

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 35

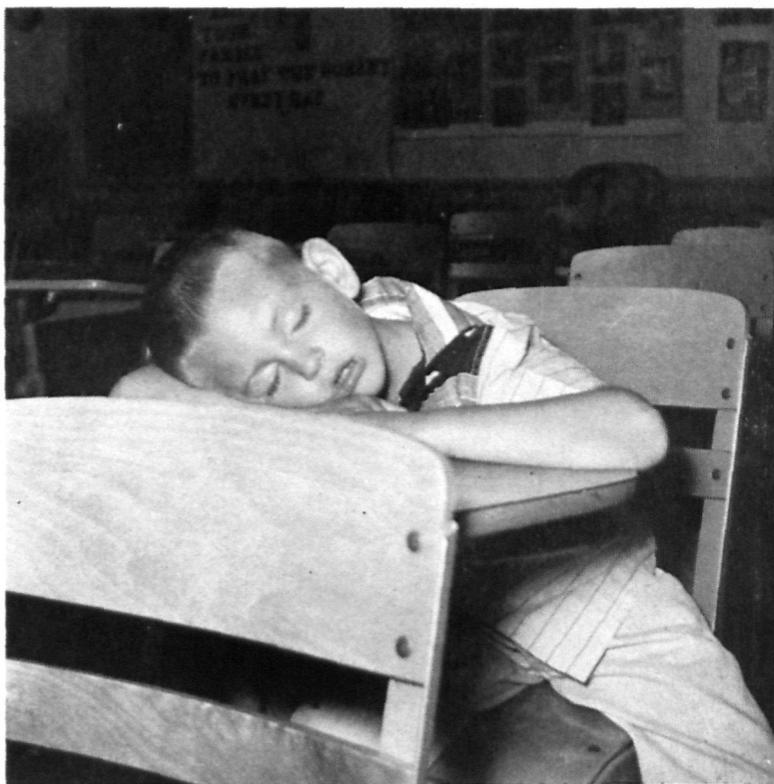
SEPTEMBER 1959

Number 8



Little Boy Asleep

by SISTER EVELYN MARIE



One of our little girls brought her still smaller brother to summer school but he was not happy in the room to which he was assigned on the first day. In order to stem the flow of tears he was permitted to come to his sister's classroom.

So contented was he in his new surroundings that he promptly fell sound asleep. We found him all alone in the room during recess period, looking quite comfortable indeed.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Victory Noll
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COVER

Sister M. Damien looks as if she is more than ready to face another scholastic year and is very happy about it besides.

CREDITS

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How far are distances between missions here in our own country? Two Victory Noll Sisters travel 800 miles each weekend to give religious instructions. The missionary priest in the same territory travels 500 miles every Sunday to offer three Masses.

Utah's Farflung Missions

by S. STER M. JUDE

“WELCOME to Utah's First Capital, Fillmore.”

This is one of the many signs one reads while traveling north on Highway 91 toward Salt Lake City.

Every week we read this sign, but only once a month do we accept its invitation. Ordinarily we turn off the highway about one mile beyond the sign to go to Richfield for our weekly religious instruction classes for the children there. On the last Saturday of each month, however, we do what the sign says; we stay on Highway 91 for thirty more miles and visit Fillmore, not to see the old state capitol, but to bring Christ and His truths to the Catholics living there.

Our trip to southern Utah — by train, bus, and car — takes us across more than 800 miles each weekend. We teach in Cedar City, Milford, and Richfield, and once a month in Fillmore.

Leaving Salt Lake City at 9:30 Friday morning we travel south by train and then by bus to reach our first mission, Cedar City. Cedar City, a town of 6,000, is the Gateway to the Parks. From Cedar City one may visit four national parks: Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion, and Cedar Breaks.

Cedar City not only invites one to visit natural phenomena, but also invites its citizens and visitors to know, love, and serve God; for early this year,



Sister Maria Immaculata gets a close up view of the Fillmore sign.

Father Harmon, pastor of Christ the King Church, designed and erected a huge cross. It is directly behind the church and can be seen from both highways entering the town. The cross, fashioned from two used derricks and painted with aluminum paint, stands in a concrete base in a hole eight feet deep. It rises nearly fifty feet above the ground.

On the crossbeam is welded the face of Christ with the hands holding the host and chalice beneath it. These are painted on sheet metal with fluorescent paint. Later a spotlight will make the cross visible at night for several miles.

Father Valine, a Dominican priest, is pastor of the other missions we visit: Milford, Richfield, and Fillmore. From Cedar City we travel by bus and train to Milford, and from Milford to Richfield by car.

Father Valine is also pastor of a fourth mission, Kanab, but we do not teach there. Perhaps we would if we could bilocate, but the weekend is only so long and we must return to our convent in Salt Lake City on Sunday afternoon so that we may continue our work with children closer home.

Father Valine has been a missionary priest in Southern Utah for fifteen years. In that time he has built three mission churches and hopes to build another in Fillmore. He travels 500 miles each weekend to say three Masses. On the fourth weekend of each month he travels 70 extra miles to offer Mass in Fillmore on Saturday afternoon.

During the week this zealous priest works on a forty-acre farm to help with his expenses, for the gasoline he uses on his mission trips costs a small fortune.



The cross behind Christ the King Church can be seen by anyone approaching Cedar City.

In Fillmore Mass is now celebrated in the American Legion hall. An average of thirty Catholics take advantage of this opportunity to assist at Mass and receive the sacraments.

The people themselves arrange for our overnight stay in Fillmore at a very comfortable modern motel, provide for necessary meals, and arrange for our return to Milford on Sunday morning. It makes us feel that here, as in our other missionary travels in the southern part of our state, we have come to be served rather than to serve.

Keeper of the Gate

by SISTER M. DE PORRES

GARAGE classrooms are interesting places, especially when the owner is a hunting fan whose favorite pet is a beagle named Freckles.

When I enter the gate every week before the children come to class, Freckles is there to meet me. He has never missed a class and is never in any other mood than a happy one. His ears are the biggest thing about him. They are even longer than his tail. They practically drag the ground as he patters along.

When I hear a cheerful conversation I no longer am tempted to investigate. I know it is just someone at the gate trying to get past affable Freckles. He waits at his self-appointed post for each person or group of children. He bounds along with them to the garage a short distance away and then returns to his position as gate keeper. Rare is the person who can pass without speaking to him.

Mrs. Kilgariff, a faithful Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teacher,



Freckles has a friendly greeting for everyone.

comes to help check the individual lessons and prayers of the children after my class. Later she has a class of her own for the first graders. Freckles greets her each week as though she were a long lost friend.

Frecki, as the children call him, is now a part of our religion class. Usually when class is in session, he waits outside the door or sits by the gate watching. One day he came into the garage, but he obediently left as soon as I told him to go. I called the children's attention to his obedience and now they love to take turns telling Freckles to do things so that they can experience for themselves the joy of having him obey them.

Freckles seems to know that prayer ends class. Then he comes in immediately to be petted while some of the children wait their turns to recite prayers or report lessons to me or one of my helpers.

One of my duties is to see that Freckles does not get out. One afternoon the gate was not closed well and Freckles went through, sniffing along the ground as though he were on a very important mission. All the time, however, he was looking out of the corner of his eye and around his big ear to see if Sister was watching. His obedience when I called him was prompt as usual, but the position of his tail showed that it was not so cheerful.

For a time the family had another pet—Whitie the cat who liked to weave

in and out the children's legs under the benches. I could not always see him there and the children gave him loving rubs. Then one day Kathy came up to whisper, "Sister, that cat is by my legs and I am allergic to cats."

Not long afterward I missed Whitie. When I inquired about him, Louise, one of the children in the family, said sadly, "Sister, he ran away."

Whitie had been a favorite of Louise. She used to take him for joy rides in her doll buggy and sometimes the children who came to class got to push him.

When the children are all gone and I have gathered my things together, Freckles walks to the gate with me. He stands there wagging his tail and watching until I am out of sight.



Some of the children stay after class to have their prayers checked. Then Freckles is permitted to come in and be petted.

Only a Tricycle

by SISTER MADELON

WHAT is it like to teach religious vacation school in a Mexican migrant camp in northern Ohio?

Teaching conditions were far from ideal, but we sisters found the experience rewarding.

Sister John and I each had a small hut in which to teach. She had seventeen older boys and girls in hers; I had twenty smaller children. They were the children of Mexican parents who had come from various parts of Texas to harvest tomatoes and work in a canning factory.

We arrived at the camp each morning at nine and sent a boy out to ring a handbell to call the children to class. They came immediately from the forty huts in the camp. Some were alone; some carried a baby brother or sister; still others had a two- or three-year-old by the hand, for nearly all the mothers were working in the factory.

The children were eager to learn and all went well until little brother decided he was hungry and let us all know it. Big sister would hurry home



Few children are so appealing and lovable as are little Mexicans. This girl gave Sister Madelon her picture with the inscription: "To Sister with love from Sally."

for his bottle and again we would settle down. At recess period the older children ran home to add more water to the beans that were cooking for dinner.

Class was again resumed until noon when sisters and children went home for lunch, returning at two for the afternoon session.

One morning we had a major interruption. A kind benefactor brought a much worn tricycle to the camp and left it at the door of my "classroom." We had to have a long recess period that day and I got a new job—time-keeper for rides on the marvelous tricycle. The lining-up for rides was serious business.

When we left at noon for lunch the valued toy had to be locked up carefully. When we returned we always found a group of small fry eagerly waiting for us to unlock their treasure.

Toward the end of summer school we tried to find prizes to give out at the last class. The big question was what to do with the tricycle. We decided to raffle it.

We limited the names to those of the first grade boys and those who were in "pre-first." A little girl drew the name of the winner while every child in the camp watched serious and sol-

emn-eyed. The coveted prize went to Maurio who was so stunned that he did not realize what had happened to him until eager voices asked, "Will you let me ride your tricycle, Maurio?" "Can I be first?" Suddenly Maurio had become the most popular boy in camp.

For these little ones who have so little, a discarded tricycle was a great treasure.

As Simple As That

by SISTER MARY JOACHIM

ONE beautiful spring morning we were on the outskirts of a small town, trying to complete the parish census. The scattered homes that stretched out into the desert were all that remained for us to visit. Many of these homes were no more than shacks, but they had a dignity about them that seemed to come from the freedom of the open spaces and the independent spirit of their builders.

As we walked toward the next home, we were not certain which building was used for living quarters. Three or four sheds enclosed a tiny yard. Although the buildings were constructed roughly, there was order evident in their planning. The owner, an elderly man, came forward to meet us. From the warm greeting we received we knew that he was "of the faith."

The taking of the census was a simple matter. He lived alone, his wife having died sometime before. His crippled condition made it impossible for him to go in to town to Mass, but Father came to his house regularly so that he might receive the sacraments.

The census finished, we were invited

to come in for a few minutes. He wanted to show us his Bible and the picture of his wife. We followed him into the little one-room building that he led us to. A small bed, a trunk, a little chest of drawers, and a chair made up his furnishings. This, with a little lean-to kitchen on the side, was home. Opening the trunk, he took out his treasures for us to see.

When the Bible and the picture had been safely returned to their resting place, out of his pocket came a well-worn rosary. A broken link was held together by a large safety pin.

"I have said the Rosary every day for ten years, ever since I heard that our Holy Father asked us to say it daily. I have only missed twelve days — once when I was very sick in the hospital for eight days and another time when I could not find my beads for four days."

With a peaceful look on his face he returned the rosary to his pocket. That was all there was to it. If the Holy Father asked him to do something, then, humble and obedient son that he was, he would do it.

The **Huntington Herald-Press** carried such an excellent story describing the construction of our new chapel and infirmary that we asked permission of the managing editor, Mr. George W. Frye, to reprint it in **The Missionary Catechist**. Clearly, but in non-technical language, it explains the unique method of construction used on the buildings.

Building Report

THE three concrete floors and roof of the new infirmary and chapel at Victory Noll have been poured, but spectators can see no conventional forms or scaffolding.

A construction method new to the Huntington area is being used in the building designed by James J. McCarron of Fort Wayne, architect. The concrete and window wall building is being raised by the "lift slab" technique.

Using this method, the contractor, Donald E. Norwood, Huntington, poured all the reinforced concrete slabs for the floors and roof on the ground. These were then raised into position: roof first; then top floor, then second floor.

The concrete slabs, containing reinforcing steel and all electrical conduit

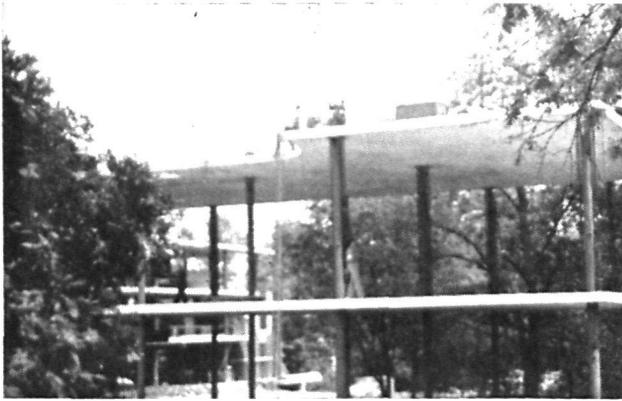
and copper plumbing, were poured in layers stacked on the ground. A special spray was applied between the layers to prevent sticking. The slabs were poured around the ten-inch continuous pipe columns that were to support the building. Square holes were left in the concrete around the columns.

When the concrete was set, hydraulic jacks raised the 200-ton slabs up the columns by degrees, three inches at a time. The jacks could be worked individually to keep the slabs 100 per cent level.

The highest slabs were raised about thirty feet to form the roof. Workers placed on the slabs all building materials to be used on each floor so that later hoisting would be largely unnecessary. After the slabs were hoisted into position, steel wedges were set in the open-



In wing at left will be most of the bedrooms of the infirmary.



In approximately ten days all slabs were lifted.

ings against the concrete. These rest on steel "gears" on the steel columns to keep the slabs in place.

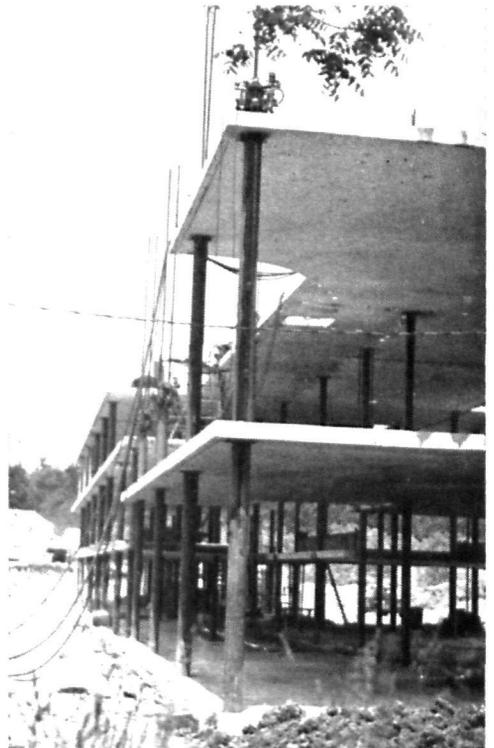
Savings in the cost of wood for forms alone — not including the added cost of labor for making them — is paying for the cost of raising the slabs.

Next step in the construction is to finish concrete work in the various ramps between floors, at entrances, and other places.

The chapel, to be located on the west or top of the T-shaped infirmary, will have a barrel-shaped concrete roof that rises fifteen feet higher than the top of the infirmary. This in itself presents problems. The roof will be poured in place conventionally.

Another step in construction will be installing a tunnel to the central heating plant in the main building at Victory Noll.

There will not be a brick or concrete block used anywhere. The entire building will be of poured concrete and window wall. Window wall, as the name implies, is a wall entirely of windows and metal framing.



Hydraulic jacks lifted slabs into place.

In the Home Field



Sister Mary Agatha identifies a peanut.

FOUND A PEANUT

At the close of classes we held a party for the children. One of the games was a peanut hunt. The peanuts were hidden in the grass. We explained the game and then the children took off in every direction looking for peanuts.

After a little while Judy ran up to me and asked, "Sister, what am I looking for? I don't know what a peanut looks like."

SISTER MARY AGATHA

* * *

RED CHARGER

One morning on our way to Mass we heard a rumbling noise at the crossroad. We glanced to the right to see one of our eleventh grade Knights of the Altar charging down the road on a huge, brand new, bright red tractor. He waved and greeted us with "Hi, Sisters!"

Since there was no other means of transportation at home that morning, and he was scheduled to serve Mass, he made use of the only one available. Now he has his own jalopy that he painted . . . bright red, of course.

SISTER CECILIA MARIE

DELINQUENTS

The Boys' State Correctional School has always been most cooperative in providing religious instruction and opportunities for Mass, the sacraments, and retreats for the Catholic boys. Last year, through the efforts of one of our outstanding Catholic laymen, a lovely chapel was built. Although the Protestant groups have the right to its use, it is predominantly a Catholic chapel in structure.

The boys' behavior at Mass gives the atmosphere of a fine Catholic high school.

In most of the Companies, Rosary and night prayers are said in common by our boys. When we returned in September for the first religion class, a large new sign hung on the "D" Company building proclaiming in bold letters: "The Company that prays together stays together!"

We cannot claim the same cooperation at the Girls' Correctional School. To come to class each girl has to provide certificates and testimonials to prove that she is a Catholic. Would that the character of baptism showed up in x-ray!

At Juvenile Hall, another of our delinquent schools, we are royally welcomed every Sunday morning. We now have our own master-key to the building. At least we are sure we always have a way out!

SISTER DOLORES

* * *

WELCOME WAGON

A royal welcome awaited us on our return to our convent last fall. That is, it awaited two of us. The Chamber of Commerce Hospitality Committee heard that two new sisters were com-

ing and since they greeted all newcomers, two hostesses arrived on our doorstep one sunny morning to bid us pleasant days in this fair city.

When they left we were the possessors of about thirty-five cards entitling us to free gifts from various merchants. Among the booty we amassed were a hamburger press, towels, one dollar from the bank, a sugar dispenser, pen and pad set, candy, free dry cleaners' service, groceries, and a folder for valuable papers.

Now there are two sisters who bemoan the fact that THEY were never officially welcomed.

SISTER JUSTINE

* * *

WHAT ELSE?

Tommy's mother was helping him prepare for his First Communion. She asked him to name the sacraments. He named all except one. To give him a hint Mother asked, "What do people receive when they get married?"

"Congratulations," replied polite Tommy.

SISTER AGATHA

ONE UNDER EACH

The week after classes began we were still waiting for chairs in one of our teaching centers. There was nothing to do but let Sister Mary George's first grade boys and my second grade boys sit on the floor.

Class was interrupted by the arrival of the folding chairs. Little did the delivery man know what commotion he would cause by his simple question, "Sister, where do you want these chairs?"

I almost felt like saying "One under each boy, please," but I was too busy trying to still the excited chorus of "Chairs! Chairs!" I could only say, "Please put them in the hall."

SISTER ROSARIO

* * *

DEAD-END

Every one of my second grade boys came to class with a black eye. If only a few had had them, I might not have thought too much of it, but they all looked and acted like dead-end kids. They had scribbled on a piece of paper with a soft lead pencil and had rubbed it on their eyes. I hope they don't try this trick on First Communion day.

SISTER MARY CELINE



Juan Guerrero, high school senior, devotes an afternoon a week to helping children who get no help at home. El Paso



Sister Charlene who had the Pomona High CCD classes the past year with Mary Cahill, left, and Mary Johnson.

Pomona Catholic High



Rev. Brian Cavanaugh presents CCD certificate to Linda Trott.

Are teenagers successful in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine program?

Pomona Catholic High School in Pomona, California, proves that they are. This fall the CCD classes there will begin their fourth year. Victory Noll Sisters from Azusa instruct the students in methods of teaching.

Close cooperation between the priests and the Felician Sisters at the high school and the archdiocesan office of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Los Angeles is without doubt the key to the success of the program.



Rev. Patrick A. Power, former member of Pomona High faculty; Sis'er Mary Eva of Archdiocesan CCD office; some of last year's 65 CCD graduates; Sister Benilda, principal of high school; Sister Socorro who instructed the classes last year; Sister Ann Therese of the Archdiocesan CCD office; and the Rev. Leland Boyer, Archdiocesan Supervisor of CCD adult education.

Shows The Way



Ruth Ramos, one of last year's graduates, taking registration.



Dorothy Whitman, another of last year's graduates, binds chart. Dorothy helped prepare exceptional children for First Communion.



our **A**ssociates'

SPONSOR AND SPONSORED!

Dear Associates:

IN June I attended a Mass in Chicago. It was neither a Sunday nor a holiday and yet there was a considerable congregation. These people had come not to fulfill an obligation but to pay their loving respects to the founder of our congregation and of its auxiliary organization, the Associate Catechists of Mary.

Father John J. Sigstein was offering Mass on the Golden Jubilee of his ordination. Always self-effacing, no-one was more surprised than Father at this large gathering of friends and well-wishers. In a few short words he thanked all present for having come to unite their thanks with his to Almighty God for having called him to the priesthood and given him long years in His service, also for having chosen him to found a community of catechist Sisters to minister to the spiritual and temporal needs of children and their parents in the scattered mission districts of our country. He had warm words of thanks, too, to those who have helped us throughout the years.

We were happy that so many of our Chicago Associates could be present on that joyful occasion. We know this is of great interest to our Associates everywhere.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM



Above is pictured Miss Anne Accomando of Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, together with Sister Mary whom the Band sponsors. The group to which Miss Accomando belongs also sends mission boxes to several of our convents in the Southwest.

* * *

TELL-O-GRAMS

ST. CATHERINE'S, LOS ANGELES. This Band consists almost exclusively of the Renier family, — brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands. One of the members, Raymond Renier, was taken in death recently, and a few months before that, Herbert McMannamy (husband of Margaret McMannamy nee Renier, Promoter) died. In spite of these personal losses and afflictions the Band members faithfully keep up their regular contributions to our Sisters.

(Continued next page, last column)

Club Mention



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS May 2 to July 8, 1959

Adrian, Chicago, Miss F. Dietz	\$ 50.00
Bl. Martin, Lewiston, Minn., Mrs. Irene B. Lehmann	25.00
Charitina, Paris, Ill. M. Gibbons	35.00
Florentine, St. Louis, C. Luechtfeld	36.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Jos. Walz	43.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Mary Nye	100.00
Holy Souls, Berwyn, Mrs. McGovern	25.00
Imm. Conception, Chicago, M. Perkins	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Betty Accomando	24.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	30.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Evanston, Mrs. Jno. J. McCarthy, mem	20.00
Padre Serra, Corona, Calif., Mrs. Vincent DelaTorre	10.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	10.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif. Mrs. M. McMannamy	7.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. A. Vleck	200.00
St. Helen, Dayton, H. Melke	27.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	7.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	182.85
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	34.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes	32.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	48.60
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Marie Egernier	95.00
St. Martin, Omaha, F. Shanahan	185.00
St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Mettler	285.38
St. Mel, Chicago, Marg. Murphy	31.00
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. Thompson	25.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	10.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones	12.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	46.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Mrs. Johann	35.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Mrs. Huebel	50.00
St. Sabina, Chicago, Marie Dwyer	210.98
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	13.00

ST. IRENE'S, CHICAGO. The Promoter, Miss May Walsh, writes: "We are trying to pay dollar dues now instead of our former fifty cents a month. That should help a little. We had the nicest time at Margaret Cox's recently. She lives at the Catholic Women's Club. We sat around a card table in her small room and ate a **chicken-in-a-box** meal. It was something new for all of us and we enjoyed it. Please remember us in your prayers."

* * *

ST. MEL'S, CHICAGO. Miss Margaret Murphy, who heads the Band, wrote: "Enclosed is a check from members to apply to Sister Mary Eva's Burse." Miss Murphy also said her Band would co-operate with those in Chicago sponsoring a linen shower for our new Infirmary.

* * *

ST. JUDE'S and ST. VINCENT'S, FT. WAYNE. St. Jude's Mission Society consists of an aggregation of nine Bands whose members pay annual dues to central officers. St. Vincent's is one of these Bands. These ladies, besides paying dues in the larger group, occasionally send us a donation resulting from a card party or social. This is done directly through the Band head, Mrs. Eunice Carl.

* * *

ST. MARY SODALITY BAND, DETROIT. This Band has had a rather rough time of it. Some members moved to distant parts of the city. Others were hit by large scale unemployment in the auto metropolis. Mrs. Peter Pink succeeded to the Promotership when Miss Ann Huhn moved to the west side. — an hour's ride from her old address. In spite of difficulties, the ladies will not "give up the ship," and promise to continue sending donations toward our mission work.

* * *

ST. ELIZABETH'S, SPRINGFIELD, MINN. A letter from the Promoter, Miss Ida W. Rubey, contained the following news. "Our Band members enjoy making religious articles for the children in the missions. We meet every two weeks in our homes. We also have our study club at the same time."

True Devotion to Mary

DO you ever notice people praying at Our Blessed Mother's shrine or altar in one of our large city churches? Or in any church, for that matter.

In our own home parish we had a shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in the back of church. We would not think of leaving the church after Mass or devotions without stopping for a minute to pray at Our Blessed Mother's feet. Nor would we ever make an extra visit to church without including a special one to Our Lady of Lourdes.

That seems to be the way it is everywhere. You can always see at least one person, usually more, praying intently before Our Blessed Mother's shrine. They are praying with trust, with love. One might be asking for strength to bear a heavy cross; another perhaps is asking for the conversion of a dear one. Whatever the petition, Mary's children pray with confidence that she will hear them because she is our Mother.

We know that it is from her Divine Motherhood that all Mary's privileges proceed. Because she is the Mother of God she is also our Mother, and this is one of her dearest prerogatives.

During this month of September the Church, our earthly Mother, makes sure that we will not forget our heavenly Mother. Just after having celebrated the summer feasts of Mary: the Visitation, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Our Lady of the Snow, the Assumption, we are privileged to enter into the mysteries of four more of her best-loved festivals.

The first and oldest of these is the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother on September 8. It is fitting that we honor the birthday of her who was conceived free from original sin.

September 12 is observed as the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. After the Sacred Name of Jesus, there is no other name so powerful, so sweet, as that of Mary.

Three days later we commemorate the Sorrows of Mary. Let us compassionate her in her sorrows and ask her to obtain from her Divine Son the grace we need to bear our own sufferings.

The fourth and last feast of Our Blessed Mother in September is on the twenty-fourth and is called Our Lady of Mercy. We all need mercy, and the easiest way to obtain it is to ask it of Our Blessed Mother, for Our Lord never refuses to give her what she asks of Him.

Devotion to Our Blessed Mother does not depend on how many prayers we say to her, how much time we give her. It is a kind of spiritual awareness, just as a child is aware of his mother's love even without actually talking to her or thinking of her. Mary is always *there* ready to help.

As we grow in our devotion to Mary our prayer life becomes more simple. It is through Mary that Jesus will be formed in us by the action of the Holy Spirit. This is the teaching of that great saint of Mary, St. Louis de Montfort. And this is the essence of his teaching on devotion to Mary — True Devotion, as we call it. To be holy, to be like Jesus, we must find grace. The easiest way is to seek it through Mary who gave us the Author of Grace, Jesus Christ.

If you wish to know more about this wonderful devotion, send a postcard or note to Victory Noll. Address:

Sister Mary Agnes
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana



Your CCD Question

Do you think we should encourage high school girls to teach religion? Do they make good CCD teachers?

It is impossible to answer your questions with a straight Yes or No. And that reminds me of a story a Jesuit told recently at a convention. He said someone asked him if it were ever possible to get a definite answer from a Jesuit, an unequivocal statement. Father said he told him, "Yes and no, but don't quote me."

So I would have to say Yes and No to your question. Much depends on the girls and on circumstances. Too many of them are immature and yet others make wonderful teachers.

First of all they must be thoroughly trained. They must be well grounded in a thirty-hour CCD teacher training course. If they are not interested and do not care to teach, they will probably drop out of the course. Their teaching must be closely supervised.

We know of one mission in a large city where recruiting teachers from high schools has not been at all successful. The sisters stationed there believe that as a whole these girls do not have the maturity they should have to be good teachers. They prefer to use them as helpers.

In other missions many girls have proved their worth. Pomona High in California is an outstanding example of a successful program. You can tell from the pictures on pages 14 and 15 of this issue how earnest and sincere these students are in their role of teachers. Our

sisters from Azusa have given the CCD course there for the past three years. There has always been close cooperation from the school.

In its Future Teachers of America program the public high schools are faced with the same situation. Some girls make excellent teachers right from the start. Others do not have what it takes. This does not mean that we should write them off as teachers. With training, supervision, and maturity, many girls now in high school will make fine *future* CCD teachers.

* * *

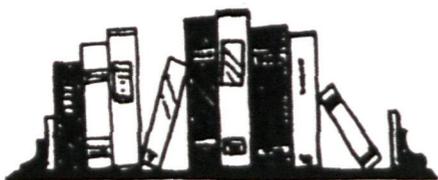
The priest who gave the doctrine classes in the CCD adult teacher training course in one of our missions has a doctorate in psychology. Some of the points he brought out concerning the seventh and eighth commandments we would like to pass on to you.

Very often parents and teachers invite children to lie. Father explained his statement by giving an example. The parent or teacher knows the child did something wrong so he questions him, "Did you do this?"

The child's first reaction is to protect himself. He will answer "No." Since the parent knows the child did something wrong, instead of inviting him to lie, he should ask him, "Why did you do this?"

Father also asked the mothers in the class how they punish their children when they steal in the home, lie, etc. After listening to their forms of punishment, he brought out the two basic needs of a child — affection and approval. The mothers in the class were most grateful to Father for these and other pointers he gave them.

BOOKS



Look—the Madonna Is Weeping
by H. Jongen, S.M.M. Translated by
Francis P. White, S.M.M. Montfort Pub-
lications, Bay Shore, N.Y. \$3.00.

Most of us remember reading about the weeping statue of Syracuse, Sicily, but we probably dismissed the whole thing as being just a bit on the sensational side and thought no more of it.

Father Jongen here gives us the whole amazing story. The little statue (only a bust) of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a cheap, plaster reproduction, wept copiously for four days, from August 29 to September 1, 1953. The tears, when analyzed, had all the properties of human tears. But that was not all. Besides the torrent of tears, the prodigy was accompanied by a veritable torrent of remarkable graces, both spiritual and material. These "miracles" continue even today.

The events took place in the poor home of careless Catholics. Like their neighbors the Janusso family were ill instructed and had fallen a prey to communism. Our Lady's tears changed not only the family, but the entire district, the entire city and beyond. In crowds the people returned to the sacraments and the fervor has not abated.

Although the Church maintains her usual caution, the good that has come from the event seems to portend that it was of supernatural origin. The bishops of Sicily, after examining the

testimony, have unanimously declared there can be no doubt as to the reality of the tears.

Father Jongen visited Syracuse and interviewed the Janusso family and others involved. He has given us not only a reverent, exciting account of the happenings, but has interpreted also the reason for Our Lady's tears and the message they were meant to convey although she spoke no word on the occasion. The book is profusely illustrated.

* * *

In Search of the Unknown God by
Maurice Zundel. Herder and Herder,
7 West 46th St., New York 36. \$3.50

From the title of this book one might think it is intended for pagans. It is indeed an explanation of our religion, but it soars above the ordinary presentation and reaches even sublime heights. Persons who have always been Catholic will find here a new appreciation for their Faith. The more devout will find material for contemplation.

The matter is set forth in question and answer form but it is certainly not dry and didactic. For example:

"What does it mean to love creation?"

"It means to know how to read it like a love letter to know that it is the sign of a Presence, of a Heart which beats, and which gives creation to us."

That is only the first part of the answer. The rest is just as beautiful, incorporating as it does, Scripture and the quotation from St. John of the Cross: "Mine are the heavens, and mine is the earth, etc."

One is tempted to quote much from a book like this. An analytical index makes it easy for user or instructor to find the subject matter.

Faith and Understanding in America by Gustave Weigel, S.J. The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11. \$3.75

Father Weigel concerns himself here with the religious situation in the United States from 1918 until today.

The modern secularist assigns to the role of religion in America the ability to produce the virtues which the community needs but cannot itself put forth. We know that the role of religion goes much further than that. Father Weigel, in these essays, brilliantly interprets its role. He also explores the differences between Catholic and Protestant theology, points out the obstacles that prevent better understanding, and presents ways that will lead to improved communication.

The author's keen analysis of the Church in the United States — in the chapter "An Introduction to American Catholicism" — is especially penetrating and interesting.

Father Weigel himself says that one of the basic difficulties confronting a social group is to make itself understood to those who are not of it. In this book he makes a successful effort to dispel misunderstandings on the part of both Catholics and Protestants.

* * *

The Divine Office by Hildebrand Fleischmann, O.S.B. Herder and Herder, 7 West 46th St., New York 36. Leatherette \$5.25; leather \$6.00

This is a simplified version of the Roman Breviary. It was originally published in Austria. The English edition was translated and prepared by the Very Rev. Edward F. Malone, O.S.B., St. John's Seminary, Elkhorn, Nebraska.

The office is shortened in more or less the same way as it is in the Short Breviary that is now being used widely in this country. There are a number of different features, however.

Two nocturns are provided for Matins with the suggestion that one can be used the first week and the other the second, or both can be used in congregations where a longer office is desired. For the same reasons two extra psalms are given for the Little Hours. (Otherwise there is just one.)

Only three psalms are given in Lauds and Vespers. Just why the author (or the translator?) inserted a responsory after the psalms is rather difficult to understand. If his purpose was to keep these hours from being too abbreviated, it would seem more appropriate to lengthen them by using five psalms or at least four as the monastic office does.

It appears at first that there are a number of cross references and yet after one is familiar with the breviary, these might not be annoying. A nice feature is that the beginning and the end of all the hours are given after the psalter, thereby providing the user with two places to refer to.

The book follows the new rubrics affecting Holy Week, former octaves, All Souls' Day, etc. The offices for feasts of first and second class are given, as well as the various common offices of the saints. Much care has been taken with the editing. A line on page 424, however, is printed in red when it should have been black.

No doubt we can expect more and more shortened breviaries to appear. Competition is good and will lead to improvements in the various editions. Father Hildebrand's book, like the Short Breviary from the Liturgical Press, uses sub-titles for the psalms and adds brief explanations of them. These might easily be dispensed with. It hardly seems necessary with so many good books on the psalms and the office on the shelves of our convent libraries.

The compilers of these shortened forms of the office are always priests who do not themselves use these versions. Would it be too much to ask them to consult the religious who are using these books and ask them for suggestions to improve them?

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

For a long time I naively thought that flat tires — if they did not go out with the stone age — at least were all but extinct in this Age of Advanced Scientific Know How and Progress. Perhaps Madison Avenue lulled me into that comfortable state.

The ads are not altogether to blame, however. I distinctly remember that the last time we had a flat on the road was thirteen years ago. It was in Texas and Texans are courteous. (No, I am not a native.)

We had scarcely pulled off the road when a convertible drove up, top down, and out stepped a cowboy. He was the dude ranch type. I was fascinated by his beautiful boots. In spite of the immaculate attire he did not hesitate to change the sisters' tire. It was probably his first encounter with sisters, too. He called us "Ma'am."

Any flat we had since then happened conveniently in the garage. Maybe some people still had them on the road, but we didn't.

Now I know better. The other day on our way to Fort Wayne we had a bona fide flat. There was an odd sound.

"What's that?" I asked, grinding to a stop.

"A flat," said Sister Mary Gertrude, seemingly not at all perturbed.

We got out and I opened the trunk. I hoped that would be distress signal enough, for I had no intention of going on from there. I have to confess that I had no idea what to do next. But not Sister Mary Gertrude. Like an old pro (she had just come back from Arizona) she started to take out the jack.

By now several cars had whizzed heartlessly by on the four lane highway. Perhaps they were in a big hurry. Perhaps they were as stupid as I about changing tires. No truck passed. If there had been one, the driver would have stopped, I know.

And then the nice thing happened. A driver who was going in the opposite direction made the first turn he could into our side of the road, came back, and greeted us like the good Catholic he was. Without any thought of his own time — although we would have been quite happy if he had sent a service man from the nearest station — he changed the tire. You would almost have thought we were doing him a favor instead of its being the other way round.

Incidentally we learned that our Good Samaritan was the nephew of a bishop. I do not mention this as if we are particular about who gets us out of difficulties. After all, one cannot be snobbish in such a predicament. But it's nice to experience such graciousness from a relative of our hierarchy.

His first initials, by the way, happen to be O.K. Well, we agree he is OK. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

- Mrs. Agnes Jackson, Terre Haute, Ind.,
mother of Sister Estelle
David A. Peterson, Elkhart, Ind., father of
Sister Mary Christine
James Hynes, Chicago, brother of Sister Bridget
Most Rev. William T. Molloy, D.D., Bishop of
Covington
Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph J. Seimetz, Decatur,
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Lucy Lenz, Oshkosh, Wis.
Mrs. Frances K. Kiesel

One in Language

by SISTER M. CHRYSOSTOM

THE call of Our Holy Father, Pope John XXIII, for an Ecumenical Council has focused attention on the separated Churches of the East. By an understanding of the Oriental Rites we can hope to win these people who are so near to us and whose reunion with Rome we pray for and desire so ardently.

In our mission work we meet both Catholic and Orthodox of Eastern Rites. Sometimes we find both in one family. Not long ago, for instance, we visited such a home. The woman is Greek Catholic married to a Slavonic Orthodox. There are two small children and the older one attends a Catholic school of the Latin Rite.

The day of our visit the wife's father, also Greek Catholic of course, was there. After greeting them with the familiar "Slava Isusu Christu" (Praised be Jesus Christ), it did not take us long to get acquainted. When the elderly father learned that I am Greek Catholic and know Slavonic, he was visibly touched. His son-in-law did not add much to the conversation until we began to discuss the Slavonic language. He told us then that he had spoken it ever since he was a child.

I spoke of our religion, of course, and mentioned how close the Orthodox people are to the true faith. Mr. L. acknowledged this and said that he some-

times goes to church with his Greek Catholic wife and family. He said he did not go oftener because it would hurt his aging Orthodox parents if they knew he was attending a Roman Rite Church in preference to their Orthodox Church. Mr. L. regretted this. He seemed to be sincere and a most likable person.

I might explain here that in this locality there is no Eastern Rite Church. The few people there are of that Rite attend the Latin Rite Church.

This man spoke freely to me because I know Eastern Rite customs and am familiar with the language. He assured me that he still says his prayers in the Slavonic tongue. When I told him I often say mine in Slavonic, there was no longer a wall between us.

Before we left he said that someday he would make his profession of faith in the Church, but at present he did not want to hurt his parents. Apparently his Orthodox mother and father feel that the people of the Latin Rite want them to change their customs and language. Therefore, they adhere more keenly to their Orthodox religion.

One of our elderly Greek Catholic men insisted on giving the girls two dollars and a piggy bank full of dimes to give to Father when we sang carols last Christmas at his home. He was practically weeping when we finished. He said it was the Russian custom to give something to the carolers. We tried our best to decline his offer, but he won out in the end. He would have been greatly offended if we did not take his offering.

We hope that by our contacts here we can win some of the dissidents or at least gain their good will. Understanding is necessary on both sides.



This is the latest news from Victory Noll

Missionary Sisters Open Two New Convents

Huntington, Ind. — Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters will open two new convents this fall, according to word from Victory Noll, the Motherhouse of the Congregation here.

The new convents will be located at Garden, Mich.; and Gary, Ind. The new center at Gary, the second one in that city, will be in the cathedral parish.

The new center in the Michigan Upper Peninsula is the first in the diocese of Marquette. It brings to 37 the number of dioceses in which Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters are now working.

The sisters devote themselves to the religious education of Catholic students who attend public schools and to social service work. They are also engaged everywhere in training Confraternity of Christian Doctrine personnel.

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