

October 1956

# The Missionary CATECHIST



***Archbishop Noll Memorial Number***

# The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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

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

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

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# Ours

by James P. Conroy

*Father Conroy, chaplain at Victory Noll, and associate editor of Our Sunday Visitor, is in a unique position to write of the late Archbishop. Father knew him intimately not only because of his close work with him, but especially as a result of the Archbishop's frequent visits to our motherhouse.*

THERE are many whose only destiny seems, once born, then sooner or later to die. The world little marks their life or their death. They go their way with no one the better for having known them. They are like ships passing in the night. "Uncommunicative, soundless and with but few lights they push on into the darkness, soon to be forgotten."

I do not know how long Archbishop Noll will be remembered. Only time will tell. I do not know what his influence upon the future will be. That depends upon the problems of the future. Besides, there are those to whom God has given only to serve the present because He has reserved for others the future.

But if his impact upon the present is to be taken for any criterion, then it would seem that Archbishop Noll has only begun to live. It would seem that God had more in mind for him than service to his own passing generation.

His mark upon the present is unmistakable. It is to be found in the wide sweep of his writings and in his public utterances. You can stand at the corner of Warren Street and Park Drive in the city of Huntington, Indiana, and there see a building which houses a publication known all the way around the world—*Our Sunday Visitor*.

Or, if you are in Washington, D.C., you can ask a cab driver to take you over to 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. There you will see the handsome facade of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (NCWC) building. This building serves as the headquarters for

Catholic life in the United States and contains the offices which handle all the details for national Catholic activity. If you visit any of these offices you will find that the name of Archbishop Noll is a familiar one, that it is mentioned with respect and affection.

All of this is to say nothing of his long years as Bishop of the Diocese of Fort Wayne. Ranging from vast expanses of lush farm land—some have called Indiana "America's breadbasket"—to the complex industrial layouts of the far-famed Calumet Region, the problems of the diocese call for more than the ordinary solutions. No one knows how many languages are spoken there, how many nationalities are represented.

The present large and important city of Gary was born during the tenure of Archbishop Noll. It was he who launched into the task of caring for the spiritual interests of its first citizens: humble laborers imported from Hungary, Poland, the Ukraine, the Baltic states, and other sections of Europe. These people needed a Father and they found one in Archbishop Noll.

One could go on recounting the challenges which the Archbishop met from day to day in his life time. One could go on estimating his mark upon the present. The more one does, however, the more complex his life seems to become.

Actually though, Archbishop Noll was a man whose life was stamped with childlike simplicity. There was nothing complicated about him or in his approach. Vast though his works,



The hearse bearing Archbishop Noll's body paused as it approached Our Sunday Visitor building in Huntington.

lofty though his ideals, his movements were always unhurried, his time always at the disposal of the one who needed it.

We here at Victory Noll know something about that. I think it was we, of all who knew him, who had the best opportunity to observe him as he really was. He loved Victory Noll and often came here to "make repairs" on his writings and other projects.

And during these visits his disarming simplicity was never more noticeable: The way he said Mass; his greeting by name of many sisters; his complete lack of pomp; his gradual maneuvering after supper so we would be at the radio, come 6:30 p.m., to listen to The Lone Ranger, King of the Royal Mounted, and several other such shows following. On one occasion he had a radio set plugged in the lecture hall so that he could comment on a Lone Ranger show for the benefit of the novices, who, as he said, "were going

to teach children some day!" Who enjoyed that lecture the most is hard to say!

Today Archbishop Noll lies buried on the grounds of the place he so loved to visit. In one sense of the word, it is like having him "home" with us forever. Every day the sisters in small groups of two or three can be seen wending their way out to the grassy mound where he is buried. They say their prayers for the repose of his soul, to be sure. But who can say how much inspiration and courage each draws from that simple grave? How much comfort comes to each as she stands close to the remains of the kindly Bishop and Father who made it possible for the community to grow and reach out into the lives of other thousands of needy souls?

Many claim him for many things. But no one can say "he is ours" with more truth than the sisters of Victory Noll.

# The Archbishop's Lasting Monument

by Sister Helen

"SO you are the Missionary Catechists! I am happy to welcome you to Huntington!"

The deep resonant voice of Monsignor Noll assured two rather scared sisters that Monsignors were friendly people, after all, and that this particular Monsignor was for some reason very happy to see them.

It was December 7, 1924, a dark dreary Sunday, more like All Souls day than the eve of the Immaculate Conception. That morning nine of us had bid adieu to our sisters at Gary, Indiana, to come to Huntington to open the new Mother House built for us by Monsignor Noll through *Our Sunday Visitor* and the generous donation of a layman, Peter O'Donnell of Long Beach, California, who was likewise interested in the religious instruction of the thousands of Catholic children not attending Catholic schools.

Sister Caroline and I had walked the two miles to St. Mary's Church in Huntington to borrow articles needed

for Mass in the unfinished chapel of our new home on the morrow's feast of the Immaculate Conception. Of course, Monsignor found us a ride home, but so delighted were we with our visit that I am sure we could have walked all the way on air.

From that time on Monsignor Noll was very close to our community, and we looked forward to the time when he would retire from parish work and take up his residence in "Monsignor Noll's apartment" as three small rooms on the second floor of the guest apartments were called. There he would devote himself exclusively to *Our Sunday Visitor* and the work of the Catholic press.

However, that was not in the designs of Providence. One day, four or five months later, Victory Noll was electrified by the news that Monsignor Noll was the new Bishop-elect of the vacant See of Fort Wayne. We were thrilled, though it meant that our new Bishop would necessarily move from Huntington to the episcopal city. Then,



Scenes at the dedication of Victory Noll, July 5, 1925. Left: Huntington Knights of Columbus form guard of honor. Right: Newly consecrated Bishop Noll with Father Sigstein, founder of the Missionary Sisters.



**Victory Noll, the Archbishop's Lasting Monument.**

too, with the many new duties which the administration of a diocese would thrust upon him, we feared lest he would have little time left for the sisters at Victory Noll.

Our fears were groundless. Never during his long episcopate of thirty-one years was there a time when our Bishop did not have time for the joys or sorrows, the trials and difficulties of the community, from those of the youngest member to the Mother General.

The Bishop was consecrated on June 30, 1925. His first official act as Bishop of Fort Wayne was the dedication of Victory Noll on July 5. At a talk given on that occasion, Bishop Noll said:

"The greatest calamity that can befall a human being is to live in this world without knowing anything about the God Who created man to know, love and serve Him in this life and therefore to be happy with Him for all eternity.

"It is sad to realize that more than two thirds of the people of the world today, more than one billion souls, know nothing definite concerning Almighty God, nothing of the story of His love as exemplified in the Redemption."

These were not mere words. They came from the heart of a man, who in the Providence of God, was destined to do more for the Church in America than any other man of his day. But perhaps none of the Bishop's multiple works for the salvation of souls and the spread of the Church was dearer to his heart than the establishment and promotion of our community—Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, commonly known as the "Victory Noll Sisters."

To Archbishop Noll our community certainly owes its rapid growth and development. From its inception, he supported it, carefully watched over it, and through the pages of *Our Sunday Visitor* recruited members for it. In

fact, *Our Sunday Visitor* is responsible for about ninety percent of our vocations.

At the present time our community numbers almost four hundred members. The work has spread through twenty-one States where there are seventy convents in thirty-four dioceses and archdioceses.

Years ago our mother house was named Victory Noll in honor of Our Lady of Victory, our heavenly patroness, and Bishop Noll, our earthly patron.

Now Archbishop Noll has been laid to rest in the quiet cemetery at Victory Noll. Soon the diocese will erect a fitting monument to the late Archbishop. But far more impressive than that monument will be Victory Noll itself, high on a hill, overlooking the Wabash Valley, a constant reminder of the faith and zeal, as well as the generosity of our Archbishop. From its doors will pour forth a constant stream of trained missionaries going forth to carry on the



Part of the crowd that attended the dedication.

Archbishop's work for souls through countless years. Within its sacred walls older and tried missionaries will return to pray for the work they are no longer able to do in the mission field.

And always there will be the sisters who day after day walk out to the grave of Archbishop Noll not so much to pray for him as to intercede with him for the needs of the community and the work so dear to his great apostolic heart.

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## The Bishop and a Novice

by Sister Charlene

MY first meeting with Archbishop Noll took place when I was a postulant. As each one of us in our class was introduced to him, he inquired where we were from. His appreciative remarks on "our" section of the country won the heart of each homesick postulant. Later, when he met our parents, he drew on his amazing memory to make some reference to their daughter. You can be sure it meant much to us and to our parents.

We had entered late in October. Shortly after Christmas I received word that my father was dying. Preparations were begun immediately for my visit home. The Bishop happened to be visiting Victory Noll at the time. When he discovered what all the ado was about, he asked to have me come see him before leaving. The thought of talking to a bishop while fighting back tears did not appeal to me. However, no sooner had I entered his study than I felt bet-

ter. Gently he led the conversation to other topics until I had regained my composure.

Before the interview was over I felt ready to face whatever the trip held. In the end he gave me his blessing and promised to offer Mass for Dad the next morning. My father lived to enjoy several more years of active life, much to the amazement of the doctors.

As novices we each took our turn serving as assistant sacristan. During my month in the sacristy the Archbishop came to Victory Noll for a visit. I was thrilled at the thought of preparing the sacred vessels and vestments for him. Carefully I filled the cruets with water and wine and then put them in the refrigerator until morning.

At the offertory the Sister Sacristan looked questioningly at me when the Bishop used his large pitcher to put the drops of water in the chalice. I too was mystified. After Mass, when I went up to extinguish the candles, I stopped at the credence table to investigate. To my horror I discovered that the water had frozen and the cruet had broken in two after I placed it on the table. There between the two pieces of glass stood the ice in the perfect shape of a cruet.

What should I do? Frantically I hoped I would never have to face the Bishop. He was quietly reading his breviary when the bell rang for breakfast. I had to go to the sacristy to turn out the chapel lights. I slipped inside the door pretending I didn't want to disturb him. As I reached for the switch he spoke.

"Good morning, Sister."

I returned the greeting and after kneeling to kiss his ring, started for the door.

"Well," he stopped me with the dreaded question, "what did you do to my cruets?"

"I froze them, Bishop," I confessed, waiting for the deserved reprimand. Instead, he threw back his head and laughed heartily. Then he showed me the beautiful alb and cincture he had received for his silver jubilee.

"Kneel down and I will give you my blessing."

On the way to the dining room I meditated on the unusual exchange—a blessing for a broken cruet.

During our second year of novitiate two of us became ill. The thought that perhaps we would not be accepted for vows was uppermost in our minds. When Bishop Noll, who was again at Victory Noll, heard of our illness, he asked to visit us. We were both happy to see him. When he entered my room he said, "Oh, it's you."

He sat in a chair by the bed and talked of many interesting things. It was a pleasant visit for one who was confined to bed. As he rose to leave I burst out, "Oh, Bishop, please pray that I will get well and not have any after effects."

He said nothing but looked down and smiled that kind, reassuring smile. He laid his hand on my head and gave me his blessing. Though no word was spoken I felt sure all would be well. And I knew that his fatherly heart would find a place in his prayers even for a novice.

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*Bright shall be the glory of wise counsellors, as the radiance of the sky above; starry-bright forever their glory, who have taught many the right way. Daniel 12, 3. Knox translation.*

# Archbishop Noll and Victory Noll

by Clement Neubauer, O.F.M. Cap.

*Father Clement is superior of the "neighboring Capuchin Fathers" whom he mentions in his article. During the late 20's and early 30's Father was Master of Novices at the same friary.*

**W**HAT did Victory Noll mean to Archbishop Noll? What did Archbishop Noll mean to Victory Noll?

It is impossible for an outsider to answer these questions. Even a member of the community would find it very

difficult to give a complete picture of the material, moral, and spiritual support extended so generously by the Archbishop to Victory Noll over the years.

There was one occasion, however, which revealed the Archbishop's regard. That was his annual visit on August 5, the day of reception and profession of the sisters. We may speak of this as an annual visit (although he came other times), for he failed to attend only when it was absolutely impossible for him to do so. When thus prevented, he would more often than not invite the neighboring Capuchin Fathers to conduct the services. In making his request he was most apologetic in telling the superior of the friary, though he owed him no explanation at all, just why he could not be present. It was evident that he considered his personal presence on this important day a real obligation toward the sisters.

**"The Archbishop conducted the services with simple dignity, edifying all present."**





The Archbishop reads the names of the new novices.

The Archbishop conducted the services with simple dignity, edifying all present. Invariably, he himself preached the sermon. Usually it was not a formal conference or discourse, but a sincere, paternal, heart-to-heart talk.

After the services, among the sisters, the Archbishop seemed to be a father among his children. He frequently expressed his joy that the sisters were so frank, relaxed, and childlike in their conversations with him. Of course all realized that this was but the result of his own fatherly condescension.

All problems of the community were of vital interest to him. Whether it was a building project of the superiors, or the health and progress of the youngest novice, he was equally concerned. I am thinking particularly of those trying years of the late 20's and early 30's, when the community was not yet so firmly established as it is today. No doubt the vocation of many a postulant and novice was strengthen-

ed by this keen interest and abiding support of the Archbishop. The loyalty of so great a man was a bulwark of strength against any doubt about the future of the congregation. Thus, this day of the Archbishop's visit was one not only of joy, but of inspiration for their dedicated lives.

And now in death the Archbishop speaks even more eloquently than in life of his deep regard for Victory Noll. He chose this beloved spot as his last resting place on earth. Here among his beloved sisters he awaits the call of resurrection. From these hallowed grounds, which he always considered a bit of heaven, he wished to ascend to his eternal home in Paradise. Then too, in the humility that was his, he has forgotten all about his merits and thought only of his responsibility. Therefore he eagerly looked forward to the prayers of the good sisters of Victory Noll. His presence there will be a constant reminder to them. We know that the sisters will not fail him. May he rest in peace.

# Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D.

1875-1956



THE Most Reverend John Francis Noll, D.D., fifth Bishop of Fort Wayne, was born in that city on January 5, 1875. He was baptized, received his first Holy Communion, was confirmed, ordained a priest, and consecrated a bishop in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in his native city.

He received his early education in the Cathedral parish school conducted by the Holy Cross Brothers, and in September 1888, entered St. Lawrence College at Mount Calvary, Wisconsin, a preparatory seminary in charge of the Capuchin Fathers. He completed his studies for the priesthood at Mount St. Mary of the West Seminary, Cincinnati, and was ordained June 4, 1898.

Father Noll served in various pastorates in the diocese, his longest tenure being at St. Mary's Church, Huntington, where he became pastor in 1910. Early in his priestly life he began the writing apostolate with which he was always associated. It was in 1912 that he founded *Our Sunday Visitor*, the famous weekly that now has a circulation of almost 800,000.

In 1920 Father Noll was elevated by Pope Benedict XV to the rank of Domestic Prelate with the title of Right Reverend Monsignor. In 1925 he was named to succeed the Most Reverend Herman J. Alerding, fourth Bishop of Fort Wayne, who had died the previous year.

Bishop Noll was consecrated on June 30, 1925, in the Fort Wayne Cathedral by the late George Cardinal Mundelein. Under the new Bishop's administration the Church made enormous advances in the Fort Wayne diocese. Schools,

parishes, and religious communities increased with each passing year.

His influence was national in its scope, however, and he was admired everywhere for his leadership in civic and Church affairs. He served as a member of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference longer than any other member of the hierarchy.

It was Archbishop Noll who was responsible for the erection of a statue of Christ in our nation's capital. He it was who served as chairman of the Episcopal Committee for the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. The Archbishop was a member of the original committee that launched and successfully promoted the Legion of Decency. He was a founder of the Catholic Press Association and pioneered the work of the National Organization for Decent Literature. In 1925 when the American Board of Catholic Missions was formed, Bishop Noll was made treasurer, a position he retained until his death.

Pope Pius XII, in recognition of his tremendous service to the Church, elevated him to the personal rank of Archbishop on September 2, 1953. A year later Archbishop Noll suffered his first cerebral hemorrhage. Two subsequent ones incapacitated him still further. His death occurred July 31, 1956.

His Eminence Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, gave the sermon at Archbishop Noll's funeral in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Wayne. The Most Reverend William D. O'Brien, Auxiliary of Chicago and President of Extension, offered the Mass. Thirty-four members of the hierarchy attended, among them His Eminence James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles. Archbishop Noll was buried in the cemetery of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters at Huntington, Indiana.

This brief biographical sketch of Archbishop Noll merely touches on the

many activities to which he devoted his life. Much of his work is known only to God. What he meant to our community we have tried to tell you throughout the pages of this memorial number of **The Missionary Catechist**. In the editor's column on page 26 you can read of the tremendous debt Our Lady of Victory Sisters owe to Archbishop Noll. In the words of our Founder, Father Sigstein, quoted there: "Had it not been for the unstinted support and generous patronage of Bishop Noll the Society of Missionary Catechists could never have made the remarkable start it did: a start equivalent to fifty years of ordinary growth of a new religious community in the Church."



The late George Cardinal Mundelein (second from left) consecrated Archbishop Noll June 30, 1925. Co-consecrators were the late Bishop Emmanuel B. Ledvina of Corpus Christi (left) and the late Bishop Alphonse J. Smith of Nashville.

From

## Cardinal Stritch's Sermon

YOU cannot understand the great works of Archbishop Noll unless you understand Archbishop Noll. He was a man of great faith, and everything he did was for him the most natural thing to do for Christ and His Church.

His faith was so deep, so real, that it really puzzled him when he saw Catholics who did not live wholly with Christ.

Never did his smile leave him. It was never the smile of one who never knew crises, but the smile of a Pauline optimism, which gave heart to all who worked with him. He did great things for Holy Church, but so spontaneously that he was surprised when others called them great.

He strove through his years to bring others deeper and deeper in their love of Christ. His life tells how a simple man of great faith and fervent charity spontaneously does works which are great because they are the works of the Savior.



Bishop Pursley, Apostolic Administrator of Fort Wayne, conducts the services at the grave. He is assisted by (left to right): Very Rev. Msgr. William Voors, assistant chancellor; Rev. James P. Conroy, chaplain at Victory Noll and associate editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*; and Rev. Edward A. Miller, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Huntington.

From

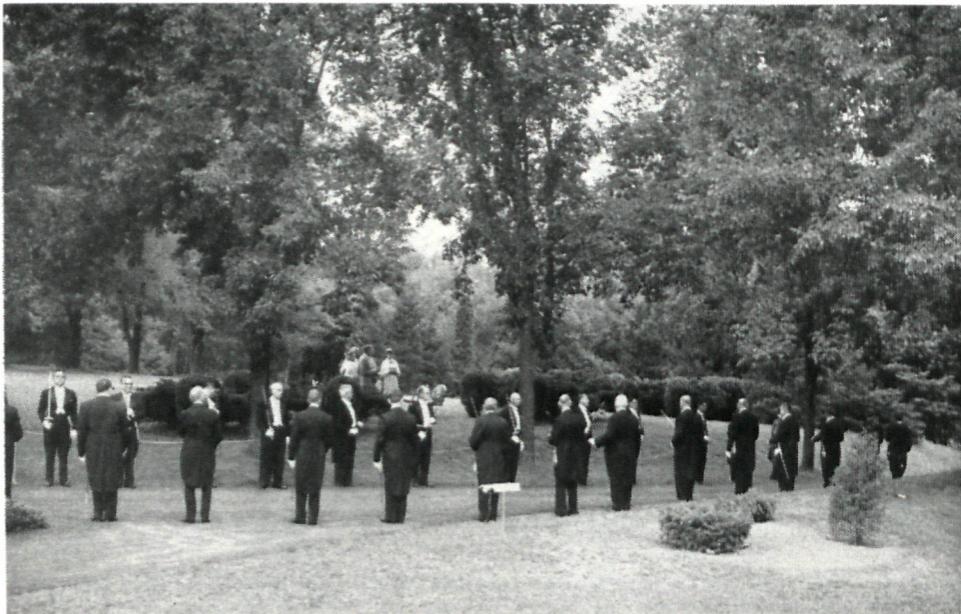
## The Archbishop's Will

I DIE with unwavering faith in the Catholic religion, which religion, as editor of a national religious weekly, I have striven to explain for the benefit of both Catholic and non-Catholic, and which religion, as Bishop, I have been proud to represent officially.

I bequeath my poor soul to Him who gave it, in the hope that He will receive it, wash it quickly, and admit it into eternal beatitude with Himself.

I bequeath my body to Mother Earth until the Lord "will raise me up on the last day, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

That mine may be "the death of the just" was my prayer during life; that whatever seed I have sown through the spoken or printed word may fructify into an eternal harvest of saved souls, is the intention for which I ask the prayers of the clergy and faithful of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and of *Our Sunday Visitor's* numerous friends.



The Knights await the approach of the hearse.



The crowd in the cemetery may be seen center, left.



# Fisher of Souls

by Sister Mary Eva

At Sylvan Lake with Mother Catherine, first Mother General of the Victory Noll Sisters. An unknown postulant rows the boat.

THERE was always a flutter of subdued excitement when word got around that the Archbishop was coming. The blinds went up in his apartment, everything was duly cleaned and burnished, the cook prepared her best, the organist selected her choicest music, and even the sister gardener harvested her loveliest flowers.

And when the velvet covered prie-dieu appeared in the sanctuary, every one knew it was almost time for His Excellency to arrive. Then, when a masculine voice, and full-throated hearty laughter penetrated the convent silence, and the pungent fragrance of cigar smoke floated through the corridors, even the novices knew that the moment had come.

In spite of fatigue and the pressure of many duties, he always offered the community Mass, and himself distributed Holy Communion to the sisters. How we treasured the privilege of receiving Our Lord from his hands.

Only the most important of tasks could make him hurry away. He wanted to stay with us as long as possible. He wanted to help everyone; no personal problem was too insignificant to merit his attention. His remarkable memory for names and faces of the sisters often made us gasp, as he would recall and speak of some detail he had learned about an individual sister at a previous meeting. To him, each one of us was important, no matter how exalted or humble our positions might be. We were the community, and to him the community was his "garden enclosed," in which he was helping to rear choice souls for the glory of God. He was the kind father among his children, happy to come, reluctant to leave.

One of his greatest delights was to take his turn at playing host, and to welcome small groups of postulants, novices, or professed sisters to his summer home on Sylvan lake. Those were red-letter days for us, when this great

Fisher of Souls would carefully demonstrate to the uninitiated how to bait a hook with a worm and chuckle when we squirmed more than the worm did. There were times when he would patiently stand on the pier for an hour or more waiting for a nibble, just so that he could show us what to do with a fish if we did catch one. Deftly he would intersperse his fishing instruction with pertinent hints on how to fish for souls, spiritual thoughts to spur us on to greater efforts in the quest for sanctity.

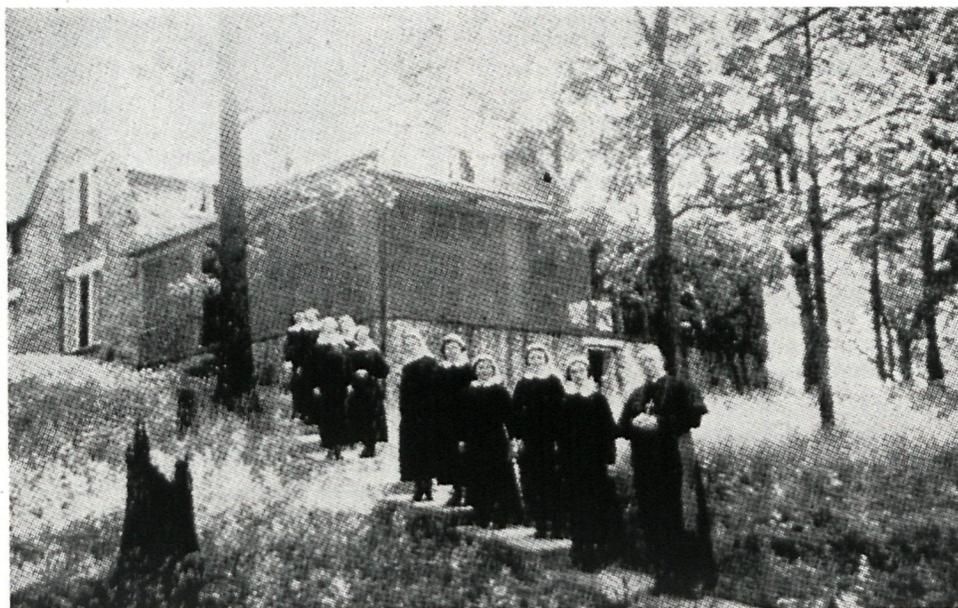
There was never any aloofness in his attitude. No one ever needed to be afraid to approach him. The door of his office was always ajar.

It was no wonder then, that when the entire community lined up to bid him farewell and to get his blessing after those brief but cherished visits to his "second home," we felt a sadness and a sense of loss, which only the leave-taking of a firm friend could cause.

It was no wonder then, that this sense of loss should have been intensi-

fied a thousandfold on that never-to-be-forgotten August 6 of 1956, when the tolling of Victory Noll's bell and the long funeral cortege, announced to the sisters that our Archbishop had come home for the last time. No flutter of eager anticipation this time, only a sad awareness that death had come for our Father in Christ, our guide and our friend.

But under the weight of sorrow, like the sun coming through the clouds, all of us felt a sense of security, peace, and joy. He had chosen to answer the trumpet call of the last long day from the little plot of holy ground at our motherhouse. He would be with us still. More benignly, more effectually than ever he would guide the destinies of our community from his glorious place in heaven. That is the thought that is uppermost in the minds of the sisters as they make their daily pilgrimage to his grave to pray for the happy repose of his great and noble soul, and to pray to him for God's blessing on our apostolate.



With Mother Cecilia and postulants at the lake.



# our **A**ssociates'

## An Associate's Tribute to Archbishop Noll

"I KNOW that *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters* are grieved over the loss of Archbishop Noll but your grief cannot but be mingled with joy at the thought of his having attained a high place in Heaven. Certainly he served His Master in a big way during his time here on earth. Everyone knows that for his influence for good knew no bounds."

*Miss Mary C. Gibbons Promoter, Charitina Club II, Paris, Illinois.*

## Huntington Associates At Burial

AMONG the large concourse of people who gathered at the site of Archbishop Noll's grave in the little cemetery at Victory Noll, on the day of his funeral, were *Mrs. Dan Herzog* and *Mrs. Charles Hartman* who represented *Our Lady of Fatima Band of Huntington, Indiana*. After the prayers by His Excellency, Bishop Pursley, and the responses by attending clergy, Mrs. Herzog, the treasurer and a most practical minded person, called your Supervisor aside and handed her a dues check from the members of her Band. Our Associates are the *Marthas* who realize that money is needed for the support of the missionaries.

## Holy Ghost Band

VISITORS in August at Victory Noll were *Miss Mary Nye* and *Miss Florence Schneck*, Promoter and Member, respectively, of Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Indiana. Since many sisters who

had formerly staffed our Goshen and Elkhart convents were present, these ladies had a chance to visit with their friends among our sisters and convince them of the Band's determination to continue their financial help to our missionary works.

## Perpetual Help

THE Promoter of this *Evanston, Illinois Band, Miss Celia Henrich*, had this comment in one of her letters: "Enclosed is a check for fifty dollars. The extra ten dollars was donated by Mrs. Gauer who collected and sold waste paper and gave us the proceeds."

## Rosary Quilt



*Miss Martha Berger, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Associate* stands beside a Rosary Quilt which she designed and made herself. Later it was raffled at a benefit party. In her hands is a gold rose fashioned from 14 karat gold scraps dropped by workmen when they decorated the statuary in the Cathedral of her city.

# Club Mention



## St. Katherine Band

THESE ladies, with *Mrs. Katherine Hammer* as Promoter, give one the impression that they are always "rarin' to go" the limit in their support of our mission work. At least, your Supervisor has noticed their last meeting of the season is toward the end of June, while their first meeting of the new school year is pretty well toward the beginning of September. What better proof does one need, unless it be that meetings are often held twice a month instead of once as with most Bands?

God bless them all for their wonderful spirit of helpfulness.



We were very sorry to learn, through *Miss Helen Ford*, Promoter of *Charitina Club, Chicago*, that one of her members, *Evelyn Grant*, who had been in failing health, died rather suddenly and unexpectedly on August 3.

This reduces the membership in this Band, one of the first to be organ-

## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

July 4 to September 4, 1956

Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford .....	\$ 5.00
Charitina, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons .....	20.00
Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler ....	20.00
Dolores Guild, Chicago, A. Klingel ....	75.50
Florentine, St. Louis, Leuchtefeld ....	10.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern ..	22.00
Infant of Prague, Chicago, Florence Spitzer .....	75.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Ann Accomando .....	5.35
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog .....	12.00
Our Lady of The Sacred Heart, Appleton, Wis., H. Arens .....	76.00
Queen of Hearts, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky .....	5.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien .....	15.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	35.00
St. Elizabeth, Springfield, Minn., Ida W. Rubey .....	5.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Miss Melke ....	14.00
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. C. Fiala .....	10.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter .....	30.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones ..	12.25
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt ..	10.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer ..	16.00
St. Vincent of St. Jude Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Eunice F. Carl .....	40.00
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, S. Murphy ..	13.50
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth ....	10.50

## Evelyn Grant Dies

ized in Chicago more than thirty years ago, to five loyal ladies.

Although we are certain our dear Associate went to a rich reward for her many benefactions, still Christian charity obliges us to pray for the departed. Kindly remember her in your prayers. R.I.P.



# Mary's Loyal

ALWAYS SUMMER IN  
GEORGIA

Dear Loyal Helpers:

**D**URING this month of the Holy Rosary, make special efforts to say your Hail Marys with attention and tender devotion.

Mary-ly yours,  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

**O**N May 29, during graduation services of the eighth grade, I received the "Merit Award," which is the highest possible award here in St. Mary's. The week before I was confirmed by Bishop John P. Treacy at our parish church and received the name of Elizabeth. Bishop Treacy is bishop of our LaCrosse Diocese. I will renew my subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST as soon as I receive my allowance.

Susan Darling, Neillsville, Wis.

The most marvelous thing happened! I won a four-year scholarship to Pueblo (Colorado) Catholic High! I was very much surprised as I didn't know one would be given. I say the Rosary every day and include you in it.

Joan Remple, Pueblo, Colo.

## A BROTHER AND SISTER TEAM UP TO GIVE AID TO OUR MISSION WORK



**T**O the left is pictured Sheryl Augustin of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and to the right, her brother Charles. Sheryl wrote in part as follows: "Enclosed is a check for \$6.85 from our Sunshine Bag. Charles helped me save cancelled postage stamps, from far and near. We are sending these in a box to you."



Above is pictured Patsy Beebe of Rome, Georgia. Our little friend has been a Loyal Helper for nearly two years. She says her daily Hail Mary for our missionaries faithfully and hopes to be a sister too when she grows up.

# Helpers' pages



## OCTOBER PUZZLE

AT this time of the year the trees in the forests and on hillsides are decked in gorgeous trappings of red and gold. In the sentences below are hidden the names of forest trees many of which present a magnificent spectacle in their autumnal dress. These are the names to look for: *Oak, maple, aspen, elm, beech* and *ash*. Number your answers and send them to *Sunshine Secretary* for a holy card.

1. Let the praises of God be echoed throughout all nations.
2. "Mema, please let me go to the Hallowe'en party."
3. Football players wear helmets of leather.
4. With the advent of cool weather you no longer hear the croaking of frogs.

5. We should bear slight discomforts without complaint as penance for our sins and faults.

6. Hunting dogs are often held with a leash.

*Answers to September Puzzle.* Henry, Mildred, Grace, Cora, Robert, Harold, Oliver, Walter, Carliotta, Lillian, Miriam, Howard, Curtis, Basil and Barbara.



*We set around the kitchen fire  
An' has the mostest fun,  
A-liste'nin to the witch tales 'at  
Annie tells about,  
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you  
Ef you don't watch out!*

—James Whitcomb Riley

## DECEASED ARCHBISHOP NOLL PICTURED WITH MISSION CHILDREN



# Everyone's Archbishop

by Sister Elizabeth Ann

VICTORY NOLL was never lovelier.

So often in August the lawns are parched and brown, but this year, because of the cool summer rains, they were still soft and green. The many shades of green of grass and shrubbery were relieved by vivid splashes of color: the deep red of the roses in the patio, the varying shades of pink of the petunia borders, the orange of the tiger lilies, and the rose and lavender of the phlox.

The long line of cars moved ever so slowly up the hill while the bell tolled mournfully to announce the last homecoming of our beloved Archbishop. As the crowd in the cemetery grew larger and larger I could not help marveling at the presence of so many lay people. The priests and sisters we expected and, of course the Archbishop's relatives, Our Sunday Visitor family, and old friends from Huntington. But many had come from all over the diocese—those whom he had confirmed, those who were proud to be numbered among his flock.

It had been that way all during the time the Archbishop lay in state in Fort Wayne. Thousands filed past the bier. All who could do so attended Bishop Pursley's Pontifical Mass on Saturday. Sunday night the cathedral was crowded for the Office of the Dead. Monday, the day of the funeral, there were so many members of the hierarchy, so many priests and sisters, that there was little room for the laity. Yet they crowded the entrances and in the afternoon when the funeral procession left the cathedral, they lined the streets for blocks and blocks.

To me they, the "little people," were typified by the old man I saw in the cathedral an hour before the procession formed in the afternoon. His clothes were grease-splattered and his lunch box was at his feet. When I noticed him he was looking lovingly at the memorial card in his hand. For a long time he looked at it; then he opened his worn wallet and reverently put it away.

Everyone had favorite stories about the Archbishop. I met a woman last year who had been in his parish fifty years ago in Hartford City. She was proud of the fact that it was Father Noll who had given her her First Communion. Her family like so many others in his parish, was very poor. The kindly pastor bought soap and gave it to her to sell so that she could get the things she needed for First Communion Day. Fifty years later, that day and the day after it are still vivid memories, for the next day was a school holiday for the First Communicants. Father Noll took them to the amusement park where they rode on everything rideable, ate everything edible and not so edible, and had a glorious time. All on the pastor!

The Archbishop never lost that human touch. All of us regarded him with reverence, but never with awe. He never talked down to us. He would tell us, for instance, how the idea of a statue of Christ in Washington began. (Mrs. Marjorie Russell of Topeka, Kansas, was the first to suggest it to the Archbishop. A friend of OSV, she was also a friend of our community, but

that is still another story.) Or he would talk about plans for the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, a project so dear to his heart. It seemed strange, the last few months of his life, when the strokes had taken their toll and his speech had become impaired, to do the talking instead of the listening. You would try to talk about the things he loved—convert work, for instance. He never tired of hearing of souls brought to Christ.

Our sisters, whose privilege it was to care for him, always shared our com-

munity letters with him. Perhaps the ones he enjoyed most were those that told of convert work.

The Archbishop used his phenomenal memory not just to write articles and to quote statistics, but to remember the things that counted so much to those about him. He remembered that your mother died recently, that someone in the family was sick. It was amazing. I'm afraid we became somewhat used to it and did not wonder at it. Others too, especially his brother bishops, were struck by the Archbishop's



Novices and professed sisters at graveside rites.

simplicity and humility and remarked on it when he died.

Never did he refuse a request to write an article for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. What is more, he wrote the article the very same day he received a letter asking for it. And if it should happen that he was delayed a *day or two* in doing so, he invariably apologized and explained why he was "late." Of course he need not have done so, but it is just another instance of his gracious ways. If I may say so without sounding irreverent, the Archbishop was a journalist to the end. His death took place on a Tuesday morning about nine-thirty, soon enough to meet the deadline of the evening paper, early in the week to meet the deadlines of the diocesan weeklies.

How much the Archbishop suffered during the two years in which he became more and more incapacitated, only those who were near him could realize, and then not to its fullest extent. Yet he bore it all uncomplainingly. In a letter to one of our sisters who had been ill in the hospital and then, just when she thought she would be released, learned she must spend another year there, he wrote:

No one better than I can realize your disappointment at not being able to return to your community and the work that you love. I have learned that there is a great deal of merit in suffering a little bit. I spent seventy-five years free from sickness, and was kept busily occupied. Now, like yourself, I am able to do very little, and am expected to carry the burden in the name of and for Our Divine Lord.

Let us pray for each other because we are both eager to get back to work, but must resign ourselves to the will of

Him who loves us both far more than we realize.

I said Mass yesterday almost blindly because my sight at so close a range is still not good. I see quite well at a distance but I cannot read a paper or a book.

When he was not able to offer Mass he assisted at Mass in his chapel. Then, although he could not read, his marvelous memory served him well. He answered all the prayers and said much of the fore-Mass with the celebrant. I was present for one of those Masses last fall. It was the Mass of All Saints, long familiar to the Archbishop. It was very touching to hear him say the *Gaudeamus* of the Introit with the Crosier Father at the altar: the young priest with the sacred oils hardly dry on his hands; the Archbishop with almost fifty-eight years of the priesthood behind him.

It was another newly ordained Crosier who gave him his last Holy Communion, the Rev. Robert J. Bliven, O.S.C. He did not know then it was the Archbishop's Viaticum. The night before, the Archbishop was wakeful, but not exactly restless. The Alexian Brother on night duty spent much of his time saying aspirations, the Archbishop repeating them clearly after him. This was most remarkable when we remember the difficulty he had been having in speaking.

Very quietly the end came, so quietly that Sister Rose Elizabeth and Sister Mary Helen, kneeling by the bed, hardly realized the Archbishop was gone. He had been conscious to the last. Bishop Pursley and the others who had been summoned when it was apparent the end was near, continued the rosary. The great soul of the Archbishop had gone into eternity.

# The Archbishop Is Coming!

by Sister Anne Veronica

AS we made our way to our places in chapel we noticed a prie-dieu in the middle of the sanctuary draped in beautiful red. This meant only one thing, our Bishop was coming. Our postulant hearts tingled with joy to know that our friend was coming again. How we loved him, though we had not yet been at Victory Noll one year!

When would he come? Would it be this afternoon? Would we, maybe visit with him again in the parlor? How we cherished our former visits with him. Then, coming up the aisle, we heard his already familiar steps. He was here; our Bishop was here! His humble, yet stately, figure made its way into the sanctuary where he knelt to adore His God. Silently he prayed. We watched, motionless, knowing that here was a soul that was close to God, whose every energy was spent increasing His honor and glory.

Three years later found us again in chapel, this time counting the minutes until tomorrow — our profession day. As our eyes went gratefully to the tabernacle they detoured for a moment to look at the throne that was being erected in the sanctuary. During these three years, our Bishop — now Archbishop — had become more and more dear to us. Many times he had proved himself our friend since we first entered Victory Noll, and he was to preside over our profession ceremonies in the morning. In the middle of the sanctuary was his red prie-dieu, a sight familiar and welcome. Our hearts, already overflowing at the thought of our profession, palpitated more rapidly in knowing that, receiving our vows, would be our own beloved Archbishop. Yes, our Archbishop was coming!

Then we waited and prayed, wondering at the absence of his footstep on the chapel stairs. Our wonderment was of short duration. It was soon turned into deep sadness by an announcement that tomorrow our Archbishop could not come. He had suffered his first cerebral hemorrhage. We bowed our heads and prayed that, if God would see fit to do so, He would restore health to His once dynamic servant. God did not will to do this.

And so today we stand, now professed sisters with two years of mission experience, we stand on the grounds of our dear Victory Noll silently waiting. Our Archbishop is coming. Yes, today he is coming, but we will not hear his contagious chuckle or see his endearing smile. Today we will not visit with him in the parlor. We will not hear his step on the chapel floor, nor see him at his prie-dieu in our chapel sanctuary. Nor will we watch as he reverently places his zuchetta on the altar table before offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Today he is coming indeed, but it is not as before. Today he is coming to Victory Noll to take his final rest. As we stand here silently waiting, we cannot but be grateful for the many happy moments we spent in his inspiring presence.

While his priests chant the Benedictus, we breath fervent prayers through silent tears that God grant eternal rest to this, His servant, who loved Him so ardently. We pray too that a tiny spark of his great love would ignite our hearts to burn for God as did his own great heart. And we thank God for bringing our Archbishop Noll to Victory Noll to stay.

## The last word

by the Editor

Before preparing this Archbishop Noll Memorial Number of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we went back through some of the issues dedicated to our beloved Archbishop on various occasions. In the issue of June 1935, commemorating the tenth anniversary of the Bishop's consecration, we found an article that we wish to share with you, for it tells of the great debt we owe to him. Moreover, it was written by our Founder, Father Sigstein. Father wrote:

"In this fast age of ours the average American Catholic expects every newly established work to make rapid growth and reach a phenomenal development in a short time. He is willing to concede, however, that a newly founded religious community ordinarily makes a slow start. And generally it does. But the Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is an exception to this rule.

"The reason for this exception is that through the Providence of God and the powerful help of God's holy Mother, it was blessed and privileged, shortly after it began its work, in having as its sponsors, those who could give it all that was needed for a successful beginning and a remarkable growth within a short period of time.

"It is not that this newly founded society in its early days did not have its painful struggles, its heavy trials, its disappointed hopes, and its disheartening opposition. The catechist movement an entirely new movement in the Church in America. . . . The grade seemed long and steep and rugged. There were no friends. There was no money.

"But since this society and its work

were dedicated to God's own Mother under her title of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, it was destined to succeed. For, no sooner was the movement under way and the apostolic work begun than she raised up three friends who were destined to become its most powerful benefactors and patrons."

Here Father Sigstein introduces these friends: Bishop Noll and Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. O'Donnell of Long Beach, California. He continues:

"It was the most Reverend Bishop of Fort Wayne who first generously placed at the disposal of the Society of Missionary Catechists the columns of Our Sunday Visitor for much-needed nation-wide publicity and then, together with Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell, erected the motherhouse and novitiate at Huntington.

"Victory Noll stands a priceless memorial of the charity of a bishop who looked beyond the confines of his own diocese and, like the Divine Shepherd, saw and loved those other sheep besides his own who were to be brought into the sheepfold."

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## In Memoriam

- Mrs. Florence Miller, St. Louis, mother of Sister Mary David.  
Ewald F. Gerken, Dubuque, Father of Sister Dolores Ann.  
Rev. Robert Kalt, O.F.M., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Rev. Carmen Tranchese, S.J., New Iberia, La.  
Rev. Raymond M. Norris, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind.  
Sister M. Bernarda, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Sister Josephine, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
George Stoffel, Huntington, Ind.  
Mary A. Farrell, Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
John Weber, Wilmette, Ill.  
Evelyn Grant, ACM, Chicago  
Paul Marleau, Detroit.  
Mrs. Fontaine, Bellows Falls, Vt.  
John Pruden, LaPorte, Ind.  
Mary Pledl, Milwaukee

# In Appreciation

by Sister Jean Marie

WHO would not feel a bit audacious in attempting to give expression to the esteem and veneration with which each Missionary Sister regards our beloved Father and Archbishop? We gladly leave it to other eager and willing writers to enumerate the countless Church organizations with which our Archbishop was affiliated; to extol the brilliant mind that placed in the hands of the faithful thousands of publications for their religious education and guidance; to mention the pen that wielded a gigantic force for the betterment of the nation as a whole, and for the repudiation of error. We, however, simply want to confine our gratitude to a personal one: that of our community to our Archbishop.

If we had not received Archbishop Noll's fatherly advice and encouragement through the years, we wonder if our exalted desires would have seen fruition. We know now that it was the plan of Almighty God that there be a community of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, and that we should

have had a magnanimous counselor and benevolent friend in the person of Archbishop Noll. Regardless of the fact that his busy life permitted him few uninterrupted hours, each one of us, from our Mother General with her serious problems to our youngest postulant with her little tale of homesickness, felt that she had the Archbishop's fullest and undivided attention and sympathy.

With the passing of years God continued to bless our community. Our deep gratitude will always be directed to our beloved Archbishop who was with us wholeheartedly in our spiritual and material growth.

From now on our appreciation will be intensified because he is with God. Our postulants with their same little problems and our Mother General with her need for guidance will have the certainty that he is mentioning our big and little problems to God and Mary. He has done so much for the individual sister and for the community; what he will now do will challenge our gratitude and inspire us to renewed zeal.



**LET** him be the faithful and prudent servant whom Thou dost set, O Lord, over Thy household, so that he may give them food in due season, and prove himself a perfect man. May he be untiring in his solicitude, fervent in spirit. May he detest pride, cherish humility and truth, and never desert it, overcome either by flattery or by fear. Let him not put light for darkness, nor darkness for light; let him not call evil good, nor good evil. May he be a debtor to the wise and to the foolish, so that he may gather fruit from the progress of all. Grant to him, O Lord, an episcopal chair for ruling Thy Church and the people committed to him. Be his authority, be his power, be his strength. Multiply upon him Thy blessing and Thy grace, so that by Thy gift he may be fitted for always obtaining Thy mercy, and by Thy grace may he be faithful. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth in the unity of one God, world without end. Amen.

*From the Rite of Consecration of a Bishop*