

*The*  
**Missionary  
Catechist**

APRIL 1956



**April**

**Showers**

**BEFORE CLASS**

“Sure I know the sun is out,  
but Mama says we should take  
'em along in April.”

Photos of Bobby Killough, South  
Bound Brook, N. J., and story by  
Sister Mary Martha.



**AFTER CLASS**

“Somehow Mamas are al-  
ways right. I wonder how  
they can know so much.”

# The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Edited and published by  
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters  
Victory Noll Huntington, Indiana  
Volume 32 Number 5  
APRIL 1956



**O**UR 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 Ann Patricia, Santa Paula, Calif., waters the Easter lily plants for the sanctuary.

**Drawings** Sister George, O.L.V.M., p. 17; Sister Martha Mary, O.L.V.M., outside back cover.

**Photographs** Bob Fogata, Fogata Studios, Santa Paula, Calif., cover, bottom p. 10, center p. 11, and p. 13; Francis Burns, Westwood, Colo., p. 7; Russell H. Carroll, Torrance, Calif., pp. 8, 9; W. Wesley Kloefer, Azusa, Calif., center p. 10 and top p. 11; Bernard Zwilling, Broadway Photographers, Los Angeles, Calif., bottom p. 14; Rey Ruppel, Monterey, Calif., p. 27.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with ecclesiastical approbation by OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS, VICTORY NOLL, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Subscription rates for United States and Canada, \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; foreign subscriptions: \$1.50 a year. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. O.B.L.V. Press. Member of the Catholic Press Association 3

Rise, Heir of fresh Eternity,  
From Thy virgin tomb!  
Rise, mighty Man of Wonders, and Thy World with Thee,  
Thy tomb the universal East,  
Nature's new womb,  
Thy tomb, fair Immortality's perfumed nest.

—Richard Crashaw, "Upon Easter Day"

# Easter

## Arose

### in the East

THERE is so much written these days about our newly restored Easter Vigil that perhaps something about an Easter vigil which never needed restoration will be of interest to our readers. For the Easter vigil never fell out of vogue in the Byzantine rite. Easter arose in the East; the East has always treasured it as its most cherished feast.

In the Eastern rites Easter has a solemn joy that gives rise to extravagances—or what might *seem* like extravagances to us—in jubilation. To appreciate what I am saying you must attend an Eastern Easter Liturgy some time. Time seems to be suspended. We are transported with the angels at the tomb of Our Lord to the shores of Eternal Light. No amount of repetition causes the slightest fatigue as the Liturgy moves on with an inexorable but imperturbed pace, slowly, majestically, jubilantly.

I am thinking of the time I was privileged to take part in a solemn celebration of the Easter Liturgy in the Church of St. Anthony the Abbot in Rome, the church to which the Pontifical Russian College is attached. I was one of some thirty concelebrants who celebrate together at the same time, at the same altar.

When the holy women came to the tomb of Our Lord in the morning, it was dark. So too, as we stood outside the doors of St. Anthony's Church, was it dark that midnight of Holy Saturday before the Easter of the Holy Year began! Dark and cold. All the assembled priests held icons of the Holy Virgin,

of the holy women who formed the first liturgical procession to the tomb that first Easter morning, and of the saints. The heavy gold vestments glittered in the light of the tapers we all held. The incense reminded us of the spices the holy women brought to anoint Our Lord's Body.

At midnight there was a knock on the door. ("Who shall roll us back the stone from the door?") As the doors opened we all began filing in, two and two, singing the beautiful hymn, "The angels in heaven, oh Christ, our Savior, sing Thy Resurrection." To this the choir and the people responded with "And do Thou enable us on earth to glorify Thee with a pure heart!" Round and round the church we went, like the myrrh-bearing women in search of Our Lord's Body.

This was the part of the Russian Easter ceremony that made such a deep impression on Maurice Baring on his visit to Moscow before the Revolution, that he could remember the details of it vividly years later. He gives them to us in his book, *The Puppet Show of Memory*. As the procession began there, at midnight, the bell of Ivan Veliki would begin booming. (It was a sound, Clara Schumann said, the most beauti-

ful she ever heard.) He recalls the singers in crimson and gold, the banner bearers, the priests and the bishops in their stiff gold vestments.

The doors of the iconostasis (icon screen) stood open during this procession. Symbolizing the entrance to the tomb, opened by the angel God sent to announce the glad tidings of Christ's Resurrection, they revealed the altar clad in brilliant gold cloth. This the bishop incensed, walking around it. The deacon followed him, holding a lighted taper and bowing solemnly with every incensation of the altar and the icons, while we looked on in much the same fashion, I suppose, which John observed as Peter inspected the opened empty tomb.

*by Father Hermes Kreilkamp, O.F.M.Cap.*

Then came the solemn exordium: "Glory to the Holy, Consubstantial, Life-giving and Undivided Trinity!" to which the choir responded gloriously. "Now and forever and unto ages of ages!" There then followed such a blending of alleluias and repetitions of the antiphon: "Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death and giving life to those in the tombs!" that the memory of it all has welded in my memory into a sort of riotous burst of joy that echoed and re-echoed all night long. Yes, all night long. For the Liturgy lasted some four hours.

The choir broke into the jubilant hymn of St. John of Damascus: "The Day of Resurrection! Oh, all you people, let us be enlightened! The Passover, the Passover of the Lord! From death to life, from earth to heaven, Christ our God has brought us over, singing a song of victory!"

Each of us took our turn incensing the altar, two by two, while the singing continued, greeting the people we incensed with the cry, "Christ is risen!" To which they all replied, "He is truly risen!"

Maurice Baring tells that when he saw the Liturgy for the first time in Moscow, in the chapel of the Ekaterinoslav regiment, so infectious was the joy that the colonel kissed the sergeant, and the sergeant kissed all of the soldiers! This sounds incredible until you actually see how the people respond to the jubilant singing and ceremonies of a Russian Easter Liturgy.

American reporters in Moscow in 1953 reported that thousands filled the streets during the night before Easter, standing there from ten at night to four the following morning, listening to the four and six part singing. "Christ is risen!" "He is truly risen!" Over and over again, it is sung so often this one night of the year that you actually hear

it ringing in your ears for the fifty days following, until the Feast of Pentecost.

The memory of that glorious celebration of the Russian Easter Liturgy in Rome during the Holy Year remains one of my most vivid memories of the Holy Year, 1950. Little wonder. Maurice Baring said that while he had spent many Easters in various capitals of Europe, none impressed him as much as the one he spent in Moscow, where he witnessed the Russian Easter Liturgy for the first time. Easter is an Eastern feast, and it is quite natural that the Eastern rites celebrate it with a jubilation truly oriental in its splendor. The pity of it today, however, is that it arouses little echo in the hearts



of the people of Russia and many another Eastern nation. The atheistic atmosphere of Communism stifles any popular expressions of genuine joy outside the few churches that still remain open in the countries under Communist oppression.

Daily at the end of Mass in the Latin rite we pray the *Salve Regina* for the liberation of the Slavs. As we pray to her who is the Comfort of the Afflicted, let us keep in mind this glimpse of the Russian Easter Liturgy. As we pray from this vale of tears, let us listen to the voice of St. John Damascene in his beautiful Easter Ode:

The myrrh-bearing women forstalled the dawn, ere the rising of the sun, seeking as it were the day, the Sun which had once set in the tomb; crying to one another, they said: "Oh friends! Come, let us anoint with sweet smelling spices the life-bringing and buried Body of Him Who raises fallen Adam again in the flesh which lies in the grave. Let us go, let us seek, like the wise men, and let us fall down in worship before Him and bring unto Him an offering of myrrh; not to Him in swaddling clothes, but in His winding-sheet. And let us weep and cry aloud: 'Arise, oh Master, You who give resurrection to those who have fallen.'"

But when they who came from Mary, forestalling the dawn, found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre, they heard from the angel: "Why seek ye among the dead, as if He were dead, Him Who abides in everlasting light? Behold the grave clothes. Go quickly, and proclaim to the world that the Lord is risen, and has slain death. For He is the Son of God Who saves mankind!"

# Lucky

by Sister Ruth Anthony

A new car is something to write home about. When I wrote about ours, my sister answered somewhat as follows, "Lucky you! We are always struggling either to keep up payments on a new car or to pay for repairs on an old one. All you do is speak to Father about needing one and there it is. Now I understand what they mean by the hundredfold."

Actually it wasn't as simple as that, and we realized only too well the anxiety our unexpected need caused our generous pastor. At the same time that our car began to require extensive and expensive repairs, the parish church was being redecorated. The purchase of a new car made a considerable increase in Father's already heavy burden. However, he felt that in the long run he would save by trading in the trouble maker while it had some value.

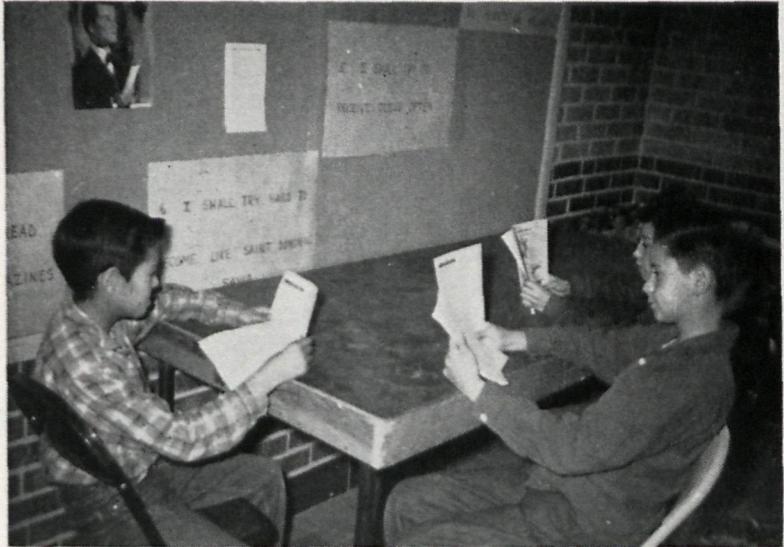
We felt mighty proud and grateful when, on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, Father presented us with a glistening black 1956 Chevrolet. Fortunately for us, our snowbelt was not true to its name that day. We were able to begin the breaking-in process on dry roads. Just one week later the weather was more true to form. As we left for class at Mageetown, we remarked that the roads would probably be icy by the time we would return three hours later. After class the five little Wrights and we started homeward. As usual we prayed aloud the prayer, "Angel of God," for a safe journey. It was with a feeling of relief that we deposited the youngsters at the home of their grandparents.

We drove gaily on, confident that the stretch ahead could be no worse than

(continued on p. 25)

# Savios

by Sister Justine



Boys at Holy Ghost Youth Center, Denver, find that it's much easier to study religion or do serious reading when thereby they can win merits in the Savio Club.

THE title, "Tips on Piety," interested me, especially because it headed an advertisement about a club for growing-ups. Further on I read, "Do you wish to be a Holy Joe? Then this letter is not for you. This is for a regular boy . . . for a Savio who wishes to do the right thing for God and who doesn't want to make a big fuss about it. Do you care to do that? Then, these tips have been written for you."

Here was just what I wanted for a classroom club for boys of the intermediate grades. This letter telling of the new Saint Dominic Savio Club revealed many possibilities. So we started, about forty boys strong, to learn how to imitate the boy saint, Dominic Savio. It proved to be quite a challenge. Any project involving public school boys of fifth and sixth grades can be not only stimulating but downright exhilarating. It was a real feat to manage a simple meeting without taking too

much time, yet getting across a few basic ideas; without too much shushing, yet maintaining interest. The regular feature column in the magazine *Hi* on the Dominic Savio club proved the mainstay of our need for ideas. It invites comments, letters, pictures of club members, and offers a fine all-round program with emphasis on spiritual projects.

Now our officers help with a merit system to control not only meetings but class periods. Boys bringing new pupils to religious instruction are given merits. Merits entitle worthy boys to privileges and benefits which make good conduct quite rewarding. The six club rules are simply an echo of the do's and don'ts of catechism class which the boys have heard for years but perhaps seldom practiced. It is gratifying to overhear one member say to another,

"For Pete's sake, act like a Savio."

## Old Things

and

New



**Mrs. Robert Ortega, CCD teacher, Gardena, Calif., pauses for last minute directions to her class of First Communicants before she takes them into the church to see the confessional.**

THE Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is as old as the Church, or as new as an atomic power plant. It all depends on your point of view. Considered broadly as a field of Catholic Action, meaning that the laity participate in the work of the hierarchy in their capacity as auxiliary teachers, it is as ancient as Paul's charge to Timothy that "the things that thou has heard from me through many witnesses, commend to trustworthy men who shall be competent in turn to teach others." (2 Tim. 2:2) When St. Paul wrote this, he was not launching a novel experiment in the Church, but was specifying a primary function of the laity's "king-

ly priesthood," namely, instructing others in Christian Doctrine under the authority and direction of their pastors. And as for newness, let us listen in our own day to Pope Pius XII: "It is necessary and most urgent that men and women of the laity be selected each year and that they be prepared and organized to carry on catechetical instructions."

Advancing from this broad, generic aspect of the lay teaching apostolate, let us search for the CCD as a specific society in the Church, and once we have identified it, we shall scan its activity along the southern shores of the Golden State.

Cardinal Baronius credits a certain Marcus Sudi, a zealous layman from Milan, with being the first to enlist helpers in a "Confraternity of Christian Doctrine" for the purpose of in-

by the Reverend Thomas G. Hayes  
Assistant Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine  
Archdiocese of Los Angeles

in

the Los Angeles

CCD



**Sister Barbara Ann answers questions of future CCD teachers at a Parish Confraternity exhibit. —San Pedro, Calif.**

structing children and unlettered persons in the Catholic faith, and this in Rome in 1560. It is known that a Milanese priest, Castellino da Castello, founded in Milan in 1536 the "School of Christian Doctrine." However, the exact connection between these two foundations is not clear. From its earliest years the CCD enjoyed enthusiastic papal approval, with Pope Saint Pius V granting its members special indulgences and recommending its establishment to all bishops. Among the episcopal leaders in the Confraternity movement were St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Robert Bellarmine. At the death of St. Charles Borromeo, his see of Milan had seven hundred and forty Christian Doctrine schools conducted by three thousand teachers. St. Robert Bellarmine prepared two catechisms for use in the Confraternity, one for catechists and the other for pupils.

The modern age of the Confraternity was ushered in by the great "parish priest pope," Saint Pius X. (It is worth

noting that the last two pontiffs to be canonized, St. Pius V, pope from 1566 to 1572, and St. Pius X, 1903 to 1914, were both champions of the CCD.) In his great encyclical "Acerbo Nimis," on the Teaching of Christian Doctrine, issued April 15, 1905, Pius X decreed: "In each and every parish the society known as the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is to be canonically established. Through this Confraternity, the pastors, especially in places where there is a scarcity of priests, will have lay helpers in the teaching of the catechism, who will take up the work of imparting knowledge both from a zeal for the glory of God and in order to gain the numerous indulgences granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs." This universal command received a second promulgation in 1918 in the New Code of Canon Law, in which Canon No. 711 requires that every parish establish

the CCD. Every modern pope has been strong for the Confraternity, and our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, wrote to the Ninth National CCD Congress, held in Chicago in 1951: "... the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is not only lighting the way of truth for our own dear children and helping them to walk it with firm step, but it is aiding mightily to salvage for the world its most precious heritage. Only believing souls will shed light on this dark earth."

When will we get to Los Angeles? Just as soon as we have made a triple obeisance to the East, granting that CCD organization in New York, Pittsburgh, and Brooklyn antedated our own formal entry into the lists in 1922. In that year, under the sponsorship of the late and beloved Archbishop John J. Cantwell, a number of our westside parishes "adopted" eastside mission centers which were caring for the many thousands of Mexican Catholics who had fled the bitter persecution going on south of the border. More precious than the material support were the many spiritual gifts brought by newly organized groups of Confraternity workers who set up an extensive and effective catechetical program. Leading those zealous laity in those early days were the Reverend Robert E. Lucey (present Archbishop of San Antonio), the Reverend William J. Mullane, now pastor of St. Elizabeth Church, Alta-

dena, and the late Monsignor Leroy Callaghan. "Once a Confraternity worker, always a Confraternity worker," is a local axiom, and some of the pioneers, both priests and people, are still on the job.

Whereas persecution brought us thousands, preference and opportunity have been bringing tens and hundreds of thousands in more recent years. Since becoming CCD director nineteen years ago, Monsignor John K. Clarke has seen the population of our Archdiocese grow from around two and one half millions to the latest estimate of 6,171,200, more than 1,500,000 above the 1950 census figure. Over twenty per cent of these newcomers are Catholic, but we have never heard of any bringing along a Priest, Brother, or Sister in their baggage. Another factor is that the greater portion of this influx is composed of *young* people, and prolific families are blossoming all over our Southland like wild flowers in the spring!



Here are Knights of Columbus being received as active members in the CCD.—Azusa, Calif.

CCD helpers prepare teaching materials, prizes, etc. for the teachers. The helpers have a vast and important field of work in the CCD.—Santa Paula, Calif.



Our pastors, led by our beloved and energetic Cardinal McIntyre, have been marshalling all possible resources to build and to staff parishes and schools at an unprecedented rate, but it is hard to even hold the pace, let alone surge ahead. Each year our expanding Catholic school system is able to take in an

additional ten to twelve thousand children, but with 41,774 infant baptisms in 1954, and the untotaled figure for last year running higher, the import and necessity of the CCD should be clear to all.

It is very clear to such pastors as Father Raymond Tepe of St. Catherine Laboure Parish, in suburban Lawndale, who has five hundred and forty pupils in his new parochial school, and on Saturday mornings has four men, fifteen trained women, and a number of



Posters and pamphlets explain the various phases of CCD work to interested persons who attend the regular and special Parish Confraternity meetings.—Azusa, Calif.

ure. However, we know that there are many, many thousands, especially among the teenagers, whom we are not yet reaching with an effective instruction program. The advances we have made along the catechetical front are due principally to the expanding use of trained lay teachers to help our hard working, but beleaguered, priests and religious. If we are ever even to approach the ideal of reaching and teaching *all* who are outside our Catholic school system, we must continue to multiply lay workers in the home visiting and catechizing fields.

Whereas there is very little *new* in the essence of our Los Angeles CCD program, certain *accidental* developments and accretions have come that have proved a great boon to our whole archdiocese. Chief among the latter is the addition of first one, and then two more, nuns to our Confraternity Office as full-time supervisors. We have the Archdiocese of San Francisco to thank, first for the idea, via CCD director Father John Scanlon, and also for our first supervisor, Sister Mary Eva of the Holy Family Sisters, who came south to us in January of 1952. Monsignor Clarke, realizing the great advantage of having catechist nuns on the *inside* of CCD planning and operation, added Sister Gilbert, of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, as supervisor of elementary teacher training, in August



Lay catechist, after finishing her CCD teacher training course, takes over a class under the supervision of Sister Frances.—Santa Paula,

high school helpers who assist six O.L.V.M. catechist Sisters and three school Sisters in a catechetical program for nine hundred and twenty public school children of his parish. Father Percy Bell in Pico has four hundred and thirty in his school and eight hundred in Confraternity classes. These examples are strong, but they do more than merely establish a trend—they confirm the fact that the CCD, when intelligently employed, can play an integral part in the Church's teaching apostolate to youth.

For those interested in statistics, we know that more than 70,000 public school children are getting regular religious instruction through their parish Confraternities. Add these to the 118,000 in our Catholic elementary and high schools and you have quite a fig-

of 1954. A month later Sister Alice Marie, of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, arrived to take over direction of our Parish High School of Religion program for public school teenagers. The good effect of these able and dedicated women was evident from the moment that each arrived, and to their industry and "know how" goes the major share of our progress in recent months and years.

Other nuns have played vital roles in expanding programs of teacher training and parish organization. Special mention should be made of Sister Henrietta, of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Orange, who has sparked the parishes of Orange County to enviable heights in Confraternity training and achievement. Sister Florence, O.L.V.M., and her "crew" have worked CCD miracles in the Azusa-Pomona area. The Holy Family Sisters, led by Sister M. Marcella in Los Angeles and Sister Justina in Long Beach, have contributed much to the lay training program, and the "Helpers'" convent is a well established teacher training center. Sister Frances, O.L.V.M., and her Santa Paula community, conduct teacher training courses both at home and in Ventura fifteen miles away, in addition to their regular catechetical chores. Other O.L.V.M. superiors whose communities have proved centers of CCD development are Sister Louise "and company" in San Pedro; Sister Clara and companions in San Fernando; and Sister Millicent and Sister Marie Helene who head the Fetterly Street and Opal Street convents in Los Angeles' teeming eastside. These home missionaries are realizing more and more the wisdom of using a certain amount of their time, and all of their talent, in finding and training qualified adults as auxiliary catechists. The pastors, too, especially in the more populous areas, are realizing the need of multiplying, rather than merely

adding to, their teaching force, and many are helping in the doctrinal phase of the training, with the sisters concentrating on methods and techniques.

For real effectiveness a Parish Confraternity must stand on its own feet as an active society. For maximum accomplishment with minimum effort and time, at least for the priests and sisters involved, we give our highest recommendation to the formation and use of a PARISH CCD EXECUTIVE BOARD. This board is made up of the priest director and carefully selected lay men and women as officers and members. If a Sister catechist can act as supervisor, all to the good. The members are chairmen of the various active divisions of the Parish Confraternity, such as home visitors (fishers), teachers, helpers, discussion club leaders, parent-educators, parish librarians, apostles of good will, and/or whatever other aspects of parochial Catholic Action the pastor and the board choose to include. Each chairman endeavors to become a well-informed leader in his own division and enlists, and even trains, other parishioners as CCD members in his division and supervises them in their work. Once or twice a year the whole Parish Confraternity may be called together for a special meeting, but regular monthly meetings of the board can keep many pots cooking on the parochial stove, and all well seasoned with the right amount of care. The many advantages of such a system are obvious, as is also the fact that it is not an easy thing to get started. However, it is not half as difficult as either priest or people might imagine, especially since a truly workable plan can be had for the asking. Dioceses and parishes who take up this executive board idea as proposed by the National CCD Office will find it the key to rapid and thorough CCD development. It will develop leadership, make "light work" through "many

hands," warm up the tepid, give apostolic tasks to the fervent, guarantee perseverance, reach the little ones, attract the teenagers, teach everyone of good will—in a word, it will take the members of Christ off the spiritual dole and put them to work in a way pleasing to God and profitable both to ourselves and our neighbor.

Persons to whom CCD means *teaching catechism*, and nothing more, must be surprised at the extensive array of apostolic works enumerated above as Confraternity projects. Such persons—and they are too, too numerous—are unacquainted with the steady growth and marvelous development of the CCD movement in the United States and Canada in recent years. They do not know "the Greater CCD"—that well-rounded, practical, self-contained, possible, joyous, humble, "grass roots" parish apostolate which is so ideally suited to our American scene. They have not yet looked down to see some of their fellow Catholics taking up the work of mercy where even the most worthy critics leave off. Many of the laity, and not a few of our sisters and priests, know neither old nor new in the CCD because they hardly know that there be a CCD.

It remains for these to be enlighten-

ed, and for all the enlightened to begin to shine, that the pure brilliance of Christian truth will the more quickly and perfectly dispel that darkness of "ignorance of divine things," which St. Pius X blames as the chief cause of the evils that afflict our world. Before Communist hearts, so filled with the energy of hate, can turn toward that Sacred Heart so full of forgiving love, their minds, dark with error, must be illumined with truth. But long before that can ever be, the hearts of our own, our next door neighbor's heart, and those American hearts that are down the street, outside the Church but inside the parish—these hearts must be warmed and illumined by the direct action of Christ's Mystical Body, by Catholic Action. There is no other way. The Church is a leaven, and a leaven works by contact. The need of our day is neither old nor new, because what the world needs is Christ. Our immediate and crying need is for some social instrument within the Church and parish which will bring His truth to bear upon the people who live next door. The need is for an organized, parish apostolate, possible, effective, extensive, and persevering. For our time and place, the providential instrument looks more and more like the American CCD.

Sister Margaret gives a course in methods to CCD teachers.—Santa Paula



## POOR GRANDMA

Two-and-a-half-year-old Larry is proud of his medal of the Holy Ghost. He calls it his "Holy Ghost Amen." He is not at all pleased when his brother Martin corrects him and tells him it is only "Holy Ghost." Larry is a great talker. He likes to pretend that he is talking to his grandmother on the phone. When he tires of that he usually says, "Well, I guess I'll hang grandma up."

Sister Juliana

Thank you for renewing your subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Your promptness saves time and money for us.

## In the Home Field

### WHY NOT?

Sister was asking about the Holy Family. The Father of Jesus was God. The Mother of Jesus was Mary. Who was St. Joseph? The first grade was puzzled for a moment and then a small girl put up her hand. Triumphantly she announced, "Joseph was the baby sitter."

Sister Ruth Marie

### TRY HOLY WATER

"Sister, did you bring my bottle of holy water?" questions Lupe.

Many of us consider the holy water font an essential part of our teaching equipment. We instruct the children to bless themselves as they enter the classroom and before leaving. This affords an excellent opportunity to check the children on the correct way of making the sign of the cross as well as teaches them the spiritual value and right appreciation of sacramentals. Then too, it sends away those evil spirits that would distract their minds. Many children, like Lupe, ask us to bring them a little bottle of holy water. Then those at home can also reap the rich indulgences attached to this beautiful Catholic practice.

Sister Carolyn Marie

Sister Carolyn Marie promises Lupe a bottle of holy water.—Los Angeles, Calif.

### WHAT AILED MOSES?

It was the first class after the holidays. Time for a good review with the second grade. So thought I.

"Who was Moses?" all hands went up. I was quite encouraged.

"What did God give to Moses?" Shy little Dennis raised his hand. With joy in my heart I called on him.

Very quietly Dennis said, "God gave Moses two pills."

Astonished, and thinking I had misunderstood, I said, "I'm sorry, Dennis; I didn't understand." Again, very seriously, the same answer:

"God gave Moses two pills."

Pills? Pills?

Dennis seemed certain that he had given the correct answer. Everything was very quiet. No one even smiled. The other children seemed to comprehend. What was the matter with me? I couldn't make the connection.

I started examining my conscience. Surely, I never taught them *that!* Quickly my mind flashed back to the class, several weeks ago, when I had told the story of God giving Moses the Ten Commandments. The picture I had used—Moses with the two tablets of stone. Then, suddenly, I made the connection. Light! Tablets—pills. It was quite simple. Now to distinguish between tablets and *tablets!*

Sister Gertrude Marie

### WHO'S SCARED?

The high school boys were waiting in line for confession. One of them bumped against John and whispered, "Relax." John answered promptly, "I'm not scared. I'm a man."

Sister Mary Lawrence



All ready for the Easter Parade.—Middlesex, N. J.

### MOST LIKELY

The first grade were listening to the story of the Marriage Feast at Cana. Instead of telling them what the chief steward said after he had tasted the water made wine, I asked, "What do you think the head waiter said when he tasted the water made wine?" Dickie is very shy and seldom raises his hand, but today his hand went right up. When I called on him he said, "I think the man said, 'I will have some more.'"

Sister Mary Nicholas

### MOM BETTER BRUSH UP

A small girl looked up at her mother after many un-answered questions and said, "Mother, you don't know anything about God; you never can answer any of my questions. Didn't you ever go to catechism class?"

Sister Mary Irimina

### ANYTHING IN A NAME?

In the heart of Dixie we are saluted with many different titles. Sister Catholic heads the list. Upon answering the door, the other day, I was greeted with, "Hi ya, Little Sis'er; where's you-all Big Sis'er?"

Sister Marilyn



A goodbye to Jesus.

Michael Martinez (above) Ogden, Utah, was caught saying goodbye to Jesus after religion class. Depositing a moist kiss on His cheek, Michael said, "I love you, Jesus," and then happily ran off for home.

Sister Evelyn Marie



# Books



**The Wise Man from the West** by Vincent Cronin. E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York. Illustrated. \$4.50.

This is the amazing story of Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., missionary to China, who penetrated even to Peking, the forbidden city where reigned the Emperor.

In 1552 St. Francis Xavier died within sight of the shores of China. He had been unable to gain access to the great kingdom, closed to all Westerners. In 1583, however, Father Ricci and another Italian Jesuit succeeded not only in getting into China but also establishing a mission there. From then until his death in 1610 Ricci used all his skill at mathematics, astronomy, and other sciences to win a hearing for the gospel.

Father Ricci's brilliant mind and phenomenal memory aided him in his mastery of intricate Chinese dialects and equally difficult Chinese etiquette. At one of the interminable banquets which it was necessary to attend if the missionary wished to influence those who could help him promote his cause, Ricci was called on to give a demonstration of his amazing memory. Asked to learn a poem, he was given a short book containing four or five hundred characters. It took the priest only a few minutes to read the whole book. Then he rose and recited its contents word for word. The assembly accused him of having seen it before. Although he reassured them he knew they were dubious, so he asked them to set down on paper a list of characters with no connection between them. They welcomed the suggestion and presented him with a list of some five hundred words. Ricci read the nonsense through once, gave back the papers, and recited them word for word. He then repeated them backwards!

Father Ricci and his Jesuit companions made converts by becoming literally all things to all men. They did not impose

a Western Christianity on the Chinese but wisely adapted themselves to Eastern customs and methods. After the death of Father Ricci his confreres continued to follow the path he had marked out. Later, missionaries of other religious orders entered China and carried on their evangelizing along more conventional lines. Eventually, the Fathers who followed Ricci's methods were accused of allowing superstitious practices among the converts. Ricci, with the approval of his superiors, had interpreted the veneration of Confucius and dead ancestors in a different light. Now, in 1704, Rome forbade Christians to practice such ceremonies. As a result, Christianity declined and eventually all missionaries left the country.

Father Ricci's judgment and methods were vindicated, however, in 1929 when the Holy See issued a decree tolerating these practices because of their civil, not religious character.

Vincent Cronin is the son of Novelist A. J. Cronin, and an acknowledged author in his own right. This is an absorbing biography.

**The Our Father** by R. H. J. Steuart, S.J. Templegate, Springfield, Ill. 75 cents.

Those who are familiar with the writings of the late Father Steuart will need no urging to secure for themselves this little book. The conferences were first given as a retreat, then published by the Dominican Fathers in *The Life of the Spirit*. The book could very well be used as a help to meditation on the most perfect of all prayers.

**Giving to God, A Year's Prayers for Young People**, by Dom Hubert Van Zeller. Templegate, Springfield, Ill. 75 cents

These devotions were originally prepared for students in a school for boys and, according to the author, were intended to be used for visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Since the prayers follow the liturgical year with its major feasts, this little volume might easily be used as a meditation help on those days.



by Sister Mary George

THE sign, pointing seemingly to nowhere, said ORANGE STREET. Sister Melita and I had been taking census on Orange Street all morning. Until now it had been well paved and dotted here and there with pleasant homes. We were supposed to visit every house to be certain that we would contact every Catholic family in this new parish. The area given to us was to the very end of Orange Street. Judging from all appearances we had come to the end, but in place of a dead-end sign there stood an old weather beaten sign pointing to a vast expanse of arid land through which our Orange Street was supposed to run. On closer inspection we noticed two very narrow tracks in the sand. We decided to follow them.

Once embarked, there was no turning back. If we should swerve off the trail left by our forerunner, the car would sink hub-deep in sand. After a painfully long time of bouncing and bumping, the tracks finally merged with a paved road. There were still no houses. As we drove slowly along, we passed a barn near which horses were grazing. Where was the farm house? I glanced in the rear-view mirror and saw a mail box set far back off the road. It was almost hidden by tall weeds and bushes. We stopped the car and walked to the mail box. The house was farther back and completely surrounded by trees and shrubs. We could not see an entrance so we walked around the grove until we came to a gate, hanging by one hinge, and displaying a crude hand-painted sign which said,

“Enter At Your Own Risk!”

Sister Melita and I looked at each other. All was quiet and serene. We pushed open the gate and stepped out of bright California sunshine into someone's darkly shaded back yard. Before our eyes became adjusted to the change we had an eerie feeling that we were being watched. The house was some distance from the gate. Two youngsters were playing on the porch. Obviously they had never seen sisters and were not eager to become acquainted. They disappeared in a flash to announce our arrival.

As we approached the door we were met by a cold stare from a pair of dark eyes belonging to some species of ape. He was surveying us from behind the bars of his cage. We didn't like his looks.

The lady of the house was so happy to have visitors that our rough ride was well repaid. No, she was not a Catholic but she was very glad to see us and to have someone to talk to. Finally, she took us for a tour of their yard. She pointed out the ape and we looked at him from a distance. Would we like to see the rattlesnakes? Yes, but also from a distance. They were lazily sleeping in their cage. Various animals were caged here and there in the large yard. Studying and caring for them was her husband's hobby, she explained. He had an unusual collection.

When we said goodby and closed the creaking gate behind us, we left someone much happier because of our visit—one of the strangest visits either of us had ever made—at our own risk.



# our Associates'

ST. ROSE BAND, Marshfield, Wis.

In those days (between the Resurrection and the Ascension) the fear of awful death was taken away, and the immortality not only of the soul but also of the body, was made known.

—St. Leo, Pope.

Dear Associates:

At this glad season of the year when the Paschal candle is sending forth its beams from a prominent place in the sanctuary, we should re-ignite our faith in our Risen Savior, our trust in His unending promises, and our love in return for His undying love for us.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

SACRED HEART MISSION SOCIETY  
Newark, N. Y.

LETTERS, during the past year, from Mrs. Theresa Pitrella contained in part the following news: "After much consideration, we finally decided to run merchandise clubs which will furnish us income throughout the year . . . Our check for \$200 is a Thanksgiving offering. There will be another check forthcoming soon with receipts from our annual bazaar . . . We had the good fortune to meet and visit with Sisters from Victory Noll at the Mission Scenerama in Rochester. They have probably told you of this.

"THE first meeting of this year," writes Mrs. Ray Flagel, "was held at my home, and at that time we discussed plans for a bake sale. Each member called some friends who also were interested in helping out. The sale really worked out very well. Everything went and we could have sold more. At our next meeting, which will be held at Mrs. Henseler's, we may decide to do it again."

At a prior meeting the ladies packed several boxes containing pictures, pencils, ribbons, medals, pillow slips—even booties for poor babies—and sent these to a mission mentioned in our "Want Ads" bulletin.

## EASTER FESTIVITIES



Above is pictured Miss Ann Glabiak (benefactor) with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Glabiak, of Chester, Penna. They are awaiting the arrival of a priest who, according to an old Polish custom, blessed the Easter food.

# Club Mention

## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

January 22 to February 24, 1956

Charitina No. 1, Chicago, H. Ford .....	\$9.00
Holy Family, Chicago, J. Walz .....	52.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern .....	20.00
Iota Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa Hammond, Ind., Mrs. McShane .....	10.00
"Martinettes," Cincinnati, M. Gerhard .....	3.00
Our Lady of the Bl. Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek .....	10.00
Queen of Virgins, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich .....	5.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien .....	5.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	12.50
St. Clare, Omaha, Neb. Mrs. Preiner .....	20.00
St. Francis, Louisville, O., Mrs. Samblanet .....	25.00
St. Gerard, Chicago, Mrs. Perkins .....	7.00
St. Helen, Dayton, H. Melke .....	4.25
St. Irene Aux., Chicago, M. Sebraska .....	16.00
St. Joseph No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes .....	48.00
St. Jude, W. Allis, Wis., Mrs. Polakowski .....	45.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer .....	32.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer .....	20.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter .....	37.70
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, M. Egermier .....	10.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz .....	40.00
St. Mary Miss. Soc. Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Loretta Mettler .....	12.00
St. Patrick Sod., Ft. Wayne, C. McGill .....	2.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Huebl .....	50.00
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Mrs. Murphy .....	6.50
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth .....	7.00

## MAGDALENE AT THE TOMB

After the eerie shadows,  
Light!  
After the hopeless grop-  
ing, sight  
Of Him whose ruby  
wounds were balm  
Reviving faith, restoring  
calm.

## WEDDING BELLS

On February 11, Miss Florence Kuenster, Promoter of Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, became the bride of Mr. Joseph M. Grund at Our Lady, Help of Christians Church of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Grund now reside in Jackson, Michigan.

The newlyweds have the good wishes and prayers of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters and former Associates, especially those of the Chicago area.



LES PETITES FLEURS, Chicago  
THIS mission club, whose president for the current year is Mrs. Peggy Kusmerz, has been sending a wonderful assortment of mission boxes to at least four of our convents annually for twenty-five years! Miss Elsie Jachmann, a charter member if not the

actual founder, is still with the group. There have, of course, been many replacements through the years and quite a few of the members at present are young mothers who still find time to prepare prizes, etc., for the underprivileged children in our mission fields.



# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

ALL through Easter Week, if we study our Missals closely, we will find that Holy Mother Church is constantly inviting us to be glad and rejoice. Who have greater reason for being joyful than Helpers who have kept a good Lent? Their little sacrifices have been converted into pennies and dimes for the missions. These help missionaries either to bring the light of Faith to pagans, or preserve its flame where it is in danger of being extinguished.

Therefore, a joyous Eastertide be yours!

Mary-ly yours,  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

## DETROIT HELPER TYPES A LETTER



I sincerely want to apologize for having neglected the missions, as I realize it is my duty to help those less fortunate than myself. As a pre-New Year's

resolution I am going to save five cents a week and at the end of the year I will have \$2.60 for the missions. I am ten years old now and am getting along fine in the fifth grade. My older sister, who is eighteen, is in the convent. Incidentally she is a much better typist than I. My other sister is nineteen and in her second year at Marygrove College. My only brother is 21. He is in his third or fourth year at University of Detroit and is now working for a

B.S. Altogether I have two sisters,—the youngest Maureen and the oldest Mary. My brother Mark plans to be a physicist and I am rather interested in cetology now. But who knows? Someday I may be a priest, artist or maybe even something I wouldn't think of being now.

I'll be keeping you in my prayers and in the meantime, I've enclosed a dollar bill with this letter.

DAVID POWER

*Sunshine Secretary's comment.* We hope that David will enlighten us as to the meaning of that word "cetology." Webster's latest edition failed to reveal it.

BROOKLYN (N. Y.) HELPER



Above is shown Mary Spengler of Brooklyn, New York. Helpers will recall that we used the picture of her younger brother Jimmy, dressed as a Capuchin Friar, last month. Both are faithful Helpers.

# Helpers' pages



## SHOVELS SNOW FOR MISSIONS

About the middle of February when our midwest was buried under heavy snows, we received a letter from Helper Michael Schefke of St. Clair Shores, Michigan who said, in part: "I saved my money and shoveled snow to get money for the missions. I hope a lot of boys and girls send their money, too. I am keeping the two rules,—the first one is saying a Hail Mary every night for the missions. Please send me another dime card."

## ANDERSON (IND.) HELPERS



Above are (rear) Lois and Russell Kincaid; (foreground) Mary Powell, and Mr. Lloyd, their friend, of Anderson, Indiana. Mary, Russell, and Mr. Lloyd hold toy Easter rabbits in their arms.

## APRIL PUZZLE



In each of the sentences below you will find hidden the word *Easter*. Draw a line under the hidden word or else number your answers, sending the

list to *Sunshine Secretary* for a holy card.

1. The atheists would this feast erase from the minds of their countrymen.
2. Before the words *resurrection* and *life*, asterisks should occur.
3. This is a nice spot to plant your sweet peas, Terry.
4. Bea stereotyped phrases are also known as hackneyed expressions.
5. "*Fea*, 'ster, is a Spanish word meaning ugly."
6. He gave George a sterling silver cup.

## ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE

1. St. Francis of Assisi. 2. St. Dominic. 3. St. Benedict. 4. St. Ignatius Loyola. 5. St. Alphonsus Liguori.

I have filled the dime card with dimes and am sending it in this letter. I have been praying the Hail Mary each day like you said in the letter you sent me.

*Gregory Buckel, Lombard, Ill.*

# I Accompany Mother

by Sister Blanche Marie

## **Burlington, Vermont**

To reach Burlington, Vermont, which is situated in the northwestern corner of the state, on the shores of Lake Champlain, we had to cut across New Hampshire. My recollection of this state is chiefly of towering wooded mountains reflecting themselves in the mirrors of crystal clear lakes. There were more mountains and lakes as we entered Vermont, and we passed two marble quarries high up on hillsides. The two famed products of the Green Mountain State begin with the letter M, although they are very dissimilar in character. They are marble and maple syrup.

Sister Mary Patrick, our Burlington superior, has written much and well about this mission in these pages, so I shall confine my remarks to a few impressions not recorded by our sisters. First, I could not fail to be impressed by the noisy sky traffic. Jet planes zoomed into an air base situated on the outskirts of the city at all hours of the day and night.

Early on a Sunday morning I was invited to accompany the four sisters who staff our Burlington convent on a trip several miles distant. Mother Cecilia stayed home to answer some of her mail and to prepare the Sunday dinner. The sisters were going to two different churches to teach after Mass. Two sisters were to be left at one church and the other two were to go on a bit farther. I went along to the farthest one and on the way I was asked to teach one of the classes in the basement so that the regular teacher could practice with her First Communion group, in the body of the

church, how to approach the altar rail for the first time. I was supposed to have called the roll, but when I saw all those French surnames I took no chances on mispronouncing them; I have never studied French. Instead, I handed a sheet of paper and a pencil to the first child in line asking him to write his name on it and to pass it to the next child. The sheet of paper made its rounds and came back to me and the children were none the wiser.

One mountain, ringed at the top with a band of light brown, was pointed out to me. The light brown, I was told, was melting snow. Skiing had ceased just two weeks before we came. On the other side of that mountain was Stowe and the home of the Trapp Family Singers.

## **Pennsylvania Bound**

On the morning of May 16, 1955, we were bidden farewell by our sisters in both French (a kiss on both cheeks) and American (a handshake) style. We travelled southward for a time, with Lake Champlain on our right and the Adirondacks forming a solid wall and skyline to the west of the Lake. After crossing the state line in Upstate New York, we rode for many miles along beautiful Lake George, and then cut across the state in a southwesterly direction entering Pennsylvania a little below Binghamton. We travelled through the top row of counties made beautiful with wooded hills and wide valleys through which flowed rivers and creeks. I was enjoying the scenery a little too much, for it was at this point that we became lost for a couple of hours, through my failure to watch road signs. Consequently, our meter

showed something like five hundred miles for the day when we drove up to the convent in Smethport which our sisters were to occupy in the fall, to begin a new catechetical center.

It was only ninety miles farther on to our sisters' convent in Union City where we spent a day and a half. Here again I was invited to help out with teaching catechism, these times in the country in private homes at which the children gathered after school hours.

### **Detroit and Ida, Michigan**

Upon leaving Union City we followed the shoreline of Lake Erie almost the entire distance across the state. It certainly is a scenic route. Once, in Eastern Ohio, a car of Hoosiers seeing our Indiana license gave us a friendly toot when they passed us on the highway. At Toledo we took a highway leading into Detroit. Our route took us past the Ford manufacturing plant with its many numbered gates for the use of employees. We felt almost like aliens to be driving past this mighty establishment in anything but a Ford car.

While in Detroit the Home Visitors of Mary came over twice. They are a new interracial community, founded to work with members of the Negro race in that city, who received their first religious training from our sisters. They live just a block away. Once they came to assist at Mass in our sisters' chapel and the second time to pass the evening with us. We also went to their convent for Mass the second morning. At such times *prie-dieus* are carried from chapel to chapel along the street. This must arouse the curiosity of the neighbors as these articles of furniture are not standard equipment in most homes.

One of the sisters took me to see the Cathedral and also a chapel of perpetual adoration in the neighborhood where there are a group of Dominican contemplative sisters.

Ida, Michigan, is scarcely more than a two-hour drive from Detroit, and we spent an enjoyable Saturday evening and Sunday there with our sisters before leaving for Victory Noll, via Ohio. We felt quite at home when we saw Mexican migrants working at a nearby tomato packing plant, as we have Mexican workers in tomato fields in Northern Indiana too every summer. We learned from our sisters in Ida that plans were being made for the children of migrants to be given not only religious instructions during their stay, but also elementary school subjects at least two days a week. In charge of plans were local members of the National Council of Catholic Women.

### **Paulding, Ohio, and Home**

It was the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Victory when we arrived at Paulding, and our sisters there were in a festive mood. Consequently, it was decided that, with Mother's business concluded, they would accompany us on the following day as far as Antwerp where we would have a picnic dinner in a city park. After the dinner we would take leave of each other. It was the first time I had eaten barbecued hamburgers made by other than those who make a business of selling them, but these turned out quite good. They were carefully folded into tinfoil before being exposed to the hot wood ashes. True they were burned to a crisp on the outer edges but the inside portions were good and there were none left at the end of the meal.

### **Three Thousand Miles in Three Weeks**

It had been a wonderful trip but it was good to be home too. A check of the speedometer showed that it was just one hundred miles short of being three thousand miles, which we had covered in the three weeks and one day we had been away.

# Jeanne's In Adventures Mary Land

by Phyllis Guidt

JEANNE settled herself comfortably in the big soft chair, pen and notebook in hand. She had the entire evening to herself. Her father had gone on a business trip earlier in the week. Her mother was suffering from a severe cold and had retired to her room immediately after dinner. Surely there would be no callers, for it was a miserable night. Old Man Winter seemed to be spending himself in a final blast of fury; it would be suicide to venture outside. For once Jeanne was happy to be alone.

For three months Jeanne had been studying the books about Our Blessed Mother which Barbara had given her, and she felt quite familiar with the True Devotion. The beauty and significance of Total Consecration had impressed her favorably, but she had made no serious attempt to practice what she had learned. The faithful observance of Lent, however, had been a source of special graces to Jeanne. Last night, after the weekly sermon, she had felt herself inspired to high resolves for holiness. Then the magnitude of the work of salvation and sanctification bore down upon her and she suddenly realized a need of Mary! Now, tonight, she was determined to write out for herself some practices which would start her on the road to complete abandonment to God through Mary.

In the books she had read recently there was outlined a thirty-day preparation for the consecration to Mary, but Jeanne did not yet feel ready for anything that formal. Though she hoped some day to make her lifelong consecration to Our Blessed Mother as a slave of love, she wished first to ex-

perience what it is to live in union with Mary.

At the top of the first page in her notebook she wrote:

## *My Day With Mary*

### *1. Special Daily Devotions in Her Honor.*

Then she sat back, studied the lines, and laughed softly, saying to herself, "Jeanne, you will never perform many special devotions for long. Why pretend?"

She crossed out number 1, leaving only the title. This she stared at solemnly for ten long minutes. Then she exclaimed, "How simple! I will continue to do just what I have always done each day, only I will ask Mary to be with me in everything, and try to please her all day long. That shouldn't be hard, and it will be a good beginning."

She tore out the first page of her notebook and began again on the next clean sheet. Swiftly she wrote:

1. When I get up I will kneel at my bed and say, "I am all Thine, O most loving Jesus, and all that I have is Thine, through Mary, Thy holy Mother. Mary, my Queen and my Mother, be near me today. Teach me to become your slave of love for the glory of the Most Blessed Trinity."
2. Before my prayers, daily Mass, meals, work, and every action, I will try to remember to say, "For Thee, dear Jesus, through Mary, my Queen and my Mother."
3. In difficulties or temptations I will say, "Help me, my Queen and my Mother."
4. I will ask Mary to be with me

when I go out with the crowd, and try to turn to her sometimes during the evening to check if she is pleased with my conduct.

5. Before going to bed, I will recall about how many times I remembered to offer my actions to Mary as I resolved to do. I will try to increase the number day by day.
6. After my night prayers I will say, "I am all Thine, O most loving Jesus, and all that I have is Thine, through Mary, Thy holy Mother. Mary, my Queen and my Mother, be near me this night and keep me from all sin and danger."

Jeanne shifted her position in the big chair and considered what she had written.

"Barbara keeps telling me," she reminded herself, "to read something about Our Blessed Mother every day. I really ought to include that. I could read for five minutes during my noon lunch period instead of spending the entire time talking with the other girls, or reading magazines."

She jotted down:

7. I will read for five minutes every day during my noon lunch period from some book about Our Blessed Mother.

"It wouldn't be hard," Jeanne observed, "to say an extra rosary on my way to and from work, for the persecuted Catholics throughout the world, as Father suggested last night." As the thought came to her she put it down for number eight.

Once more Jeanne studied what she had written.

"This looks okay to me," she said at last. "I'll phone Barbara to ask her what she thinks of it."

She jumped from her chair and ran to the phone. "Oh!" she exclaimed, stopping short as she picked up the receiver. "I might as well begin to keep my resolutions right now and offer this

call to Mary." Closing her eyes, Jeanne said, "For Thee, dear Jesus, through Mary, my Queen and my Mother." Then she smiled a beautiful smile which reflected a new deep happiness, and dialed Barbara's number.

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## Lucky

(Continued from page 6)

that we had covered. When we were about five miles from home, our car suddenly seemed to leave the ground. It swerved sharply to the left, then to the right. Remembering that the use of the brake is the wrong thing in such situations, we let the car slide until it neared the edge of a ditch. Then thinking, "Rules or no rules, here goes," we engaged the brake and stopped just in time. We looked *back* at what should have been the road *ahead*. Another car had skidded about a hundred feet ahead of us and was parked sidewise in the center of the road. In an attempt to avoid a collision, a third car had turned too sharply and had landed in a field. A kind but trembling gentleman gave us directions on how to get back on the pavement. Since we were now headed that way, here was nothing to do but drive toward Mageetown until we found a lane in which to turn around. Once back on the home road, we kept our right wheels on the snowy shoulder, for the road was like a sheet of polished glass.

As we recalled the scene of our skid we began to realize what might have happened. Had we continued without this mishap, we would have been directly in the path of the second car. We thanked God and our guardian angels for having protected us. The prayer uppermost in our minds was, "Thank You, dear Lord, We won't have to tell Father that we wrecked the new car—at least, not yet!"

## The last word

by the Editor

The dominant note of the Easter season is hope.

There are few of us who do not at times harbor hidden fears for our own salvation or for the salvation of some erring loved one. Nothing blights the joy of life, or stunts the growing shoots of virtue, quicker than sadly and morosely revolving such anxious thoughts in our minds. When they come we must confront them boldly with the manly virtue of hope.

**We have sinned.** We deserve hell. In this there is truly cause for fear, shame, and sorrow, but never for despair because Christian hope does not rest on any merit of our own. It is founded in the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of God. Moreover, the Passion of Our Savior infinitely outweighs the sins of the whole world.

In the Old Testament God repeatedly commanded His people to hope in Him. The promises of salvation uttered by our Lord to those who trust in Him cannot be doubted without grievously offending Him. His Church, our holy mother, has canonized many of her servants as saints in eternal glory but she has never declared even one soul condemned to everlasting reprobation.

Every sinner's unflinching claims to the mercy of God are written in ineradicable crimson in the great drama of Holy Week, a story of unparalleled love. The climax of this drama is East-



ter, the joyous returning of Christ to confirm us in undying hope.

**Meditation** on the glorious fact of the Resurrection during Eastertide should restore, reanimate, and strengthen our hope. A healthy hope is humble. It recognizes the need of prayer, penance, and the reception of the sacraments to maintain itself in a reasonable and lively state.

**Like every** other virtue hope does not reside solitarily in the soul. Its inseparable companions are abiding peace and spiritual joy.

**With our hope** renewed, this Easter, let us begin at last to serve God with joy and gladness. But our lives are burdened with many trials and sufferings! Let us see in this fact another powerful motive for hope, and apply to ourselves the words spoken by Our Dear Lord of Himself to the disciples on the way to Emmaus: Ought not we to suffer these things and so to enter into our glory?

**A happy Easter!** and may God bless you always.

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## In Memoriam

- Castulo Marquez, Denver, Colo., father of our Sister Mary Bernarda.  
Isabel Staudenraus, Watauga, South Dakota, grandmother of our Sister M. De Porres and Postulant J'Neane Schmit.  
Rt. Rev. Monsignor John A. Dapp, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Rev. Harold Seitters, O.M.I., Brady, Texas.  
Rev. Oliver Krseminski, Wichita, Kan.  
Sister Mary Alexine, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
John W. Thien, Chicago, Ill.  
Mary App, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
John Bartholet, Bird Island, Minn.  
Stanislaus Krzwozynski, Bayonne, New Jersey.  
Peter Lauber, Coldwater, Ohio.  
Leo Minich, La Porte, Ind.  
Mr. Wessendarp, Cincinnati, O.  
Ella Early, Norborne, Mo.  
Mr. Wolford, Prairie du Chien, Wisc.  
John McGinty, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Dorothy Coyle, Cincinnati, O.  
John O'Dea, Los Angeles, Calif.



Our Sisters from Los Banos, Tulare, and Monterey, Calif., rejoice with Father Cordeiro on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his ordination. The altar boy is Galen Wright, now in the minor seminary at Fresno, formerly, a pupil in our religion class at Pacific Grove, Calif.

## Ad Multos Annos

*by Sister Agnes*

ON December 27, 1955, our sisters from their convents in Los Banos, Tulare, and Monterey, California, were privileged to unite with our good friend and chaplain, the Reverend Manuel Cordeiro, in celebrating the golden jubilee of his ordination. Fifty golden years spent in devoted service of Christ, the great High Priest! This was indeed an occasion for great rejoicing.

Father's jubilee Mass, sung by the sisters, was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Then Father graciously posed for a picture with us. Our gratitude to him was best expressed by our jubilee gift—a lovely spiritual bouquet which he was pleased to accept.

Speaking to us after the festive breakfast, Father told about his early life in the far off Azores Islands. "I was born," he said, "in Fenais-de Luz, S. Miguel, Azores Islands, on March 13, 1877. I studied in the Seminary of Angra, Ferreira, Azores, where I was ordained to the priesthood on December 23, 1905. I came to America as a parish priest in 1906. I have served the sisters here in your Monterey convent since November 13, 1937."

May God bless Father Cordeiro for his generous, spiritual care of us during these past seventeen years, and may Our Blessed Mother keep him deep in the loving Heart of her divine Son.

Ad multos annos, Father!



This is the day which the Lord hath made;  
Let us rejoice and be glad in it.

—Gradual for Easter

*We wish you all  
the blessings  
of a glorious Eastertide*