

# *The Missionary Catechist*

September 1956





**Mother Cecilia**

The general chapter of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters was held at Victory Noll beginning August 7. It was presided over by the Most Rev. Leo A. Pursley, D.D., Apostolic Administrator of Fort Wayne. Mother Cecilia Schmitt of St. Louis, Missouri, was re-elected superior general of the congregation. The council members elected to serve with Mother Cecilia were: Sister Mary Whitfield, Dubuque, Iowa, vicar and first councillor; Sister Mary Angela Dickebohm, Lafayette, Indiana, second councillor; Sister Helen Srill, Chicago, Illinois, third councillor and secretary; Sister Sophia Renkey, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, fourth councillor. Sister Margaret Mary Dunsmore, Duluth, Minnesota, was re-elected general treasurer.

# The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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## Contents

<i>Around Victory Noll</i> .....	5
<i>"I Want Water"</i> .....	6
Sister Mary Gabrielle	
<i>"We Love Vermont"</i> .....	8
Sister Mary Patrick	
<i>Called Home</i> .....	10
<i>The Day Before</i> .....	12
Sister Mary Rita	
<i>In the Home Field</i> .....	14
<i>Desert Ramblings</i> .....	16
Sister Paula	
<i>Associate Catechists of Mary</i> .....	18
<i>Mary's Loyal Helpers</i> .....	20
<i>True Devotion to Mary</i> .....	22
<i>Books</i> .....	24
<i>In Memoriam</i> .....	26
<i>The Last Word</i> .....	26
<i>Worth Waiting For</i> .....	27
Sister M. John Joseph	

## Credits

**Our Cover** Sister M. Janet holds unhappy little Thomas George McCarthy. There is no connection, Sister assures us, between the distress on Thomas George's face and the brush in Sister's hand. Thomas was the youngest of eight devoted brothers and sisters—until the twins were born. At the baptism of the twins, while everyone else rejoiced, he was confused and unhappy until Sister M. Janet carried him off to lavish upon him the attention he craved. "Sorry to be so prosaic," Sister said, "but the brush was used to remove the lint from my habit after holding the twins, that's all, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding."

**Photographs** VERMONT DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION, Montpelier, Vt., pp. 8 and 9; Bob McIntyre, Colorado Springs, Colo., p. 27.

**Drawings** Sister Paula, O.L.V.M., p. 17; Sister Martha Mary, O.L.V.M., p. 28.

**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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**Archbishop Noll**

**While Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters throughout the country were making their annual eight-day retreat, they received news of the death of their beloved co-founder, Archbishop John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, who passed to his eternal reward on the morning of July 31. The October issue of The Missionary Catechist will be the Archbishop Noll Memorial Number.**

**May his great soul rest in peace.**

# Around Victory Noll

*This year the annual ceremonies of reception and profession at Victory Noll were saddened by the death of our beloved Archbishop Noll. The Most Reverend Leo A. Pursley, Apostolic Administrator of Fort Wayne, offered the Mass on August 5, Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, and received the vows of the sisters. Sisters taking part in the ceremonies were:*

## RECEIVED HABIT

Janet Thill, Fayette, Mich., Sister M. Jane Therese  
Elvira Deliman, Perth Amboy, N. Jersey, Sister M. Chrysostom  
Consuelo Rodriguez, Salt Lake City, Sister M. Rodriquez  
Irma Wilke, Breese, Ill., Sister Stephen Marie  
Mary Jane Knecht, Louisville, Ky., Sister M. Karen  
Dorothy Carroll, St. Clairsville, O., Sister M. Carmel Therese  
Joan Cook, Rochester, N. Y., Sister M. Corrine  
Marie Laux, Mullica Hill, N. J., Sister Michael Marie  
Estela Ontiveros, Eagle Pass, Tex., Sister M. Aurora  
Mary Elizabeth Baca, Albuquerque, Sister M. Georgianna  
Jeannette Halbach, Primghar, Iowa, Sister M. Joseph Adele  
Angela Marzen, Staceyville, Iowa, Sister M. Clement  
J'Neane Schmit, Coggon, Iowa, Sister M. Pius  
Mamie Garcia, La Junta, Colo., Sister M. De Montfort  
Majorie Nickerson, Chatham, Mass., Sister M. Margaret Louise

## FINAL VOWS

Sister Dolores Ann Gerken, Dubuque, Iowa (Denver)	Sister Priscilla Wilke, Breese, Ill. (Santa Fe)
Sister Jerome Manternach, Cascade, Iowa (Victory Noll)	Sister Mary Brigid Kinney, Trenton, Mich. (Detroit)
Sister Dennis Kerr, Detroit, Mich. (Salt Lake City)	Sister Mary Christine Peterson, Elkhart, Ind. (Redlands)
Sister Marie McIntyre, Moncton, N. B. Canada (Redlands)	Sister Marie Therese Middendorf, Covington, Ky. (Redlands)
Sister Marilyn Schatz, Ellicott City, Md. (Victory Noll)	Sister Carmela Farley, San Francisco (Redlands)
Sister Andrea Kuntz, Bedford, Ohio (Detroit)	Sister Mary James Minella, Steubenville, O. (Victory Noll)
Sister Alma Marie Bill, Arcadia, Wis. (Salt Lake City)	Sister Carol Ortega, Pastura, New Mex. (Santa Fe)



Newly Professed Sisters. From left to right are:

Sister M. Rita Ann Romo, Los Angeles  
 Sister Regina Marie Morrissey, Jackson, Mich.  
 Sister M. Peter Majerus, Wabasha, Minn.  
 Sister M. De Paul Betz, Euclid, Ohio  
 Sister M. Joseph Thomas Westhus, St. Louis

Sister M. Michelle McCullough, Westport, Ind.  
 Sister M. Matthew Cummings, Jackson, Mich.  
 Sister M. Jude Lang, St. Louis  
 Sister M. Stephen Swede, Brooklyn  
 Sister M. Christopher Rudell, Baltimore, Md.

## "I Want Water"

by Sister Mary Gabrielle

BETTY Blair had two older brothers and a father to care for. Mama Blair was dead. Papa Blair was a hard-working man with not much time for anything else besides making a living for his family. There was no church-going in his family because he knew very little about any church. Where he came from there was no church and so he was not even baptized. And after Mama died, there was even less concern about religion until a kind neighbor suggested putting the children in a Catholic school where they would learn about God. Mr. Blair did that, and he was satisfied. The children grew more docile. Soon they began to go to church on the Lord's Day. Occasionally Mr. Blair went to church with them. The Catholic Church seemed all right, He was glad that his children went.

Then one day Betty said, "Dad, I've been going to the Catholic church for five years now, but I'm not even baptized. I really want to be a member."

"If that's what you want, very well then." answered Dad.

One week later, Mr. Blair was transferred by his firm. That meant the family had to move. Once settled in their new home, Betty and the boys enrolled in the local public high school. She also enrolled in the adult instruction class in the new parish, and in due time was baptized and made her First Holy Communion. Betty became a fervent convert. All during Lent, she attended Mass and received Holy Communion daily. About the middle of Lent she noticed much publicity regarding a teenage retreat scheduled for

Good Friday. She signed up for that too, and come Good Friday, she and a hundred other teenagers made the exercises. The retreat master had much to say about death, and how we never know when it will strike, and that we should be prepared, and help others prepare for it. It was soul stirring indeed. As a result of the retreat, more teenagers than usual received Holy Communion on Easter Sunday morning.

On Easter Monday a neighbor telephoned Betty:

"Betty, my husband and I have a wonderful opportunity to make an over-night trip, if only we can get someone to take care of our two children. Will you do it? It will mean so much to us. We have not had a trip since we were married."

"Yes, I'll do it. I'll tell Dad about it. I'm certain he will agree."

So Betty spent Easter Monday with the little ones next door. Evening came. She put the children to bed and then went to bed herself. In the middle of the night she awoke. There was much noise outside. She listened, then realized that the noise was coming from the direction of her own home. Betty sat up straight, then jumped out of bed. She threw her robe about herself and looked out of the window. She was horrified to see flames shooting up through the roof of her home, and fire engines blocking the street. She ran out and across the lawn to her home. Just then firemen came out the front door carrying someone.

"Dad," she screamed. "It's my father. Daddy!" But no answer. "Get me some Water, WATER. I want water." Betty called desperately. Someone, somehow, produced a jar of water. She grabbed it and poured the water on her father's

head saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The following day Betty recounted what she could remember of the previous night: ". . . and as the water flowed down Daddy's face, he looked at me, gave a gasp, and that was all."

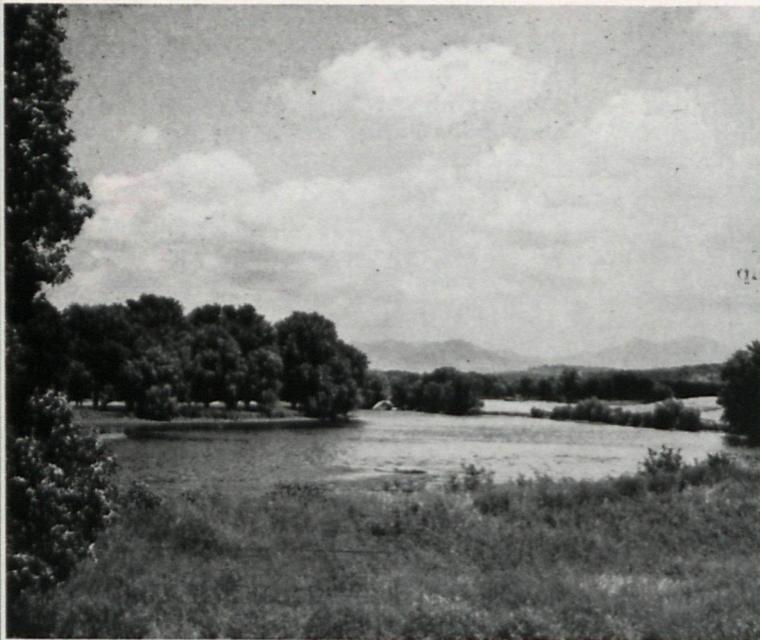
As we sat listening to her every word, we were touched and thrilled at the proximity of God's grace and His bountiful distribution of it.

The kind pastor who had instructed her was proud of his spiritual child. He said to her, "That was the right thing to do, and daily I will give thanks to God that you did it, but, Betty, tell me, what gave you the presence of mind to do it?"

Now Betty was surprised. "Well, Father, in your instructions didn't you tell us to baptize in case of danger of death? I know Daddy wanted to be a Catholic some day. The retreat also made me very aware of death and the things of eternity. But little did I think that it would strike close to home only four days after the retreat. I can only thank God very, very sincerely that I had learned what to do and did it. Father, I'm so happy; and I know Daddy is too!"

Mr. Blair was buried from the Catholic church at a Requiem Mass, much to the surprise of neighbors and relatives. At that Mass Father explained what had happened: that Mr. Blair died a baptized Catholic.

Now, when I see Betty at Mass, I think, "What a favored child of God you must be, to receive such special graces and to know how to cooperate with them."



Enosburg Falls

PERHAPS there is wisdom in asking questions. It would be amazing if we were to enumerate the times within the past year that we have been asked this question, "Sister, how do you like Vermont?" Quickly with a smile of assurance we answer, "We love Vermont." Who could help being captivated by this enchanting state which becomes during each of the four seasons of the year a wonderland of surpassing beauty, made rich by nature's silent artistry?

To us it seems that spring breaks slowly and a little late in Vermont. At this time there is much excitement in the air. It is maple syrup season — sugaring time, as the children call it. Driving along we see the many maple trees decorated with buckets which gather the sap. We notice a kind of joyous restlessness among the children. I remember last year the excitement one Saturday morning at St. Patrick's in Fairfield. There was much discussion before class began and I heard the expression, "Tonight will be the night." My curiosity had reached its limit and I asked, "What is going to happen tonight?" The boys looked at me, quite

# "We Love Vermont"

*by Sister Mary Patrick*

astonished at my lack of knowledge, and said, "Sister, don't you know that this is sugaring season and we think it is the right temperature to tap the trees? Then we have sugaring vacation for a week."

As my knowledge increased, I learned that it takes forty gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup.

If you are an autumn lover, Vermont is truly the state for you. Even Hollywood trooped some three thousand miles to photograph this gem of nature while it was decked in its mantle of red, green, gold, and yellow foliage. It was gorgeous indeed in its impressive setting of numerous lakes and blue-green cliffs.

For us Missionary Sisters, however, Vermont has an attraction which is far deeper than the deep silence which is so striking in many of the rural and mountainous areas. For us its charm stems from our vocation to carry the love and the mercy of Our Blessed Savior into the homes and the hearts of people. In order to do this properly we know that we must work with the individual. He must be grounded in faith and love so that, without compromise, he will seek to live vigorously this faith

in the light of the true Christian vision, realizing the depth of the words of Pope Leo the Great that "by Baptism we are made flesh of the Crucified." With this idea in mind we leave our convent each morning, going out into the streets of the city and the back roads of the country, cloistered not by high walls but by the presence of God.

Our principal work here in Burlington is home visiting. Along with this we take a complete census. We also teach catechism in rural areas. Census taking is a secondary objective. It was gratifying to hear our devoted bishop, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Edward F. Ryan, express his opinion on this point in our first official visit with him last year. After our arrival in the diocese, the bishop stressed the fact that anyone could take a census. For us who are consecrated apostolic workers, the main endeavor should be to aim at making homes truly Christian; homes where the spirit of religion permeates the very atmosphere, developing in parents and children a realization of their responsibility toward God and themselves.

In order to accomplish this ideal, it is often necessary to pay several visits to individual families to give them the material and spiritual assistance they may need.

**A mountain view of Montpelier, between Fairfax and Jeffersonville.**



**Camel's Hump Mountain, between Moretown and Waterbury.**

It is remarkable what sense of security many people develop when we explain the purpose of our visit and that we have been sent by our bishop to assist them back to the Church. If we find there is a need for food or clothing, we make an effort to provide these items. In order to reach the heart of their spiritual problems, we try to make our approach positive and appealing. We try to breathe sincerity into our every word and look, and we ask only for a little cooperation on their part. This, through the grace of God, is generously given. Many of our people need encouragement. When we tell them of the personal interest of their beloved bishop and that a priest will call and assist them back to the Church, hope seems to come into their hearts, and life takes on a fuller meaning. In eight out of every ten cases we receive this answer, "Sister, I promise you to start back to Mass on Sunday." A short history of each case is written and discussed with the priest who will call on the family.

Like Saint John the Baptist, we sisters merely prepare the way for God's grace to enter souls. The actual and fruitful work is accomplished by the zealous priests who follow up our visits. Only God knows the many who have returned to the sacraments through their instrumentality.

# Called Home

ON July 11 one of our zealous pioneer sisters was called home to heaven. Sister Mary Clare was killed in an automobile accident near Taos, New Mexico.

Sister Mary Clare, the former Clara Leutenegger, was born in Omaha, Nebraska, August 24, 1902, her parents being the late Mr. and Mrs. Albert Leutenegger. She entered Victory Noll February 14, 1926 and was professed two years later. In 1938 she was elected vicar general of the community and also served as councillor. Her mission life was spent in Indiana, Ohio, Texas and New Mexico. In each of these states she served some time as superior.

Sister is survived by three brothers and a sister: the Rev. Benedict Leutenegger, O.F.M., of St. Peter's Church; Chicago; Henry, Ralph, and Mrs. E.F. Igel of Omaha. The funeral was held from the Cathedral in Santa Fe Saturday, July 14. Father Benedict was celebrant of the Solemn Mass. The Most Rev. Edwin Byrne, D.D., Archbishop of Santa Fe, presided and gave the absolution.

Archbishop Byrne's brief talk at the funeral Mass brought much consolation to all of us. We are printing it here so that you may also reap spiritual fruit from it.

My dear Sisters and friends:

Contrary to our custom, the circumstances surrounding the death of our dear sister oblige me to externalize the sadness that is in the hearts of all of us this morning, and to offer our sympathy and condolence to her religious family and to her relatives and friends.

Death is always sad, because living as we do in natural circumstances, the

breaking of natural bonds causes sorrow to our hearts. But we who are of the Holy Faith, although we live a natural life, must try to see death with the eyes of the Church, and to realize that in death life is not taken away, but only changed. We ascend from a life of the world, in the order of natural life, to the supernatural life in God, our Creator, our Beginning, and our End. Death is therefore a blessed event, and we can cry out with St. Francis of Assisi, "Welcome, Sister Death."

Our dear little sister, who died so suddenly, was taken from us without any foreboding. Yet our Divine Lord in all that He does wants to teach us a lesson. When He takes a soul suddenly from our midst, it is to teach us that all of us must always be prepared for His coming; for the words that He spoke long ago are true today: that death will come as a thief in the night, when we least expect it. We have been taught from our childhood that we must prepare to see God face to face; we must be prepared to die, at all times. Even if this morning you or I were called by God, we should be prepared to leave all things and run to Him joyously, to His eternal embrace, our Lover! It is not the suddenness of death that is important; it is the unpreparedness. So we have been taught to always be prepared to see our Lord, our God, our Judge, our Savior.

And this dear little sister, taken away from us so suddenly, understood well how to die. She was prepared, and she went without any fear to her Divine Spouse; and I feel confident she is with Him, enjoying life eternal in heaven.

Therefore, we must try to lead supernatural lives, and try to ascend to



Sister Mary Clare, O.L.V.M.

those spheres of the saints, who look on death as the desire of their hearts, awaiting anxiously for the moment to die, because death means for them this union with our Lord, our God, our loving Jesus. Death is, then, "in the Lord."

This morning we have had the great privilege of offering up the Holy

Mass for this dear little sister. If there was some deficiency in her life, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, with all its power and tremendous effects, will take those little defects away and make her pleasing to God forever.

So, my dear Sisters and friends, we thank God for what He has done in this case, and in all that He does, for God always does what is perfect in all things. You and I, His children, should try to accept with a smile all that He does, and to will what He wills; for we know that He loves us and does all for our happiness and eternal blessedness. The Sister Catechists of Our Lady of Victory have now an intercessor in heaven. These good sisters who do so much for God's children now have one more to intercede for them. And she will do much more now than ever before, here in New Mexico where we need these sisters so much, where they are so appreciated and loved. If God takes one suddenly away from us, we know that He will use her more effectually than ever could be done on earth.

Nevertheless, I can understand the sadness of all this morning. I ask God, therefore, to soothe your hearts with the thought of His love, and to give you all the strength and fortitude to bear this cross, and the crosses that our loving Jesus will send you during life.

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### IN PARADISUM

May the angels lead thee into paradise;  
May the martyrs receive thee at thy coming,  
And lead thee into the holy city of Jerusalem.  
May the choir of angels receive thee,  
And mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus,  
Who once was poor.

—From the burial service.

# The Day Before

by Sister Mary Rita

**N**O, we don't manage the parish bazaar; we aren't even at home when it goes off. Yet, why is the day before such a hectic one at our convent?

From our convent in Greeley, Colorado, two of us go out early on Saturday morning and spend the day teaching at different centers. The other two sisters stay at home to teach a First Communion class, conduct an altar boys' meeting, take care of "odds and ends" that happen, and do some housework, maybe baking.

This Saturday is the day before the bazaar. My companion at home goes to the church basement to see if the ladies have come to clean up, to set tables, and in general, to get ready for the parish dinner. Apparently she is needed there for she does not return at once as she expected. While she is gone the phone rings. Someone asks,

"Do the ladies need anything for the dinner? I'm going up town and can get it. Sister said they needed celery."

I ask the solicitous shopper to hold the line while I go to find out. At the church some of my altar boys stop me to ask for hammers and "Where do we get the sheet to put around the fishpond?" I see men unloading lumber for the booths and send the boys to them.

"But the sheet, Sister?"

"I don't know boys. What did you use last year? Ask the men. They are in charge."

I am delayed two more times before I can carry my message back to the lady on the phone.

Now perhaps I can start cleaning. Oh, no! It's the doorbell this time. The florist with the table centerpieces. Knowing that the ladies aren't ready for them, in fact haven't all come yet, I take the flowers just as the phone rings again.

"When am I supposed to come to set tables?"

"Why, this morning, aren't you!"

I take a few steps toward the kitchen and it rings again.

"Sister, do you know who has the tablecloths?"

"No, but ask the president. She probably knows."

Next, one of my girls telephones. "Sister, can you tell me how to make candy apples? My mom is gone and I forgot to ask her and I can't find the recipe."

"Just a minute; I'll look in our cookbook." I look up the recipe and read it to her over the phone.

Once more it's the doorbell. Some doilies and pot holders coming in late. The ladies marked and boxed their supply the other day! A few more phone calls, and front or back door bells, and it is time to start dinner. But the front doorbell is jangling insistently again. As I go to answer it I hear queer noises. No, it can't be what I think it is! I open the door. Yes, it is what I

thought it was. Clutched in the hands of a young girl is a squawking chicken.

"My mother promised this for the bazaar," the girl says. "Where do you want it?"

All I can say is, "Take it over to the church basement; that is where the dinner will be."

I watch her leave, thinking, what will they do with a live one over there? Suppose the ladies have gone home to dinner?

A few minutes later Sister returns to the convent. She doesn't bring the chicken back. I am relieved when she says, "Mrs. R was still there. The others had all gone. She offered to take the chicken home and kill it and have it ready for tomorrow."

Almost time for the special First Communion class. No dinner prepared; no cleaning done. There's the doorbell again. Oh, well! It's the day before the bazaar and that doesn't come often.



#### DOUBLE-DUTY DOG

Isn't he a big dog? He eats nothing, bites no one, and is loved by all. He is the pet of the Pet Shop. He not only attracts business but he is a landmark. When asked, "Where is the church?" the answer will usually be, "Next to the Pet Shop, the one with the big dog in front." He is a really good "seeing-eye" dog for he leads customers into his master's store and, as a sideline, helps strangers find the Catholic church.

Sister Ruth

The Legion of Mary is very active in Brighton. Among many other things, they conduct a catechism quiz periodically for the children. Here is a group who knew all the answers.



## WHOM SHALL I FEAR?

Beto, aged seven and a half, said to me one day, "Sister, when I used to go to bed I could not sleep because I did not know any prayers and I was afraid. Now since I am coming to summer school, I pray before I go to bed and I am not afraid any more."

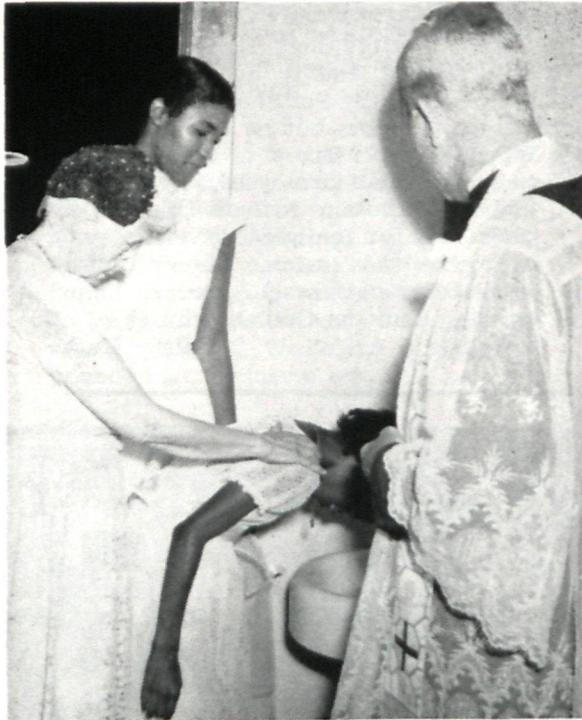
Sister Merced

"Look, Sister," Manuel held his finger against his gum. "My tooth doesn't live here any more."

Sister Carmela

Sister: Why was heaven closed?

Jimmie: To keep the devil out.



Mrs. Bernice Russell (second from left), Punto Gorda, Fla., watches as the saving waters of baptism are poured over the head of her daughter, Martha. They attribute their conversion to the good example of Mrs. Russell's Catholic sister whose daily life was more powerful than words in drawing their souls to the true Faith.

## In the Home Field

### POPE OF PEACE

Sister: What is the name of Our Holy Father?

Larry: Peace Pipe XII

### EFFICIENT HELPERS

Sister Annette was telling her third grade about Our Holy Father and the great work he was doing for the Church. A little girl interrupted to say, "He has helpers; my daddy told me. The Red Birds help him." Then Sister really had some explaining to do.

Sister Mary Martha

A very good answer, though quite different from textbook English, was received when one of our sisters asked, "What does mortal sin do to your soul?" "It kicks God right out," came back conclusively.

Sister Valeria



Martha Russell on her First Communion Day

Michael waited twenty-t h r e e years to receive Our Lord for the first time. A hunchback, and mentally retarded, he had never been able to make the grade and be admitted to the sacraments.

When we came upon him one morning during our visiting, we suggested that he come to the convent for private instructions twice a week. Thereafter, he faithfully appeared at our door, his text book, the little **Jesus and I**, tightly clasped in his hands. Much patience, many pictures, and understanding help at home, and Michael was sufficiently prepared to make his first confession and receive Holy Communion. With all the fervor of a small child, he eagerly looked forward to the great day.

The great day arrived, and a radiant Michael walked to the Communion rail to receive his Eucharistic Lord for the first—and almost the last time. A few weeks later Michael was called to his heavenly home.

Sister Alma Marie

### DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER

Patsy confided to Sister, "When I grow up I want to be a sister, a sister just like you."

"That's wonderful, Patsy," Sister encouraged.

Patsy thought for a few seconds and then continued, with some hesitation, "I hope, when I grow up, I won't forget—and be something else."

Sister M. John Joseph

Sister, registering the children: Joe, do you have a telephone?

Joe: No, Sister, but I have a television.



## SINGING TO MARY

The fourth grade sodality girls were bursting with enthusiasm. "Sister," they shouted, "we have a new song!"

"I'd like to hear it," I told them, nodding to the girl who evidently was the author. She needed no further encouragement. Her admirers grouped around in rapt attention.

I recognized the tune as that of *When Molly was a Baby*. The words were:

"The more you think of Mary, of Mary, of Mary;

The more you think of Mary the happier you'll be.

For Mary is your friend and Mary is my friend.

The more you think of Mary the happier you'll be."

"Isn't that a good song?" the girls shouted again.

"And you can change the word happier to holier," one informed me.

So we all sang it both ways. I caught the beautiful simplicity of the ditty and sang it on my way home from class that evening. Since then many children in my classes have learned that song. It comes easily to them and stays on their lips and in their hearts. We sometimes change the word *friend* to *Queen* or to *Mother*. The children love it every way.

Sister Martha Mary

September brings thousands of public school children back to religion classes.



# Desert Ramblings

by Sister Paula

FROM the very first moment I arrived in the desert, dusty winding roads beckoned from both sides of the smooth paved highway. They seemed to say, "Come and see where we will lead you. We will show you things you have never seen before."

And they are proving as good as their word. Since that first day under the burning sun of California's desert land, I have explored many of these roads. Not, of course, those which are little more than footprints in the sand. Although these arouse the greatest curiosity, the danger of a late or no return restrains me.

With one, two, or three companions, I explore unfrequented canyons, meet strange hermits, learn many secrets of the wonderful sand land. We may become lost, and wander back and forth across the open plains, searching for some road that will go through to the highway we can see in the distance. Bushes with sharp claws reach out to scratch us as we jounce back and forth on the rutted road, seemingly far from our destination. Then, in the amazing way of the desert, we slide down a steep drop, climb up the other side, round a curve, and there lies the highway we are searching for, with its cars whizzing past.

We have had to stop in the middle of nowhere, with temperature at 110 degrees in the shade—and no shade available—because the radiator threatened to blow off steam. Luckily someone knew of a desert streamlet where we could get water. Even here in the wilderness litterbugs deposit their unwanted bottles. One served us nicely. Slowly and with great pains we drained sufficient water from the narrow brooklet for our radiator, and went merrily on our way.

Our excursions are not pleasure trips. They are made for the purpose of taking census or of locating the homes of our children so we can contact the family.

A frequent difficulty in taking the census of ranch people is to find out just where the road is that leads to a house we can see in the distance. Often we feel like Alice through the Looking Glass when she is told to go the opposite way so she will get where she wants to go.



In one instance, we could see two houses behind rows and rows of grape vines. After passing them a second time, we noticed a road between the vines that seemed to lead nowhere. It was worth trying, we decided. Near its end we found another road, at a right angle to the first, that looked much the same. Again we were venturesome. We drove to the end and around the corner; there was the first house.

"No, we aren't Catholic here, but I think that family in the other house over there may be," was the answer we received.

"How can we get to that house?,"

"Well, you can go right through there, beside the field of squash. Careful you don't hit the pump. There's a big ditch there too."

After these warnings we squeezed and bumped through the narrow opening, found the other family, and returned by our original route.

Sometimes the road beckons us to keep on following it even when it seems impassable. This has resulted in many additions of families to our map.

One such road seemed to end at the irrigation overflow, or at best, be a continuation of it. A glance on the other side of the ditch revealed a house. It would be a long ride back to the highway and then down to the house, so we looked for a way across. Our road was not nearly as bad as it seemed at first. In fact, it was really quite good. So, with a splash and a gurgle, we drove through the ditch and found the hard road on the other side.

There were no signs of life around the first house we had seen. Further on was another group of buildings with apparently no one there either. But just as we were about to drive away, a man stepped from the trailer. At first glance I named him Santa Claus because of his long white beard. However, he was far from wearing red wool and furs. His attire was complete in shorts, shirt, and shoes. He seemed glad to have a little company, and gave us all the information we needed.

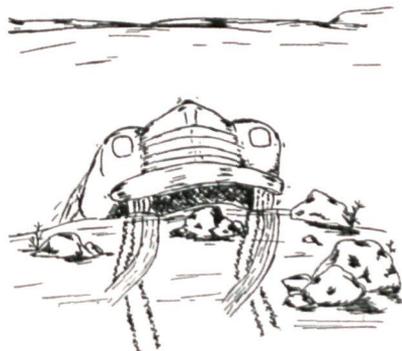
Another time we had explicit directions on how to reach a certain place, but somehow we couldn't find it. The directions were something like this: "Go



down the road until you come to the corner. Turn right and keep on going. You will cross two drains. The family you want lives by the second drain. There is a high road and a low road. The low road leads right to their house but I guess the other people won't mind if you use the upper road. You just go past their house and the next house is the one you're looking for. You'll know where to turn off because our name is on the mailbox. We used to live there."

After two or three attempts, we finally found the place. However, we never found the low road. It must have disappeared since the last time our director had been there.

When the children tell us how to reach their homes, their directions are even harder to follow, although they sound simple enough: "Go down this way until you come to a bunch of trees; turn down that way, and there it is."



Creosote bushes, mesquite and tamarack trees are old friends and often landmarks. Hawks and rose-breasted linnets, vultures and gulls, sparrows and mocking birds, besides many other creatures of the feathered kingdom have become interesting companions in our ramblings through this wild desert country which is slowly being tamed under the soothing influence of water. As we ramble we learn the secrets of the desert, and there is great pleasure in the learning.



# our **A**ssociates'

"MARTINETTES," Cincinnati, O.

Dear Associates:

WITH summer vacations behind, we hope that all our good friends will become mission-minded again and "cook up" all kinds of money-raising plans in behalf of our sisters. September represents a heavy drain on the community purse. Many railroad tickets must be bought. Our newly professed sisters will be journeying, for the first time, to their assigned mission fields. How eager they are! May it be matched by your own eagerness to assist them in every way you can.

Please regard this office as a clearing house for the exchange of ideas. Yours may help someone else just as theirs may help you. If you've been particularly successful in some fund-raising venture, let's hear about it.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

THE SRILLIANS, Cincinnati

THE members of this Band, headed by Miss Loretto Willenborg, topped all previous efforts in behalf of our sisters by raising more money than ever before through their annual benefit card party given at the Fenwick Club. They realized in excess of four hundred dollars, with the aid of their many friends. Miss Willenborg wrote: "We had perfect weather and a nice crowd that brought their money and left it with us."

This mission club sponsors our three sisters from the same family (Srill)—hence the name of their club is an adaptation of it.

AFTER the organizer of this junior mission club entered the convent last year, the members did not meet for a time. However, a letter from Miss Mary Kay Gerhard, present Promoter, indicates they secured a few new members and would again hold meetings. The group works for Sister Helen.



ST. MARY MISSION CLUB  
Orlando, Florida

DON'T be misled by the address! Only the Promoter, Mrs. Forest Lehman, lives in Florida. She does a good "mail order business" by collecting from her relatives in Chicago and New York. Every year Mrs. Lehman sends us the proceeds which for a one-woman committee we think very good. Her mother, the late Mrs. Mary Baldwin, organized and conducted a mission band for us many years in Chicago.

# Club Mention



ST. KATHERINE BAND, Chicago

ILLNESS and accidents plagued the members of this group, headed by Mrs. Katherine Hammer, during the past year. For this reason, some of the ladies who intended to be hostess to the others when it was their turn to entertain were unable to have parties. This, coupled with the fact that some of the members now live in suburbs or villages outside the city limits, made it harder for our Associates in the Band to meet regularly. Still, they made earnest efforts and receipts have been good.

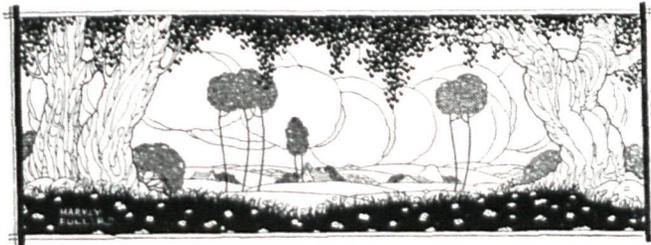
## FORMER PROMOTER WRITES US

IN July we received a letter from Mrs. Annie Hansen, of Golden, Colorado, former Promoter of St. Mary's Band, Chicago. She wrote in part, "One of my former members, Mrs. Marie Prenavo of Chicago, passed away in April. She was a member for twenty-two years! Also good Mrs. Stella Scully who had a stroke February 6 and still in the hospital belonged to my Band the same length of time. I don't have a Band anymore but I still do a lot for Sister Bernarda and intend to keep it up as long as I am able."

## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

May 23 to July 3, 1956

Ave Maria, Elkhart, Miss Murphy	\$25.00
Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford	6.00
Dolores, Chicago, Mrs. Klingel	14.00
Florentine, St. Louis, Luechtefeld	13.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	93.00
Iota Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. McShane	40.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Mrs. Peggy Kusmerz	10.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	50.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis Mrs. A. J. Lammert	20.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	10.00
Our Lady of The Bl. Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek	20.00
Queen of Virgins, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	7.50
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	16.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. Preiner	30.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	7.50
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	54.75
St. Joseph, Baldwinville, N. Y. Mrs. M. Brotherton	43.20
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	23.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	14.70
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Egermier	75.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. H. Wentz	180.60
St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Hake	5.00
St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy	20.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	10.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	16.00
Seven Dolours, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	13.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, L. Willenborg	100.00





# Mary's Loyal

IOWA HELPER VISITS V/N

Dear Loyal Helpers:

SEPTEMBER is the month of the Angels. Because we can neither see them with our bodily eyes nor hear them with our bodily ears, the presence of our protecting angels is easily forgotten. Re-ignite your devotion to them this month. Thank your Guardian Angel for the protection—body and soul—he gave you on your many outings during the summer. Ask his help when preparing your lessons or doing other work, and especially when tempted.

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH.



Above is pictured Peter Marzen of Stacyville, Iowa, with Sunshine Secretary. His sister is a novice at Victory Noll. He writes he likes to read our mission magazine.

WRITE US if you would like to have a new Sunshine Bag or a new Dime Card to start off the school year.

## MONTANA HELPER



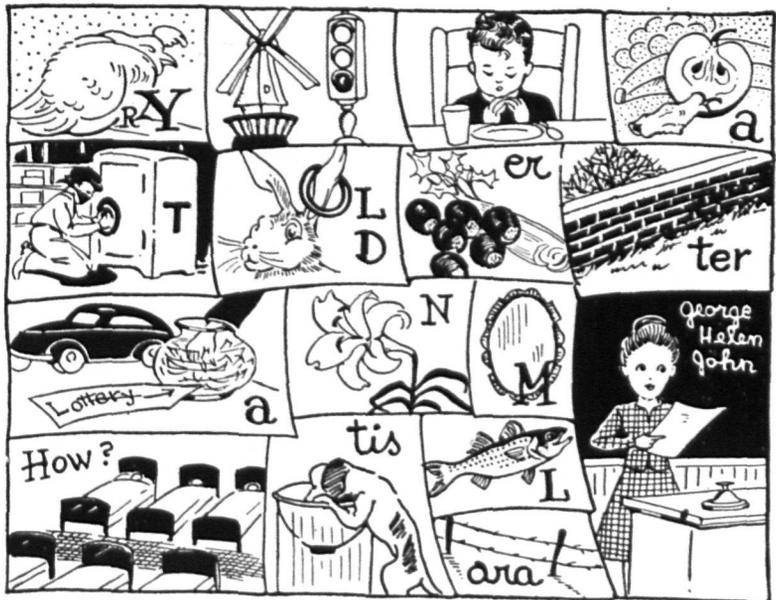
TO THE LEFT is pictured Lee Ann Spetter who was in the fourth grade at St. John's School, Butte, Montana, when she sent us this picture. Her brother Pat is in the seminary. She has two aunts, Sister Gertrude and Sister Matilda, who joined our community many years ago.

TO THE RIGHT is pictured Nancy Wurth of Paducah, Kentucky. Nancy was ten and in the fifth grade when she sent this picture. She wrote us in May, "Please remember my mother in your prayers. She has given me many pennies to save. Also remember my father on Father's Day."

## KENTUCKY HELPER



# Helpers' pages



This month you will see many old classmates and some new ones at school. This rebus puzzle contains some well-known names of boys and girls. Write as many names as you can on a separate piece of paper and send them to **SUNSHINE SECRETARY** for a holy card.

## HELPERS WRITE

I have saved a dollar in dimes. I am thirteen years old now. Mark Fedota (another Helper) was on television today at four. My grandmother died. Please pray for her.

*Joyce Corey, Chicago, Ill.*

At last I have my first dollar. Gee, I am so proud to be Mary's Loyal Helper that I think I'll burst. I am praying to the Lord that very soon I may follow my vocation to do mission work. I just love to take care of children.

*Betty Garcia, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sunday is Rural Life Sunday and the 4-H Club members will receive Holy Communion in a body and have a Communion breakfast. It is at another parish in our city. Last year it was at our parish. I asked one of the priests, last

year, if our club could come as a body to receive but he suggested the whole county. So that's the way it started.

*Therese Lehner, Beaver Dam, Wis.*

Answers to July-August Puzzle. 1. Red, 2. white, 3. blue, 4. green, 5. black, 6. yellow, 7. golden, 8. silver.



# True Devotion to Mary

SEPTEMBER, perhaps even more than January, is a month of beginnings. Children begin to go to school, or return after the summer vacation to begin a new class. Young girls go off to begin nurses' training. Boys and girls just graduated from high school go to college to begin their higher education. Young women whom God has called to the religious life leave home to enter the convent. Young men begin their seminary training, the vision of the priesthood in the distance.

Why not then let September be a month of beginning for you? Beginning for what? Beginning to get yourself ready for total consecration to Mary. Haven't you been thinking about it for some time now? Thinking about it but not doing anything definite about it. One tells us that total consecration is for more perfect souls; not for him. Another says she intends to make her act of consecration sometime, but she is not ready just yet. Another becomes positively enthusiastic every time she reads about it, but the enthusiasm soon wears off and she does nothing definite to make it a part of her spiritual life.

In the first place the practice of true devotion or total consecration is not just for perfect souls (how many are truly perfect?); rather, it is to help us acquire perfection. It is the easy, perfect way. Acquiring perfection is really never easy. It is a long, hard road. But the way of Mary is the short cut. That is why we urge you not to put off any longer investigating this way, but to learn all you can about it and embrace it without delay. Once you have done

so you will be somewhat like converts who after they have been baptized chide themselves that they did not become Catholics long ago. You will ask yourself why oh why you did not give yourself earlier to Jesus through Mary. How many graces and blessings you missed by not doing so! Do not waste time now in vain regrets, but make up your mind right now to do something about it.

True devotion to Mary as taught by St. Louis de Montfort consists in giving yourself totally without reserve to Jesus through Mary as a slave of love. Henceforth you will live in complete dependence upon Mary in all things. It is a perfect renewal and fulfillment of the vows of baptism.

Now let's be practical and see how we should go about making this consecration. It is a serious matter and preparation is necessary. If you are fortunate enough to live in a parish where the pastor or one of the assistants practices this devotion, talk to him about it. At any rate, mention it to your confessor the next time you receive the sacrament of penance. If there is a Legion of Mary in your parish, join it if you possibly can, or at least become an auxiliary member. True devotion is the very spirit of the Legion and the director can help you.

Feel perfectly free to write to Victory Noll for help. One sister devotes all her time to this work. Her office is stocked with every consecration aid you might need, and besides, she is more than ready to help you with your personal problems. She will send you liter-

ature that will tell you exactly how you are to prepare yourself for making your act of consecration.

In his Treatise on True Devotion St. Louis outlines a 30-day preparation. Such a length of time is not of strict obligation. Some may need more, some less. Pick up your calendar now and select a feast of Our Blessed Mother on which you plan to give yourself entirely to her. September 8 is Mary's Birthday, but that is probably too soon. Four days later we observe the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. After the sacred name of Jesus there is no other name so powerful, so sweet as the name of Mary. On September 15 is the commemoration of the Seven Sorrows of Our Blessed Mother. So tenderly does the Church compassionate the sorrows of Mary that she commemorates them twice each year: once in September, and again on the Friday after Passion Sunday. The fourth and last feast (that is, celebrated in the Universal Church; there are a number of local feasts) of Our Lady in September is on the twenty-fourth and is called Our Lady of Mercy.

The whole month of October is dedicated to the holy rosary and is an appropriate time for making the act of consecration. Two feasts stand out especially: October 7, feast of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary and October 11, Mary's Maternity. If you feel that you need still longer preparation, then decide on one of the greatest of Mary's feasts, her Immaculate Conception, on December 8.

But no matter what day you select, resolve right now, please, to give yourself to Our Lady without delay. You will be repaid a hundredfold and will bless the day you took this important step.



#### ACT OF CONSECRATION

*My Queen, my Mother, I give myself entirely to Jesus by delivering and consecrating to thee my body, my soul, my possessions, both exterior and interior, and even the value of all my good actions, leaving to thee the entire and full right of disposing of me without exception, according to thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and eternity. Amen.*

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#### A Persian Proverb

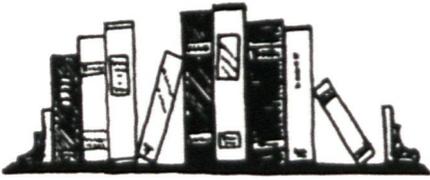
He who knows not,  
And knows not that he knows not,  
Is a fool!—shun him.

He who knows not,  
And knows that he knows not,  
Is a child—teach him.

He who knows,  
And knows not that he knows,  
Is asleep—wake him.

He who knows,  
And knows that he knows  
Is a wise man—hear him.

# Books



**The Mary-Hearted Catechist** prepared by the Louis Querbes Commission, Our Lady of Arlington, Arlington Heights, Ill. 15 cents.

This is the life story of Father Louis Querbes, founder of the Clerics of St. Viator. Father Querbes' Cause is under consideration in Rome and his life should be made known to the faithful.

Father Querbes' life spanned the first half of the nineteenth century. He was born in Lyons in 1793 during the French Revolution and died in Vourles in 1859. Among his good friends were Pauline Jaricot, foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and Father John Roothaan, S.J., who is often referred to as the second founder of the Jesuits. If Father Querbes is canonized he will be known as another Saint of Mary.

**Picture Meditations** by Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J. The Queen's Work, 3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis 18, Mo. Complete set 35 cents.

These simple meditations for children are published in four small booklets, each containing seven meditations. Each has an illustration in full color. These booklets are ideal for parents and teachers who wish to teach mental prayer to children. There are special quantity prices.

**Pageant of the Popes** by John Farrow. Catechetical Guild Educational Society, St. Paul, Minn. 50 cents.

When John Farrow's "Frank History of the Papacy" was first published, it was a best seller. It is now issued in a paper back edition that will increase its already long list of readers.

**Mary Help of Christians** by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.

**Empress of the Americas** by Rev. Jeremiah P. Gleeson.

**Holy Hour for Conversions** by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.

These three pamphlets are published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana. The first two are, as their titles suggest, devoted to the Mother of God. Too many non-Catholics do not understand our veneration of Mary. Father O'Brien fills a long-felt need when he explains in his kindly way our reasons for honoring God's Mother. Father Gleeson's story is of Our Lady of Guadalupe. He includes several beautiful pages on the Mexican people and an indulgenced prayer to Our Lady of Guadalupe, Patroness of the Americas.

**The Gold String** by Bede Griffith, O.S.B. P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. \$3.50

This is the autobiography of an English Benedictine who entered Prinknash Abbey in 1932 shortly after his conversion to the Catholic faith. Dom Bede is now a monk of Pluscarden Priory, a dependency of Prinknash.

The writing is some of the finest it has ever been our privilege to read. Nevertheless, this will not be a popular autobiography in the sense of, say, Thomas Merton's or Father Lord's. It is perhaps too philosophical for that. There are too many references to ancient and modern authors with which many readers would not be thoroughly familiar.

Dom Bede was born in 1906 and educated at Christ's Hospital. He entered Oxford on a scholarship and there came under the tutelage of C. S. Lewis. Together they returned to the Christianity they had abandoned. Dom Bede, however, eventually followed the path to Rome, leaving his tutor behind in the Church of England. His reading of Newman was, perhaps more than any other one factor, responsible for his conversion.

So exquisite are the author's reflections on the Holy Sacrifice that we hope he will enlarge upon them and give us a book on the Mass.

**Bernie Becomes a Nun** by Sister Maria del Rey with photographs by George Barris. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York. \$3.50.

This story, as its title indicates, is about a real girl from Brooklyn, Bernadette Lynch, who becomes a Maryknoll Sister. So objectively does Sister Maria del Rey tell the story, however, that Bernie might have entered almost any other community. No matter where she enters, the candidate's training, wisely outlined by Holy Mother Church, is fundamentally the same. It differs only in externals.

The photographs are excellent. Bernie might be any young girl, your little sister or the girl down the block. She comes from an ordinary happy, Catholic home, the kind of home that most sisters come from.

Such a book as this will not only help young girls decide their vocation, but will do much to explain the religious life to those outside.

**Pius XII on Consecration to Mary** compiled and arranged by Hubert M. Pocock, S.M.M. Consecration Center, Bay Shore, N. Y. 25 cents.

Throughout his glorious pontificate our present Holy Father has made numerous statements on devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Father Pocock has gathered together many significant quotations, arranged them logically, and presents them in this valuable booklet. As a special help for study clubs each chapter closes with a page of questions.

**Thoughts for Daily Living** by the Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., D.D. Garden City, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. \$2.

Bishop Sheen has given us another book in the style he uses to such advantage and which has proved so popular with his readers—short chapters on various aspects of one subject. He treats of those subjects which are so vital to man's happiness in this world and the next: Humility, Forgiveness, Freedom, Hope, Love, etc. As always, his writing is succinct and enlivened with concrete examples. *Thoughts for Daily Living* is a welcome addition to Bishop Sheen's long list of titles.

**A National Educational Policy As Seen from a Catholic Viewpoint** by Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, D.D., L.L.D. Our Sunday Visitor. 25 cents.

This is a reprint of the excellent address the Archbishop of Cincinnati delivered before the Medievalist Society of that city last spring. All Catholics, but especially parents, should read it.

**Keep My Commandments** by Father Francis. The Seraphic Press, 1501 South Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis. 30 cents each, special prices for quantity lots.

*Keep My Commandments* is a text for intermediate groups. Based on the Baltimore Catechism, the doctrine is attractively presented and the format and typography excellent. Make a note of it for your 1957 summer school.

**Greetings from Your Pastor** by Reverend John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. Our Sunday Visitor. 25 cents.

Subtitled *A Friendly Tip on a Great Investment* this little book should convince the parishioner that it is a privilege for him to support his church. The wise pastor will see to it that every wage earner in his congregation is provided with a copy of this booklet. It would make it unnecessary to "talk money" from the pulpit.

**Best Source of Vocations** by Rev. Frank Gartland, C.S.C. Our Sunday Visitor. 10 cents.

Altar boys are the best source of vocations. Father Gartland writes on altar boys in general and the Knights of the Altar in particular. The Knights of the Altar is a nationwide society of altar boys founded in 1938. Its headquarters are now at Notre Dame, Indiana.

**Seven Supernatural Powers and The Tree of Life** are pamphlets published by the Holy Ghost Fathers, 1615 Manchester Lane, N. W., Washington 11, D. C. Both are the work of the Rev. Joseph A. Lauritis, C.S.Sp., the former being an explanation of the Seven Gifts, the latter of the Twelve Fruits of the Holy Spirit. The reading of these little pamphlets should give us a greater appreciation of these wonderful gifts of God.

## The last word

by the Editor

Of course you read *Our Sunday Visitor*, but do you notice our vocation ads in the paper? We had a different one recently, decidedly different. It was—of all things—a cartoon, the work of the famous cartoonist, Al Kaelin of Los Angeles. The picture and the accompanying “gag” were Mr. Kaelin’s idea. He has long been familiar with the work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, not just through reading *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*, but through personal contacts.

In case you missed the cartoon we want to tell you about it. A Missionary Sister is teaching religion to a group of children who are seated on a park bench. Two Knights of the Road approach and one remarks to the other, “Looks like we hafta join the class or find another bench.” The ad copy calls attention to the fact that we do not always use park benches, but we do on occasion.

Fortunately now such occasions are fewer and farther between. Alert pastors and parish groups provide better teaching quarters than city parks. However, Missionary Sisters still teach in strange places when necessary. Churches and parish halls are most commonly used for classes, but we also teach in our own convents, in private homes, civic halls, garages, and even in fire stations.

With the coming of September benches will once again be taken out of storage and put in place, for the 80,000 children we will be teaching throughout the United States. The ideal of having every Catholic child in a Catholic school is far from being reached and perhaps never will be. Catholic populations are soaring and

there are not nearly enough schools to care for our children. Nor are there enough religious to train these children. We must enlist the help of the laity in this important work. The Church provided for this long ago when she established the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

To meet the expanding needs of the Confraternity our sisters have been receiving more and more training for this vital work. This past summer intensive courses were given in every convent where we gathered for retreat so that every Missionary Sister is well equipped to further the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

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## In Memoriam

- Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., Archbishop-Bishop of Fort Wayne.  
Sister Mary Clare, O.L.V.M., Las Vegas, New Mexico.  
Vincent Minella, Steubenville, Ohio, father of Sister Mary James  
Mrs. Louise Wortmann, Racine, Wis., mother of Sister M. Dorothy Louise.  
Otto F. Neff, Indianapolis, father of Sister Carolyn Marie.  
Brother Timothy, C.F.A., Chicago.  
Sister Mary Aquino Joyce, R.S.M., Titusville, Pa.  
Bertha Wrede, ACM, Omaha, Nebraska  
Mrs. Carmela Flora, Miami, Fla.  
Joseph Rauschenbach, Mill Creek, Ind.  
Mrs. John Krantz, Millersville, Pa.  
Mrs. Mary Tucker, Berkley, Mo.  
Mrs. Charles Grode, Erie, Pa.  
Mrs. Annie Kopp  
Mrs. Breda Reidy, San Francisco, Calif.  
Henry F. Serpas, New Orleans, La.  
August Miller, Chicago  
T. J. Desmond, East St. Louis, Ill.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Mueller, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. Magdalena Stromberg, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Leonard E. Lange, Chicago  
Donald T. Rolape, Fort Wayne, Ind.  
Margaret Probst, Altadena, Calif.  
Stella Pezolt, St. Louis, Mo.  
Francis McQuillen, Upland, Calif.  
John Panek, Detroit, Mich.



An important part of the day's work is class preparation. To teach well one must prepare. Engrossed in doing so are Sisters Ruth, Loretto, M. John Joseph, and Kathleen, superior. —Colorado Springs.

## Worth Waiting For

by Sister M. John Joseph

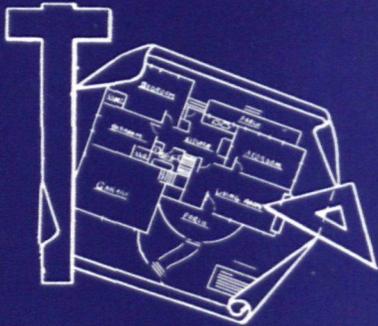
THE train puffed into the station, heaved a sigh of relief, and shook loose its passengers. I tumbled out onto the platform and stood for the first time in the "City of Sunshine," Colorado Springs, Colorado. For a moment I felt quite alone and abandoned. Here I am in my first mission at last, I mused. As I glanced about the station I espied two of our sisters. They smiled as they approached, and all of a sudden I was home.

The ride to our convent was short. On the way I thought I would get my first glimpse of downtown Colorado Springs. Instead, we passed lumber yards and warehouses and stopped in front of an impressive white two-story building with a small sign on the front gate which read, "Sisters' Convent." At first I was surprised at the location of our home, but now I think it is most

appropriate to be near the warehouses; for in our house too is stored aid — spiritual and material. As we entered I was welcomed by a third sister. Yes, indeed, I was home—in a strange house, with a new family—but really home.

My first sight of Colorado Springs was fast coming. Soon we went on a tour of what would be my district for home visiting. We passed the school where I would soon meet children and accompany them to church for their classes. I could hardly wait to knock at the doors of homes and visit our families. I could hardly wait to see the dark eyes of the children sparkling up at me as they learned about their Father in heaven. Yes, I could hardly wait. I had been waiting for almost three years, all through my postulancy and novitiate days. Now, at last, I know it was worth waiting for.

# BLUEPRINT FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING



## NEW!

*48-page booklet  
on  
Christian Family Living*

Originally used by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in classes for young mothers, BLUE PRINT FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING is now published in book form. Ideal for study clubs.

Order your copy today. 25 cents each.

.....  
Our Lady of Victory Press  
Victory Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sisters

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