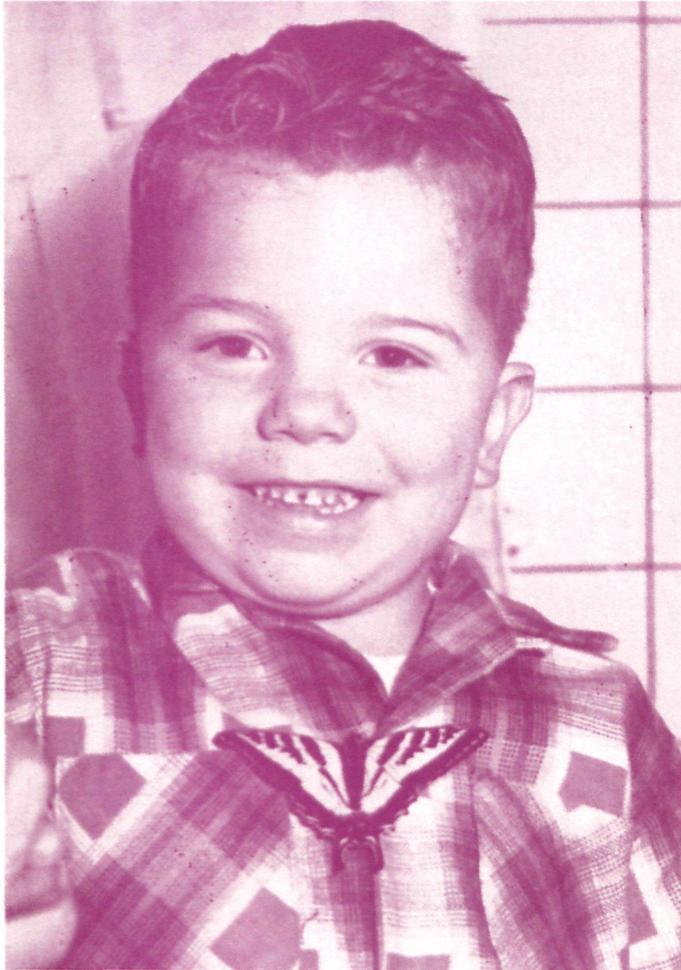


# *The Missionary Catechist*

A vintage, monochromatic photograph in shades of purple and pink. On the left, a woman with short, curly hair is seen in profile, wearing a dark, long-sleeved sweater. She is reaching out with both hands to adjust a large, fan-shaped hat made of palm fronds on the head of a young child. The child, with short hair, is smiling and looking towards the camera. The child is wearing a horizontally striped long-sleeved shirt. The background is filled with more palm fronds, suggesting an outdoor, tropical setting. The overall tone is warm and educational.

**April 1957**

## *Miracle of Spring*



A symbol of Mother Earth's coming to life in this month of April is Stephen Prevedel's real live necktie, a swallowtail butterfly.

Stephen has reason to be proud of it because it is the result of a hobby of his big brother David who is ten. David collects cocoons and chrysalids during the summer months and provides the correct environment during the winter to complete the caterpillar-to-butterfly transformation.

David and Stephen are sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Prevedel of West Weber, Utah, one of the fine Catholic families taught by our Ogden Sisters.

# The Missionary Catechist

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

Huntington, Indiana

Volume 32	Number 5	April 1957
FEAST OF VICTORY .....		4
<i>Odo Gogel, O.S.B.</i>		
BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY .....		6
<i>Sister Antonia</i>		
HOW MANY MOTHERS? .....		7
<i>Sister Marie Helene</i>		
GOD'S LITTLE RASCALS .....		8
<i>Nicholas Widhammer, O.F.M.Cap.</i>		
WITH GRATITUDE .....		10
<i>Sister Louis Marie</i>		
GRACE IN ABUNDANCE .....		12
<i>Sister Helen</i>		
IN THE HOME FIELD .....		14
MIRACLE OF THE GREEN SCAPULAR .....		16
<i>Sister Alodia</i>		
PHEASANT CONVENT .....		17
<i>Sister Mary Dorothy</i>		
ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY .....		18
MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS .....		20
GOOD NEIGHBORS .....		22
<i>Sister Charlene</i>		
BOOK REVIEWS .....		24
TRUE DEVOTION TO MARY .....		25
THE EDITOR'S BY-LINE .....		26
IN MEMORIAM .....		26
INTRODUCING MYSELF .....		27
<i>Emery G. Scheller</i>		

## COVER

New kind of Easter bonnet. A favorite pastime for little girls in Florida is to fashion hats from the various palm trees. This chic number is made from the dwarf palmetto. Lake Wales.

## CREDITS

- 1 Mrs. A. J. Prevedel, West Weber, Utah
- 8 Brown Friars, Huntington, Indiana
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- 28 Sister Martha Mary

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# *Feast of Victory*

by Odo Gogel, O.S.B.

*Christ our Pasch is immolated. Alleluia. Alleluia, alleluia, the Lord is risen, Alleluia. I have arisen and am still with thee, Alleluia.*

**A**LLELUIA sounds the victory song echoing that of an army coming home victoriously. Easter is the feast of victory, the feast of feasts, the solemnity of solemnities. It is the cornerstone on which rest all the truths and mysteries of the Catholic Faith.

The Paschal mystery is a many-faceted gem. Lest we become blinded by its spiritual brilliance, the Church has wisely prepared us for it over a period of nine weeks. With the skill of an expert psychologist she eased us into the liturgical framework through the Septuagesima season and purified us in Lenten penances and good works. With all the visual aids at her disposal she plunged us together with Christ into His death on Good Friday and raised us to life with Christ in the Easter Vigil service.

The mystery of Eastertide is pre-eminently one of renewal, of rebirth, of passing over from death to life, from sin to grace, from a weak, anemic state of soul to robust spiritual health; and eventually, in God's own time, a passage from grace to glory.

The liturgy of Easter Sunday sums up the meaning of Christ's immolation on our behalf with the Pauline phrase *Pascha nostrum*—our Pasch; and that, not in the singular *Pascha Christi*—the passing over of Christ from death to life, but in the plural: our Pasch, our passing over through Christ and in

Christ from the death of sin to the life of grace, that is, our new birth in Christ.

In baptism we surrendered ourselves in order to partake in a higher mode of life, the glorious life of grace in the Risen Christ. This pledge of loyalty and submission we renewed in the Vigil service. We are incorporated into Christ through the renewal of our baptismal promises wherein we laid aside the man of Adam and put on Christ.

The seal of the Resurrection placed on every Christian is a seed of sanctity that makes him a potential saint and sets him apart from the ordinary man. We belong to God. We are His chosen ones.

This implies that there be a permanent relation. We sometimes find that the Paschal celebration is regarded as a "one-day affair," or merely as the end of Lent. The Resurrection feast is not just a fact, but an experience; not just an anniversary, but a re-living here and now of Christ's victory over sin; not just the end of Lent, but the beginning of a new life.

Easter opens the season of the great awareness of the Christian life, which has its full effect in the personal contact of each one of us with the Salvation of Calvary. Easter is not a static event of time, but a dynamic thrust of our lives heavenward. A follow-through program is important for success in any endeavor. This follow-through program insures the effective results of our Lenten preparations.

During Lent we overhauled, oiled, and repaired the spiritual dynamos of

our wills. With Christ's Resurrection those spiritual dynamos have been sparked into action. Now during the Paschal season they must generate the power of Christian hope and love, sending its divine current into all the lines of our daily lives. They are to activate our contacts with others.

St. Augustine has likened our spiritual life to a ball of string which we are carefully winding up. Once we drop it, it readily unwinds, and it takes a long time and much effort to rewind it. We cannot afford such a regression in our Christian lives. Our spiritual books must show a profit from our Lenten investment. Our program now must be to follow-through and aim for a higher type of life.

The prayer on Easter specifies "this day." It pulls the reality of Christ's victory and His side of the contract out of the historical past and puts it before us for our acceptance. The term implies a real incorporation into Christ.

Surrender, and Christ will supply the higher life. It implies a re-creation, regeneration, redemption, rebirth in Christ, the putting on of Christ, the bestowing upon us of the sacred adoption of children, the conferring upon us of all the privileges which were the subject of God's promises in the Old Covenant. Christ has sealed the pact of mercy and grace which God now makes with man. He shares with us His sacrifice and the effects of His sacrifice, renewing us in soul and body, restoring our rights as lords of material creation, and raising us up to the level of His own Godhead.

In a word, the life of the Church is the life of Christ made available to us. It is expressed through the liturgical reality; not as an idea to be apprehended only, but as a living truth in which to be incorporated. "For me, to live is Christ," and the life of eternity is already begun. "If therefore you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above."



# ***Beyond the Call of Duty***

*by Sister Antonia*

ONLY thirty-six hours before, I had waved farewell to my companions in Utah. I was on my way back to our motherhouse at Huntington. As I sat looking out the dining car window I rejoiced that my journey would soon be over.

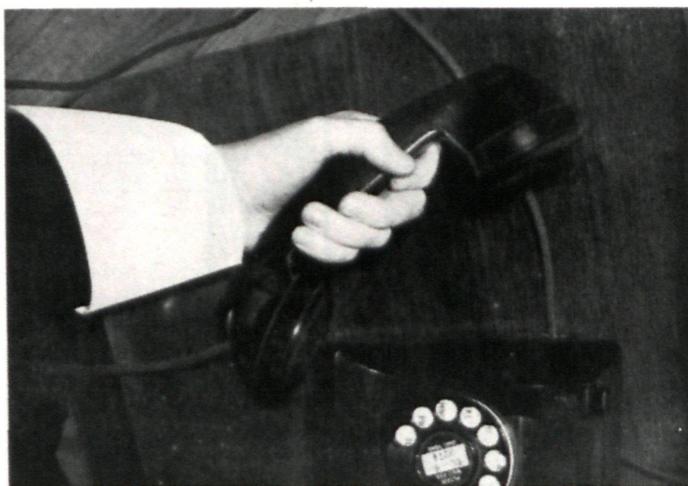
It had been a pleasant trip on the modern streamliner, made more enjoyable by the magnificent scenery along the way: the awe-inspiring, snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, vast stretches of prairie land dotted here and there by grazing cattle, the neat farms of the Midwest, and finally the mighty Mississippi. But fifteen hundred miles is a long way to come, no matter how comfortable the train might be or how varied the scenery. Consequently I was tired and was looking forward to our arrival in Chicago and the opportunity to visit my sister for a few hours before continuing on to Victory Noll.

A cheerful voice broke in on my musings. "Good morning, Sister. What would you like for breakfast?"

I looked up into the pleasant face of the waiter and the bright morning seemed even brighter. In a short time he had taken my order and was back with my breakfast.

There were few others in the diner, so the waiter began to chat. He asked me what community I belonged to. I explained that I was a member of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Then he told me that he had two sisters who were religious in a community in Louisiana. I found myself confiding that I had a sister a Franciscan whom I hoped to visit in Chicago between trains.

When we arrived at the station I checked my suitcase and made for the telephone booth. Alas, I could not find my sister's address in my bag. I was so sure I had it handy. She had been changed to a convent in Chicago such a short time before that I was not so familiar with the address as to trust my memory. In fact, she was there only



temporarily prior to her departure for a foreign mission.

I remembered the name of the convent, but—well, did you ever try to find a convent in a Chicago telephone book? There are hundreds of Franciscan convents and, I found out, Chicago has many suburbs where convents might be located.

I stood there looking hopelessly through the huge directory when I heard a kind voice. "Sister, may I help you?" It was my friend, the Union Pacific waiter.

I explained my predicament and gratefully let him take over. Convent after convent he called, but none was the correct one. We were getting nowhere. My heart sank when I thought of waiting seven hours alone in this big city and being unable to get in touch with the one person dear to me.

Mr. Ellis, the waiter, tried to cheer me, insisting he would find some way

to locate her. At this point, his brother James came along. He was going to work, but first he too wanted to help. It was he who suggested calling the Motherhouse in Milwaukee to find out the telephone number of my sister's convent. He put the call through, got the number in no time, and then called my sister before turning the telephone receiver over to me. Quickly I made arrangements for spending the next few hours with her.

My two knights stood by until they were sure I had the right convent and its address. Then they escorted me to a cab. It was all I could do to keep them from paying the driver. As for reimbursing them for all the phone charges, it was unthinkable. They would not hear of such a thing.

I will probably never meet them again, but I will always remember them in my prayers and beg God to reward their wonderful charity.

## ***How Many Mothers?***

*by Sister Marie Helene*

**I**n one of our centers the children have to walk two long blocks from the school to the church for religious instruction. Sometimes we sing and march, but on rainy days when most of the little ones are met by their parents and transported in cars, those remaining are permitted to hold Sister's hand and dance all around her and do pretty much as they please.

It was on one of these rainy days that Ramona managed to get Sister's hand first. Ramona is now very proud of the fact that she has six years instead of five.

The children were vying with one another as to whose mother was the

most wonderful. Ramona, being a very quiet little lady, waited until all had finished their stories. Then she made the solemn statement that she had five mamas and they were all very good.

My astonishment was as great as that of the children.

"Five mamas!" gasped Mary. "Where do they all live?"

Ramona was ready with the answer. She didn't exactly tell us where they all live, but she did solve the riddle.

"My daddy's mother and Mama's mother, my own mother in heaven, the Virgin, my sister who teaches me catechism, and my mother that lives with my daddy. That makes five."

# God's Little Rascals

by Nicholas Widhammer, O.F.M.Cap.

Drawing by Frater Matthias Large, O.F.M.Cap.

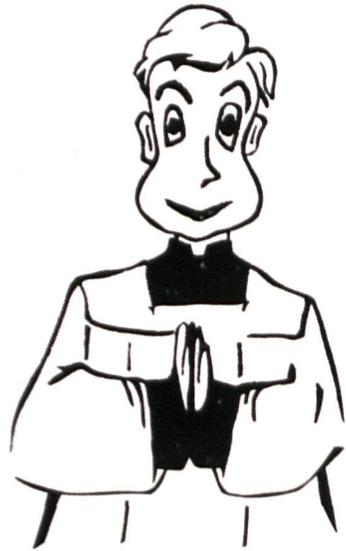
Frater Nicholas' article is reprinted with permission from *Brown Friars*, published by seminarians of St. Felix Friary, Huntington, Indiana.

ALMOST every morning of the year about 45,000 American men (lovingly referred to as "J'ather" by their people) walk humbly into their sacristies and clothe themselves in sacred vestments. Then after getting squared away with an altar boy, they take the chalice into their hands and advance to the altar to do that which is not given even to the angels. They begin the celebration of Mass.

Assisting the priest is someone who is performing the function of the angels, namely, the altar boy. To many people altar boys are just a couple of little fellows executing a series of intricate maneuvers accompanied with that of racing around the priest with a big red book and a pair of cruets.

But altar boys are much more than that. In fact, so important are these little surpliced fellows, that Canon Law forbids the priest to start the Mass without them, because the Mass is not a private devotion for the priest, but rather a public act of solemn worship offered in unison by the universal Church.

So it does not matter whether the pews be dark and empty so long as the altar boy is kneeling at the altar steps,



for he is the substitute and symbol of the universal Catholic Church.

No doubt most altar boys first made the headlines not through the local newspaper, but through the local gossip club. The lady next door might have artlessly asked Mom, "Isn't that your little Willie at the altar these mornings, Mrs. Imp?" It naturally suggests that little Willie Imp who peddles papers in the afternoons, and breaks windows in his spare time, has by some incredible scheme been chosen by Sister to serve Mass.

To some people, these little boys are very puzzling. They cannot understand how somebody with disheveled hair, a Superman button on his cap, jackknife and marbles and yo-yo top in his pockets, can stand like an angel before the majestic tabernacle and spotless linen of the high altar. They just don't understand boys!

Naturally altar boys have their faults, but who hasn't. They have been accused of many pranks and failings. It has been said for instance that they sometimes sleep in their nice laundered surplices during the sermon, that they wrestle each other to kindle the char-

coal for Benediction, and make 360-degree swings with the censer.

Sacristans have reported them for giving toasts to each other after Mass with the left-over wine in the cruets. Sister sometimes pulls their ears for spilling hot wax on the carpets, for taking too many short cuts with the big missal, and even for hiding comic books in the sacristy. But everyone has his little idiosyncrasies!

Altar boys have many virtues too! What other school boy is there who is out of bed, dressed, and out of the house before Mom and Dad even lift an eyelash? It is none other than the altar boy, running all the way to church to serve the five o'clock Mass.

In summer he is up with the sun and sparrows. In winter he crawls from his warm bed out into the piercing cold air and bleak dark streets. Sometimes, of course, his alarm clock doesn't seem to work or maybe the devil makes him yawn and roll over; but that is the devil's fault, and not his.

Then too, to be an altar boy requires a lot of practice! Altar boys don't learn Latin, how to ring the chimes, and when to move the missal and bring up the wine by sheer intuition. They must have rehearsals, which mean no baseball or football that day. Learning Latin is itself quite a feat! What other fifth or sixth grader can rattle off the Pope's language as if it were his native tongue and even say a few Greek words besides? In order to do that, study and sacrificed free time are required. So you see, becoming an altar boy isn't so easy as it appears.

Finally, after weeks of practice, the big moment arrives. His career begins and he finds himself completely awed by the nature of his office. He walks with hands folded and eyes downcast and never opens his lips. He is much

too small for his cassock. His surplice slips down like a straight-jacket over his shoulders. He doesn't know quite what to do and he is really scared. He stubs his toes on the altar chimes, breathes his Latin midway between a squeak and a whisper, brings up the wine when it's time for the gospel; and unless the priest is alert, he may suddenly grab the missal from under his hand.

Of course all these things are done with the best of holy intentions; he is just a little nervous. The chimes are not much better. When he rings them, they sound like an egg beater, and he rings them as the spirit moves him.

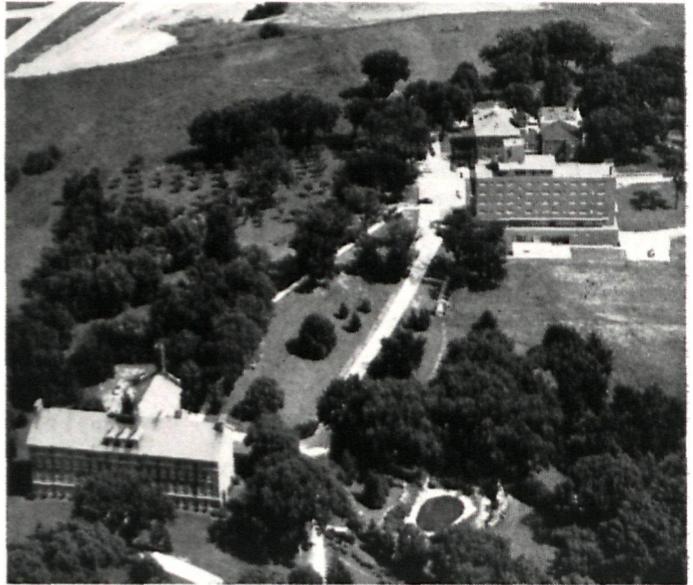
So after a week of practice he discovers that he is a flop, but he doesn't give up. After all, this is only that painful, embarrassing apprenticeship which every other altar boy has survived, and he does too. After about two more weeks, serving Mass becomes second nature to him.

Yet the life of an altar boy isn't all work and worry. He has his compensations too. Funerals, for example, mean almost sixty minutes away from school and also a perfect escape from a possible test in fractions. Weddings are even better! He hears the bride and bridegroom whisper their trembling "I do"; and afterwards he stares the best man in the eye until he hands over a large silver piece or a nice crisp dollar bill.

No matter what people think of this little scatterbrain, he still remains important in the eyes of the Church. In him the whole workaday world is represented: from farmers at their ploughs, to surgeons in their rubber gloves; from tool grinders in factories, to mothers preparing the children's breakfast. The entire Mystical Body is present at the altar in this unsuspecting little altar boy. He really is important!

# ***With Gratitude***

*by Sister Louis Marie*



**Mount Mercy campus, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. In the far background is the motherhouse of the Sisters of Mercy.**

**A**S we bid farewell to Immaculate Conception Parish of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, it is with love and gratitude that we remember the Sisters of Mercy and their gracious hospitality.

In the fall of 1952 Mother Cecilia, upon the request of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. H. Schulte, pastor of Immaculate Conception, assigned two of our sisters to Cedar Rapids where we were to make a visitation of the parish with the purpose of seeking out the straying sheep of the fold.

Since our work in this parish was to be for just a year, Monsignor thought perhaps the sisters might stay at Mercy Hospital, a few blocks from the church. However, Mother Mary Maura, then superior general of the Sisters of Mercy, felt that our sisters would be more at home at the convent, and so she invited us to stay with her sisters at Immaculate Conception.

Sister Assumpta, the superior of the house, and all the sisters welcomed us and made us feel truly at home. Although our one year lengthened into

almost five and we have seen a change of superiors (Sister Mary Roberta replaced Sister Assumpta in the fall of 1953, and this past fall Sister Mary Pierre came to Immaculate Conception as superior), the welcome that was extended by Mother Mary Maura and her successor, Mother Mary Lawrence, is as true today as when it was first given.

Each superior has been as much a mother to us as to her own spiritual daughters. We became a part of the family, with our places assigned in their dining room and chapel. What happy memories we have of recreations spent with them! We were a community within a community, living happily and peacefully together. As Sister Mary Roberta expressed it so well, "Although our habits are different, we are still all sisters in religion."

As many of our readers know, the Sisters of Mercy were founded in Ireland by Mother Mary Catherine McAuley to educate the young and care for the sick and poor. One hundred and twenty-five years have passed since the

first members banded together. In 1843 seven sisters came to the United States to begin their work here. It was in 1875 that three sisters came to Cedar Rapids to pioneer and carry on the ideals of Mother McAuley.

Many of the Mercy foundations have amalgamated. However, the Cedar Rapids Sisters are among those who remain a separate unit as founded. Now numbering almost four hundred members, the sisters have their novitiate in Marion, just outside the city. Their motherhouse is in Cedar Rapids on a beautiful site known as The Mound. Here too are Mercy Academy and Mount Mercy College which provide education for young women in an atmosphere of Christian social living.

The sisters also staff the grade schools in four of the parishes in the city and three high schools. Mercy Hospital, conducted by them, has an excellent school of nursing.

The work of the sisters in the field of education is well known in Iowa, for they teach in many schools and conduct a number of hospitals in this state. They are not confined to Iowa, however, but are also well established in Minnesota and in Montana.



**Chapel of Immaculate Conception Convent, Cedar Rapids.**

In our work in the parish, visiting the families, we have heard many words of praise for the Sisters of Mercy who have labored for over eighty years among the people here. They are well loved in this community and we, who have had the pleasure of meeting so many of the sisters and living with them during our years at Immaculate Conception, can well understand why. Their spirit, that of genuine Christ-like charity and zeal permeates their own lives and overflows on those around them. Mother McAuley can justly be proud of her daughters in Cedar Rapids.



**Sister Callista (left) and Sister Louis Marie say goodbye to the Sisters of Mercy.**

"SISTER, Father wants you to stop over at the rectory before you leave," panted the dark, curly headed altar boy as we stood talking to the people after the late Mass.

"I don't like to bother you today, Sister," Father said, "but I had a sick call about ten-thirty last night. Mrs. Blank is dying with cancer and it is impossible for me to get out there again this afternoon. I thought maybe you would go."

"We'd be delighted, Father," we said.

"I'll tell you about the case first and then try to explain this map to you so that you can find your way there." Map was a rather dignified name for the few scrawling lines on a paper before him.

## ***Grace in Abundance***

*by Sister Helen*

"She is dying with cancer. In fact, may not live through today. She has a large family, none of them Catholic except the boy who came last night with Tony Sherman. He came into the Church since he has been in the Navy. Just reached home yesterday and when he saw his mother's condition went to Tony and asked him what could be done about getting a priest.

"The boy knew his mother was a fallen-away Catholic, married outside the Church to a Methodist minister, though she has not been living with him for a number of years. There are seven children in the family, two of them married, and only this one boy Catholic.

"Well, to get to the point, I went out there. The woman, perfectly conscious, made her confession and repudiated the heresy in which she has been living,

though she avowed that she had never believed in anything except the Catholic Church. She had gone to the Methodist church only in an endeavor to keep peace in the home. She received Holy Viaticum with intense fervor, and I then anointed her. Her husband was on the grounds but did not attempt to come into the house.

"Now," referring again to the map, "you go out Highway X until you come to Highway 10 . . ." Father continued until we had a rather clear picture of where the home was.

Immediately after dinner the three of us, since it was Sunday, started in quest of the poor sufferer. Following Father's directions we found her without too

much trouble. It was evident that she was suffering, but she was so quiet and peaceful that we did not think the end so near. We talked to her a while, then knelt and said the rosary. She answered the prayers of the rosary with us, and followed along as we said additional prayers.

We met the other members of the family and all seemed happy to have us visit their mother. They begged us to come back, but that night the mother died.

She was buried from the parish church with a High Mass. There in the fourth seat, alone, was the husband. We wondered how he felt about his wife's return to the Church and what he was thinking of all the years he had kept her away from her Church during life, only to have her buried from it in the end.

After the funeral we visited the home again. At the request of the Catholic son of the family, Father baptized one child who was retarded. We had contact with one of the married daughters who lived in town, but since she had been married and divorced and married again, there was no chance for her to come into the Church. Since the family lived at the very farthest boundary of our parish, we soon lost track of them. That is, until . . .

"You'll never guess who was here today, Sister," said the pastor one afternoon when we went to church to teach. "Someone who wants to take instructions!"

I made a few guesses, but not the right one.

"Mr. Blank!" said Father.

I had to stop to think. The name was familiar, but I could not place him. Then all of a sudden I saw him, alone, sad, and out of place, in the fourth seat of the parish church, attending the funeral of his wife.

"Not the Methodist minister!" I said rather unbelieving.

"Exactly. He is living up right next to the old home. One of the married girls is living in the home and taking care of Barbara (the retarded child). A grandson is living with him."

The weeks went by. Mr. Blank came faithfully for instructions. Then all of a

sudden he went away to work. Well, we thought his coming into the Church was too good to be true.

But no, though months passed, Mr. Blank had not given up the idea of becoming a Catholic. When the job he had been called away to work on was done, back he came to the little home on the outskirts of the parish, and faithfully resumed instructions. This was not easy, for he no longer drove a car. He was seventy-two years old and had to depend on someone to bring him to the rectory.

At length the instructions were completed and Mr. Blank was baptized in the church where he had first attended a Catholic service when he came for the funeral Mass of his estranged wife. The next day he made his First Communion.

Afterward he went to church in the neighboring parish because his good friend Tony could pick him up every Sunday morning and take him with his family.

When the bishop came for confirmation Tony saw that Mr. Blank had a few private instructions so that he would know all about the sacrament. And now, by the grace of God and thanks no doubt to the prayers of his good wife, and certainly to the faithful friendship of Tony, Mr. Blank, the one time prejudiced minister, is a faithful and loyal member of the Mystical Body.

Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia!

For He whom you were chosen to bear, alleluia!

Has risen as He said, alleluia!

Pray for us to God, alleluia!



Peter Claus, a veteran altar boy, helps Sister train the younger boys. Colorado Springs, Colo.

#### NO MORE VINEYARDS

California is indeed changing. Vineyard avenue, near Ontario, for instance, used to be just what its name implies; a road winding through vineyards, vineyards as far as the eye could see. Now instead there is a freeway hurling its never-ending necklace of traffic on its busy way.

A few vines still stand looking like, some say, mock ballet. The more unpoetic say like an octopus standing on its head. Nevertheless their untrimmed arms seem to appeal for mercy against the bright signs which read "For Sale" or "Choose Your Home!"

To the east of Ontario there will be a race track and car testing grounds. If we make a wrong turn coming home from West Riverside you may hear of us talking about fifth place in the afternoon races.

SISTER M. DEPORRES

## In the Home Field

#### DON'T LET HIM BE THERE!

We teach in a small home where a four-year-old is permitted to "listen in" on the class. Last week we had the story of the Last Supper and the Betrayal. We had just said that Judas was going to Jesus' enemies and would take them to the garden where Jesus was praying. That was more than little Johnnie could bear. He cried out, "But He won't be there, will He, sister? Jesus won't be in the garden!"

SISTER JULIANA

#### KEY OF HEAVEN

"Why did Jesus die on the cross?" I asked the kindergarten class during the course of our review lesson.

"To make up for our sins," one answered.

"To open the gates of heaven," a little girl said.

Danny, alias Buster, was silent a moment. Then he wrinkled his brow and with all the conviction of a theologian, triumphantly announced, "Sister, the cross was the key that opened the gates of heaven."

SISTER ALMA MARIE

#### EVEN AFTER ALL THAT!

The class had heard for the first time the story of Our Lord's passion and death. Little Diane leaned her head on the back of her chair, sighed, and asked wonderingly, "Does Jesus still love us after ALL THAT?" The eyes of her classmates mirrored the same wonder and awe when Sister answered her question: "Jesus loves us so much He would suffer all that a million times."

SISTER MARY MARK

#### EXPENSIVE TASTE

We were coming home from class when we noticed a car stalled on the highway. We stopped and asked whether we could help. Sheepishly the driver replied that he had run out of gas. Would we push him to the station?

After getting him there, he offered to pay us. When we refused, he said he was from the greenhouse down the road. We should stop in and pick out a plant.

A few days later the same man delivered a plant to the Church and reminded us once more to come and get our plant. Later in the day we went to the greenhouse and our friend told us to pick out whatever we wanted.

Politely, so we thought, we passed up the large Easter lilies and picked the smallest pink azalia we could find. Later we peeked at the price. Not being in the flower business, how could we know that azalias, even small ones, are so expensive?

SISTER CECILIA MARIE

#### CONVENT SCHOOL

The junior high boys had just finished prayers before class when one of the boys asked, "Sister, do you remember that good looking guy?"

"Which good looking guy are you talking about?"

"Oh, Sister, it's Pablo. He is not here tonight because he entered the convent today."

Boisterous laughter was all that was heard for awhile. Finally the boy spoke again, "I meant to say Pablo has entered the parochial school."

SISTER INEZ



Sister Ruth gratefully accepts the gift of a thoughtful friend. Is it a cake? Or hot rolls? Mrs. Vasquez of Colorado Springs is one of the many who bring the sisters a surprise dish or even a whole meal.

#### THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS

The choir was practicing for Holy Week services. "Sister," asked one of the girls, "will this last a whole hour?"

"What makes you ask her that?" I asked.

The girl held her book for me to see. Sure enough, there it was: the "Hour" of Lauds!

SISTER M. RITA THERESE

# *Miracle of the Green Scapular*

*by Sister Alodia*

**N**EARLY every Tuesday afternoon during our drive from Abilene to one of our missions, we would say, "I wonder how Bernarda is doing? Maybe we should go and visit her."

Bernarda is 104 years old. She lives alone in her house in this small Texas town. When we first visited her, we found her in bed, which is no more than one would expect of a centenarian. At that time she was 100. Her age has increased or decreased with each successive birthday. They say that's the privilege of the very aged.

In our first meeting with Bernarda it was revealed that she had not been to the sacraments since she came from Mexico at the age of thirty, quite a while back. It also became evident that Bernarda saw no pressing need for the reception of the sacraments. "Later," she would always say.

Bernarda keeps up a lively conversation. She has the use of all her senses except her hearing which quite regularly fails to serve her at the mention of confession. We have had many bedside chats with Bernarda and have knelt before her little altar to lead the Padre Nuestros and Ave Marias while she answers from her bed.

One day when we knocked, Bernarda's voice bade us enter, but to our surprise the bed was empty. We looked toward the kitchen and there was Bernarda leaning against the wall by the stove frying an egg. This gave us the opportunity to carry out a pious plot. We hid a green scapular under the

mattress of her bed. One of the good women in town promised to say daily the prayer of the green scapular: "Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us now and at the hour of our death." This prayer was said with the intention of begging grace for Bernarda that she may receive the sacraments before it is too late.

On an autumn day we stopped by to see how Bernarda was doing. She greeted us from the back yard where she was picking seeds off the flowers.

On a cold wintry day we received no response when we knocked at Bernarda's door. Being concerned, we walked to the nearby home of one of her relatives to inquire about the inactivity at Bernarda's. When we stepped inside we were surprised to see the lassie in question seated behind the door. Bernarda had gone a-visiting.

A short siege of flu sent Bernarda to the hospital, but she was well and out of there before we could visit her. Still no anxiety on her part for the sacraments.

But finally the request for Father to visit her did come. She went to confession and received Holy Communion. She died two weeks later.

Our story has a happy ending after all. In fact, the happy ending part came after we had sent it to The Missionary Catechist with the request that our readers pray for Bernarda. Before it could be printed, Bernarda came back to God.

Don't you think this miracle of grace can be attributed to the green scapular?

# *Pheasant Convent*

*by Sister Mary Dorothy*



**"Let's try the sign of the cross just once more, Toby. It's almost perfect!"**

OUR first mission in the diocese of Sacramento in California is located in Glenn County, reputed to be one of the leading counties in the United States for pheasant hunting.

The pheasants made it possible for St. Monica's Parish to build our convent. The Rev. John McGoldrick had not long been pastor when he got the idea that has earned for him the name Pheasant Priest. Father organized the Willows Pheasant Association, and his parishioners agreed to give the exclusive pheasant-hunting rights on their lands to St. Monica's Parish.

For a small yearly fee, an interested hunter may obtain membership in the association and the right to hunt unmolested on all land donated by rancher members. Each fall, at the beginning of the pheasant season, the parish sponsors a dinner and bazaar which most of the visiting hunters from the entire state attend.

As a result, we now have a beautiful convent. Future plans call for a church, a rectory, and eventually a parish school.

We three sisters have a lay teacher to help us with the children in Willows.

Besides our religion classes for the grades and high school, we have instructions also for the women of the parish once a week. Choir practice engages one of the sisters, while another trains the altar boys.

We also have a sodality for the high school boys and girls. The group encouraged the reading of Catholic literature through displays held during Catholic Press Month. The sodalists have done much to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Two days of each week we work in the adjoining parish of Orland where we have well over two hundred children enrolled in four different centers, one of which is about thirty-five miles away.

When we are not teaching we are visiting the homes and the patients in the local hospital. We enjoy especially our visits to the old people's ward. One man, who is eighty-six years old, was recently baptized and made his First Communion.

All these activities, you might say, have been made possible because of the Pheasants in Glenn County. Do you wonder why the ring-necked bird is held in honor in our parish?



# our Associates'

HOLY FAMILY BAND, Chicago.



Letters from Mr. Joseph Walz, Holy Family Band, Chicago are always written in an optimistic vein as the following one, recently received, demon-

strates. "Enclosed find our check for \$31 from the meeting held Saturday at the home of Mrs. Downs. This was a real turnout. Only three were absent and all these had good excuses. The men wanted to play poker so one member, Paul Loeb, suggested that we take a nickel out of each pot and donate this. You may know this is a regular practice where poker is played. Later we added \$3.35 to our collection and all agreed it was for a good cause."

Dear Associates:

**M**AY our Blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross enable us to spend the remaining days of Lent in close union with our suffering Redeemer, so that Passiontide will be for us a worthy preparation for the coming great feast of the Resurrection and for our own resurrection into a more fervent, Christian life.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

*He willed to carry into heaven the wounds which He had received for us and would not part with them that He might show to God, the Father, the price of our freedom. --St. Ambrose.*

ST. BRIDGET BAND, Covington, Ky.



Recently it was decided by St. Bridget Band members (Miss Mary Louise Schmeing, Promoter) to sponsor our Richmond, Kentucky, Sisters because

they are in the same Diocese of Covington. Miss Schmeing wrote us last month, in part, as follows: "Ours is a small group — only nine members. We ask seventy-five cents a month dues and formerly sent small donations of clothing and other things to Brawley, California. But lately we have felt if we have a Kentucky mission to support better things will come from all of us. I wrote the Sisters in Richmond asking if we might help them. Perhaps they will suggest ways for us to be of more help in the future."



CHILD JESUS BAND, St. Louis

The mother of our Sister Mary Edna, Mrs. James Butler, is Promoter of this Band, and the membership consists of the immediate members of her family and a few close friends. No formal meetings are held but free will offerings are made several times a year.

# Club Mention



## QUEEN OF ANGELS SODALITY BAND

Madison, Minn.



Piggie Bank yields cash offerings to aid our mission work, while the devoted labors of the members, with Miss Regina Emmerich as supervisor of mission activities, are responsible for mission boxes which several of our mission convents are receiving. Three boxes containing the following items were sent out near the close of 1956: Eighteen crushed paper cribs with infant made of plaster of paris in mold; one hundred paper cribs; a large quantity of plastic bracelets with medals attached; paper plate framed pictures; identification cases; and Sacred Heart Badges, film covered, with crocheted edge. Friends of the Sodalists have learned to save everything that will be useful to them in turning out objects of this kind.

## UPSILON CHAPTER, PI EPSILON KAPPA, LaPorte, Indiana



This group of closely knit friends, numbering about sixteen or seventeen ladies with Claire Hercher, president, never fail to send an annual donation toward Guardian Angel Burse, held by Sister Mary Agnes whom the sorority sponsors. In addition they sent Sister a surprise package during the past year containing useful gifts of toilet articles from each member which Sister in turn shared with the rest of us at Victory Noll.

## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

January 23 to February 20, 1957

Holy Family, Chicago, J. Walz .....	\$57.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern ..	23.00
Immaculate Conception, Chicago	
Miss Mary A. Perkins .....	37.00
Meta Keegan Memorial Club, Chicago	
Arthur E. Keegan, Jr. ....	10.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, Evanston	
Miss Celia Henrich .....	50.00
Our Lady of The Bl. Sacrament,	
Oak Park, Ill., Marian Turek .....	10.00
Queen of Hearts, Lombard, Ill.,	
Wilma Wengritzky .....	5.00
St. Agnes Sod. Band, Rochester, N. Y.	25.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass.,	
Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien .....	4.00
St. Bridget, Covington, Ky.,	
M. Schmeing .....	25.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif.,	
Mrs. M. McMannamy .....	17.50
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. Hamilton .....	20.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes .....	68.00
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. C. Fiala .....	13.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer ..	12.00
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb.	
Miss Marie Egermier .....	50.00
St. Mary Sod., Detroit, Ann Huhn ..	7.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt ..	10.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. Gones .....	7.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer ..	32.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. Johann	27.50
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	10.50

## BLESSED MARTIN BAND

Lewiston, Minn.

This small Band, consisting chiefly of persons closely related (all converts!) and headed by Mrs. Irene Lehmann, turns out layettes for poor babies, Catholic identification cards, etc. At present they are sending these articles to Sister M. Peter, formerly of Minnesota, whom they sponsor. Cash donations from time to time are received at Victory Noll.



# Mary's Loyal

of God for the grace of final perseverance, because only "he who perseveres to the end shall be saved."

A Joyous Easter to one and all!  
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

Dear Loyal Helpers:

In union with Holy Mother the Church we shall during this month of April first mourn over the sufferings, humiliations and death of our dear Savior and then rejoice in His triumph over sin, death and Satan. If we wish to rise gloriously like our Blessed Lord at the end of time we must spend our life in a way that will be pleasing to Him so that we may deserve to go to Heaven when we die. Our dear Savior has gone before us with His banner of victory—the Cross. We have but to follow in His steps, doing all He has exacted of us,—observing His commandments, receiving the Sacraments, lifting up our hearts in prayer—and we are assured of our final goal. But this will not always be easy when strong temptations assail us. Let us beg daily

## HELPERS WRITE

Here is one dollar in dimes. I'm still saving stamps for you. I get them from my father's letters and from mine, also. School is pretty good. I got an A in our last spelling test. Spelling is my favorite because it is easy. We had a "Catechism Down" at school. I was one of the four boys up. Of course the girls won.

*Mary-ly yours,*  
Michael Schefke, St. Clair Shores, Mich.

I plan to make a nine day private novena in thanksgiving for all my blessings I received during the past year.

*Susan Welnetz,*  
Michigan City, Indiana

## MISSION HELPERS WHO ARE CLASSMATES AT SCHOOL



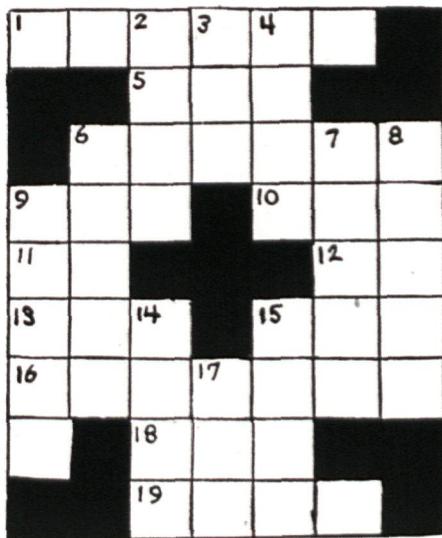
To the left is Marvey Chapman and to the right is Marylee Lemberger of Gardena, California. Both attend St. Anthony's School. These together with Patricia Wedlock, and Pamela Bonura of the same school, all seventh graders, are helping us regularly with their offerings and prayers.



# Helpers' pages



## APRIL CROSSWORD PUZZLE



### ACROSS

1. Feast of the Resurrection
5. organ of hearing
6. season of year
9. capable
10. IV Century martyr
11. Rhode Island (abbrev.)
12. syllable tone
13. metal
15. father's boy
16. a section or part
18. jewel
19. to move

3. black, sticky substance
4. Norw. navigator
6. steeple
7. stockings made of this
8. to allow
9. Our Lord ---- from the dead.
14. Easter ---- are colored

### DOWN

2. September (abbrev.)

15. a prefix denoting half
17. encountered

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE. 1. ST Patrick. 2. St. Thomas Aquinas 3. Annunciation. 4. St. Benedict. 5. St. Joseph. 6. St. Gabriel.

Send worked puzzles to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

## A MISSION TRIO WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE SAME FAMILY



Above, reading from left to right, are John, age 12, grade 7, Ruth, age 11, grade 6, and Mary Gabrielson, age 13, grade 8. They are brother and sisters, of Corcoran, California and cousins of our Sister Mary Gemma. John is an altar boy.



Maureen gives Sister M. DePorres a hand.

Here in Ontario, California, we live in a large, two-story rambling house, practically the only one of its type on our street of pastel-colored ranch style homes. On one side and at the back of our house are empty lots. But over on the other side, across our high fence live our only neighbors, the McCreadys. If we could have chosen our own neighbors, I am sure our choice could not have been better.

During the winter we rarely see any of them except Billy and Peggy who attend class at St. George's on Saturday. However, from time to time there is a knock at our back door. We answer it and receive from Mrs. McCready a freshly baked pie or a loaf of bread. She always remembers the sisters when she bakes. And it's not as if she had little to do, either, with six little ones!

One day when we were painting the kitchen, Mrs. McCready found out about it and planned a picnic for us. From my ladder in the kitchen I spied rounding the side yard a curious spectacle. Two McCreadys were pushing and one pulling Billy's red wagon. Loaded it was with a picnic lunch for the sisters: sandwiches, potato chips, and a freshly baked cake. Word came with the delivery that Mother knew we wouldn't want to cook where everything smelled of paint so we could have a picnic. And we did.

# Good Neighbors

by Sister Charlene

In the spring and summer we are more neighborly. As the flowers — and weeds — begin to grow, we spend more time outside. Soon small visitors invade our yard to keep Sister company as she pulls out the weeds.

On one such day Peggy and Maureen were very willing to help me until they discovered the earthworms in the soft ground. I tried to explain to them the great usefulness of God's creatures, but they were unimpressed. In fact, they were on the point of quitting when Billy came to my rescue. He volunteered to remove each source of trouble as fast as he found it. This proved satisfactory to my little employees.



Mary thinks it's fun to rake.

But soon another problem arose — what to do with his findings. He remembered well my discourse on the usefulness of worms and was loath to dispose of them. He solved the problem by running home for a paper sack. In this he carefully deposited each find, and then solemnly promised to replace them after the job was done. We continued in peace.



Mary and Magdalene supervise.

At another session I sent Mary to our house for a broom. She is so small that she has to stand on her tip toes to reach the doorbell. Sister Victoria opened the door, but was puzzled to see no one there. Then a high pitched little voice piped up, "Sister wants the broom." And Sister looked down far enough to see a little figure determinedly awaiting the requested article.

On Hallowe'en we were busy answering the doorbell for "trick or treat" visitors and handing out bags of popcorn. Soon five of our six small neighbors arrived.



Lots of help for Sister.

"Trick or treat," they called out and handed us a large, orange-frosted cake. We invited them in so that we could admire their costumes. All were very appropriate except Maureen's which puzzled us. She was dressed as a fairy princess, but her mask—!

"Just as we were going out the door," her mother explained, "she insisted on wearing a mask. The only one left was a witch face, so—"

Good neighbors are indeed a blessing and we highly value ours.



Refreshments after the hard work.

## BOOKS

### IMAGE BOOKS

On the Truth of the Catholic Faith, *Summa Contra Gentiles*; Book Four: Salvation. Newly translated, with an introduction and notes, by Charles J. O'Neil. 95 cents.

The Christ of Catholicism by Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B. 95 cents.

Existence and the Existent by Jacques Maritain. 75 cents.

St. Francis of Assisi by G. K. Chesterton, 65 cents.

Saint Francis Xavier by James Brodrick, S.J. 95 cents.

The Wise Man from the West by Vincent Cronin. 85 cents.

The Story of the Trapp Family Singers by Maria Augusta Trapp. 85 cents.

The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith by Bruce Marshall. 65 cents.

These new Image Books published by Doubleday we have listed in what we consider their order of importance. Most of these books we have reviewed in *The Missionary Catechist* and we can vouch for their excellence.

Book Four of St. Thomas treats of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Sacraments, the Resurrection of the Body, and the Last Judgment.

Dom Aelred calls his book a meditative study. He writes not only of the person of Christ, but of His work. The chapter on the extension of the Incarnation is especially valuable.

Maritain's *Existence and the Existent* is an essay on Christian Existentialism. It is one of his major works and this paper back edition is timely now in view of all the existentialist philosophies — so-called — being propounded today.

The biography of St. Francis of Assisi, like Chesterton's biography of St. Thomas Aquinas, is not biography in the strict sense, although it might be

stretching the mark to say that G. K. wrote about everybody and everything except St. Francis. Like everything Chesterton wrote, his St. Francis is delightful.

Father Brodrick's *Saint Francis Xavier* is the only book listed that is abridged. Just how much, we are not sure. We would have to compare it carefully with the original which is a big volume. It looks as if most of the author's notes are included, however. (I am partial to Father Brodrick's entertaining footnotes.)

The *Wise Man from the West*, the amazing biography of Father Ricci, S. J., deserves to be better known; so it is good to see it included among the Image Books.

Mrs. Trapp has written several books since she did *The Story of the Trapp Family Singers*, but it remains perhaps the most interesting of them all.

It has been customary for the publishers to include a novel along with biographies and books on theology and philosophy. Mr. Marshall's fans will probably be glad for the choice this time.

Shakespeare: *Six Plays and the Sonnets*. Thomas Marc Parrott and Edward Hubler. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The six plays are *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and the first part of *Henry the Fourth*.

Messrs. Parrott and Hubler, professors of English at Princeton, have written a general introduction and introductions to each of the plays. The book is designed for the student who has read but a few of Shakespeare's works or is just becoming acquainted with them.

Ours is a paper back edition of almost three hundred pages. The price is not given.

# True Devotion

Apostle of <sup>127</sup>Mary

ON the twenty-eighth of this month we celebrate the feast of St. Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort, Apostle of Mary. Some day, God willing, the feast of St. Louis will be in the universal calendar and his Mass and Office celebrated throughout the Church. Now it is confined to his own religious congregations and to certain places in France.

St. Louis was young when he died on April 28, 1716, only forty-three. He had been a priest but sixteen years. However, during that short time he had accomplished a prodigious amount of work.

Besides converting thousands by his preaching, St. Louis founded two religious communities, the Fathers of the Company of Mary and the Daughters of Wisdom. Moreover, he worked under such difficulties as few saints have been called upon to do. He was calumniated, constantly pursued by his enemies, and—hardest of all—misunderstood by those who should have befriended him.

If St. Louis had done nothing but write his Treatise on True Devotion to Mary, he would have been immortalized, for his book is truly a masterpiece. It is a classic that bears reading and re-reading. Its treasures are inexhaustible. It has an unction that enables one to find something new in it each time it is read.

Whenever I read the Treatise I am struck by its exquisite logic and the care with which it was written. It reminds me of a Beethoven Sonata. In form and analysis class we used to analyse sonatas. There was a fascination about discovering the main theme, the sub-theme, the closing theme; then



looking for the development of each, to find them turning up now in the relative minor, again in the bass, in the soprano, in an inner voice.

I cannot help but think of this when I read the Treatise. The main theme is given out and recurs again and again: complete dependence on Mary. Masterfully St. Louis develops the theme and explains the why and how of childlike dependence.

Gently and quietly, as in the andante movement of the sonata, St. Louis discloses the advantages of True Devotion. As in a final movement he sums up the wonderful effects and recommends for us practices both exterior and interior.

Rather than write more here about True Devotion, I would quote for you what Father Faber wrote a century ago: "Let a man but try it for himself, and his surprise at the graces it brings with it and the transformations it causes in his soul, will soon convince him of its otherwise almost incredible efficacy as a means for the salvation of men, and for the coming of the kingdom of Christ."

A card or letter of inquiry to Victory Noll will bring you information on True Devotion to Mary. Address Sister Mary Agnes, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

## The Editor's By-Line

It seems to me that our young people today have the mistaken idea that Catholic celebrities enhance the glory of the Church. I remember a quiz I was subjected to in a small town religious vacation school.

"Sister, Bing Crosby is a Catholic, isn't he?"

That was easy. Everyone knows old Bing and knows he is a Catholic.

"And is Ann Blythe a Catholic?"

Again I was on safe ground. Ann Blythe and her husband, Dr. McNulty, are excellent Catholics.

They went down the line with a few more movie stars and then turned to athletes.

"Is Patty Berg a Catholic?"

I could vouch for the affirmative there, too, for I had read that Miss Berg is a Catholic we can be proud of.

"How about Ben Hogan? Is he a Catholic?"

"Ben Hogan? Who is he?"

"Sister!" They were scandalized. "Don't you know who Ben HOGAN is?"

I felt as if I had just come over. Well, I thought to myself, if Mr. Hogan isn't a Catholic, he ought to be, with a name like that. Still, you can't go by names any more. When I wrote home from Texas that we had met a Murphy who was a Baptist minister, my mother (who insisted on keeping the Murphy in her name even after she was married) never fully recovered from the blow.

But maybe our youngsters have something there after all. Every good member of the Mystical Body adds to its prestige; just as every bad member detracts from it. I guess my irritation

at their idea of heroes is just a sign of advancing age.

Speaking of advancing age, I am struck by it every time we get a letter from our engravers. Up in the left corner is printed: Established 1920.

Established 1920. If it were 1900, even 1910, but 1920! I find it much more comforting to read the legend on a jar in the medicine cabinet: Schiefelin and Co. Pharmaceuticals 1794. Now that, I can read with some complacency. But 1920!

Still, I tell myself, none of the novices or postulants were born yet in 1920. Neither were many of our younger sisters. I suppose 1920 to them seems positively medieval.

We could put on our community letterhead: Since 1922. Stationery for The Missionary Catechist could have: Established 1924. I guess we might as well face it. We are getting old—the community, and some of us along with it. SEA

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## In Memoriam

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John C. Ryan, Detroit  
Mother Mary Clarissa, O.S.F., Oldenburg, Ind.  
Sister Thomas Marie, Mount St. Joseph, Ohio  
Margaret Murphy, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Mrs. Emilie Klein, Xenia, Ohio  
Clara Luibel, Xenia, Ohio  
Ludmilla VanFleteren, Garden City, Mich.  
Theresa Ley, Pittsburgh  
Mrs. Bertha Draper, Belleville, Ill.  
Mary Donovan, Chicago  
Charles H. Berger, Chicago  
Margaret A. Berger, Chicago  
Mary Eva Amberg, Chicago  
Helen Gieraltowski, Detroit  
Michael Wojciechowski, Detroit  
Erwin Balda, Detroit  
Mamie Fiala, Detroit  
Vincent A. Sawicki, Dearborn, Mich.  
Leo J. Imhof, McKeesport, Pa.  
Sara E. McBride, Des Moines, Iowa  
Mrs. Agnes Mayer, Cox's Creek, Ky.

May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

# *Introducing Myself*

*by Emery G. Scheller*

LET me introduce myself. I am an old friend of the Missionary Sisters, having been a subscriber to *The Missionary Catechist* from the earliest days of its publication. One year when I had a very good wheat crop, I sent ten dollars to Victory Noll for a life subscription. I feel now that it was the best investment I ever made.

Later I came to California and for several years worked on ground maintenance at a college in the northern part of the state. There was a change in management at the school and I decided to retire.

I knew that the Missionary Sisters had a convent in Redlands, California, so I went on a trip to see it. I remembered seeing a picture of one of the sisters running a tractor on the grounds there and this gave me the idea that I could be of help to them.

I visited the sisters and offered my services. I was gladly accepted and I



Mr. Scheller

rented an apartment in Redlands. Now I go up to the Queen of the Missions Convent twice a week to help Sister Elizabeth and Sister Olivia with pruning, weeding, etc. They are very grateful and tell me they miss me when I cannot come.

The reason I am writing this is that perhaps some other reader might find a way to help the sisters in a similar way. They tell me that in many places either they must do their own yard work or hire it done.



Mr. Scheller's help is very welcome on Redlands' extensive grounds.

***Happy Easter!***

