

# The Missionary CATECHIST



July-August 1955



Mother Cecilia, Superior General of Our Lady  
of Victory Missionary Sisters.

## *Silver Jubilee*

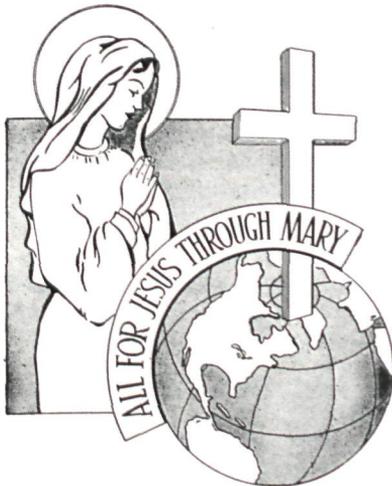
WE ask our readers to join with us—postulants, novices, and professed Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory—in offering fervent prayers to Jesus through Mary for our beloved Superior General, Mother Cecilia, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of her holy profession which she will celebrate at Victory Noll on August 5.

Other jubilarians are: Sister Elizabeth, Redlands, California; Sister Theodora, superior at Holbrook, Arizona; Sister Mary Margaret, Gary, Indiana; Sister Helen Therese, Middlesex, New Jersey; Sister Charlotte, superior at Brighton, Colorado; Sister Effie, Victory Noll; Sister Christine, East Chicago, Indiana; Sister Bertha, Victory Noll; Sister Kathleen, superior at Colorado Springs, Colorado; Sister Margaret Mary, Victory Noll.

CONGRATULATIONS to all! May God grant to you, our dear jubilarians, many more years of fruitful service in His vineyard.

# The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are a Marian Community. They believe that if souls love and serve Mary, she will lead them safely to 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.

Mary, under her significant title of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, is the patroness of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Their motto is "All for Jesus through Mary." Many times a day each sister repeats this simple prayer not only as an offering of her prayers, works and sufferings, to God through Mary, but also as a short renewal of the consecration she has made of herself to Mary.

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## Credits

**Our Cover** The photo of this engaging Huckleberry Finn came from our sisters in Richmond, Kentucky.

**Photographs** Union Pacific Railroad, through courtesy of Commerce and Industry Commission, Cheyenne, Wyoming, p. 7; W. Wesley Kloepper, Azusa, California, p. 13; Bernard Zwilling, Broadway Photographers, Los Angeles, California; other pictures by our sisters.

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# Renewals

by Sister Evelyn Marie



Sister Marjorie stands on the bridge at the entrance to St. Anne's.

THE month of August this year—as in years past—will find Missionary Sisters' hearts stimulated by the joy of a first giving, the renewal, or the perpetual offering of themselves to their divine Spouse. He Who has chosen them will find many Victory Noll Sisters throughout the country making the sacred promises on the beautiful feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5. In convents selected as summer retreat houses, the scene of the characteristically simple ceremony will be re-enacted once again.

Let me take you to one such designated spot—here in northern Utah. It is known as St. Anne's Retreat and is situated in Logan Canyon about fifty-three miles from Ogden. This truly lovely place, perhaps the loveliest in the canyon, was the gift of a Protestant woman to our dear Bishop Hunt. As a tribute to the generous donor, it was

given the name of the saint whose name she bore.

Almost completely hidden among the pines, aspen, and scrub-oak trees, St. Anne's is entered by crossing a sturdy bridge that spans a narrow mountain stream. One becomes conscious of a rushing sound, emanating from the stream, which remains a constant companion of the surroundings.

Leaving the bridge behind, we are immediately faced with a choice between two shade-drenched drives that cause us to gasp in appreciation. Such cool beauty on this hot July day!

The drive to the left will take us to the main lodge that is placed on the highest terrace. This large brown building is surrounded by a number of smaller cabins as well as by many tall pines. On one side, close to the sloping



Sister Anne Joseph finds a cool, quiet spot.

drive, is the bath-house that services the nearby swimming pool where the sisters enjoy many a refreshing dip.

If our driver happens to choose the lower right hand drive, we will come to another lodge, at our left, on the lower terrace, where the meals are prepared. They are served on the spacious screened porch. Upon alighting, we are informed that the pretty white cabin directly in front of us has been converted into a chapel. Eager to pay our Sacramental Lord a visit, we descend the five or six stone steps of the incline and follow the narrow path leading to Him.

We discover that the chapel is not a large one but we feel right at home as we settle on our knees before our Eucharistic King. After we have whispered our greeting, we look around a bit. We notice that there are two rows of prie-dieus stretching across the length of the small room—the work of Father Stoeffel, Logan's parish priest. Facing them is a simple wooden altar and tabernacle, also the product of Father Stoeffel's talent. On the wall behind the altar hangs an off-white drape in soft, neat folds. To the left of the prie-dieus is a small portable organ that provides the music during the eight days of retreat and for the feast day itself.



**Sister Mary Lucille and Sister Mary Francine make perpetual vows.**

In this tiny chapel, that is yet large enough to house the great God, we have the setting for the renewal of vows at St. Anne's of Utah. This year twenty sisters will make their retreat here. Of this number four will renew vows and one will make perpetual profession. You are invited to come on August fifth and rejoice with us in the company of Jesus and Mary.

**More than seventy sisters make their annual retreat every year at our own lovely Queen of the Missions Convent in Redlands, California. The Most Rev. Charles F. Buddy, Bishop of San Diego, spends the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, at the close of the retreat, with the sisters. Here he is, imparting his blessing, before taking leave of the group.**



# Greetings from



**Old Faithful in Yellowstone National Park erupts regularly every sixty-five minutes. This world famous geyser is the greatest single attraction of all national parks.**

**I**N my first *Greetings from Wonderful Wyoming* I just hinted at how delightful it might be to teach religious vacation school in the vicinity of Yellowstone National Park. Within the year it became a reality.

Because of our daily contact with the children in St. Joseph's Parish here in Cheyenne during the school year, our pastor, Father Jerome Denk, offered to let us work during the summer months in places where the services of sisters are not available during the year. Our Bishop, Most Rev. Hubert M. Newell, had two places he would like us to go to, Powell, Wyoming, and Green River, Wyoming, because these are the two parishes in which he would next like to have our sisters permanently located. He is the one who told us that Powell is just seventy-five miles from the

east gate of "The Park," and that a trip to Yellowstone for the sisters is always a part of the religious vacation school program. Imagine!

We drove to Powell—about 440 miles—from southeast Wyoming to northeast Wyoming, and I'm afraid I must admit it, there was not much in between besides rolling plains—bare, brown, and windswept. I can remember the oil derricks and refineries around Casper; the weird rock formations in the great pit that is called Hell's Half Acre; filling stations strategically located in the middle of nowhere, so one seldom runs out of gas; the beauty of the drive through Wind River Canyon; the colored terraces of earth around the Big Horn hot spring in Thermopolis and the farm lands and trees that appeared as we got closer to our destination.

# Wonderful Wyoming

*by Sister Mary Rose*

**Falling into the Grand Canyon are two tremendous waterfalls, the Upper Falls and the Lower Falls. The latter, pictured here, roars downward three hundred and eight feet.**



Later we learned that Powell is called the Garden Spot of Wyoming. Forty-nine years ago it too was barren desert, but it is in the center of the first large scale government reclamation project, the Shoshone Valley Project. Truly now "the desert has bloomed." Powell is named for John Wesley Powell who is hailed as the father of reclamation.

There has been a Catholic church in Powell since 1910, a resident pastor since 1919. Under the patronage of St. Barbara, the parish has made great progress, spiritually and materially. In 1932 a beautiful church in French Gothic design was built and dedicated. About half the parishioners live outside of town, some in the Heart Mountain division of the reclamation project about ten miles from Powell. This section, by the way, was the site of the

Japanese internment camp during the war. Others live on farms nearer the town, and a few in Elk Basin, an oil and gas field about ten miles north of Powell.

The pastor, Father Daniel B. Carroll, very kindly turned over his lovely rectory to us during our three-week stay, asking only that his dog, Butchy, be allowed to keep his residence in the basement. The people were surely good to us. They brought fresh fruits and vegetables, cream and cheese, cakes and pies, and sometimes even the entire meal, all cooked, piping hot, and ready to serve. Father's housekeeper, Mrs. Tillie Rairich, too, was a good fairy, slipping in between times to clean and dust, and to scrub the kitchen floor. All this was greatly appreciated because our schedule was a busy one. The vacation school started each morn-

ing with Holy Mass during which the children prayed and sang together. Classes lasted until eleven-thirty. Our afternoons were spent taking a census of the parish. The first few days it was quite simple going from door to door, up and down each street. The country trips proved more interesting. I learned a lot about corners and canals and ditches and ditch riders and the like. The ladies who took us around always knew where they were going so no time was wasted getting lost. Many of the Mexican families we visited were there for four or five months, working in the beet and bean fields.

In the evenings one sister had class for the senior high school group and I had a class of five older boys who had not had the opportunity to receive their First Holy Communion. No, there were only four; one had made his Communion, but as he said, "in Spanish." Now he wanted to make his Easter duty in English. The vacation school came to a happy close with forty-three youngsters receiving their First Holy Communion.

The next day after an early Mass we started on our memorable trip to Yellowstone. This park is the largest and oldest of our national parks. Its fantastic beauties were first discovered by a frontiersman, John Colter, in 1807, but no one would believe his reports. Twenty years later Jim Bridger made a similar report with similar results. It wasn't until after an official expedition was sent out, and largely through their efforts, that Congress passed a bill creating Yellowstone a national park in 1872. In a one-day trip we were able to see just a few of its unusual scenic attractions. We saw the boiling springs, mud volcanoes and paint pots, and of course, the great geysers, including Old Faithful. We also saw the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and the Lower Falls. The walls of the canyon are truly yellow stone. We still talk of the beauty

of Yellowstone Lake, whose shore line is one hundred miles long. The blue of its waters with the snow-capped mountains in the background made a striking picture. The memory of these beauties will long delight our inward eye.

We left Powell the next day, going home by a different route than we came because we wanted to visit St. Stephen's Indian Mission. For seventy-two years the Jesuits have taken care of the Arapahoe and Shoshoni Indians living on the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming. Franciscan Sisters have been there about the same length of time taking care of the girls' school. As early as 1851 the famous Jesuit Missionary, Father De Smet, had baptized many of the Indians. Up until 1940 St. Stephen's was a boarding school. Now the youngsters are brought to school daily in the school bus. Father Kurth, S.J., the present superior, told us that the added obligation of the Indian children to meet that bus each morning has been good training for them and their increased sense of responsibility all around has been gratifying.

St. Stephen's is also famous for their "Termites," not the wood-destroying variety, but boys, little Indian boys, eight and nine years old, who love to play basketball. Father Jerome Zummach, S.J. is their coach. This year his junior high team were winners in the State Parochial Tournament.

The next oasis on our return trip was the Loretto Sisters' convent in Rawlins. When we first came to Wyoming these sisters sent us a gift for our chapel and a standing invitation to visit them whenever we were in the neighborhood—Rawlins being a mere hundred and sixty-eight miles from Cheyenne! I think we really surprised them. Their hospitality will long be remembered. From there we came through the Snowy Range and saw the beautiful Lake Marie nestling at the foot of a snow-

# First Mission Appointment

by Sister M. Jacquelyn

THE day of my first profession! Words can never express the joy and happiness I felt. Over and over again would come to my mind the consoling thoughts, I am a spouse of Christ, and Mary's child in a special way. Soon I will be doing the work Jesus Himself did while on earth; teaching His dear children to know, love, and serve their heavenly Father.

To which mission will I be sent? August the fifteenth would tell. An what an exciting day it was. I shall never forget that first mission appointment.

Immediately after August 5, the newly professed sisters enjoy their first vacation home. I was at the home of Sister Joseph Ann, one of my classmates. About four days before the fifteenth a brown envelope came from Victory Noll with "Do not open until August 15" written down in the left hand corner.

"Sister, they're here! our appointments!"

The next half hour was an exciting one. We guessed all the missions we thought might be our future home and then carefully gave the precious brown envelope to Sister's mother for safe keeping.

At last the great day came. Being a holy day of obligation, there was a six o'clock Mass at the parish church. And although it was followed by three later

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capped mountain. Then on to Laramie, which is just fifty miles from home.

It had been a gratifying experience. We had been busy "seeking the Kingdom of God and His Justice" and truly "all else had been added."



Novices at Victory Noll making charts in preparation for that first Mission Appointment.

Masses we wouldn't think of going to any but the earliest. But first we said our morning prayers and made our meditation. Then we opened the large brown envelope in which we found a small white one for each of us. These we slipped into our missals and started off to church.

At the Offertory of the Mass, when the priest offered the gifts of bread and wine, we read our appointments and offered ourselves and all the work we would do in that mission to our heavenly Father.

"You are missioned to Cheyenne, Wyoming," my appointment read. How wonderful! To the land of cowboys and Indians! Though I knew little about Wyoming I knew I would like working there for it is not the place that matters after all, but the immortal souls of God's dear ones for whom we labor.

# Ten Days in the Rockies

by Sister Margaret

IT was a hot day in July, blistering hot in Denver. We left there shortly after breakfast and started in the direction of the mountains. We had been told it would take us at least an hour and a half to reach the camp. Our companions, who had gone the day before, would have dinner ready at noon. We traveled a four-lane highway to the mountains. Then began the climb up the narrow winding road in the superbly beautiful Rockies. At every turn the scenery changed. Only an artist or litterateur could portray or describe this scenery. We passed Red Rocks Natural Theatre, Mother Cabrini's Shrine, the road leading up to Buffalo Bill's grave, curio shops, mountain motels, a number of ranches, and a few scattered homes.

In a picturesque little town, appropriately named Evergreen, we stopped to buy milk. We parked near a little stream, a mere trickle flowing over big rocks. Down the road was a sign which we followed. It led to Christ the King Church on a lovely high pine-covered spot. The architecture harmonizes with God's handiwork of scenic grandeur. The church is constructed inside and out of massive native stone and pine. There we visited our Eucharistic King, and wished that we could stay longer.

After leaving Evergreen, we turned off from the paved road to follow a narrow and winding dirt road. We followed this for several miles and then we turned off on a winding trail. There were boulders and evergreens close to the car tracks on both sides. After a few more miles we crossed a cattle guard—and there we were in the camp!

Our Lady of the Rockies Camp covers the sloping grey-green side of a foothill. It is banked to the back and on the sides by rugged rocky and wooded mountain peaks. There are pine and spruce trees here and there throughout the camp. The front of the hill slopes down to a water

hole and a sharp ravine. Beyond this are hilly fields where cattle graze. The buildings of two ranches are visible in the distance. The horizon closes in with a double range of high mountains.

The camp buildings are interesting. The main lodge and four cabins are real log structures. The lodge has quaint, low windows. The roof extends out along one side, forming a cozy porch. On the opposite side there is a flagstone terrace with big low wooden chairs in bright colors. The terrace affords a restful view of hills and mountains. The chapel stands above the lodge overlooking the camp protectingly. It is a neat buff-colored frame building with an odd little shingled steeple topped with a plain wood cross. The small-paned windows are covered with "stained glass" paper.

On arriving at the camp, we drove to the far end of the lodge and parked in front of what appeared to be a four or five stall garage. The big bark-covered split-log doors stood open. Here were the dining room and kitchen; our sisters were in there preparing dinner. The first things we had to see were the improvements that good Monsignor Mulroy had made in the camp. In the kitchen the formerly open rafters and rough side walls were covered with plywood. Large tile-covered ledges and a modern sink with hot and cold water were installed across one end of the kitchen. The cement floor was newly painted. In the dining room at the long pineboard tables were some neat table chairs which Monsignor had recently obtained from a restaurant. Hanging between two of the big doors was the bulletin board. On it were listed our rooms, the tasks assigned to us, the order of the day for the retreat.

We took our luggage and started to our rooms. Those of us who had never seen the camp began exploring. Off the dining room were shower rooms. Just outside, under part of the extended roof, were tubs



**Favorite spot, the flagstone terrace of the main lodge of Our Lady of the Rockies Camp.**



**Main lodge of Our Lady of the Rockies Camp**

and washboards—but no water faucets. The first door to the main part of the lodge led into a little hallway. To the left of it was a large club room, now converted into a dormitory with clumsy bunk beds. At the end of the pine-raftered log room was a massive stone fireplace. To the right of the little hallway is a large room with fireplace, rustic wood tables, chairs, and settees. Off this room are several bedrooms, a bath and a screened porch. After depositing our luggage we continued exploring.

The chapel was our main interest. So we climbed the steep path that leads to it. The Blessed Sacrament would not be there until Mass in the morning. But the sisters had everything ready. The little white wood altar had its clean linens on, and the tiny tabernacle its curtain. The walls are a plain ivory shade. There is a wood Communion rail. The plain board pews occupy only half of the nave. In the back is an old

organ. There is nothing to distract from prayer.

Beyond the lodge is a log cabin occupied by the elderly man who takes care of the camp. Down the path from his cabin is a smaller one which was to be the retreat master's abode.

Returning to the lodge we saw half a dozen sisters coming up the hill from the opposite side. They had been chasing the cattle out of the camp. The chubby sister who had led the chase panted and declared with satisfaction, "The last roundup!" But it wasn't. On the other side of a fence stood the belligerent steers, bawling and waiting their chance. While we were at dinner they returned.

The camp "lawn" is a natural growth, kept trimmed by four riding horses which belong to a neighboring rancher. No one objected to the horses.



Chapel of Our Lady of the Rockies

The day was gone too soon. There were nineteen of us, from Colorado and Wyoming missions, to greet each other and exchange experiences. Shortly after supper our eight-day retreat began. From the first conference until after Mass on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow (August 5) we would converse only with God and our heavenly friends. As we walked down the hill from chapel at about eight o'clock that evening, the whole universe seemed wrapped in silence with the deepening twilight. Nature, too, seemed to be joining in the retreat. Surrounded by this silent magnificent seclusion, I wanted to exclaim as Saint Peter did, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

During the night when I awoke I looked out toward the mountains. To my eerie surprise I looked into the face of a huge black bulk. Peering above it I saw the mountain peak outlined against a starry sky. In the dark of night this mountain, rather distant, seemed to come into the camp and stand guard by the lodge. It looked weird and I was grateful there was another sister in the room although she was sound asleep. Then I remembered that our dear Lord had spent "the whole night on the mountain in prayer," and I tried to picture Him out there on that lonely dark height.

In the natural solitude of Our Lady of the Rockies there is no monotony. The sky and atmosphere are ever changing; and these changes are reflected on the mountains, hills, fields, and water. At times the sky is a clear pale blue; again, the blue is covered here and there with thin misty white clouds. In the crystal atmosphere even the more distant mountains stand out in bright relief. When big fluffy clouds float over the deeper blue sky there is a

more enchanting beauty of lights and shadows playing over wooded, or bare rock, mountains and over the hills and fields. The rising and the setting of the sun reveal new splendor in the Rockies. Gentle breezes swish through pine and spruce, ripple the quivering aspen and linger in an undulating whisper. Strong winds suddenly come and go. Even the changes in temperature are interesting. One very cool morning I looked at the thermometer on my way to chapel at six-thirty. It registered forty-eight degrees. In less than two hours it was up to sixty-eight in the shade.

During the day noisy bluejays quarreled at one end of the camp. And perky dainty wren-like birds kept us company near the lodge.

Tippy, the caretaker's wirehaired mongrel, offered and solicited companionship. He has an expressive face with round brown eyes. At first he acted suspicious of us, but soon he was coaxing every sister to play with him. He wriggled his whole body and let out half-suppressed barks whenever he met us. During meals he quietly lay on the ground at the big open doors, as if he too were listening to the reading. Wise, appealing little animal—he was rewarded after each meal; more than one sister slipped him things he liked.

One day a frisky pony discovered a sister sitting on a boulder behind a pine tree. The pony went cautiously to the tree from behind and nosed around at the sister. She looked at him, smiled at his curiosity, and went on meditating. The pony trotted off to the wooden water tub nearby.

Children's voices, coming from the direction of the water hole at the foot of the hill, distracted me one afternoon. I glanced down there and then I watched a little Western scene. Two children, a boy of about ten years and a girl of about seven, mounted on black ponies, were rounding up the steers. The ponies knew what to do. They rounded up the herd as quickly and efficiently as our collie did the dairy herd in Wisconsin. The miniature cowboy and

cowgirl, under their "ten gallon hats," rode their mounts confidently and gracefully.

The eight days of our first mountain retreat passed quickly. Then came the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow. The chapel was appropriately decorated. We had the privilege of assisting at a Pontifical Mass—Archbishop Vehr was the celebrant; Bishop Newell and three Monsignori participated in the tiny sanctuary. They had all driven up to the camp that morning. After brunch the guests left. We spent the day rejoicing, singing, mountain climbing, and letter writing.

Had we known then what we learned the next day, there would have been no mountain climbing. The caretaker caught up with and shot a bear, which unknown to us, had been making nightly visits to the camp.

Another interesting thing we learned after the retreat. While we were keeping silence a Catholic family from Denver had stopped at the camp and chatted with the non-Catholic caretaker. The latter told the visitors: "This is the queerest bunch of women I ever saw. They're all mad. I can't figure out what's the matter with them. The sisters who came other years laughed and talked and had a good time. But these don't even speak to each other. I saw one take a chair and go out under a tree and just sit there with her back to the others. I see them meet and walk right in front of each other and never say a word."

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**Our sisters in Azusa, California, can have a picnic just any time on their own spacious grounds around the convent.**



OLD ACQUAINTANCE

MARTHA drew as her penance for the week to say three Hail Mary's each day for the President. When she told her father about this she said, "I wonder if Sister is a Republican."

Shortly after Father Hoffman arrived in Kennett he was invited by this family to dinner. When Martha came home Father asked, "And who is this young lady. I have never met you."

"I have met you though," responded Martha, and when Father looked puzzled, she added, "Yes, Father, I met you in the confessional."

SISTER ELEANOR MARIE

CHUMMY

SISTER was explaining the words *outward sign* to the second grade. "We shake hands to show we are friends," Sister said, shaking hands with one of the little pupils. A few minutes later Sister's eye caught a girl in the back row shaking hands with an imaginary friend and saying, "Hi, Jesus; hi, Mary."

SISTER CARMELA  
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

Sister: Jesus took the five loaves and two fish, and what did He do then?

Ronnie: He made sandwiches!

New version of the sixth precept of the Church: "To avoid the laws of the Church concerning marriage."

Sister: By what name did Adam call the woman whom God made for him?

Peter: He called her darling!

# In the Home Field

NO EXCUSE NOW

IN one of our out-missions our classes were much smaller than they should have been. Since it was impossible to visit all the homes in a short time, we decided upon a different approach. Parking our car a block from the public school, we met every child who went home for lunch. Every strange child was given a medal of Our Blessed Mother. Many of the little ones were shy until the gleam of the medal caught their eye. With it friendship was established and as a result the attendance in our classes was greatly increased.

Many of these same children will be moving North or South, but from now on, they will not be able to say that they never saw a sister in Corcoran! Thus far, when they move here from other areas, their usual complaint has been, "We looked but couldn't find any sisters to teach us!"

SISTER M. SALOME  
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

One of the projects for the Knights of the Altar of Santa Maria de Guadalupe Church was to mount pictures as prizes in their fish pond booth at the parish Jamaica, May 5. The Knights came to the sisters' convent a few Sunday afternoons to mix the plaster and form the bases for the pictures. Later they mounted the pictures and put on the finishing touches. The boy on the right is sprinkling "sparkles" of green, gold, and silver on the wet plaster bases. It makes them quite pretty.

Sister Mary Mark  
Ogden, Utah



WHY NOT MARINES?

THERE'S no doubt about it; we can serve God in any branch of service. Evidently Anita's Daddy chose the navy for her definition of the sacrament of Confirmation ran thus: "Confirmation gives us the Holy Ghost and makes us sailors of Christ!"

SISTER ALMA MARIE  
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

THEY KNOW THE ANSWERS

THE pre-school children in the prayer class are always refreshing. When presenting a new hymn to my group I remarked, "Perhaps some of you know this one." Helen, who is three and a half, answered, "My mama doesn't know it; my daddy doesn't know it, so how can I know it?"

Later we were learning the words of the hymn *Jesus Teach Me How to Pray*. When we came to the words "suffer not my thoughts to stray," before I had a chance to explain the words, little Ronnie said, "Sister, we have strays come in our yard." Ronnie lives at the edge of town and he knows all about strays—horses belonging to other people who come into their yard.

SISTER CELESTINE  
ELY, NEVADA



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, HECTOR?

HECTOR, a second grader, was preparing for his First Communion. Sister was checking his knowledge of the sacraments. She asked, "May you receive the sacrament of Extreme Unction?"

"Yes, if I am very sick."

"And Holy Orders?"

"Yes, if I will be a priest."

"And Matrimony?"

"Yes, Sister, I'm going to receive Matrimony when I am big and get married. I already know who I am going to marry. I have her picture here in my pocket."

With that he pulled out a number of things from his pocket among which was a school picture of a girl. It was all folded up but he unfolded it carefully.

"This girl lives next door to us and she is the one I am going to marry when I am big."

SISTER SUSANNA  
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

ANYTHING WRONG?

GARDEN CITY welcomes us as we commence to take a door-to-door census in the rapidly growing community. Cornfields are being transformed into city blocks. One pleasant afternoon while making our calls we passed two boys about eight years old. We greeted them with, "Good afternoon, boys." Slightly embarrassed and at a loss for words, they hesitated a moment before responding, "Good afternoon, girls!"

SISTER VALERIA

# Out Fishing

by Sister De Porres

Honk-honk-honk!

"Hi, Sister!"

"Hello, Raymond. Don't forget catechism today—right now. Hurry, tell Mother you're coming."

Bits of conversation like this take place every Wednesday on Fetterly and adjoining streets in Los Angeles.

The Riggan Avenue Elementary School, due to renovation, is on half-day session. Previous to this, release time kept our roll call well answered. Now, a horn or loud speaker seems the only answer to help the little ones remember their class day.

The sound of the car horn brings the children running. While the huge "Catechism Today" signs, gracing both sides of our car, cause elders to take notice. The signs—letters painstakingly traced with crayolas on pieces of old sheets.

Fetterly Street opens onto three other streets upon which are built project houses for those of low income. Most of the occupants are young Mexican families.

With horn announcing and signs billowing, we begin the first round at eight-twenty for the afternoon school children. The beat is taken up again at twelve-fifteen as a reminder to those just released from morning session.

On a venture like this, one can expect the likely and the unlikely. A bathrobed mother waved furiously one

day to attract our attention so she could inquire about religion classes for her children. Other mothers have found this means of communication useful also.

When our decked blue Plymouth makes its noisy appearance, children running in the right direction wave their catechisms with no need to say "We're going, Sister."

To be assured that the right people heard the horn, we asked the first few classes, "Who reminded you to come today?"

"You did, Sister!" came the answer in unison.

The projects are hemmed by foot hills on the north. Here is a splendid site for play soldiery manouvers. The fox holes are plentiful in the piles of broken cement. Sister smiled at the "soldiers" from the car as it rolled along the cow-path road. One little fellow's face lit up with surprise. "This is no game at all," he said. "Someone is really looking for us. A guy isn't safe any more in his own fox hole."

Those under five find no greater delight than running out to wave; or popping in and out of the doors, jack-in-the-box fashion; or racing with the car, all the while squealing any one of our well-used titles of familiar address.

Occasionally a bedroom window opens and we hear, "Sister, I'm getting ready." Or a last bite of sandwich disappears with, "O.K. Sister!"



To reach the other section of the projects, we must cross a busy street. We stop for the guard and have ample opportunity for dispersing the message to our children who troop across before the car.

Could we be disturbing the peace?

Well hardly! Our horn harmonizes melodiously with any of the following: The raspada man whose hand is tied to a large school bell; the Good Humor man who sounds like Mom's musical powder box with an automatic rewind; the bread man, always careful to see that his horn is at a different pitch from

that of the fish man! and others.

One sun-bright morning, a colored woman from the heights of her upper porch called to us. Stopping the car we peered up from the windows into her smiling face. There was joy in the fleeting thought that perhaps she would send her children to class too! She took a closer look at us and her smiled changed to an embarrassed grin.

"Oh, pardon me, Ma'am, I thought you were the FISH man."

No, not the fish man but out fishing, to be sure!

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There will be a novena at Victory Noll for the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in July and for the Assumption in August. We will consider it a privilege to include your intentions.



## our **A**ssociates'

EACH summer members of Our Lady of Fatima Band, Huntington, in conjunction with local Third Order of St. Francis tertiaries arrange for two of our Sisters to accompany them on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of our Mother of Consolation at Carey, Ohio. When your Supervisor went on two different occasions she included all your intentions in her prayers at the shrine. The immense throng of people, ourselves among them, followed behind the miraculous image as it was reverently carried around the block in the middle of the street. Since we continued to pelt the blue dome of Heaven with the pebbles of our Hail Mary's, we feel sure we attracted the attention of the august Queen of Heaven, and hope you've experienced the happy fulfillment of many of your most cherished desires as a result of our combined prayers.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

VIA MATRIS BAND, *Chicago.*

ALTHOUGH sickness and death has taken a heavy toll among the members of this Band, they continue to sponsor our mission work and trust very much in the power of our intercession with our Blessed Mother and her Divine Son. We feel God will surely reward so great a faith with great graces and blessings from above.

The last dues check came from Miss *Anna Aldworth*, one of the members.

### A SODALIST WRITES

"We are sending you a box of some religious articles we made at our sodality meetings. We enjoyed doing this very much. In a couple of weeks we hope to send you another box. Could you send us a special idea for doing something for the mission children at Easter? Thank you."

*Miriam Nistler, Watkins, Minn.*

*The Wabash River, at the foot of Victory Noll hill, is a placid flowing stream in midsummer.*



# Club Mention



## CHARITINA CLUB, Chicago.

This is the oldest mission band which contributes to the mission work of our Sisters. We believe it has been in existence for thirty years or more. Miss Katherine Hennigan who established the band passed to her eternal reward six months ago. For the past two years, Miss Helen Ford has been Promoter. The members are scattered all over the city but they make a real effort to attend the meetings. A typical letter from one of the members (Evelyn Grant) reads: "Enclosed is \$7.00 for dues. Seven members were present. One member could not come on account of illness, another could not make it as she is teaching in South Chicago and the weather was bad. None of us are young and we cannot get around like we did."



## ST. PHILOMENA BAND, Chicago



There are fourteen ladies in the Band and it is surprising how often the entire group turn out for a meeting. Once they went as far as Villa Park where they spent the evening

playing pinochle at the home of a former member, who served a very fine lunch before they departed for their homes. More than a year ago these Band members raised their dues to one dollar each per month, by common consent. Recently they "adopted" Sister Philomena at Punta Gorda, Florida as their Sister.

In charge of the Band is Miss Mary Schaefer.

## ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

April 15 to May 18, 1955

Charitina I, Chicago, Helen Ford	6.00
Florentine, St. Louis, Bernice Bounk	15.50
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	18.00
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.	
Mrs. J. V. McGovern	15.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	65.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, Ohio	
Mary Kay Gerhard	2.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	3.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. O'Brien	10.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret McMannamy	20.00
St. Cecilia, Cleveland, Mrs. Koczan	25.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. Mary Preiner	20.00
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke	11.25
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	7.00
St. Joseph II, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	91.00
St. Joseph Miss. Soc., Baldwinville N. Y., Mabel Doran	49.30
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. Fiala	5.00
St. Jude Miss. Soc. Fort Wayne, Mrs. Fred Potthoff	16.00
St. Katherine Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	37.50
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Marie Egermier	105.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	110.00
St. Mary's Miss. Soc. Fort Wayne, Mrs. Augusta Hake	170.00
St. Mary's Miss. Club, Orlando, Fla., Mrs. Forest Lehman	15.00
St. Mel's, Chicago, Margaret Murphy	11.00
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Ill., Mrs. John J. Murphy	13.00

## MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND Evanston, Ill.

RECENTLY we received a little letter containing a big donation (\$47.00) from the Promoter, Miss Celia Henrich. She was happy to report a new member had joined the Band.



# Mary's Loyal

## ANOTHER HELPER WRITES

I was voted to be May Queen this year, and crowned the Blessed Mother in church. I have also received the Legion medal—a very high honor in our school. I am thrilled at having received both of these honors. You will find two dollars enclosed. One is for your mission work and the other to renew my subscription. Our family enjoys reading the articles and looking at the pictures.

*Mary Jane Vogt, Monongahela, Pa.*

*Dear Loyal Helpers:*

Many of you will forget to pray your daily Hail Mary during the months of summer vacation when there will be less routine and order in your lives. Nevertheless, our Missionary Sisters need your prayers — *always!* Someone suggested (and we think it a very good idea) that you say this Hail Mary first thing in the morning when you are tying your shoes. In that way it will not be forgotten.

*Happy vacation days!*

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

## HELPER WRITES

Here is my dollar that I saved for the missions. During Lent my Sunshine Bag filled up fast because I didn't buy any candy and I saved three fourths of my allowance. I should have sent the money sooner but I forgot. I hope it will help you. Thank you.

*Katherine Keltgen, Olivia, Minn.*

## CORRY (PA.) HELPER



We are glad to introduce in these pages *Rita Ann Hurlbert*, age seven, grade two (pictured at left). She writes: "I am happy to save for the boys and girls in the missions. Thank you for the holy card of my patron saint."



Above is pictured *Carolyn Gaydosh* in her First Communion clothes. Her aunt is our Sister Carmela.

# Helpers' pages



J	U	N	E		M	E	E	K	
E	R	A	S		O	N	C	E	
E	S	P			O	G	R	E	
P	A	S	S	E	R			U	P

Answers  
to June  
Crossword  
Puzzle.

		A	V	E				
G	A		C	A	D	D	I	E
A	V	E	R			U	R	N
L	O	V	E		A	P	O	D
A	W	E	D		D	E	N	S

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY!



It is Pudgy's day for a bath, and Helper Gregory Bien of Detroit, Michigan is about to give it to his pet.

## TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE



### JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE

("Rain" Words)

Can you complete these "rain" words? The number in the parenthesis indicates the missing letters.

- (3) rain: burden of song
- (5) rain: corded ribbon
- (1) rain: locomotive and cars
- (2) rain: strained muscle
- (3) rain: earth
- (1) rain: where water runs down.

Send the above worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary* for a holy card.



# True Devotion to Mary

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

IT is St. Luke, St. Paul's "dear physician," the artist among the Evangelists, who gives us a picture of the mystery of the Visitation. As Father Vincent McCorry, S.P., points out in his delightful book, "More Blessed Than Kings," St. Luke, as well as the other Evangelists, breaks all the rules of modern journalism. Luke is an artist and what does he care about details of time and place? Why should he be concerned with who, what, when, where, and how?

In the very first chapter of his Gospel Luke relates the story of Our Blessed Mother's visit to St. Elizabeth. He tells us only that the latter was Mary's kinswoman. What the relationship was he left to the scriptural scholars to ponder. Whether the town of Juda in the hill country was Hebron or Ain-Karem is a problem for the exegetes. What Luke does record for us is the touching scene between Mary and Elizabeth. Then the Evangelist of the Canticles gives us the most exquisite of all the songs of the New Testament—Mary's Magnificat.

There are so many things to think about as we meditate on this second joyful mystery, the Visitation. There is first of all Mary's sweet charity that prompted her to leave her home at Nazareth and visit her cousin Elizabeth. Solitude would have been so much more preferable now. It would have been infinitely more satisfying to remain quietly at home and ponder the great mystery of the Incarnation that had just taken place. Mary had just been raised to the exalted position of Mother of God. She bore the Incarnate Word in her womb. Why should she go to such trouble to visit her kinswoman?

Mary's reasoning was not as ours too often is. She thought not of her own greatness, but in her humility considered the dignity of Elizabeth who was so much older than she and her position as wife of Zachary the priest. In her humility too, Elizabeth saluted her cousin first.

These virtues of charity and humility are much in evidence in the lesson of the Visitation. Likewise we can learn much about the virtues related to Mary's charity, her tact, generosity, thoughtfulness, her exquisite courtesy.

However, in contemplating this beautiful mystery in the life of Our Blessed Mother, we should propose the consideration of her piety. Piety is one of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. It is the gift that awakens in our souls an inclination and readiness to glorify God as our Father and to have a filial confidence in Him.

Since Mary, from the first moment of her conception, was full of grace, she possessed in an eminent degree the three theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity, and the seven gifts, wisdom, understanding, counsel, knowledge, fortitude, piety, and fear of the Lord. Now according to St. Thomas, the gift of piety is centered in God as He is in Himself. It is concerned with God as Father, rather than with the blessings we receive from Him. Our Blessed Mother evidenced the gift of piety in the words of her Magnificat: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior, because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid."

St. Elizabeth praised Mary and called her blessed. Mary praised God. For her the reason for magnifying God and exulting in Him is the greatness of

God rather than His benefits. The gift of piety transcends the notion of benefits received and gives thanks and praise to God alone because He is holy. It is the worship of God without measure.

We too received the gift of piety when we were baptized. It remains in our soul so long as charity is there, so long as we are in the state of sanctifying grace. But we must exercise it. We must imitate Our Blessed Mother and offer thanksgiving and worship to God because He is God. "We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory," the Church sings in the Gloria of the Mass. The Te Deum is another prayer we should often recite. The Te Deum, the Gloria, the Glory be to the Father, the Magnificat, are all prayers of praise and thanksgiving that we should make our own. There is nothing of self in them.

#### THE MAGNIFICAT

My soul magnifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior;

Because He has regarded the lowliness of His handmaid; for, behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed;

Because He Who is mighty has done great things for me, and holy is His name;

And for generation upon generation is His mercy, to those who fear Him.

He has shown might with His arm, He has scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He has put down the mighty from their thrones, and has exalted the lowly.

He has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He has sent away empty.

He has given help to Israel, His servant, mindful of His mercy—

Even as He spoke to our fathers—to Abraham and to his posterity forever.

—St. Luke 1:46-55, CCD Edition

Likewise the Benedicite that the Church asks her priests to recite after they have offered the Holy Sacrifice. In it the priest calls on all creation to praise and bless Almighty God.

The gift of piety is exemplified in all the saints and great servants of God, in some of them more than in others. Some of them used exaggerated language to show their disinterested love of God, declaring that they were willing to be cast into hell if they could thereby contribute to His glory. St. Therese of Lisieux possessed and evidenced the gift of piety throughout her short life. Her only aim was to give God love, pure disinterested love. She was not concerned with His gifts and benefactions. She wanted only to give Him pleasure.

When we practice the True Devotion as taught by St. Louis de Montfort, we



exercise in the highest degree this great gift of the Holy Spirit, piety. First we rid ourselves of all that belongs to self and give ourselves completely to Mary that she may present us through Christ Our Lord to the Father. Completely means, body, soul, our goods, both interior and exterior, and even the value of all our good works. You will object perhaps that it is not possible to live up to such an offering. Humanly speaking, perhaps it is well-nigh impossible but we have a powerful help. Mary our Mother will never leave us to struggle alone. If we are generous with her, she will smooth the way. She will help us to forget our pettiness and to imitate her. Then we too, like Mary, will adore and love God because He is holy in Himself, because of the glory that is His.

Every day, even many times a day we can praise God in Mary's own words, using the beautiful Magnificat. The Church grants an indulgence of three years each time we recite it. If we recite it daily we may gain a plenary indulgence under the usual conditions.

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## Books



**The Wonder Worker.** Prayers in honor of St. Peregrine, the Cancer Saint, compiled from approved sources by the Rev. Stephen M. Gibbons, O.S.M. St. Peregrine Center, 3121 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12. 20 cents.

St. Peregrine belonged to thirteenth century Italy. As leader of a rowdy gang, he had the audacity to strike St. Philip Benizi, but the sacrilegious blow boomer-

anged and Peregrine was struck with remorse. He turned from his evil ways and became a devoted Servant of Mary, spending sixty-two years in penance to repair the sins of his youth. He himself was cured miraculously of a cancerous growth on his leg. He is invoked today by those afflicted with this dread disease. This little booklet not only gives an account of the life of the saint and of the many miracles attributed to him, but also contains prayers for public and private devotions. We hope that even by the time this is printed, the prayer on page 18—For Sick Relatives and Friends—will have been corrected (you who was favored, etc.)

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**Bringing Souls to Christ,** edited by John A. O'Brien. Hanover House, Garden City, N. Y. \$2.95.

Few priests have labored so hard to make our laity convert conscious as has Father O'Brien. For almost forty years he has worked tirelessly with his unfailing kindness and exquisite tact. No longer is he a voice crying in the wilderness for at last his patient efforts are bearing fruit.

**Bringing Souls to Christ,** the latest of Father O'Brien's many books, contains essays on the technique of winning converts by outstanding members of the hierarchy, clergy, and laity. Among the contributors, besides Father O'Brien himself, are Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop Cushing, Bishop Wright, Bishop Brady (Sioux Falls), Father Garesche, S.J., Clare Boothe Luce, and others. Cardinal Spellman has written the Introduction. He points out that there are approximately eighty million people here in the United States who have no church affiliation whatsoever. Another twenty million are only nominal church members. Obviously our forty-five thousand priests cannot reach this multitude of one hundred million churchless fellow Americans. They can only be reached if the laity will join with their spiritual leaders in this Christ-like apostolate. How it can be done is shown in this book.

Incidentally, in his account of the Crusade for Souls first conducted in the diocese of San Diego several years ago, Father O'Brien pays tribute to Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

**St. Benedict and His Monks by**  
Theodore Maynard. P. J. Kenedy  
and Sons, New York. \$3.

Biographical data on St. Benedict are meager indeed, the biographer having as his sources only St. Gregory's Dialogues and, in so far as it throws light on the character of Benedict, the Holy Rule. Theodore Maynard sums up in the first three chapters of his book the little we know of the holy Founder's life. The rest of the book is an evaluation of the influence of monasticism throughout history.

As Dr. Maynard says in his preface, St. Benedict never envisaged the part his monks were to play in the colossal undertaking of rebuilding Europe; but such was their destiny. Some of the most fascinating chapters in this book are those devoted to the missionary activities of the monks, Benedictine history briefly sketched, and the development and divergencies of the Order. The author gives us besides, an account of the Holy Rule, the role of the abbot, and an admirable chapter on the Opus Dei, the Divine Office to which nothing is to be preferred. In his final chapter he evaluates the influence of the Benedictine spirit upon Catholic life today.

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**Life Is Worth Living by Most**  
Rev. Fulton J. Sheen. Garden City,  
New York. \$1.49

This is a reprint of the book that was first published in 1953. Originally priced at \$3.75, it is now produced in a slightly changed format for \$1.49. The complete full-length scripts of the Bishop's telecasts are here, however, covering twenty-six chapters and including the angel drawings.

As the Bishop's viewers know, he appeals to all types and classes. Surely, every Irishman will agree that his telecast on the "Psychology of the Irish" is worth the price of the book.

**Way to Inner Peace by Most Rev.**  
Fulton J. Sheen, D.D. Garden  
City, N.Y. \$2.

Bishop Sheen knows well how to counsel the many persons with troubled minds living in today's turbulent world. Directed not just to Catholics, but rather to people of all faiths, **Way to Inner Peace** will give light and inspiration to all who read it.

The Bishop makes use of parables and true life stories to drive home his point. If there is any one theme running through each brief chapter, it is that the way of inner peace is first of all the way of humility.

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#### MUSIC

The following music is published by J. Fischer and Bro., 119 W. 40th St., New York 8, N.Y.

*Benedicamus Domino* Edited by Carlo Rossini. \$2. A collection of fifty-four compositions of the best in classic polyphony for an a capella choir. S.A.T.B. A supplement includes Palestrina's Mass "Lauda Sion" with all parts except the Kyrie satisfactorily abridged by Father Rossini.

*Magnificat* by Philip Kreckel. S.S.A. No. 8877. 20 cents. English words, music tuneful and not too difficult.

*Missa Quarta* by Antonius Lotti. T.T.B. or S.S.A. No. 8851. \$1. This Mass has been abridged by Rev. Carlo Rossini. It should be welcomed by the average choir.

*Short Sunday Mass "Beatus Vir"* in honor of St. Pius X by the Rev. Carlo Rossini for three equal voices. No. 8879. \$1. Beautiful and not too difficult.

*Following the Mass by Song* by the Rev. Carlo Rossini. No. 8875. 80 cents. Ten English Hymns intended for unison congregational singing at Low Mass. Choir directors have been looking for just such a collection as this. The hymns are dignified but easy enough for every member of the congregation to sing. Some are far better than others. The words and music of "Accept, Almighty Father," to be sung at the Offertory, are especially good. The "Our Father" is here; likewise. "O Lord, I Am Not Worthy" and "Soul of My Savior," each in a minor setting. Maybe this is what you have been looking for.

## The last word

by the editor

YOU have probably noted that this is our July-August issue of **The Missionary Catechist**. As you know, we do not print a magazine in August. The reason is simple. We don't have time. Our annual retreat begins on July 27 and ends on August 5. Then begin some refresher courses for the sisters, several sessions each day. On August 15 we take a day out to receive our mission appointments for the year. Whether we completely recover from the surprises of that day or not, we go back to the classroom on August 16. The examination papers are not yet dry and already we are packing and preparing for that "new" field which will be a fresh challenge to our best efforts for the coming year.

So, for one month, the printing press will be idle. But it won't be gathering dust, I'll have you know! And if you chance this way on your vacation trips, stop by to verify that. Our sister printer is a firm believer that the printing room should be as spick and span as the convent parlor, and it is. There may be papers strewn all over the editor's office, but the printing shop—never! This busy summer will not be an exception. Between classes, or before prayers—she'll find time—sister printer, with determined step, will head for the shop, dust cloth in hand. We're all glad too, for we're proud of that shop. It turns out our magazine and a powerful lot of other printed stuff—and it is just a miniature.

But permit me to share a secret with you who have shared our joys and our sorrows for these many years. We are going to need new equipment for that precious print shop before many more Augusts roll around. If you know somebody who knows somebody whose charity takes the form of printing presses or linotypes, put in a good word for us, will you please? If you don't, start an extra piggy bank at the feet of Saint—well, any saint. We have them all working for us when the press breaks down, so they will understand your petitions in this regard without explanations. More about this at another time.

For right now, have a happy vacation. Keep God along with you all the time and your vacation will be what it should be, a real rejuvenator of soul as well as body. We will keep you in our prayers which we say faithfully even during the busiest seasons. May God bless you always.

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## In Memoriam

James McCord, St. Louis, Mo., father of our Sister Barbara.

Donald R. Danenberg, Hudsonville, Mich., father of our postulant, Helen Danenberg

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Rupert C. Goebel, Mansfield, O.

Rev. James Tort, C.M.F., Los Angeles, Cal.

Joseph Ehrlenbach, Toledo, O.

Albert Zimmerman, Fort Wayne, Ind.

John Kavanaugh, Chicago, Ill.

Fred Vogrin, Hamtramck, Mich.



Postulants at Victory Noll form a happy assembly line for **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST**.

# Who's Scared

by Phyllis Guidt

ANN sat, straight and rigid, on the window seat with her eyes fixed on an open letter in her lap.

"Ann, please help me with my brace strap." Dickie hobbled into the room on his crutches. Ann, usually eager to help her young brother, seemed not to hear.

"Ann," he called again, coming close beside her. Then he saw the letter. "It came!" His delighted voice, shrill and clear, awoke Ann from her dreaming, and she turned a pale face toward him.

Dickie stared in unbelieving silence at his sister. "Won't they have you, Ann?" he asked at length.

Ann nodded in the affirmative.

Dickie straightened proudly on his crutches. At last the word had come. The whole family had been waiting and praying for the blessed news, that one of their circle was being invited by Christ to share in His glorious work of saving souls.

Dickie had hoped to become a priest. Since his attack of polio, his dreams seemed vain. Then Ann had announced her desires of becoming a Missionary Sister, and begged a large share in the family night prayers. Ann was a devoted big sister, but the family would not be selfish in their love, since God was showing them that He loved her so very much. They had all gladly given their prayers and encouragement, and followed later developments as eagerly as she.

Now that she was accepted, why wasn't she happy? Dickie was beginning to realize that there were many things about girls he did not understand.

"They want you to come? Then why . . .?" Dickie had a sudden flash of inspiration. "Ann, you're scared!"

"Yes, Dickie, I am. I hadn't thought much about that before. I just kept thinking of giving myself to God and saving souls for Him. But I don't know how to save souls. I don't know how to teach catechism, or drive a car or do many of the things a Missionary Sister does. I don't think I know even how to pray properly."

"Well, you aren't a Missionary Sister yet, are you? How can you know those things?"

"I know, Dickie, but . . ."

"Didn't they write you that you had to go to Victory Noll for three years of study and training? That's going to school isn't it? People learn lots of things when they go to school."

"Suppose I fail!"

"Gosh, Ann, you'll be the smartest one in the class." Dickie's eyes sparkled with honest admiration for his loved sister. "And we'll all be praying for you."

"I think, Dickie, that I am really afraid of myself."

"Aw, you're just making up a boogy man. Who's scared of a boogy man?"

"Who's scared anyway!" Ann jumped up and hugged her brother. "Let's tell Mom the news."

# CHOOSE A CAREER

With a Future

In TIME

And for ETERNITY

*Join Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.*

Young women between the ages of eighteen and thirty, who have completed high school, write now for information about the Missionary Sisters and their glorious vocation in the Church.

Through this Marian community Our Blessed Mother invites you to save souls for her divine Son in the self-sacrificing life of a true missionary.

*Mary is calling YOU.*

*Will you accept her invitation?*

.....  
Dear Sister:

I am interested in a missionary career for Jesus through Mary. Please send me information about your life and work.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....