed the entire universe at her feet. But far greater — He submitted Himself to her. In the time of His Incarnation Christ humbled Himself, becoming the Child of Mary. He gave Himself entirely to her care, being obedient to her in all things. In Mary, Christ took all His delight; in her He adored the Father and loved the Holy Spirit. Through her He acted; through Mary, His Mother, Christ sent forth His power, sanctifying men. With Mary He lived and moved; with her Christ accomplished man's redemption.

Christ delighted in making Himself entirely dependent upon Mary during

His earthly life, and He continues to glory in this submission in Heaven. The Eternal King took His Mother into Heaven and made her Queen of angels and men. He placed in her hands the infinite merits of His death on the cross that she might do with them what she willed. In other words, His graces and gifts were for her to distribute. The Mediator with the Father appointed His Mother as the Mediatrix of all Graces. He who earned an infinite amount of merit entrusted His graces to Mary, His Treasurer; as St. Bernardine of Siena says, "All gifts, all virtues, and all graces are dispensed by the hands of Mary to whomever she pleases, when she pleases, and as she pleases."

As we have already seen, our Way to the Father is Christ, who came from the Father to us. Our means of putting on Christ, however, is Mary, just as Christ put on our human nature by means of Mary. We saw how the Son of God acted in regard to His Mother. Being sons of Mary and having that mind which was in Christ Jesus, we desire to go and do in like manner.

We marvel at the jewels which our Lord places in our Lady's crown. As creatures we cannot adorn Mary with gifts she has not already received from her Creator. We can, nevertheless, imitate Christ's bestowal of these privileges upon Mary by acknowledging and admiring them. Christ endowed the Blessed Virgin with every grace and privilege a creature could possibly possess. In imitation of this we ought to give Mary Immaculate all the veneration which can possibly be given a creature. Neither shall we ever be able to thank God enough for Mary's glories, nor venerate Mary sufficiently.

Christ gave Himself completely over to Mary. We wish to imitate such true devotion to a mother. And we do just



I am all thine, dear Mother, and all I have is thine.

that when we humble ourselves and place ourselves as little children in Mary's arms, so that she may take us to Jesus who wants little children to be brought to Him. Following our Leader we strive to live in the spirit of Mary, that she who was overshadowed by the Holy Spirit may form us according to the image and likeness of Jesus Christ. Then she will carry us into the bosom of the Eternal Father who will welcome us with these words: "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matth. 3:17).

Jesus came to us through Mary at the Incarnation and continues to come to us through Mary, as He has done in this century at Fatima. So do we always go to Jesus through Mary. Our Savior came to redeem us through Mary; we go to Jesus through her to be sanctified.

(continued on p. 26)

Books



The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary from the visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich, translated by Sir Michael Palair-et. Templegate, \$3.75.

This book gets off to a bad start, at least for this reviewer who is unusually dull on the subject of relationships. The first chapter, "Our Lady's Ancestors," covers seventy-one pages of historical data and minute descriptions. After the birth of Mary, however, the account becomes much more interesting.

Anne Catherine Emmerich was an Augustinian nun of the nineteenth century. Her visions on the life of Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother, and the saints, were recorded by Clemens Brentano. The present book, translated from the German of Brentano, relates the life of Mary before the birth of Our Lord, during His hidden life, and after the Ascension. The results of Brentano's painstaking research into Scripture, history, geography, etc. are given in footnotes. This edition is further annotated by an English Dominican, Father Sebastian Bullough. It is interesting to note that the recently published *Catholic Commentary* was his invaluable aid in checking many of the references.

It is truly remarkable how the events related are consonant with Sacred Scripture, history, Jewish ritual, etc., although Brentano himself wrote that "the accounts of these visions solemnly reject the slightest claim to bear the character of historical truth." The visions are entirely free from the fanciful happenings recorded in the apocryphal gospels. All is natural and reverent.

Some of the descriptions are exceedingly tedious. Father Bullough notes that Anne Catherine Emmerich was at one time a professional seamstress, "a fact which adds interest to her minute descriptions of

clothes." We found the frequent digressions somewhat tiresome. Also there are many repetitions, but some of these are almost unavoidable. However, no matter how often she saw the scenes or recounted the intricate genealogies, she was always consistent.

Does an account such as this increase one's devotion to Our Blessed Mother? In our opinion it does. The visions are truly beautiful, and the virtues of Our Lady that are so much in evidence are virtues that her children can imitate.

Sir Michael Palair-et, the translator, is a distinguished British diplomat. He and his wife were received into the Church in 1916.

Our Lady Speaks by Pere Leon Bonnet, translated by Leonard J. Doyle. Grail Publications, St. Meinrad, Ind. \$3. May be ordered also from Doyle and Finegan, Collegeville, Minn.

In this splendid new Marian book Our Lady speaks thoughts on her litany, inspiring her children by a better appreciation of all that her glorious titles mean. Each title of the Litany of Loretto is expounded by the literary device of having Our Lady herself utter her thoughts. And each chapter gives to Mary's children practical means of increasing their devotion to her and of imitating her virtues.

The conciseness of thought and expression makes the book a pleasure to read, or to use as subject for meditation. It may be adapted to the feasts of Our Blessed Mother, or may be studied in logical order, considering Mary's privileges, her graces and virtues, her role with regard to us, and finally, our veneration of our Heavenly Queen. Even used at random, as pick-up reading, it cannot fail to give the reader some beautiful and practical thought on every page.

This book should be in every Catholic library on the shelf devoted to Our Lady. It is a book that her children will want to keep within reading distance, to nourish their spiritual life by means of intimate conversation with God's own Mother. *Sister Miriam*

We and Our Children by Mary Reed Newland. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. \$3.50.

This is the kind of book a reviewer is tempted to quote and quote and quote. You would enjoy every quotation but you will enjoy best reading the whole book. Subtitled "Molding the Child in Christian Living," it is not just for parents, but for priests and teachers, for aunts and uncles, cousins—everyone who is privileged to come in contact with children. We know that our own sisters are going to value it, especially those who give courses in "Christian Living" to young mothers.

Mrs. Newland, mother of seven children (the oldest is ten) is well qualified to write from experience on the development of the spiritual and moral character of the child. If only we had more mothers like her! With rare insight and sparkling humor, with reverence and humility, she touches on every phase of a child's spiritual life. There are chapters on Prayer, on Detachment, Security, Our Blessed Mother, the Mass, Purity, Death, the Sacraments, Work, Play, and other subjects.

Every sister who reads the author's discussion on First Communion will agree heartily with her in this: "How prepare a child to receive Christ in Holy Communion? There are a thousand ways for as many children. If there are frustrations that go with teaching catechism class, the most poignant of all must be having to teach children about Holy Communion *en masse*. This is a subject that demands long, intimate interludes, with time to ponder and weigh and imagine. Here is one of the times when a mother and a father will stop short and suddenly see what a tremendous thing it is to be a parent. A soul, whose creation waited upon them, is about to receive the Body of the Son of God who has waited for this since all eternity." And the same sister will give three cheers for Mrs. Newland for the next passage: "Sisters do a magnificent job but they still cannot take each child aside and spend as much time as they would like with him, explaining, helping with meditations. *This is the parents' work.*" (Emphasis added.)

We are grateful for Monica, the oldest child of the Newlands. Otherwise the book might have a decidedly masculine slant, for after Monica come Jamie, John, Peter, Stephen, Philip, and Christopher. Incidentally, although the mother naturally uses her children as examples, she does not intrude them on the reader. This, it seems to us, is one of the minor triumphs of the book. Otherwise it might have turned out to be the story of the Newland family. Another commendable thing: when the mother illustrates with the story of a misdemeanor in order to show how she deals with it, she delicately omits the identity of the little culprit.

Just in case a mother might read this book and sigh: "Well, the Newlands can live like that. We never could," Mrs. Newland humbly admits that the Newlands too have faults, that "it doesn't always work," that it takes patience and repetition, and trying over and over and over.

Jesus Our Savior, Books 1 and 2, by Father Francis. 1501 S. Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis. 25 cents each. Special prices for quantity lots.

These two books, designed for primary grades, cover the life of Our Lord in story and pictures. The first begins with the Annunciation and ends with the finding in the temple. The second book covers the public life of Our Lord — from his baptism to the descent of the Holy Ghost. The excellent pictures are intended for coloring. Some of them are spread over two pages. The text is good, the print large and readable.

The Way of the Cross by Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, D.D. Garden City \$1.

This is a reprint of Bishop Sheen's meditations and prayers on the stations of the cross first published in 1932. In an Introduction the author lists the indulgences to be gained by this devotion.

True Devotion

(continued from p. 23)

We should be accompanied by Mary neither go anywhere nor do anything without her. We strive to do everything with Mary, our Model and Mistress. By constantly keeping our eyes fastened on our Mother's hands and by imitating her virtues we shall advance quickly toward the fulness of the age of Christ.

Mary always does the things that are pleasing to her Divine Son. That is why Christ chose her as Treasurer and Dispensatrix of all graces. That is also why we give Mary all that we have and are, even all our spiritual treasures. We give her our bodies and any material good we possess or use that she might protect them and keep them for Christ. We give our merits, graces, and virtues to Mary that she might guard, preserve and increase them. We give our good actions to her that she might purify them of our self-love and adorn them with her chaste love. And we give the value of all our prayers and good works to Mary, our Treasurer and Dispensatrix, that she might apply it to whatever intentions are most pleasing to God and most beneficial to souls.

St. Grignon de Montfort captured and preached this spirit of Christ-like devotion to Mary in a most outstanding degree. In his writings, *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin* and *The Secret of Mary*, which are the handbooks for Mary's faithful sons and daughters, Montfort teaches simply, yet convincingly, the necessity, excellence, and benefits of true devotion to Mary, of total consecration to Jesus through Mary. An abbreviated form of this act of total consecration to Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Wisdom, through the Blessed Virgin will not only sum up his teachings and round off these few words but also inspire you to give all of yourselves to Jesus through Mary:

My Queen, my Mother, I give myself entirely to Jesus by delivering and consecrating to thee my body, my soul, my possessions, both exterior and interior, and even the value of all my good actions, leaving to thee the entire and full right of disposing of me without exception, according to thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and eternity. Amen.

Mary's solicitude for us is un failing. Her mantle is like the blue sky which extends over all men and their possessions. No one and no thing is ever denied refuge and protection under that wide-spread mantle. Man, however, can block her out of his life by placing between her and himself the black night of mortal sin. He can keep part of himself and of his actions from her sight by blanketing them with dark clouds of self-love and venial sin. To have a clear blue sky is ideal. That demands removal of even the smallest clouds of self-love. The fewer clouds are in the sky, the bluer will the sky be; and the bluer the sky, so much the brighter will the sun shine. The fewer the clouds of sin and self-love in our lives and the brighter the blue of Mary, so much the more shall the splendor of the Son of God shine in us.

In Memoriam

Andrew Kuntz, Canton, O., father of Sister
Andrea, O.L.V.M.
Msgr. Edward J. Mungovan, Fort Wayne
Msgr. James F. Connelly, Indiana Harbor
Rev. Eugene E. McDonald, S.S.J., Carmel
Calif.
Rev. Wenceslaus F. Linek, St. Louis
Sister M. Archangel, C.S.C., Fresno, Calif.
Sister Mary Christina, Ireland
Gertrude Freiburger, ACM, Fort Wayne
Irene Niebuhr, ACM, Chicago
Frank C. Heembrock, Nelson, B. C., Canada
Annie G. Ronev, Pittsburgh
Mrs. A. F. Blakeborough, Lansing, Mich.
Constantine Stanley Enos, Dixon, Calif.
Mrs. A. Schmitt, Cincinnati

Around Victory Noll

The closing days of the Marian Year were days of special grace AROUND VICTORY NOLL. They are the traditional days for Forty Hours devotion conducted this time by the Rev. Francis White, S.M.M., of Noblesville, Indiana. Father Waite gave us two inspiring conferences on Our Blessed Mother on each of the three days, and a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament during Holy Hour each evening. Truly they were days of real spiritual renewal.

Our Chaplain, Father Conroy, was spiritual director of *Our Sunday Visitor* pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe for the close of the Marian Year. The seventy-five OSV pilgrims joined the thousands from many countries who gathered to honor her, whom our Holy Father declared Patroness of the Americas. During Father Conroy's absence from Victory Noll his place was taken by the Capuchin Fathers from nearby St. Felix Friary.

During the holidays we always have a special treat AROUND VICTORY NOLL when the Capuchin Fathers and clerics come over for Solemn High Mass—their Christmas present to the Missionary Sisters. The St. Felix choir is well known for its excellence—and not only just locally. Last year they won honorable mention in the Gene Lockhart contest open to seminarians. This year Father Nathaniel was celebrant of the Mass; Father Justinian, deacon; and Father Sebastian, sub-deacon. Minor offices were filled by seminarians. Fa-



One of our best Christmas presents—Solemn Mass offered for us by the Capuchin Fathers in Victory Noll Chapel.

ther Carmel directed the forty-voice choir. After breakfast the fraters presented their always enjoyable entertainment.

The days AROUND VICTORY NOLL are gradually getting longer now and we are glad. All winter our part of Indiana has been on daylight time. Some mornings it was still dark when we sang the lauds hymn: "Lo, fainter now lie spread the shades of night." No, we do not have the Divine Office AROUND VICTORY NOLL but when we do not have a High Mass, we sing a hymn at the end of Mass. It might be appropriate for the feast, the season, or a hymn from the office in the vernacular. Father Selner's are favorites.

If I could write poetry — say, like Phyllis McGinley (one of the few whose verses I understand)—I would write a poem about the snow AROUND VICTORY NOLL. It is always so beautiful. I sometimes think that if St. Teresa had lived in a northern clime she would have been fascinated by snow and would have loved to use it as a symbol as much as she loved and used water. It is coming down now, swirling lazily, covering all the ugly bare spots and making everything white and innocent.

The Missionary Catechist

entertains us with its

True-to-life
Mission
Contents

and since

This is the
Month of the
Catholic Press

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Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sisters

Please send The Missionary Catechist for _____ year to:

Name

Address

City Zone State

