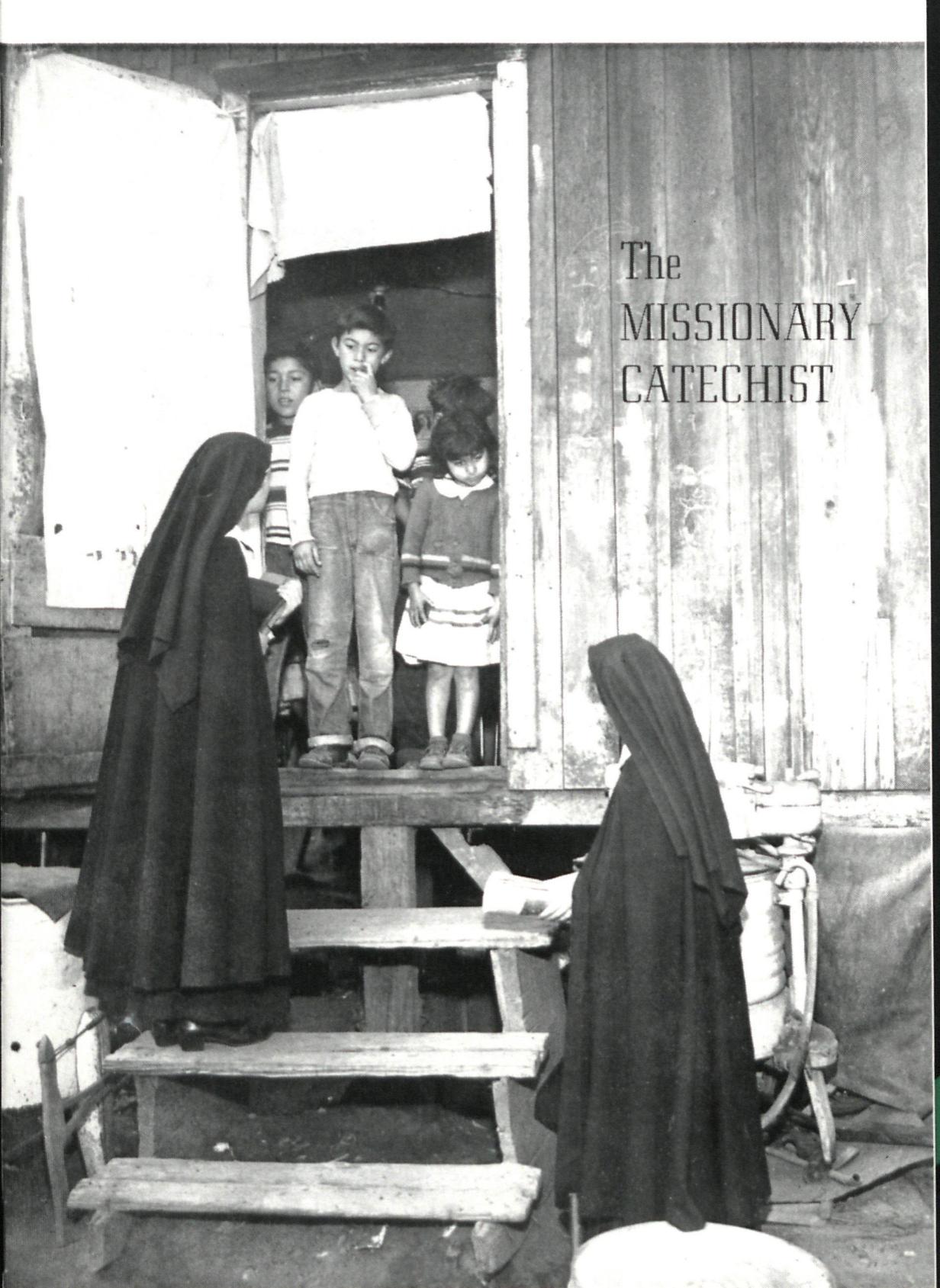


The
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST



11-1955



HOME VISITING is an essential feature in the program of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

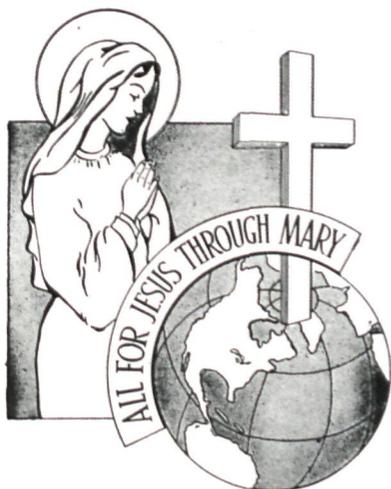
When the Reverend John J. Sigstein, saintly founder of the community, gathered his first disciples about him for direction and instruction, he found the technical terminology relative to social case work inadequate to describe his lofty concept of what home visiting should denote to his spiritual daughters. They must be thoroughly grounded in the technique of social case work, certainly, but they must never consider themselves merely social workers. Their mission was a more exalted one. They must be Christ-bearer to all with whom they come into contact. They must carry Our Dear Lord into the heart of life so that He may touch with His merciful love souls for whom He died but who either do not know Him or are wandering far from Him.

Paradoxically, the sisters are to find Christ for the delight of their own souls in the very ones to whom they are taking Him. Glorious exchange! Christ for Christ! And that exchange is to be made by the agency of Mary so that He may not be lost in the transaction through human frailty or malice.

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are considered specialists in teaching religion, particularly to public school children. Yet, much of their success in this field is undoubtedly attributable to their constant and systematic home visiting, through which they ferret out children for religion classes and enlist the interest of parents in the spiritual welfare of their offspring; reclaim adult Catholics; and make converts to the faith.

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Edited and published by
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll Huntington, Indiana
Volume 31 Number 11
NOVEMBER 1955



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 Missionary Sisters visit a poor family in one of their California mission districts.

Photographs W. Wesley Kloepfer, Azusa, Calif., our cover; Robert Fogata, Fogata Studio, Santa Paula, Calif., p. 7; Mrs. Olga Ferguson, Coachella, Calif., drawing p. 17.

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Why a Census

by Sister Mary Kevin

A PARISH census report may read something like this:

Total number of families	702
Church marriages	387
Mixed marriages	118
Invalid and illicit marriages	197
Families claiming parishes	520
Families claiming no parishes ..	182
Children attending parochial school	125
Children attending public school	320
Under instruction	210
Not under instruction ..	110
Children not baptized	82
Number of pre-school children	426
Number of non-Catholic contacts	840

These are cold dry statistics garnered from door-to-door calls, but behind each of the visits and contacts there lies a story of a family and of souls.

Why a census? The most obvious reason is to gain information. If there is a prospect of a new parish in that area the pastor is given the complete census when the parish is organized. If the parish has been long established newcomers are picked up and lapsed Catholics once more hear the call of grace. In either case a census speaks volumes. One can tell at a glance if the area is predominantly Catholic; if the Catholics practice their religion; how many children are in public schools; how many of this number are receiving no instructions; if the parish is made up largely of older couples or of young couples with small children.

However, if the gaining of information were our only objective, we would miss many a golden opportunity of practicing both the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

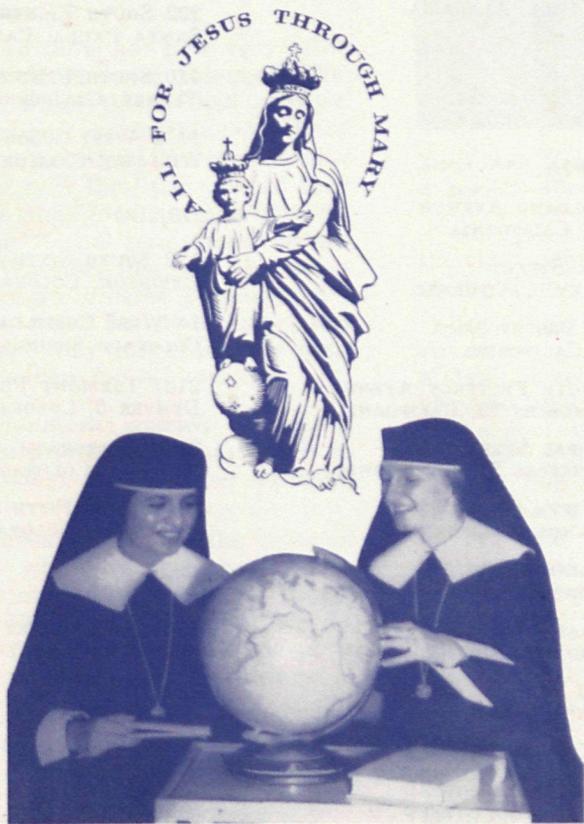
Census taking is intensely interesting; and it calls on all one's resources of sympathy, understanding, and observation. Behind every closed door there is a problem to be solved, a cross to be made lighter, or the road to be made clearer. If you want to appreciate your many blessings, become a census taker. You will realize as never before that everyone has a cross to bear and you will thank God that the one He has given you is such a light one!

Not long ago in our visiting two of us came to a lovely new brick home. While waiting for an answer, we admired the spacious grounds and the good taste that had gone into the building of the house. We were invited in graciously. The inside of the home rivaled the outside in beauty and neatness. None of the modern conveniences was lacking. There were apparently no financial worries or cares, yet the hand of God rested heavily on this family.

Mrs. D. has an eight year old daughter. Until the age of three she had been a normal happy child, a delight to her parents. Then it happened. She ran in front of an on-coming car and was struck. Since that time she has developed neither physically nor mentally. Mrs. D. took us in to see Maurleen. The child is tall and thin but has no muscular control. Incoherent babbling noises and a meaningless waving of her arms as she lay on a spotless bed showed her recognition of our presence: We admired the heroic patience and the great love displayed for this child by her broken hearted mother.

It wasn't until we left the room that the mother broke down. "Oh, Sister,"

Convent Addresses



Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

ALABAMA

Box 287
GROVE HILL, ALABAMA

ARIZONA

357 N. SECOND ST.
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA

CALIFORNIA

512 SOLDANO AVENUE
AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

1166 K STREET
BRAWLEY, CALIFORNIA

45-358 DEGLET NOOR
INDIO, CALIFORNIA

126 SOUTH FETTERLY AVENUE
LOS ANGELES 22, CALIFORNIA

2321 OPAL STREET
LOS ANGELES 23, CALIFORNIA

1143 FIFTH STREET
LOS BANOS, CALIFORNIA

598 LAINE SREET
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

537 EAST G STREET
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

Box 46
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

1747 KEARNEY AVENUE
SAN DIEGO 2, CALIFORNIA

1669 COLUMBIA STREET
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA

13958 FOX STREET
SAN FERNANDO, CALIFORNIA

563 O'FARREL STREET
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

222 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET
SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA

120 SOUTH F STREET
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

1171 WEST WOOD ST.
WILLOWS, CALIFORNIA

COLORADO

178 SOUTH SIXTH AVENUE
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

14 WEST COSTILLA STREET
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

2161 TREMONT PLACE
DENVER 5, COLORADO

306 FOURTEENTH AVENUE
GREELEY, COLORADO

529 SOUTH FIFTH STREET
MONTROSE, COLORADO

FLORIDA

505 CROSS STREET
PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA

Box 389
SEBRING, FLORIDA

INDIANA

3868 BLOCK AVENUE
EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

3223 GROVE STREET
EAST GARY, INDIANA

she said, "Why is it! We always go to Mass and the Sacraments. We try to live as good Catholics. The people next to us are supposed to be Catholics. They never go to Mass; they even deny that they are Catholic. Their little four-year-old boy was here the other day and when he saw that statue of Jesus he asked who that was. Yet, in spite of all this, they never seem to have any hardships."

We tried to show her how very often in this life things seem unequal. The good suffer while the wicked prosper. There is justice even in this. Our Lord once pointed out that the wicked may be receiving now the little reward they deserve for the good they might do, only to reap eternal punishment in the next life. Whereas the good, by bearing their heavy crosses patiently, are making up now for their sins and faults so that they can enjoy the happiness of heaven for all eternity.

The explanation seemed to satisfy her and she promised to think of it in this way when she became discouraged.

There comes a time in the lives of most of us when we feel the need to talk things over with someone—to get something off our minds. After we do, the whole problem suddenly seems to clear up and we again see things in

"A dog! Not again!" exclaim Sister Ann Veronica and Sister Mary Kevin. Ah, his barking attracts the attention of the lady of the house.



Sister Ann Veronica helps her companion up a rough, unfinished terrace.

the right perspective. This was the case of the *G family*.

Until they had moved into their present home, all the children had been in a Catholic school. However, when they came to live in the new area, the Catholic school was already crowded and no new children could be accepted. *Mrs. G* had not clearly comprehended the situation and had become very angry. The whole family stopped attending Mass. Tears came to her eyes as she finished the story. She admitted she was wrong, that she had no right to expect others to do the impossible. When we left she promised to go to Mass the next Sunday with all her children.

Then there are those who have become careless; who for one reason or another have drifted away from the Good Shepherd. Perhaps it was work, small children, distance from the church. Whatever the reason, it seemed much more important than Sunday Mass. This group of people is the one most in need of prayer and sacrifice.

Frequently we see the results of long years of carelessness—complete loss of faith. *Mrs. J* was such a person. She had been away from the Church for

forty years; always too busy to have time for God. Sister reminded her of God's goodness to her, of the many blessings she had received, and how she should make some return to God by Sunday Mass and by receiving the Sacraments.

"Oh," she replied, "That's all nonsense. As long as I'm buried from a Catholic church I don't care about anything else."

For those confined to their homes through sickness or old age our visit may be their last call of grace. *Mr. and Mrs. P* had been away from the Church for many years. Now old age made it impossible for them to go to Mass. *Mrs. P* had become very bitter. Her sarcastic tongue had made her unpopular with the neighbors and a real cross to her husband. Several times the parish priest had called at their home. On the last visit *Mrs. P* told him very definitely,

"Don't you ever come back here again. Leave us alone. We are not interested."

Providentially, the day the sisters called they met *Mr. P* first. After telling the story he pleaded with tears, "Please, Sister, ask Father to come once more. I want to come back to the Church before I die."

The census taken, the sisters listen to a proud mother explain the addition to their home which her husband is building. A group of school girls stop to greet the sisters and insist on being in the picture.



Poor man! Could it be his patience in bearing with his wife's ill temper that won him the grace of conversion!

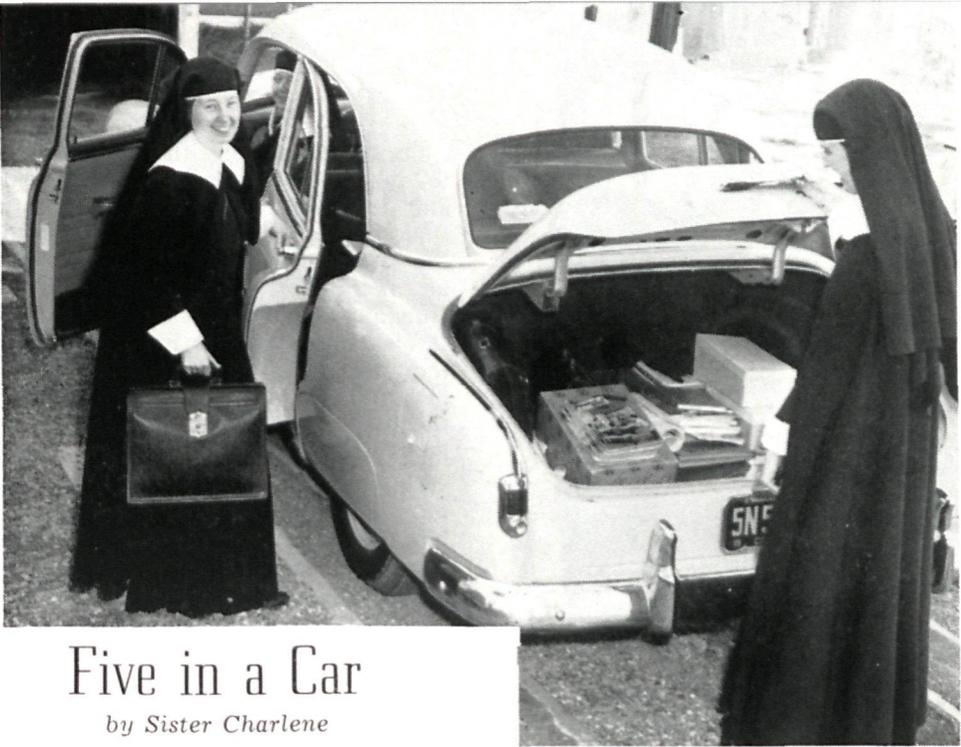
Most depressing of all the problems encountered by the census taker are the marriage problems. Whatever the difficulty we always encourage the couples to see the priest.

An important phase of census taking is contact with non-Catholics. Many an unfounded prejudice and incorrect notion can be utterly changed by a few moments' chat on the doorstep. A comment about the weather, or an inquiry about the children, as long as it is accompanied by a smile, may do more to disarm a person than a long discourse on the teachings of the Church. Sometimes, of course, a miniature catechism lesson becomes necessary, particularly in the case of a mixed marriage. Often the non-Catholic believes that he or she must become a Catholic if they are to be married by a priest. The questions of meatless Fridays, reading the Bible, infant baptism, etc., are endlessly brought forth for explanations.

The results of our visits? These we seldom see. The records are given to the pastor and we may never again be in that area. That is why we try to make the most of that one visit; and why we try to say our community prayer before visiting with special fervor:

Thou, O Lord, hast promised the reward of eternal life to those who do works of mercy in Thy name. Deign to bless our ministrations, and look down with mercy and compassion upon the poor, the sick, and the ignorant. Jesus, Father of the poor, have mercy on these souls. Mary, help of the sick, pray for them.

Amen



Five in a Car

by Sister Charlene

“YOU haven’t put your brief case in? I guess we’ll have to put it in the front.”

Down goes the top of the trunk on a load. We just fit in again.

Now, we must admit that five in a car ordinarily is not crowded. You often see tempting advertisements which show six people comfortably seated in a four-door sedan. An X-ray view shows the trunk neatly packed, with plenty of space to spare.

This, however, does not apply to Missionary Sisters. Even with a rather spacious trunk, we barely manage to squeeze in all we need each time.

It begins when Sister Ann Patricia descends the steps with a brief case and a box of catechisms. Is that all? Oh, no! After depositing these she returns for a few charts and perhaps a box of library books. Our lending library is also a traveling one.

Then comes Sister Frances with more catechisms, a brief case, and perhaps a box of clothes. There is someone in need living in the general direction we are traveling today.

Sister Mary Alice is next with her brief case and a large roll of charts.

This is one of her lighter days which we all have occasionally.

Sister Catherine Elaine can match the rest of us. She appears with her arms laden. A heavy box of class books for her high school group helps lessen the unoccupied space.

I must admit that in addition to my usual luggage I too have an extra box. It contains a few things to work on during the spare moments between classes.

Add it all up and you have a well filled, if not bulging, trunk.

We often make resolutions about lessening our luggage. But they never last very long—perhaps a week or so. There is always something we “simply must” take along.

At Christmas time things are even more complicated. When there are two or three hundred children along our route, and we take along a bag of candy for each child, it takes real cooperation to fit in our supply. Then we each strive to leave at home all superfluities and take only our barest necessities. Thus, even with the extra Christmas load, when we pack we find that we just fit in!



Ready for adventure, Sister Helena happily boards the bus.—San Antonio, Texas.

ADVENTURE rides the bus; and so do the sisters; and sometimes they meet!

Take the time that the sisters were on the city bus which hit the little old lady wearing the funny hat. She was so small that the driver never saw her until he started the bus and heard someone call to him "You hit a woman." He stopped, of course, and helped the frail little lady onto the bus. In spite of being knocked down her concern, woman-fashion, was for her hat!

When it appeared that her greatest injury was the shock of the fall the sisters turned to their usual worry; Would they be on time for class? It was too far to walk to St. Michael's but the minutes were slipping past as the bus awaited the inspector, and possibly, the ambulance. While they waited they signed a paper, as did the other passengers, a matter for the insurance company, no doubt, though the sisters envisioned a call to court. Finally, another bus came to relieve the passengers and the minds of the sisters were put at rest.

One calm morning the sisters set out for their class as usual. It was Saturday and that meant a crowded bus, but thanks to the courtesy of the people, the sisters found a seat. Would there be a train to hold them up at the Guadalupe street crossing? **Would** there! It was there for one half hour! Sister inquired of the driver, "Isn't there a law that after a certain length of time the trainmen must break the train and let traffic through?"

The driver was whimsical in his reply, "I think there is; but it's easier to break the law than to break the train."

The sisters had to walk the "last mile" because they had no time to wait for the transfer ride. It was just about the death of them, too, when they saw what had happened in the long wait. The boys had indulged in a battle—with mud balls! It was one of those rare days following—no, not a rain—a precipitation. Anyway, it precipitated this situation. The church steps were messy

by Sister Noreen

with mud; the children were messy with mud; and the janitor was mad with mud! He was letting them know in his loudest Polish what he thought of the whole business but that only added to their fun! Ah, in Texas, when it does rain, so does confusion! (Reign, I mean.)

This year, with that experience in mind, the sisters determined to go early and be ahead of the children. It was the opening day. But did that speed up the Southern Pacific engineer? Not one bit. Again the sisters were hurrying down those last blocks on foot when sixty children spotted them two blocks away and came running, running! One hundred and twenty hands tried to grab onto two defenseless nuns! The tem-

perature that day was in the LOW nineties. They speak of it that way in Texas to make one feel cooler, I guess. But it shot up into the hundreds as far as the sisters were concerned. By the time they arrived at their center, the perspiration was running down them in streams and the sisters ruefully reflected on the poet Burns' lines, "The best laid plans of mice and men . . ."

A transfer point for the sisters is in front of a small liquor store. As they waited one day early in January, an old man with hat at a rakish angle and a faint trace of you-name-it brand on his breath greeted them with, "Happy New Year, Sisters!" The sisters turned away quickly but no bus was in sight. They were a bit fearful of an embarrassing encounter, and so very briefly they returned the greeting. But the old man was not silenced.

"I know the sisters on Nebraska Street. Yes, they took care of some of mine. Here; take this for a drink."

Riding the Bus

When the sisters did not at once accept his offering, he pressed twenty cents on them. Still no bus in sight, so there was nothing to do but, in charity, to take it and listen to his story.

"I'm not a Catholic. I'm a Presbyterian but I don't have anything against your Church. I'm seventy-one years old and a retired army officer. See, here's my papers to prove it."

Out came the papers to fall on the street for Sister to pick up. Their sympathy aroused for the poor man, the sisters promised to pray for him. Gently and often he bade them farewell and finally started on his somewhat uncertain way.

Riding the bus does consume time so one sister decided to use it to brush

up on her Spanish. Settled in her place, she took out a Spanish conversation book and had just begun when the man next to her said in those unmistakable, inebriated tones,

"Wazzat you reading, Sister?"

Sister looked for an escape but there was none. She tried to ignore the intruder but he would not be ignored. He looked over her shoulder and said, "I can speak Spanish!" and he lumbered on with his biographical monologue.

Sister started praying very hard, and the saints be praised! he did get off in a couple of blocks.

Rarely does it happen that there are as many seats as people but it is to the credit of the Guadalupe bus line patrons that they find a place for the sisters. A lady spoke her piece one day. She was left standing and she was annoyed.

"The trouble is, there are not enough gentlemen these days."

Back came the smart reply, "There are enough gentlemen, but not enough seats."

Once when the bus was not crowded the driver was in a loquacious mood. Another driver, off duty, was riding along and they began to talk shop.

"It's some of those smart-aleck kids that are hard to handle. They get on the bus and hang from the rails like monkeys. I fixed one of them."

The sisters sat up and listened, for they are always on the lookout for effective measures of discipline.

"Well, this same one had been giving trouble, so I was ready for him one day. As usual he started his tricks and I said, 'Come here,' and he came. Then I said, 'Stoop down;' He knew I meant it and so he stooped down. Then I told him, 'You're always acting like a monkey, so you might as well look like one,' and I pinned a tail on him! Believe me, I haven't had any trouble since."

Quickly Sister estimated, "If I did that, it would take ten tails—at times more—in a class of forty." She judged

the idea impractical; too many "monkeys."

One dull winter's day, late in the afternoon, the sisters boarded the Guadalupe bus to find it, as usual, crowded. They had to take separate seats. The sister in the rear decided to close her eyes—and, well—sleep. She promised herself to wake up when the bus rounded from Pecos on to Guadalupe Street. Several minutes and many blocks later she awoke to a different looking neighborhood than the one she expected to see. She turned to the lady next to her, "What street was that?" When she heard, "Rosillo," her worst fears were realized. She was about six blocks past her stop and a mile from the convent. Darkness was descending rapidly. The other sister? Nowhere in sight.

Sister pulled the bell and descended at the next corner. Then the humor of the situation shook her and she began to laugh. She had difficulty suppressing the laughs as she caught the next bus returning and then hurried the last blocks home. She barely opened the convent door when she met the other sister and they both gave vent to their laughter.

Yes, the other sister had stepped off the bus thinking she would be followed by her companion. When the bus went on, and no companion, she waited until she saw it stop a block away. Still no sister. "Well," she said, "I thought 'she's over twenty-one and knows where she lives,' and so I went home."

Yes, adventure rides the bus; and so do the sisters; and sometimes they meet.

Requiescant in Pace

THE most frequented spot on Victory Noll's lovely grounds is the cemetery. Six of our sisters are resting there beneath the beautiful evergreens, and though hidden from view, they are not forgotten. Our daily brisk walk in every kind of weather usually begins or ends with a visit to them. Praying in the hushed silence, with the peace and beauty of the place enfolding us like a soft mantle, we find in these visits a spiritual constitutional, soul-invigorating yet humbling.

Even in such a small group we have representatives of the various stages of religious life and physical age. One sister died after only a few months in our community. Another, a young novice, was permitted to make her vows on her deathbed. One was a professed religious in her thirties, apparently with many years of missionary work before her. Another slipped away in her prime;

two others after a long lifetime of devotion in labor and suffering.

Conscious of these facts, whether we are young or old, postulants, novices, or professed, we stand beside the white marble crosses and meditate upon the certainty of death and the uncertainty of the hour of death; and we resolve to make the best possible use of the time remaining to us. Even the longest life is too short for loving God and for proving that love by prayer and penance and generous service of our neighbor for Christ's sake.

While we keep the memory of our departed sisters fresh in our hearts and prayers, we are no less mindful of our dear parents, relatives, friends, and benefactors who have preceded us to the merciful judgment of God. With the Church, this month and always, we humbly and earnestly plead:

"Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen."



Reading from left to right are:
 Front row—Vincent, Rebecca, Patricia, and Eleanor
 Second row—Frankie, Mr. Lupe Alcalá the father, Rev. John J. Flanagan, S.C.J.,
 pastor of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church; Freda, Irene, Mrs. Alcalá the mother,
 holding Rosa Linda.

Eight in One Family

by Sister Cordelia Marie

MANY infants are baptized every Sunday afternoon at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church of East Chicago, Ind., but never have there been eight children from one family baptized at one time until this year, when all but three of the eleven children of Mr. and Mrs. Guadalupe Alcalá were baptized by the Rev. John J. Flanagan, S.C.J., pastor.

Mrs. Alcalá is not Catholic. Only Nancy, the first child, was baptized in infancy. We had been visiting and instructing the family over a period of four years and finally our efforts were rewarded. Eventually we hope to see the mother baptized also. Two older girls will be received into the Church when their instructions are completed.

The Pi Epsilon Kappa Sorority of Hessville came to our assistance by offering to sponsor the six older children. Mr. Alcalá's two brothers and their wives sponsored the two youngest.

May it please Thee, O Lord, to reward with eternal life all those who do good to us for Thy Name's sake. Amen. (Roman Breviary). An indulgence of 300 days

EVERY year Mother Cecilia visits all our convents wherever they are located across the broad expanse of the United States. Some of these are to be found on the eastern seaboard; many of them on the western coast of California, and a large number in between on the central, southern and western plains as well as in the Rocky Mountain region.

At the beginning of the current (1954-1955) year these convents numbered sixty-five. Each year three or four convents are added to the list for visitation.

Until recently, Mother and the sister companion selected for a trip made these journeys by train or bus. In the school year of 1953-54 Mother covered

States where our convents are located. Consequently, it pleased me very much when Mother Cecilia asked me to accompany her in May, 1955, on her visitation of our Eastern convents.

Tentatively, our trip was to take something like four weeks, and our itinerary read as follows: Washington Courthouse, Ohio; Richmond, Kentucky; Flemington and Middlesex, New Jersey; West Harwich, Massachusetts; Burlington, Vermont; Smethport and Union City, Pennsylvania; Detroit and Ida, Michigan; and lastly Paulding, Ohio, which is only fifty miles from Victory Noll.

We Set Out

ON a bright sunny morning early in May, with Mother at the wheel and

I Accompany Mother

by Sister Blanche Marie

the nearer convents, those of Texas, the Deep South, and the eastern coast in one of Victory Noll's cars. This method was found so much more satisfactory and convenient that in the following year Mother drove to **all** of our convents, even those in the Far West.

Mother's missionary journeys presently occupy about six months of the year. She covers a portion of our convents in the fall, arranging her schedule so as to be home for Christmas and the holidays. Shortly after the first of the year she sets forth again and tries to be home for Holy Week and Easter. Then in the late spring Mother completes her visitations for the year, which allows her to spend June, July, August, and a part of September at Victory Noll.

It has been Mother's practise to give all of the older sisters residing at the motherhouse an opportunity to accompany her to some section of the United

myself at her side, the Chicago Motor Club route book in my hands, we began our long journey. Since I am not a driver and therefore unaccustomed to watching road signs, I turned out to be a poor navigator. At least twice we went through some interesting towns which were not in our route book and once we were delayed an hour or two by winding hopelessly around country roads in Northeastern Pennsylvania when I did not read a detour sign aright.

Washington Courthouse First Stop

WE tarried a while to eat a picnic lunch, which our sisters at Victory Noll had packed for us, at a roadside table somewhere south of Dayton, and drove up to our sisters' convent in Washington Courthouse in mid-afternoon. The convent was spick and span and the faces of our sisters were scrubbed and shining and wreathed in smiles

of welcome. While Mother attended to business, I was taken by one of the sisters on a tour of the town. My curiosity was centered chiefly on the building from which the little city drew its name — Washington's Courthouse. From its high tower the voice of the town clock boomed the hours and quarter hours. It is said the clock can be heard even in the outskirts. It reminded me of a benevolent grandfather watching over and regulating the lives of his numerous progeny. The clock, for example, warns those who would loiter on their way to religion classes conducted by our sisters that



Mother Cecilia smiles farewell as she leaves for a tour of our convents.

classes will soon be taken up. On the other hand, the pupils' ears are equally attuned to the stroke of the clock which heralds the hour of dismissal, so that an overzealous sister would find it hard to prolong her class for an extra few minutes. It was in the memorable setting of Washington Courthouse, with the voice of the Clerk announcing in solemn tones, "Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Court is now in

session!" that our Sister Alice stationed at Washington Courthouse last year, and formerly a Canadian, made her oath of allegiance and became a citizen of the United States.

Richmond, Kentucky and Environs

After a brief twenty-four hours stop at Washington Courthouse our Chevrolet headed in a southerly direction, passing through the hilly country and bumpy roads of Southern Ohio which borders on the Ohio River. After crossing the river we continued on our southerly route by-passing Lexington and arriving at our sisters' convent about 7 p.m. On our way through Kentucky we saw many well-kept farms with glistening white board fences or low stone walls fashioned of flat gray stones. Frequently an imposing knoll was crowned with a large farmhouse along Georgian architectural lines, fronted with tall round pillars. Tender tobacco plants were hidden under large strips of canvas alongside the fields where they would be planted when the danger of frost had passed. We looked about disappointedly for the famous Lexington horses but they must have all been at the derby.

Heading Eastward

The second day after our arrival in Richmond found us again on our way through the wooded slopes of North-eastern Kentucky. This was to be comparatively speaking a short day's journey so we did not leave our sisters' convent until early afternoon. By nightfall we would be in Huntington, West Virginia, where after a good night's rest at the home of Mother Cecilia's married sister, Susan, we would be ready for a truly great jaunt on the morrow. Here I met Mother's five-year-old niece, Barbara Sue, who

(continued on p. 23)

In the Home Field

"You say you want ME to be an altar boy, Sister!"

This is Larry Martinez, Ogden, Utah; age twelve years; seventh grade. Here he portrays the gamut of impressions and expressions of a budding altar boy.

"Do you really think I could do it?"

"Say, Sister, what about those Latin prayers?"

Larry was given a crew haircut in the interval between pictures three and four.

"Ho-hum! Confiteor Deo . . ."

"Oh, boy! wait 'til Sister hears MY Latin."

One evening during recreation a high school boy telephoned and asked if he could borrow a stencil; he would be over for it right away. In a little while our door bell rang sharply — then again and again. I went to the door, mentally commenting on the impatience of youth. I opened the door and was greeted with, "I was ringing the Angelus on your doorbell!"

Mother Catherine

Sister asked her second graders when they should say the Act of Contrition. Henry began excitedly.

"One time Raymond and me were walking down the street by that big tree and there was a man drunk. We got up in the tree real quick and said the Act of Contrition for him."

Sister Rose Mary

It seems that Danny, a five-year-old was deeply impressed by the picture of pagan babies Sister had displayed in class. Driving through the residential district on a warm day with his mother, Danny noticed children, scantily clothed, out playing.

"Oh, Mama, look at the pagan babies!" he exclaimed.

Sister M. Rosella

The principal in one of our schools is very gracious, and at the beginning of the school term, announces our after-school Christian doctrine classes to the children of all the rooms. One of the teachers, upon hearing the announcement over the microphone, informed her pupils that the Christian doctor was in town and would give shots after school. Many of the little ones who feared injections decided to hurry home after school, and so our attendance was rather small on that first afternoon.

Sister M. Caroline

A little boy was seen emptying the contents of a small garbage can into a larger one. When asked what he was doing he said,

"I'm helping the garbage man, 'cause when I grow up I want to be one too."

Sister Marie Helene

One little second grader, recently arrived from Italy, shows her love for her new country even in religion class. When asked, "Why did God make you?" she answered,

"God made me to show how good He is and to make me happy in America."

Sister Ruth

"My first Mass. What if I make a mistake."

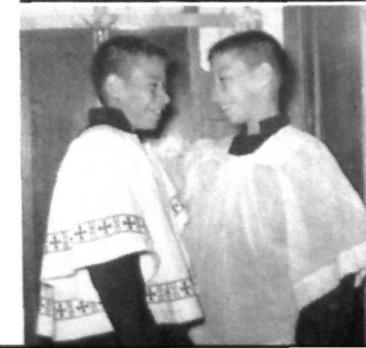
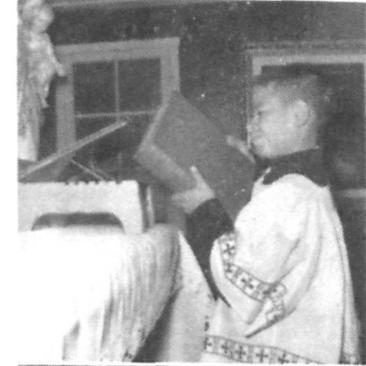
"Now, how did Sister say this book should go?"

"Lord, this is for You, so it has to be good."

"Golly! that was the wrong time to ring the bells."

With Larry is his younger brother, Harry.

"Well, it's all over and I feel fine."



A Thankful Thanksgiving

by Sister Adelle

FOR years there had been a wish in my mind which I never expected to have fulfilled because annual appointments took me farther and farther away from the scenes of its possible realization. My wish was that I might see the extraordinary progress made—in a material way—by the Church in the Imperial Valley of California since I left there for other mission fields twelve years ago.

On last August 15 my appointment read, "You are missioned to Coachella, California." Later that same day my new superior said to me, "Do you know that we always go to Brawley for Thanksgiving Day?" No, I had not known. With this knowledge came the thought, "Perhaps my wish will be granted at last." It was.

Thanksgiving Day came; we traveled the familiar highway to Brawley, along which many landmarks recalled pleasant memories. Soon we were warmly

welcomed by our sisters with whom we would spend the day.

After dinner Sister Margaret Ann, the superior, suggested a tour of their mission district. I replied, "I should like to see some of the churches that have been built since I left the Valley, especially El Centro's." And so, off we went.

Our first stop was at new St. Anthony's in Imperial. In former days I taught in a vacant lot near the school during the noon hour. That is, until the school authorities decided that it was not a PROPER place for religion classes. (Our Lord taught on hill sides.) So back to the shade of the old church building I went with my class. The building itself had been condemned for use because the foundations had been crumbled by an earthquake. Father used the Portuguese hall when he came from El Centro to say Mass on a weekday. There was no Sunday Mass then.

My heart was singing Magnificats from the time I stepped into the lovely new church until we ended our sight-seeing trip—or rather, I should say, pilgrimage, for that is what we made it. The people of Imperial now have a resident pastor to take care of their spiritual needs.

Next we went to the east side of El Centro, to the large and beautiful Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe for which I prayed constantly during the five years I was stationed in that area. We who taught there in the "thirties" had to use all our powers of persuasion to get our little barefooted charges to walk the mile or more to the one-and-only Catholic church in town at



Sacred Heart Church, Heber, California.

that time. Later the sisters taught catechism in the park. From there they graduated to a quonset hut which was also used as a church for some time, and is still a catechetical center. Then the lovely church was erected where someone is in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament nearly all the time. The sisters remarked that the number of Holy Communions there surpasses that of any of their other missions.

On we went to Heber. The shade of a house was my classroom in Heber in '38. A Grimes cellar door was the seating for the boys, and some lugs, broken chairs, and boxes, for the girls. Later our scene of activity was moved nearer to the school and Father from St. Mary's in El Centro came to say Mass on Saturday morning on a screened porch. A few years later the present beautiful church in Heber was erected.

Westmoreland had its dear little church of San Jose by 1940, but that too had out-grown such crude beginnings as improvised pews of old wash-tubs and parts of discarded stoves. A little later Father O'Connor, Calipatria's pastor, said Sunday Mass for Westmore-

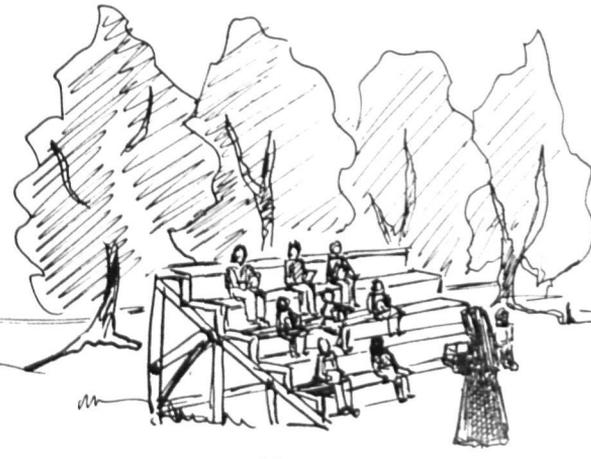


Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, El Centro, California.

land Catholics in one of the rooms of the public school.

Niland also has had its church for some years now, to replace the "ramada" chapel of 1940. (Ramada: framework covered with palm branches.) The church is near the school, on the very same lot, I believe, where we taught religion in the shade of tamarack trees.

Our Thanksgiving Day pilgrimage came to an end and so did my joyous Magnificats. But I added a Gloria Patri for having been blessed with a small share in helping keep the faith alive in these places years ago. Hardworking, zealous priests, under the direction of the able and indefatigable Bishop Buddy, with the help of Catholic Extension Society, have done wonders since in a material way. We who are acquainted with this area feel justified in deeming the material progress to be an excellent indication of the even greater spiritual development that has taken place among these people.



Catechism in the Park.



our **A**ssociates'

Dear Associates:

IT was heartening to learn that five new mission bands may materialize this fall. In fact, one of them, St. Omer Band in Cincinnati, Ohio, has been functioning since early summer. It is composed of the near relatives of Sister Theresa Martin. No meetings are held. Sister's mother just sends in a monthly check toward her mission work which is greatly appreciated.

My heart gave an extra thump of joy when I learned that two of these new Bands lay in the Chicago area, where we have been saddened to see Bands twenty-five years old or more being discontinued because of the death or advancing years of those who organized or held membership in them.

Many ladies read these pages who do not belong to any mission bands. If you are one of them, wouldn't *you* like to bring one into being? A large number of people play cards with friends

during the winter months just for the fun of it. Why not convert these earthly pleasures into heavenly merit by collecting a quarter from each at the end of the evening, with the understanding it will be sent to Victory Noll to aid our Missionaries. A dollar a month may look small to you but it looks very good to us!

Let me hear from you about this! A two-cent postal card will bring suggestions on "how to go about it" from

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

LOUISVILLE, O. ASSOCIATES

WE learned several months ago that the Community Mission Group of Louisville, Ohio, decided to change its name to *St. Francis Mission Circle*. We like the new name very much. Mrs. V. P. Samblanet, mother of our Sister Grace Marie, and one of the active members and prime movers behind benefit parties, wrote us a while back that the raffle of a cedar chest filled with linens, as also several other nice prizes, brought in \$175 toward our mission work.

CHILD JESUS BAND PROMOTER OF ST. LOUIS, MO. TAKES A PICTURE



In the accompanying picture, reading from left to right, are: Sister Mary Evelyn, Sister Mary Edna, Sister Helen the Sister Superior, and Sister Marcella. The picture was taken in front of Bethlehem convent at Flat River, Missouri, by Mrs. James Butler of St. Louis when she and her daughter, Sister Mary Edna who was then on a vacation from California, visited at our Sisters' convent a day last summer.

Club Mention

FORT WAYNE (IND.) MISSION SOCIETIES



We are grateful for the aid of mission societies in St. Jude, St. Mary, and St. Patrick parishes. The big checks which have been coming regularly each year

from the first two mentioned parishes are especially appreciated. *Mrs. Fred Potthoff*, president of *St. Jude's Mission Society*, sent checks totaling \$194.00 and *Mrs. Augusta Hake* (until recently president of *St. Mary's Mission Society*) sent in \$233.00 during the current year. The mission group of St. Patrick's Sodality pay annual dues and sponsor one of our missions in the Southwest, sending mission boxes for the poor.

There are individual card playing groups in both Societies which help us directly in addition to annual dues. These are Holy Trinity Band in St. Jude's and St. Anne's and St. Clara's in St. Mary's parishes.

FLORENTINE BAND (St. Louis, Mo.)



During the summer months, Sister Florence paid a visit to her home in Belleville, Illinois. Both the Florentine Band and Mother of Perpetual Help Band

which are just across the Mississippi River in St. Louis sponsor Sister so they held a joint meeting and invited her to be present. It gave the ladies much encouragement to learn that Sister greatly appreciated the help they have been giving her mission work in California.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS August 12 to September 15, 1955

Charitina No. 1, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 8.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Mary Nye	85.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	22.00
Little Flower, Louisville, Ohio	
Mrs. Elanor Evrard	10.00
Martinettes, Cincinnati, M. Gerhard	3.00
Mother Cabrini, Wauconda, Ill.,	
Rose M. Hennessey	100.00
Mother of Perpetual Help,	
St. Louis, Mrs. Lammert	25.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,	
Appleton, Wis., H. Arens	45.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles	
Mrs. M. McMannamy	45.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	15.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. Wentz	50.00
St. Sabina, Chicago, Marie Dwyer	20.00
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Ill.	
Mrs. John J. Murphy	12.00

ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND BAND

A LITTLE letter in July from the Promoter, *Mrs. Earle Leu* of *Marshfield, Wisconsin*, brought a nice big check for \$74.00. *Mrs. Leu* goes about doing good everywhere. She makes beautiful vestments and the dean of their section of the diocese, *Father Deeny*, who met with a sudden death was buried in the purple passion flower vestments she had made for the parish.

VICTORY NOLL'S AFGHAN

WE wish to express heartfelt thanks to our Associates, friends and benefactors who took tickets on the colorful afghan made and donated by *Mrs. Cornelius James*, of Cincinnati. (The Fire-side Friends Club of that city donated the yarn that went into it.) The nice sum of \$32.42 was realized on it. *Mrs. Leona Schmidt* of *Coldwater, Ohio* was the lucky winner.



Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

WE are happy to share with you the letter we received from one of our Helpers. It shows how you, too, with your pals can make money for the missions and have a lot of fun doing it.

We had a Circus

Dear Sister:

Our circus was a huge success and we want the missions to have the money. We made \$6.05. You would have enjoyed this show very much.

My three-year old twin brothers, Dicky and Danny, were little dogs with big floppy ears and long tails. Linda, my five-year old sister, was their trainer. She had them turn somersaults, sit up and bark. They surprised us all with their antics.

Next, Tommy McMahon dressed as a hobo told funny stories and jokes. Paul Feller, a tight-rope walker, dressed as a girl, walked back and forth across my father's sawhorse, balancing an umbrella.

Then Eddie Riley, our fat lady, dressed in mother's big dress which was stuffed with pillows made his entrance and strutted onto the stage. He lost a pillow just as he walked off. After him entered John Feller, a boy of many coats and who took them all off to everyone's amazement.

Danny Feller, dressed as a cowboy and riding his rocking horse, sang his version of Davy Crockett. Dicky followed with "It's raining, it's pouring;" and the whole show ended when the entire cast appeared for a tableau.

Mary Ann McMahon was mistress of

ceremonies. Refreshments (a glass of Kool Aid and a cookie) were served by Marie Riley for two cents, and all the children helped in the various booths and games.

Marilyn and I made the tickets (sample enclosed) and many of the prizes. Mother, Mrs. Riley and Mrs. McMahon furnished the lunch.

It remains a question who enjoyed it most—the audience or the cast. We hope the missions will like the proceeds, too. In addition to the circus receipts we are adding \$4.00 which we had saved for the missions for several months, making a total of \$10.05.

Karen Feller (age 13)
Dubuque, Iowa

N.B. Karen is the grand niece of our Sister Julia Marie.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

WISCONSIN HELPER



In the above picture is Susan Darling of Neillsville, Wisconsin, who joined Mary's Loyal Helpers in January. Susan is now thirteen and in the seventh grade at St. Mary's School.

Helpers' pages



CHICAGO HELPER



In the accompanying picture to the left is Zita McMahon of Chicago, Illinois. Zita is about twelve years old and in the sixth grade at school. She joined our mission club ten months ago. In one of her letters Zita says:

"I just want you to know I love the little things you have in the magazine every month." Zita, among other things, likes to work our monthly puzzles.

ST. LOUIS HELPER

In the picture to the right is Barbara Schiller of St. Louis, Missouri who is in the eighth grade at St. Pius the Fifth School. Barbara, in a letter to us, said in part:



"Many children in my class know about your Sisters and their work. I hope this little contribution I am sending will help the many poor children you are caring for. Please send me another dime card.

Enclosed is one dollar for the Missions. Mother is teaching school now and likes it very much. This is her third year. She would like to know if you will send her a Sunshine Bag for

November Puzzle



The first day of the month, as you know, is a feast day on which we give honor to all the saints. Then there follows throughout the month a whole galaxy of these great servants of God. Below, as clues, we give you their feast-day dates, some symbol or outstanding event in their lives. Fill in the blanks with the name of each saint and send in your worked puzzle for a holy card.

Saint . . . November 3. Patron of hunters. Once saw a stag with luminous cross between antlers.

Saint . . . November 11. Gave half of his cloak to a beggar.

Saint . . . November 16. Noted for her great devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Saint . . . November 19. Usually shown with a basket of bread for the poor converted into roses.

Saint . . . November 22. Patroness of musicians. Usually shown at organ or with harp.

Saint . . . November 25. Patroness of philosophers and lawyers. Symbol: A broken wheel of torture.

Saint . . . November 30. An apostle and patron saint of Scotland. Symbol: An x-shaped cross.

her classroom. I hope I shall be able to send you some cancelled stamps soon, because most of my friends and relatives are saving them for me.

Irene Reilly, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mariology

DURING the past summer one of the intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer recommended to us by our Holy Father was "Adult Religious Education." An important intention it is, too, for education on the adult level in religious matters must keep pace with the ever rising level of secular education. Today, more than ever before, we must have intelligent religious and laity who are able not only to explain religious doctrine to others, but also to handle the many problems of morality that arise in modern life.

Particularly gratifying it is to know of the fine courses in theology now being offered in many Catholic colleges and universities. But still more heartening is the large number of lay persons who are taking advantage of these excellent classes. Especially important and appreciated are classes in the study of Mary—Mariology.

Devotion to Mary must be based on solid dogma. It is certainly not a matter of sentiment as many might suppose. A profound study of Mariology cannot help but lead to the practice of True Devotion or Total Consecration. Likewise, practice of the True Devotion presupposes a knowledge of Mary. We might almost dare to say that Total Consecration is necessary for a full development of the spiritual life. It is a logical and theologically sound expression of the best in Mariology.

A brief but comprehensive correspondence course in Mariology is offered by the Montfort Fathers at their seminary in Litchfield, Connecticut. All who have taken the course find it most rewarding. We would recommend it without reserve to everyone whether you have practiced Total Consecration for



years, and no matter how widely read you are in Mariology.

A seminarian, a student of theology, will be assigned to you once you are enrolled in the Marian Home Study Course, as it is called. You are free to ask him any questions you wish, but you will no doubt find the presentation of the matter covered in each lesson so clear that few questions will be necessary. Each lesson is accompanied by a test. You are under no obligation to take the tests, but if you are wise you will do so. They not only add zest to the course but if you take them, you and your instructor will find out how well you have grasped the material studied. That material is not too difficult, nor is it too easy. But it is fascinating because it opens out the wonders of the world that is Mary.

Step by step are discussed Mary's roles as Mother of God and Mother of men. Then are explained her meditation, her queenship, and her perfections of soul and body. Knowledge leads to love, and the logical outcome of a study of Mary is devotion to her. Nor will we be satisfied with an ordinary devotion to Our Blessed Mother. We will want to give her everything, dedi-

cate ourselves to her by Total Consecration as taught by St. Louis de Montfort and now happily practiced by thousands of devout souls.

We cannot urge our readers too strongly to enroll themselves in this course. There is no charge, but it would be nice to send an offering to help defray the expenses of printing and postage.

Address:

Marian Home Study Course
St. Louis de Montfort Seminary
Litchfield, Connecticut

I Accompany Mother

(continued from p. 13)

in her great excitement at meeting Sunshine Secretary nearly forgot to greet her aunt at all. Instead, she dashed hurriedly into the house to bring me her Sunshine savings for the missions. Before the evening was over, Barbara Sue and I were great pals.

After attending six o'clock Mass in the Pallotine Sisters' Chapel at nearby St. Mary's Hospital, we returned for breakfast and were on our way by 7:30 a.m. This day was to be memorable for the distance covered from early morning until late in the evening, it being no fewer than 567 miles! Much of it was spent on the famous Pennsylvania Turnpike where there are no "go" or "stop" signs and where you go **through** the mountains instead of over or around them. We went through six long tunnels, each one bearing the label of some mountain. Two tunnels were so close together that we emerged to daylight from one only to dart into another after riding the space of a city block or less. The average speed limit on the Turnpike is 60 miles per hour, although 70 miles an hour is permitted at certain points.

In order to reach one of our convents in New Jersey by nightfall we stopped only for dinner, snacking on foodstuffs in the car at supper time.

Chapel Car

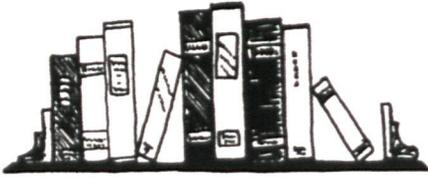
Some may wonder how we whiled away the long hours between our destinations. This was no problem. Apart from viewing God's wonderland of nature and conversing from time to time, there were our daily community prayers to be recited in common. For example, there was our thirty-minute meditation to be made in the morning after I had read the "points." There were our Little Office and rosary which I lead because Mother was preoccupied with driving; also our daily spiritual reading. In front of us on the instrument board was a miniature image of Our Blessed Mother — she who is Our Lady of the Highways — as well as medals of St. Christopher and other saints to help fix our attention on God and the things of the spirit.

(continued next month)



Sister Margarita and the doll which brought \$150 toward their mission work fund at a benefit.—Lubbock, Texas.

Books



Edel Quinn by H. E. Msgr. Leon-Joseph Suenens, Auxiliary Bishop of Malines, Belgium. C. J. Fallon Ltd., 43 Parkgate St., Dublin, Ireland. 7/6

This is the life of Edel Quinn, an Irish girl who became Envoy of the Legion of Mary to Africa. Edel, born in 1907, was beautiful, intelligent, attractive in every way. Above all, she was beautiful of soul and planned to become a Poor Clare. Before entering the Belfast convent she joined the Legion of Mary in Dublin and threw herself heart and soul into the work.

On the eve of Edel's entrance it was discovered she had tuberculosis. A sanatorium, instead of a convent, was to be her home for many months. Although far from cured, Edel left the hospital and soon afterward — too soon — went back to secretarial work. Prevented by ill health from being a religious, she gave herself completely to the Legion. In 1936 in spite of the shattered state of her health Edel went to Africa to organize the Legion there. For seven years she kept to a schedule that would be frightening enough for one in the best of health. How she accomplished it in her weakened condition is nothing short of miraculous. Her wasted body finally succumbed and Edel Quinn died in Nairobi, Kenya, May 1944.

Her heroic efforts were blessed with success in mission after mission. As a result thousands of praesidia were founded. Relying entirely on Our

Blessed Mother Edel forgot her own physical limitations and lived only for the legion. Bishops, priests, sisters, and laity attest her personal holiness. That and her insistence on adhering to Legion rules as outlined in the Handbook are undoubtedly the secret of her success.

One cannot help wondering whether Edel might not have been more heroic, although less spectacularly so, if she had really taken the cure in the first place, if she had shown more human prudence regarding her health. On the other hand, God certainly put the seal of approval on her fruitful work, and it is not for us to judge His ways of accomplishing His designs.

The Preface to Bishop Suenens's Life is written by Archbishop Riberi, Intercuncio to China. The Archbishop knew Edel personally, having been Apostolic Delegate to Missionary Africa during her times as Envoy. Eleven illustrations and two maps add to the interest of this book.

Pierre Toussaint by Arthur and Elizabeth Sheehan. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. \$3.50.

This is the biography of a most amazing and lovable character. Pierre Toussaint was born in Haiti in 1766 in slavery. When he died eighty-seven years later in New York City he was without doubt the most respected citizen of that growing metropolis.

Pierre accompanied the Berard family to New York on the eve of the revolution in Saint Dominique. There he learned hairdressing and was constantly in demand, not only because of his skill in his work but especially for his courtesy and exquisite tact. He became the confidant of New York's first families. When, soon after their arrival in the North, Monsieur Berard died and his widow became impoverished, Pierre became her sole support, a fact that he did his best to conceal from others.

1415 WEST WASHINGTON BLVD.
FORT WAYNE 2, INDIANA

1103 SOUTH CALHOUN STREET
FORT WAYNE 2, INDIANA

1385 VAN BUREN STREET
GARY, INDIANA

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KENDALLVILLE, INDIANA

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SAN PIERRE, INDIANA

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SOUTH BEND 14, INDIANA

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CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Box 14
DELHI, IOWA

KENTUCKY

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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

MASSACHUSETTS

Box 493
WEST HARWICH, MASS.

MICHIGAN

290 ARDEN PARK
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Box 187
IDA, MICHIGAN

MISSOURI

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FLAT RIVER, MISSOURI
Box 405
KENNET, MISSOURI

NEVADA

704 COURT STREET
ELKO, NEVADA

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ELY, NEVADA

Box 416-5
HAWTHORNE, NEVADA

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223 EAST STREET
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OKLAHOMA

115 WEST CEDAR STREET
DURANT, OKLAHOMA

PENNSYLVANIA

310 UNION STREET
SMETHPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

25 THIRD AVE.
UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

TEXAS

784 PEACH STREET
ABILENE, TEXAS

405 NORTH SCURRY STREET
BIG SPRING, TEXAS

211 PECAN STREET
BRADY, TEXAS

507 WASHINGTON STREET
EAGLE PASS, TEXAS

1001 EAST SAN ANTONIO ST.
EL PASO, TEXAS

108 NORTH AVENUE P
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Box 97
MATHIS, TEXAS

Box 1125
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

1223 SOUTH TRINITY STREET
SAN ANTONIO 7, TEXAS

UTAH

420 SOUTH MAIN STREET
BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH

635 TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
OGDEN, UTAH

1206 WEST SECOND SOUTH
SALT LAKE CITY 4, UTAH

VERMONT

419 PEARL STREET
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

WYOMING

314 EAST SIXTH STREET
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

Our Lady of Victory Press
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

With the same delicacy he carried out all of his innumerable charities. Pierre's day began with six o'clock Mass at St. Peter's on Barclay Street. It did not end when he had made the rounds of his customers. There were still the poor and the sick to be visited and cared for.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan have given us a beautiful picture of this remarkable Negro. Because Pierre's intimates included those who made history in old New York, there is much historical lore here that adds to the book's interest and value.

God Love You by Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, D.D. Garden City, New York. \$2.

Here is Bishop Sheen's own selection of the most helpful, inspiring passages of his many books. It reminds us of those precious little volumes we used to read in the novitiate: *Maxims of St. Francis de Sales*, *Maxims of St. Alphonsus*, etc.

The excerpts are short and meaningful and the format most attractive. It is a valuable book to pick up and read at random. It is a **most** valuable book to put into the hands of your non-Catholic relatives and friends, especially if they have prejudices against Our Blessed Mother and the Sacrament of Penance.

Love's Way of the Cross by Abbot Emmanuel Maria Heufelders, O.S.B. Doyle and Finegan, Collegeville, Minn. 25 ctns.

Subtitled *Love Revealed in the Stations of the Cross*, this little book is just that. It is the most beautiful "Stations" book it has ever been our good fortune to discover, and contains most practical lessons on charity. Apart from being helpful in the exercise of the Way of the Cross, it can even be used as a meditation book on the queen of virtues.

No Man Is An Island by Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. \$3.95.

In a prefatory note to this volume Father M. Louis explains that while it is a sequel to his earlier *Seeds of Contemplation*, it is not merely a continuation of it, but it "goes back to cover some of the ground that was taken for granted before the earlier volume began." It is the author's wish to share with the reader his own reflections on certain aspects of the spiritual life.

This is a very important book. It should be read carefully, perhaps a chapter or two at a time and "mulled" over. It is the kind of book in which you will find passage after passage that strikes you so forcibly you must stop and dwell on it awhile. For instance, take these few sentences (page 224): "Anxiety is fatal to recollection because recollection depends ultimately on faith, and anxiety eats into the heart of faith. Anxiety usually comes from strain, and strain is caused by too complete dependence on ourselves, on our own devices, our own plans, our own idea of what we are able to do. If we rely exclusively on our own efforts to keep ourselves recollected at work, our recollection will be forced and artificial . . ." One is tempted to quote many pertinent passages.

As the title suggests, the theme of the whole book is the love that must exist among members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Each of us must be indeed his brother's keeper. Father Louis puts it this way (Page 64): "And since no man is an island, since we all depend on one another, I cannot work out God's will in my own life unless I also consciously help other men to work out His will in theirs."

The reader will feel privileged, truly, to share with the author his reflections on the spiritual life because he knows that everything the book contains was lived before it was written.

The last word

by the Editor

HARDLY has Victory Noll settled down to routine duties after summer classes and farewells to visiting sisters from the missions, when it is set agog by the expectation of a new class of postulants. They arrive on September 6 and are received on September 8. This year there are twenty—a sizable group.

One of the young postulants, Irma Wilke, of Breese, Ill., is the fourth member of her family to join us. Her sisters are professed religious actively engaged in mission work: Sister Martha, Santa Fe, New Mexico; Sister Priscilla, El Paso, Texas; and Sister Henrietta, Burlington, Vermont.

It is difficult to say which should be admired most, the enthusiasm and joyous resolve of this young postulant to follow her sisters in our strenuous, though glorious, missionary apostolate, or the generosity of the parents who, though feeling the pain of separation, recognize the honor conferred upon them by God in thus blessing their family with four religious vocations.

"God gave our daughters to us, if He wants them back in the religious state, we are glad to return our precious trust. In doing so, we realize that our mission as parents—to rear souls for heaven—is best fulfilled." This is the beautiful sentiment with which Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Wilke make their fourth great offering. Undoubtedly, it

is also the sentiment of most parents who watch their sons and daughters fall in love with God and set out to follow Him whithersoever He will lead them in the priestly or religious states.

Parents who do not understand should be the object of our sincerest sympathy and prayers. They are bringing much needless and poignant suffering upon themselves and their consecrated children. They are converting into pain that which is meant to be a source of spiritual peace in this life, and glory in the next. Let us pray for them, then, and pray much for the new religious in all communities that God may cherish those whom He has called and grant them the unselfishness and courage demanded for perseverance.

The new postulants are: Janet Thill, Fayette, Mich.; Vivian Sanchez, Las Vegas, New Mex.; Elsie Fischer, Louisville, Ky.; Elvira Deliman, Perth Amboy, N.J.; Laura Saenz, Coachella, Calif.; Consuelo Rodriguez, Salt Lake City, Utah; Irma Wilke, Breese, Ill.; Carol Venegas, Maywood, Ill.; Mary Jane Knecht, Louisville, Ky.; Dorothy Carroll, St. Clairsville, Ohio; Joan Cook, Rochester, N.Y.; Marie Laux, Mullica Hill, N.J.; Ruth King, Ft. Recovery, Ohio; Estela Ontiveros, Eagle Pass, Tex.; Socorro Levy, Eagle Pass, Tex.; Anita Nondorf, Hammond, Ind.; Mary Elizabeth Baca, Albuquerque, New Mex.; Jeanette Halbach, Primghar, Iowa; Angela Marzen, Stacyville, Iowa; J'Neane Schmit, Coggon, Iowa.

May God bless you always.

When autumn winds blow postulants and novices at Victory Noll hie to different parts of our spacious grounds to gather the crisp brown leaves and load them on trucks to be hauled away. This is work that is really fun.



"I Wanna Walk"

by Sister Madelon

"**B**UT I wanna walk. I wanna walk fast—run—like the other kids." This was Bobby's only answer to me when I tried to interest him in learning his catechism.

Our sisters had been on their usual round of visits when they saw Bobby sitting in his yard.

"Why aren't you in school?" asked Sister.

"I'm sick. I can't go to school," was the answer.

Sister investigated and found that Bobby was a cerebral palsy case, badly paralyzed from the waist down. He could not go to school and no one was instructing him at home.

Arrangements were made to instruct Bobby in preparation for his first Holy Communion as he was already nine years old.

My bi-weekly visits to Bobby's home began, and what a pleasure they were. Bobby drank in the stories of our dear Lord's life, as one would say, in one gulp. His favorite stories were the stopping of the storm at sea, the Resurrection and the Ascension. Now his plaintive plea, "I wanna walk," had changed to, "Gee, Sister, Jesus is wonderful. He can do everything. He is so strong. Jesus can go so fast. I'll see Him sometime, won't I, Sister? Will I ever be like Him?"

"Yes, Bobby, you have the best chance of all to be like Him." Then he learned the lesson quickly that suffering accepted for His sake makes us happy here and hereafter.

Soon our little protege was ready to receive his first Holy Communion. We brought him to our convent chapel for the big event. It was a happy day for Bobby; yes, for all of us.

On the way home he said, "Sister, I bet you are glad because you received Jesus too!"



Sister Madelon and Bobby.

Having been deprived of holy Mass, and with the practice of religion in his home being negligible, Bobby had not realized how many of us have the privilege of receiving Holy Communion daily.

Bobby's instructions were continued after first Communion and three months later he received the Sacrament of Confirmation. We borrowed a wheel chair from the children's hospital for this occasion so that His Excellency could Confirm Bobby with the class.

Once a month we bring Bobby to our convent to receive Communion. These are red letter days in his life. We were also able to make arrangements for regular home instructions in the three R's in which he is proving an apt pupil.

Something to Think About!



The PERPETUAL ENROLLMENT of your dear ones and yourself in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY.

Usual offering for each individual Perpetual Enrollment is Ten Dollars which may be sent in small installments.

All perpetual members, LIVING and DEAD, share in a special way in perpetuity in the prayers, Masses and good works of our community.

Family Enrollments (usual offering, Twenty Five Dollars) also accepted.

Dear Sister:

Enclosed is \$ _____ as complete or partial offering toward the Perpetual Enrollment of _____ in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY.
(Mention if living or deceased.)

Name

Street

City Zone State