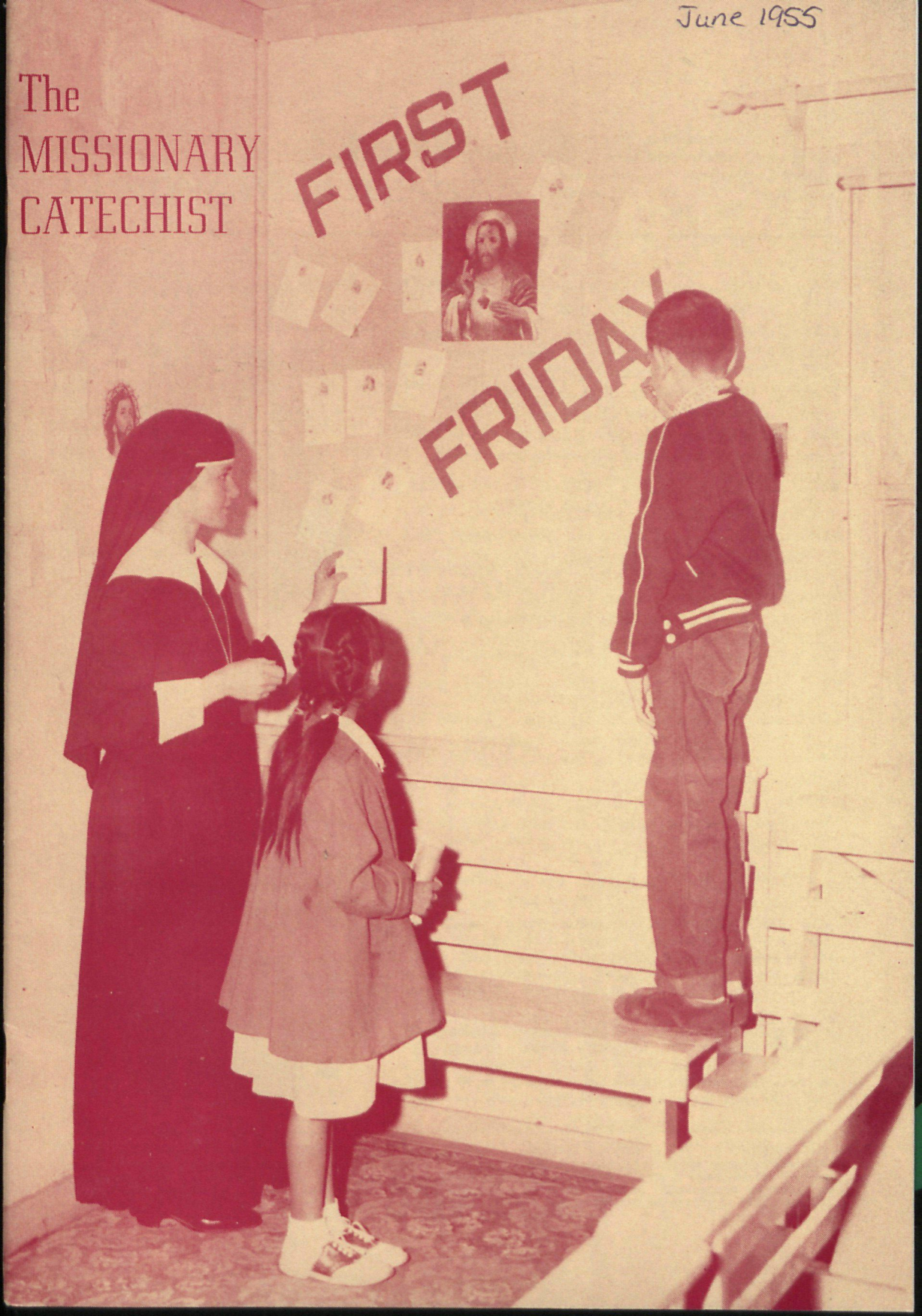
June 1955

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST



Our Daddy

by Sister Valeria

MOTHER NATURE rolled out her fresh green carpet and dotted it with violets. Spring had come to the foothills of the Alleghenies. The children felt the thrill of resurgent life all about them as they skipped joyously down the street from Columbus School to Mrs. Sterling's home where religion was taught every Tuesday afternoon in the large living room.

The First Communion Class proudly reached an enrollment of thirty as Mary and Stevie Marshall joined the group. The Marshall's had moved into their new home on one of the scenic hills but recently. Mr. Marshall was a Lutheran and a former navy lieutenant.

Now in the Marshall home catechism homework became a family affair. The parents were flooded with questions each evening as the children studied their assigned lessons. Mary and Stevie were astonished when they discovered that their daddy did not know his prayers.

"Daddy, don't you even know your Apostles Creed?" the youngsters exclaimed in genuine concern.

Several weeks later Mr. Marshall became a patient in the Veterans' Hospital. Father Theodore, the chaplain, met him there on one of his daily rounds of visits to the sick beds.

"Father, would it be possible for me to take instructions and become a Catholic?" pleaded Mr. Marshall. "My children come home from religion class and flood me with questions. They embarrass me beyond words for I don't even know my prayers, and I cannot answer their questions."

Father Theodore whispered a silent prayer of thanksgiving to God. Then encouraging Mr. Marshall he assured him that arrangements could be made for instructions. Upon Mr. Marshall's recovery, classes were scheduled with the local pastor.

Weeks later Mary and Stevie came to class bubbling over with excitement: "Sister, we have another Catholic in our house; Daddy was baptized this morning!"

A very happy family gave thanks to God the next morning as Mary and Stevie, with Mother and Daddy, knelt side by side at the banquet table of our loving Lord.

Mary and Stevie share their happiness with their teacher, Sister Valeria.

The
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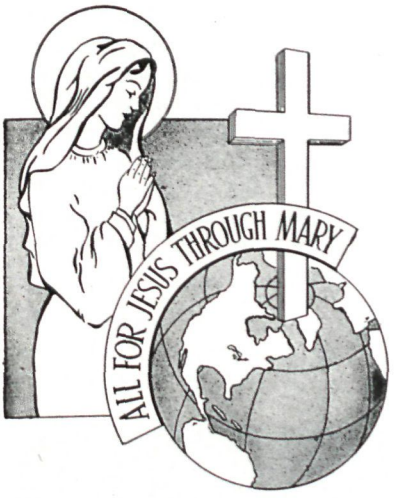

OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are a home mission community. They have no institutions of any kind but are employed strictly in missionary work. The sisters teach religion to public school children and do parish census work. They instruct converts, organize sodalities, train altar boys and choirs,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

Credits

Our Cover Sister De Porres, Los Angeles, Calif., stimulates devotion to the Sacred Heart with her First Friday Club. Each member has a card which is posted on the wall of the classroom. The card is marked with a star every time the child "makes a First Friday."

Photographs Bernard Zwilling, Broadway Photographers, Los Angeles, California, cover; W. Wesley Kloepfer, Azusa, California, pp. 6, 7, 14; Bering Studio, Bound Brook, New Jersey, p. 8; all other pictures by our sisters; our Sister Mary Martha, drawings pp. 16, 17.

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Congratulations

by Sister Mary Eva

THE book of the Gospels lay heavily upon the shoulders of Monsignor John Francis Noll as he knelt before the consecrating Bishop thirty years ago to receive the fulness of priestly power. He realized fully the burdens of the episcopacy, yet courageously, joyfully, with enthusiasm and vigor he shouldered them then and bore them with equal courage through a span of nearly three decades.

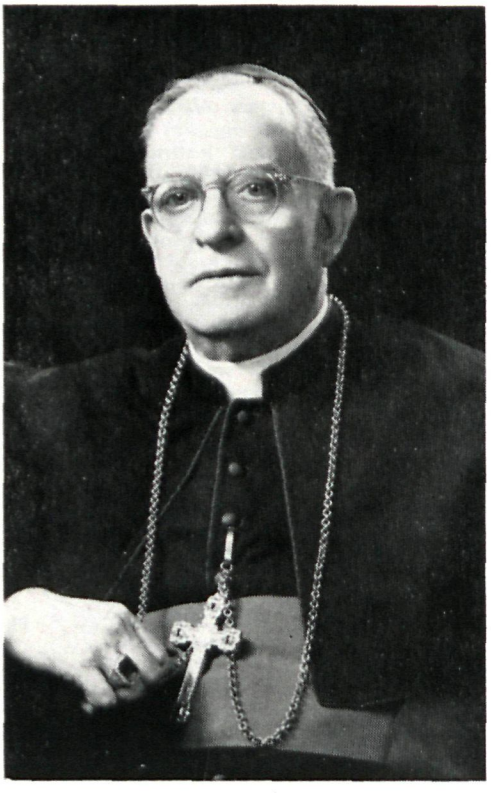
His zeal for God's glory and the honor of holy Mother Church burnt its way through the barriers of bigotry, and the white heat of its pure flame could not be confined to the limits of his diocese and native state. Through the force and influence of OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, through his whole-souled cooperation in religious works of national scope, millions throughout the nation — Catholics as well as non-Catholics — grew to know God and love truth more ardently.

Who can say how many hundreds of converts to Catholicism owe the beginnings of their interest in the true Church to the paper which owed its origin and its inspiration to the genius of Archbishop Noll.

And how many hundreds of thousands of children in mission districts of our country have been brought to a knowledge of God, through His Excellency's abiding interest in the development of our community through the years of its infancy to its present well-established status. For how many religious vocations was he not responsible through the inspiring column of OUR SUNDAY VISITOR.

We Missionary Sisters find it hard adequately to express our gratitude for this fatherly guidance of our beloved Archbishop. No new mission venture of our community but was of prime importance to him. Nothing made him happier than to hear the tales the sisters would tell upon their annual return from the missions to Victory Noll for the summer.

And when, armed with materials for manuscripts and copy for books and pamphlets, he would occasionally re-



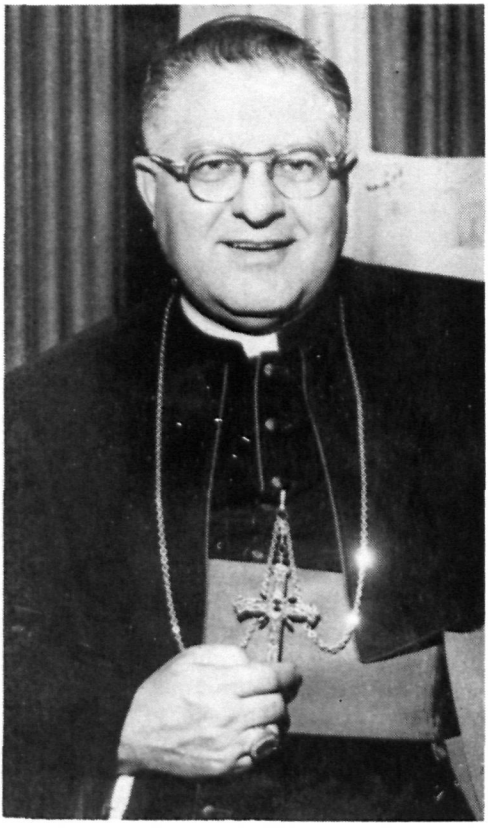
Archbishop Noll

tire for a few days to our motherhouse, no work of his was ever so important that it could not be interrupted to attend to the personal problem of any sister who wished to consult him. He was never too busy to give of his time, his sympathy and his counsel.

Your Excellency, we congratulate you with all our hearts upon the completion of your thirty years of fruitful apostolate in the episcopacy. You indeed come to your anniversary as the Psalmist says, "portantes manipulos suos," bearing the richly laden sheaves of your priestly labors. We thank God with you for His many blessings upon your life and work.

And now that the same divine will which placed upon your shoulders the burden of a bishopric has seen fit to place upon them the cross of illness and suffering we beg God to fill your soul with new courage and that peace and contentment which a great work well done so richly deserves.

To Bishop Leo A. Pursley, whom the Holy See assigned as Apostolic Administrator in response to your characteristically solicitous plea for help lest "soul should come to harm," we offer our s i n c e r e s t congratulations. We promise our earnest prayers for God's help upon the difficult task assigned to him. The capable energy and forthright zeal with which he has worked



Bishop Pursley

in the Diocese of Ft. Wayne as pastor and auxiliary Bishop are well known to us. We wish to assure him of our wholehearted loyalty, our cooperation, and our complete confidence. May God prosper his administration.

Confidence

When shadows fall athwart thy path
'Tis God Who passes by!
Bow down in peace and praise and pray,
And even while you sigh,
Remember this—each sorrow is
A shadow sweet
That tells how near Christ's nailed feet
Are walking by thy side;
Then let thy soul confide.

—Father Faber

Men in CCD

by Sister Florence

SO much male interest in CCD work! How did it all come about?

THERE are many new people in St. Frances of Rome Parish, Azusa, California, with whom we have no contact because their children attend the Catholic school. Naturally, these good people wonder who we are and what we do all day; they see us riding around in our cars and they know we do not teach in the school. Mr. Lightbody, a son of one of our fine lay teachers, heard remarks to this effect at a Holy Name gathering and he suggested that the men invite our sisters to one of their meetings to let us tell them who we are and what contribution we are making to parish life. Soon after I found myself the guest speaker at a Holy Name breakfast.

The men were an interested audience. At the close of my talk one asked what could a man who works eight hours a day, and has a family, do in the way of personal service in CCD. This led me into a detailed description of the various aspects of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine program in which we would be happy to enlist him and the others. Most of the Holy Name men are also Knights of Columbus and it was agreed that here was a challenging project for the Knights. They were seeking something big to take over at that time. This was the beginning. Enthusiastically the men made plans to meet in our clubroom the following week to begin the study of a teacher-training course.

Sister Florence, superior of our convent in Azusa, California, explains when to show a picture in class to CCD teachers, Gavin Espinoza and Jesse Mendez of the Deacons.

When the Deacons, our Spanish-speaking teenage club, heard of the Knights' decision they too wanted to register for the course. So arrangements were made for a special CCD teacher-training course for the Knights and the Deacons with Father Vincent Barrett to explain doctrine and Sister Marie to present methods. Later, other men in the parish joined this original group of Knights and Deacons.

Twelve miles up from Azusa, in beautiful San Gabriel Canyon, there is a county probation camp for boys aged thirteen to sixteen. For the past four years busy Father Albert Duggan and his assistant have managed to make a monthly visit to the camp for confessions, a short instruction, and Mass

on the following morning. Obviously that was not sufficient. A non-Catholic group was visiting more frequently and offering an attractive program which many of the boys could not resist. Something had to be done. Here the assistance of the CCD would be most welcome and fruitful.

Father Duggan was pleased and grateful when I suggested having the men teach and help the boys at the camp. With this in view, we invited Mr. Adolph Bustos, a good Catholic councilman, from the probation camp, to speak at the first meeting of the men. He told about the camp and the urgent need for just the type of work now being proposed to the Knights. His talk made a strong impression on the group who unanimously accepted the camp as their special project.

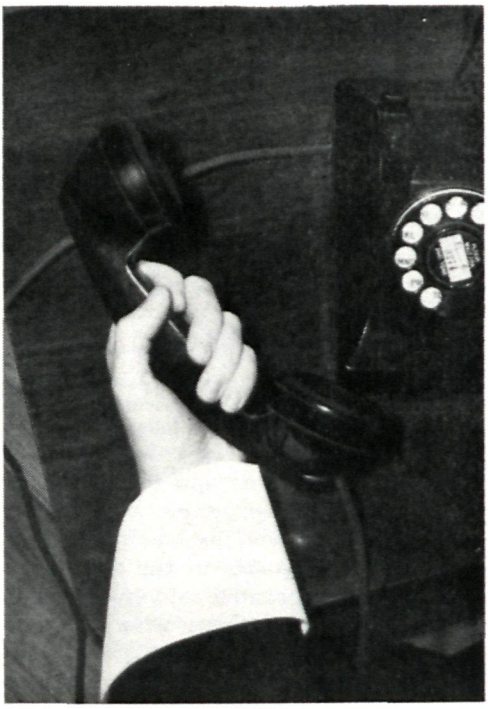
The first of the weekly trips was made on the first Sunday in Advent. Twenty men take turns going, four each

Arthur De Carufel Jr. listens as James Salmon (seated) and Louis Yrigoyen discuss highlights of the lesson to be taught the following Sunday.

Sunday, two Knights and two Deacons. They begin their program with rosary and litany, followed by the reading of the epistle and gospel of the day. Then the boys are separated into two groups, the Knights teach those who are pre-

(continued on p. 25)

Father Barrett makes doctrine interesting for the Knights in CCD. Sister Marie takes notes as she prepares to demonstrate how to apply the doctrine to the age level of the boys at the camp.



Bells

Bells

Bells

by Sister Miriam

YOU'RE on bells this week, Sister. The work schedule gives you the dignified title of portress but that colloquial expression "on bells" tells a lot. You'll be ringing bells and answering bells all day.

To begin with, be sure to set your alarm clock for that first little ding-a-ling so you'll be up in time to ring the rising bell for the rest of the community. Then the bell to call the sisters to chapel and start another day of prayer and work in the mission field.

You hope there won't be any interruptions during that sacred period of time devoted to meditation and holy Mass, but even then there may be a buzz from the back door, or a bing-bong at the front, or the persistent br-r-r-ring of the telephone. And, as always, it may mean routine or surprise, tragedy or comedy, or the plain blank of a "wrong number."

That's the way the bells come all day and sometimes far into the night. You never know. Let's see who's at the front door now.

A little girl: "Sister, my mother said to ask you what I supposed to wear for First Communion."

Patiently you explain that since she has only attended class twice it's not time to worry about clothes for that far-off day yet. Finally you write a note to Mother, advising much study and also caution in external preparation until the real preparation is assured.

Now the back door opens to a poor derelict who has stood there before. He used to invent what he thought were plausible tales, but now he just says, "May I have a sandwich, Sister? I'm ashamed. I can't stop drinking."

Your fervent prayers follow that pitiful problem as you fix up a bite to eat.

Then the phone brings an anonymous query, "When will Father hear confes-

sions?" or an excuse for a missing pupil who explains in a hoarse voice that he "stood in bed for two days" with a bad cold.

But sometimes the bell brings more excitement. It may be the postman at the front door with a big package of "holy things" or good articles of clothing collected by our local mission helpers for distribution in the field. Or the back door may open to a thoughtful neighbor woman bringing a toothsome treat for the sisters' table. What will you have, Sister, enchiladas, Italian spaghetti, chocolate cake?

The next phone bell may turn out like this:

"Sister? All for Jesus through Mary. This is Sister Exilda. I'm at the depot. I have two hours between trains."

Enough said. Your plans for the day are quickly adjusted to include sister's brief visit.

However, the unexpected excitement isn't always of the pleasant sort. That ring may be an officer from the Juvenile Court with a serious case involving some youngster whose rare visits to class have presaged his troublesome career. Accidents or disasters may bring emergency calls for first aid or ambulance trips or almost anything. A sister's personal cross may be announced by the impersonal voice from the telegraph office telling of serious illness or death in that loved home she left to serve Christ.

And so it goes. Some seasons give the bells a better workout than others: Christmas, First Communion or Confirmation time, parish bazaar or jamaica days. And all the while your own bells are calling the sisters to chapel, to work, to classes, to meals, to recreation, and finally to the sleep of the just.

You might make a game of it among the sisters to recall the most exciting bell, the funniest scene or the most unusual situation. One of the funniest at our convent was little Sammy who had taken part in the May procession wearing some white trousers we loan out on such occasions. His mother had put the trousers neatly in a paper bag and there stood a solemn little boy holding out his package, "Sister, here's your pants."

Do you have one to tell, Sister? Excuse me, I must answer the phone now. Tell me when I get back.

Happy Homes

by Sister Margaret

"I wish *Dod* had a telephone!" exclaimed a frightened little boy.

The family was driving home at night over a lonely country road when they were caught in a storm. Someone had asked anxiously about where there might be a telephone in case the car stalled. The little boy learned that God has a telephone — prayer.

The human heart craves security — security in our heavenly Father's care, security against the tempests and trials of life. From early infancy we sense security in our parents and home. The word *home* generally conveys the idea of satisfying relationships, security, happiness. Realtors advertize homes instead of houses. But every house is not a home. Much has been said, sung, and written about the "heap of living" that makes a home. The human heart craves a satisfying home.

The satisfying home is made up of ordinary members of a family who hold the will of God supreme. It is the home in which God's law is observed and His love prevails. Kindness, patience, long-suffering, cheerfulness, contentment, are lovely homely virtues which bring satisfaction in the long run. Through mutual interests in work and recreation, family celebrations and family prayer, the members realize their belongingness. In the satisfying home there is affection for all the members.

The aims and longings of the human heart circulate around two major but opposing needs: The need for affection, and the need for prestige — to be somebody. The need for prestige can be achieved as a part of the family or as a self-centered individual. Today a most vicious enemy is at work to destroy the family from within. This enemy is selfishness rampant today under the grand titles of individualism, self-expression, and the preservation of one's personality. When a family is stricken internally with selfishness its resistance to external attacks vanishes. Prevalent lamentable results of selfishness are birth control, divorce, juvenile delinquency — broken homes and broken lives.

In our work with families — through teaching religion, home visiting, and moderating youth and parent-educator groups — we hope to preserve and/or restore Christian homes. Only thus can society be restored to its true Christian heritage. And only thus can we hope to "restore all things in Christ" as urged by Saint Pius X.

A most efficacious means of solidly establishing the reign of Christ among men is found in the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in homes. The Enthronement is more than a mere veneration of the image of the Sacred Heart. It is more than a transient consecration. It is a permanent state of devotedness and love. As Pope Benedict XV explained, the Enthronement means that in reality Jesus is placed upon a throne in the family, that in very truth He remains there as King. In the ceremony of the Enthronement the family proclaims Jesus Christ the King of the home. The family that offers Him hospitality finds happiness, courage, and inspiration in the assurance that Jesus is with them. To Him are confided joys and sorrows, failures and successes, needs spiritual and tem-

Sister Margaret with an adult group in East Chicago, Ind.

poral. From Him are learned the homely, lovely virtues of kindness, patience, long-suffering, with cheerfulness and contentment. For He admonishes: "Learn from Me, for I am meek and humble of heart; and you will find rest for your souls." (Matt. XI, 29)

By the Enthronement we *urge* our Lord, as did the disciples of Emmaus, "Stay with us." (Luke XXIV, 29) We want Him to be our King, our Friend, our Confidant, our Counsellor. We ask Him to preside on all occasions. Nothing of importance will be decided or done without Him. We share with Him our sufferings, our happiness. Experience proves practical reality of this devotion. Many are the instances proving the benign effect of the Enthronement. I cherish most dearly the memory of my precious mother's devotion to the Sacred Heart. A devotion she quietly inculcated in all of us. This devotion has not ceased influencing our home and family. Our mother and convert father have gone home to the Sacred Heart. But their Enthronement shrine, with its inspiring memories, remains to us a bit of herself and himself beckoning us and encouraging us on our seemingly long (and would-be-lonely) journey home.

To get "born Catholics" to enthrone the Sacred Heart in their homes should be a mere matter of knowing about it. But this is not generally true. Many Catholic families have an image of the Sacred Heart and some have made an Act of Consecration; but the actual Enthronement by a priest has not taken place. There is a lack of the vitalizing, sublimating effect of *living* the Enthronement. "Home by home, family by family, to instill Christ" is the plea of Father Mateo, Apostle of the Enthronement. Jesus pleads, says Father Mateo, that we give Him homes so that He may reign in our country. For this reason we press on with the Enthronement.

Father P. Peyton rightly maintains, "The family that prays together stays together." The problem is *to get the family to pray together.* A sure, short way we have found is to get our Lord enthroned as King of the home. Then the family naturally rallies around Him with homage and prayer daily. Worldly distractions have increased a million-fold with TV, even in rural homes. In the home where Christ reigns the family turns away from multiple amusements and distractions for their daily rosary and other family devotions.

The accompanying picture of a family at prayer was taken recently in a

A family at prayer before the Sacred Heart, King of their happy ranch home in Colorado.

ranch home in Colorado. This young couple had the Sacred Heart enthroned before they built this beautiful modern home. The father, who was the influence in bringing his mother, sister, and brothers back to the fold, humbly says, "I guess we could do a whole lot more good if we tried." The little mother, a convert, tells how she received her religious instructions from our Sister Agnes. This family is one of our truly devout, happy, faithful families.

Today, more than ever, all families need strength and security in Christ. No one can afford to ignore the Sacred Heart's promise to bless the place where an image of His Heart is set up and

Father Roy Figlino with the Dennis Maez family after the Enthronement in their home. Mrs. Maez is the leader in the parent-educator group of St. Augustine's Church, Brighton, Colorado.

honored. His image, either a picture or statue, should be given a place of honor in every home. It should be in a room where all members of the family may freely pray before it and recommend their needs to their all-powerful Friend. Thus the home is brought under the benign and secure influence of the Divine Heart who in a benediction-bringing manner asserts Himself in all the joyful and sorrowful occurrences of family life. As a consequence of the Enthronement the family soon realizes that the Sacred Heart is its most faithful Friend, sympathetic Comforter, tender Father. The family then returns love for love.

Across the Threshold

by Gladys Pullen Burge

WHILE the word *Catholic* is defined as meaning *universal,* I like to think of it as a magic key, one that opens the door to new spiritual vistas and a realm of mystic beauty and paths of truth to explore.

In a little suburban Catholic church known as St. Bernadette's, a mission was being conducted by a young priest recently returned from Korea. His subject was confession which held some significance—but more about that later. Sitting next to me was the friend at whose invitation I was there. Just before the recitation of the Joyful Mysteries she pressed a rosary into my hand. It was with a feeling of reluctance that I returned it later that evening.

Two days passed and the desire to possess a rosary prodded my return to the same little church where they were selling religious articles. Each night I continued to pray the five decades without knowledge of the Mysteries. There was a new and strange spiritual solace in touching the beads one by one. Each evening seemed much the same until one night the urgent longing for further understanding of what the rosary really meant was stronger than the comfort of the beads. It was on this particular night that I made arrangements for receiving instructions in the Catholic faith.

There are many stories of conversion and though they vary there is that final consummation, that unexplainable moment for each alike, when the soul awakens to its transition. A moment in which a decision is made to stand for all eternity; complete assent to God's love as expressed in the beautiful words of the Virgin Mary: "Be it done unto me according to Thy word."

My early religious training was very much the same as that of most Protestant children, I suppose, with one possible exception—the close association of a nun who tutored me in music. The only thing I learned with any connection to Catholicism was the Ave Maria in Latin, but I was privileged to know the gentle and patient nature so characteristic of the true religious vocation.

It is most difficult to recall and pinpoint the circumstances that contribute to the formation of a philosophy. There are so many little things one is entirely unconscious of. Somewhere along the way I developed a spiritual wanderlust. By that I mean a desire to investigate religious ideas of various denominations. By the time I discovered none held forth the answer I had encountered the so-called *intelligentia* in the literary field—a group of self-acclaimed materialistic thinkers who further added to the inward confusion.

With a firm belief in The Trinity still intact, I decided to forget the denominations. There were too many churches with far too many controversial ideas for any one of them to authentically claim authority. I had not considered the Catholic faith as the possible solution. There is an air of austerity about Mother Church that seems to have a restraining effect upon non-Catholics. Later, through the invitation of a good Catholic friend, I attended the Sacrifice of the Mass. I was not particularly impressed with the ceremony. One cannot intelligently have an opinion regarding something he doesn't understand. What did impress me was the tranquility of worship in this house of God and the definite air of holiness

(continued on p. 25)

In the Home Field

Heaven on Earth

THE six little Lindens were delighted with their new brother. Jim, the eldest, looked upon the baby as a guarantee of Holy Mass each Sunday in the chapel near his home. It had been promised as soon as a sufficient number of Catholics could be found in the chapel area. To Jim, another Linden meant another member of the Church.

Gregory was only a week old when the sisters first held Catechism classes in the Linden home. Before class Mrs. Linden proudly displayed her youngest. Tiny Junior clung to her skirt and looked shyly at the unfamiliar visitors. Frequently he tugged at his mother's dress. In response, she smiled down at him over the baby in her arms. Junior answered each show of attention with a smile which seemed to say, "Mother is here. What more could I want?"

In class that day, the discussion turned to the subject of the happiness of heaven.

"How could we be happy in heaven if all our family and friends were not there?" the children questioned.

Sister remembered Junior's look of contentment.

"While his mother was in the hospital, how did Junior feel?" she asked.

"He was awfully lonesome. He didn't want to go to anyone," big brother Jim replied.

"After Mother came home, did he care about anyone else?"

Everyone agreed that now Junior's happiness is complete.

"Well, in heaven, if we have God, do you think we will need anyone else?"

The argument was settled. If Mother could make Junior perfectly happy on earth, surely God can make each of us perfectly happy in heaven.

Sister Ruth Anthony
Union City, Pennsylvania

ALTHOUGH Mary Ann is only four she is faithful in coming to Catechism classes, and is very attentive. One day Sister told the story of Adam and Eve; how God formed the body of Adam from the clay of the earth. Sister went on to tell that our bodies are made of dust and that they will return to dust after we die. When Mary Ann returned home that day after class she asked her mother:

"Mommy, what are you made of?"

Her mother answered playfully, "Of sugar and spice and everything nice."

"No, you're not," exclaimed Mary Ann. "You're made of dirt."

Sister Celestine
Ely, Nevada

WHEN little Tommy in kindergarten reported at a different center after several weeks of absence from religion class, Sister just couldn't recall his name right off.

"What is your name, again?" she asked.

"Why," came the offended reply, "the same as it was in the other place."

Sister Jude Marie
Flemington, N.J.

Sister: What must you do to get to heaven?

Tommy: To get to heaven you must be buried.

Sister Mary Germaine
Flemington, N.J.

Sister Mary Joachim and Sister Denis with a few of their pupils pray for souls at their June shrine to the Sacred Heart.—Azusa, Calif.

ONE second grader complained to her parents that everything had gone wrong for her that day. "I even missed a word in spelling. I just don't know what the matter is." Then, after a thoughtful pause, she added, "Oh, I do know why! I forgot to say my prayers this morning."

Sister Eva
Kendallville, Ind.

LOS Alamos, the atomic city, where everyone must have his personal pass for entrance, produced this bright answer. The class was playing the game of dictionary.

"I'll say the word and you tell me what it means," said Sister.

The first word was *sanctifying grace.* Bobby defined it immediately:

"It's the pass you have to have to get to heaven!"

Sister Mary Bernadette
Santa Fe, New Mex.

AMONG new versions of old stories comes this one. Sister asked her First Communicants, "How did Mary Magdalen show Jesus that she was sorry for her sins?"

Enthusiastic Dolores almost shouted, "She went and told Him." Then noticing Sister's look of doubt she quickly corrected herself.

"No, Sister, she kept her mouth shut and cried!"

Sister Mary Mark
Ogden, Utah

One day two of us were walking down a street where we were doing some home visiting. Our long dark mantles were flowing and blowing in the wind. A tiny girl across the street called to her playmates excitedly, "Look, there's Superman!"

Sister Anne Veronica
Detroit, Michigan

Trophy for the Sacred Heart

by Sister Mary Martha

"THERE are just four more houses in this block; let's ring their bells before we call it a day." First one—not home; second, not home; third, not Catholic; fourth—that's where my story begins.

It was a small, modest home, one that had been built at a much earlier date. It looked inviting with its verdant lawn and old-fashioned flower garden. It was the kind of home that makes one want to dream. The house, lawn and garden were surrounded by a high white fence, the purpose of which we sensed as we neared the gate. A big black dog came toward us and growled an unfriendly "What do you want?" Since neither of us was on speaking terms with the fellow, we stopped and wondered whether we should brave him or skip the house. Then someone called,

"Just a minute, Miss, I'll chain Buster, but he doesn't ordinarily bite."

Since he put emphasis on the "ordinarily" we waited until Buster was securely chained and the friendly little old man hobbled back to open the gate for us.

"We are taking a census of the Catholic families," sister said. "Are there any Catholics living here?"

"No, it's just me and my wife living here and we're both passed seventy."

He was evading the question but Sister Camilla is not one to be put off easily. She asked, "Have either of you ever been baptized Catholic?"

There was a pause then somewhat abashed the little old man said, "Come on in and meet Ma, then we will tell you about it."

We entered the antiquely furnished cottage and there met Ma, a pretty little antique in herself.

Soon these dear people unraveled their whole life's story before us, beginning in their teens when they first fell in love. They had eloped and attempted marriage before a judge. Both were baptized Catholic and realized that what they were doing was wrong, but having been poorly instructed, they thought their case was hopeless. As Ma said,

"We knew we were out of the Church, and at first it was hard to take, but after a while, we just forgot and decided we would have to make the best of it. And we've been together over fifty years now."

When we explained that they could again be living members of the Church and assured them that the Sacred Heart of Christ was waiting to receive them back into the embrace of His love, they were like two children hearing that Santa Claus was soon to come!

We also spoke to them about the consecration of the home to the Sacred Heart and they were overjoyed at the thought that their little home could belong entirely to Jesus. They assured us that there were many hours during which they could sit and pray and make reparation for the years of thoughtless neglect.

After our visit we hurried to the rectory with the findings of the day. Our zealous pastor seemed to have interest in nothing but our last visit, at least for the time being. That same evening he visited his wandering sheep and during the next few days he took care of all the "loose ends."

We made arrangements with a neighbor to bring our new friends to church on the following Saturday morning. There, before the Altar, these two children of God, aged seventy-six and seventy-seven, were united in holy

Matrimony. It was indeed a touching sight to watch them help each other to the Communion rail where they received, for the first time in over fifty years, their Eucharistic Lord who had so mercifully spared them to see this blessed day.

Later in the day sister and I visited the newlyweds and joined in the presentation of another trophy to the Sacred Heart. We took with us a beautiful consecration picture of the Sacred Heart, a gift of Monsignor Hunt, for which another friend, Mrs. DuChane, had supplied the frame. Sister Camilla had baked a delicious cake and I had begged a bouquet from the neighbor's garden.

We were received with royal hospitality. Even Buster did not resent our presence. Ma was delighted as she took the cake and shyly said, "Oh, Pa, look what the sisters brought me."

Pa was not to be left out. Quickly he relieved us of picture and flowers and said, "Yes, Ma, but look what they brought me!"

In a few minutes the happy couple had affixed their signatures to the consecration and we put it in its frame. Pa insisted that he, and no one else, should hang the picture. So he climbed the rickety old ladder while I held it together. Ma and Sister Camilla arranged the flowers. After a few good bangs of the hammer—plus a few misses—the large nail was securely anchored. With much pride, and I think a tear, Pa gently hung the picture, thus enthroning the Sacred Heart in the home while Ma placed the flowers on the mantle before it.

We all knelt and since neither of our friends could read without spectacles—which could not be found just then—I had the privilege of reading the Act of Consecration aloud, while they lovingly repeated each and every word.

After the Amen we knelt in silence for a while. Then Ma turned to say, "Dear Sisters, I wish you had called on us fifty years ago!"

Fifty years ago! Fifty years ago our community of Missionary Sisters was not yet in existence. No doubt it was for precious souls such as Ma and Pa that God inspired our beloved founder, Father John J. Sigstein, to start a community of women who would go into life's byways and find, not only the little ones at the dawn of life, but also those in the sunset of their days, to show them that life's sunset with Christ is an assurance of a glorious sunrise on the eternal shores beyond.

our Associates'

Dear Associates:

WHEN the temperature begins to soar there is a marked drop in receipts from mission clubs. We hope at least some of you will be able to keep on during the summer months with lawn parties, ice cream socials, etc., to aid our mission work. A big expense item which faces us each summer is the payment of transportation of newly professed sisters to the mission fields assigned to them. As you know, some will go to Californian missions while others will be sent East, North and South. Therefore, benefit parties which will help us meet traveling expenses will be greatly appreciated.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

ST. AUGUSTINE BAND

Marshfield, Mass.

THE Promoter of St. Augustine's, *Mrs. James A. O'Brien,* mother of Sister James of our community, is also "a committee of one." She collects money offerings chiefly from relatives who are widely scattered throughout the East, with a member or two also in the West. Mrs. O'Brien contacts her members by letter and they respond generously.

ST. KATHERINE BAND, *Chicago*

This is one of the Bands of which we are very proud. Twice a month meetings are held and twice a month we hear from the Promoter, *Mrs. Katherine Hammer,* with a check representing dues collected at the meetings. The members take turn serving as hostesses and the tempting refreshments served (each member has mastered the art of cooking and baking it seems) amount to an innocent but effective bait in securing good attendance.

MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND, SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

Reading from left to right: Mrs. M. McEntee, Mrs. Cecilia Gray, Mrs. Helen Flier, Mrs. Louise Wolff, Mrs. A. J. Lammert, Promoter, Mrs. Anne Isenman, Mrs. Olga Muich and Mrs. Catherine Zinzelmeier.

The Band members meet the first Tuesday of every month. They mount holy pictures and medals on cards and some crochet around Sacred Heart Badges. They sponsor Sister Florence in California.

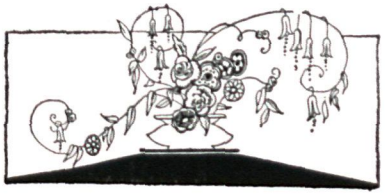
Club Mention

ST. STEPHEN BAND
Highland Park, Mich.

Our Band in Highland Park is made up chiefly of the Koroly brothers living in Detroit and their wives. The Koroly brothers are Sister M. Stephanie's uncles. One of the members, Frank Koroly, was seriously injured in a fall from a ladder about a year ago which incapacitated him for many months. Then their oldest brother, Michael, died suddenly in Pennsylvania and all returned to that State for the funeral. In spite of these personal tragedies the members try to keep up with their meetings. *Mrs. Joseph Koroly* is the Promoter.

CHRIST THE KING BAND
(Dearborn, Mich.)

This Band is one of those which we style "a committee of one." In other words there are no meetings. The Promoter, *Mrs. Joseph Brusch*, collects from her friends for Christ the King Burse which she sponsors. One of her favorite and successful methods is that of taking orders for all occasion greeting cards and other stationery needs from her friends and acquaintances. Each month these sales net a neat sum.



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS
March 16 to April 14, 1955

Adrian, Chicago, Florence Dietz	**$25.00**
Bl. Martin, Lewiston, Minn., Mrs. Irene Lehmann	**5.00**
Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford	**9.00**
Charitina, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons	**30.00**
Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler	**25.00**
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	**1.00**
Dolores Guild, Chicago, A. Klingel	**53.00**
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, Mary Kay Gerhard	**1.00**
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	**8.00**
Queen of Virgins, Madison, Minn. Regina Emmerich	**1.00**
St. Anne, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Deininger	**7.10**
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif. Mrs. M. McMannamy	**15.00**
St. Clara, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Ryan	**8.00**
St. Francis M. Circle, Louisville, Ohio, Mrs. V. P. Samblanet	**175.00**
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Helen Melke	**32.50**
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	**3.50**
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	**307.00**
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	**43.50**
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier	**5.00**
St. Mary Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mrs. Augusta Hake	**11.00**
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	**13.00**
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. Jno. J. Murphy	**16.00**
Srillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg	**3.00**
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth	**12.00**

ST. JUDE BAND, *W. Allis, Wis.*

LETTERS are few and far between from the members of this Band but they make up for it by sending large donations when they write. Our last letter from the secretary, *Mrs. Norbert Roth*, enclosed a check for $40. There has been considerable illness among the members' families during the past year. A special fund set aside by members provides for a Mass when a member's family is visited by sickness or death.

Mary's Loyal

EVEN small children can make reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, offering Him the golden pennies of sacrifice to *make up* for the crown of thorns which sinners weave for Him by their crimes or by their cold indifference. Little sacrifices such as doing the dishes or errands without grumbling or holding back the sharp word when you are angry, offered with love to Jesus for the conversion of sinners, will please Him mightily.

All for Jesus through Mary!
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

NEW JERSEY HELPER CONFIRMED

Above is pictured Marie Sikora of Middlesex, New Jersey on the day she was confirmed. Marie attends religion classes conducted by our sisters and helps them in many ways.

CHICAGO HELPER GRADUATES

Pictured above is Nancy Lee Walters when she graduated from St. Gregory's parochial school in Chicago last year. Nancy Lee joined Mary's Loyal Helpers about five years ago.

Heard from recently . .

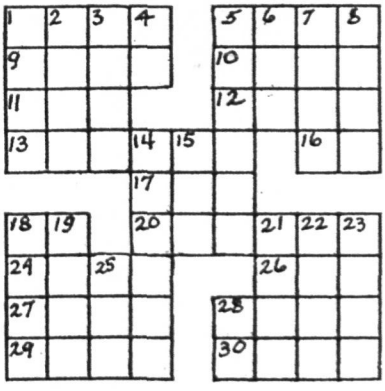
Patricia Bailey, Warwick, Rhode Island
Margaret Tassia, York, Pa.
Lorraine Goetz, Vandergift, Pa.
Barry Hurlburt, Cincinnati, Ohio
Carol Rupple, Louisville, Ohio
Dorita Ingalls, Veradale, Wash.
Theresa Lehner, Beaver Dam, Wis.
Celine Matejka, Chicago, Ill.
Paula and Steven Scher,
Huntington, Ind.

I haven't had time to do anything except study. Believe me I've done enough homework lately that I'll be glad to graduate in May. Of course if you want to graduate you have to work hard. Here is my monthly dollar.

Regina Shields, Omaha, Neb.

Helpers' pages

June Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Month of The Sacred Heart
5. . . . and humble of Heart
9. Periods of time
10. One time
11. especially (abbrev.)
12. an imaginary giant
13. one who passes the ball
16. higher place
17. Latin for "Hail"
18. Georgia (abbrev.)
20. boy who carries golf clubs
24. to verify
26. large vessel or vase
27. Sweet Heart of Jesus be my . . .
28. footless
29. amazed
30. lairs

DOWN

1. army car
2. constellation
3. sleeps
4. east side (abbrev.)
5. ship secured to shore
6. England (abbrev.)
7. unbleached
8. . . . us in Thy Sacred Heart.
14. . . . Heart of Jesus
15. First woman's name
18. Festive
19. To declare openly
25. day before
21. easily fooled
22. a metal
23. brings to a finish
28. advertisement (abbrev.)

VICKY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY?

Whether or not it's Victoria Woloszyn's birthday, a party is taking place in her home because in her right hand is a dish of ice cream. In her left arm she holds her doll. Our Helper lives in Detroit, Michigan.

Helpers write . . .

My smaller sister enjoys working the puzzles. We are saving the holy cards for our Sunday Missals. We are also saving dimes in our dime card and hope to have plenty of them by the end of Lent. I do hope our little sacrifices help you in your mission work.

Barbara Berdelman,
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

The last magazine was wonderful. I especially enjoyed "Roy and the Royal Road" and "Buried Beans." Once I started to read I couldn't put it down. I am filling up a dime card and soon I'll collect some more stamps for you.

Mary Jean Carter,
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

True Devotion to Mary

THE more we read about the True Devotion as taught by St. Louis de Montfort, and the more we practice it, the more we marvel at its excellence. In order to understand it better it is absolutely necessary to read with all the attention possible the original treatise — and of course we must beg Our Blessed Mother to enlighten us.

There are many summaries and condensations of the Treatise on the True Devotion, most of them well done and attractive in their format. But nothing, nothing can take the place of the original. One reading is not enough. Each time we read it, it opens up new horizons. Fortunately it has an unction which, without irreverence, we might compare to Sacred Scripture. It bears re-reading again and again. One never wearies of it. On the contrary, each new reading discloses new treasures.

St. Louis writes with a marvelous logic. Step by step he teaches us this devotion by which we consecrate ourselves wholly and unreservedly to Jesus Christ through His most holy Mother. Patiently he answers the objections — objections which were, in his day, the same as they are today.

In fact, when we hear the objections raised, when we read the questions asked about the True Devotion to Mary we might easily get the impression that it is something cold, rigid, almost straight-laced, you might say. The very opposite is true. Those who practice it enjoy a glorious liberty — the liberty of the children of God. It is something joyous and exhilarating. They *know*, without a doubt, that they are the favored children of the Mother of God. There is nothing arrogant about such a statement. Would we accuse a small child of arrogance because she has perfect trust and confidence in her mother who loves her so much?

Those who have given into Mary's hands *everything* know that she regards them as her dearest children. Do they worry about purgatory for themselves or their relatives or friends? Certainly not; Mary will take care of that. Do they fret because now they want to pray for a very special favor and they are afraid they'll never get it because they have no merits to plead for them? For a true child of Mary, impossible! Do they worry for fear they will appear at the judgment seat of God empty handed because they have given to Mary all their works — both interior and exterior — and the value of them? Of course not.

Such sentiments are unworthy of a devoted slave of Our Blessed Mother. And what — to continue with objections — is repulsive or repugnant about the word slave used in this sense? It is a glorious thing to belong to Jesus and Mary as Their slave, a slave of love. If only we lived up to its implications.

Practicing the True Devotion is bound to deepen our spiritual life for it teaches total dependence on Jesus and Mary — abandonment to them. Isn't that everything? What have we, says the Apostle, that we have not received? No matter how holy we become, no matter how much we correspond to grace, no matter what heights we reach, is it to our credit? We are still unprofitable servants. We are dependent on Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother for every grace we receive, for every grace we correspond with.

True Devotion, then, will keep us humble and very small. We are nothing, we have nothing. Everything we have or do we refer to our good Mother. She will teach us to want only what her Divine Son has planned for us. She will teach us conformity to God's holy will. All holiness consists in that. It is but an echo of the "Not my will, but Thine be done" of Our Blessed Lord; the "Be it done to me according to Thy word" of Our Blessed Mother.

This praying for what is good for us is expressed over and over again in the collects of the Mass. There is something positively naive, we might almost say, in those prayers in which the Church — who knows the mind of Christ so well — bids us pray for what is good for us so that we will get what we ask for. Isn't that positively delightful?

I never read a collect like that without feeling its charm. Here is one taken from the Mass for the ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

> Let Thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliant people; and that Thou mayest grant them their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee.

For the Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost the collect of the Mass is especially beautiful.

> Almighty and everlasting God, grant unto us an increase of faith, hope, and charity: and that we may obtain what Thou dost promise, make us love that which Thou dost command.

One more example — the prayer over the people from the Mass for Wednesday of the fourth week of Lent.

> Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants, and that Thou mayest grant them what they ask, make them to desire that alone which is pleasing to Thee.

If we practice the True Devotion and really live our consecration, we will surely desire that alone which is pleasing to Our Blessed Lord. To learn more about this sure and easy way to sanctity, write today to:

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

Books

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston by Dorothy G. Wayman. Farrar, Strauss and Young, Inc., New York. $4.

This is a biography of William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston and for many years Dean of the American Hierarchy. His successor, the Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D., in a foreword to the book, tells us that he urged Miss Wayman to write it. Since but ten years have elapsed since the Cardinal's death, the Archbishop concedes that it might be difficult to assess his influence upon his own day and the future growth of the Church. On the other hand Archbishop Cushing felt that a biography should be written now while many personal witnesses are still living.

The Cardinal was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, December 8, 1859. His parents had come over from Ireland nine years before. After being graduated from Boston College William O'Connell studied for the priesthood at the North American College in Rome where he was ordained in 1884. After twelve years as a curate he was back at his Alma Mater to take up his duties as rector. From that time Father O'Connell advanced rapidly. He was made a domestic prelate, consecrated Bishop of Portland, appointed Papal Legate to Japan, named Coadjutor Bishop of Boston, succeeded as Archbishop of that city, then was created a Cardinal Priest of the Church. Some there were who whispered that Willie O'Connell knew the right people, but the Cardinal attested that every advancement came to him as a surprise and was the result of hard work and devotion to duty.

Cardinal O'Connell's was not a "warm" personality. Yet a few claimed close friendship with him, among them the saintly Secretary of State under St. Pius X, Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val. Many of the opinions held by the Cardinal during his long tenure of office are of a controversial nature. Wisely, Miss Wayman does not enter into any of the controversy, but she gives us enough facts to show the fearlessness of the Cardinal, his utter disregard for human respect.

The author put much research into her work, as is attested by the bibliography and by the list of those who opened their archives to her that she might record the events relevant to the biography. The result is a fascinating story of the youth born of immigrant parents who became a Prince of the Church.

Least of All, Me by Sister Anthony Marie, O.S.F. Divine Word Missionary Publications, Techny, Ill. Paper cover, 50 cents.

Perhaps it would be better to have a high school girl review this little book, rather than a sister. It will appeal to a teenager, especially to one who feels called to the religious life.

Sister Anthony Marie, of the Sisters of St. Francis of Mary Immaculate of Joliet, Illinois, recounts the story of her community as lived by the fictional Sister Juniper. Sister Juniper, like her namesake, has a knack of having things happen to her. Although some of these things could and do happen in this convent or that, to this sister or that; it is stretching one's credulity a bit to believe that all of them could happen in *one* convent, to *one* sister. Nevertheless, young girls are going to like this book. It should be a help to them in deciding their vocation.

Across the Threshold

(continued from page 13)

that surrounded His Altar. Emotionalism? Perhaps. Little matter the circumstances that produce humility. When one comes to the realization that he, of himself, is nothing and alone can accomplish nothing, a great truth has been discovered through the grace of God.

In trying to summarize briefly the events that seem relevant, the story would be incomplete were I not to pause and describe an unforgettable and beautiful ceremony I was privileged to witness: My seventy-year-old mother, white head bowed, kneeling before a priest in the sanctuary of Our Blessed Mother, reciting the Profession of Faith before her vows of conditional baptism. From that moment I had the benefit of her prayers, and one year later, I too knelt in the sanctuary of Our Blessed Mother.

Every prospective convert will encounter hurdles because it is difficult to break a habit of wrong thinking that has extended over a period of many years; but with reason and faith they can be overcome. The spiritual compensation is well worth the effort.

It was with tongue in cheek that I viewed the Sacrament of Confession. "Who does not know the difficulty of sin to speak the truth about itself? Our own sense of independence clamors that we should hide that which would demean us in the eyes of others."

Accepting a matter on faith is one thing; experiencing it another. Came the momentous day. Arriving at the door of the confessional, I felt much like "little boy with big jaw" waiting for the dentist; trying very hard to think of the spiritual relief. Armed with the breakdown on all ten Commandments and the Act of Contrition I opened and closed the door on my last and most difficult hurdle.

Men in CCD

(continued from p. 7)

paring for Confirmation and the Deacons those for first Communion. They take time, too, to advise the boys on their personal problems and difficulties.

On Saturday the teachers for the week come to our convent to get charts and other class materials required for the next day's lesson.

To pay for the boys' catechisms, the Knights took up a collection. The Deacons, not to be outdone, did likewise, and as a result each boy not only has his own catechism but also a rosary. Now Mr. Bustos is happy to report to the men, "You should see those boys pray. Some of them say their rosary every day now, since you started to come up."

On February 27 eighty-seven members were received into the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Of this number twenty-nine were men. We were especially proud of our ten Deacons who received certificates. Twenty certificates for methods were given to men. Right Reverend Monsignor John K. Clark, Archdiocesan director of CCD was present for the occasion and his encouraging words inspired this zealous group to still greater enthusiasm in their wholehearted dedication to a great work in the Church.

Adding to our happiness on this memorable day was the fact that our dear Superior General's visit coincided with the CCD reception day. Mother Cecilia, who had been superior of our convent in Azusa at one time, was here to witness some of her own former pupils — now young men and fathers of families — receive their CCD certificates of achievement.

A total of a hundred and sixty-four men and women from all the missions out of Azusa are now enrolled in our CCD classes and actively engaged in

CCD work in one or the other of its various fields. Less than three years ago the whole thing looked discouraging. But hard work, much prayer, and the persevering cooperation of pastors, sisters and lay people are bringing down the blessings of God and producing gratifying results.

The last word

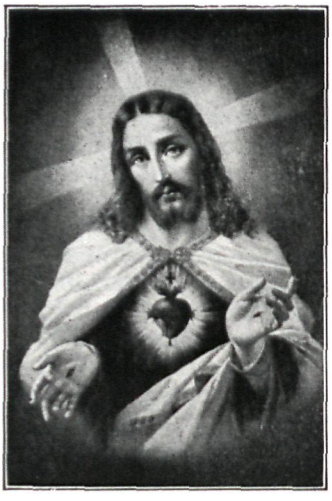
by the editor

FOR a while it looked as though we were going to have an epidemic of sore big toes around Victory Noll. The sister in charge of the kitchen, who has the responsibility of feeding our big, hungry family, dropped ten pounds of hamburger on her big toe. I should mention that the hamburger was frozen in one solid lump. As a result of this drop in meat Sister suffered a clean fracture of a big toe. We visited her in her room to offer our sympathy and found the bandaged toe sticking up through a pile of magazines from which she was peacefully clipping recipes for new ways of preparing hamburger. A forgiving soul, I'd say.

Then came the spring house cleaning and the first and only casualty was—you guessed it — a smashed big toe. It seems that a sister had her foot in the way when a dresser drawer slipped from its place as the furniture was being shoved around.

When no more sore toes appeared for a few days we began to fear that there would be no epidemic after all, and no story; but just to make sure we went around asking the sisters if they had suffered any sore toes of late. The usual response was, "Sore big toes? No, but sore hose because the big toes insist on shoving themselves through." Well, darn 'em! that isn't news!

Darning hose is such a perpetual indoor sport around here that it has ceased even to be boring and simply remains a fact to be faced. And since it is nothing to write about, we might as well say what we meant to say in the first place when we were distracted by the memory of sore toes, and that is: Thank you for the new subscriptions you sent us. We appreciate your generous response to the appeal we made in this column last month. May God let you taste, already in this world, the fruits of your charity to His cause and our grateful prayers.



Daily Offering

O Jesus, through the most pure heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart. Amen.

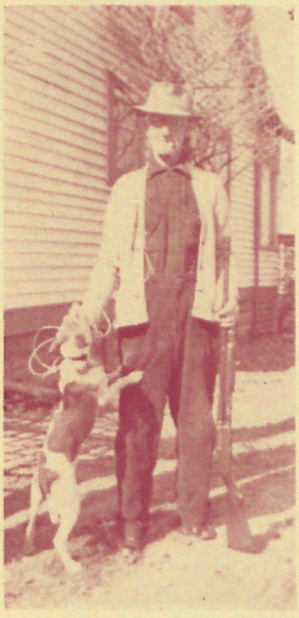
In Memoriam

Rev. James J. Tuohy, Chicago, Ill.
Elizabeth Kraus, *mother of our Sister Mary Agatha*, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Edward M. Clifford, New Albany, Ind.
Dr. A. C. Arnett, Lafayette, Ind.
Amelia C. Rager, ACM, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Ann Crispeels, ACM, Chicago, Ill.
Julia Bodinger, Gary, Ind.
Mary Regan, Chicago, Ill.
Emelia Troski, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Thomas McGinnis, Sr., Punxsutawney, Pa.
Therese Koerner, San Fernando, Calif.
Aloys Kappelhoff, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Peter Salchinger, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Neighbors

by Sister Justine

Snow pictures in July? These came to our desk recently. If you are not refreshed by them you will be by Sister Justine's sincere tribute to two good neighbors.



NEIGHBORS are those nice people who are ready to help out in all the perplexing though trivial problems in living. They know the hours for sprinkling, the days for voters to register, and all the other facts to remember that you are sure to forget. Mr. Hoffman is such a neighbor to us. Besides sharing his garden produce with us he shares the results of his favorite sport — hunting. When the cold winds begin to blow, and snow powders the ground lightly, the cry goes up, "It's rabbit time again." Mr. Hoffman oils up his gun and we get out the skillet for a bunny fry. Hounds are our favorite dogs now that we have tasted the results of their labors. They fit right into our picture of *good neighbor*. Even their mournful howls are just a part of the whole pleasing picture.

MR. HAMILTON, maintenance man at one of the public schools in our area, has more than shown his good will by coming out each Saturday morning to open the school building for our children. He waits while we have class and then locks up again. Although he is a non-Catholic, he offered his services gratis for the good of the Catholic children, knowing that a janitor's fee would have been prohibitive to such a small group. One especially blizzardy Saturday we snapped his picture as we left. He had just shovelled a path to our car so we could make a quick exit. It's kindness like this that makes us realize how well some people practice what we preach.

An Opportunity

to become a "missionary in spirit" is offered by enrolling in our 2500 CLUB, and uniting with our sisters in their soul-saving work which they carry on in areas of the United States where it is so much needed.

The 2500 CLUB is composed of men and women who contribute one dollar a month or twelve dollars a year as membership dues. The obligations are not binding as they are free to discontinue at any time.

JOIN TODAY and share in the Masses and prayers of the Missionary Sisters, and experience the spiritual joy which comes to those who participate in the sublime work of winning and saving souls.

Membership Application

Dear Sister:

Please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB. I will send a dollar a month for one year toward your mission apostolate.

Name .....

Street .....

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