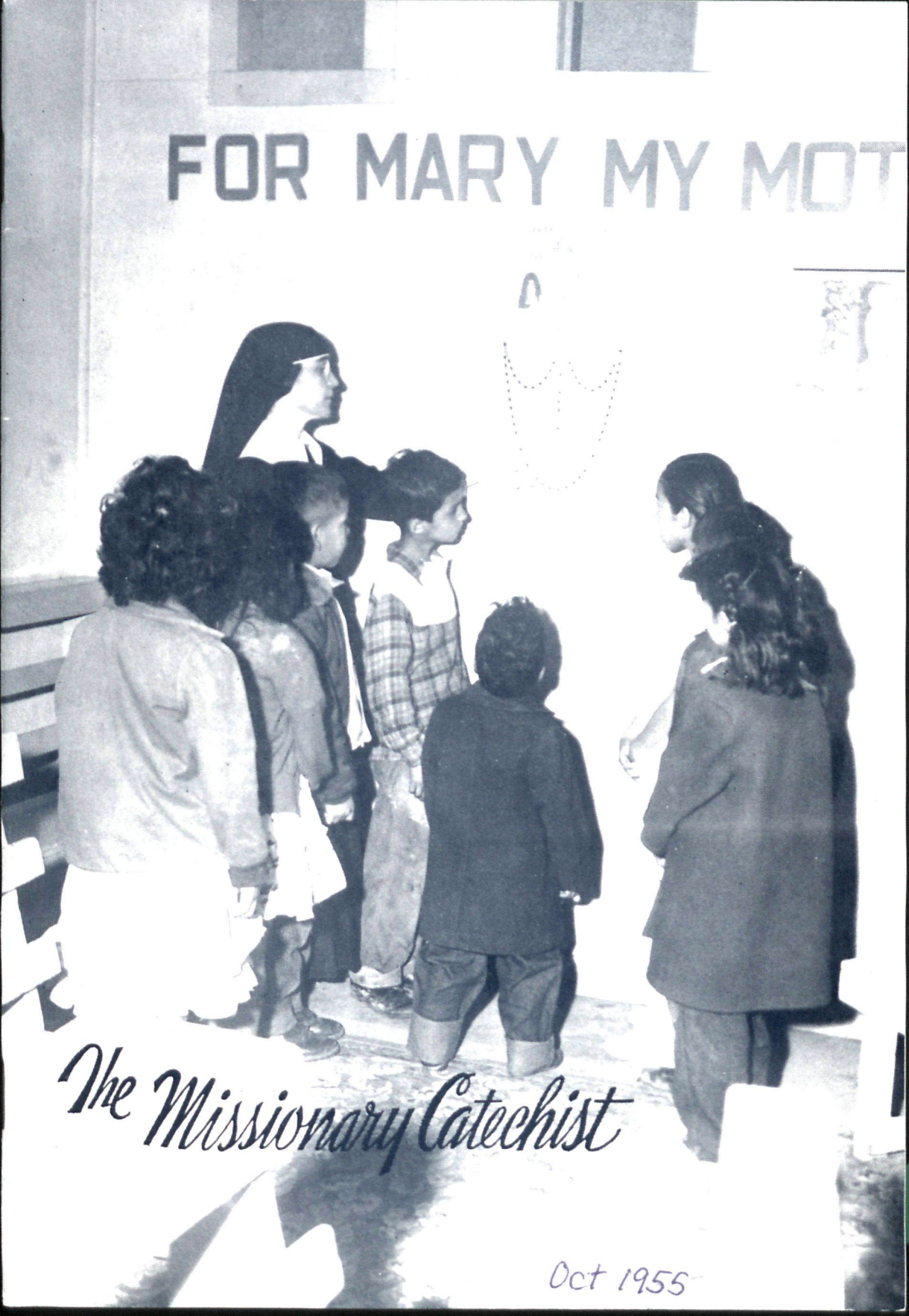

The Missionary Catechist

Oct 1955

From the writings of Blessed Alan De La Roche, O.P.

Promises of Our Lady

to those who devoutly recite the holy rosary.

TO all those who recite my psalter, I promise my special protection.

THE rosary will be a powerful weapon against the powers of hell, it will root out vices, destroy sin, and subjugate all heresies.

HE who calls on me through the rosary shall not perish.

WHOEVER recites devoutly the rosary, meditating on its holy mysteries, will not be cast down by troubles, nor perish by an unprovided death; but, if he is a sinner, he shall be converted, if he is virtuous, he shall increase in grace, and become worthy of eternal life.

THOSE who are truly devout in reciting my rosary shall not die without the sacraments.

I will deliver from purgatory in the space of a day those souls devoted to my rosary.

THE true children of the rosary shall enjoy a great glory in heaven.

WHATEVER you ask through the rosary shall be granted.

THOSE who propagate my rosary shall be helped by me in all their necessities.

DEVOTION to my rosary is a great sign of predestination.

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The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Edited and published by
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll Huntington, Indiana
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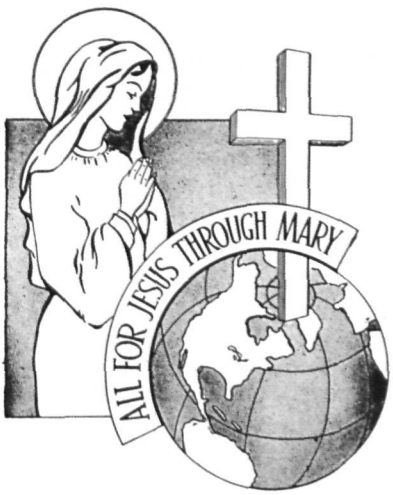

OUR Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are a Marian Community. They believe that if souls love and serve Mary, she will lead them safely to Jesus. Each sister consecrates herself to Our Blessed Mother as her slave of love forever, according to the practice of the True Devotion taught by St. Louis De 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.

Credits

Our Cover. Sister Mary Dolores gives a demonstration of how to pray the rosary. San Basilio Mission, Los Angeles, Calif.

Photographs: Bernard Zwilling, Broadway Photographers, Los Angeles, Calif., our cover; Courtesy of William Gehring, North Judson, Ind., pp. 4, 6; Fogata Studio, Santa Paula, Calif., p. 9; William McIntosh, Muncie, Ind., pp. 10, 11, 12.

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Working in a Big Potato Patch

by Sister Gabriel

MORE than a thousand miles from home for eight months each year. This is the record of the Mexican families at the Gehring Potato Camp which is located eighteen miles from our convent at San Pierre, Indiana, or ninety miles southwest of Chicago.

When we drove into the camp for our first catechism class we heard from all directions, "Las Madrecitas, las Madrecitas" (the sisters, the sisters). It was like a great echo. Those who spied us first were jubilant and spread the word. Soon we were surrounded by children and their mothers. Yes, we would teach religion for two weeks. Yes, the older boys and girls who were working in the fields must come also. Mr. Gehring had made arrangements to have one of his buses pick up these children at four o'clock and bring them to a designated large shed where the sisters would await them. The smaller children would be taught at the village, near their homes.

Sister Mary Celine and I were assigned a garage. She decided on a spot midway between, and beneath, some skylights. To her right were barrels with queer names on their labels, which we found, on closer inspection, to be chemicals used in spraying. Straight ahead were one hundred pound sacks of various fertilizers, plant foods, etc. I chose a clear space at the entrance, near a room leading to water pumps.

We were always amazed at the enthusiasm of the children when they alighted from the bus. Even though it was near the end of the day's work, they were never too tired to play. The bean bags or basketballs were bounced around with much pep and joy during the few minutes before classes began.

Sister Mary had the best-groomed group for instructions. The mothers insisted that their five and six-year-old youngsters come dressed in their fit-for-Sunday clothes.

Cutting seed potatoes—piece work.

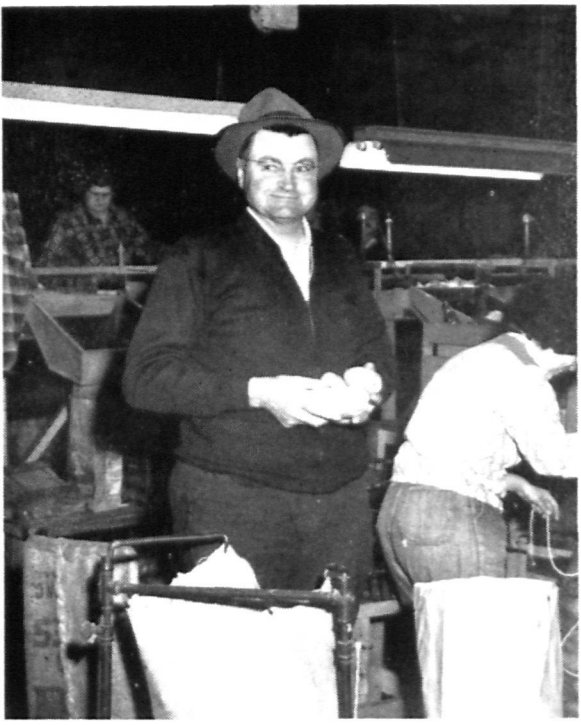
Sister Mary and her class in the potato camp. Sister Mary is superior of our convent in San Pierre, Ind.

Sister Joseph had the First Communion Class. In most cases there was little trouble in obtaining baptismal certificates immediately because the families always carry all their identification papers. By the close of the vacation school we had an enrollment of seventy-one children. Fourteen received their First Communion, and many of the older children and adults received the sacraments also. It was truly a memorable day and the parents were most grateful that their children had been instructed. To show their appreciation they even took up a collection as a gift for us. First of all, as they well know, they owe gratitude to their employer, Mr. William Gehring, who evidences genuine solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the migrant workers on his farm. When Protestant missionaries asked permission to come into the camp he informed them that "My Texas workers are all Catholics."

Mr. Gehring goes to Texas each spring to supervise personally the hiring of his migrant workers. The majority return year after year because they know they will be given good wages, be treated right, and will have little expense. Part of their transportation is paid and they can travel light because many necessary articles are provided them. For example, they can obtain blankets at the camp store house for four dollars. If they return them in good condition, three dollars are refunded; the other dollar is kept to defray cleaning expenses. The migrants are provided with a house, fuel, electricity, stoves, cots or bunks, a garden plot, transportation to a nearby town for groceries twice a week.

Naturally, Mr. Gehring won our admiration and interest by the upright and able manner in which he manages so difficult a problem as that of migrant workers on his farm. We were also interested in the farm itself. When we inquired into the origin of this vast enterprise, we were amazed to learn that, single-handed, Mr. Gehring pioneered the venture. He is a Wisconsin-born farmer who came to Indiana in 1938. Here he purchased a few acres of "worthless land," — a marsh inhabited with bullfrogs, waterfowl, snakes, and fish. He planted it in potatoes. Horses were used to work the land and their feet had to be covered with special muck shoes and often wrapped with burlap to keep them from bogging down in the soft wet soil. The potato crop did well. Comparitively speaking, it was a dry year. Potatoes were scarce and the returns excellent. Instead of investing the profit in more land, Mr. Gehring invested it in drainage, pumping stations and water control structures. Later he bought land, and more land, until his project grew to its present size of 5,400 acres with 5,200 of these under cultivation. A large part of this tract is muck soil which is spongy,

Sister Gabriel stops to chat with one of the teen-age musicians in the camp.



William Gehring, genial Potato King of Northern Indiana.

soot black, and has a high water-holding capacity. It is a combination of soil, sand and decayed vegetation. The smaller portion of the farm is sandy loam.

Potato raising necessitated a rotation of crops. Mr. Gehring chose mint, onions, and corn. Corn is planted and cultivated with four-row equipment. Onions are planted and cultivated in ten-row units. Wheat is planted in alternate rows with onions, for a wind break in early spring, and then plowed under during cultivation. Potatoes are planted and cultivated four rows at a time; sprayed each week.

Mint was of special interest to us. This year Mr. Gehring had twenty-three hundred acres of it! At harvest time tractors with slash sickle bars cut through thirty-inch stalks with machine-gun speed. At the "still" workers tramp the leaves down, one and a half tons at a time, into the huge vats. Then steam is forced through them for forty-five minutes to an hour. This boils out the essential mint oils which are condensed through water-cooled coils and then readily drained off. The spearmint is purchased by William Wrigley Jr. Co. to flavor chewing gum. The peppermint goes to Wrigley, Beech-Nut, and other gum makers.

Water control is responsible for the high productivity of the farm. When rain is needed portable overhead irrigation is employed and much hard labor is required to load, move, and unload pipes, fittings and heads. But overhead irrigation, we were told, not only means sufficient water for areas of sandy silt loam, but also retards early frosts and is an aid against wind erosion, and a great benefit in transplanting mint plants.

A great deal of equipment is required for all this farm industry — a fleet of sixty-two tractors, fifty-one trucks and jeeps; eighty stationary power units, and many buses and pickups. Mr. Gehring insists on meticulous care of the machines.

A contented laborer who returns year after year from Texas to work in the huge Gehring potato patch.

Sister Mary hands out a snack to youngsters attending religious vacation school in the potato camp. At the right, a lucky pre-schooler comes along just in time to get the extra candy bar.

All machines used in field work have hour meters and when these register a specific number of hours the machines are overhauled or rebuilt. Most of this work is done by mechanics within the Gehring shops. Also many standard implements must be modified to work satisfactorily in the loose muck soils because floatation is always a problem.

Mr. Gehring's farm runs like a well-ordered factory, with a weekly payroll for three hundred and thirty workers of whom one hundred and seventy-five are migrants. It operates its own drainage and irrigation system; runs its own garage, machine shops, and stock room; washes, dries, grades and packs many tons of potatoes. Most of the products raised are processed on the farm and are ready for the consuming public at the time they leave, via motor truck.

At our last visit to the farm Mr. Gehring explained that the seed corn was at the germination stage and needed immediate attention. This meant that those working in the corn would have to work on Sunday. However, buses would be provided to take them to the early, six o'clock Mass at Rensselaer, rather than to the usual nine thirty Mass at Medaryville.

Mr. Gehring gives his farm first hand supervision, aided by his right hand bower, Mr. E. L. Munter, agricultural engineer and purchasing agent. There are other capable foremen and overseers. Mr. Gehring employs good men and is not slow in delegating authority. One day we found the answer to our persistent question, "How did he have the courage to tackle a project beset with so many difficulties?" Simple! He is well fortified with prayer. Since his wedding day, the daily family rosary has been recited in his home. Daily, too, his fingers make extra journeys around his beads. During hail storms, high winds, and other rampages of nature, Blessed Martin de Porres is reminded that he once controlled the elements and begged to use his power again. He does not fail.

Mr. Gehring's two older sons who have been reared in the farm business recently married and will be his junior partners. A third son is studying for the priesthood. Two younger children are at home.

Again this year the children who attended religion classes at the Gehring Camp were awarded the annual picnic financed by Mr. Gehring. He gave us a generous check saying, "What you don't use you may keep."

When we ask the children if they like it better in Texas or here, they enthusiastically answer, "Here!" Adults would probably give us the same answer because families return year after year. Yes, they like working for Northern Indiana's Potato King.

Christ My Beloved Is My Bridegroom

by Sister Jean Marie

"THE Saints be praised! Sheila, what are you doing? Isn't it hot enough without draping a turkish towel on your head and shoulders." Sheila, who had been contemplating herself in the door mirror, made a gay little pirouette, accompanied with an explanation to her mother that she was glorying in the "feel" of a bridal veil.

Sheila, graduate of one month, exulting in the thought of a wedding ceremony? Well-meaning friends had pleaded with her to wait awhile: take advantage of the scholarship she had received; secure the wonderful position that could be her's in the bank where her father was vice-president; stay home with her parents at least a year; enjoy her freedom for a while longer; taste the social fare with its round of entertainments, and then, THEN—

Sheila had never been prone to vacillation. Her decisions, wrapped up in prayer, were firmly secure. She had her parents' consent, a consent mingled with sorrow and happiness: sorrow no longer to enjoy her loving companionship; joy because their child had been chosen to be a bride of Christ. God had given them this child, and for eighteen years they had watched her with pride. If God now wanted her back as a Missionary Sister of Our Lady of Victory could they, dared they, stand in His way?

Sheila was eager to accept blindly the apparent challenge for sacrifice and generosity with no reference to the fact that the Magnanimous Recipient would lovingly give her the promised hundred-fold recompense even in this life. Her year as a postulant at Victory Noll passed all too quickly. Study, work, rest, reading, recreation and meals all begun, completed and interspersed with prayer. She was learning to let these activities emerge in each day as a unit rather than individual entities. She was discovering how to energize for a spiritual realm what others so vigorously perform with material intent. She was learning to walk — not run; laugh quietly — not bubble over; work calmly — there is no fire.

During her short two-year Novitiate, Sheila began to yield to the ineffable deep peace and content that comes with earnest striving to "put on Christ." Her two feet were firmly planted on solid ground; but her desires were soaring aloft. She prayerfully, lovingly, prepared for the nuptial blessings when she would be the bride, Christ her Bridegroom.

August 5. Sheila holds a candle in her right hand. She enters the sanctuary, kneels on the prie dieu. The representative of His Excellency, our most Reverend Archbishop, holds the Sacred Host above her head:

> "In the presence of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of Mary, His Most Blessed Mother, of you, Very Reverend Father, delegate of the Most Reverend Ordinary, and of you, Mother General, I, Sheila Toomey, called in religion ...., vow to Almighty God, poverty, chastity, and obedience, for a period of one year in the community of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, according to the constitutions of this community; and I promise to accept willingly whatever work will be assigned to me by my superiors during my religious life."

She receives Holy Communion. The nuptial ceremonies are over. The bride and Groom are one: "I live, no longer I, but Christ lives in me."

Victory Noll's spacious, picturesque grounds contain 150 Sisters and some 200 guests. Sheila, newly professed, might just as well be on a mountain top alone. She will speak, laugh, and do the normal things at the proper times and yet, there is an inner radiancy demanding expression, but defying it. How can human language convey even momentary rapture. It would

(Continued on page 10)

Shown here as novices and as newly professed are the sisters who completed their novitiate and pronounced first vows on August 5, 1955, at Victory Noll. They left on August 6 to enjoy their first vacations at their homes. On August 15 they received their first mission appointment. From left to right are:

Sister M. Antoinette Golabowski, South Bend, Indiana	Mission Appointment: Punta Gorda, Fla.
Sister M. Joan Louise Rowney, Kokomo, Indiana	Mission Appointment: Delhi, Ia.
Sister Ann Mary Meles, Grand Rapids, Michigan	Mission Appointment: Burlington, Vt.
Sister M. John Joseph Descourouez, St. Charles, Illinois	Mission Appointment: Colorado Springs, Colo.
Sister M. Therese Martin Hurlburt, Cincinnati, Ohio	Mission Appointment: Smethport, Pa.
Sister Maria Goretti Miller, Mandan, South Dakota	Mission Appointment: Delhi, Ia.
Sister M. Therese Ann Doran, Ludlow, Kentucky	Mission Appointment: San Fernando, Calif.
Sister M. Emmanuel Waters, Arcadia, Wisconsin	Mission Appointment: San Pedro, Calif.
Sister M. Leona Bruckner, Hicksville, L.I., New York	Mission Appointment: Sebring, Fla.

(Continued from page 8)

only destroy it unless it came from the lips of a John of the Cross:

> "My Beloved is my Bridegroom and my Lord. Oh! what a joy! I will henceforth all the powers of my soul for Him employ. . ."
>
> ". . .I was found by my Beloved, oh how joyful is my lot!"

She is now the spouse of the Light of the World and will endeavor to keep that Light radiating through her. God IS Love. She knows that her moments of bliss, fleeting though they be, are really fragments of eternity.

On August 5, 1955, nine Missionary Sisters pronounced their first vows. Spouses of Christ! Their lips pronounced their vows for a period of one year; but in their hearts they sealed their vows for eternity.

Perhaps we can precede these sisters as they leave our motherhouse for a real taste of a Missionary Sister's life. The following factual narrative of the past will find its counterpart repeatedly in the future:

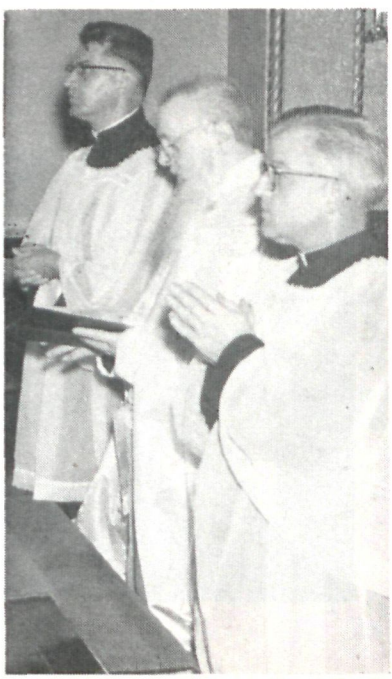
"Sisters, did you know Joe is a Catholic but has been married out of the Church for forty-three years?"

Sisters knock on Joe's door at the earliest opportunity. Joe's Protestant wife opens the door, steps outside, closes the door.

"No, Joe is not home. He goes to the doctor's twice a week. Sorry, you just missed him!"

Four visits, almost exact replicas of the first, follow. Are the sisters daunted? How can they hit first base if they can't get a foot inside the door to meet Joe, their objective? In the quiet of the convent chapel, close to the tabernacle, they plead with their Spouse for Joe. If Our Lord inquired three times of St. Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" surely they will return thirty times three times to kindle the flickering spark of Joe's love. Later they not only meet Joe but gradually win him back to Christ. Countless visits are entailed over a period of many months. Joe's marriage is validated. He receives Holy Communion three times before he dies, ravaged with a consuming disease. Joe's wife is now taking instructions and will soon be baptized.

A Missionary Sister's life is replete with similar incidents. She herself may experience disappointment, discouragement, mental anguish, physical pain and temptation. And yet, she steadily rides the crest, regardless of vicissitudes. If she wishes to be a faithful spouse of a crucified, thorn-crowned King, she will accept and embrace the crosses He permits her to carry. What marvels are accomplished by the use of a tiny quiescent instrument in the hand of a Master! Is she not an instrument in the hand of the Creator?



Before the ceremonies of investiture on August 5, the Very Rev. Clement Neubauer, O.F.M.Cap., delegated to represent Archbishop Noll, kneels in prayer with the Rev. Edger Oehler, S.V.D. at his right and the Rev. Gilbert Wirtz at his left.

Father Clement is the new guardian of St. Felix Friary, Huntington, Ind. He served here as novice master more than fifteen years ago and now returned as its guardian. In the interim he held several important posts in his order notably that of minister general which necessitated his residing in Rome.

Father Oehler, professor of chemistry at San Carlos University, Cebu City, Cebu Island, Philippines, currently doing research work at Chicago University, is the brother of Sister Theodora, one of our silver jubilarians.

Father Wirtz, Catholic chaplain of Dr. Norman Beatty Memorial Hospital, Westville, Ind., is a brother of another of our silver jubilarians, Sister Christine.

On the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, August 5, eleven sisters celebrated the silver jubilee of their religious profession. All but one were at Victory Noll for the occasion. Sister Helen Therese Weber, Garden City, N. Y., remained in Middlesex, N. J., for the annual retreat and feast day ceremonies.

From left to right the jubilarians are:

Sister Bertha Dorrmann, Cincinnati, O.
Sister Effie McConnell, Bloomington, Ind.
Sister Kathleen Leven, Danville, Ill.
Sister Mary Margaret Javaux, St. Louis, Mo.
Mother Cecilia Schmitt, St. Louis, Mo.
Sister Elizabeth Hann, Matthews, Mo.
Sister Christine Wirtz, Crown Point, Ind.
Sister Theodora Oehler, Cincinnati, O.
Sister Charlotte Scheper, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sister Margaret Mary Dunsmore, Duluth, Minn.
Sister Helen Therese Weber, Garden City, N. Y. (Middlesex, N. J.)

Her life is filled to the brim with Martha-like activity. She glories in being used by Christ to continue His life on earth as a member of His Mystical Body. Yet, she knows it is her Mary-like union with Him that threads the activities into completion. She knows that true prayer covers the entire range of interior and exterior activity.

Each morning at Holy Mass she places herself on the paten, offering whatever the day may bring, pain or rapture, joy or sorrow, as she unites herself with the Divine Victim to continue each moment, "through Him and with Him and in Him. . ." Him? Yes, Christ, her Beloved and her Bridegroom.

Mother Cecilia, superior general, and Sister Elizabeth lead the silver jubilarians to the sanctuary where silver crowns were blessed and placed upon their heads.

Other sisters in the ceremonies of investiture and profession this year were:

FINAL VOWS

Sister Columba McGinley, Newark, O. (Salt Lake City)
Sister Mary Gemma Schmitt, Shakopee, Minn. (Victory-Noll)
Sister Teresita Grzeslo, Chicago, Ill. (Redlands)
Sister Victoria Grabler, Milwaukee, Wisc. (Redlands)
Sister Ann Therese Plum, Milwaukee, Wisc. (Redlands)
Sister Rose Anthony McClosky, San Antonio (Redlands)
Sister Dolores Marie Carlos, Azusa, Calif. (Redlands)

RECEIVED THE HABIT

Irene Maes, Santa Fe, N. M., Sister M. John Michael
Norma Magee, Corpus Christi, Tex., Sister M. John Celeste
Ann Theresa LaVoy, Erie, Mich., Sister M. Vincent
Della Ann Chartrand, Herrings, N. Y., Sister Agatha Marie
Patricia Gones, Chicago, Ill., Sister M. Hilary
Marguerite Hernandez, Kansas City, Mo., Sister M. Carmen Rose
Elizabeth Anderson, Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y., Sister Gabriel Marie
Beatrice LeBlanc, Burlington, Vt., Sister M. Benedict Joseph
Gladys Trudell, Enosburg Falls, Vt., Sister M. Roseann
Helen Danenberg, Hudsonville, Mich., Sister Paul Marie
Jo Virgil Bonaccolta, Houston, Tex., Sister M. Louis
Lucy Vega, Mason City, Iowa, Sister Leo Marie
Barbara Spengler, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sister Francis Marie

Beginnings

by Sister Eugenia

AUNT SUSIE took us in. Aunt Susie across the tracks, that is. Aunt Susie with the brown skin and the kinky white hair.

"Why, yes, Ma'am; any time anybody wants to say anything about the Lord, he is welcome to say it on my front porch, Catholic or no Catholic."

So began our classes with the colored children in Arcadia, Florida. Our classroom was ideal if one gingerly watched not to step on a rotting board or into a hole where a piece of floor used to be.

Aunt Susie was taking lessons to become a licensed Sunday school teacher in her church, so she said she could learn a few things too from the Catholic lady's instructions. Sitting just inside her door, she was a good class disciplinarian.

"Sit up straight and pay attention there, or I'll skin you alive!" was all the reminder needed to keep little darkies sitting with profound attention.

Our colored children display an amazing obedience to their parents. I've seen this proved time and again. Just let Josie Mae's mother call her from way down the road. Josie Mae—or any child, for that matter — will answer, "Yes, Ma'am," at the top of her voice, and start running for home. There is little sparing of the rod. I've seen an old granny lightly switch the legs of a two-year-old just to train her to be obedient.

But back to our catechism class. Came the day when Aunt Susie moved away. The roof leaked too much and the floor was caving in. But we could still use the front porch until one day that too was taken from us. We arrived to see our catechetical center razed to the ground. Nothing was left but a pile of old lumber and some rusty nails.

Sister Loretta Ann and a few of her precious Negro catechumens in Punta Gorda, Florida.

By the grapevine, or through the underground, it was made known to us that Uncle Sugar would allow us the use of his front porch. Nice and shady it is, with a whole section of seats discarded from a railroad station.

We never see our kind benefactor. He stays conveniently in the background. Did I say we never see Uncle Sugar? We saw him once; the time Hervey gashed his foot on a broken bottle. The Catholic lady who ordinarily turns green at the sight of blood calmly picked up the bleeding victim and carried him home to his mother. Then it was that Uncle Sugar appeared miraculously from nowhere with a gray blob of spider web to stanch the bleeding.

Oh, we have our ups and downs all right—mostly downs—but we keep aiming high. These children who have stuck with us through thick and thin, come rain or shine, are not going to be ordinary run - of - the - mill Catholics when they grow up. No sir-ree! According to them, nothing less than bishops, priests and sisters are we going to turn out!

Pray the Lord of the Harvest that the day will come when the souls of these children and others like them will be nourished with the Bread from Heaven, the Bread that bestows everlasting life.

In the Home Field

HAPPINESS FOR YOUNG AND OLD

HERE comes Mr. Rx again with a bouquet of flowers.

Near our Guadalupe Clinic, San Diego, we have a neighbor, a widower, eighty-two years old, who lives all alone in a home too large for one person and his "one-man" dog. Having plenty of time to spare he sits by the window and watches the patients and doctors come and go, and soon learns which are our busiest days at the clinic. He himself had been a patient here in days gone by.

Mr. Rx is a great lover of flowers. Once or twice a week, in the late afternoon when our clinic services are finished for the day, this gentleman comes with his bouquet of garden flowers neatly tied and wrapped with wax paper so that we can take them home for our altar. Because of this thoughtfulness, we pray that he will receive the grace to be baptized before he leaves this world for eternity. At present he is not a "church-goer."

A sister from Victory Noll was visiting the clinic when Mr. Rx made one of his customary visits and presented his bouquet. Introductions were made, and after a short time he left. On his way out our friend stopped to speak to one of the sisters on the regular staff. He said, "That visiting sister is a nice person. She is old but she is happy. Why, she is just as happy as if she were young!"

Sister Marie Jane
San Diego, California

Betty Lucero teaches her little friend, Rosita Sandoval, how to pray her rosary. Ogden, Utah.

T.J.M.J.

Scene: The Trojak farm home.

Time: After school.

Setting: The three Trojak children, Jim fifteen, Clyde thirteen, and Tillie ten are having their weekly religion class.

Jim: Sister, what does J.M.J. stand for?

Sister: Those initials stand for Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Why do you ask, Jimmy?

Jim: Oh, I just wondered. I noticed that Bishop Sheen always writes them on his blackboard before he uses it.

Sister: Bishop Sheen does that because he wants Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to help him write only what is pleasing to God.

Jim: Could we do that on our school papers?

Sister: Surely, Jim, if your teacher doesn't object.

Several weeks later:

Sister: Shall we offer our prayer today for world peace?

All: Yes, Sister.

Jim: Yes, because if there is another war I'll have to go in two years. I'll be sixteen this month. Oh, and I'd like to say a prayer of thanksgiving. I've noticed that since I've been putting J.M.J. on my papers I've been getting better marks.

Clyde and Tillie: So have we!

Jim: There's just one thing I can't understand. I can't see why we don't write T.J.M.J. at the end of our papers.

Sister: T.J.M.J.?

Jim: Sure, Sister. We ought to say "Thanks to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph."

Sister Ruth Anthony
Union City, Penn.

Happy youngsters on the way to religion class. Middlesex, New Jersey.

POWER OF THE GREEN SCAPULAR

An old man, a fallen-away Catholic, was very ill in the tuberculosis sanatorium. He was very bitter toward us whenever we approached him. We would make it a point to greet him, smile, and pass on. After a month or two he was looking forward to our coming. One day, about the first of December, I asked him if he would like to have a green scapular. He was extremely grateful and promised to say the prayer in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Little did we know as he smiled in farewell that we would not see him the next week. On the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception death was imminent and he asked for a priest. He received the last sacraments with fervor and love. Mary received this blessing for her newly found convert on her beautiful feast.

SISTER PATRICIA
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

IN answer to Sister Helen Marie's question "Why do you go to Mass?" Timo Valerio, Las Vegas, N.M., eighth grade, wrote this short but meaningful paragraph:

"The Mass means a lot. It is like being among the people that watched Jesus carrying His cross and dying upon it. I think of being there with Him. It seems like I am helping Him carry His cross. I also go to Mass to hear His divine words and learn how to be a good Catholic."

"We Want Her Next"

by Sister Angela

WE had reason to rejoice on a certain Thursday night after an unexpected call from our pastor. Monsignor had just unpacked a beautiful small "Pilgrim Virgin" and had come to share with us the instructions that accompanied it. The statue had been a guest in various parishes throughout the Diocese of Richmond for the past two years; and now we were to have the privilege of encouraging every Catholic family within our boundaries to entertain Our Lady for at least one day and a night. Our convent chapel was to receive her first and we were to begin the long succession of rosaries and holy hours to obtain spiritual and temporal blessings for our own diocese and for the entire world.

As we sisters sat around our recreation table that night, we shared our hopes for the success of this great spiritual venture. We planned to use every opportunity afforded by our home visiting and teaching to encourage all families to be generous in devoting time to Mary while she was a precious guest in their homes. Then we suddenly remembered that two of us would not be at home to help entertain the royal visitor. In the morning we would leave on our usual week-end trip to the mountain area, more than fifty miles from our convent, where many scattered souls awaiting our help and instructions. It was selfish but we wished that just this one week-end we could remain at home to spend quiet hours of prayer with Our Blessed Mother. Mary was going to arrange this little matter during the night.

The next morning we awakened to find the landscape transformed into a beautiful snow scene. Snow meant no trip to the mountains for the roads would be too dangerous. Mary was also going to arrange a tiny procession in her honor. No amount of effort could get our car to climb the slippery hill that morning, so we walked to the parish church for Mass. Upon entering the church we caught a glimpse of Our Little Blessed Mother, as Monsignor so affectionately called her.

After Mass and thanksgiving, our pastor asked us if we would like to take her home. He explained how light and convenient the carrying case was, and that it would not be a burdensome task to carry it a short distance. We were more than willing. One sister took the lead with "the Pilgrim Virgin"; the other three of us followed, single file, in the tracks we had made an hour previous. We were alone in the semi-darkness of the early wintry morning except for an occasional passing automobile and a friendly puppy who stepped in line and trotted behind us all the way.

Due to the inclement weather and also to the fact that ordinarily we are not at home on Fridays, we had a quiet, prayerful day, with few interruptions. On the next day, the first Saturday of the month, Mary had additional visitors. After an early Mass the Junior Sodalists had a Communion breakfast and their usual spiritual meeting of the month. Then they came to our chapel to pray the rosary and sing a hymn to Our Blessed Mother. They were thrilled with the knowledge that they too could have her in their homes as we did.

Early on Sunday morning we took our little "Pilgrim" back to the parish church. Monsignor wanted her enthroned there for the entire congregation to

Keen and Charles Shackelford, in serious mood, visit Our Lady enthroned in their home.

venerate. Immediately after Mass one of the parishioners asked for the privilege of taking her home that very day. Ever since she has been making the rounds of the families and many touching comments have come back to us.

One mother said that her preschooler, without any prompting on the part of the parents, ran to the statue in the morning to say her prayers. A toddler in the same family must have watched closely. In the evening when someone called at the home to take the statue to its next station, he could not reconcile himself to the fact that the favorite corner was empty. He kept asking, "Mama, why isn't SHE here?"

A proud father reported that during the "Pilgrim Virgin's" visit he was able, for the first time, to say the entire rosary with his small children. One decade at a time had been sufficient for them. Now, as the family knelt together before their guest, it was the wee ones who kept saying, "Daddy, let's pray another one." At bedtime they begged, "Daddy, please let us have her in our room tonight."

Our Blessed Mother must be pleased with the fervent devotion shown her as her little image makes the rounds of the parish. We feel sure that the joyous words, "I want her next!" will continue to be repeated until every family has honored her in this special manner.

PRAYER taught by Our Blessed Mother to the children at Fatima to be recited between decades of the rosary:

O Jesus, forgive us our sins; save us from the fire of hell; lead all souls to heaven especially those who are most in need of Thy mercy.

Have you ever felt the desire to have a more perfect devotion to Our Blessed Mother? Your answer is the True Devotion to Mary. Write now for free information.

Address:

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

Bob, Peggy Ann, Burt, and Patrick Thomas, find a new happiness in praying as they honor and entertain their beloved guest.

our Associates'

Dear Associates:

IN one of her poems, Helen Hunt Jackson speaks of "October's Bright Blue Weather." You can about depend upon good weather this month, so make the most of it and plan bigger-than-usual parties.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART
Appleton, Wis.

A LETTER from the Promoter, *Miss Helen Arens,* said in part, "I am very happy to enclose a bank check for ninety-two dollars to be applied to Sister Marion Frances' burse. We have lost another member of our band (two within a year). She, too, entered a religious order which leaves us with just thirteen members. We were very sorry to lose the two of them but they felt they wanted to devote their lives to God so we had to give them up."

ST. HELEN BAND, *Dayton, O.*

DUES from this mission band are sent in by *Miss Florence Bucher, secretary,* every two months. Besides dues, the group sends donations of money twice a year to our West Harwich, Massachusetts convent which they sponsor. In May when I accompanied Mother Cecilia on her visitation of our eastern convents I saw some of the lovely chapel furnishings sent by these clubbers.

MOTHER CABRINI, *Wauconda, Ill.*

WE do not hear often from this Band, whose president is *Clara Swiatly* and whose secretary is *Rose Hennessey,* but each fall we receive a hundred dollar check from them, and we know throughout the year they are busily engaged in making things for their Christmas and Easter boxes which are sent to Sister Mary Genrose whom the Band sponsors.

The ladies make layettes for poor babies, mount religious pictures and make bookmarks for Sister's religion classes.

SOME OF SEVEN DOLORS BAND MEMBERS OF BELLWOOD, ILLINOIS

In the picture to the left are a portion of the ladies who belong to Seven Dolors Band of Bellwood, Illinois. Left to right, front row: Mrs. Bertha Hendron, Mrs. Bea Clarey and Mrs. Ann Thomas. Left to right, back row: Mrs. Wilma Knapp, Mrs. Lucille Momert, Miss Mary Rollinger, Mrs. Mayme Tansley, Mrs. Sadie Murphy (Promoter) and Mrs. Kitty McAleese.

In addition to regular meetings every month at which the members make Catechism prizes for the classes of Sister Mary Bernadette, they try to have four small card parties a year to increase mission funds.

Club Mention

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, *Detroit*

THE sale of greeting cards is the chief source of income by this Band. Before competition became so keen, they used to make hundreds of dollars at it. Even now they make enough, they think, to continue in this line of business. There are ten members in the Band and the lady who keeps us in touch with their "doings" is *Miss Lillian Dunn.*

ST. JOSEPH MISSION CLUB
Baldwinsville, N.Y.

The dues in this mission club are small — just ten cents a month per person—but there are around one hundred and seventy members so that the quarterly checks sent to us amount to a neat sum. At present, *Mrs. Mabel Doran* is president and *Mrs. Georgina Thompson,* secretary. The secretary hopes some of the members will charter a bus for a trip to Victory Noll one of these days where they can get first hand information about the missionaries for whom they work.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS
July 2 to August 11, 1955

Child Jesus Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler	**19.00**
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	**$10.00**
Infant of Prague, Chicago Mrs. Nyman	**75.00**
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago Betty Accomando	**12.00**
Queen of Hearts, Lombard, Ill. Wilma Wengritzky	**35.00**
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	**10.00**
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	**25.00**
St. John, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	**50.00**
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. Fiala	**5.00**
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	**15.70**
St. Margaret of Scotland, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Earle Leu	**73.00**
St. Mary's, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Hake	**3.00**
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	**30.07**

ST. JUDE MISSION CLUB *(Chicago)*

Here are excerpts from letters received from the Promoter, *Mrs. Lydia Fiala.*

"Yes, Sister, I do want to receive *Mission Want Ads.* I get so many odd things to send to the sisters, and like to know where they are needed most . . . Have been getting all surplus stock cleared out of my way so according to your bulletins requesting different things, I have sent away many parcels . . . Then I am kept quite busy making Our Lady of Mt. Carmel (brown) Scapulars, which are also pressed on by a warm iron."

Mary's Loyal Helpers write . . .

Dear Loyal Helpers:

THE third Sunday of October has long been known as *Mission Sunday.* Special collections are taken up in churches on that day to help missionaries in their work with souls. This is a good time to send in some Sunshine money to help our Sisters in their work with poor and underprivileged children. How many of you want new Sunshine Bags or dime cards? A letter or two-cent postal card will bring either or both to you. Address it to

Sunshine Secretary, MLH
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Children who read these pages but who have not yet joined *Mary's Loyal Helpers* may do so by writing *Sunshine Secretary* and asking for membership cards. It costs nothing to join.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for four months and I enjoy it immensely. I would now like to be one of Mary's Loyal Helpers. Would you please tell me what I should do to be one? I attend St. John the Evangelist School and am in the eighth grade. I am fourteen years old.

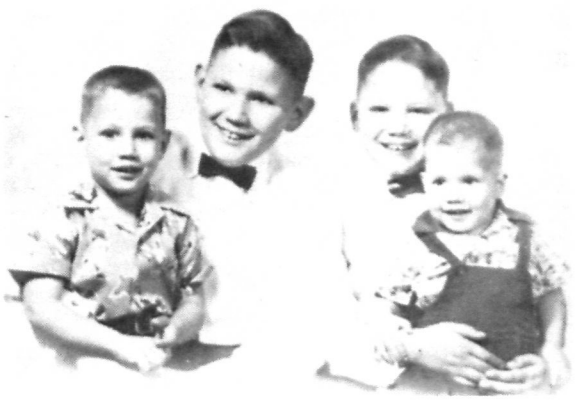
Maureen Chicocine, Schenectady, N.Y.

In school we had to write a paragraph and I wrote about the Missionary Sisters (of Victory Noll) and how you help poor families who are less fortunate than we are. May God bless you and help you in your work.

Bonnie McHugh, St. Clair Shores, Mich.

SEPTEMBER PUZZLE ANSWERS

1. history, 2. arithmetic, 3. grammar, 4. spelling, 5. reading, and 6. writing.



CHICAGO MISSION TEAM

These four brothers, Joseph, Mark, Gary and Stephen Fedota (reading from left to right) hope they will have a family baseball team one of these days. In the meantime they are a fine mission team, raising Sunshine money for the missions. Their mother, Mrs. Dorothy Fedota, is a member of Les Petites Fleurs Mission Club.

Helpers' pages

Letters from Helpers

I earned this money I am sending to you by decorating the altar in our church for weddings. It is a privilege to be working so close to Christ's dwelling on earth, and I did not wish anything for it, but this time I had to accept it. It does not seem that the money belongs to me.

I started working in the sacristy at Christmas when it took more than one to get all the work finished before the great Feastday came. Now I have been doing it ever since.

Patricia Murphy, Moncton, N. B. Canada

I have started to fix little cards and things for you to give to the children. First I thought I'd better know if you want them. Our family enjoys reading the magazine.

Maria D. Canez, Rowood, Ariz.

Just received my first copy of THE MIS SIONARY CATECHIST and like it very much. Here are the answers to the Flower Puzzle.

Linda Hudson, Los Angeles, Calif.

LOYAL HELPERS VISIT VICTORY NOLL

Helpers Lois and Russell Kincaid of Anderson, Indiana pose with Sunshine Secretary and their mother on a visit to Victory Noll.

October Puzzle

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

The Silent Story

by Sister Mary Elaine

IT is six o'clock in the evening. Our car pulls to a stop in the parking lot and we can see the sun lowering behind the misty mountain islands in the Great Salt Lake. It is easy to imagine this view as being that on a tourist's postcard. With a sigh we turn from nature's beauty to the class of the evening.

As we encircle the large red-brick building and ascend the entrance steps, we can discern the rattle of supper dishes which indicates that the day's work is being completed. To one entering here for the first time these noises are surprising, for it is silence that is expected in a school for the deaf and blind. A wave of a hand or an occasional verbal sound are our greetings from the busy noise-makers.

Once in our classrooms on the second floor of the building, we prepare for our three blind and eight deaf pupils. Soon a gay, unintelligible chatter announces their arrival from the dormitories. To each class they come wearing the same expression on their smiling faces, an expression which in the blind seems to say, "Paint us pictures with words that we may see;" and in the deaf, "Make us forget our deadened ears; speak to our eyes a silent story."

If you are envisioning a quiet row of little cherubs, you are mistaken. These are very normal and most active boys and girls. To one who is teaching them for the first time, their antics and queer noises can be disturbing. However, observation soon shows that no one else is disturbed by them. A most perplexing situation exists when they, on occasions, do not wish to "listen." They simply turn their heads and learning ceases. It is useless to say "Johnny or Sandra, pay attention." or "Dennis, sit down." They can't hear you. To recapture a voluntarily averted gaze and not to lose the attention of the others is a difficult art acquired only by experience.

As the group settles down to order, we begin with the usual prayers—the Our Father in sign language accompanied by lip motions, and the Hail Mary said aloud. Two of the girls are somewhat more advanced and are able to speak quite clearly. The doctrine is taught mostly through pictures, charts and blackboard work. The youngsters enjoy working with their hands, so project making plays a big part in their education.

Usually when a holiday is near the children can sense a candy treat. Their sign for candy, which is crossed fingers rubbed against the right cheek, appears immediately after their first greeting and will continue until the treat is seen. Squeals of delight are made even though the children will not enjoy the treat in class. It must be taken back to the house and shared with the others in their dormitories.

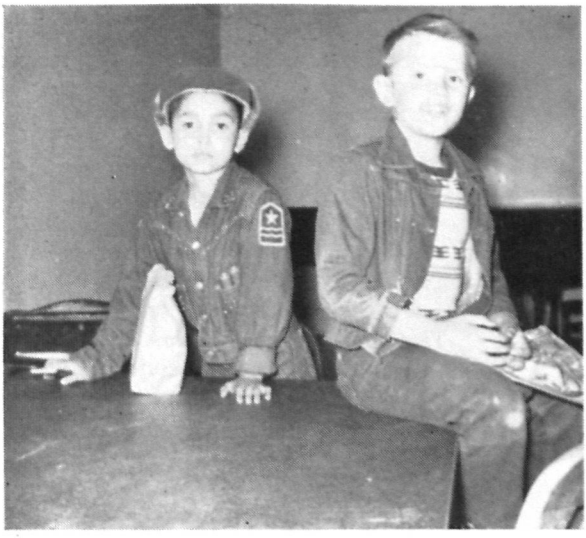
All too soon the clock points to seven fifteen and the sign for closing prayers is given. Charts are hurriedly folded; crayons collected; the piano is given a last bang by a set of small, disobedient fingers, and then—silence as their chatter dies in the darkness outside.

Again we are in the parking lot. Now the darkness and the silence of night are upon us, so like, we think, that other darkness and silence we have just left behind—the darkness of the blind and the silence of the deaf—which like nature's night will last but a short time. How surprisingly beautiful heaven will be to those who have not seen or heard it's foretastes here on earth.

Our car turns homeward leaving our SILENT STORY to await its completion with the perfect Dawn.

Praying the Our Father. This is the sign for heaven. The girl with her back to the camera is one of those who does not use signs. Sister Mary Elaine is teaching the class.

Children copying the Angel Prayer. It will be added to their project books.



Snapped right after a candy treat. Notice the candy in the children's hands.

Books

The Virtue of Love by Paul De Jaegher, S.J., Kenedy and Sons, N.Y. $3.

Although sub-titled Meditations, this is not a book of formal meditations in the usual sense of that term. Nor, among the formal meditations given, is there uniformity. One might contain four points, another two. Interspersed throughout are chapters on Sanctity, The Spirit of Faith, The Virtue of Hope, Zeal for Souls, and other subjects of an eminently practical nature. As one who is familiar with Father De Jaegher's writings would expect, there is a chapter on Our Blessed Mother and on St. Therese of Lisieux.

All of these meditations and readings have as their object the increase of supernatural charity. Many souls, the author contends, stop short of the unitive way. Through this, his latest book, he would lead them on to a life of union.

Father De Jaegher, a missionary in India since 1909, combines in his own life the zeal of the apostle with the fervor of the contemplative. Happily, he is able by his writings to show others how their apostolic activity should be the overflow of an intense spiritual life. It is St. Thomas himself who says that the mixed life, a life of contemplation and action, is the best of all, for it consists in imparting to others the fruits of our contemplation.

This is a very important book for all who seek perfection. It is a real treasure.

Germaine by Rev. Joseph A. Keener. C. F. Petella, Box 289, Maywood, Ill. 15 cents.

St. Germaine Cousin is probably no more than a name to most Catholics. Many, perhaps, never even heard of her. This booklet relates the strange story of her life. Pope Gregory XVI, who declared her Venerable, called her "the saint we need." Father Keener has written a fascinating account of her life.

Perpetual Novena in honor of Mary Queen of All Hearts. Montfort Publications, Bay Shore, N.Y. 10 cents. 100 for $9.

Designed for congregational use this booklet will appeal especially to those who practice True Devotion to Mary as propagated by St. Louis De Montfort. It will also help to make this total consecration to the Blessed Virgin better known. Included in the novena prayers is the beautiful prayer to Mary, Queen, composed by our Holy Father when he instituted the new feast.

Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind., is the publisher of the following books and pamphlets.

Little Windows by Rev. Joseph E. Manton, C.SS.R. 35 cents.

In His Likeness by Rev. Eugene Burke, C.E.P. 50 cents.

Names That Live Forever by Very Rev. Msgr. John J. Dougherty. 35 cents.

Each of these three booklets contains a series of four radio talks delivered recently over the Catholic Hour.

A Letter to Ministers by John A. Lacy, Sr. (Former Protestant Minister) 10 cents.

Crusade for Souls by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. 10 cents.

The Meaning of Fatima by John Mathias Haffert 10 cents.

All these pamphlets are available at special prices in quantity lots.

Good Scouts

by Sister Grace Marie

THE question came as a surprise and it was a strange request from two boys.

"Sister, will you show Charles and me how to lay out the vestments for Mass?"

"Why do you want to learn that?"

"Because, Sister," began Charles as he placed his hand over his brother's mouth so that they wouldn't both be talking at once, "we have to know how to do that in order to get our Ad Altare Dei Medal in the Boy Scouts."

"You both belong to the Catholic Scouts?"

"Sure, Sister," they replied together, and Leo added, "We have to learn a lot of stuff before we can pass for the medal."

To make it more emphatic Charles said, "This is only ONE of the things."

Their motive was good enough. The following week after religion class Leo, Charles, and I met in the sacristy for the initial lesson. Much to the boys' surprise there was more to the task than getting out all the necessary articles and piling them unceremoniously in one lump. As I demonstrated the correct way to lay out the vestments they named each article. That evening they left with a sketch showing how each article looks when placed on the vesting table.

"Come on, Leo, it's my turn" were the words that reached me from the sacristy when I arrived on the following week. Leo made a valiant attempt

to lay out the vestments, but because he lost the drawing from the week before he forgot how the big white alb was placed. Forgetting that Father is no pretzel he put it down backwards with no opening or sleeves to be found. Charles proudly showed his brother how to do it.

Another practice class and Charles exclaimed with confidence, "Now we are ready for Father." Leo was dubious, but they both smiled as they hurried away down the church aisle with a "Goodby, Sister, and thanks!"

On February 6 seven boys of the Dundee Parish received the coveted medal in Blessed Sacrament Cathedral, Detroit. Charles and Leo LaVoy were among them.

The last word

by the Editor

Sister was reviewing the method of praying the rosary with her third grade. She asked, "How do we end the rosary?"

"We end the rosary with Mary in heaven," was the unhesitating reply of the child called upon.

In this unexpected answer many of us adults could find refreshing stimuli for our own devotion to the rosary. It is a fact that if we recite it prayerfully throughout our life we will reach heaven. We have Mary's word for it. This consideration alone should spur our sluggish spirits at those times when the beads seem to multiply endlessly in our reluctant fingers. Indeed, a wholesome self-interest should send us down on our knees daily and force our wills to PRAY the rosary—not merely to chatter off the prayers. Mary herself will aid our earnest efforts and soon the rosary will become a cherished devotion.

Meditation on the mysteries will reveal to us more and more vividly the true portrait of Our Lord and Savior in all His beauty, goodness, and divinely compassionate love for us. If we consider Him daily and closely in those dramatic scenes He will grow familiar to us and dear beyond words. The nearness of Him will become a need to our souls which need, in turn, will impel us to deeper prayer and union. Then love for Him will develop into what it should be, the sovereign principle of our lives. Then the time for rosary will be the most welcome fifteen minutes of our day. Then our beads will be transformed into a chain of love binding us inseparably to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary now and forever.

May you truly come to know and love Jesus and Mary this month, through your rosary, and may that knowledge fan into flame your zeal so that you will not rest until you introduce Them to someone else.

May God bless you always.

In Memoriam

Alex Garcia, Ft. Collins, Colo., father of our Sister Antonia.
Lawrence Wirtz, Crown Point, Ind.; brother of our Sister Christine.
Abbot Maurice Lans, O.C.S.O., Huntsville, Utah
Rev. Anthony Paul Schloss, Detroit, Mich.
Lt. George De Smet, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Lacey, Chicago, Ill.
Sister M. Isabel, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Jacob Kramer, Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Sheehan, Chicago, Ill.
Peter Huhn, Detroit, Mich.
Anna Kasparck, Detroit, Mich.
Alex Wiska, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Philip Heldmann, Chicago, Ill.
Peter Salchinger, Santa Barbara, Cal.
T. Edward Diener, Glendale, Cal.
Cora M. Kuhn, Houston, Tex.
William Robinson, North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Alice Fenton, Chicago, Ill., A.C.M.
Marie Kestly, Chicago, Ill., A.C.M.
Alice Campbell, Litchfield, Ill.
Nora C. Farrell, Chicago, Ill.
Arthur Langcaster, Chicago, Ill.
Frank Goodrich, Chicago, Ill.
Thomas Godfrey, Chicago, Ill.
John M. O'Rourke, Chicago, Ill.
Peter J. Coyle, Chicago, Ill.
Nicholas Kartheiser, Aurora, Ill.
Margaret Messe, Louisville, Ky.
Mary Renz, Fort Wayne, Ind., A.C.M.
John J. O'Malley, Scammon, Kan.
Edward J. Masterson, Columbus, Kan.
Carrie Fields, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Edith Koester, Dayton, O.
Mary Buczynski, Winona, Minn.
Elizabeth Grabs, Cold Water, O.
Ellen Drilling, Shelby, O.

Letters

INDIANA

ENCLOSED is our $1.00 monthly dues in the 2500 Club. As always we are pleased to help at least in a small way toward your work. We feel like real missionaries even though we cannot go out in the field and work actively in this wonderful work. Your Community and work are very dear to our hearts and we hope with God's help we will be able to continue our membership for a long time to come.

KANSAS

YOUR letter is much appreciated, as well as your valuable prayers and good works. It is a source of spiritual joy to me to share in your important work. Enclosed find five dollars to cover my dues in your 2500 CLUB up to date.

NEW JERSEY

HERE'S my "little ole" dollar again. It looks little and it is these days but I suppose all the one dollars together do help in your wonderful work. I enjoy so much the Missionary Catechists. It takes up one evening a month as I either read an article or two to the family, or tell them about certain articles.

KENTUCKY

PLEASE find enclosed two dollars. I am trying still to uphold my place of honor in the 2500 CLUB, as I know anything going "your way" helps very much. With a little wish and a fervent prayer.

WEST VIRGINIA

IN thanksgiving for a totally unexpected increase in salary I am adding a little extra to this month's contribution. I know your prayers for me have been instrumental in obtaining this favor through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother. You are remembered in my prayers each day that God may bless your many sacrifices in bringing souls to Him.

WISCONSIN

ENCLOSED please find three dollars toward the 2500 CLUB for the months of July, August and September. May the good Lord and His Blessed Mother bless you all in the splendid work you are doing for our precious Catholic Religion. Please pray for me and my intentions. Thank you, and I shall pray for you.

For information regarding the 2500 CLUB, turn page please.

Membership Application

Dear Sister:

Please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB. I will pray for the Sisters and send a dollar a month for the benefit of your missions. I know this entitles me to share in the daily and special prayers and devotions of the Missionary Sisters.

Name .....

Street .....

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

You Are Invited

to share in our work for souls, and by your prayers and donations, reap with us a rich harvest for eternity.

In this month of the holy rosary you may wish to honor Our Blessed Mother in a special manner, and may welcome our 2500 CLUB as a convenient way of doing so, and of assisting in our Christ-like work.

The 2500 CLUB is composed of charitably disposed Catholics who send one dollar a month, or twelve yearly, as membership dues. There are no binding obligations.

(See letters from 2500 CLUB members on the other side of this page.)