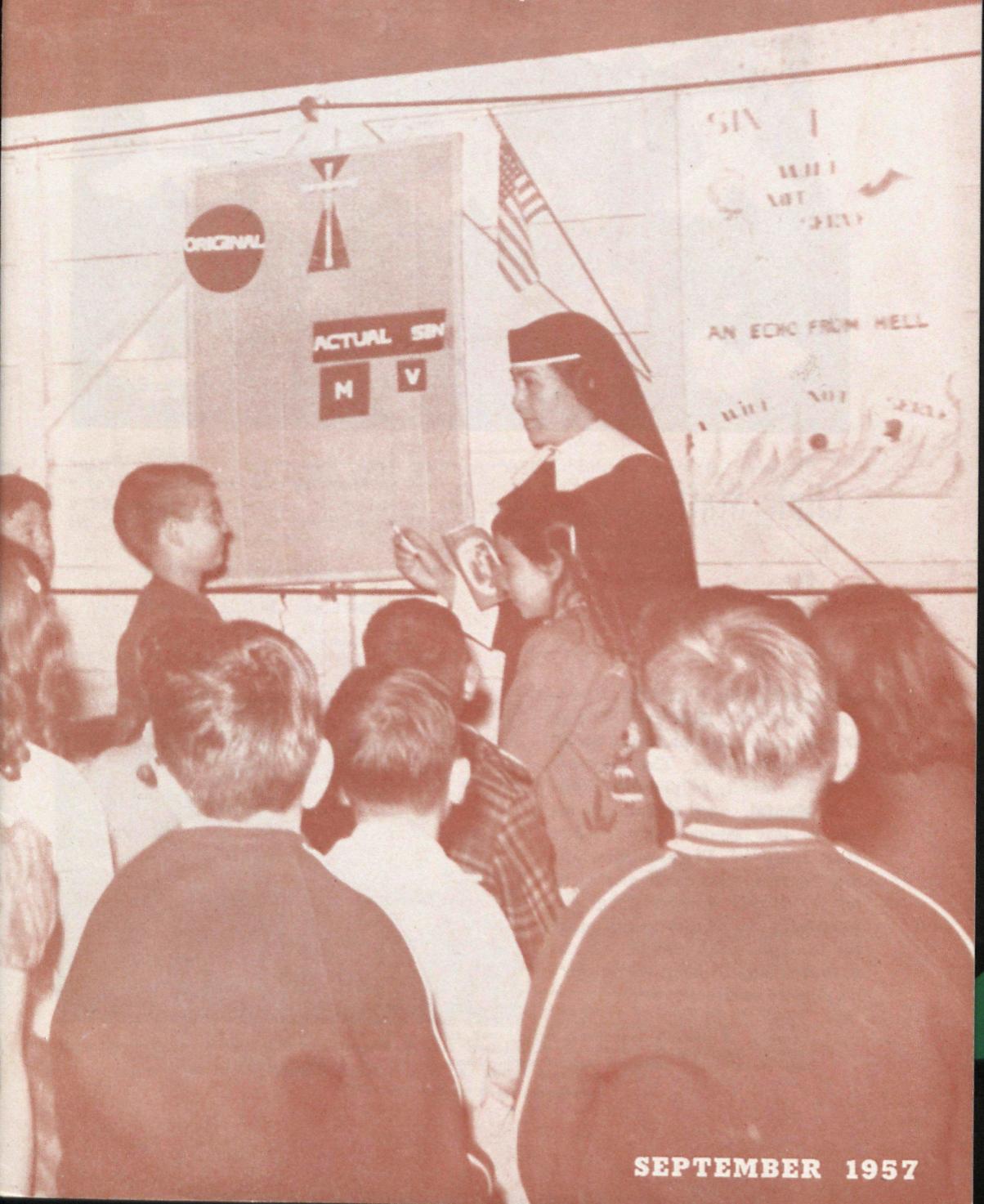


The Missionary Catechist



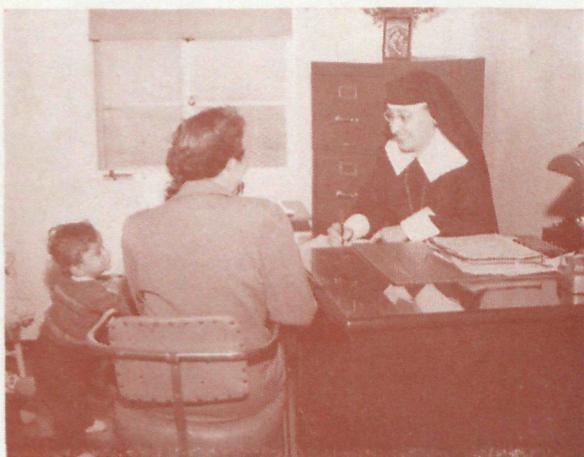
SEPTEMBER 1957



Clinic Staff

Seated: Sister Aurelia Jane, directress of clinic; Sister John Francis, superior and social worker; Sister Marie Jane, secretary and receptionist. Standing: Sister Mary Gemma, Sister Mary Elise, and Sister Mary Camillus, all members of nursing staff.

GUADALUPE CLINIC, sponsored by the Diocese of San Diego, cares for patients of all races and creeds. The purpose of the clinic is to provide medical, dental, and social service aid to low income groups. For Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters who staff the clinic, it affords a wonderful opportunity to minister not only to the physical needs of the patients, but to help them spiritually as well.



Sister John Francis interviews each patient. Sister is social worker at the clinic.

The Missionary Catechist

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

Huntington, Indiana

Volume 32

Number 9

September 1957

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COVER

Sister Rosario, San Pedro, California,
teaching a release time class.

CREDITS

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Confraternity Harvest

It was uphill work in the beginning, but a flourishing Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in California's San Gabriel Valley is the result.

“JUST what is this CCD?”

It's not so often that we hear this question now, for our parish, our whole archdiocese, is decidedly CCD-conscious. Five years ago, however, it was another story.

His Eminence, Francis Cardinal McIntyre, saw the great need for more and more trained religion teachers to instruct the thousands of Catholic children in the public schools of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. For many years the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in our archdiocese has been one of the most active in the United States. Now, however, with thousands of Catholics moving into southern California, the Cardinal asked the Confraternity to intensify its activities.

We sisters in Azusa, California, were enlisted in the all-out effort to recruit CCD members and train teachers in the San Gabriel Valley. One of the most frequent questions asked us was, “Do we really need the Confraternity when we have a Catholic school?”

After much prayer, patience, and sacrifice we finally persuaded ten zealous Catholics to enroll in our first teacher-training course. At the end of the first year we were far from being a success, but we kept on hoping for better results.

Now, five years later, we have four teacher-training centers with an enrollment of 243 members. Fifteen San Gabriel Valley parishes participated in

by Sister Florence

the CCD program during the past two years. Five of these parishes are operating with an active executive board. Besides our adults, we have also encouraged teenagers to become apostles by offering a CCD course at Pomona Catholic High on methods of teaching. Of the forty-nine boys and girls enrolled, thirty-nine received their certificates of achievement.



Mr. Al Fabrizio, chairman of CCD teachers of St. Frances of Rome parish, Azusa, California, recruits a new member, Mr. Anthony Ortuno.



CCD members purchase teaching material. From left: Mr. Anthony Serra, Mr. Joseph O'Connor, Sister Socorro, Mrs. Robert Ricketts, Sister Florence.

The teacher-training course can be successful with the conjoined efforts of a priest and sister giving the instructions. The priest teaches Christian Doctrine on the adult level and the sister gives the demonstrations on the methods to be used most effectively in instructing children.

Important as it is to have good teachers, an even greater task lies before those who train CCD workers. We must form them into zealous, deeply spiritual leaders.

In order to help the Confraternity members of San Gabriel Valley to meet this goal, we open our school year of religion in September with a day of recollection. The retreat has been a great success each year. At the close of the retreat day we try to build up interest and to encourage the members of the various divisions of the CCD by conducting a general meeting, by having an executive board meeting, or by putting on a skit which brings out the

problems faced by all parish Confraternities.

A second retreat is held during Lent. This retreat is scheduled especially for those who were not able to attend the September one. It also serves as an occasion to recruit new members.

How do we get our CCD members? Through hard work! Each parish holds a drive for new members on Catechetical Sunday. Enthusiastic men and women who are themselves convinced of the importance of Confraternity work register new members after every Mass. Others speak at the various organizations in the parish. Some easily sell the program to their friends and neighbors through their own enthusiasm.

Many of the women, having seen the work to be done, have encouraged their husbands to join. As a result we now have several husband and wife teams. It has happened that some non-Catholic husbands or wives have been so im-

pressed by the apostolic mindedness of their spouses that they took instructions and are now members of the Church.

It has been claimed—and rightly—that the Confraternity is THE organization that answers every need of the parish. We see evidence of this on every side. Where the CCD is active, the entire parish is more apostolic. Confraternity workers are convert-conscious. They are better equipped to discuss religion. We try to help by mak-

ber. Our affirmative answer made her beam. "Oh," she said, "I'm so happy you said yes, for now that my children are all pretty well settled I would like to do something to help others." Her youngest child is now in the third grade. All received a Catholic education at the cost of real sacrifice on the part of the parents. This woman has proved to be one of our best fishers, for she is very understanding and tactful and is able to speak to our Spanish people in their own language.



Confraternity members register for their day of recollection.

ing available for them adequate and interesting printed matter. One of our most popular pamphlets is "The Triumph of the Church" by Rev. John P. Markoe, S.J. The men especially have made a habit of carrying this pamphlet in their pockets so that they have it with them when the religious discussions come up at work or at lunch hour.

An inevitable question asked when planning to start the Confraternity in a parish is, "Whom shall we ask?" Our answer is, "Anyone who is interested in saving his own soul and the souls of his fellowmen."

A mother of eighteen children came to us last year and asked if it were possible for her to be an active CCD mem-

The Confraternity, because of its spiritual nature and its varied fields of action, is alert and ready to safeguard a community in matters that corrupt the morals of the young. Our own parish Confraternity has fought immorality in the theaters and on the newsstands.

Its latest project has been the promotion of the dialog Mass. All participate actively in the Holy Sacrifice now and are not merely spectators.

If we were asked to give a statement as to what the Confraternity has done for our community in particular, we would say: "It has helped us to multiply our apostolic labors, to sanctify our laity, and to train them as leaders in the lay apostolate."



Sister Florence is ready to help the retreatants select reading material.

That lay people are anxious and willing to contribute their time and energy is evident from the wholehearted response we have received in the parishes where we work. Six years ago we were instructing all the public school children in eight parishes. The task was difficult, but possible. Since then, with the influx of thousands of families into this area, fifteen parishes have developed. The task of giving religious instruction in all these parishes would

be impossible for the sisters alone. The parochial schools erected in these parishes reach only a limited number of our Catholic children. The CCD is the only answer. Lay teachers are now successfully conducting their own parish religious instruction classes with the help of the sisters and under our supervision. Best of all, after seeing the results of the CCD, more and more priests realize the need for such an organization in the parish.



The Rev. Albert J. Duggan, pastor of St. Frances of Rome parish, Azusa, and director of its Confraternity, speaks at the meeting of the executive board held after the CCD retreat.

Big Mike and His Friends

by Sister Gertrude Marie

“BIG MIKE over there is a Catholic.”

Up and down the street we heard it. Finally we arrived at the house that had been pointed out to us as Big Mike's. We knocked on the door and waited. After what seemed a long time the door opened and we saw a tall, well-built man in his sixties. As he greeted us gruffly and with some embarrassment, he dug into his pocket for change. We assured him we had not come for money, but were taking a religious census.

Big Mike hesitated, then said, “Well, Sister, I'm supposed to be a Catholic, but I can't go to Mass or confession or Communion so you probably wouldn't want my census.”

We told him that since he was a baptized Catholic we would like his census. He had made his First Communion, had been confirmed, and married in the Church but his wife had left him and taken with her their only son. No, he had not married again.

Mike began to cry as he tried to tell his story. By profession he was a practical nurse and had always “taken care of people,” as he put it. Several years ago a friend of his whom he had cared for died suddenly and Mike was held for manslaughter. He had been in prison for some time but later was proved not guilty. Somehow he had the idea that he could not go to Mass or receive the sacraments because he had been accused of crime. He looked relieved when we told him how badly he had been misinformed.

“You mean I really can go to Mass, Sister?” We encouraged him to go to Mass and receive the sacraments right away.

Our visit over — so we thought — we started to leave, but Mike said, “There is another Catholic here. Would you want his census?”

He called to the kitchen and an old man with only one arm appeared. He spoke very little English but Mike told us he went to Mass every Sunday and received the sacraments. No, he was not a relative. Mike just took him in because it was hard for him to get along by himself. He sort of looked after him.

Again we said goodbye and started to leave. Mike cleared his throat and said rather apologetically, “There is one more Catholic living here.”

We took out another census card and waited for number three to come in. We could hear the old man's voice from the next room, “But Mike, you don't want the sisters to see him like *that!*” We looked at each other. What next?

From the next room a middle aged, well-dressed man appeared, trying to walk steadily to a chair. He swept off his hat and greeted us politely, apologizing for his condition. Mike answered most of the questions since his friend was in no condition to do so. Later Mike explained that he had taken in this fellow and was trying to get a job for him, but because of his drinking it was hard for him to hold a job.

When finally we walked away from Mike's house, we couldn't help wondering what would become of these three. Would this unfortunate man be able to overcome his drinking? With the grace of God and Mike's help perhaps he would. Would the old man persevere in the practice of his religion? It seemed likely as his faith was strong. And would Mike really start going to Mass and the sacraments? Perhaps this would be his reward for the kindness he was showing his fellowmen.



Tony's eyes held a glint of triumph as he handed Sister Alice his homework.

“**W**HEW! Fifty-one words, Sister! I just made it—with one word left over. Boy, that was close!”

Tony gave a sigh of relief as he handed Sister Alice his homework, the glint of triumph in his eyes. Sister Mary Brigid had her camera with her today, so why not catch that joyful expression?

“I never had my picture took except for my First Communion,” Tony volunteered.

“If it’s good,” said Sister, “I’ll send it to our magazine editor and maybe she’ll print it.”

Tony’s eyes widened. “Wow! Then I’ll be famous before I’m twenty! Sister, should I tell my father about this or should I keep it a secret? I won’t tell Johnny [brother, age four] because he’ll just blab it all over.”

Tony didn’t wait for an answer. His moment had come.

“Please take off your jacket, Tony,” asked Sister Mary Brigid.

“I got blue jeans on,” Tony suddenly realized. “Should I go home and change?”

FAME BEFORE TWENTY

by Sister Mary Jeanette

“No, you’re all right just as you are.”

“OK,” grinned Tony as he exposed his brightly colored sport shirt; “then the Detroit Lions are gonna get in on the picture too!”

“Let’s see if we can get a nice smile,” suggested Sister Alice handing Tony a sheet of paper to hold while Sister Mary Brigid adjusted her camera.

Tony suddenly became serious. “I’m not very good at smiling, but I’ll try,” he added obligingly.

Sister Alice looked at him in astonishment. Tony’s perpetually happy disposition and wide smile were as much a part of him as his keen interest in his religion class.

Evidently he thought Sister meant some sweet kind of smile. But it didn’t worry him for long. He looked up suddenly and exclaimed, “Sister, this paper has only forty-nine words!”

Then he contentedly remembered his own fifty-one words and a happy smile lit up his face.

“Click” went Sister Mary Brigid’s camera and Tony became famous before twenty.

Children

by Sister Mary Ellen

"SISTER, we're moving so I won't be able to come to class any more," announced a fifth grade girl only a few weeks after religion classes began.

Thinking she was moving to another part of town or to a place close by, I told her to be sure to continue going to class wherever she is.

"I'll try, Sister, but we are going to Germany and I don't know where we will live," was her answer.

I asked her whether she wanted to go. She shrugged her shoulders and said, "Oh, I don't care, Sister. I've been over there five times already."

Since then I know what to expect when a child from the army post tells me he is moving. And since then, too, I have learned a lot about these children.

We sisters move from place to place, even to different parts of the country. Shortly before this incident took place I myself had moved from California's desert country to the rugged coast of Monterey. We all say, as we go here and there, that children are the same everywhere; but I dare say that these army children are different. Most of them, some only in the second grade, have already crossed the ocean two or three times. They think nothing of it.

A new little girl who had just come back from one of the Pacific Islands and was feeling somewhat lost yet, gave a jump when a boy behind her poked her in the back and said, "Hi, Marian!" Startled, she turned around. Who should it be but a boy she had gone to school with in Japan! Marian was overjoyed and I thought what a small world it is that we live in now.



"I like riding on boats and seeing new places," Neal tells Sister Mary Ellen.

A few weeks ago a group of first and second graders came early to class. We had a chance to talk while we waited for the others. Neal, his eyes bubbling with happiness and excitement, told me he was going back to Germany.

"Do you like to move, Neal?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Sister. You get to see so many new places, meet new kids, and best of all, Sister, I like Germany because—you know what, Sister—?"

"No, Neal, what?"

"Well, in Germany where we lived before, it was summer and then winter all in one place. You don't have to go up to the mountains to the snows there like you do in California. Yes, Sister, I really like to move."

on the Move

Neal is in the first grade.

"Steve, what about you? Do you like to move?"

"No, Sister, I miss my old friends."

"Me, too, Sister," piped up Mike. Sometimes it's hard to make new friends. Then just when you get to know all the kids you have to move again."

"Mary Ann, what do you think about it?"

Mary Ann wrinkled up her little nose and said, "No, Sister, I get sick riding on the boat. Besides, I like to stay in one place always."

"Rose Marie, I bet you like to move."

She smiled like one experienced in the ways of traveling and said, "Well, Sister, it's nice like Neal says to see new places and meet new kids, but I think old friends are better and I like our house over here."

It seemed as if the majority did not like to move. Neal, however, just couldn't understand it. "But Sister," argued the seasoned little traveler, "it's fun going on the boat, eating in restaurants, and gee, you learn a lot of things."

Yes, Neal, I agreed silently. You do have something there and I only hope you carry your enthusiasm through life, the enthusiasm you have now for good and wholesome things. But looking over the group, at each little face radiating the true happiness found only in children, I could not help but sense the insecurity in them. There seemed

to be a nervousness about them that is not natural to a child.

Where would they be this time next week? So often they say to me, "Sister, we don't know when we are going, but Dad expects his orders any time."

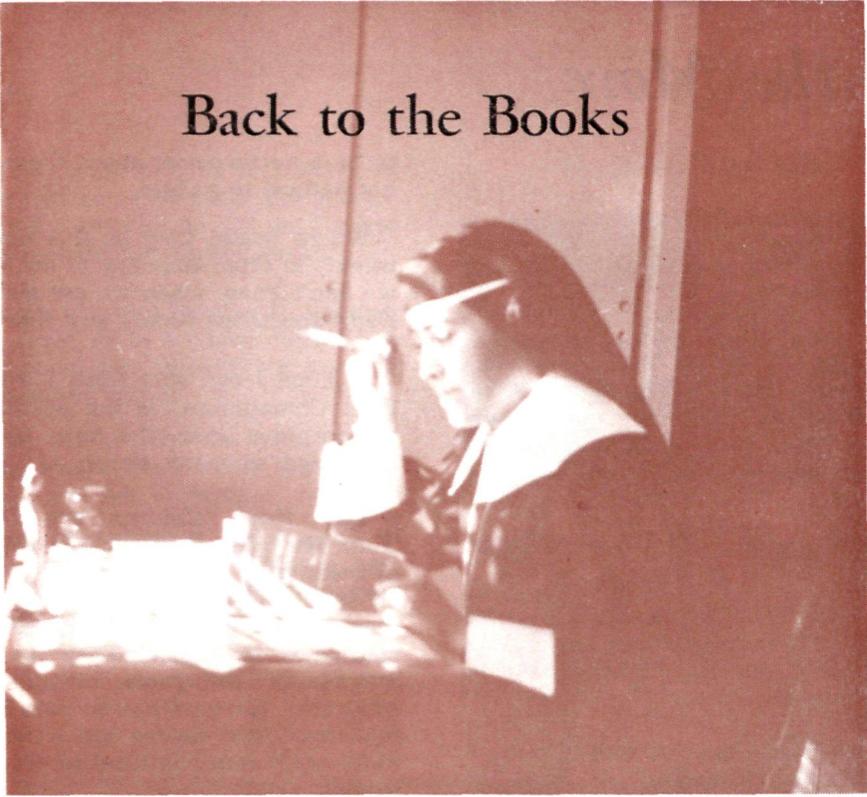
"I hope I can stay until I make my First Communion" is the wistful hope of the older ones who have been disappointed so many times.

Yes, these children are different. They are older than their years. Some of them were born in Germany, baptized in France, made their First Communion in the United States, and were confirmed in Japan. They are above average in intelligence, are quick, and unafraid. Shyness has no part in their makeup. Our classes are a league of nations. Every nationality is represented.

One day we learned we were to have a new little girl, a child called Mikey Kelly. We were somewhat startled when we saw Mikey (Mika is her real name), for she was not the little Irish girl we expected to see. At least not altogether. She has straight black hair and dark slanting eyes. Since then we have met her little brothers Pat and Tim. Their mother is Japanese and their father Irish.

Each week when the big army buses pull up to the post chapel I quickly scan the faces of the children as they get off and line up for class. Some are missing, and two or three new ones are there to take their places. When class is over and they are back on the buses, with their goodbyes still ringing in my ears, I always send up a little prayer: "Please, dear God, take special care of Your little globe-trotters."

Back to the Books



NOT that Sister has been very far away from them this summer, but now that September is here school bells will be ringing and that means back to the books.

When the public schools begin classes, Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in seventy-two convents all over the country will be ready for another School Year of Religion. As we write this, we do not have all the figures for the past scholastic year, but basing our estimate on the previous year, we can predict that our total enrollment will be very close to 100,000 children.

In the October number of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* we will be able to tell you who are to staff the new convents. There will be three of them this

year, all in dioceses where we are already working.

At the request of His Eminence, Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, we will open a mission in Santa Inez, California. It will be our seventh convent in the archdiocese. McAllen, Texas, in the Diocese of Corpus Christi, will also have Missionary Sisters this fall. Here we will work with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Sacred Heart parish and its missions. The third center will be in LaJunta, Colorado. It will be our second mission in the Diocese of Pueblo and the sixth in the State of Colorado.

Around Victory Noll this summer hammers were pounding and the cement mixers were . . . What *do* cement mixers do anyhow? They make a lot of noise.



San Pedro, California, children greet their sister noisily.

In the spring we discovered that some of our brick walls were bulging dangerously, so Victory Noll has been literally undergoing a face lifting. For some time the front of the building was a maze of scaffolding. The round tulip bed in the center of the patio was the first casualty. It had to go to make room for contractor's equipment.

Besides the tulips went some of the



The sisters' welcome at Lake Wales, Florida, is somewhat more quiet, but joyous.

beautiful evergreens and bushes that were in the way of the scaffolding. They went along with bird's nests, eggs and everything. The lovely red roses bordering the walk bloomed bravely through it all. In the few bare spots uncluttered by wheel barrows, bricks, and lumber, the grass grew high, for who could run a lawnmower on such an obstacle course?



"Here we are, Sister!" Second graders greet Sister Mary Beatrice in Los Angeles.

As we write this the postulants are excited about retreat and August 5 when they will receive the habit. They are wondering what name they will get that day. The novices are busy sewing their new blue veils in preparation for Vow Day. By the time this copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST reaches you the postulants will be getting used to calling one another "Sister" and the novices, as newly professed sisters, will know where they are to be assigned for the coming year.

SISTER ON THE AIR

One Friday evening the telephone rang. Sister John Joseph answered it, only to discover it was the local radio station and she was on the air! It was a quiz program.

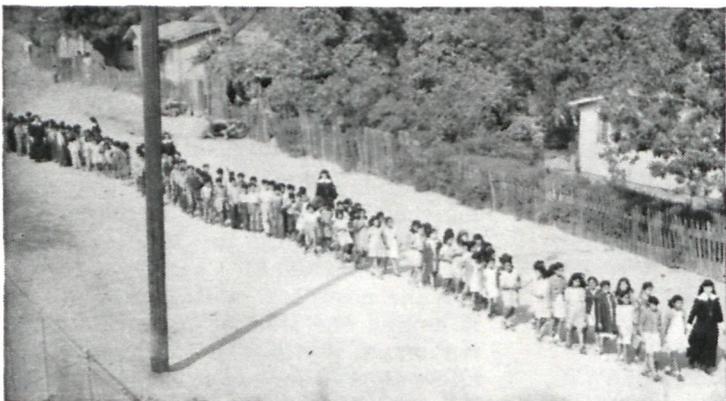
"Name two living former presidents."

That was easy. Sister gave the answers.

Then they recited a litany of all the things she had won—over \$200 in merchandise. The next day a book of coupons was delivered to her together with a set of steak knives tagged seven dollars. But you should have seen our faces when we saw what the coupons were for: beauty facials, dancing lessons, admittance to a free movie, a free bowling game, a repair service on a TV set, and a slenderizing treatment. We can't decide who needs that the most.

We hope we can give some of these things to our helpers and benefactors. Then there are a few items the pastor might be able to use: \$20 off on a suit, a free breakfast, and a free dinner. The only items we can find for ourselves include lubrication services, sewing machine service, and dry cleaning service. There is a possibility of getting a photograph for free. We aren't sure of that yet. But anyway it's lots of fun!

SISTER MARY CELINE



In the Home Field

OR A CAKE!

The day before the feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother, Betty's mother told her that in the morning they would have to get up early and go to Mass as a birthday gift to Mary. Feeling tired already, three-year-old Betty sighed, "Oh, Mother, can't we just send her a birthday card instead?"

SISTER M. JOSEPHA

IN AMERICA'S SAHARA

We sisters who have been stationed in Brawley, California, for awhile watch with amusement and sympathy as the newly arrived sisters try to acclimate themselves. They come at the end of August when the thermometer is all but breaking. We try to console them by telling them that in October the weather will be ideal and in December and January they will be wishing for a little sunshine. Dripping with perspiration they only look at us with incredulity. Even the children in class feel sorry for them and will generously offer them a paper fan saying, "Sister, want some cooler?"

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE

HALOS FOR THE HOLY

The kindergarten children were very much interested in the halos they saw in the pictures we were using in class. "Sister, why do they have those rings around their heads? What are they for?"

I explained, pointing to the halo, and added, "A halo tells people that we are holy."

"But Sister," said a little girl, "you don't have one!"

SISTER CHRISTINE

MARRIAGE IS SACRED

The impressive ceremonies of a Catholic marriage so touched a man and his wife that after Mass he went to the rectory and told Father, "Eighteen years ago I, a Catholic, was married in the Methodist church. Several times I have asked my wife to have the marriage validated, but she always refused. Just now in church, she turned to me and said, 'If this is the way Catholics regard matrimony, I want you to go in and ask the priest what we can do to be married as Catholics.' So here I am, Father, to have things straightened out."

SISTER MARY COLETTE

A CANE FOR CAIN

Michael looked intently at the picture of Cain, club in hand, killing his brother Abel. Then he turned to me and asked, "Do you suppose God told Adam to call him Cain?" Sensing that I did not quite understand, he explained further, "I mean; do you think maybe God gave him the idea to call him Cain? That thing he's killing him with looks something like a cane."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY



Sisters in Ontario, California, convent chapel reciting Office. From left: Sister M. DePorres, Sister M. Consuelo, Sister Mildred, and Sister Marie Therese. Sister Victoria is in the back.

DESCRIPTIVE NAMES

Sometimes we wonder whether we will ever get used to the names of our Indian children. Not long ago one of the sisters made the mistake of calling a boy Yellow Hair instead of Yellow Horse. An older girl brought a younger one to us with the explanation, "She's shorty." Thought Sister, "I can see that." When she asked the little girl her name she said, "I'm shorty." "Don't you have another name?" Finally it came out: Alice Shorty.

If the Navajos believe their name is bringing them bad luck, they simply change it. Sometimes this happens three times in one year! Getting baptism information would be impossible in some instances, if the padres did not also give them a serial number.

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE

by Sister Mary Joachim

“BUT, Sister, what’s wrong with mercy killing? If you know someone is going to die and he is suffering very much, wouldn’t it be better to help him die sooner? Then he wouldn’t have to suffer so long. What difference would a few days make?”

M

The boys and girls in the junior high school religion class waited for my answer. The discussion had begun while studying the fifth commandment. The apparent plausibility of Joan’s arguments had, judging by the expressions on their faces, made not a few converts.

E

What was wrong with mercy killing? What difference would a few days make?

I could tell them a true story that would make them understand. It happened some years ago in a small town where I was then teaching.

R

We had been asked by the pastor to make a call at the home of a non-Catholic woman. Father himself had just met her. He had gone to a carpenter shop to pay for some work he had had done. The man had refused to take any money, telling Father that he wished to do something for the Church in return for the kindness shown his wife by the Catholic chaplain at the county hospital.

C

When Father thanked him and asked how his wife was, all the poor man’s troubles came tumbling out. He had a little trailer back of his shop. His wife, very ill and in great pain, was out there with no one to care for her but himself. She did not have very long to live. No one ever stopped to see her. Wasn’t there any charity left in the world?

Y

Father listened in compassion and asked if he might go back to visit the invalid. He found the woman to have a wonderful spirit of simplicity, and during his brief and cheerful visit, he told her to repeat frequently: “My God, I believe in You, I hope in You, and I love You with all my heart.”

Back again in the shop, the man, now quite at ease with this Catholic priest, confided to him another problem that was bothering him. “They tell me the wife will go sooner if I make the morphine shots a little stronger and give her less to eat, but that don’t seem right to me. I know the pain is terrible and she can’t last much longer anyway, but what do you think?”

Father assured him that he was right and promised to return soon to see his wife. When he saw us later in the day he told us the story and asked us to stop in to see her. After class we found the trailer near an alley in the business district. In answer to our knock, a cheerful voice invited us in.

We found a smiling, thin little woman lying on a built-in, tousled bed at one end of the small interior. She was very glad to see us and did not mention a word about her sufferings. We were in a hurry at the time, but we promised we would stop in twice a week for a few minutes when we came to the town for class.

Meanwhile some of the women of the parish, guided by Father, took over the care of the sick woman. When we returned the following week, we found

her sufferings alleviated by good care, clean linens on her bed, and a general tidiness about the "house." One of the women, a nurse, came in at regular intervals to care for the patient.

The next week we learned that the sick woman was going to be baptized that Wednesday evening and receive her First Communion the following morning.

Friday when we came for class, one of the little ones in the prayer class said, "Sister, you know that lady that was so sick? Well, she died this morning."

This morning . . . the first Friday of the month . . . just two weeks from the day Father had first visited her!

What's wrong with mercy killing? What difference would a few days make?

Sounds

by Sister Carol

There's music in the cry of an infant

Falling on a fond mother's ear;

And the breaking waves on a rocky shore

Is a beautiful sound to hear.

We rejoice to hear gay laughter

Or a haunting old refrain,

A bird's clear call on the evening breeze

Or the gently falling rain.

But the most beautiful of all the sounds

That ever fills the air

Is the sound of human voices

Ascending to God in prayer.



our Associates'

Dear Associates:

THIS month heralds in a new season of mission activities. Many will resume meetings by the end of the month when most vacationers will have returned. Card tables will be pulled out of storage in closet or attic. Carefully hoarded religious pictures, paste jars, colored construction paper and scissors will be laid out on improvised work tables for those who make catechism awards for our sisters in the missions.

This is to let you know we have available a new project package for those who want to borrow it. Experience has taught us that very, very few care to engage in needlework at meetings, so our package will be limited to suggestions as to what can be done with pictures, paper, paste, and scissors, or handiwork closely allied to this sort of thing.

Whoever asks for the package first will get it. After it has been returned it will go out to the next one asking for it.

A successful mission season to you and your group!

**Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM**

**MARIE DWYER HAS PARTY FOR
CHICAGO BAND HEADS**

Miss Marie V. Dwyer, Promoter of St. Sabina Band, held a successful party at The Fair Store on June 8 for the benefit of our sisters. There were

representatives present from most of our Chicago Bands. After the luncheon a handmade quilt, the gift of Mrs. Gratton, the mother of Sister Jeanette, and other articles were raffled, and two hundred and forty dollars realized. The women had an enjoyable time renewing acquaintances with one another. They received sample bookmarks, cribs and other articles. These had been made especially for this meeting by Miss Regina Emmerich, Promoter of Queen of Virgins Sodality Band, Madison, Minnesota.



*We celebrate, O Mary,
Your glad nativity;
Your birthday holds out hope for
Depressed humanity.*

Canticos espirituales.

Club Mention



ST. MARIA GORETTI BAND *Elmhurst, Ill.*

We give the address of this Band as that of Elmhurst because the Promoter, *Mrs. Louis Picchiatti*, lives there. Actually the members are to be found scattered over Chicago's west and north sides. The Band consists entirely of young married women.

The members of this Band contribute toward our work and make useful things for the missions. Since most of them have small children they are sometimes prevented from carrying out their good intentions to hold a meeting, but they meet when they can.

LES PETITES FLEURS *Chicago, Ill.*

We like to cite this mission club as a proof that younger and older women can work together harmoniously and successfully for the missions. The club was started more than thirty years ago. Some of the charter members are still with it, including *Miss Elsie Jachmann*, one of the organizers. Their long years of work in behalf of our Missionary Sisters must be a source of inspiration and encouragement to the younger women, most of them mothers with many small children, who joined later. *Mrs. Dorothy Fedota* is president and *Mrs. Mary Ann Caldaro* is secretary of the group for the current year.

Easter shipments made to four of our mission convents totaled 8,307 pieces. These included Easter baskets, book marks, mounted pictures and medals, Sacred Heart Badges, and many other items. *Each mission received ninety pounds of candy for the children!*

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS May 22 to July 3, 1957

Charitina, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 5.00
Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	1.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Mary Nye	100.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	19.00
Immaculate Conception, Detroit, Mich., Miss Lillian Dunn	45.00
Infant of Prague, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Louise Schaefer	75.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	50.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	10.00
Our Lady of the Bl. Sacrament, Oak Park, Ill., M. Turek	15.00
Queen of Hearts, Lombard, Ill., Wilma Wengritzky	5.00
Queen of Virgins Sodality, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	6.50
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	12.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	66.04
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. Hamilton	10.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes	53.00
St. Jude, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	5.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	3.10
St. Mary Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Loretta Mettler	123.25
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. Dowling	10.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	32.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. Johann	4.10
St. Sabina, Chicago, Marie Dwyer	231.61
Seven Dolers, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	8.50
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth	10.50

ST. IRENE AUXILIARIES *Chicago, Ill.*

You are all familiar with the old saying, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow" (Everett). We are reminded of this when we think of *Miss Madeleine Sebraska* and her small Band of four. One of these can contribute only her sufferings (a precious offering indeed toward our mission work) because of an extended illness. Nevertheless our books show that this tiny Band has reached nearly five hundred dollars in its mission offerings over the years.



Mary's Loyal



Joan Mutch, LaCrosse, Wisconsin

Dear Loyal Helpers:

We are indebted to *Helper Joan Mutch*, of *LaCrosse, Wisconsin*, (see her picture to the right of this column) for the group picture of the members of her sewing class. During the past year, at the suggestion of Sister Althea, these students turned out darling print dresses, skirts, and undergarments, all new and well-made, and sent them to Sister Mary Eva, superior of our Indiana Harbor convent, to be distributed among poor children who seldom get anything new. Sister writes, "I think it was a wonderful project and one which would be worthwhile for other mission-minded sewing classes to adopt. They are

learning a useful art and helping the missions besides. More power to Aquinas sewing classes!"

Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

AQUINAS HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, LA CROSSE, SEW FOR POOR



Helpers' pages

INDIANAPOLIS (IND.) HELPER



Above is Beverly Holdcraft, who attends St. Andrew's School in Indianapolis. This spring at the age of six she made her First Holy Communion. Beverly is a cousin of Sunshine Secretary.



Below is a sample invitation to a "Swim Party" given by our Gardena, Calif., Helpers which netted \$4.75.

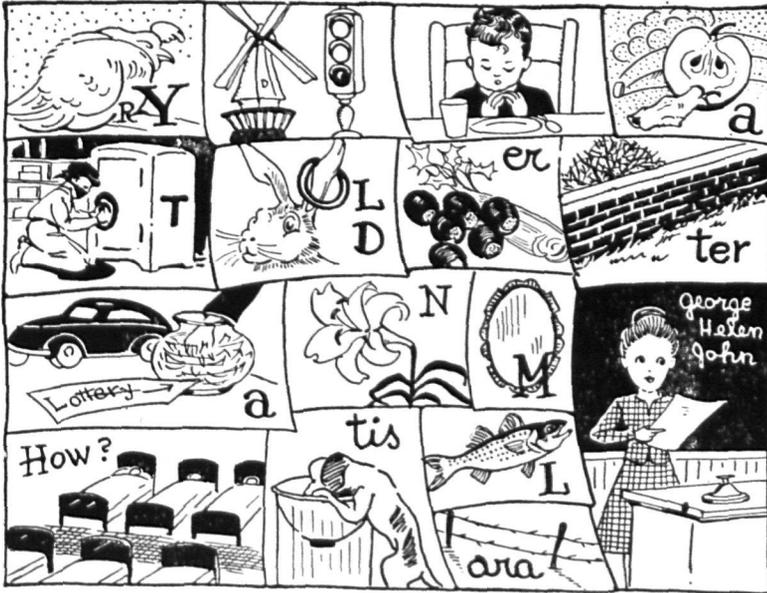
A SWIM PARTY

We're having a little party so you can have some fun,
 Bring your money and laugh with everyone!
WHEN? Monday, 11 to 2 p.m.
WHERE? Marvey's swimming pool. Bring suit, cap, towel.
WHY? For the missions.
COSTS: Admission 10c; lemonade 5c a glass; ping-pong 5c a game; potato chips, 5c a bag.

I promise to save pennies and have already put fifteen in my bag. I will say a rosary and make sacrifices every day for your sisters and the missions. I want to be an OLVM when I grow up.

Karen Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.

SEPTEMBER REBUS PUZZLE



SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

In the puzzle to the left are the first names of children enrolled at a school. Your classmates may not have these names but they are fairly common and you should have no trouble guessing them. Send your answers to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.

An Altar Boy Named Greg

by Sister Grace

"Sister, when can I serve?" Gregory would ask every time he saw me. The answer he wanted to hear finally came: "This Sunday, Greg, at the ten o'clock Mass." The excited lad jumped for joy and ran home to tell everyone the good news.

Sunday came and so did the rain, but no Gregory. Five minutes after Mass had begun I heard someone whisper, "Sister, where can I put these?"

There stood Greg, in his hands his clean cassock and surplice wrapped in wax paper. Into the already crowded bench he climbed, and together we held his precious "vestments" during Mass.

The following Sunday Greg was on time and served as an extra. At the next meeting of the altar boys serving schedules were given out. Gregory began to wiggle around in his seat. He was up for serving, and with only *one* other boy.

"Sister," he blurted out, "I don't want to serve! What if I 'goof'?"



Gregory says the Confiteor as Rene points out the words.

"We all do," consoled one of the older boys. "That's how you learn."

"But what if Rene doesn't come?"

"He'll be there and so will you."

"But what if . . ."

"Gregory, I thought you wanted to be an altar boy."

"I do, but . . ."

"Be on time then. We'll see you in the morning."

The next morning Greg was there, very scared, but he was there. Rene came too. After Mass we congratulated him and he meekly said, "Sister, I like to serve."



A few members of St. Monica's (Willows, Calif.) Knights of the Altar photographed on the day they received their pins from their pastor, the Rev. John McGoldrick. Sister Grace is in charge of the boys. Greg is in front on the left.

True Devotion to Mary

“SISTER, may I ask you a question?”

Joe, a puzzled teenager, approached Sister Mary Eva as she stood on the playground with the younger children.

“Of course, Joe, what is it?”

Joe gulped and said, “Sister, you told us we should go to Communion Sunday for our mothers. Then Saturday when I go to confession, do I have to tell my mother’s sins or just my sins?”

This was a new one. Before Mother’s Day Sister had suggested that the boys and girls give their mothers a spiritual gift, that they offer Holy Communion for her. Joe’s logic wasn’t too bad, really. For him, going to confession was a preparation for receiving Holy Communion. Did that mean that he was also to go to confession for his mother? Then he’d have to tell her sins!

Most of us are not quite so dull—or maybe it would be better to say not so literal—as Joe. We understand the expression “receiving Communion for someone.” Or do we? To recent converts that expression is puzzling. I have had more than one ask me to explain. They have had their Catholic friends tell them they would offer their Communion for them. What does it mean?

By that expression we mean that when we receive Holy Communion we will pray very specially for someone. We ask God to give to that person the fruit of this Communion. It does not mean that the other person receives our merit from that act. That is impossible. Merit is a personal thing and cannot be given away. Receiving Holy Communion is a personal act. The one who receives is the one to benefit from it most.

However, besides this value, merit in the strict sense of the term, there are also the impetratory and satisfac-

tory value of a good act. These too are ours, but we may transfer them if we wish. By impetration we obtain spiritual and temporal favors for ourselves or for others. By the satisfactory value attached to our good works we can make up for our sins and the sins of others. We use the expression “make satisfaction.”

We who practice total consecration to Mary have given her the value of all our interior goods. We cannot give her the right to dispose of the merit that is strictly ours, but we can and do put into her hands the value of our impetratory and satisfactory merits.

Does that mean that we cannot offer our Masses and Communion for others—in the sense that we have just explained? Not at all. In fact, we are more secure in doing so than are those who do not practice True Devotion to Mary.

Mary, better than anyone else, knows and loves God’s will. She will use our spiritual goods for the greater glory of God. If what we ask her is for His glory, then you may be sure she will see to it that our merits are applied as we wish. If, by disposing of them in another way, more glory will be given to God, then Mary will do what is more perfect.

Not long ago I was traveling and planned to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion between trains. The train was late and my plans went awry. Although it was not a Sunday or day of obligation, I was especially anxious to assist at Mass because it was the anniversary of two persons dear to me. I knew, however, that Our Blessed Mother would take care of them. To her I have entrusted all I have, both interior and exterior, past, present, and future. I am sure Mary will take care of those whom I love.

BOOKS



The Life of Hilaire Belloc by Robert Speaight. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York. \$6.50.

This large book of over five hundred pages is termed the "authorized biography." Such a huge volume is necessary to cover the long and full life of Belloc.

Hilaire Belloc was born in France in 1870. His father was French, his mother British. Hilaire was only two when his father died. The child's early years were lived in both France and England. He attended Cardinal Newman's Oratory school but did not distinguish himself as a scholar. Not until he had been out of school for a time and had done some newspaper and magazine writing did he go to Oxford. There he made a more spectacular record for himself than he had done in the secondary schools.

Belloc's romance with Elodie Hogan, an American from California, is told in detail. When he first met her in London he decided then and there she was to be his wife. It was not until some six years later, though, that they were married.

Elodie, at the time Belloc met her, thought she had a religious vocation and was planning to enter a convent. Her vocation, however, was not very clear cut and it looks as if she were being influenced by her spiritual director. Her mother evidently did not think too much of Belloc as a husband for her daughter. Even though Hilaire went to America (by steerage) and practically

walked all the way to California, he did not win his suit. Elodie entered a convent but stayed only a short time. Belloc went again to America, this time on a lecture tour, and they were finally married.

Their eighteen years of married life were the happiest years for Belloc. Elodie was a wonderful influence for him. Because of her and his increasing responsibilities toward his family, he not only settled down to earning a living, but he became a more religious man. Although he had not neglected his religious duties altogether, at the time of his marriage they were not the force that they should have been in his life. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that we owe the best in Belloc to Elodie.

It was by writing that Hilaire Belloc made his living. He turned out a prodigious amount of both prose and verse. Although he tried a political career it lasted but five years and was not a success.

Mr. Speaight makes Belloc very real and although he admires him, he does not gloss over his defects. He had violent likes and dislikes (sample: the piano), was stubborn at times, and inclined to dominate others. However, "he was sensitive to any inconvenience he might have caused. If for example he had talked too loudly about the Reformation before a country vicar, he would abase himself with a *mea culpa* for 'Hilary the Hound.' His friends could testify that his occasional aggressiveness came from the simplicity of saying just what was in his head, and that his violent individuality of dress and demeanour was the result of a perfect unself-consciousness. He preserved, to the end, the formal courtesies of another age and was slow to call people by their Christian name." (p. 514)

The death of his son Peter in the second World War was a terrible blow

to Belloc, a blow from which he never recovered. Not long after, in January, 1942, he suffered a slight stroke and from then until his death in 1953 he was no longer able to concentrate and his powers of expression faded.

Mr. Speaight has given us a magnificent picture of a great personality, a man who, to quote Chesterton, "had fought so consistently for the good things."

Saint Joseph by Father Gales; pictures by Hans Helweg. 25 cents.

Saint Peter by Father Gales; pictures by William deF. Rutherford, 25 cents.

Here are two more of the "First Book for Little Catholics" series published by the Catechetical Guild Educational Society of St. Paul, Minnesota. Like their predecessors they are very attractive in format, contents, and price.

Beyond All Horizons: Jesuits and the Missions; edited by Thomas J. M. Burke, S.J. Hanover House, Garden City, N. Y. \$3.75.

Since the Society of Jesus was founded its members have been in the forefront of the missionary world. In this book Father Burke gives us an excellent picture of Jesuit missionary activities throughout the centuries. Ten priests and two laymen contributed chapters to the book. Anne Fremantle wrote the preface.

Here we meet not only well known missionaries like St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Claver, Father Ricci, Father Kino, and others, but also those whose works were outstanding but who have not been so greatly publicized.

It is a fascinating book, extremely well written. You might think that in a volume of this kind there would be some overlapping and tedious repetition, but there are none.

VICTORY NOLL PUBLICATIONS

Are you looking for a text to use for your study club this fall? We recommend Blueprint for Christian Living, a booklet by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters (Our Lady of Victory Press, Huntington, Ind., 25 cents. If ordered in quantity lots, the booklet sells for 20 cents.) Order now for your parish book rack.

This booklet could well serve as the outline for Cana or student discussions on the family. The following description is taken from a review in Franciscan Herald and Forum:

These forty-eight pages of notes on Christian Living were originally given to a group of women, mothers of families, who were aspiring to assist in the apostolate of religious education of Catholic children in public schools. The pamphlet is divided into four sections. The first treats of the dignity and obligations of the various members of the family. The second discusses faith, hope, and charity in the family; the third takes up the four cardinal virtues; and the last section treats humility, obedience, purity, patience, and vocation. It is a clear, comprehensive treatment of important subjects.

Bible Stories in the Language of Youth by Sister Evelyn, O.L.V.M., is a Spanish-English Religion Text published in four volumes, 25 cents each or \$1.00 for the set. Order your copies from Victory Noll today.

Editor's By-Line

Every trade, every profession has its own vocabulary. My father was a railroad engineer and even when we children were small we knew what a deadhead was, where you went when you traveled to the bunghole, and what it meant to get bumped. We understood not just railroad terms, but some general labor expressions as well; scab, for instance. To us a double-header did not mean two baseball games in a row—or did they have them in those days?

Of all the trade languages, however, perhaps none are so colorful as the printer's. Some words the printer uses are decidedly on the morbid side: bleed, rack, hang, hack, slug, widow, kill, morgue, obit, tombstone.

You can even bleed a cut in the gutters. Do you know what that means? The gutters are the inside margins of the pages. If the picture on page fourteen, for instance, were flush with the fold, it would be bleeding in the gutter!

Other words remind one of the nether world. There is the apprentice who goes by the name of printer's devil, and the hellbox where you toss the discarded type and furniture.

The furniture, by the way, does not mean the desk, table, and chairs in the composing room, but the wooden or metal pieces that are less than type high and are used when locking in the forms.

A form is a page of type locked in a chase and ready for the press. And a chase is . . . One thing leads to another, doesn't it?

Making the dummy is a fascinating job. The dummy shows the printer how you want the pages made up. There is an element of suspense in working on it. You're never exactly sure until you start pasting whether you are going to come out as you planned.

Since we have no linotype at Victory Noll we have our type for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST set up at OUR SUNDAY VISITOR plant here in Huntington. Everything else on the magazine is done at Victory Noll. Our Sister Printer makes up the forms and runs the magazine on our own press.

It happens sometimes that on our way home from the VISITOR with the galleys (trays of type to you) we have to make a fast stop. *Then* we have PI which means, in plain English, a mess. SEA

Sister: Will God always be?

Second Grader: Be what?

In Memoriam

Mrs. Josefa Garcia, El Paso, Texas, mother of Sister Inez.

Siena R. Ganse, Lancaster, Pa., sister of Sister Catherine Marie and Sister Agnes Marie

Mrs. Margaret Kilvahan, Cascade, Iowa, sister of Sister Mary Germaine

James Baier, Campbellsville, Ky.

Rose Lubinski, Fountain City, Wis.

Frances Pellowski, Winona, Minn.

Dr. E. D. Risser, Pasadena, Calif.

Mary Agnes McKeever, Phoenix, Ariz.

Harry Manning, New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Eliza M. McNulty, Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Cora M. Kuhn, Houston, Texas

William Fohl, Belleville, Ill.

Peter Rich, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Elenore Rich, Milwaukee, Wis.

Augustus Rouhan, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

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

1509 Garfield Court
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Dear Sister Blanche Marie

It's about time that I reported to you the success of our little venture—the one in which you requested that anyone having old rosaries forward them to me and I would repair them for the missions.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is the ideal place in which to advertise. The results have been better than I anticipated. We have received shipments from Wisconsin, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, Kentucky, New York, Indiana, and Illinois. Who says the magazine doesn't get around and get read? Tell the editor we know it does and we are not members of the FBI!

We receive many, many medals and so Mother crochets a chain for each one. Before attaching the string she does a good job of polishing the medal. We try to send out a good shipment and one worth being received by the sisters, for after all, who wants junk?

Now, Sister, perhaps you can publish a thank you note with a request that your readers keep on sending broken rosaries, loose beads, any part of a rosary, medals, crucifixes, leaflets, booklets, just anything that can be used for the missions. If it can be fixed, we'll do it!

In union of prayer from Mother and myself,

Respectfully,

ARTHUR W. MOORE

A Coin-Fed Pig!

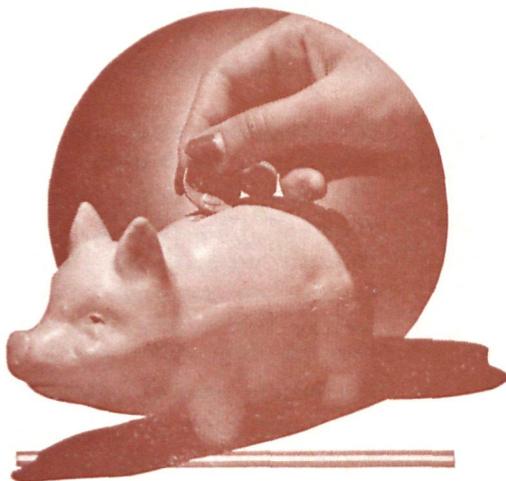
Feed a Piggie Bank **THANK-OFFERINGS** to **GOD** for all the blessings you enjoy as an American.

....

If you prefer, send for one of our Piggie Bank coin cards. Since these cards hold only ten dimes you may want to attach a check or bill for a greater amount!

....

Send your offering in time for Thanksgiving Day to Victory Noll where it will be used to help our mission work.



Sister Supervisor, ACM Mission Clubs
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Please send me a Piggie Bank coin card. I promise to send my Thanksgiving Offering in time for Thanksgiving Day.

Name

Street

City Zone State