

The Missionary Catechist 1-57

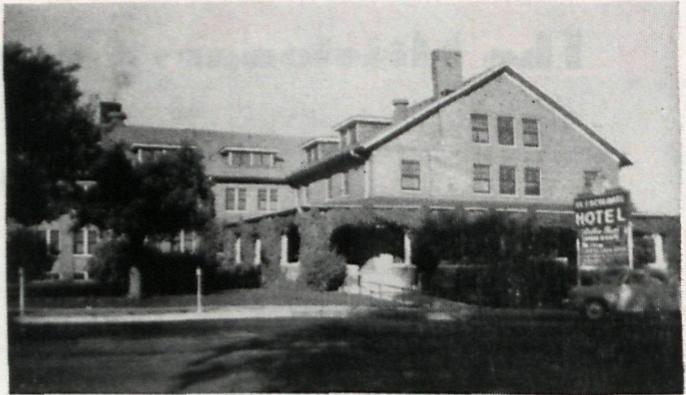




Victory Noll's drive is usually covered with snow in January.

By Pony Express

by Sister Mary Francene



El Escalante Hotel, Cedar City, Utah. Familiar sight to visitors of Utah Parks.

“UNION Pacific Ticket Office.”
“Is Number 38 on time tonight?”
“Right on time.”

So two Missionary Sisters hop into the station wagon and drive to the UP station to meet the sisters who are returning from their weekly 830-mile round trip to southern Utah.

Number 38, the Pony Express, had taken us to Lund, Utah, two days before, where it arrives any time between three and five in the afternoon, depending on when it leaves Salt Lake City, how many other trains it has to wait for, and how much express there is. At Lund, after the passengers, mail, and express (which may include a real live burro as it did the week before Christmas) have been transferred to the bus, we start off for the last part of our journey, a forty-mile drive across the desert to Cedar City.

This drive is not so tiresome as it might appear although we pass nothing but a few cars, an occasional flock of sheep, or a few head of cattle. When what goes on outside the bus no longer holds one's attention, then what goes on inside does.

The bus driver, Cal, is not only an efficient driver, but also an excellent entertainer. He will tell the tourists of the beauty of the Utah Parks, of which Cedar City is the gateway, of how these

flats once were fertile valleys, and of the wild horses that used to roam the desert and still do. Fathers Escalante and Dominguez were the first white men to set foot in what is now the State of Utah. That was in 1776. Father Escalante had many horses. When he became ill, he let them go free. Hence the wild horses. (Information courtesy of Cal.)

Sometimes it happens that certain sophisticated tourists show no interest. Then Cal will not have a word to say. When curiosity urges these same passengers to ask “What kinds of trees are those over there?” Cal will answer, “Banana trees!” But for one who is sincerely interested, if the tourist has not seen cedar trees (they're really juniper scrubs) or sage brush before, he will stop the bus and go out to pull off a few twigs for the inquirer.

In Cedar City Cal drops us off in front of the Escalante Hotel where we stay overnight and have our meals. There we are sure of gracious and courteous service from the manager, who is a Catholic. Mr. Rogers, the manager of the Utah Parks, and his wife are Catholics also. Every morning at seven o'clock these two and Mrs. Carrico, a convert, and one of the cooks at the hotel kneel side by side at the Communion rail. Mr. Rogers was made a

Knight of St. Gregory by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in recognition of his work for the Church.

For an hour and a half every Saturday morning we teach the children in Cedar City's little church, a remodelled home. The upstairs serves as a rectory for Father Coyne, the pastor. Then we hurry back to the hotel to get our bags and are off to Lund again. From there we take the train to Milford. Sometimes we have to wait an hour, sometimes two, for the "Pony" to come.

After class in Milford, Father Valine, O.P., the pastor, takes us to Richfield where there are Navajo Indian children to instruct. Then we go back to Milford for another hour of class and Mass on Sunday morning. We hurriedly eat our "brunch" so that we are ready to board our train for the return trip to Salt Lake. Strange, on this day, we wish it would be a little late, but no, the Pony is always on time on Sunday!

Sister Marjorie and I love to go down south, mainly because the children are so responsive. Maybe it is because the classes are small or maybe because there are fewer distractions in small towns than in the city. Whatever it is, the children seem to respond better to our teaching than they do elsewhere.

Perhaps it is because the Catholics here are such a minority that they grow up as fighting Catholics, always having to defend their faith. For instance, the junior prom was scheduled to be held on Good Friday night as is the custom in this state. At the practice the only three Catholic children in high school refused to attend. When asked why, they said, "There's no point in practicing. We won't be at the prom."

"Why not?"

"Because it's on Good Friday night."

The prom was postponed to the Friday following and one of the Catholic boys was chosen to lead it.



Sister M. Marjorie (left) and Sister Mary Francene board the bus at Lund.

Then there is Karen who was invited to a party one Saturday evening. She told her non-Catholic friends that she wanted to attend services at church first. When she arrived at the party after the devotions, she found that her friends had waited for her, saved the games, prizes, and refreshments until she came. And besides, she was invited to another party.

This same girl had the courage to go to the principal of the school to ask him if the meatless day at the cafeteria could be changed to Friday. Her petition was granted, but only for a few months. When she repeated her request he told her that he would arrange to have a meatless dish on Friday for the benefit of the Catholic children.

Cooperation is not always given so easily as that. Often our children have had to take ridicule or the back seat just because they are Catholics. But they are militant Catholics and we are proud of them.

Sister Agnes Clare and Sister M. Edward make the trip to southern Utah this year. Sister Mary Francene and Sister M. Marjorie are in Montrose, Colorado.

by Sister Maria Goretti

From the Other Side of the Desk

“**WHAT** will it be like?” was a question I had often asked myself during my novitiate at Victory Noll. In moments of quiet thinking, or sometimes in the classroom with my eyes fixed on the teacher, the thought would come to me, “What will it be like standing in the teacher’s position looking over a group of upturned faces?”

I received my first mission appointment to Delhi, Iowa, and now I am finding out each day the answer to my question.

Of the things we were taught during our training I now have a deep personal realization. For instance, how well I know now that a teacher must be a teacher at all times of the day. Prayer and meditation

must be the foundation of her own religious knowledge and convictions. She must be faithful to study and class preparation. Cheerfulness and constant effort to sanctify her dispositions and attitudes are a necessity for the religion teacher.

Small children can ask many questions. I have learned that very often I am expected to have the wisdom of Solomon.

One little boy made up his mind to be careful about whom he chooses for his companions, so much so that he even put Santa Claus to the test. After class one day he was unusually slow about leaving the room with the other third graders.

“Something on your mind, Roger?” I smiled as he rose and came forward.



Keeping the green Chevrolet clean seems to be fun for (left to right): Sister Gabriel, Sister Maria Goretti, Sister Mary Imelda, and Sister M. Joan Louise.

Sister Mary Imelda with the high school religion class.



"Sister, is Santa Claus Catholic?"

A funny question? Well, yes. Easy to answer? Not exactly, especially if you are quite sure the small boy's mother wants her child to believe in Santa Claus.

One day our subject was the fourth commandment. During class the question came up, "Must we obey our older brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, when you are sure your parents would tell you to do the same thing."

Then a hand went up and a little fourth grade girl said, "Sometimes I hear my mother tell my older sister to wash the eggs and then my older sister tells me to do it. Do I have to obey her?"

"In that case you really would not have to. However, it would be well to do so. It would be an extra act of love for God, and maybe your sister will be ashamed and obey the next time."

Another hand was waving, this time a boy's hand. "Sister, my brother always tells me to do his work for him. He never gets ashamed!"

"That's all right, Terry. Then you have plenty of chances to do some penance."

See what I mean when I tell you I am learning what it's like on the other side of the desk?

Why Do YOU Want to Go to Heaven?

Here are some of the reasons my third-graders gave.

1. To please God.
2. To thank the Lord for what He has done for all of us.
3. To be a saint and to find out the mysteries.
4. I want to be strong against the devil.
5. I want to see God and all the saints and never have to work.
6. I'd like to see the three different Persons in God.
7. To be away from the devil and see all the saints.
8. To see what heaven looks like.
9. To look at God and never have any more tooth aches.
10. To be with God and thank Him for taking me there.
11. To be a saint. To go from one place to another just like that. To do things for God.
12. So I will be able to do everything God tells me to do and so I will not sin any more.

SISTER EVELYN MARIE



George Kidd in his junior year of high school.

George and the Miraculous Medal

by Sister Eugenia

ONE spring afternoon a high school boy rang our convent doorbell and asked for instructions to become a Catholic. He was a sophomore fifteen years old, and had his parents' permission. His name was George Kidd.

During the course of instructions we were amazed at his understanding and acceptance of Catholic doctrine, and his complete Catholic outlook on so many things. This was all the more remarkable since his was an entirely Protestant background and he lived in a typical southern Protestant community. There were no other Catholic students in the local high school and only a handful of adult Catholics in the whole town.

In the fall of that same year, when we sisters returned to our convent, George resumed his instructions. He was now a junior and had been elected president of his class.

We told him that he could be baptized around Christmas time, since by then he would have had a full nine months course in Christian doctrine. He asked if it would be possible for him to

be received into the Church sooner, for he hoped to be baptized on his birthday, December 6.

George studied hard and was ready for the sacraments, so he was baptized December 4, received his first Holy Communion the next day, and served Mass for the first time on December 6, his sixteenth birthday. He served the rest of the week, including the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

It was not until weeks later that we learned how Our Blessed Mother had been the influence in George's gift of faith.

When he was a cub scout in the fifth grade he bought a second-hand tent. When he got it home and set it up, he discovered a medal pinned to it on the inside. It was a Miraculous Medal. George said he unpinned it and read the prayer on it: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

Then that ten-year-old non-Catholic boy pinned the medal on himself and said the prayer every day, though he did not know then what it meant.

Is it any wonder that Our Blessed Mother arranged for him to come into the Church before her great feast of the Immaculate Conception and that she made sure he would be serving Mass and receiving Holy Communion on that same feast?

Eyes for His Mother

by Sister Mary Irmina

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Tony has the big responsibility of being eyes for his blind mother. He takes it all in a very manly way. It is a usual sight to see Tony balancing himself on the curb waiting for the street or highway to become traffic free and then dash across with his mother. But to see Tony waiting anxiously outside the confessional is another thing. It isn't quite clear to him yet why his mother pushes him quickly aside after he has led her to the door of the confessional.

Tony is his mother's alarm clock. But one Sunday he and his mother were late for Mass. The night before when the little fellow was tucked into bed, his mother said, "Tony, in the morning when you see a light in Mrs. Fernandez's house, be sure to tell me to get up because we want to go to the early Mass."

Many times Tony looked out to see if there was a light in the neighbor's house, but it so happened that the Fernandez family decided to go to the late Mass and didn't need a light. When Tony finally called out, "Mama, the sun is shining," Mama knew he had missed his cue.

It is sweet to watch the child lead his mother to the Communion rail.

Tony does make mistakes, but only once at one thing. Some time ago his mother wanted to come to see us, but she forgot there were two convents—ours and that of the sisters who teach in the parochial school. She merely said, "Tony, take me to the sisters."

Rather surprised when she found that Tony had misguided her she said, "Tony, take me to the sisters who come to see us."

"Oh," said the boy, "you mean the cookie sisters, the sisters who give me cookies!"



Tony never makes the same mistake twice.

FOURSQUARE

Protestant groups were just beginning released time classes. My children lined up for class as usual. A broad, husky, well-built sixth grade boy sauntered toward me and stopped inquiringly.

"This line is for the Catholic children," I explained. "Are you a Catholic?"

"I'm FOURSQUARE!" he answered, describing himself perfectly.

It is almost a year since we published the conversion story of the Rev. William E. King, C.M.F., told by himself. Now it is our pleasure to give you his mother's story.

ON May 27, 1956, I received my First Holy Communion. It was more than sixty years after I had been baptized.

Kneeling in my parish church in Tulare, California, there swept over me a great sense of gratitude and deep content. That Mass at which I received Holy Communion was indeed unforgettable. The celebrant was my own dear son, the Reverend William King, C.M.F. It was he who placed the Sacred Host between the lips of his mother.

So I am back, thanks to his prayers, I am sure, as well as those of other good friends who reached out a warm welcome as I made my way to my Father's House.

I am the proud and grateful mother of a priest, but I did not always find pride and happiness in the determination of this son to become a priest. In fact I opposed him and actually begged him to reconsider his decision. To understand my point of view, you would have to know my early background.

As a child I was aware of a hostile feeling toward the Church. My parents had had the misfortune to separate and since my father was a Catholic, my poor mother somehow associated her

So Powerful Is Prayer

by Grace D. King



Mrs. King with Sister Mary Gabrielle who instructed her.

As I knelt there I was aware of the power of prayer. There echoed in my mind certain words of this priest son of mine.

"Mother," he had said, "I will never cease to pray until my dying day that you come into the Church."

unhappiness with his religion. I remember her telling me that I had been baptized in the Catholic Church, but she spoke with disapproval of that fact. Besides, my young mind was the victim of the common falsehoods told about the Church and so I grew up with anything but a favorable impression of Catholicism.

But not so with my young Billy! When he was only ten years old he became interested in learning of the Catholic religion. He soon became a part of the instruction class of the Missionary Catechist Sisters. Up until this time he had been attending Methodist Sunday School. As his interest grew, his former teacher objected and called upon me to interfere. This I did not do. I have always believed that freedom of worship is a God-given right to be cherished. Somehow, this conviction

kept me from coming between Billy and his faith.

Eventually Billy was instructed and baptized and admitted to the other sacraments. He became an altar boy. Years later at his first solemn Mass which was a community occasion for rejoicing, the priest who preached the sermon remarked, "Billy King used to serve not one Mass but two!"

Billy was delighted when he had an opportunity in the eighth grade to attend a Catholic school. Shortly after this he entered the Claretian Seminary near Los Angeles.

All went well until my son neared his priestly goal. It was then I was assailed with misgivings. It seemed intolerable to me to relinquish a child to the priesthood. I looked ahead to all the family gatherings from which he would be absent — the birthdays, holidays, and the like; and I determined to persuade him to give up his desire to become a priest.

At last I managed to secure a promise from Billy that he would at least consider another walk of life in deference to my pleas. With this in mind he attended the University of California for a year, but only became more firm in his drive toward the priesthood. At last I understood that this was something higher than man-made ambition or worldly success. This was above and greater than us all. And so the other members of the family and I, all outside the Church, gathered to witness the memorable services of an ordination.

My son's prayers were beginning to bear fruit. Following the death of my dear husband, I was aware of a sense of loss in my life which nothing seemed to fill. I think that I was in need of the comforting peace found in the faith.

It was then I turned to my son. "I want to be a Catholic," I said. "What shall I do?"



Mrs. King's own son gives her Our Lord in Holy Communion.

The doors swung open ahead of me. My son sent me to my pastor. He was kind and understanding. My instructions began. I was enrolled in an instruction class and I spent much time with Sister Mary Gabrielle of the Missionary Sisters. She was very good to me and I soon discovered that no question was too trivial for Sister to answer.

As I made progress in my studies, I wished to be baptized. It was then I mentioned to Sister the fact that I had received baptism in the Catholic Church as a child. She painstakingly set to work to trace and secure the papers testifying to that fact. And so the glorious day came. I was ready to

receive the cleansing sacrament of penance and to accept Our Lord from the anointed hands of my own son.

As I approached the church that morning, it did not occur to me that anyone outside the family would have the occasion in mind. To my surprise three women from the Altar Society were awaiting us. When I saw them it was just as though their arms had reached out and enveloped me. I shall never forget that act of simple kindness in their coming to Mass to be with me that morning.

All along my route Home, I have been the fortunate recipient of many kindnesses. The priests have been most helpful. The sisters have been not only teachers but friends. The laity have made me feel wanted and welcome.

The fact that we are Negro has only served to enhance the beauty of the universality of the Church. We know a oneness and a rightness here. Those we meet at church and encounter in the parish activities are all a part of a living brotherhood, made close by kinship with Christ.

Laurice

by Sister Mary Eva

WHEN I first saw her tousled head, and warm brown skin and noted her quick little movements, I asked myself, "Now just what nationality is she?" I determined to question the other sisters about her background. The story they told me, which was later supplemented by details from black-eyed Laurice herself, proved again how Catholic is holy mother Church and how exceedingly beautiful are the workings of God's grace in the souls of His little ones.

Laurice was from Africa. She had spent her early childhood in Liberia, on the west coast. She was born near Monrovia of a Syrian, Catholic cloth merchant, Jemal Saad, and a native Liberian woman of the Bassa Tribe. Her mother had been converted to Catholicism, and went by the English-sounding name of Annie Watson. The parents placed their little girl in a convent mission school with sisters.

Although only a little more than five years old when she left Liberia, the youngster's memories of her native land

were very vivid. She told of days spent with her mother in a native Bassan hut, attired in the flowing tribal costume called a lappa.

"I had a pink one," she said, "and my mother's was white." Her little sandalled feet tramped through orange groves and played hide and seek behind the trees. Occasionally there were visits to the nearby United States Hospital and government buildings where she learned to know some of the officials and personnel.

Her mother and father spoke Syrian and the Bassa tongue, and both knew English, so the little girl learned to speak all three, giving her a remarkable versatility early in life.

"Just what did you have to eat?" I asked her. "Oh! there was what we called 'kasawa'," she replied. "It tasted like sweet potatoes, and then we had 'fufu' which was chili over rice; and once in a while we had banti, which was rooster, but mostly there was fish



Laurice on First Communion Day.

and other sea food, because we were near the water.”

“We used to have a lot of fun,” she said, “carrying buckets of water on our heads from the shore to our house. It was a long walk, but we didn’t mind it.”

Laurice, too, had imbibed her full share of tribal superstition. Children were warned by their parents that a fiery figure would come at them across the water if ever they were caught outdoors after dark. This flaming ghost would make its victims disappear forever if it overtook them. “And once we saw it coming across the water after us when we had played too long,” she said wide-eyed, “and we ran and ran.” The memory of it made her breathless even yet.

Still, in this primitive setting of tribal custom, Laurice was being trained in the holy ways of Catholicity and Christian virtue. The roots of Faith were deep and firmly set. So firmly set,

in fact, that when Laurice was adopted by a young American Negro couple, government workers, and was brought to this country to live, she cried bitterly when her foster parents, thinking to do what was right, brought her to their Protestant Church for Sunday services.

“I can’t go to this church,” she sobbed. “It isn’t the right one. I’m a Catholic.”

It was then that she came under the care of our sisters. She was enrolled in religion classes, and began to prepare for First Holy Communion.

Months ahead of time, as is usual, Sister Pauline began asking the children to get their baptismal records. Laurice didn’t know where to begin to write for hers. There was no use asking her mother. The woman was illiterate and wouldn’t be able to read the letter if she did write. The child had been too young when she left Liberia to remember the name of a diocese, church or priest.

The pastor wrote to Africa for the record. Weeks passed and no word came. It was almost time for First Communion. Laurice was heart-broken. She wouldn’t be able to receive Our Lord. One day she cried her heart out in Father’s presence. Again her childish tears and her love for Jesus won the day. Father melted. He baptized her conditionally. She fairly danced for joy. First Communion after all!

The following year Laurice was enrolled in a nearby parochial school. The tousled, wild little girl was rapidly growing into a soft-spoken, slender, gentle young lady, who showed great promise for the future.

Child of the African forest grown into a child of God. The seed of the missionaries had borne fruit.

LARRY SPARES NO WORDS

Whenever Larry, aged four, passes the church he wants to go in for just a minute. He always has something to tell Jesus. But when they get inside he barely kneels down and is ready to go again. His mother asked him what he had to say. He answered, "I only tell *Him*, nobody else. I tell it short; I don't tell it long like other people."

Last Sunday they went to the cemetery. His grandmother has trouble walking so she did not get out of the car. She told Larry to go over and pray for grandpa so God will take him to heaven.

The rest of the family walked over to the lot, and Larry, looking at the tomb stones, asked, "Well, which one is grandpa's?"

His mother pointed it out to him and he knelt on the low stone to say his prayer. This is what she heard him say, "Say, God, take him up to heaven with Yuh. OK? Good!"

After this prayer he made the sign of the cross, got up, and joined grandma in the car.

SISTER JULIANA

HELP FROM RUDY

We were learning the Hail Mary, but in spite of all Sister's explaining, one little boy kept saying "full of grapes." Sister repeated, "Grace, grace."

Rudy, his friend, added further help. He turned to Roy and explained, "Not grapes, Roy; grace. You know—grace—oil like they put on the car."

SISTER FRANCES

Have you ever heard it this way? Through my fault, through my fault, through my most gracious fault.

SISTER MARY BRIGID

IN THE HOME FIELD

NO HORSES?

I told the children that we would not have class in the hall today because the Knights of Columbus were using it for a meeting. I spoke in Spanish and called them the Caballeros de Colon.

No sooner had I explained what a Knight is and does when Joe, an eight-year-old, asked, "Madre, donde estan los caballos de los Caballeros?" (Sister, where are the Knights' horses?)

"There are no horses, Joe. Caballero means gentleman in English. It does not have anything to do with caballo (horse)."

"Well, I thought it would."

SISTER INEZ



The boys climb the bell tower to rescue the rope all tangled up in the Texas wind. St. Joseph Church, Ballinger, Texas.

Sister Mary Consuelo and officers of the sodality, Ontario, California. They are (left to right): Molly Gomez, Connie Cerda, Lupe Chavez, and Marlene Sanchez. This very active sodality consists of high school and working girls.



AGAINST GOING STEADY

At Chaffey High School one of the classes had to give a report on a social subject. Virginia Nunez, a sodalist from Ontario, chose as her subject "Going Steady" based on a pamphlet, "Everybody's Going Steady" by Rev. Raymond Wahl.

In the sodality meetings the girls had each received copies and had discussed it. It had made quite an impression on Virginia and she was convinced of the dangers and disadvantages of going steady. Her report created great interest. She was asked many questions.

It took a lot of courage on Virginia's part to go through with her project, for she was told by many that it would cause unfavorable comment. However, most of the students agreed with her. Only one boy did not. All the sodalists were happy over the result.

SISTER MARY CONSUELO

WISE GUYS

Sister was reviewing the Christmas story with the kindergarten and first graders. "And who saw the star in the sky and came to adore Jesus?"

Several hands went up. "The shepherds," answered one child.

For a while it looked as if no one had the right answer. Finally, a little hand waved excitedly. "Yes, Christine?"

"The Three Wise Guys," said Christine triumphantly.

SISTER ROBERTA

HELP FROM TEACHER

The principal kindly announced that our Christian Doctrine classes would be held after school. When one of the teachers heard this announcement she informed her little first graders that the Christian doctor had arrived in town and would give shots after school. The fear of injections sent many a little one home after school, so our attendance was quite small that first afternoon.

SISTER CAROLINE

True Devotion to Mary

Does Mary Have a Place
in the Education of the Grade School Child?

by Sister Angela

This article is condensed from a talk given by Sister Angela at the True Devotion Seminar for Sisters held at St. Joseph Academy, Tipton, Indiana, during the past summer. Sister Mary Eva and Sister Doris also were assigned papers. We hope to publish their articles in future numbers of The Missionary Catechist.

ALL of us here are interested in gaining a greater insight into the simple, yet somewhat—shall we say—mysterious teachings of St. Louis de Montfort. We want to try to make his True Devotion to Our Lady find an echo in our hearts.

It seems quite safe to say that a great number of us seek enlightenment

on this subject for our own spiritual life. Then, too, those of us who teach or in any way influence the souls of others, look forward to finding ways and means of leading souls along this path.

We will try to fulfill both of these desires as we consider Mary's place in the education of the grade school child.



Sister Angela (left) and Sister Mary Eva discuss their material with the Rev. Francis P. Tomai, S.M.M., Associate Editor, Queen of All Hearts.

The formative years of a child's life are those which are spent most closely with its mother. While a child is growing and developing physically and mentally, the true mother is always on the alert to see that her child is given the best opportunities possible for maturing properly.

Over and above the material ambitions of the Catholic mother for her child, lie the wish and prayer that she may train him in virtue and be his guide on the way to heaven. When these mothers entrust their children to us, it is with the belief that we who are consecrated to God, will be able to give them better opportunities for reaching their eternal happiness.

To aid^o us in this all-important work we must turn simply and easily to Our Blessed Mother. All of us here are acquainted with the outstanding features of True Devotion, namely, complete dependence on Mary and a total giving of self or consecration. A child depends on a mother and also wants to show its love for her by giving. These characteristics are essential in a child's nature. Why not build upon the natural as the easiest bridge to the supernatural?

It would be a great mistake to wait until a child feels independent of its physical mother before beginning to inculcate love and dependence on a spiritual mother. In every possible way show the children this easy way of doing all their actions with Mary, in Mary, through Mary, and for Mary.

Within the heart of every human being is the fundamental desire for perfect happiness. We know and realize it will only be achieved in the Beatific Vision. In our own struggle for perfection, let us not forget that our tiny charges are created for this same destiny. If our children are imbued with love for Jesus and Mary and are confident they hold the secret of happi-

ness or holiness in their heart, they will not barter their souls for sin.

If you will bear with a personal experience, it may give those who are fearful and doubtful the impetus to try to place Mary and the True Devotion definitely in their class program.

In several of my catechetical classes I placed a placard close to a small improvised altar of Mary. It contained the words: "I am all yours, dear Mother. All I have is yours. Help me to love Jesus more."

On the very first class day we repeated this abbreviated offering to Our Blessed Mother at the end of the usual prayers. I said not a word yet of explanation. For a month this continued. The children made no comment and it seemed as if my procedure or method of approach were a failure. All that encouraged me was the intensity I noted on the children's faces as we prayed together.

Then one day a child blurted out, "Say, Sister, when did that new prayer come out? We really like it."

It was the chance I was waiting for. It was time for explanations, so I began little by little to tell them of this wonderful way to Mary. Soon most of them adopted it for a form of morning offering. Then their interest was aroused in wearing Our Lady's medal, her scapular, in saying her Rosary more frequently.

Finally, at the end of May the classes made a longer consecration to Our Blessed Mother. Of their own accord the children asked to make this consecration day a Communion day. They were indeed going to Jesus through Mary. Mary had brought the children closer to her Son.

Ways and means to stimulate and inspire total consecration and the spirit of dependence on Mary which are the essence of True Devotion can be multiplied according to the initiative and genius of the individual teacher.



our Associates'

Dear Associates:

God Be With You In The New Year!

Devotedly in O.L.V.
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. JUDE'S & ST. MARY'S Fort Wayne, Indiana

Our two large mission Societies in nearby Fort Wayne, the former presided over by **Mrs. Fred Potthoff** and the latter by **Mrs. Loretta Mettler** have accomplished their annual stint of collecting through their respective promoters dues from members which in each case total over one hundred. At the time we go to press for this issue—middle of November—we find there is added up to the credit of St. Jude's for the year 1956, \$212.50 and of St. Mary's, \$292.50. Our thanks to all concerned.

ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND Marshfield, Wis.

The Promoter of **St. Margaret's**, **Mrs. Earle Leu**, keeps in touch with her sister, Sister Margaret, presently located in Santa Paula, California, and assists her with various handmade articles turned out by her and the members of her band who are as skillful with artists' paint brushes as with needles.

BROKEN ROSARIES?

If you have any of these lying about in your home, please send them to

Mr. Arthur Moore
1509 Garfield Court
St. Cloud, Minnesota

who will repair them and send them to our poor missions.

SEVEN DOLORS, Bellwood, Ill.



A letter from one of the newer members, **Mrs. H. Mandelkoe** (members take turn in writing and sending in monthly dues) said in part: "Enclosed is a check for \$7. **Mrs. John Murphy**, Promoter and all the members met for luncheon today at **The Old Spinning Wheel** in Hinsdale. Needless to say we had a happy time at this lovely place. I have been a member only a short time and enjoy very much being with this group of fine women. Your magazine has been coming to my home for many years and it is always enjoyable reading."

Mrs. Arthur E. Keegan who sponsored the **Mothers & Daughters Club** in **Chicago** after the death of her mother, **Mrs. M. Luetkenhus** who founded it, died at her home on the tenth of August. R. I. P.

MOTHER CABRINI, Wauconda, Ill.



This Band was organized in 1948 when **Mrs. Clara Swiatly**, the Promoter and a former member of **Infant of Prague** Band, moved to Wauconda which is a summer resort. Every year we have been receiving a check for one hundred dollars from them. In addition they send shipments of clothing, toys and favors to **Sister Mary Genrose** in Grove Hill, Alabama, whom they sponsor.

Club Mention



ST. JOSEPH'S, Chicago



Every month without fail brings a letter from the Promoter, **Mrs. Aloysia Naumes**, and with it a check the size of which fills us with great joy. The Band will be eight years old on March 31 and sponsors Sister Isabelle, the daughter of Mrs. John Sullivan, one of the members. Some members live temporarily or permanently in Florida but they keep up their dues. The others take their turn in entertaining once a month. At last count there were twelve members in the Band.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION Detroit

The principal source of revenue for our Detroit Band, headed by **Lillian Dunn**, has been the annual sale of Christmas greeting cards when each member demonstrates her ability as a saleswoman by the number of sales for which she is responsible. In spite of keen competition they do very well. The group sponsors Sister Mary Mark, sister of one of the members.

ST. FRANCIS, Louisville, O.

The mother of our Sister Grace Marie, **Mrs. V. P. Samblanet**, Promoter, sent us \$50 in September which was earned by the group in a bake sale and through greeting card sales. Mrs. Samblanet gives much credit to Mrs. Agnes Paumier in this connection.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS October 31 to November 27, 1956

Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 5.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	32.15
Holy Family, Chicago, J. Walz	27.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	18.00
Mother Cabrini, Wauconda, Ill. Clara Swiatly	100.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mrs. Lammert	161.35
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	12.00
Our Lady of the Bl. Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek	10.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	301.00
St. Anne, Milwaukee, Mrs. Karnitz ..	30.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	61.00
St. Clara's of St. Mary's, Ft. Wayne Mrs. Wm. F. Ryan	22.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. M. Preiner ..	110.00
St. Elizabeth, Springfield, Minn., Ida W. Rubey	5.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	38.50
St. Jude, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Potthoff ..	4.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	12.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer ..	11.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	19.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Egermier ..	10.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Mrs. Wentz	30.25
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. Dowling ..	5.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer ..	17.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Huebl	65.15
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy ..	6.50





Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

THIS month's calendar shows us two youthful saints, Sts. Genevieve and Agnes, pictured with a lamb. The former was a young shepherdess, one of the patrons of Paris, and the other a Roman maiden of twelve who gave her life rather than deny her Faith. In the latter's case the lamb signifies her untarnished purity. St. Maria Goretti, also a virgin and martyr, has been called the twentieth century St. Agnes. Pray to these saints and our Blessed Mother, Queen of Virgins, that they may help you to keep your soul free from sins of impurity.

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

Helpers write

GO to St. Joann's School. I am on a football team named The Black Knights. We haven't won any games yet. Our last game was against the Grosse Pointe Rams. Our next game is against Lincoln Park. I play halfback on the team. Do you know anything about football? In our first game I made a fifteen or ten yard run. I am in the sixth grade this year. My Sister's name is Sister Edwardine. I change classes with Mrs. McClarty.

Michael Shefke,
St. Claire Shores, Mich.

P. S. Please pray for our football team so we can win. Thank you very much. Write soon.

THIS is the first time I have ever written a letter and I decided to write to you.

I just love to play baseball. I play every day. Some days I hit home runs. I pitch fair but I like to play first base best. Next year I may get in The Little League.

I received Jesus for the first time in May. We sang beautiful songs and said prayers to tell Jesus how much we love Him.

My brother Michael would like to write to you even though he never met you. May he? We would both like to be Mary's Loyal Helpers. Will you tell us how? Here is a dollar that Caryl, Mike and I saved with pennies to help the missions.

It is nice to have a great aunt who is a Sister. Pray for me to be good. I pray for you.

Richard Adams, aged 8,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sister Sophia, Novice Mistress at Victory Noll, received this lovely letter from her grand nephew last summer.



Helpers' pages



(January Puzzle)

SCRAMBLED SCRABBLE!

JOEY took the tiles from the Scrabble Game and spelled out the names of some saints whose feastdays occur in January. His older brother Jimmy slyly mixed up the letters. See if you can unscramble them. On a clean sheet of paper write the name of each saint after its corresponding number and send it to **Sunshine Secretary, MLH, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana** for a holy card.

1. SNAGE
2. HOJN COOBS
3. EVEVEEING
4. LAUP
5. CRANFIS (de Sales)

Answers to December Puzzle. 1. Infant. 2. Come. 3. Bethlehem. 4. Winter's. 5. Midnight. 6. Shepherds. 7. Kings. 8. Angels.

THANK you for your very nice letter. I will gladly say a Hail Mary every day for you.

Will you please give me some information about your missions? If they are poor missions, our clothing class at Aquinas High School will make some garments and send them to you. I am a freshman. I took your letter to Sister Althea and she said I should write and ask you if you want some garments made. May God bless you.

Joan Mutch, LaCrosse, Wis.

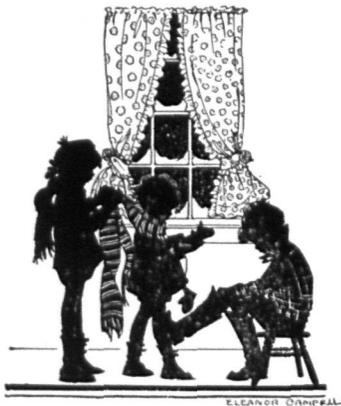


THANK you very much for making me a member of **Mary's Loyal Helpers**. I'm an only child but I have a dog named Mugsy who is twelve, a cat named Prissy who is three months old, and a bird named Mikey who is four years old. We really have quite a time.

Mother Theodore, the foundress of the Sisters of Providence in America, has been dead a hundred years. The Sisters in our school had a luncheon for all the other Sisters of Providence in surrounding towns.

I have enclosed some money for the missions.

Marylee Lemberger, Gardena, Calif.



JANUARY 13 is the Feast of the Holy Family. Try to receive Holy Communion that day with all the other members of your family who are eligible and able to do so.

Down the Days

by Sister Jean Marie



Left to right: Sister Mary Brigid, Sister Mary Kevin, Sister Jean Marie.

AS we Missionary Sisters take census or visit the homes of the children we teach, we have the opportunity to become connoisseurs in door architecture, to say nothing of the development of our sensitivity to the tone quality of doorbells. When the door is opened to our knock we may garb our opening query in slightly different style, but the kernel of the request is always, "Is anyone in this home baptized Catholic?"

Mrs. Green, seeing the sisters approach, will jerk the door wide with, "Glory be to God, Sisters, DO come in out of the cold. Sure and happy I am to have you. Now just sit down and I'll make you a cup of tea."

We manage to convince her we do not make a custom of taking refreshments. Midst a series of "God love ye" interspersed with touching narratives of each member of the family, we complete our census record and leave, feeling that roses are blooming and it must be Our Lady's month in November.

We knock. And we knock. And we knock. Missionary Sisters do not give up easily. We try the side door, the back door. Again to the front. Finally, the door is opened. The degree of receptivity this time is so low we draw our mantles about us. It is November. It is cold. It is downright chilly.

"NO! There are no Catholics living here!"

Mustering all our courage we gently repeat. "Was anyone ever *baptized* Catholic?" Mrs. Black freezingly informs us that yes, she used to be Catholic, but whose business is it? No human being could live with that creature she married the first time. When she wanted to marry *this* husband, the priest would not permit her to receive the sacrament; so she left the Church. Mrs. Black further informs us that she is an ordained minister in the religion she is now pursuing. The door closes — not too gently. Our steps lag a bit as we walk down the lovely terrace.

Slowly we ascend the next path, revelling in the beauty of architecture and the loveliness of landscape. These people must be blest with material things. Wonder if their spiritual status is equally blest?

Our first knock goes unanswered. Then a little lad opens the door and says he'll get Mommie. No need to. She is right on his heels and her facial expression is of granite. In no uncertain terms she informs us that we are simply wasting our time coming here. Though she is married to a divorced man, she is perfectly happy. Besides, if her brother or sister sent us they also are wasting their efforts. Three darling children, children of a graduate of

a Catholic high school and college, not baptized and no likelihood in the immediate future. We later discover that the brother and sister to whom she referred are a priest and a nun; so we join our prayers with theirs for their sister who has flung her priceless heritage to the winds.

Mrs. Blue's welcome is quiet and cordial. Just she and her husband, paralyzed at the age of forty-nine, live here now. With excusable pride she shows us pictures of her son and daughter: the son a missionary priest in Japan, the daughter a teaching sister. One immediately senses here an other-world atmosphere. Christ has been welcomed to this dwelling and reigns there as Master, Friend, and Counsellor.

As we near the next house, the lovely picturesque bay window affords us a distinct view of a woman. Since she sees us and is aware of our coming, our knock is replaced by a mere tap. The lovely glass door paneling affords us a further view of the same woman disappearing through an archway. Obviously she does not intend to receive us. Our thoughts are tinged with sadness. There is a reason for this rejection. Our hearts ache as we surmise another soul is not on intimate terms with Christ and wishes to have no contact with His friends.

Then there is Mrs. Grey. She gives the required census information in such an aloof manner. The marriage? By a justice of the peace as her husband was married before. We kindly encourage her to be as faithful as she can, even though she is unable to receive the sacraments of penance or Holy Communion. Then she breaks down completely.

She is more fortunate than many in that she has been unable to stifle the pleading voice of Christ to her heart. But she has imbedded her roots in a spiritual swamp and utterly lacks the

will power to drag herself out. She has sunk with eyes open wide. She fully realizes her plight, anticipates hell some day, but still is so fettered she cannot break loose. This, we feel, will take a miracle.

What a joy to visit young Mrs. Nile, the mother of eleven youngsters: five sons and six daughters. She hopes and prays that God will select five of her boys to be priests and six of her daughters to be sisters! Crossing the threshold one is immersed in an atmosphere of serenity and bubbling, effervescent gaiety. We have rarely seen eleven more beautiful children or happier faces. Surely there must be difficulties galore; and yet their closeness to things eternal keeps them riding the crest.

Young Mrs. Brown looks frightened when she opens the door. No, she isn't Catholic, but she and her husband often talk about the Catholic religion and would like to learn about it. How do you go about it? We rejoice in telling her of the regular inquiry classes. (She and her husband are both fervent, exemplary Catholics now.)

And so we have knocked thousands of times. Many involved, heart-breaking histories find their counterpart repeatedly. There are days when our hearts are saddened, disconsolate because there are so many who had Christ in their hearts and have cast Him out while they are now content to feed on the husks of the swine of sin.

There are other happier days when our hearts overflow with sheer joy because of the faithful, truly Christlike families who have welcomed Christ and keep Him King of their domain. There are days when we are exuberant over the many who evince gratitude to have the opportunity to inquire about the Catholic Faith, timidly at first, then gradually drawn out by the power of kindness. We know that many of these will eventually give in to Christ pursuing them down the days.

BOOKS



St. Ignatius Loyola, *The Pilgrim Years*, by James Brodrick, S.J. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York 3, N.Y. \$5.

Father Brodrick is that rare author who can be scholarly and entertaining at the same time. His books are simply loaded with footnotes, but they are delightful footnotes—just like all his writing.

This book covers the life of St. Ignatius from his birth in 1491 to his first Mass in 1538. More books are to come—we hope. Father Brodrick has not spared himself to ferret out the facts from the wealth of information he had at his disposal. During the four centuries since the death of the saint, much has been written about him. Father Brodrick's life will be definitive at least for years to come.

When Father Brodrick wrote that Ignatius no doubt had a book-rest of some kind on which to support the bulky tomes on the *Life of Christ* and the *Golden Legend*, I wonder whether he was thinking of some of his own earlier volumes. The publishers should have issued book-rests with them. I too had much time to read during a convalescence, so one day I asked our librarian for anything she had by Father Brodrick that I hadn't yet read. Up came four huge tomes—two on the life of Blessed Peter Canisius and two on Blessed Robert Bellarmine. I read St. Robert, but the books on St. Peter would have required a missal stand to support them. I still hope to read them, for Father Brodrick is too good to miss.

Happily, his present publishers have not made the mistake of making St. Ignatius too bulky. Seems to me I read that the *Life* will run to five volumes. The sooner they are published, the better. And don't skip the footnotes!

The Happy Warrior, the Story of My Father, Alfred E. Smith by Emily Smith Warner with Hawthorne Daniel. Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y. \$4.50

This is a warm and entertaining biography of Al Smith told by his daughter to whom he was always deeply devoted. Some of the details are a bit tedious, but at the same time they are no doubt valuable to students of political science.

The outlines of Mr. Smith's remarkable life are well known. Mrs. Warner fills in the story with anecdotes of family life without, however, making this a family story. It is her father's life from first to last.

Mr. Smith's reply to Mr. Charles Marshall's attack on his religion in the *Atlantic Monthly* is reproduced here in full. Mr. Marshall, an Anglican, had quoted from the *Syllabus of Errors of Pius IX*, *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII, and from several other papal pronouncements.

Our first reaction was one of dismay when we read Mr. Smith's admission that he had not so much as heard of them before. Our more sober second thoughts were more kind. Mr. Smith's formal religious education was not extensive and even so, in how many Catholic colleges were the papal encyclicals being taught thirty years ago? The encyclicals with which most of us are familiar were written during the last thirty or forty years. How many sermons have you heard on them? The Catholic press, moreover, was still in

swaddling clothes thirty years ago. So perhaps we shouldn't be too hard on Mr. Smith. Mr. Marshall served a good purpose by alerting his opponent to important papal pronouncements.

In the light of present history it is interesting to read Al Smith's predictions made during the thirties. He was one of the few who saw the handwriting on the wall, and told an audience: "There is a some certain 'ism' crawling over this country. What it is I don't know. What its first name will be when it is christened I haven't the slightest idea. But I know that it is here, and the sin about it is that he [Roosevelt] doesn't seem to know it."

Give Us This Day by James Keller, M.M. Hanover House, Garden City, N. Y.

This is another Christopher book written in the same pattern as Father Keller's Three Minutes a Day, Just for Today, etc. There is a thought for each day of the year. Each "thought" runs to about 200 words and closes with a scriptural quotation and a short, short prayer. The book is more spiritual than its predecessors.

Cartoon Key to Heaven by Rev. Robert J. Schubert, St. Francis Seminary, 3600 S. Kinnickinnic Av., Milwaukee 7, Wis. 75 cents.

This is an excellent book of illustrated apologetics. It would be interesting to use in giving convert instructions. A priest who is even the least bit of an artist might liven his information classes by using these sketches—chalk talk style. The book might well be used, too, in the high school of religion.

Sister Mary Salome

AFTER an illness of seven months Sister Mary Salome Dorava died at our convent in Redlands, California, on November 5. During the whole time of her illness Sister's sufferings were intense, and we are sure they brought great blessings to the community.

Sister Mary Salome (Salomea Dorava) was born June 15, 1896 at Pine Creek, Wisconsin. She entered the community of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters at Huntington, January 21, 1926. Two years later on the feast of the Annunciation she pronounced her first vows.

Except for three years spent in New Mexico, Sister Mary Salome lived all of her religious life in California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dorava, Sister's parents, preceded her in death. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. Alex Pellow-ski, Winona, Minnesota, and by five brothers: Joseph, Milwaukee; John, Beloit; Roman, Dodge, Wisconsin; Leo, St. Louis; and August, Winona, Minnesota.

The Most Reverend Charles F. Buddy, D.D., Bishop of San Diego, offered solemn pontifical Mass for Sister Mary Salome in Sacred Heart Church, Redlands. Deacons of honor to His Excellency were the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph R. Nunez, pastor of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, San Bernardino, and the Rev. Talmage Glazier, pastor of Our Lady of Fatima, also in San Bernardino. The Rev. Michael O'Day, pastor of St. Francis of Assisi, Riverside, was deacon of the Mass, and the Rev. Maximillian Gomez, pastor of St. Mary's, Redlands, sub-deacon. The Rev. Henry Keane, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Redlands, preached the sermon.

Sister Mary Salome was buried in the Catholic cemetery in San Bernardino. May her soul rest in peace.

The Editor's By-Line



When you send us new subscriptions and renew your own, will you please print the name and address or write very plainly? Our business manager is very good at deciphering names, but once in a while she comes up with one that has her stymied.

Of all people, I have no room to talk about writing. A long time ago — and I haven't improved since — I wrote to someone on the train and apologized for the appearance of the letter. But I was told that I "need not apologize. Your writing always looks as if you are writing on a train."

A recent correspondent was more kind. He referred to my writing as having a "flavor of the Italian Renaissance with a soupcon of the French school."

Now I hardly think that was meant to be a compliment. Anyway, the Italian Renaissance period of history is not my favorite. Someday I must see whether I can find facsimiles of the signatures of the Colonna families, the Medici, et al.

What my friend meant to do was to console me "in case Mr. Palmer threatens to revoke your certificate." Right here I might as well confess the sad fact that I never earned a Palmer certificate, never was so much as encouraged to try for one. I believe that some future psychiatrist, in trying to account for my quirks, will trace everything to frustration over my missing Palmer certificate. My sister and I shared the same room, and every morning when I awakened my eyes fell on her Palmer

certificate hung so proudly over the dressing table.

Come to think of it, it isn't there any more. Perhaps she took it with her to the convent and it is in the community archives. Odd . . . and in the same family.

But as I was saying, do please type, print, or write very plainly when you send us those new subscriptions. SEA

Bishop Edward F. Ryan, D.D.

Again we were saddened at the death of one of our bishops—the Most Reverend Edward F. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Burlington.

During the three years that our sisters have been in Vermont, Bishop Ryan proved himself a devoted friend of our community. In countless ways he showed his solicitude for the spiritual and material welfare of our sisters.

The Bishop's death, coming suddenly as it did, was a shock to all who knew him. To his priests and religious and to all the members of his diocese we offer our sincere sympathy.

In Memoriam

Most Rev. Edwin F. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Burlington
Mrs. Ignatia Garvin, Philadelphia
Dr. William Flynn, Detroit
Raymond F. Adams, Evanston, Ill.
Lt. John H. Thiel
Sophie Kozielski, Detroit
Joseph Przepiora, Detroit
Louis Kenedy, New York
Mrs. Nora Medland, Logansport, Ind.
Mary McGuire, St. Louis
Bert Lyons, Lagro, Indiana
George Daum, Chicago
Edmire E. Quinlan, Green Bay, Wis.
S. J. Hain, Decatur, Ind.
Mrs. John Garlach, Kouts, Ind.
Mary McCoy, Rushville, Ind.
Rose Razzynski, Detroit
Jacob Joniec, Detroit
Cora Curran, Cherokee, Kans.
James Masterson, Scammon, Kans.

I Am a Savio

by Sister Teresita

| LIKE the Dominic Savio Club because

That's it, I thought to myself, as I closed "The Voice," a little paper written for the members of the Dominic Savio Club.

That's just what I'll have my Savios do at our next meeting, to find out why they really do like the club.

Brother Michael, who is one of the main promoters of the Dominic Savio Club would be pleased to hear what our Savios here in East Los Angeles think this club will do for them.

Among some of the amusing answers was the one Gloria volunteered.

"I like the Dominic Savio Club, because it gives you a higher education."

Although the club is directed toward the boys, we couldn't see any reason

why the girls might not also profit by its benefits. They treasure their membership cards, and proudly carry them in their wallets.

Along with the Dominic Savio ejaculation, we always add one to St. Maria Goretti. Some of the girls seem to have trouble saying her last name. Occasionally, I hear, "St. Maria Guerrero, pray for us."

As the main objectives of the club are to promote frequent reception of the sacraments, avoidance of unclean words and obscene movies, the reading of good books, recitation of the rosary, and devotion to St. Dominic Savio, we have plenty of material to draw on.

Brother Michael sends out literature offering suggestions as to what you might do in your club.

Since we ourselves are just beginning, we hope our Savio members receive a bit of this "higher education" that may bring them closer to Our Lord and our Blessed Mother.



We didn't see why girls couldn't belong.

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