

5-1955

The Missionary Catechist



Pius XII's Prayer to Our Queen

OUT of the depths of this valley of tears, through which suffering humanity painfully struggles—up the billows of this sea, endlessly buffeted by the waves of suffering—we raise our eyes to you, Most Beloved Mother Mary, to be comforted by the contemplation of your glory and to hail you as Queen and Mistress of heaven and earth, Queen and Mistress of mankind.

WITH legitimate filial pride, we wish to exalt your queenship and to recognize it as due to the sovereign excellence of your entire being, O most sweet True Mother of Him Who is King by right, by inheritance and by conquest.

REIGN, O Mother and Mistress, by showing us the path of holiness, and by guiding and assisting us that we may never stray from it.

IN the heights of heaven, you exercise your primacy over the choirs of angels, who acclaim you as their sovereign and over the legions of saints who delight in beholding your dazzling beauty. So, too, reign over the entire human race above all by opening the path of faith to those who do not yet know your Divine Son. Reign over the Church which acknowledges and extols your gentle dominion and has recourse to you as a safe refuge amid the calamities of our day. Reign especially over that part of the Church which is persecuted and oppressed; give it strength to bear adversity, constancy never to

yield under unjust compulsion, light to avoid falling into enemy snares, firmness to resist overt attack, and at every moment unwavering faithfulness to your kingdom.

REIGN over men's minds, that they may seek only what is true; over their wills, that they may follow solely what is good; over their hearts, that they may love nothing but what you yourself love.

REIGN over individuals and over families, as well as over societies and nations; over the assemblies of the powerful, the counsels of the wise, as over the simple aspirations of the humble.

REIGN in the streets and the squares, in the cities and the villages, in the valleys and the mountains, in the air, on land and on the sea; and hear the pious prayer of all those who recognize that yours is a reign of mercy, in which every petition is heard, every sorrow comforted, every misfortune relieved, every infirmity healed, and in which, at a gesture from your gentle hands, from death itself there arises smiling life.

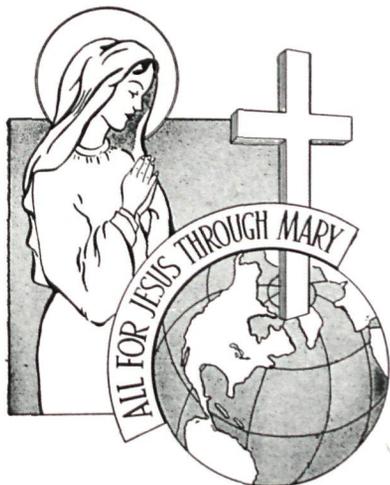
OBTAIN for us that all who now, in every corner of the world, acclaim and hail you Queen and mistress, may one day in heaven enjoy the fulness of your kingdom in the vision of your Divine Son, Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, lives and reigns for ever and ever. Amen.



The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Edited and published by
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll Huntington, Indiana
Volume 31 Number 6

MAY 1955



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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Photographs: U. S. Army Photos, pp. 6, 8 bottom; W. Wesley Kloefer, Azusa, Calif., p. 23; O. L. V. Sisters, Middlesex, N. J., pp. 7, 8 top, 10, 11, 12; Azusa, Calif., p. 13; Redlands, Calif., pp. 14, 15; Guadalupe Clinic, San Diego, Calif., pp. 16, 17; Victory Noll, p. 25; San Antonio, Texas, p. 26.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with ecclesiastical approbation by OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS, VICTORY NOLL, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Subscription rates for United States and Canada, \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; foreign subscriptions: \$1.50 a year. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. O.B.L.V. Press. Member of the Catholic Press Association 3

Mary and the Ascension

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

SOME years ago we Missionary Sisters who were stationed in West Texas made our retreat together in a school turned over to us for that purpose by the Bishop. There were not many of us—only a baker's dozen—so the retreat master suggested that at the time scheduled for the third conference of the day—late afternoon—we take ourselves to one of the classrooms on the east side of the building for an instruction on Holy Mass. The good Father had been a missionary in Texas for many years and he well knew how hot the sun would be breaking into the chapel at that hour of the day. Besides, the classroom atmosphere was less formal and many points could be clarified with chalk and eraser. In the classroom, too, questions could be more easily asked. Whatever Father's reasons for making the move, the result was a period of instruction and inspiration for the retreatants.

In the first session the retreat master asked a question. "Is the Mass," he asked, "offered in memory of the Passion of Our Lord only or is it offered also in memory of the Resurrection and Ascension?"

I volunteered the answer that the Holy Sacrifice is offered in memory of the Resurrection and Ascension, as well as the Passion, because they complete the Paschal Mysteries, but I was only able to cite as proof the two prayers of the Mass, one before the Consecration: **Suscipe, Sancta Trinitas** and the other immediately after: **Unde et memores**.

Since then I have tried to find more light on the subject. Dom Gueranger in his Liturgical Year tells us that it is not enough for us to rest on the merits of Christ's Passion alone. Nor is it enough to unite

with it the mystery of the Resurrection. We are saved and restored only by adding to these two mysteries a third, that of the Ascension.

It is Frank Sheed who explains most lucidly why this is so. With the permission of Sheed and Ward, the publishers, we quote here from Mr. Sheed's **Theology and Sanity**, page 226.

Resurrection and Ascension belong organically to the Sacrifice He offered for us. The Sacrifice, insofar as it is the offering to God of a victim slain, was complete upon Calvary. But in the total conception of sacrifice, it is not sufficient—as Cain found long before—that a victim be offered to God; it is essential that the offering be accepted by God: and given that the nature of man requires that sacrifice be an action externally visible, it belongs to the perfection of sacrifice that God's acceptance should be as externally visible as humanity's offering. It is in this sense that Resurrection and Ascension belong organically to the Sacrifice. By the miracle of the Resurrection, God at once shows His acceptance of the Priest as a true priest of a true sacrifice and perfects the Victim offered to Him, so that whereas it was offered mortal and corruptible it has gained immortality and incorruptibility. By the Ascension God accepts the offered Victim by actually taking it to Himself. Humanity, offered to God in Christ the Victim, is now forever at the right hand of the Father.

This is the significance of the prayer at Mass which comes a little before the Consecration: "Receive, O Holy Trinity, this oblation which we offer Thee in memory of the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of Our Lord," and of the

prayer which follows the Consecration immediately: "We offer to God's most excellent Majesty, the pure Victim, the holy Victim, the spotless Victim: and we offer it in commemoration not only of Christ's blessed Passion but also of His Resurrection from the dead, and likewise of His glorious Ascension."

Indeed the Ascension is a glorious mystery. We thrill to the words of the special Communicantes of the Mass when we pray: "United in holy fellowship and keeping the most holy day on which Thine only-begotten Son, Our Lord, set at the right hand of Thy glory the substance of our frail human nature which He had taken to Himself . . ." And in the Preface we are reminded: ". . . and while they beheld Him, was lifted up into heaven, so that He might make us partakers of His Godhead."

If we are so moved at the contemplation of the mystery of the Ascension, what must have been the feelings of Our Blessed Mother as she witnessed this glorious event in the life of her Divine Son! She knew infinitely better than the Apostles and the disciples who were present the significance of what was taking place. Henceforward, during the remainder of her exile on earth, she dwelt, as the collect for the feast reminds us, "in spirit amid heavenly things."

Fitting it is that the feast of Our Blessed Lord's Ascension is nearly always celebrated during May, the month of Mary. (It could occur as late as June 3, but it happens very, very rarely.) Who, better than Our Lady, can teach us to enter into this great mystery and reap the graces that await us in contemplating it?

Climaxing the month of May this year we will celebrate for the first time the new feast of Mary's Queenship instituted by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, now gloriously reigning. Mary as Queen is high above the angels and saints in heaven. She reigns next to her Divine Son, seated at



the right hand of His Father. From her high throne in heaven she does not cease to make intercession for us with her Son and with the Father. Her prayers are always heard, but if we would have her reign perfectly over our hearts, we must be generous with her and dedicate ourselves unreservedly to her. There is no better way of doing this than by making a total consecration of ourselves to Mary according to the practice of the True Devotion of St. Louis de Montfort.

Impregnated with the spirit of the True Devotion is the exquisite prayer composed by our Holy Father. It was the culmination of an address given by him on the occasion of the Marian Celebration in Rome on November, 1954. Pray it during this month of Mary and especially on May 31, the feast of the Queenship of Our Blessed Mother. You will find the prayer on page 2 of **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST**.

IMMACULATE Heart of Mary, pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

Orphans' Easter Parade

by Sister Mary Martha

WITH light hearts and happy smiles our girls could report "mission accomplished."

Little did my sister in Europe realize the many acts of charity her letter would inspire. Slowly I reread it:

"Last Sunday we again visited our dear nuns at St. Joseph's orphanage. They are always so happy to see us and appreciative of the little gifts we take them. They were simply overjoyed with the new cribs we had sent out for the small children. Wish we had more to offer. These dear sisters certainly must be close to God, they are so self-sacrificing; never seem to have a moment to themselves. I believe I told you there are only eight of them and they must do all the washing, ironing, cooking, and hundred other tasks incumbent upon those who care for children.

"The large stone house was uncomfortably cold and when we visited the playrooms—which were conspicuous for their lack of toys—we noticed that many of the youngsters were wearing mittens. Here I saw many of my little friends—and I do have quite a number as I often take a child or two home with me for the weekend. Mother enjoys getting him a nice new outfit and giving him everything he wants to eat.

"After visiting the playroom and nursery rooms we visited the little chapel before leaving. It is poorly furnished but scrupulously clean. The sanctuary lamp casts a soft red glow on the snowy white linens, badly frayed and often mended. Two plants that we had brought on a previous visit stood on either side of the tabernacle. Perhaps it is here in silent prayer that the sisters receive the strength and courage to carry on in spite of poverty and hardship."

After my first reading of this letter I began comparing American children with these poor orphans who must wear mittens indoors. Why couldn't someone do something for them, something to bring a little comfort and gaiety into their young lives? Why couldn't *we* do something! My first thought was of our Good Counsel Club. And so it was that at our next meeting, *The Orphans' Easter Parade* came into existence. These generous girls of Our Lady of Mercy Parish, South Bound Brook, N. J., responded beyond my expectations. Not only were they willing to send toys and goodies but they set as their goal a complete Easter outfit for each child!



Sergeant Killian

During the next few weeks there was much hurry and excitement and the girls spent every spare minute visiting friends and relatives to ask all who would to outfit an orphan for Easter. The response was gratifying. There

Since Sergeant Killian wrote her sister about the orphans a number of generous G.I.'s rigged up some sort of heating system.—Ed.



Sister Mary Martha directs the Good Council Club in corsage making.



Maryann models an orchid corsage while Betty and Eileen exclaim, "Maryann, orchids and pigtails just don't go!"



Packing the boxes.

were tailored suits and smart sport oxfords; also gay organdies and patent leather slippers. One after another the names and sizes were checked off the long list received from Sergeant Kilian.

As the gifts kept pouring in another problem presented itself. Postage! Many money-making ideas were suggested and rejected or tabled. Then there was a suggestion to keep things in the spirit of Easter by making and selling wood fibre corsages. This proposal was accepted unanimously.

As soon as necessary materials were purchased, the girls of our Good Counsel Club began their flower-making project. Lovely white and lavender orchids, pastel camellias, and bright little violets took shape. These were assembled and fastened together with pretty satin bows to form beautiful corsages. Selling them was an easy matter. The difficulty was we hadn't enough flowers to fill all the requests. Our net profit reached \$196. We were satisfied for we felt sure that we had enough not only for postage but for the purchase of a small box of candy chicks for each child.

The sisters at the orphanage? Well, they couldn't be left out. All sorts of things that sisters like were purchased.



Another trip to the postoffice.

Then too, the sisters at our convent brought forth some of their own little treasures, happy to share them with their sisters in Christ far across the ocean.

Gifts came in from unexpected sources. For instance we received a check for ten dollars from a young man serving a prison term. He had read about our project in a newspaper and wanted to do his bit. I could not help but feel that Our Lord would reward



Sister Mary Regina, a U. S. Army visitor, and orphans at St. Joseph's Orphanage.

Above Average

by Sister Ruth Anthony

“AN average American family,” would probably be your comment upon meeting the White’s. But on really getting to know them you would have to admit that they are above average. Their lives have been an inspiration to us. That is why we wish to introduce them to you.

The father, Robert White, is a young contractor, friendly, industrious, religious, and deeply devoted to his family. His attractive wife, Mary, is a convert who deeply appreciates her faith and uses every opportunity to become better informed on matters Catholic. Their three daughters, Carol aged seven, Nancy four, and Peggy going on three, are best described as little women. The three are quite unlike in disposition and in appearance. Carol is quiet and pensive, but her flashing black eyes

him abundantly. Some weeks later I read that the inmates of that particular prison were to stage a passion play. I looked over the list of names chosen for the cast and I came to one that caused a sudden thrill. The young man chosen to portray Christ was no other than our friend who had sent a gift for Christ’s little ones.

After all the gifts had been collected, each outfit was wrapped separately in pretty gift paper and tagged. The parcels were then packed in big boxes and taken to the Post Office. From there on Uncle Sam took care of them, until they arrived safely on the other side of the ocean. That they did arrive we know because soon after Easter we received a letter from Sister M. Regina and all the sisters and children of St. Joseph’s Orphanage. It was full of happiness and deepest gratitude.

and ready smile reveal the active, interested mind at work under her brown hair. Nancy is a delicate blonde with expressive, almost sorrowful, blue eyes. Affectionate Peggy loves fun and mischief. She is just outgrowing her baby days. She watches her big sisters and follows unsteadily in their footsteps.

Until last spring you might have thought that this was a family without a cross. Then Nancy was hit by a car and suffered a fractured leg. The pain of separation was keenly felt during the weeks Nancy was in the local hospital. Eagerly all awaited the day on which the cast would be removed. Instead of the happiness they had anticipated, disappointment was in store for them. The injured leg had not healed properly and was nearly an inch shorter than the other. The doctors feared the child would be permanently crippled.

The White’s put all their trust in God and refused to give up hope. After Mass on Sundays Carol was seen frequently at Our Blessed Mother’s altar, lighting a candle and praying intently for her sister’s recovery. We were tempted to take a picture of the child as she knelt before the altar but we feared to spoil her innocent, unself-conscious prayer life.

Carol is never surprised when she hears of improvement in Nancy’s condition. She knew Our Lady would see her candles and hear her prayers. Baby Peggy expects recovery too because she has been adding her own little petition to the grace before meals. As soon as Carol finishes the prayer Peggy says, “God, make Nancy’s leg well, please.”

After some months, Nancy was sent to a hospital for crippled children in a nearby city. Each visiting day found the family at her bedside. One glad day she showed them how she could wiggle the toes of her injured foot. Prayers were redoubled and Masses were offered for her recovery.

(continued on p. 23)

May Means Crownings

by Sister Jeannette

*"O Mary, we crown Thee with blossoms today,
Queen of the angels, Queen of the May."*

THESE lovely words ring in our ears all during the month of May. From the first until the last day of the month, wherever a group is gathered for a May crowning, the air is filled with the melody of this favorite hymn, the strains of which are wafted up to the throne of the Queen of Heaven. It matters not where the crowning happens to be—in magnificent cathedral or parish church, school or classroom, catechetical center or private home, garage or even firehouse. Our Blessed Mother surely must look down fondly on her children and bless those taking part in the ceremony, however simple it may be.

At one of our teaching centers where we planned a May crowning, one of the boys, Carmen, wanted to bring his statue. Sister readily assented. The following week on the day scheduled for the crowning, Sister walked to the school as usual to meet the children who were released for religious instructions, and was surprised to see Carmen walk out of the building carrying his statue. On questioning him she learned that the statue of the Blessed Mother had been in school all day. The youngster brought it with him when he went to school that morning. Sister asked where he kept the statue during the day. He proudly answered:



It was a great day for Carmen when he brought his own Blessed Mother for the crowning.



The girls too enjoyed the privilege of bringing their own statue to be crowned.

"My teacher let me place it on the reading table in the library."

Another child was quick to add, "And our teacher isn't Catholic either."

Before the end of the month Our Blessed Mother was back in that same school again. This time a little girl from a different room took her statue to school in the morning so she could

bring it to her religion class immediately after school for the May crowning. It was kept in her classroom all day.

We like to think that Our Heavenly Mother blessed in a particular way the children in this public school who were so ready to acknowledge their love and devotion to their Queen and Mother before their companions and teachers, many of whom were not Catholic.

Uncle Wiggley Comes to Retreat

by Sister Kathleen

STEPHEN was in the third grade when he started his religious instructions and soon he was at the head of the class. His father was a recent convert and his mother was not yet in the Church, but Stephen eagerly prepared for his Baptism and first Holy Communion. After that, because of circumstances, he did not attend classes for a while, but returned again in the sixth grade. When a one-day retreat was announced for his grade he made many inquiries as to just what it all meant. On the appointed day he appeared with a knapsack on his back containing lunch and a hot thermos. The children were to bring their own lunches and

he came well fortified. I saw a book sticking out of the knapsack and wondered what spiritual reading he had brought along. Soon he enlightened me. He said that he just couldn't imagine what they would be doing during all those hours, so he brought *Uncle Wiggley's Fortune* along. However, as the retreat progressed and he saw all the religious reading displayed for the retreatants to use while not occupied with other exercises, *Uncle Wiggley* was put aside; and when the day was over, accompanied Stephen home, to be read at a later time when nothing as important as a retreat was in session.

First Communion Preliminaries

by Sister Charlene

Does Patrick have a true desire, considering the number of times he has skipped class? Each child must be given prayerful appraisal. When the examinations are over the chosen ones happily display their passing cards. The others must be consoled with a promise of "next year."

The children quickly take their hard-earned cards home to show to Mother. And now that the parents are informed there follow two or three weeks of constant interruptions. Will Hope really be receiving her First Communion this year? What will the boys wear? (It's on the card.) Do they carry candles? And so on and on.

New questions arise to crowd your mind too. When will those baptismal papers arrive from Mexico? Will Gloria recover from a tonsillectomy scheduled two days before the ceremony? Has Charles really moved?

Naturally, there must be several practices—harder on the active little ones than on Sister. Just to make things exciting, when you line them up for practice Joe reports.

"Reynaldo can't come in, Sister."

"Why not?"

"He's got his foot caught in the tree."



EVERY year, on First Communion Day, many people witness a long parade of white-robed boys and girls march angelically down the aisle with never a thought of what preceded this triumphal entry. There are many days of preparation, anxiety, and hard labor for both children and Sister in advance of the great occasion.

It all begins when one day Sister glances at the calendar and is astonished to see that there are only five more weeks until First Communion Day. How can that be! Of course instructions on confessions and Communion have been going on for some time but there is still much to do. She must examine the children, or have them ready for Father to examine, to determine who is eligible. There is Jennie who is rather quiet. Does she really know enough?

Sister leaves to rescue Reynaldo and she is followed closely by the dissolving line. There is poor Reynaldo, his boot caught between two branches.

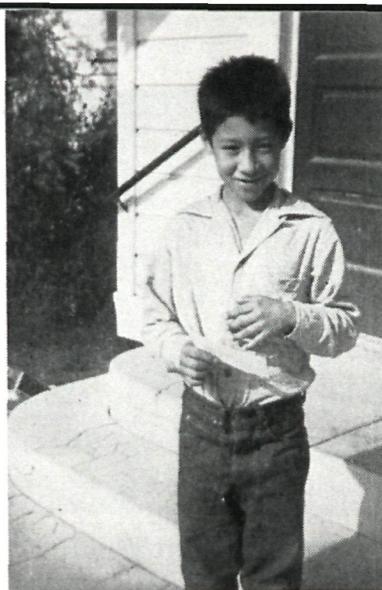
"Reynaldo, take off your boot," you order. He obeys and wiggles his foot free. The other boys bend the boot and get it out. The boot replaced we return to the church and go through the lining up process again.

During the practice you hear yourself repeating endlessly, "Walk slowly. Fold your hands nicely. Put out your tongue to make a little table for Jesus. Don't forget to wait in the confessional until the little door opens."

After all the instructions and practice some children get a bit confused and mistakes follow. One will confess her sins to a blank wall. Another will come back from the sanctuary, apparently in ecstasy, walk in the wrong direction and bump into those going up. But they are very small people, after all!

Finally the big day arrives and so do the little ones surrounded by anxious relatives. The line is formed and while others fondly gaze at the innocent faces, you replace a near-lost veil or re-tie an arm band. Two are missing but it is time to march in so you give the signal to start moving and murmur a prayer that the others arrive in time for Mass. No sooner are the First Communicants settled more or less in their appointed places when a mass of ruffles

"Will we ever learn everything!"



"I passed."

floats down the aisle—the missing girl. She is followed by Philip, breathing hard from the last minute run. Thank God they are all here!

Mass proceeds quickly and very soon the great moment arrives. One by one they receive their God for the first time. Their confidence amazes you as they ascend the altar and return, heads bowed, hands folded.

Suddenly there is a standstill in the procession. What can be the matter? Oh, someone forgot to get up from the kneeler. He remembered to fold his hands, genuflect, open his mouth, put out his tongue, close his lips again. He only forgot one thing of all those you told him—to get up from the kneeler.

Father coughs, the altar boys tap the white elbow. Still he remains as if glued to the spot. Finally, after he has mentally checked off all your instructions he rises quickly. You can feel a sigh of relief run through the congregation.

After all are seated you read slowly the words of thanksgiving. Forty sincere childish voices echo your sentiments. Soon they will leave the church and another First Communion will be over. You will watch them go and then return to pray, pray hard, that this their First Communion may not be the last for these precious little ones.



Sisters Benigna, Melita and Socorro have fun making the penny holders.

THESE PENNIES WENT TO CHURCH

THE new church in San Bernardino was going up and so were expenses. Funds were going down. Monsignor asked the parishioners to sacrifice in order to complete the edifice. We thought the children should do their part too. The method decided upon was the *Mile of Pennies Drive*.

The twelve sisters who taught in this large parish, made coin holders for the children they had in class. These holders were designed with slots and held ten pennies each.

Not only funds but interest and enthusiasm in the new building soared. The children began to appreciate the weekly progress evident in its erection. Some generously substituted nickels, dimes, or quarters for their little brown brother, the penny. However, pennies predominated. Twice a week the holders were emptied into the jar-bank which was decorated with the picture of a church.

At the end of the drive, the pennies totalled over \$200. This sum was used to purchase a set of beautiful chimes for the sanctuary. Now, each time the chimes announce Our Lord's coming during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the children are reminded of their active, joyful participation in a successful parish project.

SISTER MELITA
REDLANDS, CALIF.

In the Home Field

THE fleas seem to have a particular fondness for one of our sisters. She had just begun her instruction for the first grade when she felt a bite at her wrist.

"My," she exclaimed aloud, "a flea is biting me already!"

A small lad, his eyes wide with wonder at this sacrilegious audacity of the lowly flea, answered:

"Gosh, Sister, he must not know who you are!"

SISTER LOUISE
SAN PEDRO, CALIF.

AS the children were leaving the church Sister was watching to make sure that each child genuflected reverently. You know how little ones sometimes turn and genuflect toward the door. Rosemary did just that. Her genuflection was perfect. Sister said:

"Rosemary, Jesus is in the Tabernacle."

Quick as a flash, she genuflected properly and said, "Excuse me, Jesus."

SISTER CARLOTA
BRAWLEY, CALIF.

THERE is a touch of local patriotism in the Mass responses in San Pierre. Now it is, ". . . Et nunc et San Pierre et in saecula saeculorum. Amen."

SISTER MARY
SAN PIERRE, IND.

MARIE was quite elated at having the most stars on the progress chart. In her excitement over earning her twenty-fifth star she began the Spiritual Works of Mercy as follows: "To *astonish* the sinner; to *obstruct* the ignorant." She wondered why Sister interrupted the recitation.

SISTER ANNA RITA
ELY, NEVADA

A confraternity teacher received this gratifying note from one of her pupils: "I have not said any bad words for two months."

SISTER MERCEDES
LAS VEGAS, NEW MEX.

THE fierce police dog's greeting was anything but friendly. We were loathe to leave without accomplishing our purpose but neither of us had the courage to defy him and reach for the bell. His barking soon brought the youngest member of the family to the door where he stood peering at us through the screen. In desperation Sister called out loudly:

"Sonny, please come out and talk to your dog."

Sonny made no move but the big eyes viewed us unsympathetically as he calmly responded:

"Mah dog can't talk."

Grandma came on the scene at this point and then we could all enjoy the situation.

SISTER MARY JANE
OGDEN, UTAH

AS I watched my class arriving I wondered what Janet was carrying in that big box. Soon she was showing me the white rat her uncle had given her. She was interrupted when big brother came along to claim ownership. Quite elated that the creature would not be in my group after all, I started for the classroom only to find that Janet was again the proud possessor of the pet. I persuaded Janet that the big box was the only safe and restful place for the little creature, while the class learned about the Creator of all things.

SISTER MECHTILDE
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.



Jean Meza and her younger brothers and sister.

NOT DADDY TOO!

JEAN MEZA aged seven, and her younger brothers and sister are making big plans for Mother's Day. She will go to Mass and Holy Communion for her mother and then, she says:

"We are going to surprise her and clean up the house and do the dishes."

"How will you keep it a surprise?" I asked.

"Oh, Daddy will take Mother for a ride while we do the work."

Then I asked if they were planning anything for Daddy for Father's Day.

"Oh, is there a Father's Day too? Gee, how can we ever get rid of Daddy?"

After thinking a bit she added, "Well, I can go to Mass and Holy Communion for him, just like for Mother, but we will have to figure out what else."

SISTER MARY CATHERINE
REDLANDS, CALIF.

PATRICIA was absent from class again. Upon inquiring of the other second graders why she was not present I received this answer from Joan:

"Sister, Patricia won't be able to come for a while. She is having her tonsils and Illinois out."

SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE
DETROIT, MICH.

Baby-ology

by Sister Mary Camillus

TO start the day let's take a trip to Guadalupe Clinic (San Diego, Calif.). It is 8:00 a.m., just in time for the Well Baby Clinic. The waiting room is packed with mothers and babies, and the overflow spills out into the hallway.



The ages of these young prospects of 1975 are from six weeks to one year. Hence a medley of sounds can be heard from all corners. Little do these miniature individuals know that soon they will begin a healthwise course. It will deal with formulas, vitamins, immunizations, and a million and one do's and don'ts.

To understand the program adequately let us confine our attention to the experience of one brand new new-comer at Guadalupe Clinic:

Scene I. Nurse comes to the waiting room and calls, "Baby Thomas Lee Jackson."

Mrs. Jackson proudly arises with Baby and follows the nurse to a small but dignified room.

"Since this is Baby's first visit," explains the nurse, "brief personal history, such as birth weight, birth date, and present formula, is essential for Baby's chart. Doctor demands this information prior to the physical examination."

Mrs. Jackson listens attentively and gives all information with great exactness. Baby Thomas Lee is interested too, and waits with patience for the next step in this so-called course of Baby-ology.

Scene II. Nurse takes Thomas Lee from Mother's arms and places him on a hard, white table.

"What's the big idea? This is indeed against all better judgment," protests Baby Thomas Lee.

In spite of the protest, nurse strips this little neophyte of all belongings, such as booties, shirt, and what have



you. Next he is weighed, measured, and introduced to the thermometer regime. In the meantime, protest after protest is heard filling all clinical departments with the familiar well-baby echo.

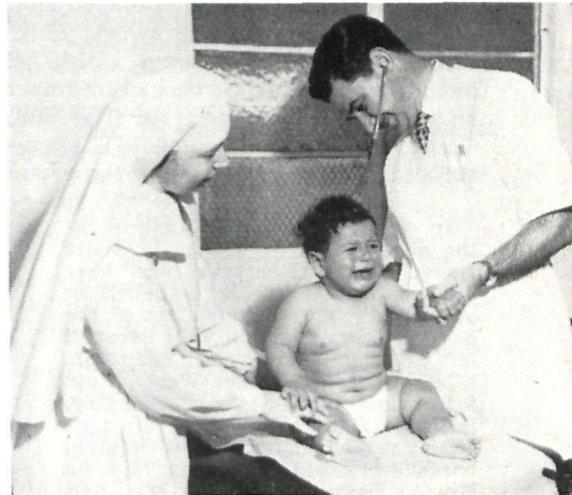
Scene III. (Place, examining room). Nurse places Baby Thomas Lee on the examining table. He has been stripped of all earthly belongings and in this fashion is introduced to the doctor. Before another rise of righteous indignation, the cold stethoscope is placed on the warm chest, the mouth is forced open by means of a tongue depressor, ears are explored by a so-called speculum and finally comes the "mosquito bite" prick—the height of all cruelty, according to Baby Thomas Lee Jackson. Injections are given against diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough. Baby must have three injections, one each month. These injections are referred to as the triples. After the triples Baby gets vaccinated against smallpox. Then at the end of the year Baby will get what is known as the triple booster which protects him for the next few years.

Baby Thomas Lee listens as the doctor explains all that. What a world of problems! By this time the glorified howl has ceased and he is back in Mother's loving arms. Baby looks into the eyes of his mother as if to say,

"You mean this is going to happen every month?"

"Yes, my son," replies Mother. "Don't tell me you are going to object."

Thus ends the tour at Guadalupe Clinic. Day after day, and week after week, the Well Baby Clinic continues its course in preventive medicine. Problems of growth, development and viruses are solved so that the baby of today will be the healthy citizen of tomorrow.





our **A**ssociates'

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS BAND

Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Associates:

MAY, the beautiful month of Mary, is with us again. Let us during these lovely days renew our act of consecration to our Heavenly Patroness and dedicate all the actions of the day to Jesus through Mary.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

HOLY GHOST BAND

Elkhart, Indiana

MIS is a letter which stands for one thousand. *Miss Mary E. Nye*, with justifiable pride, noted that their little Band had sent in three thousand dollars to Victory Noll since its establishment in 1939. A mimeographed letter to members from the Promoter, at intervals throughout the year, enumerates the needs of our sisters and the blessings to be reaped from supporting our missionary work. It results in individual offerings which are included in one large check. Inasmuch as the Band is named for The Holy Ghost, the Feast of Pentecost is always an occasion for a check from the group.

In the accompanying picture are the members of St. Martin of Tours Band, Omaha, Nebraska, who have done outstanding work in behalf of our Missionary Sisters, since the Band was organized in 1949. Seated, left to right: Catherine Shanahan, Elizabeth Bauer, Helen Wentz, Rose Schiro and Marie Stenner. Standing, left to right: Elizabeth Murphy, Frances Shanahan, Agnes Poffenbarger, Adelaide Wichert, Lucille Murphy, Agnes Shanahan, May Borscheim and Frances Schuette.

MANY ideas for raising money are discussed at meetings and methods new and old are used by the members to aid our sisters financially. Some months ago the members, under the leadership of *Mrs. Helen Wentz*, Promoter, cut out miniature aprons and trousers, sewing a conspicuous pocket to each. These were mailed out to friends with some appropriate lines in verse explaining the project. We have telescoped these lines in order to fit them into this news item.

Around your waist a measuring tape
Please tie, but not too tightly,
It is not well to wear tight bands,
We want this all done rightly.
And for each inch a penny please
Place in the apron (trousers) pocket.
Then back to us this apron send
As quickly as you may
And many thanks to you, dear friend,
For helping us this way.

The ladies were able to raise more than \$200 through this method and had a lot of fun with it. We are sure they must have made a special effort to find some very fat people.



Club Mention

MARY, QUEEN OF ALL HEARTS
Lombard, Ill.



MEMBERS of this Band have found it increasingly difficult to hold meetings but the Promoter, *Miss Wilma Wengritzky*, and her sister Wallie still hope that regular get-togethers may be revived. In the meantime, these dear friends send their personal donations and many and varied are the little personal gifts they bring to the sisters whom they know best when they make a hurried visit to Victory Noll.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND
Chicago, Ill.

MARY'S principal feasts of the year, we have noticed, are often singled out by the Promoter, *Miss Mary Perkins*, on which to write a check payable to our sisters, representing donations received from members of her Band. Whenever Miss Perkins contacts the ladies of her group, proposing a noon luncheon or evening dinner they rally 'round, each bringing a donation which may be a thank you offering or a special plea for our sisters' prayers for an urgent intention.

TIP TOP TWELVE CLUB
Cincinnati, Ohio

MISSING in this group is one member to complete the number twelve. We hope the Promoter, *Miss Catherine Dumont*, may be able to complete the number of apostles who work for our sisters. Our last letter from her said in part, "We trust our little gift (of money) will help your work. I save your little magazines and when we have club meetings I distribute them to the girls."

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS February 15 to March 15, 1955

Charitina Club, Chicago, H. Ford	\$ 8.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	41.00
Florentine, St. Louis, C. Luechtefeld	9.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	25.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	24.00
Immaculate Conception, Chicago, Mary A. Perkins	5.00
Martinettes, Cincinnati, Janet Brown	1.00
Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	12.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	10.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner	20.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	3.50
St. Irene Auxiliaries, Chicago, Madeline Sebraska	5.00
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. C. Fiala	20.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	22.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Marie Egermier	20.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	50.00
St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Hake	12.00
St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy	20.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	36.00
St. Raymond, Chicago, Mrs. Quinlan	14.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl	60.00
Seven Dolores, Bellwood, Mrs. Murphy	5.50





Mary's Loyal

HAMMOND (IND.) HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

YOUR mission club is named after Mary, the Queen of Heaven, and this entire month of May is dedicated to her. Why not say your daily prayers before a May altar which you yourself have made? We have seen pretty May altars made out of stationery boxes (lids removed), with a small ivory image of Mary in the center and tiny vases of flowers on either side. Again, a pretty altar can be made by pasting a paper Madonna which you have clipped from a greeting card to the floor of your box, with pretty flowers also clipped from cards, and a lace paper doily draped over the edge of the box.

Make a May altar this year and then write and tell us about it. The principal thing about a May altar, of course, consists of the prayers offered fervently to God, through Mary, before it.

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.

ST. LOUIS (MO.) HELPER



In the picture to the left is *Nancy Gates*, of *St. Louis*. At one time she wrote, "I am very glad to be one of *Mary's Loyal Helpers*. It was fun saving my money in my *Sunshine Bag*. Thank you for the beautiful holy cards. Here is a picture of me

in the Blessed Sacrament School uniform."



Pictured above is *Susan Farkos* on the day of her *First Holy Communion*. *Susan* is now eight years old and in the third grade at school. Her aunt is *Sister Mary Regis*, at *Victory Noll*.

Helpers write . . .

My friend, *Barbara Ramsey*, who is six years old and I who am ten years old would like very much to give up our life to God and be Sisters just like *Victory Noll Sisters*. We have a club named the "All for Jesus through *Mary Club*" which is your motto and ours.

Patricia Beebe, Rome, Georgia.

I am a subscriber to your magazine and would like to be one of *Mary's Loyal Helpers*. Would you please tell me what I should do to be one? I am thirteen and in the eighth grade at *Notre Dame School* in *Chico*. Thank you.

Cathryn Cummings, Paradise, Calif.

Helpers' pages



ROUND LAKE (ILL.) HELPER



In the picture above is Mary Louise Grimme who made her First Holy Communion at the tender age of six. At present she is seven and in the second grade at school.

MAY HIDDEN WORDS PUZZLE (Flower Hunt)

Hidden in each of the sentences below is one of the following flowers,—some very common, others quite rare: Larkspur, bluebell, lily, rose, gardenia, foxglove, orchid, and jasmine. Hunt them out, either underscoring them or numbering them, and send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana* for a holy card. Even though you cannot find all the flowers she will reward your efforts. The flower in the first sentence is *larkspur*, now go ahead.

1. The falcon pursued the lark, spurred on by his trainer.

2. Mr. Fox, gloves are necessary for this kind of work.

APRIL ANSWERS. Bald eagle, sparrow, cardinal, chickadee, king fisher, crow, bobolink, stork, barn swallow, heron, morning dove, bird of paradise, gold finch, starling.

3. "Who arose, and took the child and his mother by night and retired into Egypt."

4. It is at the Borjas mines where the best ore is found.

5. This torch, identical to that found in the ruins, is of ancient origin.

6. Bring me the broccoli lying on the kitchen table so that I may begin to prepare it.

7. I enjoy the fields but in the flower garden I am the happiest.

8. "The shower is over and the sky is turning blue, Belle. We can go to the picnic after all."

HELPER ADORNS MAY ALTAR



Regina Glonek of Detroit, Michigan, loves to offer flowers to her heavenly patroness. Regina means Queen and our Helper was named after the Queen of Heaven.

Thanks to St. Pius X

by Sister Mary Joachim

DURING the past year, through the intercession of Pope St. Pius X, we have received many special graces in our catechetical work. Rich in these graces is the story of two small boys.

Last May, on the Sunday before the canonization of St. Pius X, two brothers, Greg seven and Guy five, both suffering from muscular dystrophy, received their First Holy Communion.

Our Lord came to them on the same day that many other boys and girls in the parish received Him for the first time. But to these two He came, not in the sanctuary of the church, but in their own home—and to the one at the early age of five. Having asked them to share His cross, Jesus was now going to repay them generously.

We first met the two boys when we were taking census in a new tract of homes. Their parents had brought them to California in the hope that the climate would help them. Sister Florence realized that these bright, alert young patients should have special spiritual help, and so arrangements were made to teach them in their home.

Each Tuesday morning I went there for a catechism class of about an hour. Although Greg and Guy could make hardly any movements by themselves, their eager minds were not hampered. Instead of *making* the Sign of the Cross we learned to *say* it for even with someone helping them their arms could not be raised high enough to trace the cross on themselves. Often in my other classes of little people, when arms and legs start moving with too much energy, I remind the children of the two boys who cannot even make the Sign

of the Cross. In awed pity the class settles down—for a while.

When little Guy became too ill to continue classes, Greg received his instructions alone in the front room. This did not keep Guy from listening. While Greg might be trying to remember what was the wonderful gift that God put on the soul of Adam and Eve, five-year-old Guy in the next room would supply the answer.

The sufferings of Our Lord moved Greg a great deal but he was very honest. When I suggested that we too could do little things that were hard, to please Jesus, he told me simply that he did not like to do things that were hard. Having convinced him that at least it was worth a try, we pasted a picture of the Christ Child on a card. Every time he made a sacrifice, he was to put a mark at the bottom and then we would replace the marks with stars. Gradually the joy that comes with doing things that are hard, of conquering a will that is strong, overcame his natural dislike and Greg was delighted as star was added to star in preparation for his First Holy Communion.

Shortly before the great day arrived we were happy to learn that Guy, because of his illness, would be permitted to receive Our Lord also.

The ingenuity of the boys' parents transformed their sickroom. An *altar* was set up between the beds. On the afternoon before, a friend providentially sent us beautiful lilies which Sister Denis and I took for the altar, with some white ribbon for the boys—a *must* for all First Communicants, it seems.

We were not present when Father brought the boys Holy Communion but we visited them later in the morning.



Sister Florence and Sister Mary Joachim with Greg and Guy on their First Communion Day

The candles were still burning on the little altar. Greg and Guy were so thrilled with their flames that they did not want them extinguished.

Because of their difficulty in swallowing, each boy had received only a small

particle of the Sacred Host. But they knew that they had received Our Lord "whole and entire" and their shining faces and the deep happiness of their parents reflected the joy that seemed to fill the whole house.

Above Average

(continued from p. 9)

About six weeks before Christmas Mrs. White had to give up her weekly visits to the hospital. The doctor ordered complete rest for several months. Lying quietly in bed, thinking of her four-year-old in the hospital ward, was agony for the young mother. Christmas day especially was a day of longing. Of course Mr. White was with his little girl at the children's Christmas party. He reported in detail on Nancy's joy when she opened her gifts and on her marked improvement. Still the void was there and Mrs. White was relieved when the day was over. In a few weeks her new baby would arrive. Then she would be able to visit her little Nancy again.

It was a shocked little city that read the news in the bi-weekly newspaper. The White baby had died shortly after birth. Many friends hurried to the fun-

eral home during the few hours they were permitted to view the little one. Baby Robert lay in a blue casket. He wore the long robe in which his father had been Baptized for he too had received the grace of Baptism.

The grief of his parents was great until Carol consoled them by saying:

"I'm really happy because now I have an angel brother in heaven."

"When I think of it that way I feel better," Mrs. White said, and added, "It is so much to live up to, having one's own baby in heaven."

Carol went with her father to the hospital to bring Mother home. On the way back they had to pass the cemetery in which little Robert lay. Carol sat in the back seat of the car anxiously watching the face of her mother. Finally she said pleadingly:

"I wish you would smile, Mother. You don't look right when you don't smile."

Mother did smile on the following day. It took a deal of persuasion to get her husband to take her to see Nancy, but she won out. She felt more alive after that, she said.

On Sunday, just six days after the baby's death, the family was at Mass together, that is, all except Nancy. After Mass they visited the shrine of Our Blessed Mother to pray together for the absent member.

"We've decided to adopt a little boy this summer and perhaps another one in a year or two. We do want a large family," Mrs. White told us.

Surely God must love this family. No doubt it is families like this that restrain His anger from those others which selfishly refuse to accept the little ones He wishes them to prepare for the kingdom of heaven.

Books

Stars in Sports by Dave Warner. Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Indiana. 50 cents.

Dave Warner, sports writer on the Rochester (N.Y.) **Democrat and Chronicle** gives us sketches of fourteen men and women who have become champions in the field of sports. All Catholics, they are a cosmopolitan lot representing many nationalities. All are United States citizens except Bobby Avila, the lad from Vera Cruz who won fame playing second base for the Cleveland Indians.

Maureen Connolly and Pat McCormick, both Californians, are the only girls represented in this collection. Included among the men are Frank Leahy, Gene Tunney, Roy Campanella, Phil Rizzuto, George Mikan, Sammy Urzetta, and others. An excellent photograph of each subject accompanies the very interesting sketches.

All My Darlings by Thomas Byrnes. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. \$3.

It is a long time since we have read such a thoroughly enjoyable, hilarious book. All

My Darlings are Mr. Byrnes' charming wife Ginny and their nine children—from Kip (Dennis Christopher, six feet two, fifteen years) to baby Gael Marie. In between are David, Nina, Danielle, Peggy, Tony, Tommy, and Mary Jo.

A two month's courtship, no savings account, and an elopement hardly add up to a successful marriage but Tom and Ginny prove the exception. The early morning wedding ceremony and Mass at Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago, without the knowledge of relatives, were made necessary by an overly possessive mother who thought that Tom, at twenty-six, was not yet ready for marriage.

Mr. Byrnes, a newspaper man and now scenario writer for a commercial motion picture concern, writes amusingly of his delightful family. There is a laugh on every page, in every paragraph. The Catholicity of the family is obvious and just as natural as everything else about the Byrneses.

If you want to be entertained and, yes, edified (for the edification is there beneath the hilarity), read *All My Darlings*.

Image Books

Here are more *Doubleday Image Books* in the accessible popular edition:

Bernadette and Lourdes by Michel De Saint-Pierre. 75 cents.

Introduction to the Devout Life by St. Francis De Sales, Newly translated and edited by John K. Ryan. 85 cents.

Joyce Kilmer's Anthology of Catholic Poets, with a new supplement by James Edward Tobin. \$1.25.

Lift Up Your Heart, a guide to spiritual peace, by Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen. 75 cents.

Saints for Our Times by Theodore Maynard. 85 cents.

Storm of Glory, the story of St. Therese of Lisieux, by John Beevers. 65 cents.

The Perfect Joy of St. Francis, a biographical novel, by Felix Timmermans. 75 cents.

The Road to Damascus, the spiritual pilgrimage of fifteen converts to Catholicism, edited by John A. O'Brien. 65 cents.

Damien the Leper by John Farrow. 65 cents.

A Popular History of the Catholic Church by Father Philip Hughes. 85 cents.

Around Victory Noll

by Sister Blanche Marie

ILLUSTRIOUS persons have entered the portals of Victory Noll as visitors throughout the passing years. Among these have been members of the hierarchy from foreign lands. There was the time when His Eminence, Cardinal Tien, S.V.D., Vicar Apostolic of Tsingtao, China, visited us. Another time we were favored with the visit of the Most Reverend Francis G. Beckman, C.M. (Holland born), Archbishop of Panama. A few years ago His Excellency, the Most Reverend Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka, Vicar Apostolic of Masaka, Uganda, East Africa who, incidentally, speaks English very well—addressed our sisters while touring this country.

On the last Sunday in February of the current year, His Excellency, Archbishop Peter Chami, Metropolitan of Bosra and the Hauran in Syria, of the Greek Catholics known as Melchites, who had been invited to Huntington, Indiana as a guest of the Capuchin Friars at St. Felix Monastery, favored us with a short visit, giving us a most interesting talk of his country, its people and customs.

The portion of the Lord's vineyard confided to the care of Archbishop Chami borders on Palestine and many of the customs and situations existing at the time of Our Lord still obtain there. For instance in St. Mark, Chapter 5, there is the account of the unclean spirits, at our Blessed Lord's command, having entered a herd of swine in the country of the Gerasens. Archbishop Chami said there are still many wild swine to be found in this

region and when provisions are low his people go hunting for them and thus replenish the family larder.

On the morning following his talk, Archbishop Chami celebrated the Liturgy according to the Melkite rite in Victory Noll Chapel, assisted by the Very Reverend Cuthbert Gumbinger



Father Cuthbert, Archbishop Chami, and Father Hermes taken at Victory Noll during the Archbishop's visit.

and the Very Reverend Hermes Kriekamp, Capuchin Fathers, as concelebrants. The *Kyrie eleison* heard only at the beginning of Mass in the Latin Rite, ran like a refrain all through the Liturgy at the close of clusters of petitions ranging from prayers for our Holy Father, the Pope, and God-loving Bishop, to "those who come hither with faith, good will and fear of the Lord." Three languages,—Arabic, Greek and Old Slavonic—were interwoven into the chants by priests and choir, with the three converging into Greek alone for the solemn words of Consecration spoken by the officiating prelate and his concelebrants.

A Study In Habits

by Sister Noreen



A fascinating subject of discussion for lay persons is the differences in religious dress of sisters. Sisters too find it an interesting topic.

Four sisters, superiors of different religious *families*, look over the habit of a nun pictured in the paper held by Sister Serena of the Holy Family Sisters. Amused at her comment, are Sister Loretta Marie of our community, Sister Melanie of the Precious Blood Sisters, and Sister Aquinas of the Immaculate Heart Order.

These four communities missioned to San Antonio, Texas, meet socially two or three times a year. This gathering, held in the convent of our sisters on the southwest side, brought together Sisters of the Holy Family from the far westside; Immaculate Heart Sisters teaching at San Jose Mission School on highway 281, south of the city, and the Precious Blood Sisters who take care of the Archbishop's home in the northeast part of the city. All the sisters are far from their motherhouses and have little contact with other members of their own orders so they enjoy these get-togethers. After all, sisters have one *habit* in common, that of being sisterly.

Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, Patroness of our community, is on May 24. Solemn novena begins May 15. Pray it with us.

The last word

by the editor

RECENTLY we sent out an expiration notice for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST which read, "Your subscription expires with this issue." An alert subscriber from Texas promptly returned the pink slip with these words written below the notice, "Oh no it won't!"

This response pleased us no end, not because it came from Texas, but because it typifies the spirit of our readers in every state. "Every reader a friend," is not just a slogan to us. It's a fact. The letters we receive daily attest to it. We are sincerely grateful and we treat you as friends by continuing to beg favors of you. Our work is growing steadily and we need a proportionate increase in mission friends. So again we ask you to get us a new subscriber, just one. This time you won't forget, will you? Thank you; thank you, much, and may God bless you—much!

In Memoriam

Adalbert Dzedzic, Chicago, father of Sister Mary Genevieve, O.L.V.M.

Albert J. Wordeman, Bellevue, Ky., father of Sister Martha Mary, O.L.V.M.

Rev. Robert Devoy, Burlington, Vt.

Rev. Humbert J. Greb, C.P.P.S., Carthagena, O.

Robert Munch, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Magdalen Gall, St. Louis, Mo.

Antoinette Malinski, Chicago, Ill.

Emma A. Guenther, Cincinnati, O.

Bessie G. Monahan, Chicago, Ill.....

Catherine Mary Sheehan, Chicago, Ill.

Al Keevin, Imperial, Mo.

Orpha Bower, Tipton, Ind.

Almost Too Busy

by Sister Viola

IT was one of those busy days. We had one more call to make and still be ready for class. If we rushed we could do it. We hurried down to the garage, drove the car out, and were ready to start off when we heard a voice calling. We stopped. Precious moments ticked away while a little old lady shuffled up to the car, all out of breath.

"Sister, did you know that Maria Jiminez is sick?"

"No," we admitted. "Is it something serious?"

"I don't know, but I thought you'd better see her."

Sister and I looked at each other with the same question in mind, "how can we possibly crowd in one more thing this morning, of all busy mornings? Thanking our friend, we started off—in the direction of Maria's house—some six miles away. We would miss our other visit and probably be late for class, but this sounded urgent.

Soon we were knocking at Maria's door. It was opened by a stranger who greeted us coldly with the word,

"Yes?"

"Is Maria at home?" I asked.

"Yes, but she cannot see you," was the answer.

"Why not?"

"She is sick and cannot see you."

"Well," said I, "that is the reason we came. We understand that she is sick. Perhaps we can help her."

"No, you can't," the unfriendly person snapped. "She won't talk to you."

"I think Maria will be glad to see us!" I exclaimed as we brushed past the woman into the house.

There on the bed lay Maria, eyes wide open, staring into space. Her

mouth was open too and there was not a sign of consciousness. We turned to the woman who had followed us into the room and asked:

"Has Father been here? Does he know Maria is sick?"

"What would Father be doing here!" was the response.

I turned to my companion. "Let's go. We must get Father at once."

Away we went to the rectory. When Father answered the door we asked,

"Father, do you know that Maria Jiminez is sick?"

"No. Serious?"

"We think she is dying, Father."

Father didn't waste a minute.

"Will you go back?" he asked. "I'll get my car and follow."

But by the time we arrived at Maria's home again, Father was there. This time, without even the ceremony of knocking, we ushered ourselves into the sickroom.

Father talked to Maria, trying to arouse some spark of life, but got no response. Then taking his crucifix he placed it to her lips. We were surprised and pleased to see Maria purse up her lips and kiss the crucifix. Father then said an act of contrition into her ear and proceeded to anoint her conditionally. Maria had not attended Mass nor received the Sacraments for years. After he finished Father asked:

"Well, Maria, how do you feel now?"

To our utter amazement came the reply, "Muy bien, Padre, muy bien." That was all. After that, nothing but the blank stare. Maria did not regain consciousness again. She died a few days later.

America's Children



Young and Old Are honoring their Mothers

*You can please your mother BEST by giving
her a non-fading Spiritual Bouquet,
enrolling her in the*

ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

assuring her of a large share in our prayers.

.....
Sister Supervisor, ACM
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

Please enroll my Mother who is living (dead)
in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY perpetually (for one year). I
am enclosing \$10.00 for a Perpetual Enrollment Certificate (\$1.00 for an
Annual Enrollment Certificate).

Name

Street

City Zone..... State.....