

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 33

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Number 1





*Delighted postulants discover how wonderful a convent Christmas can be.*

## *A Blessed and Happy Christmas!*

We wish you all the joys of this holy season. We will remember you and your loved ones in our Christmas Masses and in our visits to the Crib of the Infant.

Mother Cecilia  
and  
Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll

Huntington, Indiana

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THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, a Pontifical Institute dedicated to catechetical and social service work.



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### COVER

Sister Agatha Marie happily lights the fourth candle on the Advent wreath. It means that Christmas is very close now.

### CREDITS

For the picture of the ground-breaking ceremonies, St. John Bosco Church, Detroit, (page 9) we are indebted to The Michigan Catholic.

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# The Infant Walks Again

by Sister Mary Karl

According to legend, El Santo Nino de Atocha "goes walking" to help those who call on Him. How do we know? Why, his shoes are always wearing out and have to be replaced!

\* \* \*

"THE boss was just like crazy," the old man concluded his simple story. "He said to be *sure* to come back to his ranch next year and work for him again."

In his voice there was the pride that stems from honest work well done and well appreciated.

The story, save in two respects, could have been lifted bodily from the Old Testament. That "something added" would be the Infant of Atocha and Our Lady of the Rosary. Apart from this, one had the feeling that Abraham, Jacob and his sons, and the other multitudinous shepherds of the Bible, would have been quite at home swapping tales with our friend here in New Mexico.

We had reached the home while checking the parish census. We were visiting in one of the "hidden villages" of New Mexico. You drove through the mountains for three miles, then on the highway down the canyon of the Rio Grande for eight more; across the river at a lovely spot where the aspens, glorying in their autumn gold, preened themselves in the clear water; back-tracking carefully two miles along the river on a narrow little road that seemed to shelve out from the hillside, on a *very* narrow little shelf at that! That's how you reached Canado, praying devoutly the last two miles that no car would be coming from the other end, since there would be no room to pass!

There were perhaps twenty families in the village. Some homes were

built to the right, on the river side of the road, and fertile gardens surrounded them. Some, on the left, were perched along the side of the mesa, bright in the sunlight. You had to climb to reach them. To find this particular one, we had guided the car carefully up a time-rutted driveway hanging on the hillside at perhaps a sixty-degree angle.

We were glad to find five houses on this hilltop. We went from one family to another, verifying the census or writing a new one. Passing from home to home, we enjoyed the magnificent view. For miles to the south the river flowed quietly along its aspen-golden way.

From this bright world we passed through a tall wooden gateway first into a courtyard, then into the cool darkness of Don Pedro's home. The dimness disappeared once our eyes lost the glare of the sunlight, but the coolness remained. The thick adobe walls kept the home cool on warm days, even as they served to retain heat within during winter weather.

There was an old-fashioned, ornate parlor in the home, I learned in a later visit. But this time we were ushered into the next-best room, a little bedroom. Two beds, in opposite corners, almost filled the room. There were, besides, a stand and a chair. The chair fell to my lot. My companion and Dona Inez sat on one of the beds. Don Pedro stood respectfully as he talked to us, until, warming up to his story, he pulled out a hitherto hidden box from another corner, and sat on it.

Don Pedro was in his late sixties, short, well-built. His hair was graying, his face dark and weather-beaten, yet

carrying a certain expression of dignity, sweetness, and power. His voice was quiet, his words sure.

He was a shepherd, he said. In the spring of the year he went up to Nevada to work. He was gone until October; he had only just lately returned. Now he would have a chance to work on his own ranch until spring came again. Yes, he went every year. Seeing our interest, he told us more.

He had been in charge of a thousand sheep. It was quite a job, but he liked sheep. He knew how to handle them. It had been hard that summer, with water scarce, forage sometimes hard to find; but he got along. He had prayed, prayed, prayed.

"That little Fellow up there," he there," he said, pointing to a space on the wall above my head, "He helped me."



Don Pedro pointed to the colorful print of the Infant of Atocha.

I turned and looked up. There was a colorful print of the Infant of Atocha, the Infant who "goes walking" to help

those in need. The pleasant little face smiling down on me seemed to corroborate the old man's words.

Don Pedro took out his billfold and opened it. "In the daytime," he showed us the little prayer card inserted into the transparent pocket, "I said this novena to Him. I would say it whenever I had time as I worked among the sheep."

The quiet, earnest voice seemed to conjure up for us a picture of far-flung pasture lands, the gray backs of a thousand grazing sheep dotting the herbage, among them moving the figure of their solicitous shepherd.

"Then in the night time," the scene changed with the magic voice and we saw the western stars looking down over the quiet flocks, "when I couldn't see to read, I said the rosary." From his pocket he took out a worn rosary and held it with the billfold. "I asked God and His Blessed Mother to help me. They did.

"Water was scarce this year." He shook his head. "Sometimes it was hard to find enough. But we got along. Out of the thousand I lost only one sheep!" He paused, to let us assimilate this; then went on proudly: "The boss was just like crazy when I took them in to be counted. He lost a lot of others. My good flock meant a lot of money to him. He told me to be sure to come back next year and work for him. And I'm going back there."

Don Pedro did not say so, but of course the Infant would go back with him, and Our Lady too. There's a rancher in Nevada who would be surprised, I wager, if he knew what Infant helps to guard his flocks! And what Lady walks among them!

The lovely autumn scene had really not changed when we walked out the door, but now we were oblivious to it. We had lived in a moment of deeper beauty. It seemed to be the Spirit of Christmas that walked with us. The spirit of shepherds who visited the Christ-Child. The spirit of the Christ-Child who visited shepherds.

The Church follows her people in the trend toward suburbia. New parishes are constantly being formed. Here we see the beginning of St. John Bosco parish in a suburb of Detroit. His Eminence Cardinal Mooney asks for the religious census in a new part of the city. When the Victory Noll Sisters complete it, a pastor is appointed to build a church and school for the many Catholics living in the district.



Sign shows location of new church. Meanwhile the newly appointed pastor, Rev. Leo Shel treau, offers parish Mass in public high school auditorium.



Sister Mary Brigid and her companion find many Catholic families like this one.

Three Missionary Sisters and seven lay instructors teach religion to the many children of the new parish.



Second graders come to the rectory to make their first confession.



Examining one's conscience is serious business.

## A New Parish



We wait our turn to go to confession.



Mother gives last minute briefing.



. . . and say our penance devoutly.



Sister Mary Jeanette also has some final instructions for the class.



"Thank you, Sister," says Diane to Sister Alice, "for helping me make my First Communion."

## Comes to Light

The kind pastor of a neighboring parish permitted the children to make their First Communion in his church and to assemble in his school.



**Father Sheltreau gives the scapular not just to the First Communicants, but to all children who have not yet been enrolled.**

*No church yet or school, but the zealous pastor provides for his children. They are enrolled in the brown scapular and take part in May crowning ceremony.*



**Special gifts for the First Communion class.**



**Father blesses the crown.**



All offer flowers.



One of the older pupils crowns small statue of Mary.

*At last the Big Day comes. Ground is broken. St. John Bosco Church will soon be a reality.*



Ground was broken June 30 for the temporary church and adjoining activities hall. Left to right are: John Casey, member of parish building committee; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Walter R. Hardy, Dean of Western Deanery, Archdiocese of Detroit; Rev. Leo N. Sheitrau, pastor of St. John Bosco parish.

# FROZEN GIFTS

by Sister Juliana

Drawings by Sister Martha Mary.



"It was almost midnight when the truck arrived."

It was late Christmas Eve when the phone rang. A man whom we had never met was calling to tell us he had a thousand pounds of meat, fish, and other frozen food that we could distribute to needy families. He would be at the convent in a little while.

Such a wonderful offer, but at what a time! Midnight Mass was only an hour away.

"I feel sure," the man continued, "the weather is going to stay cold for at least another week. You should be able to keep the food on the back porch until it is all distributed."

He added that he would furnish the truck and driver.

By this time a car had already pulled into the driveway and the people had gone into church for Mass. After checking the name of the owner, I

went into church to ask one of the ushers to get the man to move his car so that the driveway would be clear for the truck when it came. Then I stood guard to keep any other car from parking in the driveway.

Shortly before twelve the huge truck came. The driver backed in with only inches between his truck and the cars parked on each side. The donor, with his wife and a helper, began to unload the food. Boxes of fish, meat, and various other frozen foods were neatly stacked on our back porch.

I stood there watching and waiting while they were busy unloading. Last of all came a drum with whole salmon protruding from it. By that time I felt like a frozen salmon myself. I thanked the man for his generosity in giving all this to us for our needy families. He said he was happy to have the op-

portunity to give it, but he preferred that his name should not be used. As a small token of our appreciation I gave his wife one of our Christmas breads.

"Please convey to Father my best wishes for a Merry Christmas," said the man and with that they were off again.

I went into church. I had missed the Mass as far as the Credo. Father was just finishing the sermon as I entered. Recollecting myself, I tried to concentrate my thoughts on the Mass. I was still cold, but as I looked over at the crib I thought of the first Christmas night. Our Infant Savior was cold too when He was born into this world and laid in a manger. I asked Him to bless the good man and his family and to reward him for his charity.

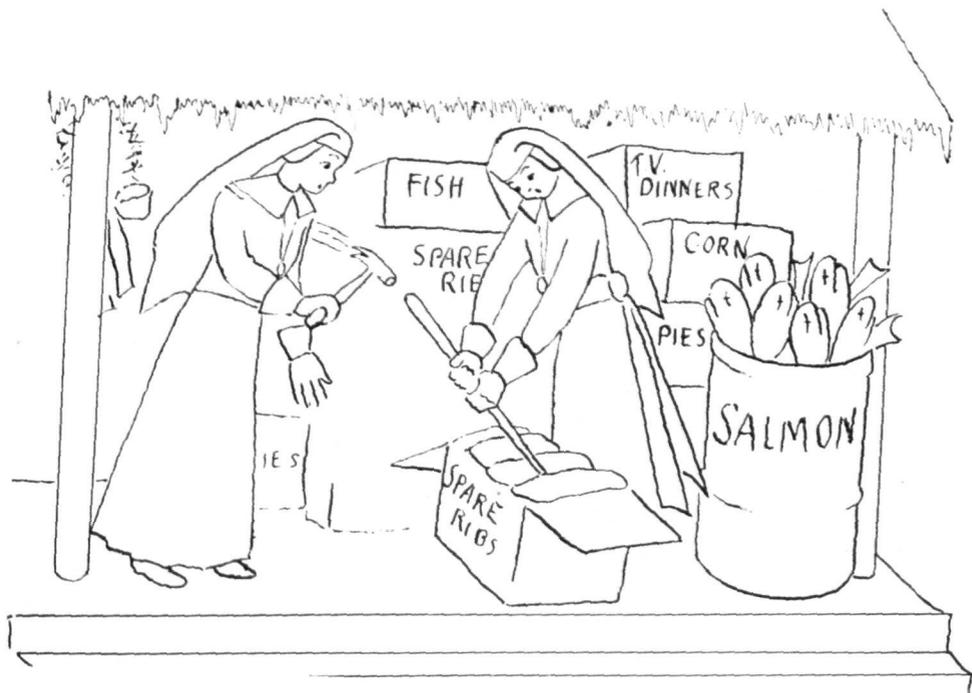
Here we were with about fifteen hundred pounds of frozen food to distribute. Just before the second Mass I

looked out on the porch. The floor seemed to be sagging, groaning under the weight of all that food. We were anxious to begin distribution.

At this Mass we saw a family in whose home we teach. They were the first ones we asked to come to get some of the food our kind Samaritan had brought. The mother and father came in the afternoon and we gave them fish, spareribs, pies, etc. They were so happy.

All during our Christmas vacation we were busy giving out the food. There were many boxes of spareribs—all frozen together. We had to separate them with crowbar and hammer. Last of all we discovered some TV dinners, just enough to provide a treat for the altar boys.

It was by now the last day of the year. It was also just about the last of the back porch. We were grateful it didn't collapse.



"We separated the spareribs with crowbar and hammer."

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“WITHOUT cars we can do absolutely nothing,” Sister Mary Regina said as she explained the transportation set-up here on the Cape.

Cape Cod extends sixty-five miles in length, but there is no bus service. To go anywhere one must have a car. All of our pupils who attend the School Year of Religion must be transported from the public schools to the motels (our teaching centers) and again from the motels to their homes when classes are ended.

It is necessary then that we have at least 150 cars besides some additional ones to draw on in case of necessity.

## SAINT

*by Sister M. Leona*

Our objective was to get the cars and drivers by the end of September. It was the last week in August. So little time and such a big job; too big for us to handle alone.

My mind went back to our summer courses on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and its six divisions. Little did I think then that the word “transportation” would be such an important one so soon.

“I know what we can do!” I said, half to myself.

“What?” queried Sister.

“Let’s place this transportation business in the hands of St. Pius X. After all, he is the patron of the CCD.”

We all agreed that we would make St. Pius active on the Cape. We promised him that if he got us twenty-three



*St. Pius X did his work well. Now he deserves the best we can give him.*

active district chairmen who would in turn solicit the cars and the drivers for the school year, we would get a statue of him for the convent, write an article in our magazine about him, and propagate special devotion to him among our lay teachers and children.

As we made our rounds each day during those remaining weeks securing cooperation in the transportation problem, we inevitably met with some disappointments. Not all were accustomed to active participation in the catechetical program.

Three weeks passed and we found only eleven persons who promised to solicit cars and drivers in their districts. Our prayers became more intense as we anxiously watched the remaining days grow fewer and fewer. Then we began to realize that our problem was not so much one of cars as of drivers. We changed our plea: "Please, St. Pius X, *drive* our drivers to a realization of their responsibilities!"

With new courage in our hearts and the last week before classes on our calendar, we continued our rounds. We explained what the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is and gave a detailed description of the importance of the transportation committee. We talked about the graces and indulgences that could be gained and we mentioned especially that St. Pius would surely intercede for all members of the CCD before the throne of God.

Then the tide turned. Two days before classes began, our transportation list was complete. We had twenty-three active district chairmen, 150 cars, additional emergency drivers, and funds for taxi service in the event of the sudden withdrawal of a car under circumstances not foreseen. St. Pius had done his work well. He had also seen to it that we had two days of relaxation before classes began.

Yes, we have kept our side of the bargain. We have a statue of St. Pius in our reception room. All of our drivers' cars were blessed on our CCD Reception Day. We are busy propagating devotion to the Saint. Our magazine article? It is finished too!



*Parked behind Holy Trinity Church, West Harwich, Mass., are but part of the fleet of cars needed to transport children each class day.*

## MANANITAS

Note: *Las Mananitas* is the name given to the charming greeting sung to Our Lady of Guadalupe early on the morning of her feast.

Have you ever sung *Las Mananitas* as early as 3:30 A.M.?

We did, and were thrilled to see more than eleven hundred men, women, and children honoring Our Lady of Guadalupe here in Eagle Pass in the early hours of her feast day, December 12. The ceremonies included torchlight processions and Masses in the three churches of the city.

The people gathered at 3:30 A.M. in St. Joseph and Sacred Heart Churches for the singing of *Las Mananitas*. Masses were offered at four o'clock. Then priests and people formed a torchlight procession, the men of the parish carrying a large picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The marchers sang traditional hymns in honor of Our Blessed Mother and recited the rosary as they made their way to the Church of Our Lady of Refuge. Here we had a Solemn Mass and sermon. All of the religious societies in the city were represented.

SISTER VIRGINIA



# In the Home Field

## AT LEAST!

One of the boys surprised us by making an Advent wreath to set up in the classroom. Everyone joined in a lively discussion as to who should light the candle. I explained that the youngest in the class should light it the first week. One of the older boys said, "At least, Sister, please give me the privilege of blowing it out."

SISTER MARY BERNADETTE

## WAY OF THE POOR

It was on Christmas Day that a youngster, one of our poorest ones, approached me. From a typical, ever-bulging boy's pocket, he extracted a new set of toy cars, sleek looking in a plastic bag. "Here, Sister," he said, "I bought these so you could give them to a poor boy who didn't get any toys for Christmas!"

SISTER LOUISE

## REFUND?

"Mary and Joseph had to take a long trip. They had to go all the way to Bethlehem to pay their taxes and write their names in a big book."

So Sister told the story to the small children just before Christmas. At the first class after the holidays Bobby's version was:

"Mary and Joseph had to go to Bethlehem to get their check."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY

## MODERN VERSION

A modern child (from Florida) retells the story of Bethlehem:

"Joseph and Mary couldn't find any place to stay because all the motels and cabins were filled."

SISTER PHILOMENA

## STORY OF A PICTURE

"Sister! Do we get to keep the picture?"

I assured them it was theirs to keep. "Hang it above your bed to remind you that soon it will be Jesus' birthday."

"We will, Sister," some chorused.

"I'll say my prayers by it every night," one little boy promised.

With that I dismissed the class and went home to our convent to enjoy a wonderful Christmas vacation.

As sometimes happens in the first class after the holidays, a few of the children were missing so we went out to look for them. Our search took us to a trailer park. One of my little girls lived in one of the hundred trailers.

When we finally found the right one, the mother explained the child's absence. "Sister, my brother was seriously ill and we wanted to be with him when he died. We just got back."

Then she asked, "Tell me, Sister, did you give my daughter a picture for Christmas?"

"Yes, it was a picture of the Nativity."

With a sweet smile the mother continued, "Teresa brought the picture home and hung it in the trailer. When we left for my brother's she took the picture with her. As soon as she saw her uncle she handed the picture to him and said, 'You must keep this picture with you, Uncle Rob, and Jesus will take care of you.'

"My brother touched the picture to his lips and slowly placed it under his pillow. In a couple of hours he died."

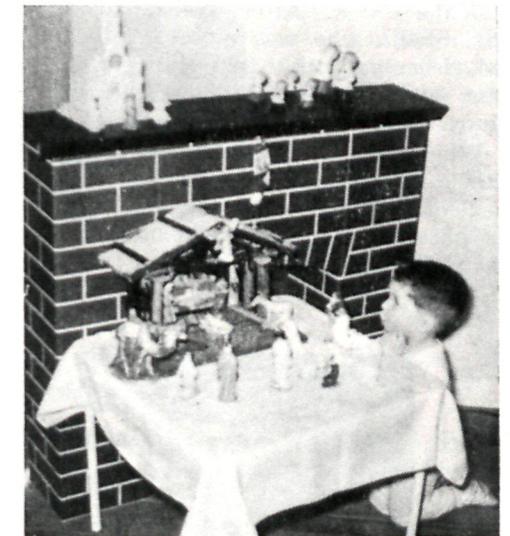
SISTER M. THERESE ANN

## CHRISTMAS TREAT

Mrs. Jacqueline Cochran Odlum, the famous aviatrix (first woman to break the sound barrier), is a member of Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish here in Indio. For a number of years she has generously provided candy, nuts, and fruit for our children's Christmas parties.

Last Christmas we packed nearly 1,200 bags. These did not include the Christmas treats for the children of Cathedral City and Palm Desert where the pastors take care of their respective parishes.

SISTER M. MARGARET THERESE



This is Danny.

## DANNY'S GIFT

One of the most precious Christmas gifts the sisters in Winnemucca, Nevada, received last year was this spiritual bouquet from Danny Black, age 2 years, 9 months. This is how it read:

20 Our Father

28 Hail Mary

3 Mass Intentions

24 Special Prayers: "Please bless our good Sisters, God," said nightly.

# The Blue Bus

by Sister Mary Germaine

TWO little girls, ages five and eight, watched from their window every Sunday morning as a big blue bus went by their house. The bus stopped now and then to pick up people and take them to the little white church on the hill.

Faye and Sheila never went to church and they wondered what went on there. They longed to go and often talked about it. After a year of watching, Sheila who was older than Faye, asked her parents if they could hail the blue bus the next Sunday and go to church too.

When Mr. and Mrs. R. were asked this question, they realized they were neglecting their most important duty as parents, the religious education of their children.

Mr. R. was a Catholic in name only. Mrs. R. had no religion. They decided that if they went to any church they should go to the church to which they really belonged—the Catholic Church. The girls came to our classes and Father gave instructions to their mother with Mr. R. sitting in for the refresher course he needed.

Mother, Sheila, and Faye were baptized during Holy Week and soon after, Mrs. R. and Sheila made their First Communion. Faye made hers a year later. Since then a little sister has joined the family. She was baptized within two weeks. Now they are a good Catholic family and all because of a blue bus from the little white church on the hill.



Most of us know how to break a pinata, but not how to make one. Sister M. Rita Ann can do both. This lamb is filled with candy and nuts. Pinatas are made in various shapes and forms. Breaking one is a favorite game at Mexican Christmas parties. Each player has his eyes covered and is then given a stick to strike the pinata. When it breaks there is a mad scramble for its goodies.

## Report from Arizona

by Gen McDermid



From left, standing: Joseph Pimentel, Vice President; Sister Mary Eileen; Sister Mary Ida; Mrs. John Apfel, Secretary. Seated: Mrs. Violet Pimentel, Chairman Parent-Educators; George Quintero, President; Mrs. Lupe Quintero, Chairman Discussion Clubs; Miss Gen McDermid, Chairman Teachers; Miss Sandra Solper, Treasurer; Mrs. Angel Castro, Chairman Apostles of Good Will. Chairmen of Helpers and Fishers were absent when picture was made.

Here is the report of the first meeting of our CCD parish executive board held without your able assistance. I want you to know how much we missed your well-placed suggestions. We had to refer more than once to the good old Manual.

Father Laskowski led the opening prayer. Our president then called on Father for his comments. Our attempt to read the minutes resulted in a motion to table them until the next meeting when our secretary, Mrs. John Apfel, can decode them for us. By that time she will resume her duties on the board with the assistance of the newest Apfel, John Edward.

The treasurer revealed a balance

The following report is condensed from a letter to Sister Mary Eileen from Miss McDermid of St. Francis parish, Bagdad, Arizona. From our convent in Holbrook, Arizona, the sisters do CCD work in the eastern part of the state.

of \$49.28. Part of this money the board members raised by assessing themselves \$5 each. How this sum was earned was an insight into our private lives: winnings from bridge or pinochle, baby sitting, cake baking, sale of oak-leaf mold, etc.

The various chairmen made their reports. The Apostles of Good Will were unsuccessful in their attempt to place Catholic literature in the hospital waiting room. Another try will be made.

Some of us will attend the Regional Congress of the Confraternity in El Paso. So you see, Sister, the ground you tilled is beginning to bear fruit.



# our Associates'

VIA MATRIS, Chicago.

Dear Associates:

**M**AY the Babe of Bethlehem bless you for your continued help for our work among the poor and underprivileged. May the gladness you bring into their lives redound in such a manner that your own hearts may be joyful at this blessed season and all through the coming New Year.

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

ST. CLARA'S, Ft. Wayne.



A letter from the Promoter, Mrs. William F. Ryan, contained the following news. "I had a coffee cake raffle just among the members of my circle which netted \$8.50. They are wonderful girls." We agree they are wonderful, including the Promoter. Earlier in the year, Mrs. Ed Ehrman, one of the Band members, baked an angel food cake the sale of which also brought in good returns.

This Band is one of ten, comprising St. Mary's Mission Society. The Society began to support our work in 1925. We believe few existing mission groups can beat this record.

ST. PATRICIA'S, Chicago.

The Promoter, Mrs. James A. Gones, always writes us with telegraphic brevity, but she never addresses us without enclosing a check. The group sponsors Mrs. Gones' daughter, Sister Hilary, who is located at our convent in Delhi, Iowa.



The following comment was contained in a letter from Miss Anne Aldworth, Promoter: "Enclosed find offering of ten dollars fifty cents from the seven members. It strikes me, Sister, as I write that seven members sort of blend with the seven stations of the Via Matris. Isn't that true? We wish the offering were larger but trust it will help your good work. Pray for us please."

PROMOTER'S THREE SONS



Left to right: Donald, Dale and Danny Picchiatti. They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Picchiatti, of Elmhurst, Ill. Mrs. Picchiatti is in charge of St. Mary Goretti Band. Note the Christmas crib behind the children.

ST. PHILOMENA'S, Chicago.

This group is headed by Miss Mary Schaefer, who for many years was housekeeper for the late Reverend Joseph Gehrig, former pastor of St. Philomena's Church. Father Gehrig was a personal friend of our revered founder and a generous contributor toward our work.

# Club Mention



LITTLE FLOWER, Chicago.

In September, Miss Veronica Foertsch, Promoter, wrote: "Enclosed find a check for \$25.00 for Sister Mary Gertrude.



This is the result of a fall card party at which all had an enjoyable time. In other words, we combined business (for the missions) and pleasure."

QUEEN OF ANGELS, Los Angeles.

We are always encouraged to get a donation from Mrs. Clara Heintz, who says it is from *Our Lady, Queen of Angels Band*, for it shows us that one member at least will not let it die. May her enthusiasm be the spark which will re-ignite the embers of a once thriving mission band. Due to circumstances beyond the control of members, the Band had well nigh ceased.

ST. LUKE'S, Chicago.



The Associates whose mission band bears this title, and who are presided over by Mrs. Lillian T. Potter, have packed a "Babe of Bethlehem" mission box each December for many years. It comprises many lovely baby garments which are both practical and attractive. Some of the dresses, saques, kimonos and bibs have touches of hand embroidery.

The ladies who spent hours of loving labor on them in honor of The Divine Babe would have felt amply repaid had they seen the look of gratitude in the eyes of the expectant mothers who received these layettes. One of these told us she would have her twelfth child around Christmas.

## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS September 27 to October 30, 1957

Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	\$30.00
Holy Souls, Berwyn, Mrs. McGovern	\$13.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	17.00
Our Lady of The Sacred Heart, Appleton, Wis., Helen Arens	43.00
Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Cal., Mrs. Clara Heintz	5.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	10.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	3.00
St. Clara of St. Mary Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Wm. F. Ryan	8.50
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. Hamilton	10.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	15.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. A. Naumes	40.25
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	30.50
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Hammer	35.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Edw. Potter	10:60
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier	70.00
St. Martin, Omaha, F. Shanahan	30.00
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. Dowling	5.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	10.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones	2.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	
Miss Clara Luechtefeld	81.50
Seven Dolours, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	9.00
Florentine Band, St. Louis, Mo., Miss Clara Luechtefeld	81.50

ST. MICHAEL'S, Palos Hts., Ill.

Every month we hear from the treasurer, Mrs. Charles J. Dowling, who sends a check toward Sister Lourdes' Burse. Sister came in from the west coast (California) to celebrate her silver jubilee last summer and was transferred to the east coast (New Jersey)! Wherever there are souls to be helped on their heavenward journey, our Sisters feel at home and content.





# Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

SOON you will watch or help your parents set up a small Christmas stable in your living room. At the same time you should prepare a spiritual crib for the coming of Jesus. Here are a few suggestions. Sweep the floor of the stable with the broom of *unselfishness*. Dust the window sills with the spirit of *truthfulness*. Set the manger in place in a spirit of *prayer*. Fill it with the straw of prompt obe-

(Continued in next column.)

CLEVELAND (O.) HELPER



Pictured above is Rosemary Brousil, who is ten years old and in grade five at St. Thomas More School. She wrote us, "I am sending you two dollars which I saved in the little gingham bag. God bless all of you in the work you are doing."

dience when mother calls. Place the image of Joseph in your stable by practicing *silence* for short periods. Place the image of Mary by invoking her as Virgin most *pure*. Place the Christ Child in the manger, wrapping Him with the swaddling clothes of many *spiritual communions* and acts of *love*.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

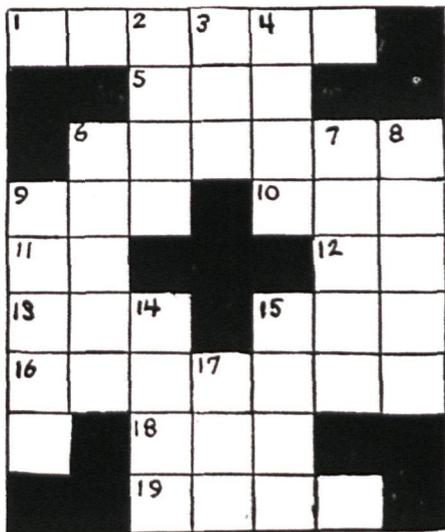
CALIFORNIA HELPER



Above is pictured Margo McGettigan, of Gardena, California. We quote in part from two letters. "You'll never be able to guess what I'm doing. Yes, I'm teaching religion to poor little boys and girls. Some do not even know who God is. I got the best surprise the other day. A little girl in my class was late so I asked her why and she told me she had just been baptized. I was so proud. Offer a little prayer for my work . . . I hope to be one of your Sisters some day, God willing . . . I have been saying my Hail Mary faithfully . . . My mother started me on my allowance so now I will be able to send you little offerings from time to time."

# Helpers' pages

## DECEMBER PUZZLE



### ACROSS

1. He was born at Bethlehem.
5. Ontario (abbrev.)
6. JESUS means . . .
9. Small boy
10. Railway postoffice (abbrev.)
11. One
12. Iowa (abbrev.)
13. Mountains
15. Great Northern Ry. (abbrev.)
16. Baby shoes
18. Likewise not
19. One of the Three Kings brought it

### DOWN

2. Mary and Joseph took the . . . . to Bethlehem.
3. Invoice (abbrev.)
4. There was a . . . in Jerusalem when the Magi arrived
6. Spanish word for saint
7. to think
8. A lion does this
9. Shepherds' gift to Baby Jesus?
14. A Christmas carol
15. A lass
17. Also

### MICHIGAN HELPERS



Above, posing for a picture, are Michael and George Wech of Lincoln Park, Michigan, who help us with their Sunshine offerings.

Tomorrow is my twelfth birthday. God has given me the gifts of good parents, a free nation in which to live, and my Catholic Faith. I thank Him so very much for these and many more blessings.

*Kathie Cosgrove, Orchard Lake, Mich.*

Enclosed is the result of little sacrifices I made for the missions during the three months I've been a member of Mary's Loyal Helpers. I will continue to save pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters so they can be used to help the Missionary Sisters.

*Judy Krueger, Downer Grove, Ill.*

# True Devotion to Mary

ST. PAUL, in his wonderful Epistle to the Romans (8,29), tells us: "For whom He has foreknown He has also predestined to become conformed to the image of His Son, that He should be the firstborn among many brethren."

Christ, the only Son of God by nature, is the firstborn; but the firstborn among many brethren. We, whom He (God the Father) foreknew, are the adopted children of God. To deserve such an intimate relationship with God, however, and eventually to be glorified, we must be conformed to the image of His Divine Son, our Brother.

Even to strive for such conformity might seem presumptuous on the part of poor humanity if Christ had not shown us the way by taking on Himself our human nature, by becoming Man for us.

Christ, as St. Paul says, was "born of a woman, born under the law, that He might redeem those who were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Galatians 4,5) The woman, we know, was Mary. If then, we are to imitate Him, to be conformed to Him in all things, we must find Mary. We must be born of her. It was in Mary and by Mary that Christ came to us.



It was through Mary, as it were, that Jesus glorified His Father. During those nine months in which He, the Word Incarnate, was hidden in her womb, He offered to His Father adoration, love, thanksgiving, reparation, and impetration.

This marvelous dependence on Mary that Jesus practiced from the time of His Incarnation we can imitate. The Abbot Marmion tells us that when we consecrate ourselves to Mary, she gives us to the Father.

St. Louis de Montfort says the same thing in still another way. It is one of the most beautiful passages in his Treatise on True Devotion:

You never praise or honor Mary without Mary's praising and honoring God with you. Mary is altogether relative to God; and indeed, I might well call her the relation to God. She only exists with reference to God. She is the echo of God, that says nothing, repeats nothing, but God. If you say "Mary," she says "God." St. Elizabeth praised Mary, and called her blessed, because she had believed. Mary, the faithful echo of God, at once intoned: "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

That which Mary did then, she does daily now. When we praise her, love her, honor her or give anything to her, it is God who is praised, God who is loved, God who is glorified, and it is to God that we give, through Mary, and in Mary. (T.D. No. 225)

We too can glorify the Father by practicing complete abandonment, total consecration. By abandonment, by conforming ourselves in all things to the will of the Father, we please God and honor Him greatly. It is a perfect act of faith. We say, in effect, "You, O my God, created me out of nothing. You are my Master. You are my Father. I believe this with all my heart. I resign myself completely to You. I know that

whatever You plan for me is for Your glory and my good. No matter how I feel, I submit to Your will in all things."

Such an attitude cannot help but obtain many graces for us. It cannot help but give glory to God because thus we acknowledge Him as the Supreme Being. But He is more than that. He is our Father and nothing pleases Him more than to have us treat Him as our Father. Nothing pleases Him more than for us to imitate His only-begotten Son in this. Jesus could say, when He lived here on earth: "I do everything to please Him (My Father)." The Father said of Him — to us: "This is my beloved Son. Hear Him."

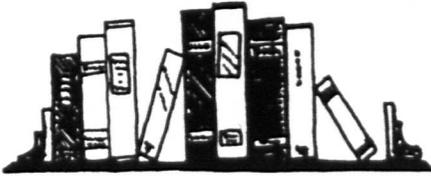
To hear Him, to imitate Him, I must find Mary. Jesus and Mary are inseparable. It is all so *simple*. God did not make the spiritual life something hard. We are the ones who make it difficult with our speculations and examinations and multiple practices. It consists in giving ourselves to God and believing with all our heart that whatever He wills for us is best.

We did give ourselves to Him in baptism, but unfortunately, as we grew older we withdrew our gift little by little. We forgot that we were God's children. We treated Him no longer with the simplicity of a child.

It is not too late to make amends. We must give ourselves to Him again. This time, in order to make our gift secure, we will give ourselves to our Father through Mary. We will imitate His beloved Son. This time of Advent when Jesus, hidden in His Mother's womb, gave perfect adoration to His Father, would be an ideal time for us to make our act of total consecration.

Be generous and cooperate with this grace that Our Blessed Mother is offering you. If you do not know exactly how to go about making this consecration, write to Victory Noll today for details. We will be glad to answer your questions and help you in any way possible.

## Books



*Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val* by Marie Cecilia Buehrle. Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$3.95

Few friendships have been so beautiful as that which existed between St. Pius X and his youthful Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val. That alone would make his story fascinating, but his greatness did not rest on his intimacy with a saint.

Miss Buehrle, in this biography, gives us the reasons for the Cardinal's greatness. He was endowed with amazing gifts in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual order. He seemed to possess every virtue, but he had a special predilection for humility and poverty.

Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val was born in England in 1865. He was of a combination of nationalities: Irish, English, and Spanish. Toward the end of his life when someone asked him what language he was most at home in (he was a noted linguist), he was at a loss to answer. Then his questioner asked what language he dreamed in and he replied laughingly, "English!"

Rafael's father was in the diplomatic service of Spain. The family, consequently, traveled extensively. Rafael received his education in England, Belgium, and Italy. He intended to enter the Scots College in Rome, but Pope Leo XIII transferred him to the Academy for Noble Ecclesiastics. This was an unprecedented act. Rafael was not yet a priest; he was only twenty years old. The astute Pope, however, saw in the young seminarian qualities that

marked him for diplomatic service in the Church.

Rafael's own fervent wish was to be ordained and return to England as a parish priest, but his wish was never to be realized. His life turned out to be very different indeed from the way he planned it. Dignities and honors were to be heaped upon him until he reached the highest place next to the Holy Father himself. Each appointment he accepted resignedly as the will of God, although it was so contrary to his nature.

Compensation was his, however, during the eleven years he lived and worked and suffered with St. Pius X. He loved him as a father and recognized immediately his sanctity. One day he was visiting with friends in the Borgia apartments just below the room of Pius X, when they heard walking overhead. The Cardinal stopped his conversation suddenly and said: "Hush—the footsteps of a saint!"

So deeply did he love him that the grief he suffered at his death was fresh after many years. The holy Pope and his Cardinal were so alike in their spirituality and yet their background had been so different.

Miss Buehrle gives us a warm, glowing biography of the great and lovable Cardinal. It is not unlikely that someday — soon, we hope — his name will be inscribed in the calendar of the saints.

\* \* \*

*The White Fathers* by Glenn D. Kittler. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$5.00

Few missionary societies have had their history written so brilliantly as have the White Fathers in this book by Mr. Kittler. The White Fathers are deserving of having their story told so well, for it is a tale of heroism seldom

equalled in missionary annals. It should arouse interest not only in the congregation itself, but in Africa, the scene of the priests' labors.

*The White Fathers* is more than the history of the institute. It is also a biography of the founder, the great Cardinal Lavigerie, modern apostle of Africa.

Cardinal Lavigerie, born in France in 1825, was a brilliant seminary student and professor. Before being named to the see of Algiers he was Bishop of Nancy. In North Africa he did not wish to confine himself to ministering to the French, but would work among the Moslems as well. This the French opposed. They were satisfied with keeping the Arabs as they found them. Had they heeded the Cardinal a century ago there would be peace in North Africa today.

Lavigerie envisioned a society of priests who would win the Arabs by patience and charity. They would have to become like Arabs themselves, dress like them, live like them, be as much like them as a priest could. He foresaw that it would take years, maybe "a hundred years of acts of charity on our part to pierce the hearts of the Arabs and convince them that ours is the better way of life."

To achieve this goal he established the White Fathers. The troubles that arose in the early days of the institute were almost incredible. The training was rigorous and so many candidates left that Lavigerie was at one time tempted to dissolve the society. Priests were murdered, many died of disease and exposure, but yet the community grew until today there are 2,253 White Fathers in Africa, 1,200 White Sisters, and 300 lay brothers. Their work of almost a century has borne abundant fruit in modern Africa.

Mr. Kittler's book is not only absorbing; it is scholarly as well. His transi-

tions from past to present, from missions in Central Africa to the multiple activities of the Cardinal in Algiers are made so smoothly that the reader does not notice the gap in years or distance. He has the rare art of reconstructing conversations that are not stilted at all, but seem perfectly natural. We recommend *The White Fathers* as adventurous, inspiring reading.

\* \* \*

*The Golden Door, the Life of Katharine Drexel*, by Katherine Burton. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$3.75

Many persons have given themselves to God; still more have given their fortune. Katharine Drexel, the foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, gave both herself and her possessions.

The first part of this biography reads like a novel of the late nineteenth century. It recounts the adventures of an extremely wealthy family: trips to Europe, brilliant debuts, house parties. The Drexels were among Philadelphia's wealthiest families. The parents were deeply religious and gave their three daughters a marvelous example of Christlike charity.

Katharine, the second oldest, became interested in the welfare of the Indians and Negroes. To help them she founded her congregation, first having been trained to the religious life by the Sisters of Mercy whose rule she partly adopted.

At Mother Katharine's death in 1955 her sisters numbered 500. The wonderful work of the congregation is well known. Among the schools founded by Mother Drexel is Xavier University in New Orleans, the first Catholic university for Negroes in the United States.

This is an excellent biography of a remarkable woman.

## Editor's By-Line

It was in Texas some years ago that I learned how much Our Lady of Guadalupe means to a Mexican.

Two of us were teaching summer school in a small town where a zealous Oblate of Mary Immaculate ordinarily had Mass but twice a month. While we were there, however, Father lived in a poor little room off the sanctuary of the church so that we might have Mass every day and also to help with summer school. We sisters lived in a small house in the Mexican district, some five miles from the church and up on a bluff over the town.

Every morning on our way to Mass we stopped at the home of one of the families and picked up the mother and daughter. They had come recently from Del Rio where they had attended daily Mass. The husband and father was in Del Rio at the time on business and so they were without a car of their own. They welcomed the opportunity we gave them to go to Mass.

One day when we stopped, the young girl came out to tell us they would not be able to go that morning. The evening before, two men had stopped at their home. They were on their way to San Antonio in a truck. One of them was very ill with what had been diagnosed as cancer of the liver. His brother-in-law was taking him to the hospital in San Antonio, 125 miles farther. They had already traveled some distance, but the man was too sick to go on. They had stopped for help.

With the man of the house away, the woman could not bring the strangers into her home, but she put a roll-away cot in the garage and there the patient spent the night. We went in to see him.

Never before had I seen anyone in such great suffering. The pain must have been terrible. His face was ghastly and he was drenched with

perspiration. Propped against a box by the bed was a small picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe. It was a poor little print that looked as if it had been carried in a wallet; but it was the man's dear Madre and only she could give him the courage to bear his sufferings. His eyes, whenever he opened them, were fixed on that picture.

Someone went for the doctor (there was no telephone in this whole section of the town) and we left for Mass, knowing that the M.D. would give him a hypodermic for the pain. After Mass Father drove him in his own car to Santa Rosa hospital in San Antonio, though he had to stop several times on the way to get sedatives for him.

To the Mexican people Our Lady of Guadalupe is a tender mother. You find her image among the rich and among the poor. I remember seeing her in one of the poorest places I was ever in. It was only a room, so dark you could hardly see. The woman whom we visited was ill with tuberculosis, her eyes bright with fever. She did not have the luxury of even a kerosene lamp or a candle. It was by the feeble light of a match that we had to admire her picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

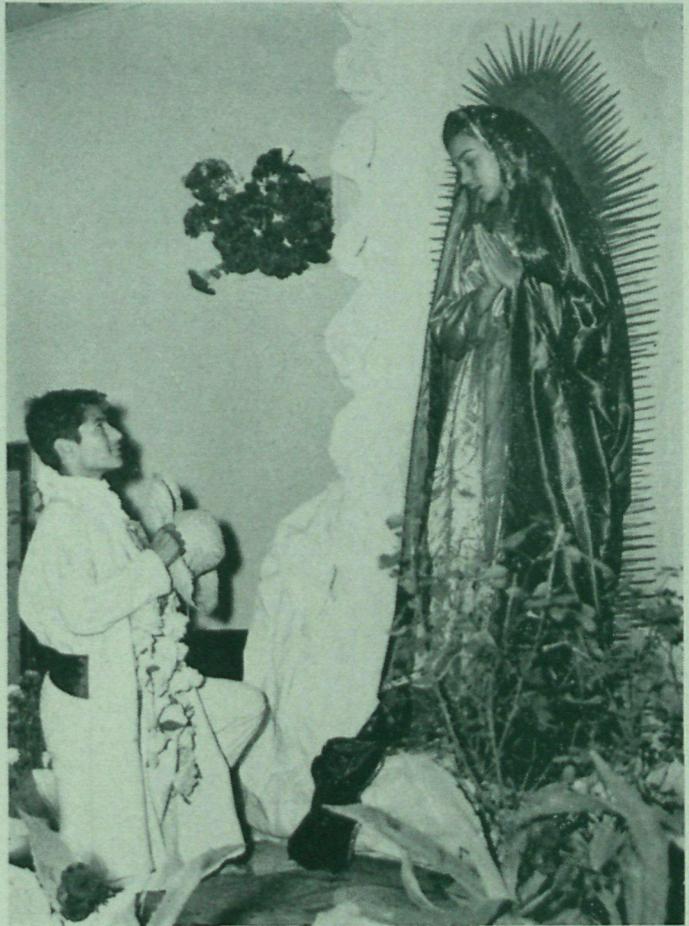
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## In Memoriam

- Mrs. Mary Sommers, Topeka, Kans., mother of Sister Agnes Clare  
Mrs. Elizabeth McMannon, Louisville, Ky., mother of Sister Mary Kevin  
Mrs. Mary Shannon, Chicago, sister of Sister Bridget  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Gerz, Cleveland  
Rev. Joseph A. Richard, New Vienna, Iowa  
Rev. Robert B. Kealey, Berkley Springs, W. Va.  
Marie Ammaccapane, ACM, St. Louis  
Mary Michel, ACM, Fort Wayne  
Frances Weber, ACM, Fort Wayne  
Mrs. Gerhard Wyss, ACM, Fort Wayne  
George Kirchner, Christopher, Ill.  
Henry Ebeling, Chicago  
John Boylan, Chicago  
Alden P. Rodrigues, Eagle Pass, Texas  
Mrs. Al Gerhart, St. Louis  
Luisa Johnston, Eagle Pass, Texas  
John Nash, New York  
Caroline E. Faber, Lakewood, Ohio  
Leonard Harrison, Chicago

## La Virgen Morena

by Sister Marie



At the fiesta on the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, St. Joseph Church, Torrance, California, Gloria Gutierrez takes the part of Mary while Jose Rios is Juan Diego.

*The Gem America can claim her own  
From heav'n was sent 'mid winter roses' bloom;  
A miracle so clear, for doubt, no room  
Save in a mind whence all faith had flown.  
To Juan Diego first this gem was shown,  
Its glowing beauty hid all shades of gloom.  
Transformed to splendor great this fruit of loom—  
Coarse tilma — to be hence forever known.*

*In Tepeyac's basilica now placed  
In frame, above the altar candles' glow,  
Where faithful come with prayer, to have erased  
The pain and woes their weary brows e'er show,  
By her, whose dark-skinned image is here traced  
And through whose gentle hands all graces flow.*

## *Vigil of the Nativity*

O GOD, who makes us glad with the yearly expectation of our redemption grant that we who now joyfully receive Your only-begotten Son as our Redeemer, may also without fear behold Him coming as our Judge, the same our Lord Jesus Christ Your Son who lives and reigns with You in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen.

Roman Missal