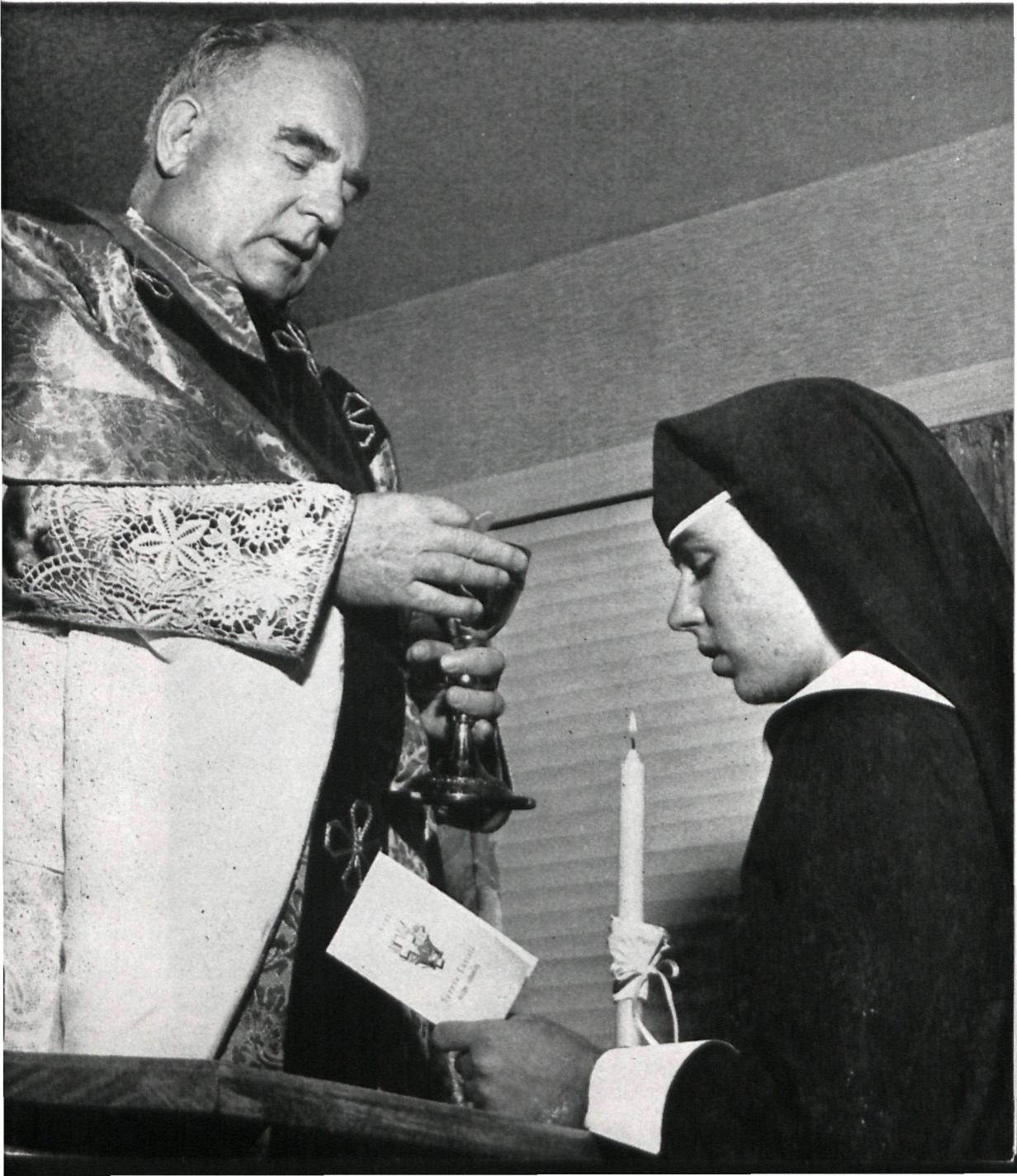


THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 35

MARCH 1959

Number 4



What you would like to know about

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

The Congregation was founded in 1922.

It received papal approval in 1956.

There are now 403 members.

The postulancy, novitiate, and mother-house are at Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

The sisters now staff 76 convents throughout the United States.

These convents are located in 21 states and represent 35 dioceses.

The general end of this Congregation is the glory of God and the sanctification of its members through the practice of the simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and the observance of the Constitutions.

Its special work is the religious education of Catholic students in public schools. The sisters also visit homes and find those who have fallen away from the Church and others who wish to become Catholics.



Sisters praying the Short Breviary in their convent at San Pedro, California.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

March 1959

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COVER

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters pronounce their vows at the solemn moment of receiving Holy Communion. First vows are always made at Victory Noll, but they may be renewed and then taken for life in the missions. In the cover picture the celebrant is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. George M. Scott, pastor of Mary, Star of the Sea parish, San Pedro, California. The sister is Sister M. John Joseph.

CREDITS

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First Day of Class

First experiences enter into everyone's life. There is our first day in school, the first day we drove, the first day in the convent, the first . . . Not the least exciting for a Victory Noll Sister is her very first day she teaches in the school of religion. Two of our newly professed sisters have sent us an account of their first classes.—Editor.

by SISTER M. CARMEL THERESE

AUGUST 15 is a big day in the life of every Missionary Sister of Our



Lady of Victory, for it is the annual appointment day, but it is most exciting for a newly professed sister. What thoughts run through her mind as she reads and re-reads her first appointment?

I cannot speak for all the other sisters who were professed with me, but I know some questions that went through my own mind: "I wonder how big the classes are? Are the children good or will I have to use every rule I learned to keep discipline?"

Before I knew it, the day of my first class arrived. I was faced with the boys and girls to whom I would teach the truths of our beautiful faith.

These children before me expected me to know everything. After all, I was the teacher. We began the class by asking God to help us learn more about Him so that we might love Him more.

Then I presented my class as I had prepared it. After what seemed a very short time I thought to myself, "Here I am almost finished with my lesson plan and I don't think five minutes have passed."

I looked at my watch and found, to my surprise, that **forty** minutes had passed. Then I knew that it was true what we had been told in our novitiate. "The Holy Spirit does ninety-nine percent of the work if we do our one percent."

After my first class I could not help but wonder what kind of impression I had made on the children. Did they learn anything? Would they come for class tomorrow?

When the morrow came I received an answer to some of my wonderings. After Mass a little girl came to me through the crowd carrying a large bouquet of fall flowers. Of course they were half dead with the early September heat, but what beauty I could see in them! To me these flowers were the most precious gift I had ever received.

What Is It Like?

by SISTER M. MARGARET LOUISE

I found myself facing fifty-four bright and happily dancing eyes — eyes that spoke of wonderment and anticipation. And why not? After all, this was their very first day of religion class.



But I had a secret. This was my first day too. The few moments before we began were just a bit terrifying, but by the time I had passed out the books and hung a chart on the wall, the panicky feeling had given place to one of confidence. When I actually faced the class I found myself knowing exactly what to say; when to say it, even anticipating the children's answers. Teaching first graders was not so difficult. Why, it was wonderful.

Class was almost over and there had been not even one mishap. Then another first happened: Father's first visit to the classroom.

As a matter of fact, it was Father's first visit to any classroom. He had been ordained only a few short weeks before. It was quite obvious from the start that Father was very much interested in what the children had learned in their first lesson. He began to question them.

"What is the Communion of Saints?" asked Father of my little first graders on their first day of religion class.

One lone hand went up. It belonged to Johnny and had been up almost all during class. His answer was, "The Last Supper."

Not so bad — Communion — Last Supper!

But Father thought an explanation was in order so he gave a detailed discourse on the Communion of Saints, ending with, "Now there is the Church Militant, the Church Suffering, and the Church Triumphant. Which Church do you belong to?" And he pointed to timid Paul.

Very proudly Paul stood up and answered in a clear, loud voice, "St. Andrew's, Father."

This did not stop Father. He had another question. "Why did God make you?"

That was easy and they answered in chorus, "God made us because He loves us."

"Good," said Father. "And if God loves you, what does that mean you should do?"

Susie's hand was up first. With a toothless grin she said, "I know God loves us all very much, but, Father, don't you know it's getting dark out?"

"Is that a polite way of telling me it's time to go home?" was Father's comment.

Fearful of what Susie's reply would be, I interrupted to ask Gary to stand and tell Father what he was going to do next Sunday at Mass when all the people went up to receive Jesus in Holy Communion. Gary rose and with all the assurance of childhood said, "I'm going to tell Jesus I love Him."

With that our first class ended. Since then the days have gone into weeks and the weeks into months. Father still comes in occasionally to ask questions, but he seems to know better now what questions to ask of first graders and neither of us are surprised at their answers.

Unmistaken Identity

by SISTER MARY ADELE

sketches by the author



"It's that way! It's that way!" points Jim.

"Where do you live, Jim?"

Our little first grader answered, "On Twelfth street."

"Do you know the number of your house?"

"No, but it's a rock house and it's got a brown rockin' chair and a white porch swing on it."

"Well, that helps some. Hop in, Jim."

Off we went in search of Twelfth street which was easy enough. Now the problem would be, which way should we turn once we found the street.

"Jim, do you live near the school or far from the school?"

"Far."

We were scarcely half a block from our Twelfth street when the little voice

RELIGION class was over and everyone was gone. That is, all except Jim who was still holding up the telephone pole waiting for someone to take him home.

I asked, "Jim, is your dad coming for you tonight?"

He replied, "No, Mom said she was going to send a cab to come and get me."

We could not leave him there alone. We waited in our car until the cab came although we ourselves had a long trip home ahead of us.

Five minutes went by, no cab. Ten minutes, fifteen, still no cab in sight. It looked as if the cab man had forgotten all about Jim so we called him over to the car and said, "Jim, get in and we will take you home."

"Thank you, Sister."

from the back seat called out, "It's that way; it's that way!"

We made the turn and then asked, "Jim, will you know your house when you see it?"

He answered in a tone of voice that sounded as if we thought he must be awfully dumb. "Sure; I told you it's a rock house with a white porch swing and a brown rockin' chair, didn't I?"

"Oh yes, that's right."

We had travelled two or three blocks when Sister spotted it. "There it is. That must be it. That's a rock house!"

"Oh no," denied Jim. "Oh no, it isn't. It hasn't got a brown rockin' chair and a white porch swing on it."

"You're right, Jim. That couldn't be your house."

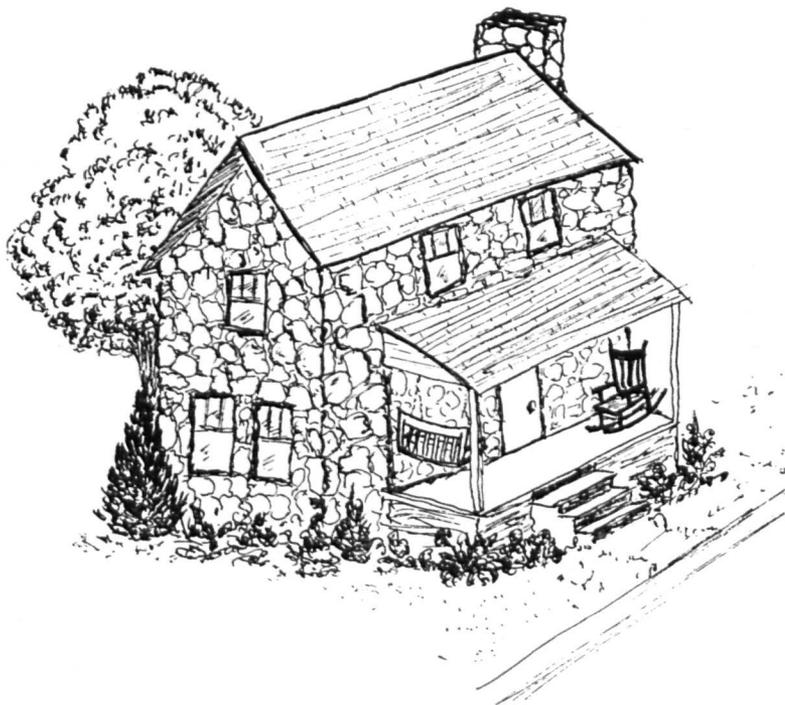
Another block and Jim finally exclaimed, "There it is!"

Sister stopped at the first of two rock houses.

"No, not this one! That one down there!"

At last we reached Jim's house. It was just as he had said — a rock house with a brown rocking chair and a white swing on the front porch.

"See, Sister," Jim cried triumphantly, "just like I told you — a rock house with the brown rockin' chair and the white porch swing!"



Jim knew where he lived. Who said he didn't?

As Others See It

A Life of Love

Religious are taught to do their work for God alone and not to look for the esteem and gratitude of men. We are, however, human and when others show their gratitude we are both overjoyed and humbled. We would like to share with you these letters from those who have expressed their appreciation of the vocation of a Victory Noll Sister. The first comes from a young woman who just completed the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teacher training course.

I want to tell you how thankful I am for your guidance, your patience, and helpfulness these many Thursday evenings. Of course I am well aware that you and your sisters do this for His honor and glory. Yet all humans like to hear those two simple words: "Thank you."

From these classes I have learned a great deal. Now I am trying to instill what you have taught us into the open minds of the little ones. Without your guidance my poor efforts would be just that — poor efforts.

One ten-year-old child came to me with no knowledge whatsoever of prayers or religion. All he had was a card with his name and a check mark in the Roman Catholic block. It was my privilege to teach him the Sign of the Cross, the Our Father, and Hail Mary.

You and I, Sister, by God's grace, learned these prayers at the feet of our mothers. Yet there are hundreds of thousands of our children who do not know them. If I find so much satisfaction from this one instance, how great must be the gratification of you and the other sisters of your order in your work with so many, many little ones.

Our sisters at Guadalupe Clinic in San Diego received the next letter from an ex-patient.

Of all the religious I have ever come in contact with, it is my firm conviction that you practice what you preach. I am grateful. I hardly know how to express my gratitude for the treatment I received before, during, and after surgery. Had I had a million dollars I could not have had better care or received more love and understanding from your staff.

I went to Guadalupe Clinic with dread, dread because I would be a charity patient. And yet I realized I did need medical care and my husband was not working. The sisters were more than kind. They had what I call an intuitive awareness not only of my problem but of the many and varied problems that confronted the other patients.

I saw the expression of a tender mother love in the faces of the sisters, love that shone from their eyes as they cared for the patients.

As you know, I was admitted to Mercy Hospital where Guadalupe Clinic patients are accepted on free or low cost basis. No money, no job, nothing except a need for care. From the beginning it was stressed that I must not worry, that I must spend my time and energy in getting well. From the little Japanese nurse who countered my, "Oh, I can bathe myself," with "What! Don't you want me to learn how?" to the young doctors that popped in and out, I was treated with friendly concern. I was a person, a friend, not a chore. I lay there feeling my heart turn with gratitude . . .

* * * *

Still a third letter comes from a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Helper.

Several times I have sat down to try

to put on paper my thoughts of last Saturday when I was privileged to see your class make their first confession. I am afraid I am not gifted enough to express myself as I would like, but I will try.

When I went to church that morning I was thinking only of myself, wondering what you would want me to do. I came in and saw those extremely well-

gleam in their eyes. Now these were not seven-year-old youngsters, but children that to me appeared to range in ages from eight to fifteen.

I found their joy made me feel as if I wanted to shout, but since I could not do that, the tears began to well up and I found it difficult not to cry.

How I wish sometimes that I could talk to young girls who might be think-



Serving Christ in His sick members is the privilege of the staff of Guadalupe Clinic

disciplined youngsters and was awed by their quiet obedience. To find forty-some children so quiet was in itself amazing.

Then I watched as you spoke to them. They listened with expressions of warm, devoted admiration. Again I observed your loving concern as each came from receiving the sacrament of penance for the first time. How can I try to describe the expressions on those young faces — the big smile and the almost ecstatic

ing of a religious vocation. How I wish I were able to tell them that they would find happiness in the life that you lead, doing all for the honor and glory of God.

This letter is getting much longer than I had anticipated. I know that your rewards are coming in eternity, but do let me tell you that your life and that of your sisters are an inspiration to all who have the slightest contact with you. May God bless all that you do.

The Call of a King

by SISTER MARY CONSUELO

IT was shocking news! One of my girl friends was entering the convent. We had graduated from high school only last year and were working together in our first job. But now she was quitting.

It had never entered my mind that ordinary girls like myself became sisters. Somehow, I thought that being a sister was a most extraordinary thing. You planted a seed, maybe, and up came a sister.

I felt sorry for Irene. Here she was, hardly twenty years old and full of fun. She was giving up all to hide in some strange place called a convent. Yet when I talked to her about it, she was so happy that I almost wished I were going with her.

I had attended a public school where many careers were explained, but nothing said about the great beauty of the religious life. Then one day I happened to come across a pamphlet written by the late Father Daniel Lord, S.J., "Shall I Be a Nun?" It gave me an altogether different notion of the convent and before I knew it I felt that I too would like to be a sister, to accept the invitation of the King.

My sister Esther and I were very close. She is a year older than I. We kept no secrets from each other, so naturally I told her of my desires. I will never forget her reaction. "What! Have you lost your mind?" she exclaimed. "I don't know of anyone who enjoys life more than you do. As for your holiness, I have a hard time getting you out of bed for Mass. You'll never make the grade."

I tried to explain. I told her Father Lord's story of the King and the maiden, but Esther only laughed. "I think you must be sick," she said. "Just think of all you would have to give up."

She recited a veritable litany of worldly pleasures which I tried to match with a litany of what I was going to receive: the love of God which is greater than any human love, peace of soul, the privilege of living with those who are in the state of sanctifying grace, daily Mass and Communion . . . What more could I ask for?

Esther, hoping I would forget the idea, did not mention it again. I, in turn, prayed to know God's will and asked for the courage to do it. I spoke to a priest about my desire and found encouragement. Then I began to investigate different religious communities.

What kind of work was I best fitted for? After reading of the many different religious orders I found myself attracted to the missionary life. A missionary's great privilege is to bring the Good News of the Gospel to the poor, to help them rise up and face the world with dignity. Yes, a missionary was what I wished to be. Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters had taught me at a religious vacation school. Their spirit and work appealed to me so I sent in my application.

Meanwhile, I began to feel guilty. I had not mentioned my plans to the rest of the family. Having met with disapproval at my first attempt, I did not know how to tell them. I knew that they did not understand the religious life.

One night Esther came home from a date with a boy with whom I knew she was serious. I was fast asleep. She tried to awaken me, but it was not easy. When I finally opened my eyes there was Esther, her own eyes shining. She was holding up a beautiful ring. I nodded, murmured "How nice!" and went right back to sleep.

The next morning Esther, almost in tears, accused me of not being interested in her or the family any more. She supposed that I still had my "queer nun ideas."

I tried to make up for my impoliteness by asking about her marriage, and before long she beamed with happiness and excitement. With great joy and pride she announced her plans to the family. Friends congratulated her. She felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

I learned a good lesson from this incident. Esther had received an invitation to dedicate her life to George and she wanted to tell the whole world about it. I felt ashamed. I had received a greater call — from a King. I was very happy but did not know how to share my happiness.

I decided to follow my sister's example. Proudly and happily I announced my plans to the rest of the family — all except Dad. (Mother had died when I was in the eighth grade.) I, however, did not receive the congratulations that I felt I should have received. Instead they fussed about what I was giving up. My brothers teased me. "You have to be holy to be a nun," they said.

This did not discourage me in the least. As a matter of fact, it encouraged me more. They did not appreciate the religious life. I was determined to show them how happy a sister can be.

When I told Dad, he took it very calmly, so much so that I felt a bit hurt. He simply asked when I would enter and told me to come home immediately if I did not find it to be my vocation.

Before I knew it all our friends had heard that I had been accepted at Victory Noll. Some congratulated me and then expressed their sympathy. Some had enough sense to realize my good fortune. I tried very hard to make them see that I was really happy. I thought

that the month before I left home would be an eternity, but it passed quickly because I had so many things to do.

Some of my friends wanted souvenirs. I gave my school ring to one, my watch to another, and my most treasured possession — my school sweater and letter — to another, until I had little left.

All this time I experienced the greatest peace and joy. It was a few days before I left home that I was tormented with what I now realize were temptations. Was I sure I really wanted this? What if I didn't make it? Was this vocation too exalted for me? What would people say if I didn't stay? Could I bear to be so far from home? California is a long way from Indiana. I gathered courage from prayer and knew that Our Lady would take care of me. I left all in her hands.

Then came my farewell party. The boys gave me a pen and pencil set; the girls, my missal; friends at work, a Bible, slippers, and a robe. I never liked farewells. This one was especially difficult, for I realized that I now would be separated from all in many ways. I had never been away from home. Leaving my family was the greatest sacrifice I could make.

When I arrived at Victory Noll and made a visit to Our Lord in the chapel I knew I had made no mistake. This was where I belonged. I got homesick, yes, but the thought of returning home never occurred to me.

The days of my postulancy and novitiate passed and the day of my profession arrived. It seemed to me that this was the height of God's goodness, allowing me to pronounce my vows. I do not recall all that happened on that memorable day. All I know is that I understood more than ever what Father Lord meant when he compared Our Lord to a King and a sister to a queen. I find it difficult to explain, but who can ever hope to explain the greatness of God's love!

COMB IT OUT

Teaching in a new home had its problems. The wall to wall carpet marred easily so I gave strict orders to the class not to move the light benches on which they sat. But horrors! After the first class we discovered that the benches left marks. What could we do!

"Oh," said one of the boys, "I can fix that"

Down he went on his knees and whipped out a comb from his pocket.

"You just comb it out," he explained triumphantly. "We had to do this all the time in San Diego."

Now we have a combing party after each class. Leave it to the U.S. Army children to solve any problem.

SISTER AGNES

* * *

NO BIRDS

Sister: Wasn't God good to make the bright shining sun, the pretty flowers, and the singing birds for us?

Tito, who lives near the freeway: What singing birds do you mean, Sister? I never hear any birds around here. Just cars and trucks screech, honk, crash; all day, all night!

SISTER LORRAINE

In the Home Field

SOMETHING NEW

I decided it was a good idea to start early to talk vocations so I began with my third grade girls. I had not gone far in what I had to say about the religious life when a little girl volunteered some startling information.

"Sister," she said, "my daddy took us some place one time and we saw some boy nuns."

"You did?" I asked in surprise. "What did they look like?"

"Oh, they looked like sisters, only they were boys."

After a little more quizzing I got these facts. "Their hair was shaved except around . . ." and here she made a circle around her head with her hand.

Our children do not live so very far from Huntsville, Utah, where the Trappists have a monastery. Since the little girl's visit, however, there have been some restrictions which make it difficult for visitors to get a good view of the monks.

SISTER JUDE

VOCATION MONTH REQUEST

We receive many requests from school children for literature describing the work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. Not long ago our Directress of Vocations received a letter from a fifth grade boy that started out like this:

I don't want to be a sister, but Sister ran out of names for priests' places so she gave me yours . . .

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE

We told the boys that Father was starting a club. One boy asked, "Oh, is Father starting a gang?"

We explained that it was not a gang, but a club. Since the children were studying the fall of the angels that day, they concluded that Lucifer and the bad angels had a gang, but St. Michael and the good angels had a club.

SISTER CAROL

DARK WHITE

The pre-school children were coloring pictures. One little boy was pressing very heavily on a white-crayon with which he was "coloring" Our Blessed Mother's veil. He looked up and explained, "I'm going to make this real dark white, Sister."

SISTER JOSEPHA

* * *

NO ROOM FOR TWO

We had been discussing the importance of grace. Then I told the class how very good we had to be to get to heaven, that each one must become a saint. Pat looked a little perplexed and raised his hand. "But, Sister," he said, "there's already a St. Patrick up in heaven."

SISTER ALICE

* * *

SLOW APOSTLES

When I told my First Communion class the story about Our Lord teaching the apostles the Our Father, Bobby asked incredulously, "Didn't the apostles even know the Our Father?"

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE



Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are privileged to

give help and sympathy to mothers like this one. Lubbock, Texas

teach the truths of religion to children like these. Kennett, Mo.



We Present Our Postulants . . .

AND it's about time, you say. But there is a reason you did not see them before this.

As soon as the postulants arrived last September we took their pictures. We had the engravings made and had the page all set up, ready to run, when our Holy Father died. It was the only page yet to be printed, so of course we took out the postulants' pictures and put in one of our Holy Father. We decided then to save them for March because it has come to be known as vocation month.

Do the postulants still look like this? They do, but just between us, some of them *have* put on a little weight! That is a good sign, you know. Retreat masters love to tell postulants that if they eat well, sleep well, and laugh a lot, everyone knows they are happy. Ours pass the test.

But what has been happening to them in these months since they arrived?

What happens to all young girls who enter Victory Noll?

For almost a year they attend college classes and are assigned household duties. Many of them are just out of high school. We do not take anyone who has not completed her high school studies.

What about those who already have their degrees? Do they have to go to class too?

They attend some of the classes — as postulants and as novices. In our Congregation the novitiate lasts two years. During the first or canonical year the Church has made it a rule that novices may not study secular subjects. The Victory Noll novices attend classes in religion and learn many skills that will be of help to them in the missions.

But to return to the postulants who bring their degrees with them. They still attend some classes, for it is highly improbable that they have had the



Lois Weinkauf
Indianapolis



Margarita Luna
Azusa, Calif.



Margaret Arnett
Colorado Springs



Olivia Ochoa
Venice, Ill.



Mary Trujillo
El Rito, N. Mex.



Bea'rice Holmquist
Colorado Springs

training in religion, catechetics, scripture, liturgy, etc., that is necessary for them in their future work. The work of religious education is THE work of a Missionary Sister and she must become a specialist in her field.

After almost a year of training comes investiture day, the feast of Our Lady of the Snow on August 5. The postulants kneel before the bishop and receive the dark blue habit and white veil of a novice.

Then begins a year of intense spiritual training. Although visits and correspondence are curtailed, every novice will tell you that this year is one of the happiest of her life. It passes quickly and studies are then resumed. In an unbelievably short time profession day has come and the young sisters pronounce their first vows of poverty, chastity, and

obedience. Then they have the privilege of a visit home with their loved ones.

Ten days later, on August 15, the newly professed sisters receive their first mission appointments. Most of them are assigned to convents not too far from Victory Noll so that they can return the next summer for refresher courses. When we say not too far it might still mean several hundred, even a thousand miles, but the continued in-service training is most important. With a year's experience behind them the young sisters are able to appreciate their studies even more than they did during their years of earlier training.

Does this give you an idea of what has been happening to our postulants and what they look forward to in the future?



Janice Welsch
Waterloo, Ill.



Rose Ann Rochefort
Fayette, Mich.



Theresa Nederhiser
Cascade, Iowa



our **A**ssociates'

Dear Associates:

IN January we sent out our 1958 financial report and annual letter to Promoters of bands. For the benefit of members of bands who may not have seen either, the following digest will be of interest.

The five mission societies or bands which gave the most money during the year just ended are as follows: Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, New York, \$702; St. Martin of Tours, Omaha, Nebraska, \$568.20; St. Clare, Omaha, \$430; St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, \$408; and St. Joseph, Chicago, \$390.50.

The following bands showed increas-

es. Holy Souls, St. Katherine, and St. Luke, all of Chicago; Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis; and St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wisconsin. Two other bands kept their same high annual totals of the previous year, namely, Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, and Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Indiana (\$315 and \$300, respectively).

Most of the bands, of course, could not match the large amounts shown above. But we want you to know you are all needed very much. So please do not think of quitting! It is small amounts added together which accomplish big things. Our only regret is that we do not have new bands to replace the old ones which have been discontinued. Just this year we lost St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, when its faithful Promoter, Mrs. Lydia Fiala, died. We would like to see some mission-minded person "pick up and carry the torch," i.e., help



BAND VISITS V/N.

Members of St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, visit us.

l. to r.: Misses Katherine Kelly, Mary Cogan, Helen Melke, Florence Bucher, Irene Bucher, Margaret Cogan and Loretta Bucher.

Club Mention



us spread the light of God's holy truths, as an *auxiliary*, just as she did. We are sure it would not be too hard to interest your friends and relatives in starting a mission band. Have you ever taken into account the many spiritual benefits enjoyed by our Associates? *Every day* your intentions are remembered at Victory Noll in a perpetual novena to Our Lady of Victory. *Every week* there is a special Mass for benefactors, and *every month* — usually on First Friday — a Mass for the intentions of Associates.

Sincerely yours in O. L. V.
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

We have always been faithful to our resolution to write up *each* band, however briefly, at least once a year. Due to circumstances beyond our control, we seem to be getting hopelessly behind in this self-imposed task. For that reason, we are lumping together mission band brevities under the following title.

Tell-O-Grams

GOOD SHEPHERD BAND, CHICAGO. Mrs. Mary Staley, Promoter, is sponsoring a linen shower for our new infirmary. All Chicago promoters and a few others may get a letter from her in this regard.

ST. SABINA BAND, CHICAGO. Miss Marie V. Dwyer, Promoter, expects to sponsor another luncheon (in May or June) for all Chicago promoters. Plans to be announced later.

FLORENTINE BAND, ST. LOUIS. Miss Clare Luechtefeld writes they made \$67 from their Bar-B-Q. Checks covering three months totaled \$105. **MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP BAND,** same city, Mrs. A. J. Lammert, Promoter, showed receipts totaling \$256 for the year.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA GROUP, HUNTINGTON, IND. Mrs. Dan Herzog arranged for a display of our hand-made rosaries at a district meeting of the Third Order. Results!—sales amounting to something like seventy-five dollars in one afternoon.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

December 26, 1958 to January 26, 1959

Charitina I, Chicago, Helen Ford	\$ 5.00
Charitina II, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons ..	7.30
Florentine, St. Louis, Mo., Clare Luechtefeld	105.00
Good Shepherd, Chicago, Mrs. Staley	22.00
Holy Souls, Berwyn, Mrs. McGovern ..	5.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch ..	50.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, Evanston, Ill., Celia Henrich	40.00
Padre Serra, Corona, Calif., Mrs. Vincent DeLaTorre	5.00
Queen of Virgins, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	5.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	4.00
St. Bridget, Covington, Ky., Mary Louise Schmeing	10.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	30.00
St. Gerard, Chicago, Mrs. Perkins ..	5.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Helen Melke ..	6.50
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes ..	53.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	12.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes	17.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones	2.50
St. Rita, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. Johann	20.00
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy....	6.50

PADRE SERRA BAND, Los Angeles

This is our youngest Band. It was born in October, 1958, and consists of four members—all of the same family! Mrs. Vincent de la Torre, sister of Sister Mary Catherine, sees that a monthly check arrives at Victory Noll shortly after the first of the month.

True Devotion to Mary

TODAY the doctrine of True Devotion to Mary as formulated by St. Louis de Montfort is very well known. Hundreds of articles and books have been written to explain it. It is only during the past twenty-five years or so that this phenomenon, we might call it, has taken place.

In our Congregation, however, True Devotion has always figured prominently. Our Reverend Founder, Father Sigstein, made it the very cornerstone of our spirituality. The spirit of True Devotion has always been the spirit of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters.

In our Constitutions, which have the approval of Rome, under the "Means of Attaining Perfection" we read:

These means are chiefly a firm determination and persevering desire of perfection; Holy Mass and the reception of the sacraments; the faithful observance of the vows and Constitutions; the consecration of oneself entirely and forever to Jesus through Mary by the practice of the True Devotion of St. Louis Grignon de Montfort; perfect conformity to God's holy will; acting always from a pure intention and from a supernatural motive.

Almost a year before our community was formally started, there began in Ireland on September 8, 1921, a movement for which we have always felt the closest kinship, for its ideals are so much like our own — the Legion of Mary. The Legion bases its spirituality on True Devotion.

In the years that have intervened the Legion has been for us a nursery for vocations. Young women who have been Legionnaires have become Victory Noll Sisters so that — as one of them put it

— they might do the Legion work on a full time basis.

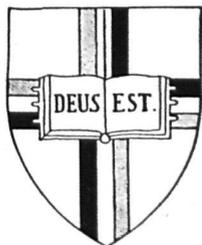
The reason for consecrating ourselves totally to Our Blessed Mother lies in the fact that God has willed to make use of Mary for the sanctification of souls, having already made use of her to bring about the Incarnation. We live in habitual dependence on her in order to obtain a more intimate union with Our Lord, and through Him with the Trinity dwelling in our souls.

To become holy we need grace. Mary alone, as the Angel Gabriel told her, found grace with God. It is through her that we too will find grace. She gave birth to the Author of Grace, Jesus Christ. To Mary then we must go if we would receive that precious gift of grace, so necessary to our salvation and sanctification.

The practice of True Devotion is bound to deepen our spiritual life, for it teaches total dependence on Jesus and Mary, abandonment to Them. True Devotion will keep us humble and very small. We are nothing. We have nothing. Everything we have or do we refer to our good Mother.

Mary will teach us to want only what her Divine Son has planned for us. She will teach us conformity to God's holy will, in which consists all holiness. It is but the echo of the "Not my will, but Thine be done" of Our Blessed Lord; the "Be it done to me according to Thy word" of Our Blessed Mother.

True Devotion has been formulated from Catholic doctrine as contained in Scripture and taught by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. St. Louis used St. Augustine's phrase, "mold of God," to explain how Mary will form into "other Christs" those who practice True Devotion.



Your CCD Question

The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has been canonically erected in our parish. We have an executive board set up and I believe we can count on a good many active members. I have not said anything yet about associate members. How is it best to recruit them?

Enrolling associate members is often neglected even in otherwise well established Confraternities. The best way to recruit them would be an appeal from the pulpit or in the parish bulletin. Better still, Father, put it in the bulletin and also call attention to it personally.

Associate members are persons who cannot take part actively in the work of the Confraternity but are willing to help financially and spiritually. The parish Confraternity should be able to finance its projects out of its own funds. Hence, the contributions of members are necessary.

The Confraternity needs also the spiritual help of its members. When asking for associates be sure to mention the sick and the shut-ins who can help so much with their prayers and sacrifices. We know of one parish that made a special effort to enlist the sick and the handicapped. Those who were able came to church to be enrolled. Others were enrolled in a special ceremony in their homes.

Shut-ins can be given special cases to pray for. Some of them like this better than praying in a general way,

for it is more personal. Sick associate members sometimes turn into active members. We know of some shut-ins who mount medals and holy pictures and help in other ways.

* * *

I have collected some nice charts for my classes, but they tear so easily. I have tried to mend them but without much success. What is the best way to take care of them?

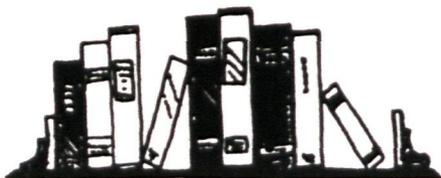
We mount all our large pictures, charts, maps, etc. on binders board. It is cheaper than cardboard and comes in various sizes. Then we store them in an upright position. Also, we have covers made out of plain black material so that we can easily carry them to class. It sounds rather complicated, but it pays. They last a long time if cared for this way. We do this even with charts that come in a roll. We cut off each one and mount it. Of course in a convent where several are using pictures this is an added advantage. Maybe you have only one roll, but two sisters want to use two different pictures on it. Having them separated makes it easy.

* * *

Should we serve refreshments at our discussion club meetings?

It is better not to start it, but if you do, keep it to a minimum. Coffee and a sandwich or cake would be plenty. If you follow the recommendation of the national office and have two sessions of eight weeks each in the spring and fall, the former will come partly during Lent and then refreshments are out anyway. You could try coffee only, for it is true that people expand under the influence of a cup of coffee!

BOOKS



Chamber Music by Sister M. Florian. O.S.F. Pageant Press, Inc., New York. \$2.50

Sister Florian's autobiography should be of special interest to converts, although it might be fair to warn them that Sister's case was unusual, to say the least.

If this were fiction, we might be tempted to criticize a priest who instructed a high school senior without her parents' consent and then admitted her into the Church against their wishes. She was then permitted to enter the convent very soon after her conversion and in the face of opposition from her family.

Yet, unusual as the case was, it just proves that there is no set pattern in the call to the religious life. It proves also that the deciding point in a vocation is one's acceptance by superiors.

There are chapters on the various phases of convent life: the postulancy, novitiate, summer school, Sister's teaching career, etc. One of the best is the description of the motherhouse. Sister knows from experience — having come from an anti-Catholic atmosphere — some of the misconceptions about convent life.

Sister Florian is a member of the Poor Sisters of St. Francis of Perpetual Adoration whom we know so well in our own diocese of Fort Wayne. Sister, however, belongs to the western province.

Spiritual Guidance and The Varieties of Character by Henry J. Simoneaux, O.M.I., S.T.L., Ph.D.; Pageant Press, Inc., New York. \$5.00

The title of this book describes exactly what it contains. The author, however, does not deal so much with the *spiritual* elements of direction. As he says, these have been dealt with over and over by others. Father Simoneaux treats here of the various attitudes and dispositions found in different characters and their relation to the practice of spiritual direction.

To accomplish his purpose the author sent out a questionnaire to five hundred seminarians from different countries. One part was to determine the character of the person answering it; the other part treated of different aspects of spiritual direction. By comparing the two, one could determine the relationship between the varieties of character and spiritual guidance. Father Simoneaux used LeSenne's system of characterology.

The author is meticulous, but never dry. He was very thorough in gathering his data and is very thorough in reporting it. In explaining his questionnaire he takes pains to tell exactly why such a question was chosen, why it was so worded, and whether or not it was used in a trial questionnaire.

Interspersed throughout are some of the fundamental rules of counseling and interviewing; for instance, that the counselor should hear out the subject, that the interviewer must have the capacity for sympathetic listening, that the aim of counseling should be a general growth in maturity, in independence, in responsibility, and in personal integration.

We believe that this book will be helpful not only to priests in giving spiritual direction, but to all who are counselors, especially of youth.

The Dead Sea Scrolls and Primitive Christianity by Jean Danielou, S.J., translated by Salvator Attansio. Helicon Press, 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$3.00

Father Danielou's book, if one might say so without sounding irreverent, reads almost like an exciting mystery story. Some of the questions he asks and answers are: Did John the Baptist belong to the Qumran community? Why are the Essenes not mentioned in the Gospels together with the Pharisees and Saducees? Was the Epistle to the Hebrews written by a converted Essene? Did Qumran have any influence on the writings of St. John the Evangelist?

The author examines these questions and others in the light of the scrolls. He presupposes that we know their history so he does not go into that. Neither does he assess their contents. His object is to analyze the relationship between the Qumran monastery, its spirit and its literature, and its influence on Christianity.

The tremendous value of the Qumran Scrolls lies in their new testimony to the customs of the time of Christ so that through them we can understand better both the Old Testament and the New. The more that is learned from the study of the scrolls, the more we realize that although Christianity borrowed many forms of expression from Qumran, yet it is dominated by the person of Christ, His death, and His resurrection.

Father Danielou has contributed greatly to the growing list of books on Qumran. His volume contains eight photographs taken at the site of the excavations.

The Eucharist and Christian Life adapted from the original work of the late Isidor Cardinal Goma by the Most Rev. Aloysius J. Willinger, C.S.S.R., D.D., Bishop of Monterey-Fresno. Academy Library Guild, Box 549, Fresno, Calif. \$2.00 cloth; \$1.00 paper.

This is the second of a series subtitled Theological Studies and Supernatural Psychology Concerning the Blessed Sacrament. The first, according to Bishop Willinger, appeared several years ago.

The book contains six chapters. The first three concern the Eucharist and the intellect; the last, the Eucharist and the will. As a consequence, the first part is somewhat didactic and yet, as soon as you think the author is much given to speculation, he breaks into fervent affections.

This is not easy reading, as the Bishop himself reminds us in his Introduction. He says: "Much like the miner who has to explore and spade for the precious ore beneath the earth's surface, so the gentle reader of this book will have to exercise his mental faculties and processes to discover the nuggets between its pages."

* * * *

I Believe, Book 2, by Father Francis. The Seraphic Press, 1501 S. Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15. Wis. 30 cents. Special prices in quantity lots.

Readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST know that we have consistently recommended all of the Father Francis books for religious instruction. This second book on the Creed is as excellent as its predecessor. It explains the last part of the Apostles' Creed beginning with "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

The usual signs of a religious vocation are moral, intellectual, and physical fitness, presupposing, of course, the right intention.

If we are to believe the books written by sisters themselves and others written about sisters, there is another qualification which I shall call fixability, meaning the ability to fix anything.

For the consolation of would-be sisters who are not so gifted, let me tell you that I have managed to survive although my usefulness in any predicament is extremely limited. Changing a light bulb is about the extent of it and then only if it is the screw-in kind. In all fairness I admit that I have changed a few of the other kind and they still work.

Invariably in the books the organs are of an ancient vintage. When a key won't play, or worse, when it insists on sounding though you don't want it to, the sister organist merely opens up the innards and presto, it is fixed. My solution is much simpler. We continue a capella.

It is true that many sisters are expert carpenters, mechanics, plumbers, etc. I have been fortunate in that there is usually one in the same convent with me. Then I have no worries.

On my first mission it was not a sister, but Tomas, an elderly Mexican, who did the fixing. He had a pension and would take no money for his work. His English was extremely limited. Whenever something went wrong, Tomas would, as he said, "fixemup." Sometimes he would mixemup. Many of his contrivances were Rube Goldbergish, but Tomas was always a source of edification for us. He arrived fully a half hour before Mass

every morning to get in his extra prayers. Sister Josephine used to call him the second point of our meditation.

Tomas and I were good friends because, for one thing, my dumbness made him feel superior. When two of us were transferred to another convent we were still close enough to return occasionally for a visit. The first time we came back we received a hearty welcome from Tomas.

When it was time to go home we discovered that the front gate was not only closed as usual, but it was roped tight. Tomas was around the corner of the house watching the whole proceedings. It was his way of telling us he would like us to stay, but very gallantly he came out and untied all the knots.

So don't worry if you are not a do-it-yourselfer. There will always be someone to do it; if not another sister, then another Tomas. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

Jose Vigil, Denver, father of Sister Carmelita
Cornelius J. James, Sr., Cincinnati, Ohio,
father of Sister Alice Marie
Joseph Ksycki, Dubois, Ill., father of Sister
Martin
Very Rev. Michael Haas, LaCrosse, Wis.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Leo J. DeBarry, Detroit
Rev. Joseph P. Donovan, C.M., St. Louis
Rev. Laurence J. Kenny, S.J., St. Louis
Mother Evelyn, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Zita, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Gertrude, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Noella, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister Mary Gilbert, Mount St. Joseph, Ohio
John Salchinger, Santa Barbara, Calif.
John Egan, Paris, Ill.
Richard Means, Paris, Ill.
James P. Deane, Lincoln, Ill.
Francis Masterson, Scammon, Kans.
John O'Malley, Mineral, Kans.
James A. McNichols, New York City
Harry Borchelt, Oldenburg, Ind.
Joseph Lehman, Carlisle, Pa.
Robert Lemoine, Morgan City, La.
Matthew Hennen, Watkins, Minn.
Mrs. Mamie Smith, Kingman, Kans.
C. Fred Rice, Meadville, Pa.
Henry Schmidling, Fort Wayne

The dark blue habit of a novice is exactly like that of a professed sister except that a novice wears a white veil and a pin of Our Lady of Victory instead of a medal and chain. In this photograph of Sister Therese Ann, made when she received the habit, you can see the cincture that turned out to be

Strong as a Rope

by SISTER THERESE ANN

WHEN I received my habit not so many years ago, it never occurred to me, as I tied the cincture around my waist for the first time, that someday that very cincture would figure in a daring rescue. But that is exactly what happened.

It was a free day and four of us had gone to a nearby canyon for relaxation. After a long hike we were resting not far from some beautiful water falls when a boy appeared from almost nowhere crying out breathlessly, "A man fell over the falls. We need a rope to pull him out."

"A rope?" we asked.

Then an idea struck. If the four of us gave him our cinctures he could tie them together and use it for a rope.

They did indeed make a very strong rope when they were tied together. The boy ran off and we followed to see whether we could be of help, for one of the sisters with us was a nurse.

A ten-year-old girl had fallen into the falls. Her brother-in-law jumped



in to save her from the icy water. In making the rescue he had broken his leg and had to be hoisted from the water with our cinctures tied around his waist.

We were able to console both the victims and the relatives. The man and the child were placed on cots. Again the cinctures were used to tie the little girl securely to the cot before they began the trip down the mountain. A station wagon would take the patients to the highway where they would be transferred to an ambulance.

As we were leaving the scene the people thanked us profusely and added, "Those belts of yours were just what we needed, Sisters. They are as strong as any rope."

*"I'm not
taking
any
chances!"*



. . . says Elizabeth Ann in sending us her picture. There just might be a waiting list in 1976 when she will be old enough to enter Victory Noll.

Elizabeth Ann knows that a picture should accompany an application to the community so she asked her parents Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Gandle of Buffalo, N.Y., to send hers early.

There IS a waiting list now of bishops and priests who want Victory Noll Sisters.

Will you join Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in their apostolic work instructing others in the truths of our religion?

Any similarity between the applicant's name and the editor's is pure coincidence.

Postulants are admitted to Victory Noll on September 8. If you are 18 or over, or are graduating from high school this year, write to the Vocation Directress today for information. Address:

Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Name Age.....

Address

City Zone State