THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 33 MAY 1958 Number 6

May Crowning last year in Van Zile School, Detroit.

Month of Mary

by Sister Mary Jeanette

WE usually think of a May Crowning as being held in church, but that is not always possible. When it isn't, we sisters have a little ceremony with our children in the school room or catechetical center where we have class. In that case the shrine cannot be left in the room.

As we were dismantling one such shrine after our May Crowning, someone asked, "Sister, what are you going to do with the flowers?"

"I'm going to take them home," I answered. "We have a May Shrine in our chapel in the convent."

The children were happy to think that their gifts of flowers to Our Blessed Mother would not be thrown away, but would continue to grace her shrine. It was something new to them, however, to learn that we had a May Shrine too. They had many questions to ask.

"Do the sisters really have a May Altar? Did one of the sisters make it? Do the sisters have a May Crowning too?"

I assured them that the answer to all their questions was Yes. One of the sisters crowns the statue while all sing a hymn.

There was one more question. In their class the child who crowned Our Blessed Mother was chosen on the basis of attendance. What about the sisters?

"We have a drawing," I told them, "and the one who picks the lucky ticket has the honor!"

Sister Mary Jeanette puts the children's flowers before Our Lady of Victory in the convent chapel.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll

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COVER

Sister Mary Camillus and Susie know that clinic trips for little girls mean shots, so they believe it is a good idea to make friends. Guadalupe Clinic, San Diego, California.

CREDITS

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Contents

Visiting the Sick Brings

by Sister M. Therese Martin

VISITING the old people in county homes has always been a pleasant task for us sisters. We chat awhile, distribute literature, lend a few encouraging words to lift up tired spirits, and when necessary, we give instructions.

It is especially pleasant to visit a home so well cared for as the one in Smethport, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Lopus, the couple in charge, are admirable for their patience, and for their interest in their elderly guests.

Sister Therese Martin and her friends.

Mrs. Lopus is kept busy caring for the seventy or more men and women who reside at the home. Their problems are her problems. And she tries to solve them as well as she can. As a result, the people are contented. They occupy their time reading, sewing, or simply recalling past memories.

Visiting with them is fine except for one thing. The time goes too quickly and there are only a few minutes to spend with each one.

One of my favorites was the woman whose picture is reproduced here. When I first met her she was sitting in her chair sewing. A year later, however, her illness became worse and she almost died. Each succeeding visit I expected to find out that my friend had gone to her eternal reward; but her strong constitution carried her through severe attacks, one after another. After greeting us she would say, "You see, I am not dead yet!" She looked forward to death, which was all too slow in coming.

The woman who is sitting at the head of the bed is a very Christlike soul. Her charity is as radiant and far reaching as her smile. She has very painful arthritis. For many months she was unable to leave her bed. Now she is able to get about in a wheel chair.

Her section of the room looks like a miniature chapel. She has had the ceremony of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart, and her picture of Our Lord has a prominent place on the mantel.

Another one of my special friends is Elizabeth, a little old lady nearing ninety, if she has not already passed

Pleasure to Them and to Us

it. Elizabeth might be old in age, but she is very young and spry in mind. When she was confined to bed, her big ambition was to get out and walk about. Her will won over her body and she did get up. That was on St. Patrick's Day. She was so overjoyed that she danced a jig for the rest of the ladies. Soon after, Elizabeth found herself back in bed with the caution to take it easy.

Sometimes lay companions accompany us on our visits to the home. They always remark that the visit does them as much good as it does the old people. It is a joy to see the patients so well taken care of and a relief to learn that someone else's troubles are worse than one's own. Above all, it is a good feeling to know that our visits are looked forward to and appreciated.

Sister chats with motherly Mrs. Lopus.

THE ANSWER

Where is the Maker of the skies
Forger of mountain, land and sea?
All o'er the world His footprint lies,
Unveil to me where He may be.

Gazing within a small child's eyes,
Two windows clear and pure I see
Without a doubt, I now surmise
The holy God lives within thee.

Sister Ann Therese

We Praise With Song

by Sister Alma Marie

* * *

St. Monica's parish, Willows, California, has reason to be proud of its junior choir. A year's probation is required before the children qualify for the much-sought-after membership. Sister Alma Marie is organist and director.

* * *

"WORKING to Become Full-Fledged Choir Members" read the chart on the fall bulletin board. Below the caption were the names of seventeen prospective members who hoped to earn the silver stars that would mark their progress. A year's work lay ahead. Then there would be a special ceremony, their official reception into the junior choir.

A friendly spirit of interest and rivalry permeated the atmosphere as the children vied with one another to complete the requirements.

They had to learn the correct Latin pronunciation. Papers for study appeared not only at class, but at school and home as well. Not even the parents were spared. One mother attended our practices for a month in order to learn the Latin and help her child.

The entire Mass of the Angels and Credo III had to be sung by each one. After that little rows of stars began their trek across the chart. Three different psalms tones for the singing of the Proper were next in line. At last the two final columns were completed. They read: "May sing for High Mass' and "Earned choir pin." The race was over.

Donna Saal passes her test for choir membership. Sister Alma Marie is at the organ.

The big day for the reception ceremonies arrived. The entire group of twenty-eight walked in procession into the church, occupied the front pews, and sang hymns during the evening Mass. Father spoke briefly on the importance of good Church music and stressed the wishes of our Holy Father in this regard. He then presented each new choir member with her blessed choir pin, a symbol of her duty to praise God.

We were sorry that only one boy persevered in his September enthusiasm. His five companions had succumbed to the lure of the altar boy unit, the magic of after-school paper routes, and the thrill of after-school football practices. But even ONE is a beginning.

Culminating event of the year's activities will be the selection and crowning of the "Choir Girl of the Year." This title is earned by the member who acquires the highest number of points for faithfulness at weekly practices and at all Church services, and for progress in correct pronunciation and in good singing. She must also have displayed a fine spirit of loyalty and helpfulness at all times.

David's Dilemma

by Sister Elaine

PLANS were under way for a very special program in our parish. The kindergarten children were to recite a little poem that began with the words "O Sweetest Baby Jesus."

I mimeographed the verse so that the children could take a copy home and have their mothers help them learn it.

One gloomy Wednesday little David arrived first for class. He looked as dreary as the weather, but managed a "Good afternoon, Sister," in spite of it.

"Good afternoon," I said, "and how is David today"

No doubt that sounded a bit too cheery for the poor little chubby five-year-old. He looked up at me and then around at all the small red chairs used for kindergarten class. Finally, his big eyes brimming with tears he said, "Sister, I don't see it here now, but I was sure I left my Sweetest Baby Jesus right there on my chair last week. Now He's not here! What am I going to do?"

Poor David! What could he do?

Mrs. England

Bootheel's Lay Teachers

by Vera England

Mrs. England's conversion was the result of the street preaching apostolate in the Bootheel of Missouri. Her story, which was published in The Missionary Catechist *a year ago, was re-printed in the* St. Louis Review.

* * *

"HOW would you like to teach religion to a small class of children, Mrs. England?"

It was Sister Beatrice, superior of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in Kennett, Missouri, who asked the question. My first reaction was to ponder the request seriously and analyze my few qualities. After reflecting how good God has been to me and my loved ones in leading us to the true faith, I could not give a negative answer.

Sister explained that she would give me a thorough course of instructions on methods of teaching. For these classes I traveled to St. Cecilia Convent in Kennett from my home in Hornersville, sixteen miles away. Finally I was ready for my first practice class.

It was with some trepidation that my husband and I drove to the convent on the day appointed. I expected to find many eager little faces staring in astonishment at their new teacher. In their stead I found two eager sisters full of questions and ready to heckle me when necessary.

With them as my pupils, with Sister Beatrice supervising, and my husband observing, class began. Some forty or fifty minutes later it ended. The next week my pupils were children. I was able to teach one of the sisters' classes on Saturday morning.

Then I received my assignment. Sister asked me to teach the Pool children of Senath, Missouri, a distance of about twelve miles from my home. These children attend the Senath public school, the only Catholics enrolled there.

Because of the age range of the children—from eight to fifteen years —I had two classes to conduct instead of one. The two youngest boys, Raymond and Charles, had their class first. Sleep comes early at the ages of eight and nine. The three oldest—Johnny, Mary, and Billie Rose—were probably sleepy when their class began, but with God's help we prayed, studied, and learned many things.

The children asked a variety of questions which in some instances were amusing, but we tried to receive them

The cat's place is usually under the table, but the children thought it should be in the picture, too.

respectfully and give them every consideration. One night I was seriously confronted with this one: "Mrs. England, will I get grace for eating black-eyed peas when I don't like them?"

When we were discussing confirmation with the younger boys, I asked Charles who would confer the sacrament of confirmation and what was our bishop's name. A pause and then this answer: "Oh, he's the man that has all the sheep."

This reply brought the mother of the family to her feet. After some discussion we classified the sheep.

Mr. England now teaches the two youngest, Raymond and Charles.

One night there was more interest in what was going on under the table than with the lessons on the table. Upon investigation I discovered that the cat, somewhat puzzled at an extra session around the kitchen table, was patiently waiting for some refreshments. The only consolation I could give her was, "We aren't feasting on that kind of food tonight."

Besides the cat there have been other creatures of God in the kitchen. Extreme weather forced the mother hen and her healthy brood to seek for shelter. There she was one night in her box with her little ones under her wing.

The experience I have gained is priceless. It is wonderful to associate with the young, to share their joys, trials, and problems. This year my husband is helping me. He now teaches the two younger boys while I have the older children. He too is profiting by this opportunity, for we both know that the best way to learn more about our religion is to teach it.

Sister Juliana and some of her little friends enjoy a story together.

Today's Little Catholics

by Sister Juliana

EVEN little Catholics are challenged by their classmates in the public schools these days. Johnny came home one day and said to his mother, "Mama, what are we?"

"What do you mean?" his mother asked.

"We're Catholics, aren't we? We're not Christians?"

His mother answered, "Catholics are Christians. The first Catholics were called Christians."

Johnny was not altogether convinced. "But aren't we just Catholics?"

The idea that a Catholic is also a Christian when people who belong to the Christian Church call themselves Christians was more than he could understand.

Larry's mother was telling us about his first week in school. He had a rough time of it. He said there were just too many kids and he didn't know all their names. He is in a Catholic school and there are sixty children in his class.

Larry insisted that he had learned a new prayer which says something about "Help me quick, God." His mother wondered if perhaps he had heard Sister use some such ejaculation during that frantic first day.

It was during night prayers on Larry's first school day that he told his mother about the new prayer. He wanted to add it to his night prayers, but wasn't sure just how it went. When they were saying a prayer for the Poor Souls, the little boy decided that this was just the place for the new prayer so he said, "And take the Poor Souls up to heaven and be quick about it."

Was Sister teaching the class a version of the Psalmist's prayer: "O Lord, make haste to help me?"

The same Larry at Christmas time was disappointed in the many different Santas he saw. He said there were too many of them and they didn't even remember his name! There was even a lady with men's whiskers on a string around her face. He didn't miss a thing.

But then, children do not miss very much these days. It is in religion class that we learn how much thinking goes on in their little heads. One afternoon I asked the children why they came to catechism class. Little Jimmy raised his hand and said, "To learn how good God is."

We were learning the mysteries of the rosary in one of our classes and I was showing the children pictures to illustrate each mystery. When we turned to the picture of the resurrection Bill said, "Oh, goody! Jesus isn't leaking blood on His face any more."

Tom enjoys re-telling stories. This is the way he began the story of the Last Supper: "Jesus knew He was going to die soon, so He said to the apostles, 'You guys come over for supper tonight.' "

Keeping Sid Happy Is a Problem

by Sister Eugenia

IN addition to our teaching we are kept more than busy doing all kinds of social service work. It is not at all unusual to get a call telling us that such or such a family is out of food, or the gas has been shut off, or the rent is due.

We are called upon to do nearly everything—from finding a home for a poor old man living in a chicken coop to finding a baby-sitter for eighty-year-old Grandma. Everyone seems to think that the sisters are able to solve just about every problem. The amazing part is that somehow or other we do manage to keep everyone happy; that is, everybody except Sid.

Sid runs a general junk store. He could make a fortune if only he would go to Hollywood and become a comedian in the movies. But no; fate has decided otherwise. Sid will always be a business man even if he has to sell at a loss or give his wares away.

His major problem, however, is not bankruptcy or keeping the wolf away from the door. His problems are his helpers.

Last year he called us up to ask us to take a homeless, penniless person off his hands. He had hired him but now he couldn't afford to pay him. We managed to find another place for the man and Sid was very grateful.

This year his right-hand-man, Mr. Rose, became ill and couldn't work. He too was homeless and penniless and not too young any more. Sid pleaded with us to find a home for him.

We finally arranged to take Mr. Rose to Morris Hall, a Catholic Home for the Aged. Meanwhile, Sid himself became ill and went to New York to a hospital. While he was gone Mr. Rose recovered from *his* illness. The doctor declared that he was in perfect physical condition for a man his age.

When Sid came home from his stay in the hospital and found Mr. Rose gone, he was beside himself. He called us and said, "I am not used to living alone. Why didn't you give me thirty days notice?"

After all, we had been trying for only six months to take Mr. Rose off his hands—*at his request.*

"Where did you take him?" continued Sid over the telephone. "Can't you get him back for me? I would like to have him back for at least two weeks so he can help me get set up in business again."

You can't win. Meanwhile we are trying to go about our daily business of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, and—in the case of Sid—comforting the sorrowful!

IT was Our Lord who gave her to us. From the cross He said: "Mother, behold thy son." Mother, I see all the poor people who will need a mother like Mine. Take them, Mother; let them be yours until the very end of the world.

And ever since then Mary has been doing as her Son said. Even in this sad twentieth century we who love her can behold her everywhere. We sisters especially see her coming to her children, consoling, strengthening, helping, loving them.

Mary in Our Mission

by Sister Mary Karl

I could almost see her visibly when one of the sisters told us about Mrs. Garcia. I knew Mrs. Garcia very well, for two or three of her children had been in my classes. I knew her house very well too. It was perched almost on the Border. As you entered her front gate, you gazed around the corner into Mexico.

The tawny adobe dwelling nestled down beside a tall board fence that formed a tiny courtyard around it. More fortunate than her neighbors, Mrs. Garcia had a tree in her patio, a real tree with gnarled trunk, thick branches, and thousands of leaves. Even when covered with dust, the leaves gave pleasant shade—a rich gift in this mission where, during one of my first lessons, when I asked for examples of the lovely things God made, a little boy said: *"Dios hizo la sombra."* (God made the shade.)

Just before the sisters left Mrs. Garcia's house on this particular morning, she posed a personal problem. Did Sister think it was all right for her to use a certain little practice that she had? She had been doing it . . . but she wasn't quite sure it was all right.

When she did her ironing, said Mrs. Garcia (and there was much to do for a family of eight), she liked to say the rosary. But of course one can't iron and hold a rosary too. So she had been putting ten beans on one end of the ironing board; then as she ironed and said her Hail Marys, she moved the beans, one by one, to count each decade. Did Sister think it would be wrong to say the rosary that way? (A year ago her little three-year-old had been there to move the beads for her, but polio had taken her to heaven.)

Anyone who loves Mary can guess what Sister told her. How much richer would our land be, if more good mothers would imitate Mrs. Garcia instead of aimlessly listening to the radio or watching television as they iron!

Then on another day I saw our Mother Mary, still obeying her Son's last wish, stop by a bed in the TB hospital. It was Eulodia's. I had made her acquaintance two years before, had visited her and encouraged her. I had gone with her in spirit into the "valley of death" when long illness and surgery made it seem that each fought-for breath would be her last.

How well I remember the day I saw her up again, in a wheel chair, smiling, weak, and waiting happily for our bi-weekly visit! After that, steady gains and back to the ward again, trying once more by patient resting to restore full life to wasted tissues.

It was slow work and Eulodia was always quietly happy to see us come for our regular visit.

"Do you say your rosary every day?" I once asked her.

"More than once, Sister," she answered, "and at night during this month (May) we all say it together."

Her glance indicated the other women in the ward, almost all Catholics.

She paused. "Every day I have to go in for a treatment. It hurts, Sister." She paused again. "Now I keep my rosary in my hand and I say it all the time I'm in there. It doesn't seem so hard then."

Her last words held a depth of meaning impossible to describe, but you who have suffered will know that again it was Mary walking the earth, soothing and softening the pain of a child in need.

Finally, I remember an incident in the church of the Indian pueblo. It was my first glimpse of the centuries-old church with its bare floors, massive walls, raftered ceiling. I was taking the place of the regular organist for one day; and I watched with interest as the Indian men, women, and children came in and reverently took their places.

Some wore modern clothes; others were dressed in traditional Indian costumes. The majority wore brightly-colored blankets over their shoulders. Some brought with them smaller blankets to kneel on during Mass.

The evening before, we had had a discussion about the hymns to be sung. I was told that the children knew hymns in English, but the older people knew only Spanish hymns. We decided to compromise. We would sing English hymns during Mass, but have a Spanish recessional; and of course that had to be the one everyone knows—*O Maria Madre Mia.*

All went along as planned. The *e* of the portable organ chimed in on a low whine at times when it was not supposed to, but otherwise everything went as well as one would expect of a brand-new and interesting experience.

After Mass an Indian couple from another pueblo, visitors, told us of their happiness. They were returning now to their own home after a trip to Wisconsin where they had seen their daughter make her first vows as a member of a religious community.

While we congratulated them and talked to them, another Indian drew near and waited respectfully, his sparkling eyes indicating his interest in the conversation.

"I went to school with him!" he said.

But he had other business in mind just then, too. He had a request to make. "Madre," he asked, "can I get a copy of that song we just sang? My father taught me to sing it when I was this high, and I want to teach it to my little boy!"

O Mary, my mother, consoler of men, strengthen me and lead me to my heavenly fatherland!

That was the hymn the Indian boy of another generation had learned, the hymn he would now teach his own son.

In the Home Field

Little Lamb

Someone in the class wanted to know whether there are animals in heaven.

"I don't know," I said, "but we do know that the animals that die here on earth do not go to heaven."

Charlie raised his hand and in all seriousness was determined to put an end to my misgivings. "Sister, there must be animals in heaven. What about the little lamb of God?"

I put aside the lesson I had prepared for that day and we had in its place a lesson on the little Lamb of God.

Sister Rosario

Sister Mary Kevin chats with Detroit teenagers. The sisters everywhere report large increases in attendance in the high school of religion.

Linda Is Right

Seven-year-old Linda said to me, "Sister, when I get big I'm going to be a sister."

I replied, "You are? That's fine. What kind of sister are you going to be, Linda?"

The usual answer on such occasions is, "A sister just like you!"

But not Linda. She deflated me with the reply, "Oh, I want to be a holy sister!"

Sister Clare Marie

* * *

Heavenly Phone

Guadalupe Mission had a telephone installed in the sacristy recently. A few days ago the phone rang insistently during Mass. Father nodded to one of the altar boys to answer it.

Through the open door came the boy's loud, officious voice, startling the congregation: "Hello! This is Our Lady of Guadalupe speaking."

This was followed by a long pause at the other end of the line, the caller no doubt trying to frame a reply now that he was in touch with the heavenly courts.

Sister Mary Martha

Timely

We are teaching in a new parish this year. Until a church can be built, Father has rented what was formerly a Baptist Church. When we began classes, the building had not yet had all the evidence of its former status removed. As we emerged on the first rather unorganized day, a sign reading "Full Gospel Preached" greeted our eyes. That was one time we doubted whether we had a right to such a claim.

Sister Mary Millicent

Johnny's Reasoning

Eight-year-old Johnny had gone to Mass and Holy Communion. After all had left the church Father found Johnny there eating sandwiches. Johnny was very much surprised when Father told him he shouldn't eat in church.

"But Father," he protested, "don't you remember that story you told us how Jesus fed all those people with five loaves of bread and two fish? They ate in front of Jesus. This is the best place to eat."

Sister Mary Lawrence

Cuckoo

I teach in a home where there is a cuckoo clock. One day I was telling the children the story of Nicodemus.

"He silently slipped through the dark and quietly approached the house where Jesus was staying. Softly he knocked on the door . . ."

"Cuckoo . . . cuckoo . . ." went the clock.

The children gasped. Then one of them said, "Gee, Sister, I'll bet Nicodemus was surprised too."

Sister Helen Clare

The Richmond, Kentucky, Sisters spend each weekend at St. Therese Mountain Mission where they teach the children who come from many miles around. This is part of Sister Doris' class.

Advanced

I was discussing text books with some of the army children who attend our Saturday morning religion classes. These children move around a lot and many of them have quite a collection of catechisms. I asked the children to be sure to check to see whether they had a copy of the revised Baltimore Catechism No. 2.

One girl replied, "Oh, Sister, I'm sure I've had that before. Last year I used Baltimore No. 6." She was in the sixth grade last year.

Sister Clara

Deflated

"My, but you are pretty," the little old lady said as we visited the patients in the hospital."

Then, after we had talked to her for a few minutes, she confided, "I have been blind for several years."

Sister M. DePorres

Harold of "The Rancho"

by Sister M. John Joseph

WE were visiting homes and taking census in a housing project known as "The Rancho." School was not yet in session so the children were playing happily on the small lawns which adjoined each apartment. As we approached their doorways, the youngsters would scramble up the stairs ahead of us to warn their mothers, "The sisters are coming!"

We were waiting for an answer to our rap on a door when a boy approached, a shy smile on his lips.

"Do you live here?" I ventured.

"No, Sister, I live over there," he answered, pointing to the next door. "And I'm Catholic!"

Harold shows Sister John Joseph (left) and Sister Grace Marie his spelling paper.

Just then the door was opened and a small face peered out through the crack. Over the booming of the television we asked for some information. The child answered politely, "No, we're not Catholic. No, our father and mother aren't home." So we left him and his brothers and sisters with King Kong.

As we made a short cut across the lawn, we picked up the conversation with our new friend who was close at our heels.

"What is your name?"

"Harold Williams," came the reply.

I made a mental note that William was the name of one of my brothers. That would help me to remember Harold's name. We made a visit to his home and checked the census. As we left, we reminded Harold that religion classes would start as soon as school reopened. Harold assured us that he would be there. He waved goodbye to us with his catechism book which he had produced as evidence of his Catholicity.

It was on the opening day of school that a soft rap sounded at the side door of our convent. I opened the door and recognized our little friend of "The Rancho."

"Why, hello, Bill," I greeted him. I was so proud that I had remembered his name. "What can I do for you?"

His smile faded as he informed me politely that his name was not Bill. It was Harold Williams.

Oh, I'm sorry, Harold," I apologized as I tried to impress his name on my mind.

"Is there catechism today, Sister?" he asked.

"No, your class is on Friday. That will be three more days yet."

"Oh! Friday?"

"Yes, Friday."

"I can hardly wait." His earnestness was genuine.

Friday came and so did Harold. How happy I was to see among the forty faces before me one that was not a total stranger. There was one face with a familiar smile. There was one pair of brown eyes which I had seen before. There was Harold.

A few days ago the phone rang. The sister who answered learned that they had a new phone at Harold's house.

"Sister, tomorrow is my birthday."

"Oh, isn't that wonderful? Did you want to hear Sister wish you a happy birthday?"

"Yes, Sister," the voice sounded hopeful. So what else could Sister do but wish Harold a happy birthday.

Now we have our days and names straight. If all goes well, Harold will be making his First Communion soon. Sometimes a desire has to be awakened in the hearts of the children who are going to receive Jesus for the first time, but with Harold that is not necessary. He can hardly wait.

Eleven Years in a Drawer

by Sister M. DePorres

MRS. ALCALA and I exchanged friendly words as she moved down her little reception hall to get the holy water she kept for me. She lets us use her garage to teach the children from the public school across the street. She also stores for us any supplies that we use, such as pictures, charts, blackboard, etc. It saves us the trouble of carrying them back and forth to the convent.

As she handed me the peanut butter jar with the sign *holy water* very distinctly glued on the side, I could not help remarking about the beautiful three-foot statue of St. Joseph.

He stands right across from the front door. No visitor entering the Alcala home can miss seeing him. The grotto in the wall is just his size. Clearly it was planned that way when the house was built.

"Yes," Mrs. Alcala said proudly, "he was given to me for a wedding present. I put him in the bureau drawer, promising to take him out as soon as, with his help, we could build a home. I told him we would see that our house had a special place to enshrine him."

So St. Joseph waited for eleven years in a drawer! Finally the Alcalas saved enough to build a lovely home. St. Joseph presides at the entrance, the Christ Child seated contentedly on his arm.

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our Associates'

You have the *hearts,*
More *clubs* we plead;
It's *spade-* work,
But a *diamond* deed!

Dear Associates:

ON the second Sunday of this month, we pay honor to all mothers. Many of you are mothers. Some of you mothers of large families. You have tried to provide your children with all the advantages in life that you could, — especially *spiritual* advantages. Because God has given you the big heart of a mother, your mother love reaches out to other children, too, — especially poor, underprivileged children. That is why you joined our *Associate Catechists of Mary.* Our sisters are the dispensers of your sweet charity in behalf of the poor. But we need many more women like you in our organization. We need many more mission bands. Have you ever tried to get a new member for your band? Have you ever tried to get a friend to start a brand new band?

Through our column, this month, we are making a bid to our women readers, especially the mothers and sisters of our Missionary Sisters, to form a new mission band. If you are timid, if you are sure you have no "organizing ability," we suggest the simplest kind of a mission band. Buy a Piggie Bank at your nearest department store. Ask the members of your family, from the oldest to the youngest, to drop in it sacrifice coins. Once a month send us the contents of your Bank, be it ever so little, in the form of a check or money order. Call your Band, "Holy Family Band" or any other name you like.

If you are a little more confident of yourself and think you can organize a small card-playing group into a mission band, write us and we'll give you some suggestions which may be helpful.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

TWO CHICAGO BANDS REPORT

St. Irene Band. A letter from the Promoter, *Miss May Walsh,* told of a pre-Lenten festive gathering. "Veronica Tobin and Margaret Cox were hostesses. We had our meeting at the Illinois Club for Catholic Women which began with a smorgasbord supper. Afterwards we sat around cutting out religious pictures from old Christmas cards to be mounted for the missions. Enclosed are our dues."

St. Mel Band. The Promoter, *Miss Margaret Murphy,* wrote us that the last of the mothers of "the girls" died a couple of months ago. "Mrs. Nagle," she commented, "was the best living woman I ever knew. She was 89 years old and, until a short time ago, went to daily Mass." There are ten members in this Band and they sponsor Sister Mary Eva.

Club Mention

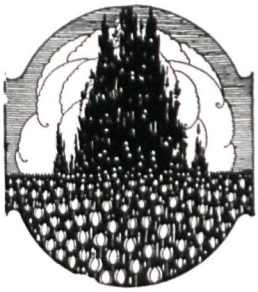
FORT WAYNE HEARD FROM

St. Jude Mission Society. Around the first of March we received word from *Mrs. Carl Wagner,* treasurer, as follows: "Enclosed are checks totaling $101 for membership dues for 1958. There are still some dues outstanding and they will be forwarded as they come in."

St. Mary Mission Society. Mrs. Loretta Mettler, president, writes: "You will be glad to hear we have added a Band, — the new St. Agnes Band. Mrs. Irene Albert serves as Promoter. There are twelve members. We had a card party and raffle a few weeks ago. There were twelve tables and we netted $39.80."

St. Anne Band of St. Mary's. Miss Clara Ankenbruck, Promoter, wrote us as follows: "Enclosed is a check for $15. This money was raised by our small group through a raffle on hand embroidered pillow cases and towel, also a handkerchief trimmed with tatting."

ST. ELIZABETH'S, *Springfield, Minn.*



This small group, headed by Miss Ida Rubey, make small religious articles for our sisters. One large box found its way to San Antonio, Texas, convent. Miss Rubey was very ill in the fall. God spared her life to work a bit longer, it seems, for His missionaries.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

March 5 to March 26, 1958

Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary Gibbons	**4.00**
Fiorentine Band, St. Louis, Mo., Miss Clare Luechtefeld	**15.00**
Holy Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	**22.00**
Our Lady of The Sacred Heart, Appleton, Wis., Helen Arens	**50.00**
St. Anne of St. Mary's, Ft. Wayne, Clara Ankenbruck	**15.00**
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	**5.00**
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Helen Melke	**8.00**
St. Justin Band, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Katherine Hammer	**38.00**
St. Luke Band, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Edwin Potter	**8.30**
St. Martin of Tours, Omaha, Neb., Miss Frances Shanahan	**30.00**
St. Michael Guild, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Chas J. Dowling	**5.00**
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer	**32.00**
Upsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, Laporte, Ind., Mrs. DeBruyne	**14.00**

Plead for peace from the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the Lord has confided the peace of the world to her. Jacinta Marto.

Mary's Loyal

Dear Loyal Helpers:

Most of you know that we are celebrating the Centennial of the Apparitions of our Blessed Lady at Lourdes, this year. This is also the month of Mary. What are *you* doing to show your great love for our Heavenly Mother? Maybe you can tell us in a letter. The best letters will be published.

Mary-ly yours,

SUNSHINE SECRETARY, MLH

ANSWERS, APRIL PUZZLE.

Here are the names of the saints, unscrambled. 1. MARK, 2. GEORGE, 3. PETER, 4. RICHARD, 5. CATHERINE, 6. BERNADETTE.

KENTUCKY HELPER

Above is pictured Jane Baier, of Campbellsville, Ky., as she looked on her First Communion day. Jane faithfully saves Sunshine pennies for us.

"COOKIE SALESMEN"

Last month we printed a letter written by these boys. They told how they sold cookies, which their mother baked, to help our missions. In a more recent letter they sent us a check for $8.41, representing total amount of sales. Left to right: Bill, Dave, and Bob Heflin, of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

OHIO HELPER

Pictured above is Ruth Ann Winner, Osgood, Ohio. Ruth Ann wrote us that she is thirteen years old, and in the eighth grade.

Helpers' pages

CHICAGO (ILL.) HELPERS

Billy and Eileen Lambert. See Eileen's letter below.

Dear Sister:

We are thankful to God for having given us the most wonderful mother in the world. We were non-Catholics. After our first mother died, Daddy placed us in a Protestant Children's Home. Then a few years later, Daddy married again. Mom is a Catholic. Daddy became a Catholic the day before they married. A short time afterwards, Billy and I were baptized and made our First Communion. We attend St. Genevieve's school. I am in the fifth grade and Billy is in the third. We love to go to Mass and Holy Communion. We are happy to join your mission club.

Eileen Lambert

"GO INTO REVERSE" PUZZLE

In each sentence below fill the word in LAST blank with the missing word in FIRST blank, spelled in reverse. (Example: The chaplain STRESSED God's mercy to the prisoner and not that he had met with his just DESSERTS.) Now go ahead.

1. The chaplain ..... God's mercy to the prisoner, and not that he had met with his just .....

2. Will ..... be ..... to go to school tomorrow?

3. Anyone who ..... that many potatoes in one day, probably cannot ..... very well at night.

4. Our ship had left the Mediterranean and was moving slowly down the..... Canal, while Demetrius spoke of the god ..... in Greek Mythology.

5. "Lady ..... will ..... at six this evening," announced the butler, pompously.

*GRAND*MOTHERS DAY, TOO!

In the picture above are David and Freddie Salas of Concord, California, with their grandmother, Mrs. Vidal Chavez from New Mexico.

After Thoughts
on First Communion Day

by Sister Ruth Anthony

YOUR First Communion classes are over. You are musing on the happenings of the great day in the several parishes in which you had the privilege of preparing the children.

Those final practices had you worried. As you recall them, you have a confused picture of squirming youngsters clamoring to go home and groaning each time they had to march in or out of church.

On the whole, things had gone more smoothly than you had hoped. All the baptismal records eventually appeared, only two forgot about confession the afternoon before and had to come with their parents after supper, no one broke his fast on First Communion morning, and no one became ill.

You remembered how, for weeks, little ones had been asking, "My mama wants to know, am I gonna make my First Communion? She wants to get my things."

One child had said, "If I don't make my First Communion this year, my mother will spank me. She already bought my dress and it will be too little next year." Sometimes you felt like spanking the mothers in whose minds clothing was uppermost. Usually those children who were most insistent were those who studied the least. Lack of preparation accounted for their suspense.

The first class day after First Communion all the children ran to you with an unusual display of affection. Little boys who ordinarily were more interested in using those few moments before class in spinning tops than in greeting Sister, came up to you. Their look of holiness reminded you in a small way of that of a young priest who is still trying to realize the greatness of the dignity that is his.

Many of the children were wearing their scapulars. John explained that the reason he wasn't wearing his was that it was "torned." His mother mended it but it "torned" again and she didn't have time to be fixing it all the time. Nellie sadly whispered that her father would not let her wear hers. He was afraid it might choke her some night while she was sleeping.

When you spoke of First Communion, little eyes glistened. A tiny girl took your arm and said with a soft little purr, "I was *very* happy when Jesus came to me." The others murmured, "So was I."

Only Joe had a retort, "Frankie forgot to close his eyes when he came back from receiving Jesus." You wondered how Joe, with his eyes closed, noticed Frankie's opened eyes.

Soon the talk turned to that second confession. Some of the children had already gone twice. Albert had not.

His little sister proudly explained why. "Albert hasn't made a single sin since his first confession, not a single sin."

Then Ted, ordinarily a ring leader, vouched, "I haven't made any sins either." Truly a work of grace, you know.

Randy sighed repentantly, "That old devil got me three times. I disobeyed my mother two times and this morning I got in a fight with the gang."

A few minutes earlier you had heard that the gang had a big fight at noon. There was a patch on Louie's face. When you were told that Randy, ordinarily so gentle, was responsible for the fight, you were surprised. Then Randy said, "But I'm going to confession Saturday and I'm never getting in trouble with the gang any more."

Merit With a Smile

by Sister Evelyn Marie

The rummage sale seemed to be progressing nicely. As I walked between the long tables of clothing, stopping now and then to assist one of the sodality girls with a customer, I was startled by a sudden burst of laughter coming from the opposite end of the room. Curious, I decided to investigate. A small group of children were gathered around the hat rack. I soon discovered the reason for their merriment.

Before a large mirror, modeling hats, were three sixth-grade boys. The pranksters, trying to rival one another as they posed and strutted before their amused audience, were unaware of my presence until one of the children caught sight of me and stage-whispered, "Sister!"

Although I was smiling broadly over their antics, one of the comedians felt the need of explaining.

"We were just gaining some merit for heaven, Sister," he offered.

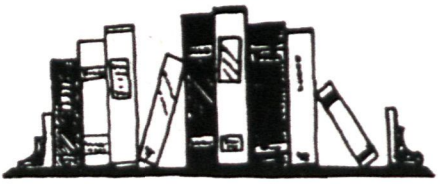
The pranksters posed and strutted before their amused audience.

* * *

"Merit for heaven? What do you mean by that, Joseph?" I asked.

"Well, you see, one time a sister told us in catechism class that if, to please God, we made someone laugh, we would be adding to our own happiness in heaven. And these hats were just the thing!"

Books



Our Lady Queen of the Religious Life by Louis Colin, C.Ss.R. Translated by Sister Maria Constance and Sister Agnes Therese. Newman Press, Westminster, Md. $3.75

Why, we might ask ourselves, after reading this book, did not someone think long ago of giving Our Blessed Mother the title Queen of the Religious Life? It is, if we might so speak, a natural for Our Lady.

In developing his theme Father Colin not only shows Mary to be the ideal of every religious, but he points out how Mary herself was the ideal religious. She had first offered herself to God at an early age. Tradition tells us at the age of three. It was at the moment of the Incarnation, however, that Mary, as it were, pronounced her solemn vows. By her solemn profession she pledged herself body and soul to God's service. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done to me according to Thy word."

Father Colin divides his book into three sections. In the first part he presents Our Blessed Mother as the Ideal of the Religious Life. He points out our obligation of tending toward perfection and shows us how Mary practiced the virtues and how we can imitate her.

Part Two is entitled Our Lady: Source of the Religious Life. It is filled with beautiful examples showing Mary's important role in religious orders and congregations, both old and new.

The third section of the book, The Marian Devotion of Religious, emphasizes especially True Devotion or Total Consecration to Mary. For a religious, this devotion is the most natural in the world.

Our Lady Queen of the Religious Life is an important contribution to the ever growing list of books on Mariology. It ranks among the finest that have been published in recent years. It is especially valuable for religious who are striving to make their lives Marian in the truest sense of the word.

* * *

Lay Workers for Christ by Reverend George L. Kane. Newman Press, Westminster, Md. Cloth, $3.00; paper $1.00.

The indefatigable Father Kane has edited a number of books in which priests, brothers, and sisters tell their reasons for choosing the religious life. *Lay Workers for Christ* should have a wider appeal, being of special interest to the laity.

There are contributions by nineteen persons, counting the husband and wife team, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Crowley of the Christian Family Movement, as one. Although their accounts are not all strictly autobiographical, each contributor tells how he became interested in the apostolate.

Most of the names are familiar: Jerome Kerwin, Mary Ellen Kelly, Floyd Anderson, Dale Francis, etc., but several are new, at least to this reviewer: Romeo Maione (a CYW executive now living in Rome), A. Dorothy Arthur, and Margaret M. Thompson.

Father Kane includes a brief sketch of each contributor. An excellent introduction by His Eminence Valerian Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay, sounds the keynote for the book.

Lourdes and Cathedral Tour. Schwann Travel Guide. Helicon Press, Inc., Baltimore, Md. $1.50

This guide to Lourdes and famous French cathedrals should be fascinating to persons who are planning a trip abroad; persons who have visited the places described herein; and armchair travelers, especially those who love history. In other words, there are few readers who would not enjoy this travel guide.

One reason is that it is not only very thorough, but also entertaining. It contains a wealth of information on cathedrals in general and on the cathedrals of Notre Dame (Paris), Chartres, Beauvais, Amiens, Laon, and Reims in particular. In an appendix are described several lesser known French cathedrals. There are end maps of Paris and of France.

This little book contains much practical information on places to eat and sleep. It is a must for anyone traveling through France.

* * *

Jesus Nuestro Salvador, Books I and II; Viene el Rey by Father Francis. The Seraphic Press, 1501 South Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis.; 25 cents each.

We are happy to announce that these Father Francis books are now available in Spanish. Book I is on the hidden life of Our Lord; Book II covers the public life; *Viene el Rey* prepares the child for First Communion.

The format is the same as that of the English editions: pages size 8½ by 11; large, clear type; simple but excellent pictures to be colored.

Those who teach Spanish-speaking children will welcome these texts. We heartily recommend them, especially for religious vacation school.

The following books are published by the Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minnesota: *A Catholic Child's Book About the Mass,* $1.95; *The Legend of Saint Francis and the Wolf; The Legend of Saint Anthony, the Fishes, and the Mule; The Legend of Saint Jerome and the Lion; and The Legend of Saint Colman, the Rooster, the Mouse, and the Fly;* 20 cents each.

The Mass book was prepared by Father Gales, director of the Catechetical Guild. It is not only instructive, but handsome, containing fifty large color pictures on the various parts of the Mass. There is, besides, excellent art work by William de J. Rutherfoord.

The text is brief and adheres faithfully to the prayers of the Mass itself. Although this book was designed primarily for children, we believe it would be valuable to use in teaching the Mass to prospective converts.

The Legend Books are coloring books. Who doesn't like to hear stories of animals, especially charming stories of the saints and animals? The text is kept to a minimum; the type is large. The pictures are well done and not too difficult to color. Pre-schoolers and children through the first three grades will love these books.

It is good news that more books on the saints will follow these first four.

* * *

Blueprint for Christian Living. Our Lady of Victory Press, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana. 25 cents.

As its name indicates, this booklet contains a blueprint for Christian living. It is not a complete treatise on a Christian way of life. It was written especially with families in mind. It has been used effectively as a discussion text.

Editor's By-Line

May and June are procession months: May processions, Corpus Christi processions, graduation, First Mass, wedding processions. Most beautiful of all are processions with the Blessed Sacrament.

Not long ago I saw an exclusively masculine procession. No little white-clad girls were in it at all. It was very impressive to see the long line of acolytes and the men of the Nocturnal Adoration Society with lighted candles, but I could not help feeling sorry for the little girls who were cheated out of strewing flower petals before the Blessed Sacrament. It might be hard on the janitor, but it was a thrilling experience.

Even now I never hear the third mode Pange Lingua without being transported, however briefly, back to the old parish. I always have roses and peonies in my basket, so it must be a procession toward the end of May or early in June.

As I cross the front of the church I sneak a look back at Father carrying the golden monstrance. He is accompanied by four tall, twelfth-grade altar boys. Two I can always identify. One became a priest, to everyone's surprise. The other brought another kind of fame to the parish. He played end at Notre Dame on the famous Four Horseman team.

I can never look long enough to make out the other two. Sister might see me looking around; not to mention my mother in a front pew on St. Joseph's side.

Evidently we never had a canopy in those days. In fact, I don't remember seeing one until I was in high school in a girls' academy.

There the closing of Forty Hours was one of the big events of the year. The archbishop himself, no less, presided. It was a good thing he was not a tall man. The canopy was carried by an assorted four—one very tall, one very short, and the others in between.

They were men who worked at school. It was one of the few times of the year we ever saw them dressed up. They always looked a bit uncomfortable, but they beamed with pride at their important duty in the procession.

Bob, a family man who lived at the farmhouse, was the tall one. Charlie was the shortest. Charlie, the baker, seemed to us very proud of his brushy mustache. He probably never knew that he was the subject of one of the favorite jokes among the boarders. When we found a bristle on the topping of the coffee cake, we knew it came from the pastry brush, but we always told the new girls it was one of Charlies's whiskers. SEA

In Memoriam

Stanley Bien, Detroit, father of Sister Mary Regis
Henry B. Richter, Breese, Ill., father of Sister Anna Marie.
Magdalene Grossbusch, Temple City, Calif.
Mrs. Mabel Satterthwaite, Huntington, Ind.
Mrs. Amelia Clancey, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Marilyn L. Fenker, Fort Wayne
Josephine Meyer, ACM, Chicago
Bertha Glauber, ACM, Carrollton, Ky.
Mrs. Joseph Framme, ACM, Carrollton, Ky.
Frank Corso, Chicago
Mayme Buzzek, Chicago
Mrs. Mathilde L. Kriebel, Chicago

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Pilgrim Virgin

by Sister Teresita

"Look, Sister! She's holding my catechism."

I DON'T know where she came from, but she was always being moved around, from one room to the next, from one corner to the other. It was an old statue of Mary, with a few nicks in her crown and dress.

Well, since the statue did not seem to belong anywhere in particular, I would keep it in my classroom.

My little first graders were quite taken up with our new arrival. I would often see them after class gathered around the statue of Our Blessed Mother, examining her eyes and hands, looking into her face.

One day while I was listening to their prayers and questions before class, I overheard a little conversation close by. I tried not to show my interest. Besides, I was supposed to be listening to the little one who was reciting his prayers, but I had one ear on the prayer, the other on the boys.

"Hey, Billy, look!" I heard. "She's my best friend," and he put one arm around the statue.

Tony, another little boy, while he was waiting his turn to recite, slipped his catechism into Mary's hands and said, "Look, Sister, she's reading my catechism."

One day we missed Mary. Someone had taken her away. We could not find her anywhere. Then one morning we walked into church and there she was on a pedestal, newly painted and all repaired.

I was almost sorry because now we would not have her in our classroom any more. We loved her even though she was nicked.

Say it with **SPIRITUAL** *Flowers!*

Give your Mother, whether living or dead, a SPIRITUAL BOUQUET, whose beauty never fades, and whose fragrance is wafted to the Throne of God's Mercy, by enrolling her Perpetually ($10) or Annually ($1) in THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY.

A Certificate of Membership will be mailed to you for her for Mother's Day if you act promptly.

* * *

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS: A daily remembrance in the Perpetual Novena to Our Lady of Victory, offered at Victory Noll; a weekly remembrance in a Holy Mass offered for the friends and benefactors of our community, and a monthly Mass offered each Friday for living and deceased Associates.

* * *

Sister Supervisor, Associate Catechists of Mary
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sister:

Enclosed find my offering to enroll ..... in the Associate Catechists of Mary (Perpetually) (For one year). Please send me a Certificate of Membership made out in her name. She is (Living) (Deceased).

Name .....

Street .....

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