



The
Missionary
Catechist

February 1956



Harry and Larry Martinez got their first subscription to the TREASURE CHEST for Catholic Press Month last year. Theirs was a late order and so they received thirteen copies (back numbers) all at one time. They couldn't wait until they reached home to read them but found a comfortable spot in the hall of our teaching center. —Sister Mary Mark, Ogden, Utah.



The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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

At Victory Noll, their Motherhouse, the sisters receive their spiritual and professional training for their work. Convents are located in every section of the United States. To answer the many requests for more sisters, vocations are needed.

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

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Credits

Our Cover Sister Mary Dolores gives a private instruction on the sufferings of Our Dear Lord.

Photographs Bernard Zwilling, Broadway Photographers, Los Angeles, Calif., cover and p. 17; Bob Fogata, Fogata Studio, Santa Paula, Calif., p. 8.

This is Catholic Press Month. Renew your subscriptions to your Catholic newspapers and periodicals, including THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Why Not

by Joseph A. Vaughan, S.J.

ALL have heard of a spelling-bee. How many have heard of a catechism-bee?

Far out in the mountains of Castille in Northern Spain is a village called Ona, with some fifteen hundred inhabitants. It nestles around a huge ancient monastery built a thousand years ago by the Benedictine Monks, and is known as the Monasterio Real de San Salvador, in English, the Royal Monastery of the Holy Savior, so called because the adjoining church had been the burial place of the kings of Castille back in the Middle Ages. Their bodies still rest under the many altars.

The monastery proper with its beautiful patios lined with lace work in stone, with its long wide corridors, vast marble staircases, and everywhere carved statuettes of bishops, abbots, kings, and famous people out of the distant past, grew by degrees as the centuries crawled by. Various types of Gothic and Roman architecture date its growth like marks on a perpetual calendar. Two lofty towers, useful in the days when the monks had to defend their possessions as well as the village inhabitants from marauding mobs bent on pillage, flank the main entrance with its tall heavy doors. A mammoth wall, also defensive, sixty feet in height and eight feet thick, starts at one of the towers, climbs heavily up and down the hillside for four miles, encircling the farm lands of the monastery, finally arrives back at the other tower. Not a single opening is found in the entire circle of that impregnable granite wall. The monastery, abandoned over a hun-

A Catechism-Bee

dred years ago by the Benedictines, to-day is a Jesuit college and the home of some two hundred students who come from all parts of the world to prepare for the priesthood.

Back to our catechism-bee which takes place each springtime in one of the main patios. Spain has no catechetical sisters to instruct children, but the students of the college teach catechism in the many nearby villages. In Castille farmers do not live on their farms as in America. They cluster together, as in past centuries, in one or two-story stone houses, ancient even in the days of Columbus, some twenty or thirty families nestling close to the central parish church, as did their ancestors in the long ago when they needed mutual protection. From these villages each morning the farmers go out to work their land, and the older children lead out their flocks of lambs and goats to feed on the mountain sides. They are a simple rural people, uncontaminated by the vices of the big cities.

A sort of holy rivalry on the part of the seminarians who teach catechism prompts them to pick out their best children as the springtime catechism-bee approaches, and train them diligently against the day when some fifty chosen youngsters, aged from eight to twelve or thirteen, will gather in the monastery patio for the public test and the grand prize. Proud parents and aunts and uncles and brothers and sisters come along to sit for an hour or two on crude board benches. The boys and girls line up on a temporary stage, tiny youngsters, mostly strangers to

each other, their first time in public yet entirely composed, and then the buzzing begins.

Buzzing indeed it is—maybe that is why such contests are called bees — for as a priest gives an opening question to the boy or girl at the head of the line, the answer is quickly rolled off in Spanish, and just as quickly the child who has answered tosses the next question — his own — to the child on his left. Another Spanish buzz and another question is tossed and picked up. If a child misses he steps back and the next takes it up. And so the buzzing continues, questions and answers in rapid succession, until the youngsters gradually stumble and fall out of line. Eventually one alone is left, and he or she gets the grand prize.

Spanish is a beautiful, musical language, and since it was born in Castille, the buzzing was beautiful as the tiny Castillians rolled their r's and lisped their c's and z's in the finest Castillian style, only hesitating when they didn't know the answer. And the speed with which they buzzed revealed how well they had studied their catechism. This Norteamericano — as we were known in Spain — who twice witnessed this demonstration during student days in that college, was enchanted by the

musical buzzing, edified by the knowledge of those children, and fascinated by the speed with which they tossed off answers and questions. It moved along smoothly like a well-rehearsed play with no interruptions or coaching.

The grand prize? Once at least it was a tiny white lamb, with a pink ribbon around its neck. During that particular contest, the lamb had been tied to a small tree, but somehow managed to get loose and before anyone noticed, had fallen into a fishpond. It was quickly rescued and put in the sun to dry out. A little girl won that day, and when the priest presented the lamb to the girl, she was too small to lift it entirely from the ground as she put her tiny arms around its neck and clasped its head lovingly to her cheek. The lamb was still somewhat damp, and the pink ribbon bedraggled, but the child was happy. She with the lamb reminded me of a statue of St. Agnes. And I thought, that little child, in fact all the children who had participated, with their manifest knowledge of the catechism, are greater theologians than so many others who call themselves Christian.

Possibly we can have a catechism-bee in some of our catechetical centers in America.



Monasterio Real de San Salvador in Ona, Spain, taken from nearby hilltop where the children of the village herd their sheep and goats.



Meet Christopher Joseph

by Sister Mary Martin

A little blue bus, a little blue bus,
The sisters' blue bus am I!
Come rain, come hail, I never fail;
An urgent need I supply.
Small children you see, do look for me;
Quite the popular figure am I.

My chest and my sides bulge with children,
not pride,
As I labor for God and our nation;
Though you may think I boast of playing host
To this younger generation.
But I'm needed, they say; wee folk to convey
Along the way of salvation.

"I like the bus; it bumps *too much!*" announces six-year-old Gordon as he happily boards the bus and is reminded to "move on — back."

Like the old woman in the shoe, we had so many children we didn't know what to do. That is, children living at distant points from our teaching centers. With eight sisters teaching in sixteen centers in and near Salt Lake City, the solution could not lie in establishing more centers. The only answer was to bring the children to centers already established. That is when Christopher Joseph arrived and he soon became indispensable. Where necessary, the priests help too by driving a second bus or by transporting the children in their own cars. In addition, many parents assist by taking all they can in their cars.

You may think that Christopher Joseph is an imposing name for a bus, but we think it fits. Often it is shortened to Chrissie. Chrissie's bulging sides have been the scene of many a childhood drama — laughter, chatter, and even a few tears. As I watch the children, all sizes, scamper up the steps of the bus and fill it to capacity, I am conscious of the fact that without this means of transportation many children would never receive instruction.

The bus carries anywhere from twenty to sixty children on each trip and it works six days a week. On four days it gathers the youngsters in the city, a different group each day. On the remaining two days it is needed out

of town. For seven years it has been a faithful co-missionary.

Do the passengers enjoy their ride to and from class? Yes, they do! Especially do they glory in a bit of jostling when they have to stand.

"You ought to have a coin box and make everyone pay, like they do on a regular bus," suggests Jessie.

"Do you like to drive the bus, Sister?" asks thoughtful little Leroy.

To myself I have to admit that I hadn't pictured bus driving as part of a missionary career, when I threw in my lot with Christ. But, as Christopher Joseph says, it means piloting souls along the way of salvation, and that is important!

WE SALUTE THE CATHOLIC PRESS OF 1956!

by a Postulant

THE true Catholic is not content with hearing Mass and receiving the sacraments. He is heart and soul with the Church. He is interested in learning as much about her as he can. This would be impossible without the Catholic Press with its many books, pamphlets, periodicals, and newspapers. Of these the Catholic newspaper, it seems to me, is the most important. Where else can the Catholic of today get an up-to-date report of the happenings in the Catholic world?

Today, with secular newspapers and magazines pouring pagan ideas into men's minds, the Catholic cannot help being influenced by them.

They are a part of his everyday life. This makes the Catholic newspaper all the more important. No Catholic home is complete without a weekly or a daily Catholic paper. It is a means whereby the Catholic can evaluate and compare the ideas of the world with the true reasoning of the Church. In the materialistic world of today it can be a means of retaining the Catholic atmosphere in the American family. It is also a wonderful source of information for the Catholic whose only other contact with the Church is Sunday Mass.

Even if it entails grave sacrifice, the Catholic newspaper should not be left out of any Catholic American home.

*My people, what have I done to thee,
or in what have I grieved thee? Answer
Me.*

I gave thee a royal sceptre: and thou
hast given to My head a crown of
thorns.

—From the Improperia for Good Friday.





After their class the first graders visit Sister Charlene's First Communion classroom and ask to hear the story she has told her pupils. That's Joe on the end.

Jose's Secret

by Sister Frances

We had been drilling the Hail Mary in our first grade class since the beginning of the religion period, a few minutes before. Joe raised his hand.

"Yes, Joe."

"Sister, I want to tell you something."

"Yes?"

"Can I whisper it?"

This must be pretty important. "Yes, come up front."

Joe slid down from his bench and proceeded up front, and I bent down to hear the secret message. But once there he lost his nerve. "I would like to tell

you outside," he confided. Feeling that this was a crucial moment and had to be handled delicately, I led him to the doorway. We were sufficiently past the opening to be out and yet permit me to keep a weather eye on my little ones.

"Yes, Joe, what do you want to tell me?"

"Do you know what, Sister, they didn't bow their heads when they said 'Jesus'."

Controlling a desire to laugh, I said solemnly, "Thank you, Joe, we shall have to remind them." Then I led a triumphant Joe back to class to continue where we left off.

I Accompany Mother

by Sister Blanche Marie

It must have been ten-thirty in the morning when we drove into the yard of our sisters' convent in West Harwich. As usual, we took them somewhat by surprise. It is hard to work out an exact schedule when traveling by car. In many instances we were ahead of schedule and in a few, behind.

Attends Strictly to Duty

It seems appropriate to mention here that in all her travels Mother is one who attends strictly to her duties. If questioned about places she has been, she could answer as did Our Lord when He was found by Mary and Joseph in the Temple, after their three day's loss, "Did ye not know I must be about my Heavenly Father's business?" Mother never goes a mile out of her way on sight-seeing tours. She always covers the shortest routes to her planned destinations in the shortest possible time.

Cape Cod

At the same time, our Cape Cod sisters would not let us get away without treating us to some interesting sights, especially since their catechetical work for the year ended the very day we arrived. (Our sisters hold religion classes four days a week for children in the two parishes where they work on the Cape.) The first evening they took us down to see the Herring Run, which was then at its height.

The Herring Run

In the picturesque site of an old mill, said to be the oldest on the continent, we stopped to see this much-talked-of phenomenon. Standing alongside a swiftly moving stream, we became fascinated at the sight of countless herring

fighting their way upstream against the current. There were cement risers, or steps, constructed at intervals to help the fish rise from basin to basin until they reached an elevation of eighty-five feet above Massachusetts Bay, their port of entry. In each basin, where the waters are placid, one sees many, many herring in the act of resting before taking the next leap up the next concrete step. The water is covered with white foam and rushes over the artificially created falls at the risers, between basins. The herring makes its leap under the covering provided by this veil of white foam in order to escape detection from onlookers. Still the fish is not wholly hidden in making its leap, and it is an easy matter for even a child, if he wishes to do so (and some do), to reach into the water and draw out a herring while the fish is doing its leap. Our sisters who teach catechism on the Cape have seen more than one pair of jeans bulging with fish stored away in pockets.

There are a series of something like a dozen continuous cement steps—the last great hurdle to be made by the fish—to the body of fresh water where they spawn. After spawning season is over, the herring make their way back to the Bay and thence to distant waters. Later in the summer the new little fish take the same course downstream. According to an old fisherman, with whom we talked at the sight of the herring run, these herring are to be found chiefly along the Atlantic coast. Foreign countries most likely have their herring runs too.

Picnic at Race Point

The second and last evening of our stay at West Harwich, our sisters pack-

ed a picnic supper and we drove all the way to Race Point, at the tip of Cape Cod, just beyond Provincetown. The air was cool, but we brought our wraps and found a sandy cove overlooking the beach where we were sheltered from the brisk breeze. From our vantage point we could look out over the ocean. A solitary figure moved along the beach. He seemed to be digging for clams. Later we saw two fishing vessels returning home, apparently headed for one of the many bays which abound. Since we were looking out over the broad expanse of the Atlantic, not the Pacific, it may sound bewildering to some when we say we saw the sun set on the ocean, sinking down like a fiery red ball and making a path of glory on the waters a few minutes before it sank below them. The reason for this is that the shoreline curves around like a crooked finger until it points toward the west.

Cranberry Bogs and Lobster Traps

One of the chief industries on the Cape is cranberry raising. Cape Cod supplies most of the tables in the United States with this delicious fruit. Cranberries grow in bogs; when the water is turned in over the fields, these bogs might often be mistaken for large ponds. The only tell-tale marks, sometimes, are the tops of the bushes which protrude slightly above the water. We are told that the workers, at the harvest, with strips of inner-tubes tied around their knees, kneel to gather the berries, using a long toothed scoop with which they "comb" the bushes, catching the berries in the prongs of the teeth.

It was at Marshfield, Massachusetts, where we spent a couple of pleasant hours with the mother of our Sister James, that we saw the rounded lobster traps with wooden slats and a hole near the bottom through which the unwary aquatic enters and later cannot escape. The O'Briens presented us with

a gift of this delicious seafood to share with our sisters in Vermont.

Widow Walks

Many of the older houses have a square glass tower on top of the roof. We learned from our sisters that these towers had received the name of Widow Walks, out on the Cape. The wives of sea-faring men, in the early days, were accustomed to watch from these towers the boats as they left on fishing expeditions. Sometimes a fishing vessel would go down in a stormy sea, and the widow of a fisherman would then pace the tower with her eyes glued to the sea, watching for a boat which never returned. We saw similar towers elsewhere in Massachusetts and Connecticut but they had the unromantic name of cupola.

There are a large number of shingled houses to be seen on the Cape—houses whose sides are covered with wooden shingles. These are seldom painted or stained. Instead, the wind and rain soon give them a uniform pearl gray color which is very pleasing to the eye.

As one leaves Marshfield, there is to be seen on a hilltop the beautiful Portiuncula Chapel (P.O. Hanover) erected by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston. This chapel was imported, stone by stone, from Italy, and is a faithful replica of the one place in all the world most loved by St. Francis. The original Portiuncula Chapel is in Assisi, Italy. Speaking of churches, we passed many on our trip across the continent and it was usually Mother who saw them first.

We found New England to be dotted with slender church spires which we had always associated in our minds with churches belonging to our separated brethren. However, there were a number of Catholic churches built along these architectural lines too.

(to be continued)



Junior High School Boy, pointing to the tree:
"Sister, do you think there is anything in that
stuff about descending from a monkey?"

Sister Mary Blanche
Brady, Texas

Billy

by Sister Evelyn Marie

BILLY was seated on a sofa when I first met him. His useless young legs were curled under him, Indian-fashion, as he proffered his hand in recognition of our introduction.

"A sturdy fellow," I observed. "Bright eyes and a charming at-ease manner."

It was his smile that captivated me, though. Not a trace of self-pity could be found in it. It was purely an expression of good humor and contentment. If I had had any preconceived notions about his being sad or unhappy, they were promptly dispelled at the moment of our meeting.

Sister Mary Mark informed me that at the time he was stricken with the dread polio, Billy was but seven years old, attending the Catholic school, and preparing for his First Holy Communion. Because of his illness, he was obliged to leave school. It was then that our sisters offered to complete his preparation for the sacraments. Although confined to a wheel chair, Billy was ready when the time came for his group to receive their Eucharistic Saviour for the first time.

Surely a more devout child was not found in that particular class, if one may judge from the manner in which he still returns from the railing after receiving Communion. Since his left hand needs to be supported, it is difficult for him to fold his hands, but as his father wheels him back to his place, Billy's head is reverently bowed, his blue eyes are downcast, and his right hand rests on his breast. He is a picture of beautiful attention to the Divine Guest within him.

Because he is well known and well liked, friends frequently stop in to visit

him. If they chance to interrupt our religion class he politely tells them, "Sister is here now. Will you come back later?" Unoffended, they agree to return when Sister is gone.

Among his many friends Billy counts a certain Trappist Brother whose acquaintance he made during his confinement at St. Benedict's Hospital. He proudly displays the medal Brother gave him, as proof of their friendship.

The wholeheartedness with which he does everything showed itself in the application he made to the *Junior Messenger* that served as our text for religion classes. His interest in its contents, his eagerness to have me check the written assignment of the previous week, and his delight at his own progress, would have brought joy to any teacher's heart.

A Lenten issue of the *Messenger* suggesting that each pupil work on his particular fault, brought a quick admission from him. Speaking to his mother he said, "Mother, things are sure going to be different around here. I'm going to watch my temper."

"Proud to be a Catholic" was the title of another article in our text which went on to explain that we should be proud of our faith. The scriptural quotation employed was, "Let your light shine before men." "Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "I do. Kids who come in here look at the holy pictures I have on the wall and ask to see my medals and the Sacred Heart Badge that I have in my pocket." Thereupon, he energetically pushed himself forward on the sofa, and withdrew from his back pocket a wallet containing the precious evidence.

Another *Messenger* offered a few statements that caused him to ask a very pointed question. I do not recall the exact wording but the gist of the matter seemed to be that all who belong to the Church are not good Catholics because of their failure to use the

means that God has placed in His Church to help us become saints. Having read this once, he frowned. He re-read it, and frowned again. Then, looking at me, he asked in a perplexed tone of voice, "Why do they belong to the Church, then?" Such laxity or carelessness seemed quite illogical to him.

Billy's interests, however, are not all of a serious nature. A boy is definitely fond of play and Billy is a real boy. On one occasion he related how he participated in a baseball game with some of the neighborhood children. "I batted the ball—not very hard, though—and a girl ran from my chair around the bases." Then he added triumphantly, "We made a lot of runs, too!"

Billy's self-reliance is as evident as his lack of self-pity, and is a real tribute to his parents who have so successfully fostered virtue in their son. Always ready to make the rather strenuous effort to do for himself, he seeks for help only when he finds it impossible to complete an action. For instance, on the day we arrived for the final instruction of the semester, we found the family—including Billy—and the usual group of children, admiring an electric three-wheeled car. It was a gift to Billy from his grandparents, and had arrived that very morning. Our proud pupil insisted that he be given the opportunity to show me how well he could drive. I agreed and then stood by as he proceeded to get into the car.



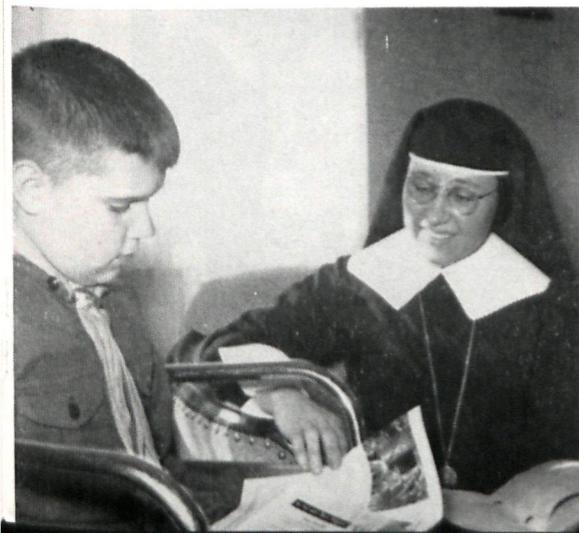
With confidence he pulled his wheel chair up to the little side panel of the car that opened flush with the leather seat of his chair. He gripped the steering rod and with one strong movement, pulled himself out of the chair and on to the seat. Resting on his side, he found that his ankles were interlocked and this prevented him from sitting up.

"My ankles are locked, Mother, will you loosen them, please?" he said quietly.

Mother came to his assistance. He then gave himself another quick pull and sat upright. Established in the driver's place, he invited me to get in beside him, and we began a pleasant ride around the winding drives.

I watched him control the little green car by grasping the rod or handle that projected from the front panel. The rod was surmounted by a rubber knot that turned out to be the horn. As we skimmed along, familiar friendly faces called out their greeting to my chauffeur and stared in awe at his strange passenger. Easily guiding his car back to the house, he smiled in gratitude at my evident appreciation of his driving ability.

If someone were to ask me for a thumb-nail sketch of my eleven-year-old friend, I believe I would reply by quoting: "Joy is the echo of God's life in us." Billy is radiating the true Christian peace and joy which comes from loving acceptance of the holy will of God.



In the Home Field



The Lenten Post Office, from which the children draw their weekly penances, is a popular place. The hardest penance of all seems to be: "This week I will not watch television."—Sister Barbara, Ida, Mich.

WHAT'S THAT?

Michael was taking the articles out of his First Communion pocket book and examining them carefully — the prayerbook, rosary, scapular, pin. Holding the scapular in his hand he called to his mother,

"Mother, may I wear the spatula now, please?"

Sister Elaine

DADDY'S TURN

For their home work the class were to memorize the names of the Twelve Apostles. The following week Donna was eager to recite.

"Sister, please hear me recite the names of the Apostles! Wait just a minute until I get my fingers in order so I don't forget any. I almost drove my daddy crazy teaching me."

"Did your daddy help you?" I asked.

"Yes, Mother helped me last year. This year it's Daddy's turn."

Sister Valeria

WORK OR PLAY?

Sister Helen Clare announced one day that the Junior Choir was having a weiner roast that afternoon, with the usual games. A special favorite seemed to be the Walnut Relay in which each contestant had to pick up fifteen walnuts, run around the tree three times and deposit the nuts in a box. There was no limit to the number of times he could run in a given time. So the Junior Choir ran, round and round and round, until there were no more walnuts to pick. And we crossed that little job off our list!

Sister Mary Gabrielle

Sister: Where did Adam and Eve live after they were chased out of the garden?

Larry: They had to move into town.
Sister Kathleen

Let your Lenten sacrifices profit the souls of others as well as your own; send your sacrifice money to the missions.

These little boys are from poor families themselves but they are giving their pennies to Bongo, the classroom elephant, so that some other poor children can learn about God too.—Sister Mary Millicent, Los Angeles, Calif.



CLASSROOM DE LUXE

Speaking of garages for classrooms, we have the ordinary type and we also have one that is different. In Salinas, Calif., sister teaches in a garage where there is a telephone for her use. The owner works for the telephone company and installed one for both his and sister's convenience. He also made a blackboard for his employer but it wasn't satisfactory. It was, however, just what sister needed. His latest contribution is a beautiful large bulletin board. Now there is talk of a heater being installed. The sad part of this story is that we use this special garage for only one class a week.

Sister Mary Nicholas

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

The second grade was studying the picture of Simon of Cyrene helping Jesus carry His cross. All through the class I stressed the point that Simon had helped our suffering Lord. Then I asked the question, "If you had been there, what would you have wanted to do?" Expecting the answer, "I would have wanted to help Jesus too!" I was taken aback when I heard, "I'd a socked those darn guys!"

Sister Gertrude Marie

WE ARE SORRY

In our December magazine, on this page, was printed a short account of a cigar-box project carried out by our sisters in El Paso, Texas. Through some unexplainable slip, Father James Shannon's name appeared as Patrick. We are sorry for this mistake and apologize to Father. Although we are not surprised that we make mistakes, we regret very much the embarrassment our errors may cause our friends.

Father writes that we had the wrong information concerning the project. The credit for the project is due entirely to the sister who was superior of our convent in El Paso at that time.—The Editor.



Sister Jane Frances sews old window curtains together to make a canopy for the bed of a paralyzed woman who lives in a screenless home.—Brady, Texas.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE

The Indian children in one New Mexico pueblo were trying to decide what to do as Lenten penances.

"I know one thing I could do," Nita said. "It would be something very hard. I'm not sure I could do it all Lent."

Sister began to wonder what this difficult thing might be, as Nita continued,

"I'll do it for Jesus, though. I won't eat sunflower seeds during Lent."

Sister Susanna

HARD TO DEFINE

In speaking of the Holy Eucharist Sister asked, "Do you know what flesh is?"

A small boy with a very wrinkled brow gave an answer:

"Well, it's -a-a-covered with skin and it's sorta hitched to the bones."

Sister Marilyn

Of Such Is the Kingdom—

by Sister Alice

"Hi, Sister."

A small boy poked his head around the door.

"Well, Bobby! You're here early aren't you? How is everything going at school?"

"O. K., I guess. There's a lot of us kids in the first grade. Say, Sister, when are we going to start those sacrifices again? Bet I know what Sally will get. She'll have to try to remember to pick up all her clothes and toys without being told; huh!"

The above conversation took place in the fall, a few weeks after schools opened. Bobby is just six and his sister Sally is five. They were both in the pre-school religion class last year. For Lent the little ones drew slips of paper on which were written suggested sacrifices for them to do during the following week. They knew, young as they were, that these little acts, which were somewhat difficult to perform, were a proof of their love for God, and so they eagerly awaited the opportunity to pick out a different sacrifice at each class.

These little people could be quite heroic. One mother told me that her five-year-old son came home from class one day and declared that for a whole week he wasn't going to watch "Howdy Doody." His mother, knowing how much he liked the program, asked why.

He answered, "Well, that's my sacrifice for this week. I'm not supposed to watch my favorite T.V. program." Then with awe in his voice he added, "And, Mom, some of the guys are even giving up 'Rin Tin Tin'." To him that seemed the zenith of self-sacrifice. His mother admitted that it made her stop to think. To see one so young willing to

do what he considered to be so very hard, made a deep impression on her. She decided that she was not going to be outdone in generosity by her youngest!

The older children were just as anxious to get their sacrifices. At the end of class it was announced that only those who really wanted to do something extra for Our Lord during Lent should remain to pick out a sacrifice. All, without exception, remained. One teen-ager remarked, "Sister, when I don't make many sacrifices during Lent, I just don't feel right when Easter comes."

Religious educators agree that it is extremely difficult to teach modern youth the idea of sacrifice. This is especially noted in teaching the Mass. Everything in modern living stresses the opposite; namely, comfort, convenience, and self-gratification. The results are seen in the children. However, American youth are idealistic and when appealed to will respond generously. By encouraging them to small acts of self-denial we try to build strong characters, and indirectly, to lay the foundation for religious vocations. Only boys and girls who have learned to deny themselves small comforts and pleasures will be able to make the greater sacrifices required to follow the Master should He deign to call them to the religious state.

Humorous incidents also occur in connection with Lenten penances. Soon after Ash Wednesday last year a small boy came to Sister Paula and asked, "Sister, when does Lent end?"

"Why, Edward," exclaimed Sister, "it has just begun; there are five more weeks left."

"Oh, well, I guess I'd better tell Joe."

Sister, not recognizing the name, asked, "Who is Joe? Does he come to religion class?"

"No, Sister, he's too young. He lives next door to me." Then he sighed deeply and added, "I gave up playing with him for Lent, and he wants to know how much longer it will last."

Another time a six-year-old boy was waiting to ask me a question. He was clutching his slip with a penance on it, and he had a puzzled look on his little brow.

"What is the trouble, Johnny?" I asked.

"Sister, see what I got."

I looked at the paper and read, "I will eat everything that my mother puts on my plate."

"That isn't too hard, is it, Johnny? Remember it must have been hard for Jesus to stay on the cross. Don't you think you can do this for Him?"

Still looking dubious he asked earnestly, "Sister, suppose my mother has chicken for dinner, do I have to eat the bones?"

Needless to say it was explained to him what his sacrifice really entailed, although he was generous enough to have attempted the impossible.

Prizes for religion lessons well learned are a charm for getting youngsters to study. These children are from our San Basilio Mission in Los Angeles, Calif. They are really learning their Catechism even though they need the added incentive of a religious article to spur them on.





our **A**ssociates'

PI EPSILON KAPPAS

WE don't know whether it is correct to add an "S" to a Greek letter, but we do know that *two* Chapters of the Pi Epsilon Kappa Sorority in Northern Indiana are deserving of mention.

First there is the *Upsilon Chapter of LaPorte, Indiana*, whose president is *Mrs. Paul Menkhaus*, and whose secretary is *Mrs. Paul Whisler*. We hear from this group annually with a donation toward Sister Mary Agnes' "Guardian Angel" Burse. These ladies also try to do their bit answering ads appearing in our Mission Want Ads bulletin.

Then, there is the *Iota Chapter of Hammond, Indiana*, with *Mrs. Florence Farkos*, president and *Miss Gloria Deiotte*, secretary, who recently began sending ten dollars monthly toward Sister Mary Regis' Burse.

Our very great thanks to both Chapters for sponsoring Burses toward our sisters' support.

Dear Associates:

RECENTLY I learned of a large mission club in Columbus, Ohio, which has mimeographed and distributed among its members a list of the many companies which now offer cash redemption coupons. At the end of the list, mention was made of other redeemable coupons. The thought occurred to me that some of you might like to save these coupons, sending them direct to Victory Noll or to your favorite mission convent. The list follows:

The manufacturers of

- Gold Medal Flour
- Wilson's and Borden's Milk labels
- Rumford & Hearth Baking Powder
- Raleigh Cigarettes
- Rap-in-Wax
- Octagon, Fels, Falso Soaps
- Kirkman's Soaps
- General Mills products: Betty Crocker, Wheaties, Cheerios, Bisquick, etc.
- Ballard's products
- Mrs. Filbert's Margarine, Salad Dressing, etc.
- Kremel; Linit Starch
- La Rosa and Rozini Products
- Luzianne Coffee & Tea (in the South)
- American Family & Tag Soaps.
- Other Redeemable Coupons:*
- Ohio Sales Tax Stamps (most valuable)
- Wisconsin Green Stamps
- Small refund checks

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

The children pictured on page 17 are studying to win prizes provided for that Mission by Queen of Virgins Sodality Band of Madison, Minn.



Club Mention



HOLY FAMILY BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

We were deeply grateful when a member of the Band, *Mr. Paul Loeb*, made a thank offering to God for the sale of some property, by sending a substantial donation to our sisters. May God reward his generosity.



The members of *Holy Family Band*, mostly close relatives, get together for an evening of cards every month or two — whenever the couples and individuals comprising the Band can agree on a meeting night — under the leadership of *Mr. Joseph Walz*.

BL. MARTIN DE PORRES BAND (Lewiston, Minn.)

A letter from the Promoter, *Mrs. Irene Lehmann*, said in part: "I mailed a box this morning containing nine baby kits (layettes), 163 holy pictures and 57 Rap-in-wax coupons." A few months later we received



another letter which enclosed \$30 in Band dues and more Rap-in-wax coupons. As a Catholic Press Month project, *Mrs. Lehmann* sends in new and renewal subscriptions for our little magazine. All of these activities indicate a zealous Band leader. The members, few in number, are spread out over four states but *Mrs. Lehmann* keeps in touch with them all.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS November 22 to December 27, 1955

Bl. Martin, Lewiston, Minn., Mrs. Irene Lehmann	\$ 30.00
Charitina #1, Chicago, H. Ford	12.00
Charitina, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons	100.00
Child Jesus St. Louis, Mrs. Butler.....	20.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Bruschi	20.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	30.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	19.00
Immaculate Conception, Detroit Lillian Dunn	50.00
Iota Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. Farkos	20.00
Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek	10.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind Mrs. Dan Herzog	5.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	500.00
St. Anne, Fort Wayne, Anna Kocks	5.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	10.00
St. Bridget Band, Covington, M. Schmeing	50.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	45.00
St. Clare Band, Omaha, Mrs. Preiner..	85.00
St. Gerard, Chicago, Mrs. Perkins	5.00
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke	42.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	6.50
St. John's, Chicago, Mrs. Bechtold	130.00
St. Joseph II, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	41.00
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. Lydia Fiala	5.00
St. Jude's, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Potthoff	2.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	10.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	16.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	32.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb. Marie Egarmier, Sec.	390.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	150.00
St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy	14.00
St. Patrick Sod., Ft. Wayne, Catherine McGill	17.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg...	5.00
Unsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, LaPorte, Ind., Margaret Hannon	25.00
Via Matris, Chicago, Hattie Genge ..	16.00



Mary's Loyal

SOUTH BEND HELPER

Dear Loyal Helpers:

It seems to me this month of February is a month in which we might well add a short prayer of thanks to God for the blessings of freedom — especially of freedom to worship God, each according to his own conscience — which was provided for by the founding fathers of our nation and jealously maintained by their successors in office in the generations which followed. The two holidays which honor the greatest presidents our country has known, — George Washington, the Father of our Country, and Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of slaves — should remind us to give thanks to God that religious worship is not suppressed here as in many parts of the world today, and that the existence of slave labor camps, so common among the subjugated peoples of the world, is still unknown in America.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH



This is Victoria Caponigri, age 8, grade 3, of Madison School, South Bend, Indiana. She attends religion classes at Notre Dame University conducted by the Holy Cross Brothers, and made her First Holy Communion last May. Her cousin is our Sister M. Hilary, a novice.

ST. CHARLES HELPERS

In the picture to the left are Joan (5), Carol (4) and Patty (3) Descourouez of Saint Charles, Illinois. They are nieces of Sister John Joseph and live with their grandma since the death of their mother two years ago. They help us with their Hail Marys and pennies.



Helpers' pages



FEBRUARY PUZZLE



There is a well-known anecdote about the boyhood of George Washington which shows he always spoke the truth even when he feared punishment for wrongdoing. The following scrambled words have reference to this

incident. When you have unscrambled them, number the answers and send to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

1. REHRYC
2. ETCHATH
3. ETER
4. ILE
5. FREATH
6. TILTEL

Wear an MLH pin! the price is seventy-five cents.

Up and at 'em, Rangers! (See the two little boys at right.) Helpers, meet Freddie (3) and David (4) Salas of Concord, California who are the nephews of Sister Rose Anita. The picture was taken when the boys and their mother visited our sisters' convent in Azusa.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL
I have a guarding angel
To watch me day and night,
And if I try to see him,
He is nowhere in sight.

When I get mad at someone
And think about a fight,
He's the one that gently warns me
And tells me wrong from right.

Charles LaVoy, Dundee, Mich.

Sunshine Secretary's note. The above short poem was written by one of our Helpers in the eighth grade when his teacher in religion, Sister Grace Marie, assigned as home-work to her class the writing of six lines about their Guardian Angel. We think you will agree with us, he did very well.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLE. Mandolin, tuba, piano, cornet, saxophone, piccolo, French horn, bells, bull fiddle, violin, oboe, fife, harp, trombone, mouth organ.

CALIFORNIA RANGERS AND HELPERS



PATRICIA and Jeanne sat facing each other across the shining table as they sewed carefully on their dainty white blouses.

"The mailman brought me a beautiful letter this morning," Patricia remarked. "It came from the secretary of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of All Hearts, at Victory Noll. She wants us to work harder to spread The True Devotion."

"The True Devotion?" Jeanne was puzzled for a moment. Then she brightened; "Oh, that is what you started to tell me about this morning, isn't it, Patricia? Do you belong to a True Devotion club?"

Jeanne's Adventures

by Phyllis Guidt

Well, it isn't a club, Jeanne, in the sense that we usually think of one. But it is a union of men, women, and children who honor Mary by practicing The True Devotion to her."

"Do you have to belong to the Confraternity to practice The True Devotion?"

"Oh, no, Jeanne. Many people live The True Devotion to Mary without realizing that they do. Some have never heard it called The True Devotion but they truly practice it. However, we know that united homage paid to God honors Him more than individual prayer. The same is true of Our Blessed Mother. Remember Jesus said, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my Name . . .!'"

Jeanne finished the quotation "There I am in the midst of them.' Sister John Francis would be proud of

you, Patricia. You sound just like she used to when she became enthusiastic about the family rosary."

Patricia laughed with Jeanne at their recollections of school days — not too long gone by.

"Jeanne, I'm beginning to appreciate Sister John Francis now. I wish I had paid more attention to all she said."

"We thought she was a tyrant," Jeanne giggled. "But don't let me divert you. What else about the Confraternity?"

"Several popes have expressed their approval of this union of Mary's children and have granted many indulgences to its members.

In Mary Land

"Personally, I find great consolation in realizing that I am one of a large army of souls praising and serving Jesus through Mary. Even though individually our efforts may be feeble and not very successful, added to the offerings of thousands of fervent souls, they must be as pleasing to Our Blessed Mother as the tiny filler-flowers in an immense bouquet of gorgeous blooms."

"And who was it that said, 'In union there is strength'?" Jeanne interrupted. "I like the idea of getting together on any project. But there must be obligations in exchange for all the benefits and indulgences, aren't there? I'm always suspicious of those deals which promise much for nothing."

"Obligations, Jeanne? I call them privileges. But obligations, if you will!"

"To become a member one must consecrate himself entirely to Jesus through Mary for time and for eternity, and then strive to live that consecration more perfectly day by day. This presupposes, of course, that he study The True Devotion first and understand what is meant by total consecration. Some people are always making acts of consecration and yet they are not really consecrated to anybody or anything, but live to please themselves alone.

"Consecration to Mary means a dedication, a giving of ourselves to Mary so that she can do with us what she wishes for the glory of God and our salvation. She understands God's designs for us far better than we do, and she will accomplish them through us if we place ourselves completely in her care. Once we have set ourselves apart as Mary's property, we must live — or try to live — as she would wish us to, at all times."

"And is there no money involved? It doesn't sound Catholic without some sort of collection."

"Oh, Jeanne, you are shocking! No, there are no dues. The Confraternity is purely spiritual. I have never sent money except for books I ordered. I remember when I first inquired about dues the secretary wrote that there are none but that any offering made in honor of Our Blessed Mother would be used to promote devotion to her."

"If it was only a matter of paying dues, that would be simple. What frightens me is this business of living the consecration. You said something this morning, Patricia, about The True Devotion being a way of life. Does that mean you must eventually change your life and go to the convent or something?"

"Change your life, yes, Jeanne, but not enter a convent. The True Devotion is for everyone, not just for priests and sisters. I suppose it would be easier to

practice it in a convent where everyone is striving to do the same thing. I read that the Missionary Sisters accept it as their way of life when they enter Victory Noll."

"Which reminds me," Jeanne sucked blood from the finger she had pricked with her needle, "I used to think you were going to be a Missionary Sister, Patricia."

"I love the Missionary Sisters. Mother and Dad have been enthusiastic about their work for as long as I can remember. When Mother died I had to help Dad with the children so I put all thoughts of the convent out of my mind. It was Mother's death, though, that caused me to be so strongly attracted to The True Devotion. I was pitifully in need of a mother's help when I took over managing the house. That was when I wrote to Victory Noll inquiring about The True Devotion to Mary. Studying it and trying to practice it has been a spiritual romance which not only assured me of a mother's vigilant care, but taught me how to be a true child and loving slave of that most perfect of all mothers, Mary. Now I find strength and happiness in being completely dependent upon Our Blessed Mother at all times and in all things."

"Complete dependence on Mary sounds beautiful, but it is so general. I wouldn't know how to begin." Jeanne complained.

"St. Louis de Montfort, who wrote beautifully about the total consecration to Mary, gives a little formula for living it. He says that we must do all things through Mary, in Mary, with Mary, and for Mary. This formula requires a lot of prayer and thought before it can be comprehended and reduced to practice. I'm not sure I understand it fully myself, but I am learning. As I see it, *through* Mary means that we must give up our own views and our own will and depend upon Mary's

(continued on page 25)

Books



St. Francis of the Seven Seas by Albert J. Nevins, M.M. Illustrated by Leo Manso. Vision Books, Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, New York, N. Y. \$1.95

This is one of a series of books on the lives of the saints for children being published by Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy. St. Francis Xavier's life is one of the most thrilling among God's heroes. Father Nevins re-tells it excitingly for his juvenile readers. Following most authors, however, he includes a few of the legends debunked by Father James Broderick, S.J., in his brilliant biography of Xavier published three years ago. End maps make it easy for youthful readers to trace the journeys of St. Francis.

Vision Books are a step in the right direction. Several other titles are now available and a number of others are in preparation.

What the Church Gives Us by Rt. Rev. Msgr. James P. Kelly, J.C.D., and Mary T. Ellis. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. \$2.50

There is always room for another doctrinal book on the Church. This one fills its purpose admirably by outlining for the searching non-Catholic, the fundamentals of the Catholic religion. It should be equally valuable to Catholics.

Especially succinct are the explanations of the Church and of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. There is a foreword by Cardinal Spellmen.

Stories from the Life of Jesus by April Oursler Armstrong. Illustrated by Jules Gottlieb. Garden City Books, Garden City, New York. \$2.95

These stories from the life of Jesus are adapted from Fulton Oursler's "The Greatest Story Ever Told." Mrs. Armstrong and her father planned to write together these stories for children, but after his untimely death, the writing fell to his daughter.

Grace Armstrong inherited her father's gift of story telling. Her wish—challenge, she calls it—was to transpose the beauty and fascination of Jesus and His times into the language of the modern child. She has succeeded admirably.

Teachers of religion will find the book valuable. It should help them to live their own Bible stories and make them vivid for their pupils.

So, You're Going to Teach Religion by Richard R. Baker, Ph.D. Geo. A. Pflaum, Dayton, Ohio. Single copy, 10 cents each.

This little book will be an excellent help to the catechist who is going to teach Confraternity of Christian Doctrine classes for the first time. Likewise, the experienced teacher will profit by it. The first part contains theory; the second part shows the teacher how to use the **Messengers** in the religion class.

Manners at Mass by V. G. L. Tempelgate, Springfield, Ill. 75 cents.

This little book is sub-titled "The Movements and Gestures of Public Worship." Although customs differ, not only in countries but in different parts of a country, a certain amount of uniformity is attainable in our manners at Mass. What to do and when and how to do it are here explained. The "how" is made more intelligible by several excellent photographs.



Send in your intentions now to be included in our Novena to Our Lady of Lourdes.

JEANNE'S ADVENTURES IN MARY LAND

(continued from page 23)

mediation for everything. We should always have Mary with us when we go to God, asking His graces through her intercession and her credit with Him.

"Acting in Mary means trying to form an atmosphere of Mary within us so that her influence will penetrate us and her spirit will motivate all our actions. She will, then, be our refuge in every need.

"Doing our actions *with* Mary, means to hold her as a model of virtue and perfection, and to imitate her in every action of our life. I find this easy if I ask myself, how would Mary do this if she were in my place?"

I have exalted thee with great power:
and thou hast hanged Me on the gibbet
of the Cross.

*My people, what have I done to thee,
or in what have I grieved thee? Answer
Me.*

—From the Improperia for Good Friday.

"Doing everything for Mary means performing all our actions for our Queen so that she may offer them to Jesus for us. She perfects our poor gifts before presenting them to God, Who, of course, is the end of all our striving for holiness. To remind myself to do all for Our Lady, I use the motto I learned from the Missionary Sisters, 'All for Jesus through Mary', and I say it many times a day."

"Oh, dear!" moaned Jeanne. "I'd never remember to keep Mary in mind like that."

"At first it is hard. But after you read a great deal about Mary, and think a great deal about her, you become convinced of her greatness and her power with God, and still her deep personal interest in each one of us. Then you get a happy sense of security in belonging to her. Life takes on a new joy, for heaven seems nearer and surer when your way to it is in Mary's keeping."

"Patricia, you make me feel as though I'm really missing something."

"You are, Jeanne, a beautiful intimacy with the loveliest lady the world has ever known, whose companionship will make you want to be like her. Fighting to be a saint is a glamorous adventure with her at your side."

"There's the doorbell, Patricia!"

"That's Dad. He always punches the bell like that. I must let him in. We'll continue next time."

"Okay — next time — soon," Jeanne called after Patricia's departing figure.



The last word

by the Editor

In every age men have lamented the evils of their times and have sighed for a better world. Saint Philip Neri, who lived about four hundred years ago, proposed a perfect formula for improving the world. His advice was: Begin with yourself.

Lent is set aside by holy Mother Church for the very purpose of reforming ourselves. She tells each one of us to purify his soul by prayer and penance and to begin a new life at Easter time as a "new man."

To profit abundantly from the penitential practices of this blessed season, it is well to remind ourselves that the essence of genuine penance is hatred for sin.

We ought to begin Lent with a prayerful searching of the secret recesses of our hearts for the roots of the sins that we habitually commit. Next we should arouse in ourselves a great hatred for these sins which offend the all-holy God, our loving and merciful Father; and which are a sign of the basest ingratitude toward our dear Lord Who died on the cross of shame for us. Once we begin, with God's grace, to develop a sincere hatred for sin, we will welcome every opportunity to do penance as a way of punishing ourselves for our pride in rising up against our Lord and God. Then our Lenten practices of self-denial will be what Mother Church expects them to be — a God-sanctioned means of purification and sanctification. Then, too, we will understand why penance is not exclusively reserved for the time of Lent but should be our constant companion on the road to heaven — a companion that will keep us humble

before God, restrain our passions, and expiate our daily faults.

One of the best forms of year 'round penance for all is to accept patiently and lovingly the inclemency of the weather, the unpleasantness arising from our work and associates, the trials of ill health, poverty, failure, anxiety, humiliations, injustices, and the thousand other sufferings that harass us day by day.

So, when we put aside the special penances of the Lenten season, let us continue to exercise our virtue by accepting these little crosses which are often harder to carry because there seems to be no end to them. United to the cross of our Savior, they will form for us a sturdy ladder to the very portals of heaven.

May God bless you always.

The spiritual and temporal needs of our benefactors and friends are remembered daily in the prayers of our sisters at Victory Noll and in the missions.

In Memoriam

- Frank A. Meyer, St. Bernard, Ohio, father of our Sister Frances.
Patrick McConville, Philipsburg, Pa., brother of our Sister M. Frances Therese.
Cipriano Luna, Tierra Amarilla, New Mex., brother of our Sister Rita.
Joseph Lorenz, Hopkins, Minn., brother of our Sister Beatrice.
Rev. Sebastian Kremer, C.P.P.S., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Sister M. Isidore Lavelle, R.S.M., Titusville, Pa.
Eva Galvin, Chicago, Ill., A.C.M.
Wm. E. Hartung, Arkansaw, Wis.
Carola M. Sommer, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wm. Oehmen, Ethridge, Tenn.
Margaret C. McNamara, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prayer of St. Augustine

Before Thy eyes, O Lord, we bring our offences, and we compare them with the stripes we have received.

If we consider the evil we have wrought, what we suffer is little, what we deserve is great.

We feel the punishment of sin, yet withdraw not from the obstinacy of sinning.

Under Thy lash our inconstancy is visited, but our sinfulness is not changed.

Our suffering soul is tormented but our neck is not bent.

Our life groans under sorrow, yet mends not in deed.

If Thou spare us we correct not our ways; if Thou punish we cannot endure it.

In time of correction we confess our wrongdoing; after Thy visitation we forget that we have wept.

If Thou stretchest forth Thy hand we promise amendment; if Thou withholdest thy sword we keep not our promise.

If Thou strikest we cry out for mercy; if Thou sparest we again provoke Thee to strike.

Here we are before Thee, O Lord, shameless criminals; we know that unless Thou pardon we shall deservedly perish.

Grant then, O Almighty Father, without our deserving it, the pardon we ask for; Thou Who madest out of nothing those who ask Thee. Through Christ Our Lord.

Amen.

Deal not with us, O Lord, according to our sins. Neither requite us according to our iniquities.

O God, Who by sin art offended and by penance pacified, mercifully regard the prayers of Thy suppliant people and turn away the scourges of Thy wrath, which we deserve for our sins, through Christ Our Lord.

Amen.

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