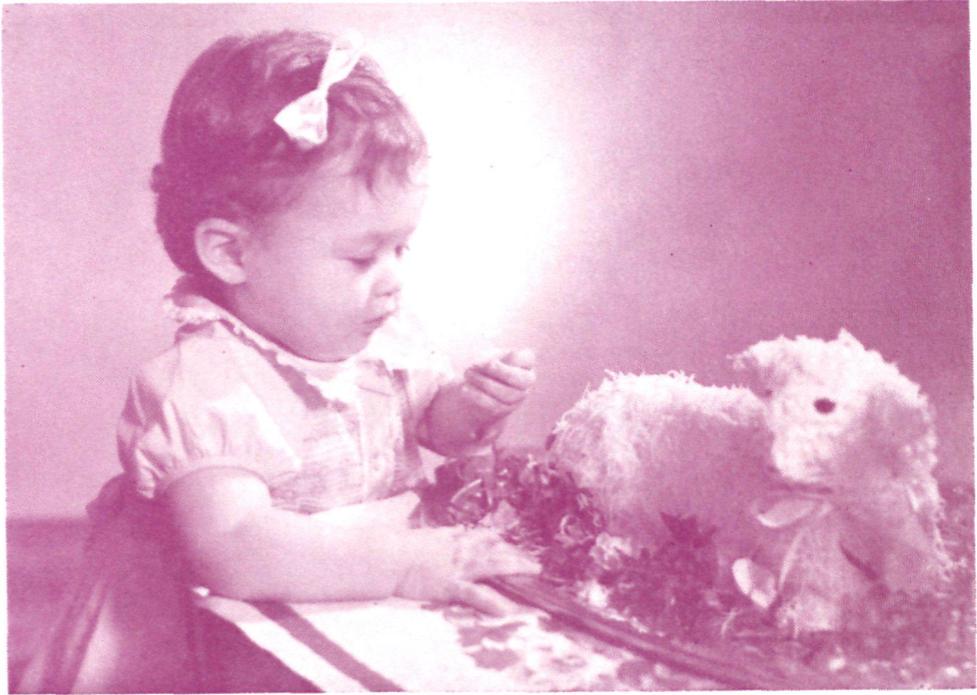


4-1955



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



First Birthday
Happy Birthday, Frances Victorino! Happy Easter!

A Joyful Easter

We wish you all the blessings of a glorious Eastertide! You and your dear ones are remembered in our Masses and prayers at Victory Noll and in our convents. May the Risen Christ increase your faith, strengthen your hope, and inflame your hearts anew with His transforming charity.

Mother Cecilia
and
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

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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Credits

Father Faherty of Regis College, Denver, is well known to readers of the Catholic press for his N.C.W.C. syndicated column on social problems, appearing in a number of diocesan papers. He has also contributed numerous articles to AMERICA, CATHOLIC WORLD, FRONTIER, and other magazines including THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Father is a permanent member of the Sacred Heart Program staff on radio and TV. Also he is director of the Treasure Chest of Knowledge Educational TV Program. Two of his published books are THE DESTINY OF MODERN WOMAN and AMERICAN WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS. He was asked to write the article on Woman, in Papal Teaching in the newly published supplement to the Catholic Encyclopedia.

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Crowning With Thorns

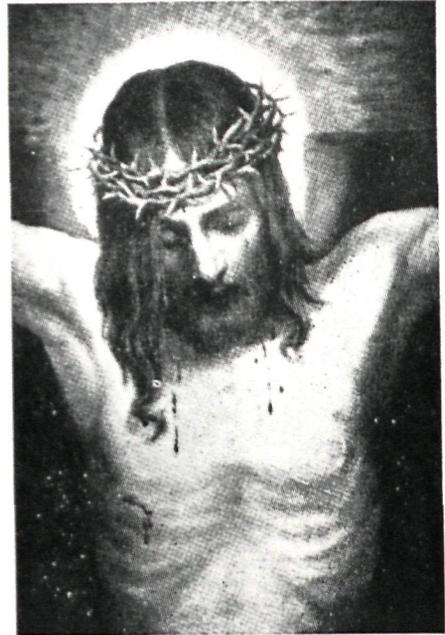
by William B. Faherty, S.J.

NOT long ago I visited an ancient ruins in the southwestern United States. This village was discovered about seventy years ago, and then studied carefully by a group of historians and scientists. These men pieced together the story of this ancient civilization as they investigated the homes, the ceremonial rooms, the pottery, the tools that these people used. The climate was dry and balmy; the land sufficiently fertile to produce adequate food supplies. The pieces of pottery that remained indicated a talented and artistic people. Every relic pointed to an idealistic civilization, another Utopia, a Shangri-La, such as men dream about.

Then suddenly this visionary picture was shattered. The explorers found a skull. And protruding from that skull was a sharp arrowhead. Here was the first evidence of violence and bloodshed—of man's weakened nature. It dropped the onlookers right back into reality.

Some men like to remove themselves from the dull present by vain dreamings of distant, non-existing valleys of peace and contentment, without arrowheads of violence to shatter their lush imaginings. Still others are not given to such musings because they are so busy trying to build a Utopia where they are right now. They have multiplied labor-saving devices. They have developed anathesia to relieve pain. They have filled the air-waves with entertainment to clutter our minds with trifles, so that we do not have time to face the more serious realities.

In short, they are so busy whirling around in their frantic attempt to build the Shangri-La here and now, that they forget several things of great



importance. Most important, they forget original sin. They fail to remember that life on earth is a trial, a place where we earn our bread by the sweat of our brow in order to gain heaven from God. They forget that our earthly sojourn is a warfare, a lifelong struggle against the powers of evil and against improper tendencies in ourselves—tendencies to greed, to lust, to hatred. Modern man has built up a dread of suffering, and he spends much time and energy trying in vain to avoid it completely.

"A deadly evil for our souls," our Holy Father Leo XIII wrote in his letter on the rosary, "is a repugnance to suffering and an eagerness to escape whatever is hard or painful to endure . . . Many men are thus robbed of that peace and freedom of mind which re-

mains the reward of those who do what is right, undismayed by the perils or troubles to be met in so doing."

And what solution does the Pope give us in place of this vain dreaming, this hopeless fleeing from reality? He gives us the rosary. Yes, he gives us the rosary, and he explains his answer. Example, he reminds us, means so much. If from our earliest years we have been trained to dwell on the sorrowful mysteries of Our Lord's life, and to meditate on them carefully, we shall see how Christ teaches us by His example to bear the burden of labor and sorrow.

As we finger our beads, we shall see the soldiers drive a crown of locust-tree thorns into Christ's forehead. We join with the soldiers in driving in the thorns. We share with them their human nature. We share in the sins of all mankind.

We see this mock crown of a king; we join in the mocking. Then we think



Out door stations in a wooded ravine on Victory Noll grounds invite one to prayer.



Sister Celestine gives extra help in how to pray the rosary.

back six days; six days to the sun-bright Palm Sunday when we fickle human persons acclaimed Him a King, with shouts, and hosannas, and waving palms. Then we hailed Him King. Now we crown Him with thorns and ridicule.

When we have gone through our youthful years to adulthood, accustomed to thinking of Our Lord's life and the example He gave, as we recite our rosary, then we shall know the place of suffering in our life. Let our souls be saddened with grief and our bodies with sickness, we shall carry on in patience. Let the black night of suffering grip us, we know that the morning sun of joy shall again brighten our lives. No evil can befall us which we cannot conquer.

We who daily in our rosary have recalled to mind the crown of thorns which Christ wore, will have strength to wear our own crown and follow in His footsteps.

The Approach To the Public School Child

by Sister Mary Kevin

IT is toward evening. Christ is tired and hungry. All day He has been among the people, preaching to crowds, healing sickened souls, curing physical diseases, bearing the taunts of His enemies, with never a thought of His own personal comfort or desires. Now evening is come. Perhaps Christ is seated on a rock, or on the ground, His back against a tree, His eyes closed. The Apostles too are weary; so they are sitting or lying quietly on the grass enjoying these rare moments of relaxation with their Master.

But suddenly the silence and peace are interrupted. The sound of children's voices, mingled with those of adults, forces itself into their consciousness. The mothers are bringing their children to the Master. Quickly several of the Apostles spring forward. One thought is uppermost in their minds—Christ must not be disturbed. Gently and quietly Our Lord rebukes them: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not."

In dealing with the public school child we must approach first of all with the mind of Christ as we see it exemplified in this Gospel incident. In receiving these children Christ forgot Himself—His physical exhaustion, His hunger, even His delight in communing with His Father. Why were these little ones so important to Him? Certainly they did not come from the families of the wealthy. They were very likely even ill-mannered or uncouth in their behavior. Definitely they were thoughtless or they would have hesitated be-

fore disturbing Our Lord. Yet Christ overlooked all that. Instead He felt a secret thrill at the image of His Heavenly Father stamped on the soul of each child. He appreciated the infinite worth of each individual because He knew that in a short time He would undergo indescribable torture and death to ransom that soul for heaven.

Father John O'Brien of Notre Dame writes that America is the greatest mission field in the world today. Of the 150,000,000 people in the United States, 20,000,000 are only nominal church members; 80,000,000 have no church affiliation whatsoever. How many of this number have been lost to the Church through lack of instruction? It is not without reason that we ask ourselves this question, knowing that sixty-five per cent of our Catholic children must attend public schools and that less than fifty per cent of these public school children receive regular religious instructions.

Why are these children in public schools? For the most part because like Jesus and Mary on Christmas Eve there is no room for them in the inn. If we are to be truly Christ-like, we must have room for them in our hearts, in our efforts, and above all in our prayers. Why? Because each is stamped with the image of our Father, and because each has been redeemed with the precious Blood of the Son.

Secondly, we must approach the public school child with a realization and a deep appreciation of the privilege that is ours to instruct him. How can we



Sister Mary Nicholas with a class of alert and happy Michiganites.

imitate Christ more closely than in this work of zeal for those who are often referred to as the forgotten children of the Church? Christ was willing to leave ninety-nine to seek only one that was lost.

One of the prophecies by which all men would recognize the Messiah was that when the Promised One would come, the poor would be singled out for special favor. Did not Christ call attention to this fact when the disciples of St. John came and asked, "Art Thou the Messiah, or look we for another?" Among other things Christ told them, "Go and tell John . . . the poor have the

Gospel reached to them." Certainly Christ was referring here not only to the materially poor but especially to the spiritually poor.

Thirdly, we must approach the public school child with a sympathetic understanding of his mental attitudes and background. There are three laboratories in which the child learns naturally: the home, the school and the Church. In the case of the public school child, the school influence and sometimes the home influence are not merely negative factors but positively detrimental factors. We are all ready and willing to admit that indifference and the spirit

of paganism have invaded a large percentage of our American Catholic homes; and that secularism has worked itself into our public school system. We must be willing not only to acknowledge this but also expect to see it carried out to its logical conclusion, namely, that a child whose whole life is spent in such an environment is bound to have developed a materialistic outlook on life and on religion. We must accept this, too, as a real and absolute fact and not be shocked or scandalized if he is not too willing to accept the truths of our holy faith, or his duties and obligations as a Catholic.

If the parents do not attend Sunday Mass, the child will not consider this obligation as very important. A fourth grader once remarked, "My mother and father do not go to Mass on Sunday. If they're going to hell, I want to go with them." Such a statement is shocking to us but that is the logic of a child.

Again, if the child's parents are divorced and perhaps remarried, he is naturally going to seek motives to justify their actions.

If six hours a day, five days a week, he is impregnated with the idea that he is of little more worth than an animal, that morality is a relative matter, that he must never restrain himself in any way, we cannot expect him to come to us for one hour a week with a mind open and eager for religious truth.

Finally, we must approach the public school child with a sense of dependence on the grace of God, knowing that of ourselves we can do nothing, but with Him we can do all things. Surely in this work so dear to His Sacred Heart His help will never be lacking. Viewed from a natural standpoint this work can be very discouraging. Seldom do we see results. Yet to all external appearances Christ's life was a failure.

St. Paul often felt discouraged, yet, thank God, he never gave up. As we go over the lives of the great Saints, do we not have to admit that most of them at their death considered their life a failure—that they had done nothing or very little for souls? How differently God judges things!

When we do feel discouraged it is good just to sit down and weigh the two sides of the case. On the one hand we usually are working under anything but ideal circumstances. Ordinarily we teach after school. The child is tired; he is ready for some relaxation, not for more study. The sight of others going home is an incentive for him to do the same. The many comforts of modern life have made him rebel against the restraints of religion. The pagan influence in history and science classes have brought positive doubts to his mind. The immorality which he sees rampant on all sides incites his passions and darkens his mind to truth. If we honestly face these facts, do we not have to look at the other side of the picture and marvel that these children are as good as they are?

To sum up then, we must approach the public school child with the mind of Christ, seeing in each an image of God, a soul redeemed by the precious Blood of Christ.

Secondly, we must approach with a real conviction of our privilege of being so closely united with Christ in His work for souls.

Thirdly, we must approach with a willingness to accept the child as he is, a product of an age of materialism, and not as we would like him to be.

Finally, we must approach with absolute trust in God, working as though all depends upon ourselves, praying as though all depends upon God.

Operation Station Wagon

by Sister Noreen



MRS. KOSTECKI looked worried, and then, determined. We had enjoyed a visit to the Lieutenant Colonel Walter Kostecki home at Fort Sam Houston and Mrs. Kostecki accompanied us to our car. That was where the worried look came in because she knew that the car was deteriorating and should really be "mustered out of service." The car was sagging dispiritedly, as if to say, "it's an unequal struggle against these San Antonio streets. I give up!"

"I am going to do something about this," Mrs. Kostecki determined. "I can't see why we can't arrange some money-making affair for such a good cause. You surely need a new car and I know your parish cannot afford to buy one." We silently agreed as she carried on with her idea. "Now couldn't all of the sisters go together and make a tablecloth or bedspread that we could put up as a prize to donors to this cause? The army people would gladly give to it, I'm sure." Sister Loretta Marie, superior of the San Antonio mission, assured her that we would be glad to do everything we could.

Mrs. Haydon L. Boatner, Mrs. James P. Cooney, Mrs. Daniel F. Healy, and Mrs. Kostecki examine the lace tablecloth made by Sister Guadalupe.

Sister immediately went into action. First of all, she secured the approval of her higher superiors which was graciously given. As soon as the crochet thread was purchased and the pattern selected, Sister Guadalupe, expert in crocheting, began her work. Slowly, painstakingly, the tablecloth began to materialize. Three hundred and twenty blocks were needed and it required approximately one and a half hours to crochet one pinwheel!

Slowly, painstakingly, Mrs. Kostecki opened her procedure. The army has protocol and it took time to secure the necessary permissions. Father Paul Petric, post chaplain, was in hearty accord with the plan and promised the cooperation of the Catholic Women's Club, with Mrs. Daniel Healey as president, and the Holy Name Society headed by Chris O'Connor. Mrs. Kostecki called in the aid of other staunch Cath-

olic women on the post. Mrs. Healey, wife of Colonel Healey in charge of the General Depot, agreed to take the chairmanship of the project, and was aided by Mrs. James Cooney, whose husband is Brigadier General Cooney, and Mrs. Haydon Boatner, wife of Major General Boatner of the Fourth Army. Mrs. Roy De Vecchio, wife of Colonel DeVecchio, took over advertising possibilities on radio and television. Mr. G. C. Lambkin, attached to the Public Information office, arranged to publicize the campaign, and "Operation Station Wagon" was under way!

Doctors and nurses at the Brooke Army Hospital, officers, enlisted men, drafted men, privates, caretakers, telephone operators, all joined wholeheartedly in the cause. When a patient wanted to express gratitude to Dr. Kos-

tecki for his services, the Colonel told him of the sisters' need of a car and the grateful patient wrote a check for fifty dollars. It wasn't all that easy, however. It was the many small donations as well that brought the total to the desired amount. There were a few dark days but Mrs. Kostecki didn't lose courage. August fifteenth, the Feast of the Assumption, was the date she had set for the presentation.

When the tablecloth had been finished, the sisters placed the project under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and waited. They supplied literature and information about the work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters to Mrs. Kostecki and her committee who, in turn, showed these at teas and meetings. The sisters continued in the teaching of classes at Fort Sam on Sundays, training altar boys on Saturdays, and taking time to take census and make home visits there.

Thirty of our sisters were assembled at Blessed Sacrament Academy for their annual retreat when Mrs. Kostecki called to tell them to watch television on August fifth, the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, patroness of the community. On that day, Mrs. DeVecchio showed the tablecloth and, in an interview, explained briefly and clearly, the work of the order and the need of a car for the sisters. Only ten days to go—and yet the required goal had not been reached. What exactly happened in those ten days is not wholly explained unless one remembers the help of the Blessed Mother!

August fifteenth dawned hot and bright, bright with expectancy on the part of the sisters. Colonel Kostecki called to transport the San Antonio group to the Post Chapel for Holy Mass, after which the presentation was to take place. The sisters gasped as they caught



Victory Noll Sisters of SAN ANTONIO

Major Charlotte Rodeman, president of Catholic Women's Club, succeeding Mrs. Daniel Healey, holds the box as Sister Guadalupe draws the winner. Colonel Arthur Sullivan, president of the Holy Name Society—following the term of Chris O'Connor—and Mrs. Chris O'Connor look on.



sight of the Marian blue car with the large sign in front, "Victory Noll Sisters of San Antonio." Was one sister heard to say, ungrammatically, "that's us?"

After Mass, Sister Loretta Marie was called to the front of the chapel where General William Shambora was waiting to hand over the keys to the Plymouth Plaza, in the name of Fort Sam Houston. Sister expressed her gratitude to all who had donated to the cause, helping us to carry on our work in a more effective manner. When the presentation was made, it would be hard to say who had the greatest joy, the people of Fort Sam Houston for a good work done, or the sisters who envisioned "happy roads ahead" in their search for souls.

Major General William E. Shambora presents Sister Loretta Marie with the keys of the Plymouth station wagon which was given to the Victory Noll Sisters as a result of a benefit held for them at Fort Sam Houston.

Now, San Antonians are getting used to the sight of the sisters dressed in dark blue, riding in a station wagon of light blue. The local papers carried the story (Mr. Lambkin had done his work well) and everyone seems to take a personal interest in the new car. Truly, Sister's "pinwheels" set off the spark that ignited a great flame of charity, resulting in other wheels that bear a car on its rounds of mercy in Our Lord's name. But to be effective, the campaign needed Mrs. Kostecki to maneuver the army into an action that brought about a peace-time victory, benefiting all who took part!

The Monterey Story

by Sister Aquina

HE was about so high and he had dark, firmly curled hair, and he clung tightly to his daddy's hand as they worked their way along the sea-skirted cliff. In fact, considering snatches of their conversation that came to us over the crashing of the waves, he could easily have passed for a brunet Dennis the Menace.

The huge barking sea lions flipping happily on mossed rocks some hundred feet from shore were engaging his attention until he saw an unknown species in blue approaching on his path.

"Daddy!" Shock was in the piercing little voice. "Lookut what's comin' this way."

At which exclamation all the people on Sand Hill overlooking Devil's Cauldron and Seal Rock at Point Lobos State Park turned to look at us too. We didn't mind, nor were we surprised, for it isn't often that a large group of sisters is seen off duty, simply enjoying the sights; and we were doing just that. To refresh body and spirit we were taking time out to visit places of interest near our convent in Monterey, California.

First on the list was Point Lobos, a rock-bound promontory jutting into the Pacific Ocean at the extreme south end of Carmel Bay. The "Point of the Sea Wolves," so named by Spanish explorers, before it became a state reserve, was a whalers' refuge and a smugglers' haven. A shattered rum runner, beach-



The Moorish tower of Carmel Mission, built between 1793 and 1797 is covered with lime plaster made from burnt sea shells, and adorned with mud swallows' nests.

ed on the shores of exhilaratingly beautiful Carmelo Cove, bears disconsolate testimony to the latter occupation. Some believe it was while visiting this Cove that Robert Louis Stevenson conceived the first draft of *Treasure Island*.

The Point also boasts one of the few remaining groves of rare Monterey cypress trees. Spanish moss clings to their somber foliage and agonizingly twisted boughs, heightening the melancholy of the place. We plunged from almost blinding sun on sea brilliance into the grove's Druidic embrace, for even on the brightest days sunlight is unable to penetrate it.

After following the walks to the little, hidden beaches, and touring the remainder of the Point by car, we drove to Mission San Carlos — familiarly known as Carmel Mission—just east of the artists' colony of Carmel. This mission was founded on June 3, 1770 by the famed Franciscan, Father Junipero Serra, one year after he had start-

ed the first of the chain of California missions at San Diego. Here, from 1770 through the first two decades of the nineteenth century, mission life flourished. The native Indians were housed, catechized, taught skills, married, and buried. Crude religious sculpture, woodwind instruments, and even violins which are preserved here bear testimony to the degree of culture attained. By 1823 the Indian population had dwindled from a peak of over nine hundred souls to three hundred and eighty-one, and in 1836 mission life ceased



Sister Agnes, superior of our convent in Monterey, stands beside the sarcophagus of the Apostle of California, Father Junipero Serra. The statue at the head of the reclining figure represents Father Juan Crespi; the statue at the left that of Padre Lopez; the one at the right that of Padre Lausuen. All three were friends and co-workers of Father Serra. The case at the rear contains vestments worn by the founding Fathers of the Mission.



Our tour of the Mission was interrupted several times by people who inquired about our community and work.

altogether with the departure of the priest. Yet records show that between 1770 and 1836 over four thousand souls were baptized at Carmel Mission.

After 1836 the unused buildings were left to the ungentle hands of several California earthquakes. Efforts at restoration were begun as early as 1884, but it was not until 1936, due principally to the efforts of curator Harry Downie, that reconstruction was completed.

We sauntered through the historic monument, viewing the Franciscan Fathers' library, the most complete early library in that region. The original musty, leather-bound books are on their wooden shelves. Some are open on a large table from which a horsehide chair has been pushed back as though a brown-robed friar will return shortly to occupy it.

(continued on p. 23)

A LAY TEACHER REPORTS

MRS. BROWN had just finished seating her pupils around the table and was ready to begin her class when the door opened and in walked her little son who is just six years old. Blood was running down his face, and at first it looked as though something serious had happened. A bit of washing soon revealed only a slight wound, and Bobby was ready to take his place with the other pupils. The lesson that day was "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Suddenly Bobby stood up. "I forgive that boy his trespass!" he said.

SISTER SUSANNA
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

One of the little ones, when asked to bring his Baptism certificate before First Communion, queried, "Sister, do you want us to bring our blood count too?"

Eighth grade boys and girls from Coachella Grammar School (Calif.) line up for religious instruction which is given during release time. Classes are taught in a beautiful six-room catechetical center.

In the Home Field

HE WILL?

"**T**HY will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Yes, God's Holy Will be done, even when it involves hardness of head and lack of understanding. Many a time, a child tries his teacher's patience by insisting on saying, "Thy shall be done," always with emphasis on the *shall*.

When seventh grade Johnnie came out with this common error, Sister questioned him: "Do you know what a will is, John?"

No answer. Sister tried again. "Do you have a will, Johnnie?"

Deep silence, then came the hesitant response, "No, but my dad's got one, I guess, 'cause when he dies, my brudder'll get de farm."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY
UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

From a high school pupil's assignment paper:

Christ was baptized by St. John the Baptist as a sample.

THE WOODPILE'S LOW



Quick fuel service

A GREEDY stove heats the room where we teach in one of our mountain missions. But the fuel problem is never a worry. When the woodpile begins to get low someone is sure to remind me, "Sister, tell us to bring our stick of wood again." And on the next class day, each child appears with a stick of firewood in his hands. The children love to do this, and we encourage them in supplying a need which might be a burden to one poor family.

SISTER MARTINA
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



Grand Knights of the Altar. Our Lady of the Rosary Church, San Diego.



Sister Alma Marie's board-tin-tarpaper-and-cardboard class room

CORRECT VALUES

TUESDAY afternoon to me means classes in Goshen, California, one of our missions from Tulare. The town itself consists of small, poor homes scattered beside the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad. There is a tiny post-office and one general store. Notably lacking for years had been the comforting sight of a Catholic church. Week after week, when the children gathered in their board-tin-tarpaper-and-cardboard shack, which served as classroom for us, they would begin or close their session with "Sister, let's pray for a church!"

On one memorable Tuesday we were greeted with the jubilant cry, "Sister, we're getting a church!" Every week thereafter we heard reports of the progress on the new building until at last it was completed. Under the patronage of St. Thomas the Apostle, the long-desired church opened its doors to the public.

More than three hundred people crowded into the modest building. In the front rows, proudly ranged the children, all dressed in their Sunday best. Before Mass the pastor questioned and spoke briefly to them.

"What is the most important event in the history of Goshen?" he asked, looking expectantly into the well-scrubbed faces before him. Came the eager response: "It's the first Mass in Goshen!"

SISTER ALMA MARIE
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

Nothing to be Desired

by Sister Marguerite

WERE you ever thoroughly delighted with your doctor's orders? I have been and I'll tell you why. Last summer he advised my being sent to San Diego, where the climate is ideal. We were opening a new foundation in that city in September and when I opened my appointment on August 15, it read "San Diego, California." And here I am in San Diego, the city beautiful, with the ideal climate!

The doctor is not the only one who says the climate here is ideal; listen to what the Chamber of Commerce says: "Dozens of widely different areas of the United States advertise their climate as ideal. Every area has periods of delightful weather. But according to professional climatologists, the coastal area of Southern California is the only section of North America which enjoys the dry subtropical climate which these experts consider the world's finest.

"Due to prevailing northwesterly breezes, the coastal area from Ocean-side to San Diego enjoys a very mild climate, comparatively free from fog, cool in summer, and warm in winter. Temperatures average from a high seventy-five degrees to a low of forty-five degrees, giving this area the shortest thermometer in the world. Due to lack of dust or smoke in the air, the coastal area has no twilight."

Enough advertising about the weather; now let me tell you about our mission. We were welcomed to Our Lady of the Rosary Parish by the Rev. Donald Doxie, in the absence of the Pastor, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Trivisonno, who was in Rome at the time. The housekeeper had prepared a fine dinner for us, and after doing full justice to it, Father showed us through our lovely convent. The first room we visited, as we came in the front door, was the chapel. Aft-

Panoramic view of San Diego, California.



er a quick glance around at the altar, and other furnishings, our eyes were caught and held by a fifteenth century drape behind the altar, and a sixteenth century sanctuary lamp, brought from Italy by Monsignor Trivisonno. We are sure that ours is the only convent in our community that can boast of furnishings from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Our Lady of the Rosary is an Italian parish, close to the downtown district. Ninety percent of our parishioners are fishermen. Sixty-five per cent of America's tuna is packed in San Diego. The tuna fleet consists of fishing boats ranging from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in length, equipped with refrigeration and powered by huge diesel engines. These vessels cruise as far south as Ecuador in search of schools of tuna. Each boat has its own chapel equipped with altar, statues or pictures of the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother, and St. Joseph, Stations of the Cross, kneeling benches, holy water, prayer books, and rosaries. Electric candles are kept burning day and night. The men may come to the chapel to pray at any time. The larger boats bring in from a hundred and fifty to two hundred tons of tuna on each trip. They usually stay out until the capacity tonnage has been reached. They carry crews of twelve to twenty men, and provisions for a three to four months' trip. The annual catch of tuna is valued at \$60,000,000. We are looking forward to a tour of one of these boats as soon as it returns from its present trip.

Another fleet of smaller boats operates out of San Diego to supply the market with fresh fish, swordfish, and lobsters.

Our people are greatly devoted to Our Blessed Mother, and all her feasts are solemnly kept. On the Feast, the church and statue or picture are decorated with exquisite taste, the kind



Tuna Boat

that literally takes your breath away. There is a solemn High Mass in the morning. In the afternoon the statue is carried in procession through the streets. On the Feast of Maria Santissima Del Rosario, patronal feast of the parish, there was the additional feature of the crowning of Our Blessed Mother, and the presentation of a blessed rose to each one present.

One of the first tasks assigned to me was the training of altar boys. I agree with everyone that altar boys are the "greatest bunch of boys alive" and the "biggest men" of the parish, but they are also REAL boys — and you know what I mean by that! Our altar boys have been received into the Knights of the Altar and five of them are now Grand Knights. We are looking forward to much improvement with the incentives this organization gives them.

We also work in Christ the King Parish which has mostly Negro families. The Jesuits are in charge of this parish. Every Sunday at the eight o'clock Mass, which we attend, almost every man, woman and child in the church receives Holy Communion. To me, after working six years in Alabama, in the country districts where we had few Colored Catholics, this is a most beautiful sight. Mine is the happy privilege of preparing the little ones, eighty of them, for their first Holy Communion, and I hope they will follow the beautiful example given them every Sunday.



our **A**ssociates'

Dear Associates:

A JOYOUS Easter to all!

Recently, Miss Regina Emmerich, Promoter of *Queen of Virgins Sodality Band, Madison, Minnesota*, had some good suggestions for those who like to make things on meeting days, and these follow:

Try to procure as many materials as possible without cost to your mission band or club.

Perhaps, with the consent of your pastor, you could put a notice on the bulletin board in the rear of your church to the effect that used Christmas and all-occasion cards, religious and otherwise, colored bits of ribbon, colored paper, religious articles and calendars, broken rosaries, etc., may be placed in the box to be found in the vestibule, bearing the name of your mission club. (This may suggest to you other means of procuring articles of this kind.) Maybe someone you know is employed at a printing establishment. If so, this person may secure for your club strips of thin cardboard or colored paper of various sizes which can be made into bookmarks. Someone else may be able to collect used films at photographers. These can be cleaned with homemade soap or with lye in hot water. The film can then be used over pictures when mounting them. Again you may have a friend who is a nurse at a hospital. Get her to save intravenous tubes which can be washed, dyed with Rit and then cut into small tubular pieces about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length

and then joined together with plastic lacing to make expansion bracelets. They may also be used to make necklaces, placing a bead between the tubular pieces. A blessed medal is fastened to each bracelet and necklace.

Lastly you may know of someone who is re-covering furniture with leatherette or plastic. Left-over scraps can be used for rosary cases, or cases for identification cards with medal or Sacred Heart Badge inside.

Parts of lace doilies and place mats can be used as a background in mounting pictures. Fancy lotion and perfume bottles may be used for Holy Water bottles. Typewriter ribbon boxes can be converted into rosary cases. Wall paper catalogs may be saved and used.

Once you have a small fund on hand you will find that religious seals, gummed small pictures, medals, rosaries, pocket-size crucifixes and tiny pocket statues are worthwhile purchases.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.



Club Mention

INFANT OF PRAGUE BAND (Chicago)

Every year at this time the members of Infant of Prague Band are busy fashioning Easter bunnies out of crepe paper, stitching fronts and backs together with bright colored yarn, and then filling these novel bags with Easter candies. We recall that a letter from them informed us they had sent 1,000 pounds (40 boxes!) of mission goods to Sister Mary Genrose, and included in the shipment were sixteen complete layettes for poor babies.

Officers of the Band for 1955 are: Lorraine Nyman, President, Syvella Hammer, Secretary and Louise Schaefer, Treasurer.

ST. MARY GORETTI BAND (Elmhurst, Ill.)



The members of this Band have also gone in for making Easter baskets filled with candy. They sent their last box to Lubbock, Texas. In addition they made nine hundred green scapulars for our sisters in West Harwich, Massachusetts, including in the shipment 900 printed leaflets, "Among Mary's Gifts" which explains the devotion.

Letters from Mrs. Margaret Picchiatti keep us informed about the Band's "doings."



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

Jan. 18 to February 15, 1955

Charitina Club, Chicago, H. Ford	\$ 7.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	13.00
Good Will Circle, Carrollton, Ky.	
Mrs. Harry Hill	24.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	24.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, J. Brown ..	1.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis	
Mrs. A. J. Lammert	6.00
Queen of Virgins Sod., Madison,	
Minn., Regina Emmerich	8.00
St. Anne, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Deininger	6.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass.,	
Mrs. James A. O'Brien	1.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy	27.50
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner	10.00
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke	3.75
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	2.50
St. John, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold ..	45.00
St. Joseph II, Chicago, A. Naumes	53.80
St. Joseph's, Baldwinville,	
New York, Mabel Doran	9.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	17.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	15.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	17.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb.	
Marie Egermier	5.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	59.00
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	6.00

ST. MARGARET MARY BAND, Omaha

Letters from the secretary, Miss Marie Egermier, are always very interesting. From recent ones we learned the Band gave a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart to the convent where Sister Mary Marguerite whom the Band sponsors is located, that a rummage sale in Council Bluffs was very successful, as was also a bake sale held at the Court House in the Fall.



Mary's Loyal

NEW MEXICO HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

A HAPPY EASTER to every one of you!

During these last days of Lent, we ask all of you to say your daily Hail Mary for our Missionary Sisters with extra fervor. Our sisters visit many poor people in their homes, in the wards of hospitals, old folks' homes, even jails. Sometimes they find people who have not received the Sacraments for many years. Your prayers will help them accept the graces God wants to give them to make their Easter confession and Communion.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNHINE SECRETARY,MLH.

MICHIGAN HELPER

We are happy to introduce Beverly Borener of Jackson, Michigan who joined Mary's Loyal Helpers the first of the year. Beverly is eight years old and in the third grade at school. The city of Jackson has produced a number of Loyal Helpers which shows the children there are mission-minded.



Here is Vicentita Herrera of Blanco, New Mexico saying "How do you do?" to all our Helpers. Vicentita is (or was) 11 years old and in the sixth grade when she sent us this picture. This little girl probably doesn't get excited when she sees an Indian because there is a large Navajo Reservation in the County where she lives.



"I didn't write because I had the mumps. We are a family of six so I didn't get a lot for Christmas but I got what I always wanted—a St. Joseph Missal."

Therese Lehner, Beaver Dam, Wis. Therese hopes to win a 4H Club prize and promises to send all of it to help the Missions. Meanwhile she filled a dimecard for us.

NEW YORK HELPER

This is Sandra Pagano of Syracuse, N.Y. She is about 11 years old and in the sixth grade at St. Charles School. Sandra joined our Helpers about a year ago. Once she sent us some holy cards asking us to give them to the poor children under our care.



Helpers' pages



(Explanation of Puzzle at left.)

This is the month when birds return from the South. Hidden in the letters and sketches given here as clues are the names of fourteen well-known birds. Send your answers to **SUNSHINE SECRETARY, VICTORY NOLL, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA** for a holy card.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE.
Saints Gregory, Patrick, Joseph, Gabriel, Benedict and Thomas.

CANADIAN HELPER

IN the accompanying picture to the left is *Eleanor Murphy of Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada*. If you will consult your map you will find New Brunswick lies north and east of the State of Maine. Doubtless the winters are long and there is plenty of snow—just right for those who love winter sports. Eleanor holds in her hand an ice-skate shoe which indicates she has just been skating or plans to do so. She sent us a dollar with her picture telling us she earns most of her Sunshine offerings through baby-sitting. Our Helper has a sister in our community—Sister Alice, presently located at our convent in Washington Court House, Ohio.



True Devotion to Mary

HOLY Mother Church has always seen in the death, burial and resurrection of Our Lord, a symbol of baptism. We are plunged into the waters of the sacred font—buried with Him—and rise to a glorious new life of grace. In the early Church Easter was the time for the administration of baptism. The Sacrament of regeneration and the renewal of baptismal vows are now an important part of the restored Easter Vigil. Throughout Paschal Time and especially during the great octave of Easter the liturgy is filled with references to baptism. Baptism introduces us into the very mystery of Easter, the great mystery of life and death.

On Easter Tuesday the early Church gathered her neophytes about her at the stational Church of St. Paul-without-the walls, at the tomb of the Apostle who never tired of extolling the great sacrament of baptism. In his Epistle to the Romans (6:3-11) he writes: Do you not know that all we who have been baptized in Christ Jesus have been baptized into His death? For we were buried with Him by means of baptism unto death, in order that, just as Christ has arisen from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also may walk in newness of life. For if we have been united with Him in the likeness of His death, we shall be so in the likeness of His resurrection also. For we know that our old self has been crucified with Him in order that the body of sin may be destroyed, that we may no longer be slaves to sin, for he who is dead is acquitted of sin. But if we have died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live together with Christ; for we know that Christ, having risen from the dead, dies now no more; death shall no longer have dominion over Him. For the death that He died, He died to sin once for all;

but the life that He lives, He lives unto God. Thus do you consider yourselves also as dead to sin, but alive to God in Christ Jesus.

St. Augustine tells us that the greatest of vows, the most indispensable, are those of our baptism. At baptism we promised solemnly—most of us through our sponsors—to renounce satan and to live henceforth solely for Jesus Christ. But how many Christians have kept those promises? Very few.

Now St. Louis de Montfort tells us in his Treatise on the True Devotion that the devotion to Our Blessed Mother that he teaches is a perfect renewal of the vows or promises of holy baptism. Before baptism we are slaves of the devil, but once baptized we take Christ for our Lord and Master and serve Him as a slave of love.

When we practice True Devotion to Mary we renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil and consecrate ourselves irrevocably to Our Blessed Mother. We give ourselves to Christ through her. We go still further. We give to Our Lord through Mary even the value of all our actions, something that baptism does not require of us. This means that we are no longer free to apply the value of our good actions to whom we please or to apply them ourselves. Everything is henceforth dependent on the will of our Mother Mary.

It is just this about the True Devotion that proves a stumbling block to many. Some of our readers no doubt are acquainted with *Queen of All Hearts* magazine, an excellent bi-monthly edited by the Montfort Fathers to propagate devotion to Our Blessed Mother and especially the total consecration to her as taught by St. Louis de Montfort. An interesting and popular feature of each issue is the Question Box, limited,

The Monterey Story

(continued from p. 13)

rightly, to queries on the True Devotion. With admirable patience and forbearance the good priest in charge of the department answers the questions. Perhaps fifty per cent of the questions concern this subject of giving up the rights to the disposal of our good actions. For instance, someone will ask if she can offer all her good works for the conversion of such and such a person. Of course the obvious answer is that once we have made our act of consecration we have given Our Blessed Mother the exclusive rights to the value of all our good actions. They are no longer ours to dispose of. We cannot take back what we have given away. But we need not worry. We can humbly ask Mary to help the person in whom we are interested. We can be sure that those who are near and dear to us are certainly dear to her.

Another frequent question is: Can I any longer pray for this or that, offer prayers for this person or that one? Of course you can. Go to Mary and tell her all about it. She is our *Mother*. In fact, it is much easier to pray when you practice the True Devotion. Mary is so close to God. She knows all our needs. She knows God's will perfectly and she will do all in her power to execute it. We can entrust our needs to her with perfect confidence that we will be heard. We who have given her *everything* are especially dear to her.

Paschal Time when the Church bids us meditate on the tremendous graces of the sacrament of regeneration is an ideal time to renew the vows of our baptism at the hands of Mary. If you wish to know more about this total consecration which will enrich your spiritual life, write to Victory Noll for further information. Address:

Sister Secretary
Confraternity of Mary
Queen of All Hearts
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana



The refectory, or dining room, and kitchen are in the main building which adjoins the mission church. Here may be seen the open brick hearth with its original utensils, many of them hallowed from dried gourds. The other large rooms now house the vestments, saddles, coins, and tools which were used in the busy life of the compound.

One old Spanish coin, a *reale* recovered during the excavations, was once worth twelve and a half cents in American money. Our expression, "two bits," comes from the fact that two of these *reales* were required to equal our quarter.

Passing from room to room it was easy for us to reconstruct the industrious, ordered existence of the holy

Fathers, their lives dedicated to Mass, Office and their simple, God-fearing Indian charges—an existence which pursued its straightforward way to God while all around surged the currents of colorful Spanish gaiety and Yankee aggressiveness, a conflict of cultures which would culminate in the war for independence from Mexico in 1846.

The most interesting room for us was the cell of Father Junipero Serra. From this mission the saintly Apostle of California left on his many foot journeys throughout the length of California, baptizing, confirming, building; and it was in this tiny room that he died on August 28, 1784. Fray Francisco Palou, who attended the great missionary in his last moments, later wrote a biography of his life-long friend, devoting an entire chapter to describing Father Serra's cell. It was on this account that the room's reconstruction was based. Rough hewn planks constitute both bed and mattress, while a single poor blanket covers them. A table, chair, hollow gourd, rough crucifix, and a twelve inch statue of Our Lady complete the furnishings.

Father Serra never saw the last of his mission churches rise in sandstone splendor, for it was not until 1793 that work was begun to replace the original adobe structure. Today his body rests beneath the sanctuary floor close to the high altar.

This church also contains the historic statue of Our Lady of Bethlehem. In 1765 the Archbishop of Mexico City, the Most Reverend Francisco de Lorenzana, gave the three-foot, beautifully dressed statue to the Spanish expedition to Monterey. There in 1770 Father Serra placed the image on a temporary altar. Later it was taken to Carmel Mission where it was held in veneration all during the years the mission flourished. When the mission was closed Dona Ignacia, daughter of the last Indian family, living there, took the well loved

image with her to Monterey and enshrined it in her home. When she died she left it to a lady who was a descendant of a Spanish soldier who had accompanied Father Serra on his campaigns for Christ. It was she who, in 1948, returned the statue to the mission.

We finished the day's tour by attending Benediction at the beautiful Carmelite monastery of the Little Flower which overlooks the rugged shore line south of Carmel.

Books

Bride for New Orleans by Rev. Edward F. Murphy. Hanover House, Garden City, N. Y. \$3.75.

In the year 1727 France sent a score of her marriageable daughters to the recently founded settlement of New Orleans. Eleven Ursuline nuns, bound for the same destination, were given charge of the girls. Two Jesuit Fathers and a brother also accompanied the group. Father Murphy's novel concerns one girl in particular, Yvonne Delisle, youngest and most attractive of all.

Yvonne is beautiful but fickle, frivolous, flirtatious, impetuous, and concerned only with the effect she can make on almost every person of the opposite sex. She seems to learn nothing at all from the tragic consequences into which her follies lead her. The nuns, in spite of everything, are very devoted to her, a devotion which justifies itself in the end when Yvonne finally emerges—no longer shallow and selfish, but a mature woman who finds her real self after much suffering.

The scene of the first half of the book is the ship *La Gironde*. The rest is laid in Louisiana. This is not a great novel but some will find it entertaining.

One puzzling thing: The feast of Corpus Christi cannot possibly occur in April, right after Easter (p. 84). It is still April, for five pages later when Santo Domingo is sighted, the word **Land!** "echoed and echoed on the mild April air". (p. 89)

Signs of Spring



at Victory Noll

Sister Dorothy Marie, Sister Rose, and Sister Mary Louise surprise grandfather goldfish in the act of coming up to test the temperature of the water nearer the surface.

Sister Margaret Mary and Sister Mary Agnes pluck the first crocuses.



Sister Mary Isabel and Sister Elizabeth Ann erect a miniature shrine in the oak grove.



Thank You

Letters like the following help us to keep smiling when the going is rough. May they increase and multiply!

Dear Sisters:

Enclosed is our one dollar monthly dues in the 2500 Club. As always we are happy to do our bit toward helping your wonderful work. We only wish that we could do more.

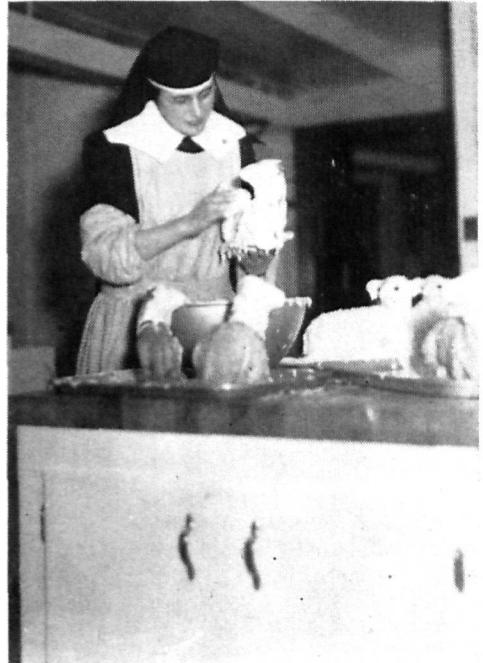
It is indeed heartwarming to read in *The Missionary Catechist* of the splendid work of the sisters and to hear of new convents being opened. Each new endeavor on your part helps us to feel that our small offering of one dollar per month is worth more than we realize. May God always provide many vocations to your community and also many generous benefactors. May He also help us to continue our membership in the 2500 Club for many years to come.

May God bless you all.

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Schmitz
Evansville, Indiana

In Memoriam

Karl Krohn, Philadelphia, Pa. Father of Sister Gemma, O.L.V.M.
Joseph Golenberke, Carsonville, Mich. Father of Sister Grace, O.L.V.M.
Thomas Sikorski, Winona, Minn., uncle of Sister Adriana, O.L.V.M.
Michael Madden, Chicago, Ill., cousin of Sister Bernarda, O.L.V.M.
Rt. Rev. Monsignor Raymond L. Harbough Belleville, Ill.
Mother Ottilia, Monterey, Calif.
Kathryn Martin, Chicago, Ill. ACM.
Ida Glauber, Carrollton, Ky. ACM
Richard Iacono, San Pedro, Calif.
Mary Nizetich, Iacono, San Pedro, Calif.
Eldan Conlin, Cascade, Iowa
Mary Elizabeth Weber, Buffalo, New York
Martha Emilia Troski, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Elizabeth Sinn, Avilla, Ind.
Antoinette Gerson, North College Hill, O.
Irene Dunne, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mike Birkle, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mr. Vegher, San Pedro, Calif.
Anna Paulissen, Techny, Ill.
Jane McCombs, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sophia McGrath, St. Joseph, Md.
James Charles Turek, Chicago, Ill.



Sister Dolores Marie decorates the Easter Lambs—centerpieces for the dining room at Victory Noll.

ONE of the boys in the class stood up to answer Sister's question. Half-way through he paused, but not for long. A helpful classmate held the text book open at a convenient angle and the question was readily completed.

"Gosh, Sister," someone called out, "We're studying the Commandments and he is breaking the seventh right now!"

"How?" the culprit questioned, assuming an innocent air.

"You dope!" an eighth grader chimed in "You're stealing a look!"

SISTER BARBARA
IDA, MICHIGAN

The last word

by the editor

Happy Easter to you!

Quiet Passage

by Sister Mary Rose

OLD Mr. Doyle didn't know there were vacuum cleaners that cleaned without raising any dust. Having suffered so much from asthma all his life, now that he lived alone, he did nothing to raise any dust, and his poor little house was getting dirtier and dirtier.

He hadn't been feeling so well lately; almost too bad some days to bother about fixing himself anything to eat. Two of us began to go in to see him every day. His landlady kindly started bringing him his breakfast. We'd wash him a bit and clean up the kitchen. But the day we mentioned borrowing the neighbor's vacuum cleaner to get up all the dust almost brought Mr. Doyle to the end of his patience with feminine interference. Also, he was quite deaf. The neighbors doubtless thought we were having a real row as we tried to explain the merits of the newest vacuums. He was unbelieving. Just remembering the dust raised by his dead wife's old-fashioned cleaner made it harder for him to breathe. Worn out from objecting, he finally agreed. The vacuum cleaner lived up to all the claims of the manufacturer and both the house and its occupant were the better after its use.

Mr. Doyle grew steadily worse. The landlady's doctor dropped in to see him and prescribed medicine which he took very irregularly. One evening the lady called us and said that Mr. Doyle was

so much worse and in need of oxygen that the doctor was sending an ambulance to take him to the hospital—much against his will. The landlady is not a Catholic but she wanted the old man to have the priest before the ambulance arrived. We called Father and he said he would be there in twenty minutes. Meanwhile, Sister and I gathered the necessary articles for a sick call. As we hurried over to the house we were glad we had won the argument about vacuum cleaners.

The sickness was basically a heart condition and now our poor old man was no longer able to speak or to eat. Father didn't bring Holy Viaticum, but gave him conditional absolution and Extreme Unction. After Father left Sister and I stayed and prayed the rosary with him. He was getting cold; his hands, and halfway up his arms, and his feet were icy. As we prayed his breathing grew quieter and quieter. At the first sound of the approaching ambulance he stopped breathing. He wouldn't have to go to the hospital after all.

That was the first time I saw anyone die. It was not frightening. The peace and calm that came over Mr. Doyle after he received the Last Sacraments was most noticeable. An old friend of his, who was also present when he died, said afterwards, "I am not a Catholic, but I am going to become one so I can die like that."

Does the LIGHT OF CHRIST
burn for more souls
this EASTER
because of YOU?

PRAYER and SACRIFICE ignite that LIGHT
and keep it burning.

Pray for OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS
whose vocation it is to carry that LIGHT to others.

Send an Easter offering for the spread of their work.

And may your REWARD be
an increase of His LIGHT and His LOVE
in your own soul
this Eastertide.

