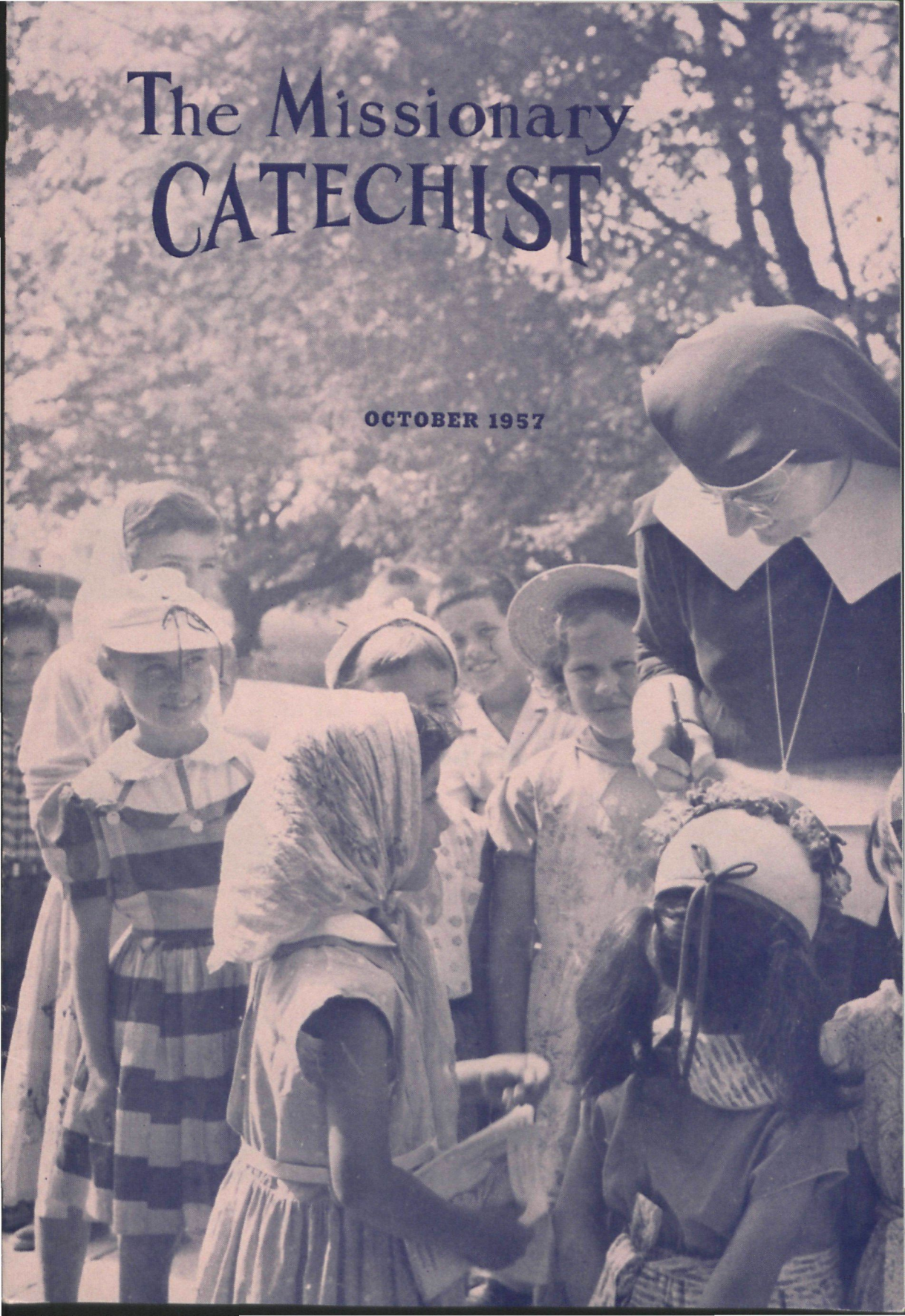
The Missionary CATECHIST



OCTOBER 1957

Our Newly Professed Sisters

Sister M. Carmen Rose Hernandez, Kansas City, Kans.

Sister M. Roseann Trudell Enosburg Falls, Vermont

Sister M. Benedict Joseph LeBlanc, Burlington, Vt.

Sister M. John Celeste Magee, Corpus Christi, Texas

Sister Paul Marie Danenberg, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sister Leo Marie Vega, Mason City, Iowa

Sister Gabriel Marie Anderson, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Sister Agatha Marie Chartrand, Herrings, N. Y.

Sister M. Hilary Gones Chicago

The Missionary Catechist

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

Huntington, Indiana

Volume 32 Number 10 October 1957

COVER

Sister Gertrude Marie takes the name of a little late-comer. Plenty of kibitzers.

CREDITS

Photo on pages 14-15 by Bob McIntyre, Colorado Springs; Slavery—Our Way to God, reprinted from Brownfriars, published by Capuchin seminarians, St. Felix Friary, Huntington, Indiana.

The Missionary Catechist is published with ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August. Subscription rates for United States and Canada, $1 a year; $2.50 for 3 years; $4 for 5 years; $25 for life, payable in monthly installments; foreign subscriptions; $1.50 a year. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Member, Catholic Press Association.

The beautiful grounds of Queen of the Missions are enjoyed not just by the sisters who spend part of the summer there, but especially by the eighteen sisters stationed there the year 'round.

Dear Sisters

You have taught all my eleven children starting with my oldest to Vicky. Mr. Chavez and I both are thanking you all for your wonderful work.

Mary Chavez

MR. and Mrs. Chavez's oldest might well have been among the fifteen hundred children the sisters enrolled the first year they came to Redlands, California. That was in the fall of 1932, twenty-five years ago. They named the convent Queen of the Missions, a title deservedly borne, for the Redlands center is still the largest of all our seventy-two convents, excluding Victory Noll.

JUBILEE

by Sister Frances

The children now number 3,953 and the five parishes in which the original ten sisters worked have increased to seventeen, embracing twenty-two catechetical centers. There are eighteen sisters today instead of ten.

Outwardly, perhaps, the most significant difference is that between the little house on Lugonia Avenue in downtown Redlands to the large convent on Crescent Avenue, up on the hill. How ten sisters ever managed to fit into the Lugonia convent, only they themselves know. Fit into it they did, and they even managed to squeeze more in at retreat time.

It did not take long until the saturation point was reached and Sister M. Frances Therese and her sisters had to go house hunting. For several summers they found temporary quarters in large homes for which Redlands was then famous. But each year the number of sisters working in southern California increased and a permanent convent was necessary.

The City Fathers permitted the sisters to move into a large home on Crescent Avenue. They could live there as "caretakers." It had been built in 1900. The owner, a wealthy "copper king," was an admirer of the California Mission style of architecture. In building, he imitated Santa Barbara's twin towers and San Juan Capistrano's cloisters.

After the death of the owner the house was deserted. When our sisters moved in in 1936, it had been empty for some twenty years. From the outside we might have looked like millionaires, but the years of neglect had taken their toll. Vandals had destroyed electrical fixtures and much of the plumbing. For several years the sisters used candle light on the second floor. Water was reserved in two huge tanks. It was piped through the house but drinking water still had to be carried from some distance away.

There were two furnaces but neither worked. What little heat the sisters had, came from the fireplaces in the few rooms that had them. These were the rooms formerly used for the family and guests. In the "servants' quarters" there were no fireplaces.

In 1941 the late Archbishop Noll purchased the home for our community and had the necessary repairs made on it. Now it is truly one of the beauty spots of Redlands. The original owner wished to have on the grounds every kind of tree that it was possible to grow in southern California. The house is surrounded with citrus trees, evergreens, magnolias, and palms of every variety. One of the oddest trees is the Australian monkey tree, so called because it has such twisted branches that it would puzzle a monkey to climb it!

Those of you who remember the depression years can well imagine how much was to be done for the poor and the sick and the needy in Redlands in 1932. During the first two years the sisters made over nine thousand home visits to relieve the needs of the poor and to arouse the indifferent to the practice of their religion.

With the cooperation of a local physician they set up a free dispensary. Since 1940 we have, under the sponsorship of the Catholic Welfare, operated a well baby clinic in Our Lady of Guadalupe parish, San Bernardino.

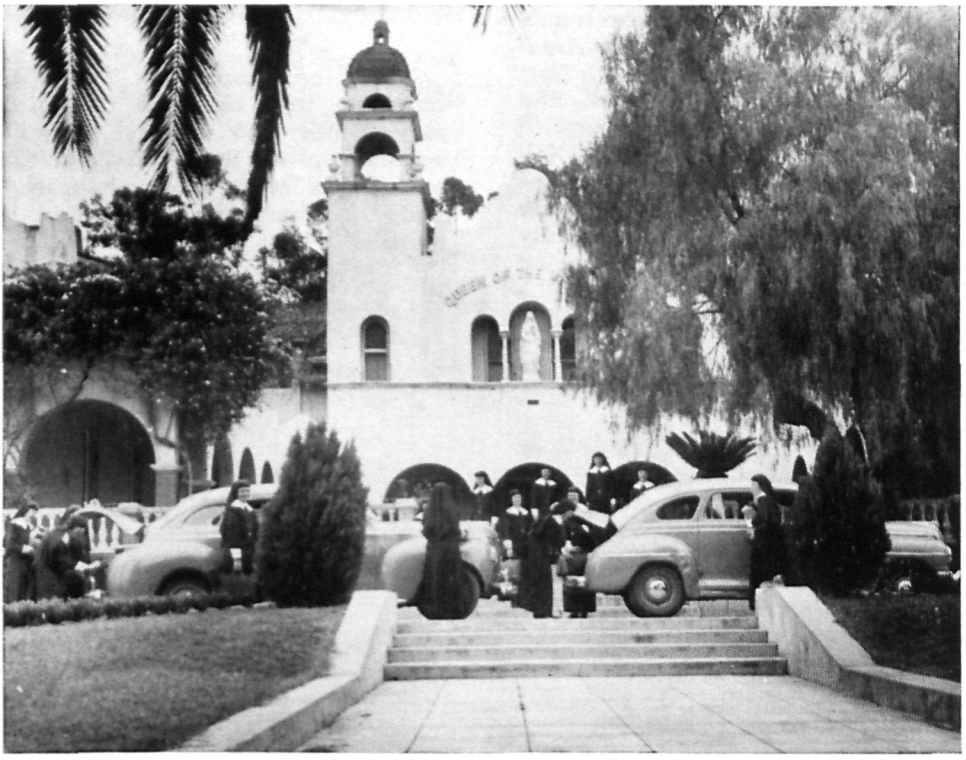
Our Lady of Guadalupe in San Bernardino is the largest of Redlands' twenty-two catechetical centers.

Through the years we have seen many changes take place in and around Redlands. Ontario and its missions, once taken care of from Queen of the Missions, became a center in its own right in 1939. Especially in the last ten years we have seen parishes divided and again divided, and parochial schools erected in San Bernardino, Colton, Fontana, and other places.

In San Bernardino, for instance, St. Bernardine's, Holy Rosary, and Our Lady of Guadalupe — each with many missions—were the only parishes. Now there are three times as many.

Redlands Mission is a challenge: seventeen parishes with the same work, yet different, because each has its own peculiar needs. They range from the parish of Guadalupe in San Barnardino where we have a thousand children (although there is a parochial school there) to the poor little center in Alberhill out in the clay mines some thirty-five miles away with only thirty-five children.

Our life is never dull. We have many experiences that we can share with one another. And with the ringing of the angelus bell in the evening until our cars set out again in the morning, we have the peace and joy of our convent life at Queen of the Missions.



This is a familiar scene every morning when the sisters leave the convent for their catechetical centers.

This Startled Me!

by Sister Mary Karl

IT was past mid-afternoon on a warm June day. Sister Beatrice and I had left our convent in Santa Fe early that morning. We had travelled through the ever-green, deep-set canyon of Pecos Valley and had stopped briefly to visit our sisters in Las Vegas.

Then heading north again we passed Watrous and Wagon Mound, two spots that always gratefully remind us of the work of our pioneer sisters in New Mexico. For awhile the great plains spread out broad wings on each side of us, their horizons haunting with distance.

At Raton, only eight miles from the Colorado border, we turned east. Finally we were on the last forty miles of our trip to Folsom where we were to have a religious vacation school for the children. Folsom is a pretty little mountain village, 'way up in the northeast corner of New Mexico.

The day was beautiful. A bit of rain had fallen during the morning, but not enough to darken the sky. The deep blue sky of New Mexico was its deepest and bluest, with white billowing clouds sometimes deepening that blue with their lacy foam. Far to the south the mountains showed only their topmost peaks, mistily enchanting. To the north, low-lying hills formed a nearer horizon. All about, the meadows were gray-green, and wild flowers blossomed. The air was warm and pleasant. A perfect June day — of a kind not so rare in New Mexico.

Up ahead loomed the black-and-yellow of a warning road sign. What danger could threaten on this pleasant highway where we seemed to be the only travelers? Idly I watched as the sign drew nearer. Finally we were within visual distance and could read its dark, stark, stern WARNING: WATCH FOR SNOW PLOWS MOVING AGAINST TRAFFIC DAY AND NIGHT.

Well, wouldn't YOU have been startled too?

CCD on the CAPE

by Sister Joseph Marie

That's a neck microphone Sister Joseph Marie is using.

"SISTER, when will we rehearse?"

"Rehearse?" There will be no rehearsal. In our next class we will have a chance to use the microphone, but that's all."

Groans followed the announcement. I had just told my sixth graders that in two weeks they would take part in a demonstration class before the National Council of Catholic Women of the Cape Cod area.

When I added that we would use microphones, fanciful visions of TV fame flitted through their heads; that is, they did until I told them there would be no rehearsal.

"You see," I added, "we want this class to be as real as it usually is on Tuesdays." (Barring a few antics.)

"Sister, you mean you are not going to tell us the lesson nor the questions you are going to ask?"

I explained that the only questions they would be familiar with would be the review on the sacrament of penance—today's lesson. The new lesson would be based on the latest issue of the Young Catholic Messenger that we always used in class.

"Remember," I reminded them again, "we want this to be really true to life."

This was cruel, very cruel, so I confided sympathetically that I might be trembling a bit myself. "But, Sister," they said, "it's easy for you. All YOU have to do is ask the questions. WE have to answer them!"

With a few soothing remarks on the fine contribution they would make toward the CCD movement and a reminder of the delicious refreshments that would follow the demonstration, I turned to today's lesson, and the boys and girls settled down to comparative normality.

The next week Mr. Russell Collinge, publicity chairman of the Helpers' Division in our Confraternity (every parish should have someone like him), came to class to explain the proper use of the hand microphone.

Inevitably the fateful day arrived. The children assembled at the appointed time and place. A messenger reported that the N.C.C.W. business meeting was over. That was the signal for the demonstrators to come to the hall.

What excitement to see our good pastor, visiting priests and sisters, and the delegates. I noticed a considerable straightening of shoulders and an all-round feeling of importance in the "stars."

Mr. Collinge holds the hand microphone while the girl reads.

Sister Mary Regina explained to the audience the teaching method and classroom procedure which we would use. Then our pupils quickly presented last week's homework as usual, and sat down somewhat electrified. I hardly had time to whisper a timely warning to two mischief makers not to sit together.

Our sound engineer, Mr. Collinge, provided a neck microphone for Sister and a hand microphone for the children. It should be easy for everyone in the big hall to follow the instruction. Thanks to the cooperation of the Pflaum Publishing Company, everyone in the audience was given a copy of the same Messenger which was in the hands of each child.

As we went along I could not help but notice many tense and puzzled faces among the onlookers. One woman was overheard to whisper, "Why I didn't even know that answer!"

I tried to give each child a chance to "shine," at the same time trying to have a little extra consideration for the timid ones. Each had a turn at using the microphone in some part of the class.

Did anyone remember the scripture quotation in which Christ gave the power to priests to forgive sins? Where could it be found? Oh yes, everyone remembered that one, it seemed, judging from the vigorous waving of hands. Our audience didn't know it, but we'll let you in on our little trick. The children had learned it so that they could tell their Protestant friends where to find the text. The answer: John 20, 23. And how could they remember it so easily? "John has 20-20 vision; then we add three for the name of our parish (Holy Trinity)."

Finally the class period came to an end. A word of praise from their pastor and the children were dismissed. The refreshments were not forgotten. They disappeared with gusto, and and twenty-four sixth graders went home, quite pleased with themselves and the contribution they had made to the CCD movement on Cape Cod.

SISTER AND

by Sister Carol

Do you know what O stands for on a report card? You're wrong if you think it's for zero. In Brawley, California, it's for Outstanding. To us it sounds as if all of Sister Carol's fifth grade boys are Outstanding—in one way or the other.

THE sister who trains the confirmation class "rookies" to become soldiers of Christ has much in common with the drill sergeant at Boot Camp.

I made the solemn announcement to my fifth grade boys that the bishop was coming in two weeks and reminded them of that little matter of points. At the beginning of the year I had told them that they must have 125 points to become soldiers of Christ. They would receive points for prayers and lessons learned.

"What else do we have to learn, Sister? Can I come to your house tonight to answer?"

So the next two weeks were spent hearing catechism lessons—in the front room of our convent, in the club house, in the church, in our yard. There were several techniques the boys used. The favorite was to learn the two easiest questions of the assignment, then sit there and study expecting Sister to wait patiently till they learned more. When the bell would ring for prayers or some other community exercise, they would say, "Can I study, Sister, while you pray?"

The boys learned much about the order of the day in our convent during those two weeks. "What is that bell for?" "You mean you're going to pray again?" When I told them that I would be back after I washed the dishes, they seemed very much surprised to learn that sisters wash dishes. What they thought we did with them I never found out.

When the boys received a passing note informing their parents that they were going to be confirmed, they would come back with their friends. There seemed to be a deadly fascination in seeing how the others progressed.

Ruben had two irons in the fire. It was very important to him that he learn his Latin so that he could be received as a Knight of the Altar. At the same time he was studying the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost for confirmation. When I asked him to name them, he answered confidently, "Wisdom, understanding, knowledge, counsel, and fortitudo mea."

Albert's great concern was getting his passing slip. After answering each question, he would ask, "Did I pass yet?" Finally he was in the home stretch and we came to the question, "How does the bishop confirm?" Albert answered, "The bishop extends his hands over those to be confirmed and prays that they pass."

When Albert finally received the coveted passing slip, he rushed home

Ball and bat in hand, Henry stops the game on the playground next to the convent while Sister hears his lesson.

HER ROOKIES

clutching it in his hand. Within the next fifteen minutes he had called the convent four times with questions something like this: "What kind of a tie shall I wear? . . . My sponsor's name is Primo . . . What color of pants shall I wear? . . . I lost the paper you gave me to write my confirmation name on . . . Sister, what shall we do if the bishop asks us a question that we don't know?"

To this last question I answered, "You will just have to stand up and say, 'I am sorry, Your Excellency, but I don't know.' "

At the practice I was teaching them how to stand and answer when the bishop questioned them. I had asked a question and hands were waving. Little Ernie seemed the most anxious to answer, so I called on him. Up he stood, straight as a soldier, "I'm sorry, Your Excellency, but we don't know."

Bobby insisted that he wanted to take Abbot for his confirmation name. I told him that I did not think Abbot was a saint's name. I do not know the name of every saint. Some of their names sound strange to us of the twentieth century, but Abbot did not sound right.

"I'm sure it's a saint's name," insisted Bobby. "That is the saint for my birthday. His picture is on the calendar at home."

His picture was on the calendar all right. It read: "St. William, Abbot."

I explained to Bobby that the name was William. Bobby was not convinced so he settled for Anthony.

Finally the big day arrived. My boys marched into church looking like little angels instead of rough and tumble fifth grade boys. When the bishop came from the sanctuary to question them, I hoped they would remember to say Your Excellency and not Your Majesty as one had done the year before.

Ruben gives his recitation over the fence.

One poor little fellow is probably still wondering why the bishop and everyone laughed at his answer. The bishop asked, "What do we mean by perfect Christians?"

The little boy was not willing to take a chance on giving the wrong answer so he hesitated. The bishop tried to help out. "Did you ever get a perfect paper in school?"

"Oh, yes, I got 0 in spelling once." And everyone laughed.

The questioning over, the bishop goes back to the altar. He extends his hands and prays.

By now Albert knows that he prays that they will receive the Holy Ghost; not that they will pass. And Ruben knows that fortitude is the gift the Holy Ghost is giving him. He got some idea of the meaning of fortitude when he took Joan of Arc for his confirmation name though all the other boys took masculine names.

The boys enter the sanctuary children of God and return to their pews soldiers of Christ. And Sister Sergeant prays that the Recording Angel will be able to put 0 next to the name of each in the Book of Life. The Recording Angel knows what every fifth grade boy knows, that 0 doesn't stand for zero. 0 means Outstanding.

Man's Best Friend

is not always Sister's

by Sister M. Therese Martin

When we learned the techniques of home visiting, I don't recall the page in the text stating that before meeting the lady of the house one must first establish rapport with the dog on the front porch.

This can prove to be a ticklish situation depending on: 1) the size of the dog; 2) the ferocity of his countenance; 3) the volume of his bark; 4) the speed with which he is attacking you. Most of my encounters have been on a friendly basis. I have met only a few that were really dangerous; like the little monster that let us get all the way up to the door while just staring pointedly, and then let us have it full force.

On another visit the opposite situation prevailed. We made such good friends with a collie that he insisted on accompanying us to the remaining houses on the street, jumping on us for joy. Evidence of his joy he left all over us.

My sister companion thinks I am going a little too far when I wear special gloves for visiting. I tell her they are for patting purposes. The advantage of this is that they do not have to be washed so frequently since they are always used for the same cause. There is one disadvantage though - jealousy. My newest acquaintance smells his rival and vies for affection.

They say a dog is man's best friend. The contrary to this statement was proved one Monday afternoon when I was about to begin class in church with a group of first and second graders. An uninvited guest arrived just in time to upset the whole group. Ambling down the middle aisle came a giant sized boxer. He belongs to a first grade girl who is extremely afraid of him. We threatened and coaxed and begged the animal to make a peaceful exit, but to no avail. He dared us to budge him. The children were by now helter-skelter all over the pews. The poor dog really only wanted to play and this was great sport - playing hide and seek under the benches.

Finally I decided to have the whole class leave the church by the nearest door in the hope that the dog would

It's always a good idea to make friends if possible.

follow them. The plan worked and we were happy at its success. By this time the pastor had appeared. Three children still remained. Father said I could keep them inside. He would chase the dog away.

Now I could gather up the little ones and begin class.

A situation like this calls for the cautious approach.

"You can come in now, children. The dog is gone."

There came back no answer. I looked up the street. No children! I looked down the street. No children! A glance toward the rectory garage still revealed no children! Wherever in the world could they have gone? Surely they didn't go home. There would be some trace of them. What kind of class would I have with only three children!

The only thing to do was to go back in church and retrieve what was left. To my bewilderment, there sat the whole class intact.

"Sister, where were you?"

The inevitable never occurred to me.

"Where was I? I was out looking for you!"

The oldest child led the whole group around to the front door and to safety in the church.

In the Home Field

Justly Proud

I had never seen him before. He came late for the Children's Mass and knelt two pews ahead of me. A white stocking cap was pulled down over his head with a finality that defied removal. His well-worn jeans and rumpled shirt made me suspect that he might have come to church on his own, that possibly he had braved the opposition of sleepy parents.

As for the boy himself, there was nothing sleepy about him. His eyes were fixed on the altar as he watched every step of the Holy Sacrifice. When Father came down to the altar rail to address his sermon to the children, this youngster hung over the end of the bench in order to see around the large boy who obstructed his view.

The Gospel for the day was the story of the Transfiguration. Father told the children to listen carefully for he intended to question them on what he was going to read.

Long minutes later Father asked, "What did Peter say to Jesus when he saw Him in glory on the mountain?"

The hand of our unknown friend shot up. When Father called him, he stood up and answered in a firm, but high, boy-child voice, "Peter said, 'It is good for us to be here.' "

As Father elaborated upon these words, the boy seemed to be drinking in every syllable with a nervous, eager attention. Then Father asked, "Can anyone tell me what God the Father said about Jesus?"

A few hands were hesitantly raised, but again the lad in the white stocking cap put up his hand with complete assurance. Rising quickly, he answered, " 'This is My Son.' " He paused, and then added, " 'and I am proud of Him.' "

Sister Ruth Anthony

Better than Husks

Sister was telling the story of the Prodigal Son. Little Rudy, in the front row, looked oh, so sympathetic.

"He was so hungry. He stood there looking at the pigs. And he began to think and think. Suddenly he said, 'I know what I will do' . . . "

"Kill one of the pigs!" piped up little Rudy.

Sister Carol

Eye for Business

Two of our shoe shine boys offered to dig out dandelions from our lawn. To our dismay we discovered too late that they do not know dandelions from sweet peas. Our sweet peas were all uprooted. But it seems that our young proteges will make their way in the business world. Looking at the soldiers assembled for a parade, one of them estimated, "If I shined up all those soldiers I could make about . . . about eight dollars!"

Sister Kathleen

Junior high school boys recite the rosary before religion class in the chapel of our convent in Colorado Springs.

Minding Baby

A little boy five years old opened the door just a crack in response to our knock.

"Is Mama home?" we asked.

"No, she's over at Margaret's house."

"Then will you please call Mama for us?"

"No, you call her yourself. I have to watch the baby."

One more try. "We will watch the baby for you."

"Oh, no, she'll cry."

He then closed the door and left us standing there. We did not know which house was Margaret's so we blew the car horn and the mother came from the house across the street. She was pleased when we praised her little boy.

Sister Helen Marie

And Between Toots

"Besides saying your Our Father, Hail Mary, and prayers like that," I was telling the children, "it is also well to remember that God wants us to talk to him many times during the day in our own words. You can often say a little prayer like 'I love You, God,' 'Thank You, God.' "

I was interrupted by a little girl who said, "But Sister, I can't start that today. I have to go right to band practice after class."

The boy next to her looked at her disgustingly and retorted, "Well, can't you do them between tunes? "

Sister Viola

Entree:

Buffalo

by Sister Justine

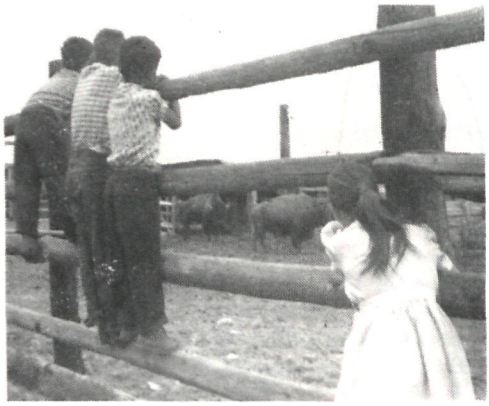
"Sister, would you like to go down and see the buffalo at recess time?"

I guess I did look a little surprised. "Of course, I would. Where are they?"

"Out in the back yard," said Gloria.

And so they were. It seems that the owners of the Pepper Pod, a large new restaurant on the nearby highway have started a herd to use as meat for their patrons. And I suppose to furnish local color. The animals were kept back of the original Pepper Pod, the building we were using for summer school.

One of the boys gets a closer look at the buffalo.



Chief attraction at recess time.

This was just the beginning of an interesting religious vacation school at Hudson, Colorado, about fourteen miles from our parish church and convent in Brighton.

When Mrs. Bollers and Mrs. Pettinger, two apostolic members of the Hudson Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, learned that the old Pepper Pod was to be used for public school classes next year and that it was already equipped with blackboards, desks, etc., they made arrangements for us to use it for vacation school. In the fall CCD teachers will conduct the religion classes there.

We think the buffalo will have some steady sight-seeing fans in the years to come.

The old Pepper Pod had outgrown its usefulness as a restaurant, but it made a wonderful catechetical school.

Around Victory Noll

Investiture and profession day has once more come and gone. On the inside front cover of this magazine are our newly professed sisters. At Victory Noll the Most Rev. Leo A. Pursley, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, gave the habit to fourteen young women and admitted them to the novitiate. At our motherhouse, too, and in various convents throughout the country, fourteen other sisters pronounced their final vows.

RECEIVED HABIT

Patricia Murphy, Moncton, N.B., Canada, Sister M. Dennis Rose

Arline Skroblus, Queens, N. Y., Sister Maura

Joyce Skroblus, Queens, N. Y., Sister Lorraine Marie

Antonia Rios, San Angelo, Texas, Sister Concepcion

Martha Sijota, Kernville, Oregon, Sister M. Dominic

Elizabeth Winzenburg, Blooming Prairie, Minn., Sister M. Francis Anne

Sharon Arnold, Fort Wayne, Sister Sharon

Lillie Perea, Los Lunas, N. M., Sister Maria Carmen

Ramona Rentiria, Fillmore, Calif., Sister M. Ramona

Judith Rausch, Luxemburg, Iowa, Sister M. Judith

Frances Gilmore, Butte, Mont., Sister M. Rose Frances

Marianne Michels, Milwaukee, Wis., Sister M. Leonora

Berniece DeLeon, LaJunta, Colo., Sister M. Berniece

Gertrude Gessner, Boston, Mass., Sister Frances Marie

FINAL VOWS

Sister Bernardine Mabrey
Chicago

Sister Grace Golenberke
Carsonville, Mich.

Sister Marie Celine Ernst
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sister Inez Garcia
El Paso, Texas

Sister Paula Wellnitz
Elgin, Illinois

Sister Joan Arnold
Lebanon, Pa.

Sister Mary George Miller
Stillwater, Minn.

Sister Mary Monica Haines
Goshen, Indiana

Sister Stephanie Koroly
McKeesport, Pa.

Sister Anna Margaret Altmiller
Fort Smith, Ark.

Sister Martin Ksycki
DuBois, Illinois

Sister Charlene Talbott
Lexington, Ky.

Sister Alice Murphy
Moncton, N. B., Canada

Sister Jacinta Schene
University City, Mo.

our Associates'

Dear Associates:

TRADITIONALLY, October is a month of fine weather. Helen Hunt Jackson immortalized it in her poem, "October's Bright Blue Weather."

We hope our Band members make the most of the opportunity, by staging one of their bigger parties of the year at which paying guests are invited. These parties can often be held at bakeries, dairy and gas companies where no charge is made for the use of their accommodations. The only requirement is a specified number of guests. Attractive door and table prizes are furnished free of charge.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. JUDE BAND
West Allis, Wisconsin

On the Feast of the Holy Rosary, 1935, *Mrs. E. J. Polakowski* organized this Band in thanksgiving for a favor she had received. The group sponsored the Precious Blood Burse. We are grateful for the fine spirit of mission giving they have shown through the years.

ST. MARY SODALITY BAND
Detroit, Mich.

Begun in 1942, by its present Promoter, *Miss Ann Huhn,* this group contributes to Sister Mary Veronica's Burse. Miss Huhn and most of the members are girlhood friends of our sister who is located at present in Eagle Pass, Texas.

SRILLIANS' CLUB
Cincinnati, Ohio

Our Cincinnati Associates, headed by *Miss Loretto Willenborg,* were unusually successful in their annual benefit card party, held at the Fenwick Club. The crowd they drew was a little smaller but, due to the generosity of those who came, they made even more than in the previous year.

We cannot resist quoting from one paragraph which sounded most interesting. "There was one prize for each table—a nice bath towel and wash cloth. For bingo we gave prizes that our members either donated or collected from their friends. We had a ham raffle and a miscellaneous raffle which consisted of a large waste basket filled with groceries. The groceries were from two of our large chain stores. A flour mill gave us some flour, and another chain store three pounds of coffee. Della and Rita's brother who has a grocery store also gave us coffee and some other items. The larger prizes, donated by the girls, were a small electric mixer, several wool blankets, a quilt, an outdoor grill, dishes, a set of saucepans, a frying pan, etc. A beautiful rosary and a rhinestone pin were also donated. It was quite a bit of work but when it turns out to be a success we don't mind that part of it."

Club Mention

ST. MARY MISSION CLUB

Orlando, Florida

This mission club is really a "committee of one"—*Mrs. Forest Lehman*—who collects occasional donations from her relatives. These live, for the most part, either in Chicago or New York. Mrs. Lehman keeps up those contributions in memory of her dear, departed mother, Mrs. Mary L. Baldwin, who once headed a Band in Chicago.

ST. AUGUSTINE BAND

Marshfield, Mass.

The position of *Mrs. James A. O'Brien,* in charge of St. Augustine's, is similar to that of Mrs. Forest Lehman, mentioned elsewhere on these pages. Her Band members, too, are for the most part her married sons and daughters who are widely scattered over the United States. All contribute directly, or through Mrs. O'Brien, to Sister James' mission work. Sister James, the daughter of Mrs. O'Brien, is missioned in Brighton, Colorado.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

July 4 to August 20, 1957

Charitina, Chicago, H. Ford	**$ 5.00**
Charitina, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons	**30.00**
Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler	**24.00**
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	**32.00**
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	**200.00**
St. Anne, Milwaukee, Mrs. Karnitz	**30.00**
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	**5.00**
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif. Mrs. M. McMannamy	**20.00**
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. Hamilton	**30.00**
St. Elizabeth, Springfield, Minn., Ida W. Rubey	**8.00**
St. Helen, Dayton, Helen Melke	**14.25**
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	**18.00**
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	**13.50**
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	**34.75**
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier	**40.00**
St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy	**20.00**
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. Dowling	**5.00**
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	**10.00**
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones	**10.00**
St. Rita, Hammond, Mrs. Johann	**20.60**
St. Rose, Marshfield, Mrs. Huebl	**35.00**
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	**13.00**

OUR NEW PAMPHLET

We are having our ACM pamphlet, "Let's Play Cards," reprinted. We believe the new edition is more attractive and appealing than the first. Write us if you would like one. It is intended to persuade those who meet regularly for cards or social purposes to contribute toward our mission work.

Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

IT is a growing custom for Catholic children in grade school to "dress up" like their patron saints at Hallowe'en (All Hallow's eve) parties. Since this celebration usually takes place the evening before All Saints' Day, it is very appropriate. Why should one *want* to dress like a devil or a witch? Both are very ugly and those who wear those weird masks and clothes may think it necessary to act out these parts! On the other hand, when you dress like your patron saint you will think about

Joan Gonda dressed like the sainted Mother Cabrini.

Patricia Gonda dressed as St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

his (or her) love for God and neighbor and strive for imitation. This does not mean you cannot have a good time at your parties. It is harvest time. Therefore, big yellow pumpkins with faces cut in them; bright red apples which you try to bite as they hang from strings or bob around in a large pan filled with water; and similar games, are very much in season.

In the pictures appearing on these pages you will find children dressed like Saints. *Patricia* and *Joan Gonda* live in *South Bound Brook, New Jersey*. Their parents are benefactors of our sisters who have a convent in that city. *Philippa Jerzycki* lives in *Joliet,*

Helpers' pages

Philippa Jerzycki probably dressed as sainted foundress of the Sisters who teach her.

Illinois. She is one of Mary's Loyal Helpers. Philippa with her parents and little brother visited us at Victory Noll last summer.

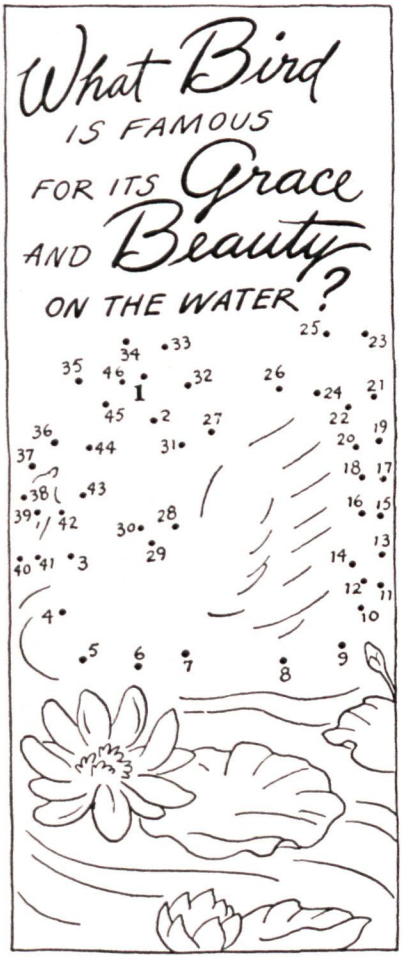
Mary-ly yours,
SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

WEAR OUR LADY'S MEDAL!

The special patron of Mary's Loyal Helpers is our Blessed Mother under her encouraging title of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. If you will send us a dime, and enclose a three-cent stamp in your letter to cover mailing, we shall be happy to send you a beautiful oxidized silver medal of Our Lady of Victory.

OCTOBER PUZZLE

Work the quizzie dot puzzle below and send the answer to Sunshine Secretary, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana for a holy card.



True Devotion to Mary

Slavery—Our Way to God

by Andre Weller, O.F.M.Cap.

MOST people react with aversion at the word slave. From the beginning of the world the word has been viewed with contempt and scorn, for it denotes a subjection of one's services as well as one's own person to the will of another.

Slavery is despised today more than ever before. Especially here in the United States the idea of slavery is denounced. Our country had to fight a war over the question of slavery. Ever since that time slavery has not existed in this country, for we want to remain free; we want to preserve that freedom which our forefathers procured; we want to retain the freedom of our own wills. Yet, in spite of this dishonorable connotation that the modern age has given to the word slave, there is a very sweet and desirable slavery that has been received willingly in almost every country in the world. This is the slavery of love, the slavery for Mary preached by St. Louis de Montfort.

While on earth we have two ways of belonging to another person and of being subject to his authority. These are the ways of simple service and of slavery. Let us substitute the words servant and slave for these two ways of belonging to another person.

There is a vast difference between a servant and a slave. A servant does not give to his master all that he is and all that he will acquire either by himself or from another, while the slave does exactly that. All that a slave has and all that he will acquire, without exception, he gives to his master. The servant demands wages for his services which he performs for his master; the slave neither claims nor demands anything. Everything he does is for his master's benefit. The servant can leave his master when he desires, but the slave has no right to quit his master at will. So you see, there is no other way which makes us belong more to another than slavery, for the slave is entirely dependent on his master. Strictly speaking, a man must be dependent in that sense only on God. For this reason we do not find this kind of slavery among Christians, but only among pagans.

This is the explanation of the word slave in the natural order. Now let us supernaturalize it. Since we are poor and our prayers and actions are so insignificant we consecrate ourselves to Mary as her slaves so that she might take all our prayers and actions, both exterior and interior, and make them more acceptable to God.

We probably can make this role of Mary better understood if we tell the story of a poor rustic who wished to give a king a bouquet of flowers in token of his love for him. While the rustic was awaiting his turn to present his gift to the king, he noticed that the flowers were withering. He did not know what to do, for he knew he would only insult the king if he gave him the withering flowers. He decided to go to the queen, and there he told her his sad plight; how he had wished

to give the flowers to the king, but for fear of incurring his wrath, he came rather to her. The queen took the flowers, rearranged them, and took them to the king.

The king was delighted with the gift because he loved his queen so dearly. So it is with us. We are poor; our prayers are like withering flowers, not worthy of God. Instead of incurring the wrath of God, we take our poor prayers to Mary that she may give them to God and thus through her influence we will not be refused.

The practice of the holy slavery of love consists in performing all our actions with Mary, in Mary, through Mary, and for Mary. The essential practice of this devotion is to do all our actions with Mary. This means that we take Mary as our perfect model of all that we do. We do all things in Mary; this means that within our hearts we try to picture Mary, we recollect ourselves interiorly. Through Mary, through her intercession, through her influence, we must go to Our Lord. We must have Mary at our side constantly when we pray to Jesus. Our actions must be for Mary. As slaves of this noble Queen, we must work for her interest and glory—which is the immediate end of all our actions—and for the glory of God which must be our final end.

Thus, to be a slave of Mary is a most noble state, for after gaining the love of the Queen of Heaven, how can we help but gain also the love of her Divine Son, the King. Both have the same kingdom. Pope Pius XII says, "Jesus is the King of the eternal centuries by nature and by conquest; by Him, with Him, subordinated to Him, Mary is Queen by grace, by divine alliance, by conquest, by particular election. And her kingdom is as vast as that of her Son and God, since nothing is excluded from her dominion."

In giving ourselves to God through Mary we are imitating Jesus who gave Himself to us through Mary. Now certainly the secret way to God is Christ's own way. Therefore, the surest and shortest way to God is Christ's way to us—through Mary, the Mother of God.

Story With a Moral

by Lavada Ward Strona

BEFORE I began to teach religion I had wandered around the Catholic Church for two years trying to find some Catholic Action—like the Catholic press was always talking about. I even sewed for the altar society; and for one who hates sewing as I do, that ought to count for something come the final reckoning.

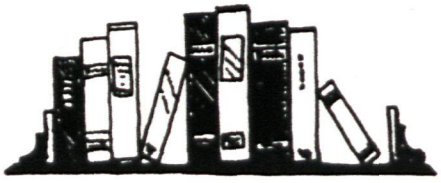
Then Sister Florence, at that time superior of the Missionary Sisters in Azusa, caught me. She spent some time on me and six others and sent us out to teach the young. For a while we were just a few steps ahead of the children we taught.

I was a newcomer to the Church. I was getting over a nervous breakdown, I was scared of those round eyes and the inquiring minds of those children. The first time it came back to me what one child thought I had said, I nearly quit. Here it is:

> One time Jesus was walking down a road when He met ten sick wildcats. He made them all well, but only one of them came back to say thank you.

The moral of this story is: first be sure the children know what a leopard is; and what a leper is. Nowadays, before I tell the story of Christ and the lepers, I read or tell the class the story of Father Damien.

BOOKS



The Yoke of Divine Love by Dom Hubert Van Zeller. Templegate, Springfield, Ill. $3.75

This book by Father Van Zeller is subtitled A Study of Conventual Perfection. Neither its subtitle nor the notes on the dust jacket explain that it is a study of perfection in monasteries that follow the Benedictine rule. This is exactly what it is, and in his introduction the author assumes that "those who take the Benedictine vows are mostly envisaged as readers."

This does not mean that those of us who do not follow the rule of St. Benedict will not profit from it. Quite the contrary. But it is addressed primarily to Benedictines, and its frequent references to life in an enclosed monastery preclude its being read aloud, for instance, in other convents. We highly recommend it for private spiritual reading.

The author divides the book into three parts: The Yoke of the Religious Life, The Yoke of Prayer, and the Yoke of Community Life. None is a burdensome yoke, but rather, a yoke of love. He begins with the premise that the whole secret of the religious life is to will only what God wants. As he says, this sounds obvious, but it is a factor easily lost sight of. It is the basic truth on which everything else—observance, work, prayer, human relations, penance, and suffering—will be found to rest.

After giving us the motive of the religious life Dom Van Zeller shows us how it is to be developed. He treats of unworldliness, poverty, chastity, penance, and obedience.

In the second part of the book the author gives an excellent treatise on prayer, both private and public, and the means to perfect it.

The third part of the book treats of progress and perfection in community life.

The Yoke of Divine Love is eminently practical. Although its approach is monastic in the strict sense of the term, every religious will find material here that will be profitable to his spiritual life. So true is this, that we put down the book with the wish that Dom Van Zeller would direct himself to all religious and not merely to Benedictine readers.

* * *

Christ, Our Lady and the Church by Yves M-J Congar, O.P. The Newman Press. $2.50

Hope for a united Christendom is centered, to a great extent, in a correct understanding of the doctrines of Our Lady and the Church. Pere Congar has spent a lifetime trying to reconcile the differences between the Protestant point of view and the Catholic. In this work he aims to show how Mariology is indissolubly bound up with Christology and therefore with the Church which is an extension of the Incarnation. Hence the first part of this book is titled Our Lady, the Church and Christ.

Without compromising for an instant, Pere Congar points out in his conclusion not merely that Protestants err, but also that individual Catholics sometimes present these teachings of the Church onesidedly or with overemphasis.

The second part of this little volume is entitled: Catholic Piety Toward Christ, the Church and Our Lady. The three great themes are treated in this order.

There is a tendency on the part of Catholics, to play down the fact that Christ has a human nature, that He is, as the Creed says, true God and true Man. It is easy to see how such thinking can affect Mariology and the doctrine of the Church. This part of the book presents a valuable study of Our Lord's sacred humanity.

This book is small but scholarly. Besides a complete index there are comprehensive notes and a glossary describing the heresies and heretics treated in the text.

* * *

God's Laws by Father Francis. The Seraphic Press, 1501 S. Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis. 25 cents. Special prices in quantity lots.

We always welcome a new Father Francis book. *God's Laws* keeps the usual high standard of its predecessors. Here the Ten Commandments are presented on second grade level.

The biblical background is first given. Then each commandment is attracively explained, accompanied by a full-page line illustration that can be colored. Children will love the Yes-No game that concludes the study of each commandment. At the very end of the book is a summary of the commandments in the form of an examination of conscience. There are 32 pages, size 8½ by 11.

Sister: What happened to Adam and Eve on account of their sin?

Fourth Grader: They were now almost on their own.

Editor's By-Line

There are said to be 25,000,000 dogs in the United States. How these figures were arrived at I do not know. From my experience as a Missionary Sister (and I think the others in the community will agree with me), I would be inclined to think this is a gross understatement.

Maybe it's just that the dog population is concentrated in those cities and towns where we work. It is not unusual for us to collect four or five dogs as we go up and down the street taking census. It is bad enough when they are of the peaceful variety, but such is not always the case. Together with the postman and the milk man, a Missionary Sister has to contend with "man's best friend."

Personally I have never had any close calls. At least, not yet. I am not afraid of dogs and they seem to sense that. Some of our sisters have been knocked down by vicious dogs and rescued only in the nick of time. From then on they are wary of every dog, no matter what his size.

One day when another sister and I were visiting, we came to a yard that was surrounded by a high fence. Behind it was a huge dog who growled at us in no uncertain terms. Luckily there was a woman in the yard. Judging from her expression she did not feel too kindly toward us. Sister asked, "Does the dog bite?" The good woman answered cheerfully, "Sometimes." We did our business with the fence between us.

Another day when we were visiting we approached a little house perched on the side of a hill. My companion, who had once had a terrifying exper-

ience with a dog, became glued to the spot when she saw not one, but two very large dogs making their way around the house. She stayed at the foot of the hill. A man was making repairs on the roof so I went ahead and shouted up at him. He was Russian Orthodox and yelled the information down without so much as stopping his hammering. The two dogs just stood there and took it all in. It never occurred to me at the time to wonder what would have happened if they had turned on me. I doubt if their indifferent owner would have called them off.

These thoughts on dogs were prompted by Sister Therese Martin's article in this magazine. As she implies, I think we should have a special course on dog handling while we are still in the novitiate. We could give it a high sounding name that would look good on a transcript. Canine Psychology or something like that.

Cats we meet too, but they aren't so bad. At least they don't jump on you as dogs do. Not ordinarily, that is. One day while we were visiting, a beautiful cat came into the room, made right for me, rubbed his chin against my ankle, and then climbed up into my lap! He was not a common alley cat. He was a high brow, a long-haired aristocrat.

Even so he was shedding terribly and I put him down in a hurry. In a little while back he came and again jumped up on me. Secretly I was flattered that the beautiful creature liked me that well, but cat hairs brush off serge only reluctantly, so again I put him down . He was ready for another spring when Sister remarked, "He seems to like you, Sister."

"Well, you see," our hostess explained sweetly, "she is sitting in his chair."
SEA

REQUIREMENT FOR CONVERSION

I was standing in the public school corridor waiting for the dismissal bell releasing the children for religion class. A young boy passed and gave me a big smile. I knew he was not a Catholic. I smiled back and asked him how he was. "I'm fine," he answered, "but I sure wish I was Catholic. When I grow up I'm going to get married and be Catholic."

SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE

Please send us your change of address before you move. Give us both your old address and your new one, including zone number.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Cornelius James, Cincinnati, mother of Sister Alice Marie
Mrs. John Miller, Mandan, N. Dak., mother of Sister Maria Goretti
Wendell Brohman, New York, brother of Sister Mary Catherine
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Martin E. Burke, Salt Lake City
Rev. Solanus Casey, O.F.M. Cap., Detroit
Rev. Alfred J. Junk, Hammond, Ind.
Rev. Alexander Schorsch, C.M., Chicago
Reverend Joseph Gehrig, Chicago
Sister M. Angela, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister Rose Maria, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Coelestine, S.S.N.D., Elm Grove, Wis.
Dr. Leo Murphy, Beacon, N. Y.
Margaret Lauer, ACM, Fort Wayne
Frances Sorg, ACM, Fort Wayne
Mrs. Charles Brink, ACM, Fort Wayne
Hattie Ferris, ACM, Chicago
Mrs. Mae Weber, ACM, Chicago
Nell Danahy, ACM, Omaha
Nellie Harrington, ACM, Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Marion Mueller, ACM, Cincinnati
Charles Hoenninger, Lancaster, Pa.
William J. Kerwin, Santa Barbara, Calif.
Laura Tobin, Chicago
Ray Voss, Larned, Kansas
Edward Colderbank
Mrs. Mary J. Heron, Fall River, Mass.
Dr. John B. McNulty, Nashville, Tenn.
Mrs. Katherine A. Sullivan, Omaha
James Trevor, Chicago
Mary E. Wheelehon
Mrs. Catherine Besse, Goodland, Ind.
Stephen Olson, New Orleans

Little Contemplative

by Sister Evelyn Marie

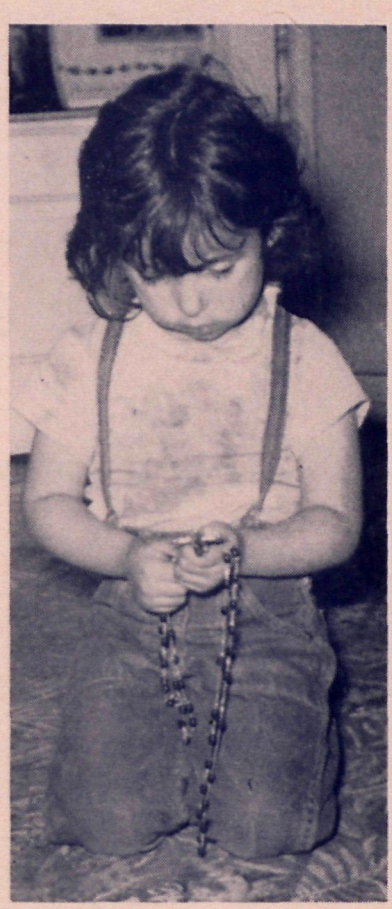
IT was one of those small classes in an out of the way place. My pupils ranged from first to ninth grade. That is, they did until Angela joined us. Angela was only five years old and not in school yet. Her mother had not permitted her to come to class before. She thought she would be a bother, but Angela begged and cajoled and promised until finally she was allowed to come.

Angela's first day at class happened to be the one we had come to call "Mary's Day." The children themselves suggested that we set aside one day every month on which to honor Mary in a special way with prayers and hymns.

When I arrived I found the little pre-schooler seated on a classroom chair and looking very much pleased with herself in her new grown-up role.

I hung up a chart picturing the sorrowful mysteries of the rosary and the children knelt in a semi-circle. While Leo, our only ninth grader, prepared to announce the mysteries and read the short comment from the booklet he held, Angela's sister Irene showed her little sister how to hold the beads and pass them through her fingers.

When we began the rosary the other children tried valiantly to suppress their smiles and even giggles as the little girl came out with a loud *Amen* at the end of the Hail Mary she did not yet know. But Angela herself seemed oblivious to those around her.



Her soft dark brown eyes filled with awe as she gazed at the pictured mysteries and moved her tiny lips in wordless prayer.

At dismissal time Angela asked to hold my rather large rosary. I placed it in her eager hands and then with the help of the other children, began to gather my materials for the trip home. As I was about to leave I remembered my rosary and looked about for Angela. I found her kneeling in the center of the classroom looking sorrowfully at the crucifix.

"What are you doing, Angie?" her brother asked.

Without so much as raising her eyes she replied, "I'm looking at holy God."

YOU are a

Very Important Person

It is true. Every subscriber is a VIP. You are an ambassador of good will for us. We have no solicitors to get subscriptions for us. We depend on our friends to tell others about THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Have you ever introduced The Missionary Catechist to someone else? It is easy. Try it.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Please send THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST to:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....

Rates: $1 a year; $2.50 for 3 years.