

The Missionary Catechist





We played in the sand

by Sister Mary Gabrielle

THIS once-a-year holiday was going to be absolutely without care. A heavy religious vacation school schedule was over. We would just relax. So, after lunch, sitting on the beach, we were doing just that—relaxing. Some sisters were sewing; some, just gazing out into the ocean. I was playing in the sand. Something like a house was taking shape. Sister Juanita came to look at it.

“What is that,” she asked; “a convent?”

“A convent? Oh, yes, yes of course, a new convent.” And immediately I began to build a few extra rooms, a large chapel, a garden. It was taking on grand proportions, when a shadow fell across our lovely convent in the sand. We looked up to see two little girls. They smiled shyly and then ventured to speak.

“Do you like to play in the sand?”

“Well, yes, whenever we do, which is not very often. It is fun.” Mentally I calculated that it must be at least fifteen years since I played in the sand. “We’re building a convent.” I explained.

“A convent?” one asked, “What is that?”

The other, Vicky, an eleven-year-old, quickly added, “Is it fun being a sister? We saw you walking up the road and Mom said you were sisters. We never spoke to sisters before so she said we could come close to you, if we watched our manners.”

We invited the girls to sit down beside us. As we improved the rooms in the convent, we explained what it was. The youngsters were fascinated. When we worked on the chapel we told them that sisters prayed much to God.

Vicky said longingly, “I would like to pray to God too. Sometimes we go to Sunday school, but not often. That’s when I get to pray. But when I grow up I’m going to go to church, and I’m not going to get divorced either, like my Mom and Dad and my sister. It makes everyone very sad. Maybe I’ll be a nurse so I can help people. But one thing sure, I’m not going to get divorced!”

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The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Credits

Our Cover Sister Mary Millicent, superior, plays ball with a neighbor child. The Voit Rubber Company, Sister writes, sent her a large supply of slightly damaged balls. These have provided recreation for the children before and after religion classes,—San Basilio, Los Angeles, California.

Photographs Bernard Zwilling, Broadway Photographers, Los Angeles, California, cover; Russell Carroll, Torrance, California, pp. 7, 9.

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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It's Needles for Us

by Sister Carolyn Marie

PEOPLE from the Atlantic to the Pacific have heard of Needles, California. This desert town means only rising thermometers to many because, when temperatures soar, the weather man generally lists Needles as one of the three hottest spots in the Nation. Its average summer temperature is one hundred and twenty degrees.

Weather is of little concern to the sisters of Ontario who have the privilege of teaching there for two weeks every summer. To them Needles means souls—souls who are eager to be taught more and more about God.

Early in June every year, three of our sisters leave Ontario for St. Ann's Parish in Needles. The trunk and back of their car are well packed with text books, charts, black boards, project books, and other class materials.

Would you like to make this year's trip with us? We are leaving our convent before Mass so as to travel as many miles as possible before the heat of the day reaches its peak. We assist at Mass in San Bernardino, and continue our trip. After a few more miles, we stop for breakfast. By this time we have traveled about forty miles; there are two hundred and ten more to go.

Time and the miles fly quickly by as the Mojave Desert unfolds its charms for us. First we marvel at the beautiful desert candles—yucca plants—blooming in great profusion. Then we are awed at the high mountain peaks, enchanting and ever-changing as lights and shadows play upon them. The Joshua trees, in grotesque shapes, add to the interest, as do also the black lava beds which cover vast areas of the desert.

The principal towns through which we pass are Victorville (our sisters

from Nevada teach vacation school there) and Barstow, one of our summer missions in years past. Barstow is now to have a Catholic school, to be opened in September. Many of the other names found on the map are only filling stations.

A little way from Amboy, near a bridge, we find a tree which affords us some shade while we enjoy the tasty lunch prepared by one of our sisters. Refreshed, we eagerly resume our journey. After about seventy-five miles farther we see in the distance the beautiful Colorado River. Needles is only a few miles away.

Why is this little town called Needles? you ask. We asked that same question and were told that it received its name from two stone formations in the mountains nearby which resemble the eyes of needles.

Our first stop is at the rectory where we are welcomed by Father Andrew Hanley, the zealous pastor of St. Ann's. Father is not only an energetic pastor but he takes an active interest in civic affairs. Many say there is not a better-liked person in all Needles.

This year Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins have again graciously vacated their home for us, and it becomes our convent for two weeks.

Mojave Desert scene, between Amboy and Needles. Sister Mildred is enjoying a view of the mountains from her position on the hot sands.



Sunday morning after the Masses we register the children. They give us an even warmer welcome than the weather man.

Although Needles is located in the Mojave Desert, the well-kept lawns would make you forget this if the warm breeze did not blow in from over the hot sands. The railroad is perhaps responsible for most of the citizens, but the government housing projects and the climate have also brought many to live here. The population is about six thousand. There are many motels patronized by tourists from every state in the Union.



Sister Carmela and Sister Carolyn Marie in front of St. Ann's lovely Church, Needles.

in doctrine, Bible study, Church history, Liturgy, and project work until noon. Those in the upper grades who are preparing for First Communion and those in the regular First Communion class who need extra help return in the afternoon for special instructions. The enrollment from kindergarten through high school is about one hundred and sixty.

We say our community evening prayers in church since it is only about two blocks from our home. We also attend the evening devotions in preparation for the feast of the Sacred Heart. These devotions are conducted in English and Spanish.

On the last day of school Father Hanley presents the awards. Special prizes are given to the best boy and the best girl in each class. This award is based on effort, class participation, conduct, and project work. Special awards are also given to those with perfect attendance. Of course no child is forgotten. Everyone happily carries home a mounted medal or holy card.

On Saturday afternoon there is a big party for all—lots of games and plenty of refreshments.

Our vacation school in Needles comes to a close on Sunday morning with First Holy Communion for the little ones, and general Communion for all the children.

Our work finished for this year, we bid goodbye to the good pastor and his wonderful people. Once again we are on the road, this time headed for our home in Ontario. Tomorrow religious vacation school will open for us in Chino.



Main attraction at recess time—boxing.

This year we teach after school during the first week because of the extended school term. During the second week we follow our regular vacation school schedule. Each day begins with Mass at eight o'clock. After this there is recess until nine so that we and the children who receive Holy Communion have time to eat breakfast. In this post-Mass period Father gets out the boxing gloves. The matches are conducted quite officially with bell, towel, and water. You would have to witness this feature to appreciate it.

At nine o'clock all the children assemble in the church for fifteen minutes of singing. After that there are classes

"Not if I can help it"

by Frank Vasquez

It was after the seven thirty Mass on the fifth Sunday after Pentecost that Sister Patricia came up to me and asked if I'd like to help with their summer school. Having plenty of free time, I agreed to help.

On the following Tuesday, Father Feeney opened the summer school by celebrating Holy Mass, a thing he would do every day throughout the two weeks of the school. After Mass, Sister lead the children in singing hymns. I don't have much of a voice, which some of the boys who sat near me soon found out. The children were then divided into classes according to their grades. We—Sister Patricia and I—were assigned the third and fourth graders. Our class would meet between the convent and the church.

Using the clothes line pole to hold the crucifix, the flag, and a chart, we began class with a prayer, the pledge of allegiance to the cross, and the salute to our country's flag. Project books were neatly stacked; crayolas assorted in their boxes; pencils all sharpened; blackboard fixed on top of a box against the back of a chair.

My first duty was to get the names and addresses of the sixteen members who remembered the first day of the religious vacation school. Sister started the instruction and I was alert to keep an eye on the class as a whole to see that they gave their undivided attention. At the end of the class a drawing took place. It fell to my lot to pick out three names. A lucky day for the boys! All three slips turned out to be boy's names. It was a wonder that the girls didn't form an Anti-Frank Vasquez Union right then and there. Instead,

there seemed to be a look of hope in their eyes for the next day.

About seven thirty that evening I was summoned to the telephone. Sister Patricia was calling. "Would you mind, Frank, taking the class for me in the morning, in case the train is late? I have been asked to go with Sister to the station to meet her parents."

"Why, yes, I'll be willing to do it," said I, never thinking Sister wouldn't be on time.

"The crucifix, flag, blackboard, and everything will be ready for you, with a lineup of what to do next. You might want to be there a few minutes earlier to look things over." Then came Sister's ever-ready pay and closing words—to return to me as I tried to fall asleep that night—"God bless you."

The next morning, as I was leading the class out of the church, it seemed to me that it was larger than yesterday. The roll call proved that it had grown to thirty-six lively—and I mean *lively*—pupils, twenty more than yesterday. I didn't know who was more afraid, the children or I.



Frank Vasquez distributes project books as the class assembles.



Sister Barbara Ann directing games at recess time.

We started class with the flag salute and prayers. Then I explained why Sister was not there. I assured them that if anyone could deal out punishment it was ME. I hoped that this warning might scare them into behaving. This was not the case. While I was taking down the names and addresses of the new members, the boys started to give the girls a little trouble. I warned them but apparently that didn't work. I finally decided that all the noise the class was making might bring complaints from the other sisters who were holding classes near us. After much arm waving and "May I PLEASE have your attention!" I announced the punishment: "If I have to speak to anyone of you again, you'll be sent down to Sister Mary James or your name WILL BE TAKEN OUT OF TODAY'S DRAWING."

I don't know which quieted them, the fear of being sent to Sister Mary James or the fear of having their names taken out of the drawing. But the announcement brought the noise down to a "loud roar."

At recess Sister still hadn't arrived and I was getting worried. Would I have to give the instruction for the day?

Would they listen to me? Perhaps I should ask Sister Mary Beatrice to help me. Before I could make up my mind, recess was over and the class came charging in.

"Where's Sister? Hey, Frank, How come Sister isn't here? Where's our Sister?"

"All right, class, Sister isn't here yet so I'll hold the drawing right now."

The drawing was held mainly to kill time. Just then Sister Mary Beatrice walked by and I corraled her to help me with the drawing. It worked because just then Sister rushed by us and went into the convent. She came out shortly and took the class from a very grateful boy.

The next event which is clear in my mind took place on Friday. Sister had divided the class so that she'd teach the girls in the church while I handled the boys with their rosary project books in the alley. At recess we would switch classes. I had just passed out the project books to the girls when, BANG, a left-over fire cracker from the Fourth of July went off. The girls screamed and two boys ducked into the church basement. I, in true Dick Tracy style, followed them into Sister Mary James' class. Entering the class I said,

"Sister, I'd like to register a complaint. These two boys just finished scaring the daylight out of the girls."

Sister then imposed a penalty: apologize to the girls. Oh, no! this would never do. Why, they'd be ranked out of their flashy hair-cuts. So, unknown to Sister Mary James, I told the boys all they would have to do would be to apologize at the door of the basement, which they agreed to do. I didn't want the boys embarrassed in front of twenty young ladies. Maybe I was wrong, but I felt sorry for them.

With my first week behind me, I felt that I hadn't done too badly. The boys were getting used to being told what to do by a person not wearing a nun's garb. During Mass I was a police dog to the boys. To most of the boys who could see, or who were within reach of me, all I had to do was to give them a cold stare or tap them on the shoulder and immediately they gave their full attention to the Mass—until I had to tap them again. Yes, I'd say that on the whole I had the co-operation of the boys. At the end of class each day I asked for several boys to help me put the benches and tables away. Usually I had so many helpers I had to ask some to wait until the next day.

During class on Monday little Margaret came up to me with a question, "Frank, do you have a girl friend?"

"Well, you could call her that," I replied; "but I think everybody likes my girl friend."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen," I answered. "Why?"

"My sister was married when she was seventeen. How come you aren't married?"

"She was? Well, I haven't thought about getting married. I tell you what. If and when I do, I'll invite you to the wedding. Okay?"

"Okay," she answered and went off with a smile on her face.

As the second week rolled by, I was given nick names by the boys. They included *Frank Taylor*, a car salesman who advertises over a local TV station; *Frank Smith*, a police sergeant who appears on the radio and TV program "Dragnet"; and of course, *Frankenstein*.

The days went by uneventful except with the usual rough sports that a person must have. Mine were in the persons of David, James, Albert, William and company. They weren't bad; they were just full of energy.

Thursday morning while we were singing, a boy suddenly stood up and turned toward me. This would never do, I told myself. Where does that boy think he is? It was then that I read his lips.

"He's sick," pointing to the boy next to him. "He threw up."

Oh, heavens, I said to myself. I went over to the pew and took the sick boy outside. Sister Barbara Ann came along and stayed with the boy while I, a pail of water and rags in hand, went inside to do a little cleaning.

Friday, the last day, was quite a day. The children were to frame holy pictures and it was a hectic day for me as well as for Sister.

After the class had finally been excused and Sister and I had finished putting the benches down into the basement, Mark, an altar boy who had helped Sister Barbara Ann, asked me, "Frank, are you going to help with the classes next year?"

Winking an eye at him, I answered, "Not if I can help it."

Frank Vasquez is now studying to become a Maryknoller. Say a prayer for him.—Ed.



Sister Mary John turns over the bus keys to the driver.

The End

by Sister Mary John

The classroom seemingly was in general confusion. The volunteer helpers were all busy at their appointed tasks. The muscle-men were demonstrating their strength by carrying benches back to the parish hall, and charts, brief case, and other teaching equipment to the automobile. Girls were showing housewifely traits by washing blackboards and dusting. A tug of war was on over the broom and the victors had the privilege of sweeping the classroom. Through the open window could be heard the voices of those outside cleaning the erasers. As I surveyed the scene, it was hard for me to realize that this was the end—the end of religious vacation school, the end of the teaching year.

"The keys, the keys! Sister, do you have the keys?"

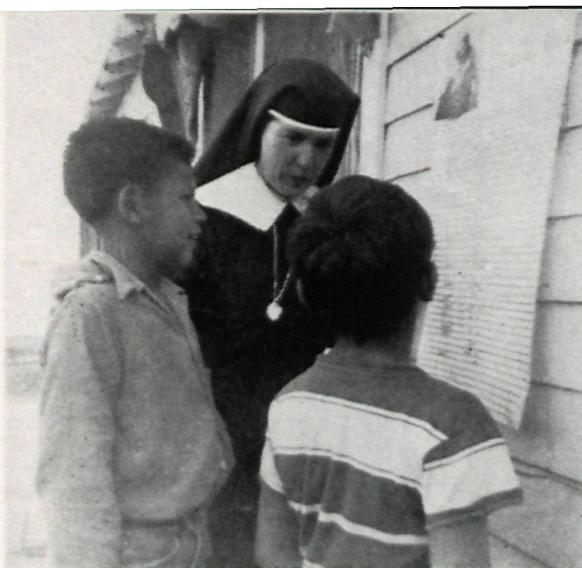
A search through my pockets brought forth the keys to the school bus. By this

time all had finished their part in Operation Cleanup and followed me to the school bus where I handed the keys to our faithful and friendly driver. Amid the shouts of "thanks for everything, Sister. See you next year," the bus drove away, leaving me alone.

As I walked slowly to the church, the questions I had been trying to ignore all morning clamored for consideration: How many of these children will persevere? How many will return to class next year? Is this truly the very end of religious instructions for some of them?

The classrooms in which I had taught during the past year had not all been as inviting as the one just cleaned and closed. Some had been garages, minus heat and light, cold during the winter weather and unbearably hot and stuffy in the warm weather. Others, had been the open countryside where wind play-

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Few boys are tardy when Sister Carol awards stars on the class chart for punctuality.

"There go the *federales*, taking some wet-wires back to Mexicali."

The children were getting their slang terms mixed. Where the Rio Grande is the dividing line between the United States and Mexico, those who enter illegally are called wetbacks. In this part of the country, where the dividing line is a wire fence, they are referred to as *alambristas*, the name being derived from the Spanish word for wire—*alambre*.

Whenever the children see the immigration officers' car they always look curiously in the back seat to see who has been picked up for deportation. On one Tuesday afternoon, the children had not yet been dismissed from school and I was walking over to the building to wait for them, when the officers drove up and called to me. There was a young Mexican woman in the back seat. Tragedy was written on her face. An officer asked me if I could speak Spanish, and when I answered in the affirmative, he motioned to the lady.

"Is Lorenzo in your class, Sister?" she asked.

So Lorenzo was here without his papers and his mother had been picked up! She was frantic, thinking that perhaps she would be deported without a

Lorenzo Goes Back

by Sister Carol

chance to take her boy with her. And such a boy as he was! One of my best pupils. I had first noticed him at daily Mass, helping an old blind lady up to the Communion rail. His mother took care of her and Lorenzo was often her escort to and from church. He was always first to arrive at class, thereby receiving a star on the chart for promptness. He led the boys who were studying their Latin to become altar boys. He was proud of his membership in the Junior Holy Name Society. Eager, intelligent, lovable little Lorenzo! Now the officers were asking the time of school dismissal because they were going to wait for him so that he could be returned to Mexico with his mother.

I asked them not to come for him until the other boys were in my class. I did not want them to see Lorenzo when the officers took him away. I remembered how the children laughed when they saw someone in the back seat of the border patrol cars. They did not mean to be cruel. They just did not understand.

The children began to assemble for class. Lorenzo did not arrive. That was strange. The boys explained. "Lorenzo had to stay after school." I went to tell the mother. Again the worried expression appeared on her face. Could the officers wait? I assured them that I would bring him out just as soon as he arrived. A few minutes later Lorenzo rushed into class, his big concern—"Sister, am I too late to get a star on my chart?"

The other boys had seen his mother in the car and had been asking, "Is Lorenzo a *wire*?" But they said nothing to him when he came in. I took him by the hand and led him away from the others.



Sister Carol examines the coils of barbed wire along the fence on the Mexican border.

"Lorenzo, I have some bad news to tell you. You must be very brave. Do you think you can be?" The eager look in his eyes made it more difficult for me to go on. "Lorenzo, the *federales* have picked up your mother, and I must take you to her. You will make it much harder for her if you cry, so try to be brave. You knew that someday this would have to happen, didn't you? Let's go now, Lorenzo."

I put my arm around his shoulder and took him outside to the waiting car. It was hard for me to keep back the tears as I said to the officers, "Lorenzo is a very good boy." They too, I thought, had tears in their eyes as they answered, "I am sure he is. That is why we did not want to send his mother away without him. She took her chance in coming over so that he could receive an education."

His mother tearfully waited for him, not saying a word. The only brave one was our little Lorenzo. He climbed in the back seat beside his mother. The car drove south. With a heavy heart I went back to my class. The boys greeted me with

"Give Lorenzo a star on his chart, Sister. He really did get to class on time."

The End

(continued from p. 9)

ed havoc with charts and pictures, and straying visitors of the animal world drifted by, silently questioning why we were intruding upon their domain. Another was a private home where there was not enough room to put up sufficient chairs—nor sufficient chairs to put up—so that the children took turns. One week half the class sat on the floor and the other half on chairs. The next week they changed places.

Football, basketball, track, baseball had been forfeited by many a sports' lover who was trying to put first things first. True, some perhaps could have gone to a Catholic school where all activities find their proper place, but children are not responsible for the lack of understanding on the part of parents. In other vicinities there were no Catholic schools to attend, and so, week after week, children and teenagers kept their tryst with God in the religion class. Sometimes they were physically and mentally tired after the day's work at school, and they were a challenge to our teaching ability. At other times, the young people were confused between the pagan surroundings and ideals amid which they lived and the Christian truths we were trying to make a part of their lives.

Devotional practices, an integral part of Catholic living, had called for additional stamina. The practice of the First Fridays had meant rising an hour or two earlier and then proceeding to school with a cold breakfast, or no breakfast in many cases.

How many would persevere? Perseverance is a grace we pray for daily—perseverance in His love and service. Love is shown by sacrifice. As I recalled the many sacrifices these public school children had made during the past year, I felt confident that God would grant these children grace to continue faithful.

The Long Way Home

by Sister M. Jacquelyn

IT happened during summer school in Powell, Wyoming.

Since we had taken the census of the parish the year before, Father Daniel B. Carroll, the pastor, asked us to spend the afternoons teaching the children in his little mission of Clark. An exciting experience this is going to be, I thought. It proved much more exciting than I had ever imagined.

Before going out there we were told all about it. "It is twenty-five miles in the middle of nowhere. Don't get off the road or you will never find your way back. If it looks like rain don't start out." This was from Father.

With his words ringing in our ears we ventured forth to our new mission field. It was quite exciting, that first day, just getting there. The road was all Father had said it would be. With all the sudden turns and hills we never knew what to expect next.

The mission itself was a delightful surprise. After coming through twenty-five miles of bleak desert prairie, we suddenly saw green farm lands and a little white church on top of a hill silhouetted against the blue Wyoming sky. The children, in their frank and unsophisticated way, proved to be as refreshing as their surroundings.

Things went along in the usual way until the day a cloud burst surprised us. As we started out that day we noticed a few dark clouds over the mountains. Said we, "It's nothing to be concerned about. It is always hazy around the mountains."

With a prayer we started out. I was doing a little last-minute reviewing and Sister was driving. We had covered about fifteen miles when there was a sudden flash of lightning and a terrifying clap of thunder. The sky grew dark

and it began to rain and hail. We couldn't see more than ten feet in front of us. Sister thought of turning around and going back home, but we were closer to the mission than to our home so we kept on. We said the rosary between cracks of thunder and our own gasps at nearly sliding off the road several times.

As suddenly as it began the storm stopped. Relaxed, I said, "Sister, I thought we were going to end up in the ditch."

She answered, "I had an angel on each wheel."

I had asked the angels to take over too; how could anything have happened to us?

When we arrived at the mission and told the children about the storm they were quite surprised; they had had only a few drops of rain.

We taught classes as usual and started on our return trip home. Except for the numerous mud-holes still full of water, the road wasn't too bad until we came to that sudden steep dip which we always approached too fast because we never remembered it was there. Amazed, we saw high water rushing across the road. We decided to get out and investigate its depth before attempting to drive through it. It looked deep. A while back we had passed two men on tractors and Sister said we had better wait until they reached this point. Then just in case we got stuck, they could pull us out. When they arrived, they stopped their tractors, shook their heads, and started to make themselves comfortable, as if for a long wait. One of them said,

"Ma'am, that water is about six feet deep, but if you wait until around six o'clock it should be down enough for you to drive through."

We decided we didn't want to wait that long—and still perhaps be unable to get through—so we turned around and began the long roundabout way that circled up into Montana and would bring us into Powell from the other direction.

It just wasn't our day. Sister stopped at a gas station to get the tank filled. The pumps were electrically run. The electricity was off. No gas! She finally got some from one of the farmers and was going to use his phone to call our third sister in Powell so she wouldn't become worried about us. But, dial phones were being installed in that area and nobody's phone was in working order. We drove on to Belfry, Montana, and stopped there to make the call. The man at the service station said the road we had planned to take was probably washed out. He directed us to a better one.

"It is a little out of the way," he said, "but a lot safer."

Gratefully we started out. It was a little farther, all right, and by the time we missed some turnoffs and made a detour, we had covered seventy-five

miles. Imagine! being twelve miles from home and having to turn around and go seventy-five to get there! It was worth it, however, because when we talked to a lady from the mission the next day she said the men on the tractors were still waiting to get across the water at six thirty that evening.



Father Carroll, Sister Mary Rose, and Sister M. Jacquelyn with a First Communion group in Clark, Wyoming.

Mrs. Red's Cow



MRS. Red's cow is black and white, a Holstein who answers to the name of Nellie. For about ten years now, Nellie has been supplying milk for Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in El Paso. Each Wednesday the sisters stop on their way home from Anthony, New Mexico, to pick up the milk. On Sundays Mrs. Red brings it to us when she comes to El Paso for Mass. Frequently she includes a pat of butter or some other welcome food.

Recently we asked Mrs. Red to pose for a picture. She graciously obliged, and so did Nellie. Even though she is generous to us, it seems that Nellie still prefers the attention of Mrs. Red to that of Sister Mary Frances.

Sister Melita



Sister Mary Dolores leads a group of loyal young Americans to religion class.

"Sister, let me carry the flag."

"Why do you want to carry the flag?"

"Because it's an American flag!"

Of Mexican descent, these little people know what it means to live here in America. Every class day there is a race to see who will be the first, and have the honor to carry our flag. When the Catholic children see the sister and the flag after school they are reminded that they will have "catechism today," where they will learn to love God and their country, because one cannot be a good Catholic and a bad citizen.

Sister Mary Dolores

OUR COVER STORY

"Thith-ter, gimme da ball!" was the first bit of English our little neighbor boy learned to say — and he would say it every time he saw us. We concluded that this was just his manner of carrying on a conversation because he often showed no interest in the ball when we gave it to him. His vocabulary is rapidly increasing, as we learned when he explained that he is ready to start to "kool in 'eptember" (kindergarten). His teacher will have no trouble at all acquainting him with the English word BALL.

Sister Mary Millicent

In the Home Field

PASTOR'S PRIDE AND JOY

OUR Lady of Peace Parish altar boys, past and present, are the pride and joy of our good pastor, Father Dominic Morera, S.F. (Greeley). A short time ago two former acolytes who are now in the air corps came home on a furlough. The following Sunday they were in the sanctuary in their uniforms. Seeing them was enough to inspire our aspiring small boys with high enthusiasm.

We are grateful that our older boys continue to appreciate the privilege of serving Mass. One young man, a senior in high school, not only serves but trains the younger altar boys. He also teaches catechism to a group of first grade children in Ault. We learned recently that he plans to enter the seminary soon.

There are ten beginners in our altar boys' class and they are the most eager of all to serve. The ones who know their prayers are permitted to do so during the week and for children's Mass. These little fellows are a very promising group — and how they can sing! They sing the Salve Regina every Saturday night after rosary. At Christ-



New crop of altar boys. Greeley, Colo.

mas time they learned several latin hymns and sang them for the play, stealing the show, dressed as they were in their red cassocks, white surplices and collars, and red bow ties.

Sister Carmelita

POOR ST. JOSEPH

A little lady peered out of a crack in the door in answer to our knock. Then, after hesitating a moment, opened it wide enough to allow us to state our business. No, she was not a Catholic, but when she saw that we would not insist upon gaining entrance, she even added, "Won't you come in, please." She was interested in the Catholic religion and listened intently as we answered her questions. When we were leaving she explained apologetically why she did not at first invite us in, "Yesterday a lady came and preached to me all morning and I didn't like a thing she said. I don't even know what religion she represented. It was something like St. Joseph's Witness." (Jehovah's Witness).

Sister Mary Frances



Tony, age three, and his little friends enjoy what they call "the holy book of Jesus."—El Paso, Texas.



Margaret Ann Florek hangs 'em out to dry.

During summer school the first grade and pre-school children were industriously making paper rosaries. Strips of paper were being linked and the ends put together with paste. In the process, everything was being pasted, the benches, the children's clothes, their fingers.

After project time and dismissal, I was putting away the supplies. Little Margaret Ann came over and said, "Sister, may I wash my hands before I go home? They're all sticky."

"Certainly, Margaret Ann. Go over to the sink and wash them."

It wasn't long before the dainty little miss was back, hands washed to be sure, but still quite wet.

"Couldn't you find a towel?" I asked.

"Shaking her head she answered, "No, Sister, there wasn't any; they are all gone."

"Well, I'll see if I can find something for you." I closed my briefcase and prepared to go for a towel.

"Oh, that's all right, Sister, I'll just hang them out to dry." And with that she put her two little hands in front of her like a little puppy.

Sister Alice

Vacation Time

Sisters' Style

by Sister Gertrude Marie

"Goodby, Sister. See you in September. Have a nice vacation."

These words echo across the country as we close another year of teaching religion to our public school children.

We smile as we see these youngsters eagerly looking forward to their summer vacation—no school, time for swimming, picnics, a week in the country with Grandma (or a week in the city), etc.—and perhaps feeling a bit sorry for us sisters who have nothing to do from June to September, until we see them again.

For Missionary Sisters vacation time is a continuation of our efforts to win souls for Christ, even though our regular teaching and visiting routine is somewhat changed.

Perhaps there is time for a parish census before we start teaching religious vacation school. After that, arrangements may be made to spend two weeks in a little country parish instructing children, visiting the homes, helping fallen-away Catholics return to the Church. Back home again we have a weekend in which to get records up to date and to prepare for another religious vacation school in a new parish.

Summer schools are over, census cards are in file, childrens' class records are completed. It is now mid July—time to do last minute cleaning before we leave for our motherhouse.

July twenty-sixth finds our convent looking like Grand Central Station; everyone is going in different directions with suitcases. Everything is packed, ready to be shipped elsewhere in case our next appointment will be to a different mission.

On July twenty-seventh we arrive at our motherhouse in Huntington, Indiana. As we come up the drive, the sight of the lovely statue of Our Lady thrills us even more than it did on that day when we came up this same drive to make our initial entrance to Victory Noll as postulants.

Just a couple hours now until our annual retreat begins. Time for greet-



Chatting in the cool patio of Victory Noll.

ing classmates and sisters with whom we have worked. Time for congratulating our silver jubilarians who have come back to Victory Noll after twenty-five years of service in the mission field.

A quick glance at the order of the day and the work schedule—and the bell rings. Retreat has begun. Echoes of talking and laughter quickly fade away as we file silently into the chapel. After a fervent prayer of thanks to Jesus and Mary for the opportunity to spend another retreat here, we pray for the postulants who will soon be wearing the blue habit of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters; for our novices who will soon pronounce their first vows; for all our sisters, here and elsewhere; and for our parents, friends, and relatives who helped make it possible for us to follow our holy vocation.

Each conference of the retreat is an inspiration and furnishes much food for thought. On the third day of retreat a sign goes up on the bulletin board, "Volunteers wanted to pick beans." Promptly the faithful pickup truck is loaded with baskets, and with sisters who get there first (the rest of us have to walk to the garden), and the beans are quickly picked.

August fifth arrives and young hearts are happily grateful for what it holds for them: for the postulants, their habit and white veil of a novice; for the novices, their medal and chain, blue veil, and first vows; for others of us, renewal of vows for one year, three years, or for life; for the jubilarians, the privilege of renewing their vows and of receiving the silver crown they so well deserve.

But vacation isn't over yet! A ten day refresher course in Moral Theology provides us with opportunity to be students instead of teachers. Canning and other household duties also have a place in our schedule.



Meeting classmates and catching up on the latest news from their missions.

Visits to the sick sisters furnish us with wonderful examples of cheerful resignation to the will of God.

Evening recreation is a time for getting together and relaxing with volley ball, square dancing, sewing, a walk through our beautiful grounds and orchards (the apples and plums are delicious), song fests, talking over mission experiences, exchanging ideas. Ah, there's the bell for night prayers.

The feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother arrives. In her place in chapel each sister finds an envelope containing a small card on which is written her appointment for the coming year. Will it be a different mission this year? Will it be one of our new missions? Will it be the same mission? Eagerly she opens the envelope. Whatever the small card says, that is where she wants to go, knowing that God has work for her to do there.

Soon it is September. As we greet our children in the religion classes of a new school year, we can honestly say, "Yes, boys and girls, we had a wonderful vacation."



our **A**ssociates'

Dear Associates:

DURING the month of May your supervisor and a companion sister had the great pleasure of attending a general meeting of our Chicago Bands held in connection with a luncheon in the Loop District. We owe this happiness first to Miss Marie Dwyer, Promoter of St. Sabina Band who sponsored the party, and then to the good ladies who turned out for the occasion. It was quite an undertaking, we thought, but Miss Dwyer, aided by her two sisters and members of her Band, seemed equal to it and had everything running smoothly with apparently little effort. The party was a success from a financial viewpoint because some lovely prizes were raffled, but it was also successful in another sense: old friendships were renewed, or perhaps one should say, more deeply cemented for most of these ladies have stood by our Missionary Sisters for a quarter of a century.

AN unexpected pleasure was the appearance of Very Reverend Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D., well-known to most Americans for his radio talks and television appearances in his crusade to expose the evils of Communism. Father Rigney happened to be in the book department on the first floor of the department store where our luncheon was being held. Our Associates sent a hurried invitation from the seventh floor to Father Rigney, asking that he speak a few words to our group and give us his blessing. He did both.

THE celebrated Missionary, in a few well-chosen words, paid a tribute to the work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. He liked two features, in particular, about our work. First, we work with the *poor* and *underprivileged*; secondly, we teach religion to Catholic children who attend the public schools. Father spoke from first-hand knowledge (he was a chaplain for the armed forces in the European theatre during World War II) when he said that in some foreign countries there had been a tendency until very recently for the religious to devote most of their energies to the wealthy in institutions of learning. One need not wonder then that Communism is widespread among the working class of some of these countries. He cited, as an exception, the Sisterhood to which St. Bernadette of Soubirous belonged. In Northern Africa he had observed these Sisters devoting themselves to works among the poor.

Father said our work of giving religious instruction to Catholic children in public schools would become more and more important with the evergrowing shortage of Catholic schools for the education of our youth.



Club Mention



THE PASSING BELL



Again it is our sad duty to announce the death of another of our Chicago Promoters, *Mrs. Agnes Beck*. Mrs. Beck was organizer of a Mission Band, which she named in honor of St. Anthony, in 1933. She continued throughout the years as its Promoter, and

during that time raised more than five thousand dollars for the aid of our Sisters. We are certain she went to a well-deserved reward. May God grant to her and all the faithful departed eternal rest.

ST. MARY GORETTI BAND *Elmhurst, Ill.*

A RECENT letter brought a check for \$25.00 from *Mrs. Louis L. Picchiatti* who heads the Band which is made up of young mothers with small children. The ladies made Easter baskets with medals attached (we saw Mrs. Garrity's pattern for these at the Chicago meeting) and are also collecting intravenous tubing for turning out the expansion bracelets we mentioned last month.

QUEEN OF ANGELS BAND *Los Angeles, Calif.*

THESE good ladies will never admit their Band has been discontinued. That is a good sign. Recently we received a generous donation for five dollars from one of the members, *Mrs. Clara Heintz*, with the request that we send information about the making of green scapulars. We now have visions of all members busily engaged in turning them out. We hope we are not mistaken.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

April 24, to May 22, 1956

Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 6.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	25.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Ind., M. Nye ..	85.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	7.00
Little Flower, Louisville, O., Mrs. Eugene Evrard	6.00
Our Lady of The Bl. Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek	20.00
Our Lady, Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. Heintz	5.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	403.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	10.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	59.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner ..	10.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Miss Melke ..	13.75
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	3.50
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes ..	39.75
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. Fiala	10.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	20.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	10.50
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	18.40
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier	115.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz ..	190.00
St. Mary Goretti, Elmhurst, Ill., Mrs. Louis Picchiatti	25.00
St. Mary Sod., Detroit, Ann Huhn ..	28.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	10.00
St. Philomena, M. Schaefer	13.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl	50.00
St. Sabina, Chicago, Marie Dwyer ..	183.00
Seven Dolores, Bellwood, S. Murphy ..	11.50
Srillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg ..	5.00





Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

WHEN you receive this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST you will be enjoying that much looked-forward-to summer vacation. We hope that all of you have a good time. Some will have longer trips and more frequent outings than others. That will depend, somewhat, on the size of the family pocket-book. But everyone will at least have a change, and rest from books and school routine, which is good

NOT SO EASY!



Michael Schefke of Detroit looks as though he "takes life easy", seated in this comfortable chair. Actually he and his sisters Judy and Margaret are up and doing, saving pennies for their Sunshine Bags and keeping us in their prayers.

for all. It depends in many ways upon your own ingenuity to make the most of the opportunities you have whether your vacation is a pleasant one or not. One can have a real good time "down on the farm," going no place at all. Enjoy the beauties of Nature which God has provided for you at this time of the year on your own street, or in your own backyard. Only those who live in city tenements are to be pitied and few, if any, of you do. Of late years even these are being provided with summer outings through different organizations.

Keep close enough to church to attend Sunday Mass and receive the Sacraments frequently.

Until the school month of September returns, happy vacation days!

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

CALIFORNIA HELPER

WE are happy to introduce through these pages Patricia Ann Wedlock of Gardena, California who is eleven years old and in the sixth grade. Patricia joined our Helpers in February. She sends in her worked puzzles every month and often encloses Sunshine money with them. It pleased her very much to see a picture of her parish church in our April number of *The Missionary Catechist*.



Helpers' pages



BROTHER AND SISTER WRITE

I am very sorry I didn't send you a dollar for the month of April. I don't get many pennies in my Sunshine Bag so when the time comes I take a dollar out of my bank. This time I had only 36 pennies so I took a dollar from my bank.

Carolyn Bien, Walled Lake, Mich.

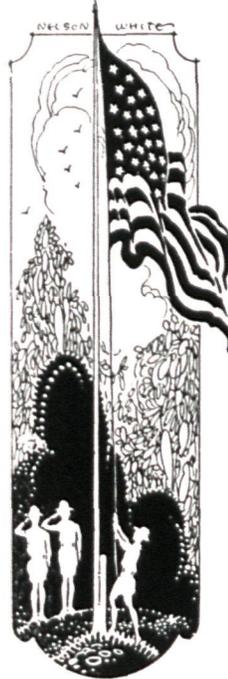
Here is my dollar for the missions. I made my First Holy Communion on May 20. Julie has the chickenpox and keeps wanting to scratch. The class spends nearly two hours practising for Communion. There are ninety children making it in both second grades. I missed the school bus going home so the bus driver's wife came and drove me home.

Gregory Bien, Walled Lake, Mich.



The Corey children (l. to r.) Karen, David, Bobby and Joyce of Chicago not only splash around in the water when it is hot, they are also "big splashes" when it comes to saving pennies for the Missions and praying for Missionaries.

JULY-AUGUST PUZZLE



During the course of time certain colors have come to be used as adjectives to denote not the actual color of the noun it modifies but a state, condition, etc. See if you can fill in the blanks below with the proper colors.

Here are some clues to help you. 1. excessive official procedure. 2. a useless object. 3. a gloomy day. 4. a simpleton or stupid fellow. 5. an angry look. 6. a cowardly strain. 7. a chance to be seized upon. 8. Every cloud has it.

1. A lot of tape.
2. A elephant.
3. A Monday.
4. A horn.
5. A look.
6. A streak.
7. A opportunity.
8. A lining.

Send your worked puzzle to *Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana* for a holy card.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLE

1. Morning glory. 2. honeysuckle. 3. clematis. 4. ivy. 5. Virginia creeper. 6. bittersweet. 7. moon flowers.

Mother Takes a Vacation

by Sister Mary Regina

WHAT a joy it is to a Missionary Sister, stationed a thousand miles from the loved spot that had been her home before God chose her for Himself, to receive a letter from her mother. Greater still is the joy—and the excitement—when the letter announces her mother's decision to spend a few weeks' vacation with her Sister-daughter. This precious experience was mine during the past year.

Needless to say, there were days of planning for the event on both sides. Mother, making certain that Dad would have his favorite dishes and dainties in her absence, stacked the deep-freeze to capacity. This despite her children's repeated assurances that they would take care of Dad. The grandchildren, and there are fifteen ranging from toddlers to an eight-year-old, would be only too happy to have Grandpa over to dinner, for no one can entertain them as ingeniously as he.

The other sisters in our convent were looking forward to Mother's arrival too. Our homes are all great distances away and so relatives come rarely.

Mother had secretly congratulated herself on choosing a bus route for a



scenic trip across the Eastern half of the country, but the ride proved rough and uncomfortable. When the last part of the journey was in sight, a confusion of schedules caused a long delay in a strange city.

Meanwhile, the sisters waited patiently. No, Mother had not been among the passengers of the cross-country bus. What had happened? A long distance telephone call solved the mystery. Mother's trying-to-be-patient voice informed us that she was resorting to the New York-New Haven Railroad Line for the last lap of the trip.

We waited near the gates as the train pulled into the station.

"There she is!"

Quickly we took her traveling bags and put them in the back seat of our beach wagon. There was no stopping the questions that followed. Tired? Yes, of course, but that was quickly forgotten now that Mother had her daughter beside her.

After two days of resting and quiet visiting, in which Mother devoted much time to handwork on two sets of Gothic vestments for our convent chapel, she was interested in seeing the New England countryside. Cape Cod, with its miles of coastline broken by numerous harbors, and its quaint homes dating from Colonial times, was as alluring to her as to every newcomer. And since no excursion is complete without a meal on one of the beaches, we painstakingly prepared a delicious dinner. Mother was surprised to find how practical a fiberglass picnic bag can be. We served a hot

chicken dinner, with all the trimmings, on the sea shore without the aid of camping equipment!

Later we proceeded to the Provincetown Pilgrim Memorial at the very tip of the Cape. The Tower, which is twenty-two stories high, is a challenge to tourists. It has one hundred and two stairs and no alternative of elevator or escalator. Mother was undaunted. She proved that keeping busy rearing a family was a good way to stay physical fit as well as happy. The long climb was rewarded with a sweeping view of the Eastern tip of our country. It is believed that our courageous forefathers who came on the Mayflower had encamped at this point before crossing Massachusetts Bay to establish a settlement at Plymouth.

On another day we took a trip to Boston to visit Holy Cross Cathedral, a number of famous Churches, and also Boston College. We stopped along the way at the Seminary of the Divine Word Fathers at Miramar where their lovely shrines and artistically landscaped gardens are an inspiration to all visitors.

During the second week of Mother's vacation, we arranged to use the complimentary tickets given to us by the Nantucket Boat Lines. We wanted Mother to sail the Atlantic a bit before she returned to Illinois. The day proved perfect. After Holy Mass we packed a lunch and rode to the boat dock. Soon we all discovered that nothing could offer a finer inducement to complete relaxation—and a good sun tan—than a boat ride. Later, we toured Nantucket Island in a bus and enjoyed an interesting account of the early whaling days.

After sailing the sea, Mother decided that she ought to fly the skyways also. Her return trip home would be by air.



Mrs. Russell Collenge, Sister Mary Regina, and her mother, Mrs. Paul Foppe, at the Shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows, Hanover, Mass.

It took her only four flying hours to reach St. Louis. Since it really is such a "short way home" we trust that she will visit us again soon.

Yes, Mother enjoyed her vacation and so did the sisters. The grandchildren were glad that she hadn't extended it. Especially Wayne. Grandma had returned just in time to help him celebrate his birthday.



Home in time for the birthday party.

Books



Happy Marriage by John A. O'Brien. Hanover House, Garden City, New York. \$3.50.

Father O'Brien's long years of experience in the marriage counseling field well qualify him to write such a complete book on marriage as this one is. He covers every possible phase of his subject, from Choosing a Mate to the Making of a Catholic Home. Moreover, as he always does, Father O'Brien writes entertainingly, packing every chapter with pertinent examples from every day life. He offers fascinating tests for both husband and wife.

This seems to be a "must" book for young people. Archbishop Cushing of Boston has written the preface and the book is dedicated to him.

The Living Bread by Thomas Merton. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc. New York. \$3.

As its name suggests this newest of Father Louis' books is on the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, the greatest of all the sacraments. To this reviewer it is the most beautiful of all of Thomas Merton's writings, not just because of the sublimity of the subject but because of its treatment. It could only have been written by one who had spent hours before the Blessed Sacrament.

It is not a large book—only 157 pages—but it is the kind of book one will want to mark for himself and read it again and again.

As the author writes, (page 20) "Although the precise subject of the book is not the Sacrifice of the Mass, it is impos-

sible not to speak of the Mass when we speak of the Eucharist." The pages which immediately follow are among the finest in the book and make one hope that Father Louis will write an entire book on the Holy Sacrifice. Readers of *The Sign of Jonas* will recall that such a volume was at least in the planning stage.

Over and over again in *The Living Bread* the author emphasizes the intimate connection between the Mystery of the Eucharist and the Mystery of the Church and points out the love that must be present among those who receive Holy Communion. "In the Eucharist," he writes (page 131) "Jesus has given us the only perfectly satisfactory means of fulfilling the great commandment which He left us at the same time He instituted the Sacrament. 'A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another. That as I have loved you, you also love one another' (John 13:34). For in the Blessed Eucharist Jesus has given us the supreme expression of that love by which He Himself loved us, the love with which He Himself is loved by the Father and with which we are to love one another."

Cardinal Agagianian has written an Introductory Note to this inspiring book.

Played by Ear, The Autobiography of Daniel A. Lord, S.J., Loyola University Press. Distributed by Hanover House, 575 Madison Avenue, New York. \$4

In this autobiography, written only a few weeks before his death, Father Lord relates that one of his books, *His Passion Forever*, published by Bruce, was chosen by their Catholic book-of-the-month club. Little did he think that *Played by Ear* would be the selection of the Catholic Family Book Club, the Thomas More Book Club, the Catholic Digest Book Club, and the Catholic Book Club. Besides, it will no doubt head the best sellers for many months, for it is a highly readable story of a well-loved priest.

Father Lord chose to present his story in the form of letters because, as he ex-

plains in his opening chapter, letter writing for him was a real apostolate. But let it not be thought for a minute that such a form hampers the flow of the story. On the contrary, it was the best device possible in order to prevent overlapping which, in such a varied life as Father Lord led, would be almost inevitable if a more conventional method were employed.

And so, Father Lord relates here the story of his youth, education, Jesuit training, and ordination. He tells how it came about that he was put in charge of the sodality movement, but he omits the story of his tremendously active years of the next two decades. That itself would fill a large volume. How it happened that he was asked to write the Motion Picture Code is an interesting chapter, and especially fascinating—and helpful for aspiring writers—is his frank account of his voluminous writing.

But then, every chapter of the book is fascinating. Fortunate it is for us that Father Lord yielded to the wishes of his friends to write his own story. It would never be the same were it written even by his closest associates.

When You Pray by Richard Klaver, O.S.C. Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland. \$3.50

When You Pray is an analysis of the Our Father, the greatest of all prayers. Many are the commentaries that have been written on the Lord's Prayer. This one of Father Klaver's, it is no exaggeration to assert, is one of the finest.

Those who read the same author's commentary on the Litany of Loretto will need no urging to read his latest book, for it too is just as solid and thought provoking. The first chapter, entitled The Essence of Prayer, treats of prayer in general—vocal and mental prayer and the characteristics of each. In the second chapter, Prayer as Christ Taught Us, we search the gospels to see how Jesus prayed. The rest of the book devotes itself to the Our Father proper, with a final chapter on the Hail Mary.

In his Introduction the Most Reverend Leo A. Pursley, D.D., Apostolic Administrator of Fort Wayne, sums up the merits of this book when he writes: "Sound in doctrine, rich in Scriptural reference, pointed in its application to the moral and spiritual needs of the modern reader, When You Pray recommends itself to all who are interested in doing well the one thing most worthy of being done perfectly—communing with God."

Father Klaver is a member of the faculty of Our Lady of the Lake Seminary, Syracuse, Indiana.

We played in the sand

(continued from p. 2)

We were astonished at this spontaneous manifestation of the child's soul. The little one was starved for God and prayer and for the peace that comes with living according to the Commandments, of which she was absolutely ignorant because of lack of religious instruction. I spoke to the girls, then, quietly about God being our loving Father, and that He takes care of all things, and how happy it makes Him when we speak to Him in prayer.

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?" I asked.

"Well, I can when the whole congregation prays it, but I can't say it alone." Vicky admitted.

How our hearts ached for these dear children!

After an hour or more they took their leave—very courteously—promising to pray every day, and now laughing at their first shyness and fearfulness of approaching a Catholic sister.

As for us, even playing in the sand had become a means of talking about God and of bringing someone a little closer to Him.

The last word

by the Editor

We had wet weather at Victory Noll this spring and wet weather means weeds to the gardener. Now that summer is well advanced, we marvel at the profusion of flowers everywhere. A flower garden, I think, is a miniature of this world, where saints grow side by side with sinners just as flowers grow among weeds. That there are many good people among the bad — and NICE good people — like beautiful sweet-scented flowers among weeds, we have frequent evidence from the letters that flow in to us. Here is one that comes readily to my mind. It read something like this:

"In the past I sent you \$25.00 for a life subscription to The Missionary Catechist. I have had more than twenty-five dollar's worth of enjoyment out of your magazine already. Besides, it looks as though I will live a long time, so here is another check." (\$25.00 enclosed)

It wasn't the unexpected check that warmed my heart — though it helped — but the goodness that went into the deed and the letter.

Truly there are many good people in the world — saints, if you will. But why, oh, why don't more of them spread their goodness around? Friendly smiles, kind words, gracious acts are death to evil if done for the love of God and extended to all regardless of race, color, or creed.

During vacation time you will meet many people. Permit the God Whom you carry within you by Sanctifying Grace to act upon others through your goodness to them for His sake. Live the spirit of the Catholic Faith which you

profess and people will gladly listen when you present her doctrine in an effort to win your quota of converts to the Church.

Flowers cannot transform the weeds about them into other flowers but you can overcome evil by good and convert others from sinful and aimless lives to saintly ones.

Have a wonderful vacation and may God bless you always.



After a class discussion on vocations with the small children one hand shot up and a little fellow declared, "I am going to be a priest."

Sister Carmela

In Memoriam

Very Rev. Peter A. Resch, S.M., St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. Raymond B. Walsh, S.J., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rev. Joseph T. Lannon, S.J., Chicago, Ill.
Colin Greene, Garden, Michigan, grandfather
of our postulant, Janet Thill.
Agnes Beck, Chicago, Ill., ACM Promoter
Marie Prenaro, Chicago, Ill., ACM
Mary Bauer, Fort Wayne, Ind., ACM
Elizabeth Ketterl, Evansville, Ind.
Nora Guthrie Fleckenstein, Punxsutawney, Pa.
Kathryn J. Streff, Chicago, Ill.
Margaret Murray, Evanston, Ill.
Helen S. O'Hara, Chicago, Ill.
John E. Maloney, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Smith, Chicago, Ill.
Leo Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.
May Gardner, Chicago, Ill.
Elizabeth Ketterl, Evansville, Ind.
John Fruhwirth, Omaha, Neb.
Charles F. Feltes, Fort Wayne, Ind.
John Kelly, Indio, Calif.
Delia Cain, Nashville, Tenn.
H. S. Bieldawski, San Antonio, Tex.

Mary's Child on Vacation



SUSIE Chadwick is going on vacation next month. She and three other girls, all stenographers, are going to Florida. They have been planning the trip since last winter and they are sure they haven't overlooked a thing. They know exactly where they are going to spend every night and they know pretty well where, if not what, they are going to eat. They do not intend to be on the road over the weekend, but they sent for a travelers' guide from Extension just in case. That way they would always know where they could assist at Mass, for they know that in the Deep South Catholic Churches are sometimes few and far between.

Still more preparations than these are necessary for such a trip. At least so Susie thinks. Susie is a very practical young lady and an apostolic one as well. She lets no opportunity slip for spreading her faith nor for propagating True Devotion.

Into her suitcase then Susie puts a few pamphlets. She can always leave one behind in a restaurant or telephone booth, or better still, prompt someone to ask questions about the Church and hand her inquirer a pamphlet. She is taking with her several she has found especially helpful: A True Picture of the Catholic Church, The Truth About Catholics, and Is One Religion As Good As Another? Susie knows there are many others, but these, published by **Our Sunday Visitor**, she is most familiar with.

Among non-Catholics Susie knows that many do not understand our devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Just recently — because it was published only recently — she discovered the perfect booklet to give to them. It is by Father John O'Brien who knows so well the non-Catholic mentality and can explain even controversial questions in the kindest way imaginable. Moreover,

for many years, Father O'Brien has spent his summer vacations street preaching in the South.

Two of Susie's companions are Legionaries and have made their act of total consecration to Mary, but Marcella has always hung back. She frankly told the others that she feels her present devotion to Our Blessed Mother is enough, that she has no need to make such a complete offering of herself. After all, she isn't a religious.

Thinking of Marcella, Susie drops several copies of *The Secret of Mary* into her suitcase. Maybe if she leaves one in evidence Marcella will read it. Susie knows though that by her example, more than in any other way, she can influence Marcella and also others whom she will meet on the way; so she resolves to be Marylike, to live her consecration by doing everything by Mary, in Mary, with Mary, and for Mary. Then she will be doing everything for Jesus, and even though she might see no visible effect on those about her, she knows that Our Blessed Mother will make use of her actions for the greater honor and glory of God.

SEA

For free information about *The True Devotion to Mary* write to
Sister Secretary
Confraternity of Mary
Queen of All Hearts
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

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