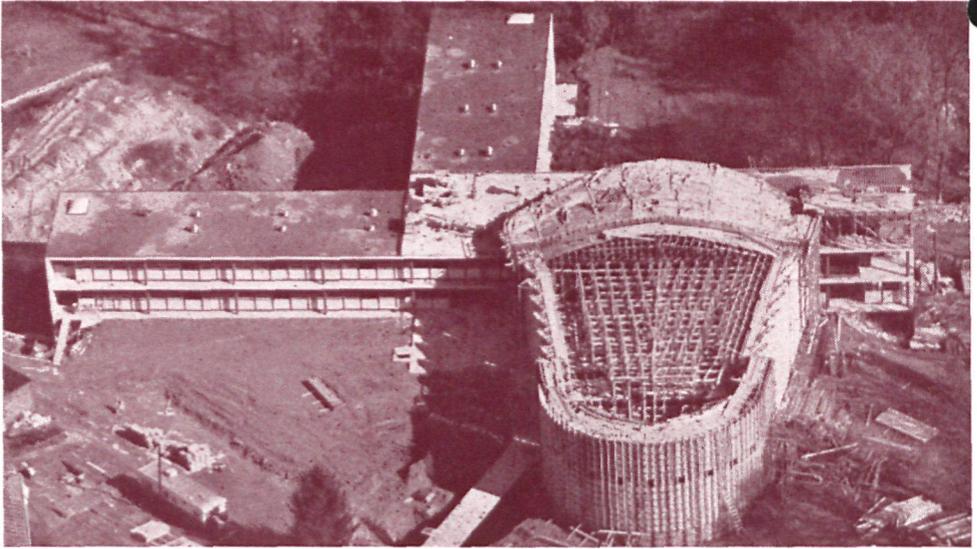


THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

FEBRUARY 1960

CLOSEUP OF NEW CHAPEL AND INFIRMARY



Will you help us complete them?

Every year more and more Catholic children are being enrolled in public schools. To provide for their religious education is the work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. To keep pace with the mounting enrollment we need more sisters and more space at Victory Noll, our Motherhouse and Novitiate.

We invite you to share in this work by contributing to our expansion program. We welcome donations, large or small. Some of you may be interested in special memorial gifts for the chapel or in providing for a room in the infirmary. Furnishing hospital rooms is expensive and there will be 64 of them.

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

I would like to help with your building program. I enclose \$

Name

Address

City

Zone State

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

February 1960

No. 3, Vol. 36

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
 Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana



Victory Noll Press

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COVER

Aerial view of Victory Noll, Motherhouse and Novitiate of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, showing infirmary and chapel now under construction. Since picture was made chapel roof has been completed.

CREDITS

Outside and inside front covers, Our Sunday Visitor photos by Rickert Studio, Huntington; pages 4, 5, 6, 7, Church Studio, Norwalk, Calif., by Tony Julianelli; pages 10, 13, W. Wesley Kloepfer, Azusa, Calif.; pages 14, 15, Bob Fogata, Santa Paula, Calif.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with ecclesiastical approbation by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, a Pontifical Institute dedicated to religious education and social service work.

Entered as second class matter on December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. Issued monthly from September to June. Subscriptions one dollar a year.

These are the teenagers who do not make the headlines, but it is they who will be tomorrow's leaders. Sister Carol, Infant of Prague Convent, Los Angeles, is happy to give all her time and energy working with



Our High School Boys and Girls

by SISTER CAROL



OUR club for teenagers started with only a few members, and meetings were held in the catechetical room of our brand new convent. Each week the group grew larger and larger and soon the meetings were being interspersed with continual warnings: "Bob, watch

that chart case; your chair is rubbing the paint off." "Joe, please don't rest your head on the wall. Hair oil is hard to wash off." "Boys, please don't wear those football cleats or whatever they are, to the meetings. They scratch the floor."



Sister Carol welcomes Mary Hilda Martinez, Robert Hernandez, and Bob Velarde to the meeting.

They took it good-naturedly, but it was not much fun; so we decided to move to the church hall for meetings.

The boys breathed more easily and began to relax. Then the sergeant at arms took over. If they yawned too obviously, he fined them a penny. (They usually did their yawning when I was doing the talking.) If the girls giggled, he fined them a penny. If they came late, he fined them a penny for every two minutes they were late. (I found myself wistfully wishing I could do the same thing on Monday nights when they came to the parish high school of religion.) If they chewed gum, he fined them a nickel. The list grew and grew, but they seemed to revel in paying fines.

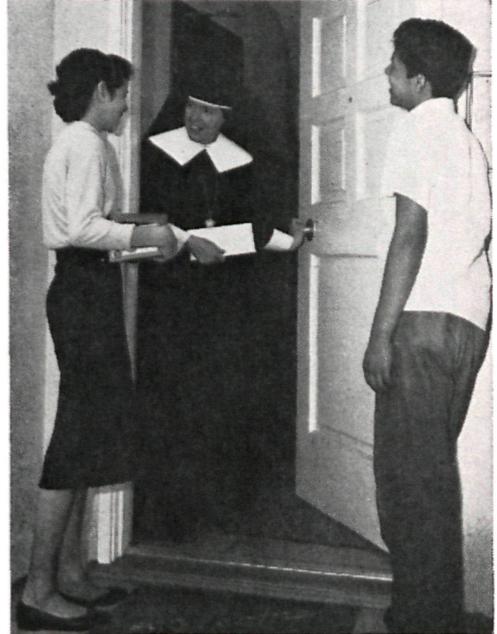
After numberless "special meetings," the constitutions committee presented the rules which they had drawn

up. The club broke up into small groups to discuss them and decide upon changes and adjustments.

I had to admit they were frank, to say the least, when I read: "The sponsor *shall not* (underlined) take an active part in the meeting. The sponsor *shall* (again underlined) only supervise and advise (spelled advice) the officers of the club."

For one meeting I tried to adhere to this rule, but when the officers, even with the assistance of the sergeant at arms and his fines, were unable to keep the human dynamos under control, I stepped out of my role of passive supervisor and back into that of active participator.

Until they started voting on a name for the club, I had thought that life was somewhat simple. The name was



"Are we late, Sister?" breathlessly query Irene Sanchez and Richard Hinojosa. "Not if you hurry," says Sister. "We are just going to start."



Constitutions committee at work. From left: Roy Hernandez, Joe Solorio, Sister Carol, Mary Hilda Martinez, Bill DeLaTorre (standing), Manuel Araiza, and Lydia Saavedra. The president, Michael Zozaya is missing from the picture.

changed three times before everybody was happy. In the beginning one of the boys said, "Let's call it the Officers Club because almost all the members are officers."

The name Futurians was voted in. I tried to spiritualize the title by stress-

ing the fact that their future was in heaven and that was what they should keep in mind in all of their teenage activities. Because no one could pronounce the name except Bob who had suggested it, they dropped it and voted again.

The Crusaders won this time and everyone seemed happy until the next meeting when Mary Hilda very solemnly announced that the name would have to be changed because there were already three clubs called the Crusaders.

For two weeks the club was called the Medallions. This name must have been voted upon when the sponsor was taking no active part.

It was after Bob DeLaTorre, one of the club's first and finest members, died suddenly on one of their picnics, that they definitely decided on the De-LaTorre Club. The name was chosen in memory of Bob and in honor of Our Blessed Mother under her title of Tower of David. *Torre* is the Spanish word for tower.

Working with our high school boys and girls is a joy and a challenge. It is a hard work and often a discouraging one, but we always hope that with God's help we are teaching them to apply their Catholic principles to



Manuel Araiza and Linda Gonzales arrive by car.

everyday living. In forming the ideals of God's teenagers of today, we are molding the character of God's parents of tomorrow.



DeLaTorre Club ready to go on their monthly outing. That's the sergeant at arms, Bob Fontes, fourth from right.



Navaho hogan.

Ask Sister!

by SISTER MAUREEN

SINCE we came to Tohatchi to work among the Navahos, we are getting used to their many and varied requests. Sometimes, however, they surprise us.

"Sister, I'm tired. Could you give us a ride?" It was Ruth Frank. She had been at the clinic with her baby and it was now after five-thirty.

Sister Adelle was washing the car while I was preparing supper. I pulled my fingers out of the biscuit dough and Sister wiped a few more drops from the car. Then the four of us headed for Ruth's hogan.

Night was beginning to settle when we arrived. Through the door of the octagon-shaped dwelling we could see Ruth's mother and the rest of the family seated around the walls inside. The fire in the center was the only light and heat they had. Later, when the blackness of night overcame the light of the fire, they would stretch out in a circle on sheepskins with their heads toward the wall and feet toward the dying embers.

"Sister, we're hungry!"

This time it was Carrie Dennison, her husband, and their son. They had come on horseback for a tribal meeting and it had lasted longer than they expected. We were not sure whether they would be interested in spam sandwiches so we asked them first about their diet.

"Oh, bread, coffee, anything," answered Carrie who was spokesman, for she was the only one who knew English.

For desert we gave them melon, a great favorite with the Navahos. "Where did you get the good melon?" asked Carrie enthusiastically.

As they were about to leave we remarked that it would probably be dark when they reached the mountain top and their hogan.

"Yes," said Carrie, "but the moon will be up, I think."

Then, after thanking us graciously, she hurried on behind her husband with a second cup of coffee that he had neglected to drink. Mounting their waiting horses, they were off.

We first met Carrie shortly after our arrival here. One of their horses had been killed by an ambulance and they had come to ask Father Clementin to help them file an insurance claim. After the business had been taken care of, Father sent them over to the convent to introduce themselves.

During the course of the conversation we discovered that Carrie was unable to assist regularly at Mass for she lived far up in the mountains and was obliged to herd sheep most of the time. For most of our people this is their chief means of livelihood.

The loss of a horse meant much to the Dennisons so Sister Adelle suggested that Carrie and her husband go to church and pray, asking God to prosper their claim. Sister went with them.

From my room upstairs I could hear Carrie movingly petitioning God in her native tongue. Sister said afterward that the tears were rolling down her cheeks. Then, as if her Navaho had run out, she finished in English, "Bless my home and bless my sheep." Turning to Sister, she suggested, "You pray, too."

Sister assured her that that was what she had been doing, but apparently Carrie preferred audible proof.

"My husband pray now," she announced. He prayed aloud in Navaho though not so vociferously as his spouse.

Their prayers were answered. They received a hundred dollars.

The request for clothing is a common one. Last fall our young Protestant friends were at our door asking not just for clothes, but for Hallowe'en clothes. We were able to give them also some articles that were more suitable for party wear than for ordinary dress.

The Navahos dress simply, wearing long sateen skirts and velveteen blouses. These are often decorated with Uncle Sam's silver. Dimes or quarters will edge the yoke or form a row down the front.

"Sister, we want to be baptized," was the request of two of Sister Adelle's fourth grade boys at Naschitti.

Sister asked their reason.

"So we can go to heaven," was the immediate response.

"And what do you think heaven is like?" pursued Sister.

"A nice, fine place," was the answer.

"And what will you have there?"

"Well, we see God."

Sister could hardly have been more satisfied. Many of our people are not baptized. The youngsters are rarely admitted to the sacrament before they reach the fourth or fifth grade, and sometimes not even then; for it is very difficult for them to fulfill their obligations as Catholics.

So the requests go on, but of course the ones we like the best are those that concern the spiritual life of our Navahos.



Sister De Porres and Mrs. Mulvey bid a cheerful goodbye to a mother and her little one.

Missioner

at

Seventy

by SISTER M. DE PORRES

WHAT has happened to Margaret? She has been missing from religion class for five weeks now. Perhaps she is sick. Maybe the family moved away. Or there might be a transportation problem.

No telephone is listed on Margaret's

card. A visit to her home is absolutely necessary.

Margaret's home is not the only one I must visit. George has been missing too. His mother is not a Catholic and needs encouragement to appreciate the importance of her son's religious education.

Visiting these homes and others like them presents a problem in our mission where we have released time classes practically all day long. No two sisters are free from class duties at the same time. The only thing to do is to take a lay companion.

Finding a suitable companion is sometimes just as difficult. Many of our Confraternity of Christian Doctrine workers are young and have family obligations that prevent them from accompanying the sisters on home visits.

I consider myself especially fortunate then, in finding Mrs. Mulvey, a perfect companion. Mrs. Mulvey lives only a short distance from our convent. We were directed to her home by a friend of hers. Answering our knock, a tall white-haired lady opened her door and her heart to us. She would be happy to go with us. Quickly we made arrangements to call for her every Tuesday at nine-thirty.

When the list of families to be visited did not decrease, Mrs. Mulvey generously agreed to give us an additional day a week between the same morning hours—nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. We kept to this schedule all last year.

One morning when I rang her doorbell, Mrs. Mulvey was viewing the coronation of Pope John XXIII. This was the reason, she explained, that she was not in her usual place by the window watching for the car. Very seldom does one have the opportunity to see the coronation of a pope, yet Mrs. Mulvey would have promptly and cheerfully foregone that privilege for her missionary work. However, I said, "If you don't mind, I would enjoy watching it myself." Together we watched the program and then started on our visits a little later that day.

Altogether we made three hundred calls during the year. Some of the results were visible. Some were not. In our rounds we met a sixteen-year-old boy who accepted our invitation to come to private classes and make his First Communion.

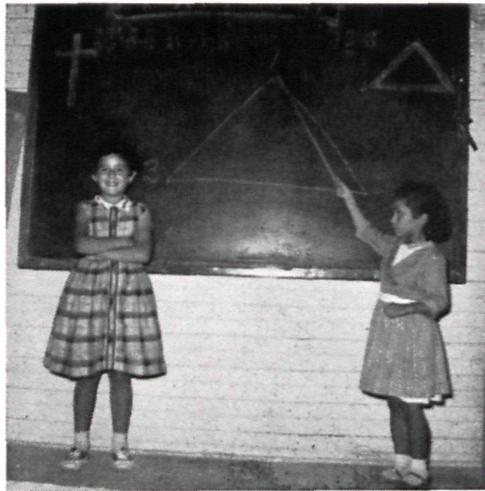
Mrs. Mulvey remained beside me quietly as I explained the purpose of our visit. At the right time she would speak a word of encouragement or sympathy. Since she had become a Catholic at the time of her marriage, she knew just what to say to converts.

Fearful that getting in and out of the car so much would tire her, I suggested once that she wait while I checked a few numbers nearby. "No, Sister," she disagreed. "I came to go with you, didn't I?" Often it would be just the other way around. She would insist I stay at the wheel while she asked for information and direction.

In one poor home we found a mother with a severe case of epilepsy. Mrs. Mulvey noticed an unassembled baby bed on the floor. With a nod of permission she took off her coat and put the bed together. She explained that her efficiency resulted from her experience in nursing and in rearing four children of her own.

And what of Margaret? At her home we found that the mother had given up the faith. Margaret, our First Communicant of just two years ago, was now attending another church.

We walked away quietly, prayerfully, knowing that our call was apparently of no avail. As the engine started, Mrs. Mulvey checked the cards for the street and house number of the next missing Child of God.



I believe in God the Father Almighty . . .

The children vie with one another to be "speaker" or "pointer." While one says the Apostles' Creed, the other points to the numbers that indicate the Person of the Blessed Trinity.

This mesmerizes the rest of the class like a TV program. Those who do not yet know the Creed listen open-mouthed and become more familiar with the words. Those who know it or part of it are unconsciously forming the words with their lips in unison with Miss (or Mr.) Speaker.

And what a buzz of prompting comes if Miss Pointer forgets to move to the right number at the right time!

SISTER MARY KARL

GOOD ADVICE

Third Grader: If you were in hell and you prayed real hard, wouldn't God take you to heaven?

Girl Next to Him: You'd better do your praying now.

SISTER MARY ANN

In the Home Field

ANONYMOUS

Seventh grade Willie was the first to arrive for class.

"How is school this year, Willie?" asked Sister, just to make conversation.

"OK, I guess."

"What are you taking?" continued Sister.

Willie looked somewhat startled and replied quickly, "Nothing."

You see, Willie had at one time a reputation for being light-fingered and apparently he did not think Sister was referring to the junior high curriculum.

MODERN GREETING

The first graders were receiving a lesson in courtesy. Again and again I practiced with them the proper manner of greeting for priests and religious. After a drill of "Good morning, Father" and "Good morning, Sister," I asked, "What would you say to a sister if you met her on your way home from catechism?"

As though they had rehearsed it, the entire group responded with a "Hi, Sister!"

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY

TO THE BAPTISTRY

"Sister," said tiny Lonnie Sue after class, "my girl friend's grandpa received his last sacrament last night. He will be buried on Tuesday."

Then, jumping up and down and clapping her hands she continued, "And Sister, my new baby sister is getting her first sacrament right now. I have to hurry."

SISTER ADRIANA

SIMPLE AS THAT

One day I publicly lamented the lack of time to hear all the children recite their prayers. In this class there were both first graders and kindergarten children. Naturally they were disappointed.

"I'm sorry, boys and girls, but I just need someone to help me," I said and then promptly forgot the statement although meanwhile I was on the lookout for a helper.

The following week a kindergarten child approached me before class with her mother. I welcomed her and offered her a seat.

"I didn't come to listen, Sister," she explained. "I came to help. My little girl said that you needed someone to help you hear the children's prayers."

It is that simple to a child. Sister needs help. To whom do you go for help? Mother, of course. And so I acquired an excellent helper who has been with me ever since our first meeting.

SISTER CHARLENE

NO WONDER

I had just explained that because of the privilege of her Immaculate Conception Mary was free from ALL sin. The class was very much interested.

"You mean Mary didn't have ONE sin ever?" Eddie asked.

"Not even a tiny one?" Loretta wanted to be sure she had heard correctly.

"No, Mary was never unkind or mean to anyone," I emphasized.

Quickly Joe asked, "Did Mary have any brothers and sisters?"

"No."

"Well, no wonder then," he concluded.

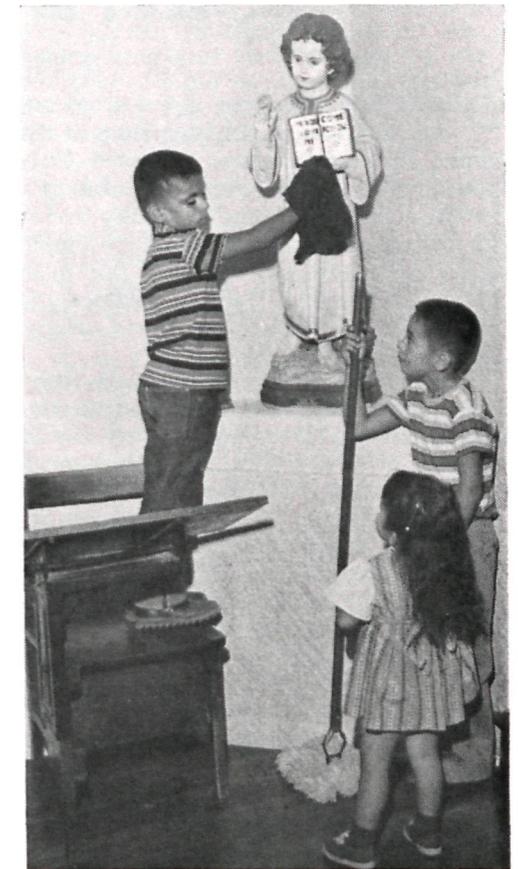
SISTER MARITA

HALF-PAST CRACKER TIME

Susan attends our kindergarten religion class faithfully every Thursday. Before she and the other Catholic children leave the public school at two-thirty, their teacher kindly sees that they have their usual lunch—crackers and milk.

One morning another sister and I were visiting at Susan's home. At the conclusion of our visit, our "Goodbye and God bless you" was returned by Susan's, "Bye, Sister. I'll see you after crackers at school."

SISTER ALMA MARIE



The boys like to help Sister clean the classroom. Little sister supervises.



The children listen attentively as Sister Marita explains the purpose of the club.

Sacrifice Club

by SISTER MARITA

DIRECTLY across the street from our convent is a motel. In front of the coffee shop section are displayed daily newspapers for prospective customers.

As we leave home each day or return from our work the headlines catch our eye. They concern, for the most part, distressing and discouraging news: threats to the free world, crime, juvenile delinquency.

Many of us worry about these conditions, but how many are doing something about it? For our part we try to say our prayers better, try to awaken a greater love for God in our pupils, but shouldn't there be something more, something constructive?

The answer was unwittingly provided by one of my small boys. "Sister," Johnny asked, "are we going to get those white pieces of paper today?"

He was referring to the penance slips we give to the generous children who want to do something extra during Lent and Advent.

"Not today, Johnny," I explained. "Those were special for Advent to help you get ready for the coming of Jesus at Christmas. But when Lent comes you'll get them again.

Johnny was satisfied, but I was not. Johnny and other children like him were eager, generous, willing to make sacrifices. If they looked forward to them during Lent, why couldn't they do something throughout the year for world peace? Our Blessed Mother had asked for penance at Fatima—for prayers and penance—and she had promised peace in return. We had told the children this in class, but how many had responded? We would try again.

This time it would take the form of a club. All children love clubs, but a club has meetings; members pay dues. When could we have meetings? The only time I saw the children was at class. Many of the classes were in distant missions.

Very well then; we would do without meetings. As for dues, most of the children were too poor to pay dues. And after all, we would have no expenditures so we needed no dues.

Our plans began to take form, but still it seemed as if something was lacking. How could the children feel they belonged to a club if there were neither meetings nor any obligation to pay dues? Some kind of certificate was

needed; something to remind the children of their duties as members.

I formulated a membership pledge, placed it on the reverse side of a holy picture, and the Sacrifice Club was founded.

I explained to the children the purpose of the club and asked them to think it over. I repeated the story of Fatima and stressed Our Blessed Mother's promise of peace if we would heed her pleas. I gave the children a brief picture of the suffering Church behind the Iron Curtain and in Communist China.

I emphasized the fact that no one *had* to join the club. In fact, I wanted only those who would fulfill their obligation. This consisted in making one sacrifice each day for peace. Every week I would suggest a sacrifice for the coming week, but the children would be free to accept it or choose one of their own.

If they did not intend to keep their

promise it would be better not to become a member. Those who did become members would commit no sin if they forgot or omitted a sacrifice. Finally, they were not to join just because their friends did. It must be their own choice.

At the end of class the following week I announced: "Those who wish to belong to the Sacrifice Club, please be seated. The others may leave."

The first class unanimously joined. One girl said, "I asked my mother and she said it was OK with her if I wanted to join."

I gave each child a card and we recited the pledge together. Then each signed the card and I added my signature. I suggested that the children put the picture in some prominent place where it would remind them of their sacrifice. Some put it in their billfold; others decided that the mirror would be a good place.

The second group joined all except one girl who was conscientious enough not to do so. In some classes as many as seven or eight did not join and for this I was grateful. I felt that at least they understood their responsibility and were not joining just for the novelty of it.

Groups from third grade through high school have joined. Boys in the grades seem more interested than their older brothers, but a few freshmen have enrolled. Girls are more enthusiastic. Seniors in high school became members.

One week I suggested to the children that they sit straight in school and at home without crossing legs or ankles. Many thought that would be easy, but were surprised to catch themselves forgetting even before class ended.

After class a boy asked, "Sister, does that mean you can't cross your ankles when you're standing either?"

Knowing human nature, I realize that many of the children will let the day slip by without making a sacrifice; but at the same time I am confident that more sacrifices will be offered to God now than would have been otherwise.



Sister Marita watches the children sign their pledge cards.



our

Associates'

last line you could write, "It's to help the missions, so you can't go wrong!"

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

Dear Associates:

SOMETIMES, for the sake of variety, the Band members like to put on a different kind of party, or at least introduce a new feature in connection with the usual scheme of things. Perhaps the following may furnish you with an idea.

A few years ago, I received a postcard with the following message mimeographed on it.

Little Flower Church, Indiana

Have you ever heard of a Parcel Post Sale,

Where you buy a package that comes through the mail?

It's all wrapped up and tied with a string,

And when opened you find most anything.

Just mail such a package to us right away—

A quarter is the price each buyer must pay.

The date of the sale is February 4,—now hurry along:

It's all for the church, so you can't go wrong!

Send parcel to the name that is here undersigned,

And thank you a lot for being so kind!

It's the old "White Elephant Sale" idea in a new dress, and with a few changes you could use it. The name of your Mission Band or Club would appear in the top line, and in the third

OUR LADY OF LOURDES, V/N



MRS. COUGHLIN'S DOLLS

Mrs. Ed Coughlin of Chicago has a delightful hobby which brings money—not for herself but our missions. Our Chicago Associates who attended the annual luncheon at The Fair store in the Loop will remember the doll she dressed for a raffle on that occasion. Later she developed other ideas,—dolls dressed like First Communicants (these have sold well in our gift shop), dolls dressed like choir boys for mantel above fireplace or table, dolls dressed like angels with a cone shaped skirt to fit top of Christmas tree.

We shall be glad to give Mrs. Coughlin's complete address to anyone who

Club Mention



may want to order a specially dressed doll for a raffle, or who may have dolls, scraps of silk and lace, etc., to give to her for this purpose.

TELL-O-GRAMS

MARY, QUEEN OF HEARTS, LOMBARD, ILL. It seems appropriate to give publicity to this Band in the month of February! It is headed by Miss Wilma Wengritzky and the Band sponsors her sister, Sister Mary Elisabeth.

ST. PATRICK SODALITY BAND, FT. WAYNE. Miss Catherine Shanley now heads this Band of fourteen members. They make a yearly offering in behalf of our mission work.

ST. BRIDGET BAND, COVINGTON, KY. This group is especially interested in the work of our sisters at Richmond, Kentucky, because they teach religion and minister to the corporal needs of the poor living in the mountain districts of their diocese. The Band has as its president, Miss Mary Louise Schmeing.

ST. AUGUSTINE BAND, MARSHFIELD, MASS. Mrs. James A. O'Brien, mother of Sister James, is promoter of this Band. The contributions we receive represent voluntary offerings made by members of her large family, most of whom are now married.

ST. CECILIA MISSION CLUB, SYRACUSE, N.Y. We were pleased to get a nice mission box recently from the president, Miss Patty Collins. It is an "unofficial Band" and we hope they'll join our aggregation known as Associate Catechists of Mary.



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

December 1 to December 25, 1959

Ave Maria, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Murphy	\$ 25.00
Charitina II, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons	52.75
Good Will Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. Raymond Bradley	24.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Mary Nye	100.00
Immaculate Conception, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	45.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	75.00
Mother Cabrini, Wauconda, Ill. Mrs. Clara Swiatly	110.00
Queen of Virgins Sod., Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	9.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N.Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	800.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. A. Vlcek	195.00
St. Gerard, Chicago, Mrs. Perkins	10.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	5.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Miss Melke	67.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	18.25
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes	10.50
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	19.10
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Fred Shields	100.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Miss Murphy	31.00
St. Michael, Chicago, Mrs. J. Thompson	35.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer	15.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Ind., Mrs. Johann	18.50
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	4.50
Upsilon Chap., Pi Epsilon Kappa, LaPorte, Ind., Miss Hannon	25.00
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth	14.00

NEW BANDS NEEDED!

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

True Devotion to Mary

IN the Latin Rite the real meaning of the feast of the Presentation of Our Lord in the temple (February 2) is somewhat obscured by the rite of the blessing and distribution of candles which occurs on the same day. Originally the two celebrations had nothing in common, the Candlemas procession having been derived from a seasonal procession of ancient Rome.

This coincidence of dates is, however, fitting when we remember that light, the light of the candle, is symbolic of Christ, the Light of the World. It was on this day that Simeon sang his canticle in which he called Our Lord a light to the revelation of the Gentiles. In the prayers for the blessing of the candles the Church refers again and again to this symbolism.

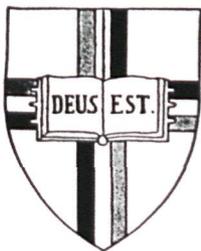
In the first of the two beautiful antiphons sung during the procession we pray: "O Sion, adorn thy bridal chamber, and welcome Christ the King. Embrace Mary, for she who is the very gate of heaven, bringeth to Thee the glorious King of the new light."

There was no need for Mary to undergo the rite of purification prescribed by the Mosaic law except insofar as she wished to give us an example of obedience and humility. The Byzantine Liturgy recognizes this and brings out Menaion (the liturgical book that contains the proper of the saints and of the fixed feasts) under February 2 we read: "The Encounter of Our Lord, God

and Savior Jesus Christ and the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

It is the day of the encounter, the meeting of Christ with His people, with us. He had revealed Himself to the shepherds and kings, but within the intimacy of His own family. Now he would appear in the temple among His people. In her Liturgy the Eastern Church sings: "O Mother of God, hope of all Christians, watch over those who have set their hope in thee. Guard and protect them. Through the shadow and simple letter of the Law, 'Every male opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord,' we see a figure. Wherefore we magnify the Word first-born, the Son of an eternal Father, who became the first-born of an ever-virgin Mother."

The mystery of this feast concerns us, for Mary, in offering her first-born, offered us also. We should then renew on this day the offering we made of ourselves when we consecrated ourselves entirely to Jesus through Mary. If we do this we will be acting in the spirit of Mother Church who bids us pray in the collect of the Mass for this day: "O almighty and everlasting God, we humbly beseech Thy majesty; that as Thine only-begotten Son was this day presented in the temple in the substance of our flesh, so too Thou wouldst grant us to be presented unto Thee with purified souls. Through the same Our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son who livest and reignest with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen."



Your CCD Question

Do you think we should have socials for our high school of religion?

Occasionally, yes, but it would be wrong to make a regular thing of it. We do not want our high schoolers attending religion class for the entertainments and refreshments. Our sisters in LaJunta, Colorado, write of their high school classes:

Wednesday evening is still "church night" for our high school students. Thus far, we have 127 of them enrolled and coming quite well. To encourage attendance and to promote wholesome recreation there will be four socials this year. Each grade is responsible for one of them from the beginning (that is, decorating, planning games, securing local talent, etc.) to end (last, but not least — the "eats"). The four occasions and their sponsors are as follows: Thanksgiving party, the seniors; Christmas party, juniors; pre-Lenten party, sophomores; and the end of the year, freshmen.

* * *

Our pastor is thinking about having the children make their First Communion with their parents.. What do you think about this idea? What should we do if one parent is not a Catholic? There are a number of mixed marriages in the parish.

It is a wonderful idea. There is nothing more edifying than seeing a

child kneeling between his parents to receive Our Lord for the first time. Incidentally it makes the day a much easier and happier one for the catechist. No discipline problems, for one thing!

We know of one parish in which the pastor suggested that the children wear only their Sunday best, nothing special. He was overruled by the mothers who wanted their little girls in white dresses and veils. They received with their parents, however.

In this same parish if either the father or mother could not receive Holy Communion, a big brother or sister, godfather or godmother, an uncle, aunt, or good friend accompanied the child instead. The practice led to having more than one marriage validated and we believe it influenced several conversions.

You are lucky if your pastor carries out this idea in your parish.

Since we printed our convent addresses for the current year, there have been some changes. To bring the list up to date for you we are giving them here. In one case moving a few miles meant moving to a new town. New address for the Ontario, Calif., convent is **10191 Central Ave., Montclair, Calif.**

Other changes are:

**338 S. Oak St., Kendallville, Ind.
Box 95, Garden, Mich.**

714 Court St., Elko, Nevada

509 W. Avenue Z, San Angelo, Tex.

The Kearney Avenue address in San Diego, Calif., is the address of the clinic. The convent is **5154 Hawley Blvd., San Diego 16.**

Books



Maria Montessori, Her Life and Work By E. M. Standing. Academy Library Guild, Box 549, Fresno, Calif. \$5.25

This is not, as its title might lead one to believe, a biography of Dr. Montessori. The author gives merely broad outlines of her life. The rest of the book is a detailed exposition of the Montessori Method.

Most of us have only a hazy notion of that method, believing that it has something to do with letting the child do as he likes, provided that in some way he learns by doing. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Montessori Method is based on a profound reverence for the soul of the child. This attitude is one of the first requirements of the directress of a Montessori School. In a prepared environment the little ones are guided toward an orderly system of knowledge corresponding to the world without.

It was Dr. Montessori's genius that lead her not only to discover the secrets of childhood, as she termed them, but to utilize them for the child's development. The fascinating story of how she did this is given here by one who was her collaborator for some thirty years.

Maria Montessori was born in Italy in the province of Ancona in 1870. When she was twelve her parents moved to Rome in order to provide a

better education for their only daughter. Maria ran head on into trouble when she decided to become a doctor. In spite of opposition from her father, friends, and from the faculty and students of the University itself, she persevered and became the first woman medical student in Italy.

After getting her degree she was appointed assistant doctor at a psychiatric clinic. It was her interest in retarded children and her work with them that led to her "discoveries." Under Dr. Montessori's direction many of these poor children learned to read and write. If so much could be done for them, she reasoned, given the proper environment and guidance, how much more could be done for normal children!

Her opportunity to put her theories into practice came when she was asked to take under her direction some slum children in the San Lorenzo district in Rome. The fame of the "miracles" performed with these children spread rapidly and Dr. Montessori became an international figure.

Mr. Standing describes Madame Montessori's work entertainingly and in detail. He has a tendency to quote excessively from literature, especially Shakespeare. This, at times, is rather annoying and seems unnecessary, but it is after all, only a minor thing and does not detract from the general excellence of the book.

* * *

Approaches to Christian Unity by C.J. Dumont, O.P., translated and introduced by Henry St. John, O.P. Helicon Press, 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$4.50

One of the diocesan weeklies listed this book briefly as a translation of editorials that appeared in a French publication. It is indeed a translation

of articles published in *Istina*, but it is more than that.

The thought struck me as I read, "These are real meditations," and so I was pleased to discover that the author must have had something like that in mind. At the beginning of Chapter 23 he writes: "We have borrowed the theme of our meditation from the first Epistle of St. Peter."

Approaches to Christian Unity should be read prayerfully, for unity should be the concern of everyone, especially now when preparations are being made for the Ecumenical Council.

The author divides the book into four parts: Christian Unity in the Liturgical Cycle, Prayer and Work for Unity, The Unity of the Church and Christian Unity, and The Theological Virtues and Unity. The longest section, and surely the most beautiful, is the first in which Father Dumont writes on the theme of unity as it is exemplified in the mysteries of Christ. The bond between the liturgical renewal and the promotion of Christian unity is a close one.

The translator's introduction is valuable in that he explains the Ecumenical Movement and its significance for Catholics.

It is a bit jarring to find here and there in such an otherwise excellent book sentences strung together by commas. Perhaps this "comma fault" is the translator's, for it occurs in his introduction as well as in the body of the text.

* * *

Asia Looks at Western Christianity by Thomas Ohm. Herder and Herder Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y. \$4.75

Christianity came out of the east. Why is it that there are so few Christians in the east today? Why is Christ-

ianity considered synonymous with western culture?

These and related questions the author attempts to answer in this book, or perhaps we should more properly say, he discusses these questions.

Father Ohm, a Benedictine missionary, certainly knows Asians and their multiplicity of religions. There seem to be glaring contradictions and inconsistencies among them. They are repelled by Christianity because it is split into so many sects; yet within their religions there are numerous divisions. Many persons adhere to several religions at the same time! Some consider Christianity too young; others - Moslems, for instance - think it is too old.

Altogether the picture the author gives is not a very cheerful one. In fact, it is almost depressing and leaves one wondering how Christianity ever made the progress it has. It is a relief to read in the concluding chapter that not all the criticisms Asians make are typical. We must, however, examine them objectively and try to profit from them.

The book is a definite contribution to missiology. Its price seems excessively high.

* * *

Teaching the Catholic Catechism with the Religious Workbook, Volume II: The Church and the Sacraments, by Joseph Goldbrunner. Herder and Herder Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y. \$1.65

Our readers will be glad to know that the second volume of Father Goldbrunner's Workbook is now published. Its size, plan, and format are the same as the first volume and is to be used with the Catholic Catechism. There are two more volumes yet to follow.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

If you turn to the back cover you will notice an enormous sign across the road from the garage. In letters over a foot high are the words: OUR LADY OF VICTORY MISSIONARY SISTERS INFIRMARY AND CHAPEL. Then are listed the names of the architect, general contractor, electricians, etc.

We are used to seeing it there now, but everyone who visits us finds it very amusing to think that such a huge sign is not at the foot of the hill on U.S. 24 where the whole world could see it, but up here for the sisters, the workmen, and occasional visitors to read!

Are you surprised at how much Victory Noll has grown in its thirty-five years of existence? Many of you made that growth possible and we thank you sincerely. We can repay you only with our prayers, but let us assure you that you have a prominent place in them.

At the same time that we thank you for what you have done in the past, we ask your help for the future. What with Uncle Sam claiming so much for taxes, the high cost of living, the demands of your own parish and diocese, we might seem overly optimistic, perhaps even brash in making this appeal. However, we sincerely believe that there must be some good Catholics who want to help and who have the means to do so. Every little bit is welcome.

Our new buildings are not going to be elaborate, but practical. They will boast of none of the new gadgets that are predicted for the future. In fact, I just read a description of the Dazzling New World of the Sixties and it makes me want to take my knitting and retire to the infirmary.

Who wants to be awakened by "cool music coming from a tiny phonograph built into the pillow"? I'll continue to prefer the 5 a.m. bell. Besides, I don't use a pillow.

As for ultrasonic waves in the shower, I know I would miss the good old splash of water. If anyone wants to use the waves on the dishes, it's all right with me.

Air conditioned garments sound like a nuisance. We wear the same ones—the same garment, practically—winter and summer and no one complains.

According to Newsweek, the next decade will be "richer in material things." Unfortunately, too few seem to be concerned about spiritual things. To make the world richer in spiritual things also is our vocation and we invite you to share it when we ask you to help with our vital expansion program. SEA.

Sister: Can you name someone who was saved from the deluge?

Andrew: Joan of Arc.

IN MEMORIAM

Arsenius Javaux, St. Louis, father of Sister Mary Margaret
Jacob Weyenberg, Appleton, Wis., father of Sister Marian Frances
Charles Hall, Great Bend, Kans., father of Sister Loretto
Rev. Wilfred P. Mannion, Gary, Ind.
Rev. John Oehm, C. Ss.R., Oconomowoc, Wis.
James Cogan, Dayton, Ohio
Fred Gardner, Lancaster, Pa.
Mrs. Kathryn Smith, Hanover, Pa.
Mrs. Agnes E. Wolter, Huntington, Ind.
Adam A. Metzger, Huntington, Ind.
August Schillinger, LaPorte, Ind.
Joseph M. Schneider, Lafayette, Ind.
Mrs. Sophia Doyle, North Merrick, N. Y.
Mrs. Mary Wottle, Cincinnati

● Help Wanted *and given*

by SISTER ALMA MARIE



Sister Alma Marie and her eager pupils.

“NO, Sister, we’re not Catholic, but we have always wanted to be,” was the greeting we received from the elderly couple when we knocked at the door of their humble little home.

They had been proving their sincerity. Unable to attend the adult instruction class at the rectory, they had enrolled in the correspondence course offered by the Knights of Columbus. Each week they studied and worked out the assignment, and were thrilled when some of their corrected work bore

the commendatory “Very good.”

Some of the questions, however, were difficult, they said. “Would you kind ladies help us?” was their request.

We were only too happy to return again and again to explain the sacred truths of our faith.

Daily Rosary has become a part of their lives. Our Blessed Mother whom they love so dearly will surely obtain for them soon the greatest gift of all, the saving waters of baptism.



A pause in the lesson for a closeup.

Photo Brown

