

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Number 6



Mary's Visitors

by SISTER ANTHONY



Mary's shrine on convent grounds, Azusa, California

EVER since our outdoor shrine became a reality, Mary has had visitors, for Mary has a mother's way of drawing her children to her. We see them: youngsters, old folks, working people, stopping for a moment to greet their mother.

In the morning when we come home from Mass there is usually a working man standing before the shrine, head bowed, hat in hand, bag over his back. He is a Mexican avocado picker who has stopped to make his morning offering.

Then there are the old ladies trodding by each day on their way to

church. They never fail to give at least a nod to their model, Queen of Mothers. There are the teenagers flying by in their hotrods, giving a quick glance and sometimes a tip of the hat. Who knows, perhaps they add a "Mary, guide me," as they go on their way.

The children come at any and every hour. They usually bring a flower or two, sometimes weeds, and lay them at Our Blessed Mother's feet.

So it goes, day after day. Our neighborhood has changed since it started to honor Our Lady. Young and old know that she is there waiting for them, waiting to show herself a Mother.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll
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COVER

Learning to be an altar boy is very puzzling at first, but with Sister Teresita as coach, Allen and his friends soon become proficient.

CREDITS

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AN ECHO, although a sound in itself, always presupposes another sound. So our mothers, wonderful as they are, harken back to the most wonderful mother the world has ever known. This extraordinary mother is Mary, the Mother of God.

Mary was chosen from all eternity to be the Mother of the God-Man, Jesus Christ. Too often we forget the other side of that marvelous story. When Christ hung dying on the Cross, He looked down into the eyes of His Mother and with all the love of a God-Man, He cried out: "Woman, behold thy son"; and again, "Son, behold thy mother." With these words Christ did not create this motherhood of Mary toward us, but He simply proclaimed it and confirmed it at the most solemn moment of His life. Mary conceived and ther. Pope St. Pius X says that in con-

cal Body, Mary conceived us also, because we are members of this Body, and the head and the members make but one whole. Mary conceived the head of the Mystical Body physically, while she gave to the members a spiritual life. Mary gave physical life to Christ the head precisely in order that the members might receive from this head their spiritual life. Truly it can be said that, with her First-born, Mary bore us all, spiritually, in her virginal womb. This spiritual motherhood means that Mary gives us supernatural life as truly as our mothers gave us natural life. What our natural mothers do for us in the natural order, Mary does for us in the supernatural order; she nourishes, increases, develops, and protects our lives to bring them to maturity.

The whole idea of motherhood is

God's Mother and Mine

by ANDRE WELLER, O.F.M.CAP.

Frater Andre is studying for the priesthood at the Capuchin Seminary in Huntington, Indiana.

brought forth her son without sorrow and pain. But she gave birth to us, her spiritual children, at the agony of the Cross. Mary is not our mother in a human way, but through Christ's burning love.

Mary is the Mother of God and Mary is our mother! Two simple truths—but truths far reaching in their effects. We poor mortals are at a loss when it comes to probing the depths of Mary's Divine Motherhood. So well did one of the Fathers of the Church realize this that he called her "The limits of the Infinite."

Relying on her aid, let us delve into the consideration of Mary as our mother, Jesus, the head of the Mysti-

summed up in that little but all-embracing word: love. What earthly mother could possibly love her child as Mary loves her children? Mary loves us as only the most perfect mother whom nature and grace could form. Mary, our mother, loves us with the very same kind of love with which she loved Jesus, because we are one with Him. She is our mother through and through because she was divinely made for the task.

So far the stress has been on the differences between Mary, our heavenly mother, and our earthly mothers. Our mothers are wonderful—indeed, this is so true—but they must look to another mother to see their ideal. Bishop Sheen expresses this when he says

that "every person carries within his heart a blueprint of the one he loves," and then concludes that our Blessed Mother is such a blueprint, the ideal of womanhood.

Mary is the ideal mother and the ideal of mothers. Whatever perfection is included in the word mother is found in the highest possible degree in our heavenly mother. Whatever imperfection, defect, or weakness, or whatever prevent other women from being completely mothers, is totally lacking in Mary. Mary, and Mary alone, exercises motherhood to its fullness. Our mothers are mothers only to that extent to which they resemble this ideal mother.

Have you ever seen the face of a young mother beam when one of her friends tells her that her little son resembles his mother? Of every child born into the world this can be said at least to some degree. But there is only one of whom it is more correct to say that the mother resembled the Child. This mother was Mary.

We are not speaking exclusively of physical resemblance, but also of a likeness of souls. Mary was most perfect both in soul and body because she was the Mother of God. Bishop Sheen says that the Son of God existed before His Mother, as an artist before his painting. Now if the artist when painting a picture of his mother would make her as beautiful as he could, how much more should the Son of God create His Mother beautiful, as only a God knows how to make a mother beautiful. Mary's beauty of nature and supernature, of body and soul is exquisite. Here is that beautiful paradox of the Child who made His Mother, the most wonderful mother in the whole world; and she is our mother!

There is a little poem entitled, "I am the Mother of a Priest." It describes



Sister Jude, like all Victory Noll Sisters, looks to our heavenly mother under her title of Our Lady of Victory. Her feast is May 24.

the thrill that must surge upward in a mother's heart when she sees the bishop impose his hands on her son and say, "Thou art a Priest forever." Her own flesh and blood, her own son, a priest after the heart of the Eternal Priest, Christ. After experiencing the joy of seeing her son become a priest, the mother of the newly-ordained feels the pain of separation as he leaves her to go and win souls for Christ. Mary felt the same pain when Jesus left her to preach the kingdom of God to the world. Likewise mothers of religious. Think of the great sacrifices they have made of their sons and daughters to the service of God. It was just another opportunity for these mothers to say their "So be it" to God with Mary.

The role of motherhood is always the same: past, present and future. Motherhood is essentially love. Divine Providence, in Its infinite Goodness, has given our mothers a perfect model in the Mother of all mothers, Mary; and she is our mother!

Allen the Acolyte

by SISTER TERESITA

ALLEN screwed up his nose and pulled at his tight curls as he said again perplexedly, "Sister, I just don't understand."

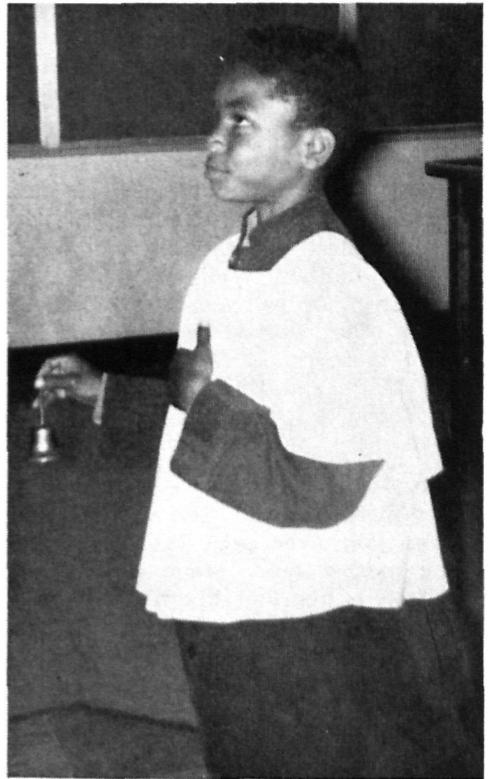
I could plainly see that he didn't. Allen wanted to be an acolyte and we were having our first lesson.

"But those . . . those Latin words, Sister! What do they all mean?"

Allen was bright. He had a charming personality. It was not long before all those Latin words rolled from his tongue as if he had spoken Latin all his life.

Then came his first practice. Devout as a novice and just about as awkward, he persevered. We practiced again and again. With reverent impatience, he eagerly asked, "Sister, when do I really get to do it?"

"Allen, I think we'll let you begin next Monday morning at the six-thirty



Mass. Gilbert will serve with you. Everything will go along smoothly."

"Gee, Sister, thanks. I can hardly wait!"

That first morning he did as well as can be expected of a beginner. By the end of the week he should have the confidence he needed.

A few mornings later Gilbert, his co-server and a veteran, did not appear. Allen was perturbed. It was almost time for Father to begin Mass.

Shortly before six-thirty, as we knelt in our places in the first pew, I was distracted by a form leaning over the Communion rail. It was Allen.

"Sister," he called in an excited stage whisper, "Gilbert's not here. I'm going to serve Mass all by myself."

I nodded approvingly and Allen turned to trail after Father who had just entered the sanctuary.

All went well until after the ablutions. Allen was in the center of the sanctuary, ready to make the transfer of the missal and the chalice veil. Indecision registered. He looked bewildered. He started hesitatingly toward the chalice veil, changed his mind, backed down, and just stood there a second as if to say, "Well, man, do something—anything—but get going!"

Shrugging his shoulders, his attitude displayed an inner combat. "I don't know if this is right, but here goes!"

We met Allen at the door as we were leaving the church. He smiled engagingly as usual, but there was a seriousness in his voice. "Gee, Sister," he confided, "I sure was scared!"



Sister Teresita and Allen

* * * * *

SERVER TO THE RESCUE

The most generous boys in any parish are the altar boys. That they sometimes get lost in the rubrics is not surprising.

Take Joseph, for instance. He had just served Mass perfectly. Father had said the last prayers and was ready to leave the sanctuary, chalice in one hand, ciborium in the other. Joseph was standing ready, hands folded piously.

"The biretta," whispered Father.

Joseph, as every good altar boy knows, must be ready for any emergency. This morning, alert as usual, he picked up the biretta, placed it on his own head, and marched triumphantly into the sacristy followed by biretta-less Father who chuckled, just a little.

SISTER MICHELLE

Looking for more classroom space? Then read this.

FOUR WALLS

by
SISTER JOSEPH MARIE



Pupils of grade six are anxious to recite for their beloved pastor, Father Walter Jude. Mrs. Henry LaCroix is their proud teacher.

NEXT to pupils, what the religion teacher wants most are **FOUR WALLS** around her class to keep out you-know-what.

Many a lesson on creation has been taught in its natural setting. Our Lord Himself could point to the lilies of the field, and no other teaching aid has ever been used more advantageously.

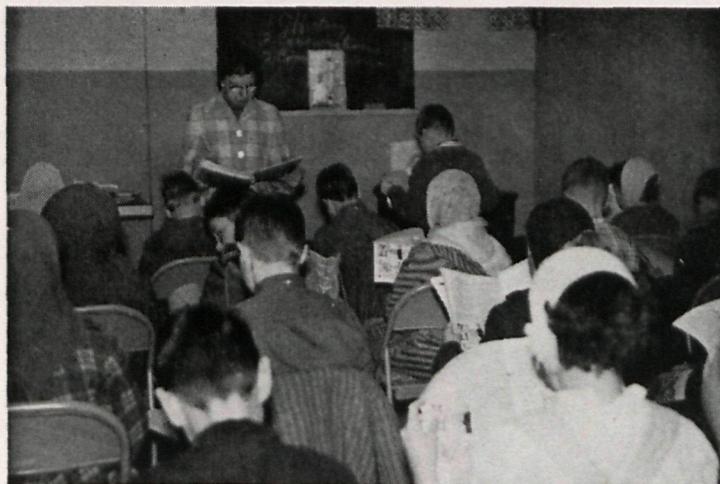
But after having had a taste of teaching in wide open spaces, and having vied with the neighbor's cats and dogs, chickens and ducks, the coal delivery,

fire engines, a sudden downpour, and bugs, we still prefer to have four walls enclosing our classroom. Is there a religion teacher who does not agree?

When the school of religion was reorganized in Mancelona, Michigan, last fall, we had eight groups of children and as many teachers; but not nearly enough individual rooms to accommodate all satisfactorily. The pastor, Father Walter Jude, was deeply concerned. After much reflection, figuring, and no doubt some sleepless nights, Father



When Mrs. Bertram Sweeney brings out her flannelboard, her little charges are all eyes and ears. Sister Martha Mary, who supervises the primary grades, seems pleased with the response of the pupils.



These children are absorbed in the lesson being taught by Mrs. George Troyk. For many years Mrs. Troyk has faithfully served St. Anthony's parish as catechist and as organist.

came up with what we consider an ingenious solution.

Half of the spacious church basement was divided into five classrooms, still leaving the other half large enough to accommodate meetings of parish organizations. The walls and sliding doors consist entirely of two quarter-inch hardwood panels four by eight feet with an inside two by two frame. The walls are held by a base shoe on each side. No nails are necessary. Each room has four sliding rails held by two lines of parallel rails so that half of the room can be opened ahead of time for better heating facility.

The air space in the wall panels helps to make them more sound proof. Furthermore, the size of the panels makes it possible for two men to dismantle the classrooms in half an hour for any large parish activity. This is necessary only about once a year; for instance, for the pre-Lenten dance. Otherwise the other half of the hall provides ample space for gatherings.

Much to the satisfaction of Father Jude, the total cost of the five classrooms amounted to only four hundred dollars, seven dollars for each panel. Three other rooms in the church building serve as additional classrooms.

Sister Joan teaches grade three. They deserve A for attention as Sister explains the picture of the Last Supper. Sister Joseph Marie, Mrs. Adrien Finch, and Mrs. Paul Joseph complete the staff of the school of religion at St. Anthony's Mancelona, Michigan.





It isn't hard to tell which one is Danny. That's right, the boy in the middle.

DANNY, one of my very special junior delinquents, made his First Communion this morning in a very special session.

Though he is not a slow child, his antics made it impossible to teach him with the class. The only way I could get any learning into his poor little head was to teach him alone after the other children were gone. I would lock all the doors of our garage classroom so that no one could come in to distract us.

The little villain is only nine years old and should be in the third grade, but the school will no longer put up with him. For about three months they let him run the streets.

The place where Danny and I became friends was Juvenile Hall. He had been causing so much trouble that it was decided he should be taken away from his mother. In the interim he was to stay in the care section of the detention home. His crimes consisted in driving his teachers to distraction, spending his

My Junior Delinquent

by SISTER MAUREEN

spare time in back of the stores downtown, emptying large trash cans all over alleys, drinking and smoking with bigger boys, and proving a general nuisance.

It was not at Juvenile Hall, however, that Danny and I first met. I had made his acquaintance at our teaching center near the school he used to attend. I have the second grade and though he was in the third, he would not stay where he belonged, but used to make the rounds of every sister's class. When he found things a little dull in his own class, he would wander off to someone else's room and stir up some excitement.

One day Danny took the matches I always brought with me to light the gas stoves in my various teaching places. I sternly demanded that he give them to me. He refused to return them and I refused to let him go until he did. I finally won the bout and a little of his respect, I think.

When we met in Juvenile Hall I seemed to him like a long lost friend. He was the picture of despair. After my regular weekly class with the older boys, I was about to leave when Danny came up to me and pleaded, "Sister, please take me home with you."

How I wished I could. His mother gives him very little affection and his father is in jail on a narcotics charge. He is the most lonely and rebellious little child I have ever seen.

Finally Danny was released, but to the dismay of all the sisters, he had not improved from his stay in the detention home. My attention to him in Juvenile Hall made him my little boy and although I have had bouts with him, he has been around long enough for me to get him ready for his First Communion although he was too late to make it with the rest of the class.



Looks as if Danny (center) is going to class today.

On Thursday he made his first confession. The thought of his past almost caused him to lose his nerve. Finally he hurried into the confessional before he weakened.

We had planned to have him receive Holy Communion the following day, Friday, but his mother insisted on his waiting a few more days so that she could get him better clothes.

On Friday, however, he was back at the convent for more instruction and, of all things, he wanted to go to confession again; As he was about to leave he asked, "How do you say it, Sister? 'Blessed me, Father, I have sinned. This is my last confession'?"

"No, Danny, say 'My last confession was yesterday.'" But that sounded almost as funny as his version.

I gave him a medal which had on it, "I am a Catholic. Please call a priest." I explained its meaning.

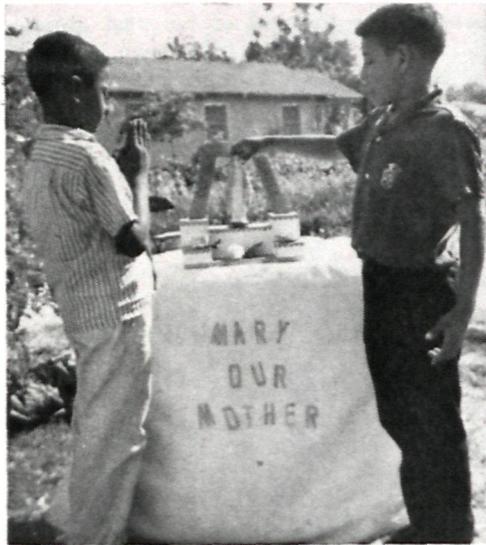
With a roguish twinkle in his eye, Danny picked it up and read, "I am a Catholic. Please call the police."

My schedule took me to another parish on Sunday morning and so I did not see Danny on his big day; but the sister who was there had the happiness of hearing him tell her after Mass, "Sister, I prayed for you this morning."

Arrangements have been made to send Danny to the orphanage in San Diego. The good sisters there will give him the affection and guidance he needs.

"Sister," asked the little boy, "do you know that I am from out of the Bible? My name is Peter and Mom got it out of the Bible."

In the Home Field



May Crownings are not just for girls. Reynaldo crowns Our Lady. Ronald, left, was crown-bearer.

REACTION

We were reviewing the story of the miraculous draught of fishes after telling it to the kindergarten group the previous week.

"What did Peter say to Jesus when he saw all the fish?" I asked. Here are some of the answers.

Mary: "I'm glad we caught so many fish."

Perry: "You can be my first mate!"

Cynthia: "Jesus, You are God. I shouldn't be here. I am a sinner."

SISTER ALMA MARIE

* * *

WELL, WASN'T THAT IT?

It was the week of the Third Sunday after Easter. "Who knows what Father said at Mass last Sunday?" I asked the children.

I admit it was a rather hard question for very small boys and girls, but five-year-old Billy was equal to it. Here is his answer: "I'll meetcha after a while and then I won't meetcha after a while."

SISTER MARY ADELE

COUNSELOR

The lesson was on the spiritual works of mercy.

"Who can give me an example of counseling the doubtful?" I asked.

An altar boy hand waved madly.

"Sister, I serve with lots of altar boys and sometimes they are in doubt about the time to ring the bell. They are afraid to ring it at the wrong time because Sister will give them heck. I counsel them to ring it because I'm not afraid of a little bit of heck.

SISTER SOPHIA

* * *

TIME, PLEASE!

We are caught between a Central Standard zone and a Daylight Saving zone here in Indiana. Working in seventeen missions for twelve pastors in three different dioceses keeps us stepping under normal circumstances, but with this confusion of time, you can imagine the time we have keeping to our schedule.

SISTER MARY BERNADETTE



Emily Richard, now a ninth grader, has a fine record in our school of religion in Ogden, Utah. Here she is helping two little girls learn their prayers.

WHOSE GUM?

Little Irma is a budding CCD teacher. She noticed that a neighbor (one of our lay teachers) had the First Communicants come to her house for extra classes, so Irma decided to organize her own class.

She told me, "I am teaching all the little kids that don't go to school so they can learn how to pray. Those kids all come with chewing gum, but I don't let them have it. I put it on a plate until after class."

"How do you know whose gum it is, Irma?" I asked.

"Oh, as soon as they come in they put the gum on the edge of the plate and when they leave I know just where each piece belongs and they pick it up."

SISTER MARGARITA

* * *

MOST IMPORTANT

My pupil was an unusually serious little boy whom I was instructing privately so that he could make his First Communion. I explained the three qualities that make a sin mortal. It must be a serious matter, something big; we must know it is a big sin, and we must want to do it. I wrote down: 1. Big; 2. Know; 3. Want.

Then we had a problem to figure out. "Suppose," I said, "someone stole a penny from a grocery store? Would that be a mortal sin?"

"No, Sister," came the immediate reply.

"Why not?" I asked. "What would be missing?" I expected him to say the first thing and point to BIG. "What would be missing?" I asked again.

"The penny, Sister."

SISTER ANNE VERONICA



Sister Mary Patrick sees that Mary Helen Hawthorne's veil is just right. Springfield, Vermont.

IDEAL CLASS

How would you like to teach a group of students who are never absent, never late—not even a minute—and who regularly complete their homework?

It is my privilege to give a CCD course in methods of teaching to such a class. They are Oblate students at St. Anthony's Seminary in San Antonio. Ten lay people are in the group, in addition to thirty seminarians.

One evening selected stories which had been written by the students were being read aloud. At the conclusion of one of the stories, a woman exclaimed enthusiastically, "What a wonderful priest he will make!"

Then came the announcement: "This story was written by Miss Mary Sullivan."

SISTER ALODIA



Pilgrimage

to

Mexico

by SISTER LORETTA MARIE

Mother Cecilia (facing camera) and sisters outside the basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

FOR weeks we had been dreaming about it—this trip to Mexico and the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. In our dreams—both waking and sleeping—the day of our departure had been bright and sunshiny. At last the day had come and what did we have? Rain and more rain. It was one of the most dismal days we had had for a long time—damp and cold.

Not even the weather, however, could dampen our enthusiasm as we set out from McAllen, Texas. Our assistant pastor, Father Joseph O'Brien, O. M. I., was at the wheel. Mother Cecilia, Sister Bridget, Sister Maria Rafaela, Sister Jerome, and I were the passengers.

Months before, Father Busch, our pastor, had invited Mother Cecilia to make this trip when she came to McAllen on her visitation. To our joy Mother had accepted and now at last we were on the way.

Very appropriately we arrived in Mexico City on the evening of the feast

of the Purification. The goal of our trip—Our Lady's shrine—would have to wait until tomorrow. What we wanted to find now was the suburb of Coyocacan where we sisters would be the guests of a Mexican family during our stay.

The welcome we received in the Mata-Mendoza household could not have been more cordial if we had been members of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Mata formerly lived in San Antonio where we knew them well. In fact, while our convent was being built there Mrs. Mata gave us the use of her home during the day. At night we slept in another convent. Mr. Mata was overseas at the time, in service. Shortly after he returned home he took a position as executive of an American company in Mexico City, Mrs. Mata's former home. Dona Raquel Mendoza, Mrs. Mata's mother, and Don Ismael, her brother, live with them. The Matas have no children of their own but are rearing three young boys, brothers.

The lovely home is typically Mexican with the high wall enclosing garden and house. Sky lights keep the building bright. Mrs. Mata is a charming hostess. The meals were delicious, served in formal Mexican style by Mrs. Mata with the help of the boys.

But what impressed us most was the deep faith of the Mata-Mendoza family. Over his desk in his office Mr. Mata has a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe with lights around it. He told us that when a higher official of the company first came to the plant, he roughly disconnected the lights. Mr. Mata calmly connected them again. Once more the lights were disconnected and he was told he should not have religious pictures over his desk. Mr. Mata replied that the picture would stay or he would leave with it. Mr. Mata and the picture both stayed.

A short time after this a working man fell from a high ladder. As soon as Mr. Mata saw what was happening

he called aloud to Our Lady of Guadalupe for help and the man fell comfortably on a chair without the least harm. One by one the other Catholic men put pictures of Our Lady on their desks. They too wanted her protection. When she had worked her way into all the offices they decided to give her a place of honor in the large company dining room. This was done with the greatest ceremony. The Bishop himself, accompanied by the president of the plant and all the employees, enthroned the beautiful picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Through Mr. Mata this same company now sponsors an annual pilgrimage to the shrine. Candles carried in the procession are lighted from a volcano not too far from Mexico City. The task of getting the light begins three days before the pilgrimage. Some of the men go to the crater, let down a torch to get a light, and a runner car-

(Continued on page 18)



What is now the Mata's combination living room and dining room was once the chapel of Dona Raquel's school. The picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe is hung where the altar was. From left: Sister Bridget, Mother Cecilia, Don Ismael Mandoza, Dona Raquel Mendoza, Mr. Mata, Sister Maria Rafaela, Mrs. Mata, and Sister Loretta Marie. Sister Jerome took the picture.



our **A**ssociates'

Attention Chicago Promoters

A benefit luncheon and raffle for our sisters will be held Saturday at 1 p.m. on June 13 in Harding's dining room at *The Fair Store*, Adams and State. Two of our sisters plan to be present. Reservations are to be made with Miss Marie V. Dwyer, 7619 S. May Street, Chicago 20, Ill.

Dear Associates:

DO YOU believe in sharing a good thing? Then get one more lady to join your mission band. As an Associate she will also share in the prayers and good works of *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters*. It will help the yearly receipts of your Mission Band, too—to the extent of extra dues paid into your treasury.

We would like to see a new member in each Band for a member lost during the past year through a death or resignation. Remind potential members of the many spiritual benefits they will enjoy and of the free subscription, provided yearly Band receipts total twenty-five dollars or more.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

THE members of *St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebraska*, sent us a check for \$200 recently, toward furnishings for the new infirmary and chapel. *St. Mary's Mission Society, Ft. Wayne*, has been sponsoring a linen shower of sheets, pillow cases, towels, etc. *Mrs. Loretta Mettler*, president, promises to bring these to Victory Noll at the first opportunity.

Others who have helped or promised help, in this connection, are a *Cincinnati, Ohio, Band* and *Good Shepherd Mission Club, Chicago*.

ST. RITA BAND Hammond, Ind.

Left to right:
(Seated) Mrs. Helen Johann, president; Mrs. Marie Glas-mire, Mrs. Freda Berendt.

(Standing) Mrs. Florence Hartigan, Mrs. Marie Stommel, Mrs. Pauline Bauer-meister. Mrs. Marie Heiden was absent. The group sponsor Mrs. Johann's daughter, Sister Rita Therese.



Club Mention



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

February 26 to March 30, 1959

Dolores Guild, Chicago, A. Klingel	...\$80.00
Good Shepherd, Chicago, Mrs. Burke	\$5.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz 81.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	20.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Ill., Miss Betty Accomando 24.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	.. 25.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog 9.00
Padre Serra, Corona, Calif., Mrs. Vincent delaTorre 10.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. James A. O'Brien 20.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy 38.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. A. Vlcek 20.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Miss Melke	... 76.25
St. John, Chicago, Mrs. Bechtold100.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	... 75.00
St. Jude, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Horstman	... 96.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer	... 32.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes	... 31.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter 14.05
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egermier110.00
St. Martin, Omaha, F. Shanahan 65.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	... 10.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	... 16.00
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	... 12.50
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth 14.00

TELL-O-GRAMS

ST. PHILOMENA BAND, CHICAGO. There are fifteen ladies in this North Side Band, presided over by Miss Mary Schaefer. The members pay \$1 a month dues. Attendance is always very good. Fourteen attended one month and thirteen the next, although this was in mid-winter when ice and snow abounded.

ST. MARY GORETTI BAND, ELMHURST, ILL. Mrs. Louis Picchiatti writes, "When this cold weather lets up I hope to get the girls started again. I have quite a supply of Christmas and pretty birthday cards that we should be able to convert into useful items. I also have some plastic tubing for bracelets but must dye it first."

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART, APPLETON, WIS. Miss Helen Arens wrote: "We enclose money orders amounting to \$61 which we hope will help you a little." The group sponsors Sister Marian Frances.

GOOD WILL MISSION CIRCLE, CARROLLTON, KY. Mrs. Frank Moorman said in a letter, "Our pastor attended our last meeting and was happy to hear we are helping your Sisters. He said they do wonderful work in our Kentucky mountain missions."

MAKE IT A SPIRITUAL BOUQUET OF MASSES AND PRAYERS!



Enroll your mother in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY. She will share in a weekly Mass for benefactors as well as in a First Friday Mass offered for Associates. She will also share in a Perpetual Litany of Our Lady of Victory offered daily at Victory Noll. These spiritual benefits apply to both living and deceased persons.

(Usual offering, perpetual enrollment, \$10, annual, \$1)

Sisters, please enroll
(living) (dec.) as an ASSOCIATE (perpetually) (for one year). Send me a Certificate.

Name
Street
City Zone State

Pilgrimage to Mexico

(Continued from page 15)

ries it ten miles to another man and so on in relays until it reaches the pilgrimage and all the candles are lighted.

But it is Mrs. Mendoza, Dona Raquel, who is queen of the home. In her younger years she was directress of several private schools. During the days of persecution in Mexico when she was forbidden to teach religion in her school she invited her pupils and their parents to her home in the evening and prepared the children for First Communion. When officials complained she bravely told them she would do as she pleased in her own home.

The Thursday we were there was the general Communion day for the *Vela Perpetua* Society. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament is carried in procession around the inside of the church, the members of the society bearing lighted candles. The night before, Mrs. Mendoza told us about this and asked us to be sure to stay to see it. But imagine our astonishment when after Mass in the morning she presented each of us with a lighted candle and asked us to join the procession!

But this is getting ahead of our story. The first day of our visit we spent mostly at the basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Father O'Brien obtained permission to offer Mass at Our Lady's altar shortly after ten o'clock. It was actually eleven before he could begin. We were glad we had fortified ourselves with coffee before leaving Matas, for we wanted to receive Holy Communion at "our" Mass.

The Mass was not without distractions, for a group of pilgrims arrived in the meantime. All carried candles and flowers and sang hymns in honor of Our Blessed Mother. A little later we could hear a band playing outside and we knew that still another pilgrim-

age had arrived. They were waiting for the first group to leave. As soon as our Mass ended, a priest with the pilgrimage began his Mass.

After a while we went outside and watched the people and the organized groups arriving. Father O'Brien went to the nearby Oblate Seminary, returned in a station wagon with Father Davis, and we all went to the seminary for breakfast.

Father Davis then took us to see the Oblate church dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe. This church is new and modern in design. Afterward we returned to the basilica, for after all, to visit Our Lady of Guadalupe was the reason for our trip to Mexico.

This time we climbed the steps to Tepeyac. This is the hill behind the basilica where the first apparitions to Juan Diego took place. The basilica is on the spot where Our Blessed Mother gave Juan her picture, but the hill above is where they first met. Here we saw all kinds of people: real Indians, ordinary Mexicans, tourists, and sisters whom we recognized as such even though they did not wear a religious habit.

Our next two days in Mexico we spent visiting churches in Cholula, Puebla, and in Mexico City, always returning to Our Blessed Mother's basilica. She is like a magnet drawing all to her beautiful picture. Of our feelings on seeing it we have said nothing. When the heart is full, words mean very little. Kneeling before the miraculous image you realize that it could only have come from heaven. For four centuries now Our Blessed Mother has looked down on her children with tenderness. Truly she is the Empress of the Americas.

Our return trip to Texas was made in bright sunshiny weather, a perfect ending for a perfect pilgrimage. It was with regret but with heartfelt gratitude and happiness that we stepped out of the car in McAllen to resume our daily routine of missionary life: regret that our wonderful trip had ended, but happiness over the privilege that had been ours.



Your CCD Question

Is it all right to give holy cards as rewards for learning lessons?

Teachers, especially new teachers, frequently ask us this same question. No, don't start it. If you do, then very soon such a reward will become common place and not to be coveted at all.

Children love holy pictures, but we must use them sparingly and then they will value them. Be very careful about using awards. Be sure that they mean something and are treasured when you do use them. Christmas and the end of the year are times when you can safely use awards. Occasionally, during the year, you might use them but do so judiciously.

* * *

You say that we should adhere strictly to a time limit in our discussion club meetings. What happens if the members, or some of them, won't go home?

Frankly, we do not know. Of course you cannot put people out of your house! You cannot get rid of them the same way you do a salesman.

Perhaps the most tactful way would be to bring it up at the beginning of the next meeting. You could say something like this: "May I please mention something before we begin our discussion tonight? One of the rules we made for ourselves, you'll remember, is that we are going to begin and end on time. If we made the rule, let's keep it. Once we start cheating on it, before we know

it, we'll be ignoring it altogether. I like to know that we'll begin and end on time. Then I can plan the evening accordingly. And I am sure the rest of you feel the same way. Don't you?"

Try something like that—and good luck to you.

* * *

We have difficulty getting some of the children to do their assignments. Do you think it would do any good to put an achievement chart in the church vestibule? This is a very small parish and everybody knows everybody. We would not want to hurt anyone or cause trouble.

We think it is a wonderful idea. Be sure to get the pastor's opinion and permission. We know of a number of places where it is done and it WORKS. When parents know that their Johnny's record is up there for all to see, they will get busy and see that he improves or else . . .

Such a plan has another advantage. It makes the entire parish more aware of the school of religion. This is especially true in a small parish like yours.

Make your charts attractive but not too elaborate.

* * *

What kind of angel watches over us?

A Catholic angel, according to a first grader.

BOOKS

My First Seventy Years by Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C. The Macmillan Company, New York 11. \$3.50.

Sister Madeleva's life has been truly remarkable. In this slim volume she has given us an account of it.

Sister writes engagingly of her early life in a small Wisconsin community. She was born in 1887, the daughter of Lucy and Peter Wolff, and baptized Mary Evaline. After attending high school at home she went to the University of Wisconsin for a year and then transferred to St. Mary's Notre Dame. After two years there she entered the Holy Cross Congregation and completed her education as a religious.

Besides teaching at St. Mary's Academy and College in South Bend and at Sacred Heart Academy in Ogden, Sister Madeleva inaugurated the College of Our Lady of the Wasatch in Salt Lake City. Her experience there was a preparation for her future work as President of St. Mary's, Notre Dame, a post she has brilliantly filled since 1934. This appointment followed a year in Europe which included two terms at Oxford.

Into Sister Madeleva's life have walked the great and near-great. The pages of her autobiography are filled with such names as Charles DuBos, C.S. Lewis, Wilfrid Meynell, Edith Wharton, Seamus MacManus, and many others, especially Churchmen. An index of names would have been interesting.

Our own Bishop Pursley has written the preface to this unusual autobiography.

The Parables of Jesus by Francis L. Filas, S.J. The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11. \$3.75.

Father Filas calls this a popular explanation of the parables. As he says, there have been countless volumes on the parables and there will be still more; but many of them are written by experts for experts.

We do not mean to imply that Father Filas is not an expert. Anyone who has read his books on St. Joseph knows that he is steeped in scripture, as it were. And his writing is always beautiful. Such a combination of erudition and ability to write simply, almost effortlessly, make his explanation of the parables valuable to the "reader unskilled in biblical lore."

The meaning of many of Our Lord's parables is obvious, but many too are difficult to understand. With Father Filas as a guide we can better appreciate the lessons Our Lord would point out.

The author suggests that discussion groups might use the book as a nucleus for further comment. We would suggest that it be used also for meditation. Catechists will find it indispensable in preparing their classes.

* * *

The Story of Bernadette, a Talking Picture Book. Catechetical Guild Educational Society, 260 Summit Av., St. Paul 2, Minn. \$2.50

Children will love this talking book. The 45 RPM record is mounted on the back cover. There are 72 frames containing beautiful color pictures describing the story of Bernadette. A signal-tone tells the child when to look at the next picture.

These same pictures are also available in a filmstrip together with 70 color frames on Lourdes. There is an

accompanying LP 12-inch, 33½ record. The St. Bernadette side takes 16½ minutes to play; the Lourdes documentary, 14 minutes. The narrative is told very reverently and dramatically. The artistic background music ends with the singing of the lovely Lourdes hymn.

The recording is \$5; each filmstrip, \$7.50. Both filmstrips and the record may be had for \$18.75. We recommend this for the school of religion.

* * *

Pope John XXIII, A Life of the New Pope, by Andrea Lazzarini. Herder and Herder, Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36. \$3.25

Biographies of our Holy Father are multiplying these days. It will be interesting to see how each author approaches his subject. Andrea Lazzarini, literary editor for thirty years of *L'Osservatore Romano*, seems more intent on informing than entertaining.

Instead of employing the flashback technique, so common in the biographies of our most recent popes, Mr. Lazzarini starts right out with a description of Bergamo and its people, especially the Roncallis.

The anecdotes we read at the time of Pope John's election are here, but instead of weaving them into the narrative, the author presents them in an epilogue. Valuable notes are also appended to the main story. There is a complete index and twenty-five fine illustrations.

Mr. Lazzarini, with excellent sources at his disposal, has given us an informative life of our Holy Father.

The book is beautifully bound—white with gold lettering and Pope John's coat of arms also in gold on the front cover.

The Jesuits, a Self-Portrait by Peter Lippert, S.J. Translated by John Murray. Herder and Herder, Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36. \$2.25.

In thirteen brief chapters, the late Father Lippert delineates the spirit, the work, and the government of the Society of Jesus. This is certainly not a tongue-in-cheek account of the virtues of the Society; but it is written with the esprit de corps that we associate with the Jesuits and admire in them.

The author first of all emphasizes the spiritual attitude which is at the base of the institution. It is the Exercises, he is careful to point out, that give the Society its family spirit. Its approach is Pauline. "With all the challenging boldness of the spirit of Paul it endeavors to lift men out of their situation and transform them in a Christian sense."

Not until near the end of the book does Father Lippert write in any detail of St. Ignatius, "the man who organized the Christian ideal of life handed down by Paul." But, he concludes, "The Society of Jesus is therefore neither of Loyola nor of Ignatius. It is a blend of supranational humanity and the Christianity of St. Paul."

This little book will be appreciated first of all by the Jesuits themselves, and then by their numberless friends and admirers. But everyone, especially religious and those sincerely interested in the apostolate, will profit by reading this self-portrait.

* * * *

Sister: What did Jesus say when He made Peter the Head of the Church?

Tony: Thou art Peter and among these rocks I will build my Church.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

If the amount of homework that parochial school children have to do is any criterion, I do not think we need worry so much about Catholic education. I would even venture to say that it has come a long way since my own school days. In fact, I am convinced that I could not get out of the seventh grade now. I doubt whether I would pass the fifth.

It is not my intention to enter the lists with Father Cavanaugh, Monsignor Ellis, Father Weigel, and the others. I make these simple observations after spending several days in the home of my brother.

The first night we got off easy. It was Saturday. But Sunday night the books came out. Books, did I say? You should have seen them! Monday night we were at it again only there was not *quite* so much homework to be done.

Those two nights I discreetly left most of it to my sister, also a visitor. After all, she teaches in college and I would not want her to get rusty when she is away like that. The children seemed to size up the situation and did not ask my advice so much as they asked my sister's.

Mary and Ann are twins and are in the same grade, the seventh. That made it somewhat easier. At least they had the same assignments; but they are not identical twins and they attacked them, each in her own way.

I did not mind when they asked me to check some diagraming (yes, they still diagram sentences in our Catholic schools!) and read over a "composition." But when they turned to a geography lesson I thought of something upstairs that I just had to do.

Modern geographies, in case you have not done any homework lately, are not

concerned only with where countries are, what people live there, what grows there, and things like that. No, they have pages now on outer space and atomic energy and you even have to learn how the Navy tells time. That might not be such a bad idea in our family. The twins' big brother is a Navy Cadet. They will know what seventeen o'clock means if Tim puts that in a letter.

Ellen, a senior in high school, had a biology lesson to discuss, but my sister teaches that. I would not dream of interfering.

Janie, fifth grade, did not seem to need any special help. Not Sunday or Monday, that is; but Tuesday after my sister had returned to her convent! Of all things, she asked me to check her arithmetic. She had ten problems: adding figures five columns across and five down. I added and I added. In two of the problems I did not get the same answers Jane did. I tried again, for I thought she knew more about it than I did. I suggested, finally, that she check again. She did and this time we agreed. Maybe Janie takes after me in math.

Then she asked me to hear her spelling lesson. That was easier. She stood up very straight and after I gave out each word (nothing under four syllables) she solemnly announced it, spelled it, and repeated it again with finality.

That was my last night. The next time I visit them I will go during the summer vacation. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

Most Reverend Joseph C. Willging, D.D.,
Mrs. Rosella Masterson, Colorado Springs,
mother Sister Mary Eileen
Joseph Miller, Detroit, father of Sister Mary
Josephine
James Gones, Chicago, father of Sister Hilary
Rev. Thomas C. Koch, Pierceton, Ind.
Mary Phillips, ACM, Fort Wayne
Catherine Schrimpf, ACM, Milwaukee
Mrs. Victor Comte, Toledo
William H. Albers, St. Louis

Following a song in Texas

by SISTER MARY KARL

"SISTER," said Rosalinda in Melvin, fifteen miles north of our center, "they sing the prettiest song in Hereford. Do you think we could sing it here?"

She bent over the organ as I was gathering up the hymn cards.

"Of course," I said, "if you know how it goes. Can you sing it? What are the words?"

She frowned. "It's about Our Blessed Mother. Something about La Guadalu-pana."

"Does it go like this?" I asked, and sang a few lines. "Del cielo bajo . . . La Guadalupana."

She shook her head. "No, that's not the way they sing it at Hereford."

"Well, I said, "the next time you go to Hereford to work, will you ask whoever plays the organ for a copy of the words and just the melody notes for the music? If you can get that much, we can have it here too."

"Oh, yes, Sister," she said delightedly.

Religious vacation school began.

"Sister," said Oralia in Fort McKavitt, fifty miles southwest of our center, "they sing the prettiest song in Hereford. I wish we could sing it here."

So Oralia's family had been working near Hereford too!

"Do you know how it goes?" I asked. "Do you have the words? Perhaps we can sing it here."

"I have a paper with the words on it," Oralia answered. "I can't sing it, but my mother can."

"Fine!" I said. "If your mother will

give us the melody we'll all learn it." Oralia was pleased.

That evening Mrs. Herrera came for rosary and together we worked over the melody until I had it written down. Somewhere along the line one of us changed keys, but we could correct that later. And now, O triumph! I had captured the words and music to Rosalinda's song!

Several Sundays later I played for Mass at Melvin. Afterwards I said, "Rosalinda, is this the song you knew at Hereford?"

A few notes, and Rosalinda's face beamed into a happy smile. "That's it!"

"Then we can sing it next year."

But as it happened next year took me to another mission three hundred miles south, and Hereford's pretty song was forgotten until in the darkness of a crisp December morning I knelt in a little mission church for the four o'clock Mass in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and heard the congregation begin, three hundred voices strong: "De los cielos una hermosa manana . . ."

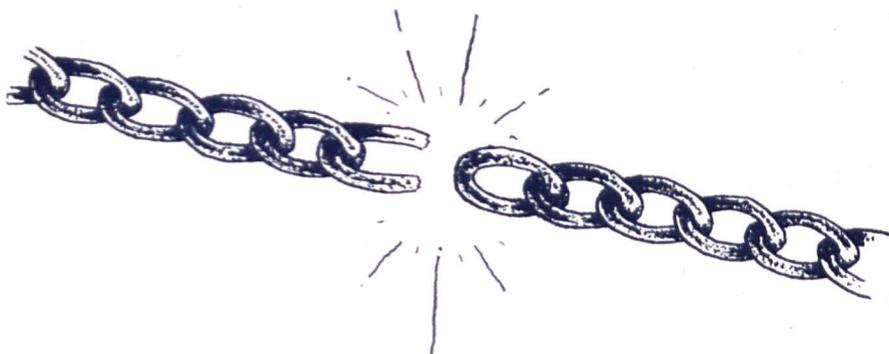
*From heaven on a beautiful morning,
Our Lady of Guadalupe
Came down to Tepeyac
Her joined hands,
Her bearing, her face,
Were of Mexico . . .*

And so on, verse after verse, until the whole wonderful story had again been told in song with a melody part lyric, part triumphant, part martial in spirit.

And that's how I finally caught up with "the pretty song they sing in Hereford," . . . 'way down here on the Border, just across the river from the Land of Guadalupe.

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