

THE MISSIONARY & CATECHIST

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Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters



The Victory Noll Sisters pronounce their first vows at their Motherhouse. Renewals and final vows may be taken in churches or convents in the missions. Here the Most Rev. John L. Morkovsky, S.T.D., Bishop of Amarillo, watches Sister John Celeste sign her vow formula while Sister Regina Marie (left) and Sister Mary Isabel look on. Bishop Morkovsky had just received the vows of Sister John Celeste and Sister Regina Marie during Holy Mass in Sacred Heart Church, San Angelo, Texas.

THE apostolate of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters now extends to thirty-eight archdioceses and dioceses in the United States. The seventy-eight convents of the Congregation are in twenty-one states spread from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

From these convents the sisters go out every day to teach religion to Catholic boys and girls who attend public schools. During the past year the schools of religion staffed by the Victory Noll Sisters had an enrollment of well over the 100,000 mark and the number is increasing daily.

Besides teaching religion to chil-

dren in grade and high schools, Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters also engage in training lay teachers in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and supervising their work, in taking census, in visiting the homes of the sick and the poor, in preparing altar boys and choirs, in organizing sodalities, and in directing youth activities.

Many more vocations are needed for this apostolate. Young women over sixteen who are interested in missionary work are invited to write to Victory Noll, the Motherhouse of the Congregation, for information. A coupon for this purpose is on the back cover of this magazine.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

March 1960
No. 4 Vol. 36

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



Victory Noll Press

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COVER

Mother Cecilia, Superior General of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, greets Sue Walker of Rochester, Ind., at the beginning of the three-day Vocation Workshop. Looking on are (left) Joanne Karnitz, Milwaukee, and Bridgid Clifford, Columbus, Ohio. Sue is now a postulant at Victory Noll. See Workshop story on page 10.

CREDITS

Cover and pages 5, 10, and 11, Our Sunday Visitor photos by Albert Kindler; inside front, J. Hughes, San Angelo, Texas; page 15, The Phillips Co., San Pedro, Calif.; page 23, Al Kaelin, Los Angeles, Calif.; outside back cover, Alex Alcantara, Soledad, Calif.

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M i s s i o n a r y G a r b

by SISTER CHARLENE

Why do sisters dress as they do? Sister Charlene explains the habit of a Victory Noll Sister and what it means to her.

FEW young women enter a religious congregation just because they like the habit. Your appreciation of it grows with your vocation and the realization of its meaning in your life.

I had not been a Victory Noll Sis-

ter very long when a girl visited me and described in thrilling detail the habit of the community she intended to enter. She then asked me what I thought of mine. I must have astonished her when I had to admit that I had not even seen our habit at the time I decided to enter and that I was not unduly impressed when I first saw it.

If she put the same question to me now, my answer would come slowly as answers do which are hard to express.

Do I like our habit? Yes, but that is not all. I like what it means to me. It is a very special habit now and has come to mean many things. I look at other communities and admire the sisters' habits. They are fine for *them*. But for us ours is best.

You see, it is a simple habit which immediately tells everyone in an unpretentious way that here is someone set apart. It is a sign of dedication and is a protection in our active life.

I have explained it to many people who are not Catholics. However, children understand it best. Once I told a small non-Catholic child, "It shows that we belong to Jesus." She understood perfectly and replied, "I like long dresses."

The skirt of our habit is a little shorter than usual because we are active missionaries walking through mud, dust, and snow and going outdoors under many other conditions. Getting in and out of cars, climbing steps and hills requires a shorter length for convenience.

Our veil is much simpler than that of many other religious. It must be soft and away from the face for those who spend a large part of their lives driving. Yet the simplicity does not take away from its meaning. Even those who know nothing about sisters realize that our chastity is dedicated and they respect it.



Sister Noreen, right, wears the dark blue habit and veil of a professed Missionary Sister. Sister Rita Louise, second year novice, looks forward to her profession and first mission appointment next August.

Beneath the veil the suntanned face of a Missionary Sister reveals that she spends many hours outdoors seeking those who will not come to her.

The hands, too, outlined by white cuffs, you may see signaling for a right turn, holding a catechism, or carrying a briefcase. Perhaps they are not so smooth as the advertisements say a woman's hands should be, but they show that service and hard work are involved in the life of a missionary. They have washed dishes, moved benches, and even at times changed the tire on a car.

And then there is the medal. Children often admire the size of it.

"Can I have one, Sister?" they ask. "How much does it cost?"

"No money," I always answer. "You just have to give your life."

"It is like a wedding ring," we tell the older ones. "We receive it when we make our vows for the first time.

Yes, they would like very much to have one. But the price? Many conclude that the price is too high. Perhaps for them it is. But for us it is a bargain any day to exchange a few pleasures for a life of real accomplishments and an eternity of happiness.

Toward the end of May last year we asked the postulants to write an article on some phase of the life they had been living since September. The stories were very revealing and we regret we have not room to publish them all. The first of the three we have chosen gives an overall view of the postulancy. The other two show the postulants at work. Those who wrote them are now novices. However, the pictures are not of last year's class, but this.

A Look *into the Postulancy*

by the POSTULANTS

Which Is Most Important?

by MARY

ARE you a TV fan? If you are, you must be familiar with the program called "The Man on the Street." I used to enjoy it. People of various walks of life are interviewed during this program.

Now let's imagine the emcee posing this question to me: "What do you consider the most important phase of your life as a postulant?"

A question like this is rather difficult to answer. I can hardly classify anything we do in the order of importance, whether it be praying, working, studying, or playing. Everything is important to us.

Convents are noted for cleanliness. Therefore, postulants are introduced to housekeeping techniques within a few days after they arrive. There are cards with instructions. Do not wonder why; some postulants have had little housekeeping experience. These cards are

helpful for they tell what is to be done and contain many other valuable hints. Experienced or not, postulants enjoy working. As time goes on, we manage without the cards except for a quick glance now and then.

Let us consider studies. As postulants we spend most of the day in the classroom. Each course we take is aimed at helping us acquire the knowledge we will need for our apostolate. Our subjects are interesting but this does not mean that they are always easy. Some postulants struggle with Spanish, while others find music theory difficult, but all of them cheerfully put forth their best efforts. The struggle is made easier by the wonderful help we receive from our teachers, the Capuchin Fathers and our own sisters.

As I implied before, I used to be a TV fan. Evening recreation usually meant watching my favorite programs. Recreation means much more than that now. Each postulant takes her turn at planning recreation and whatever she plans is wholeheartedly accepted by all. Recreation means all types of activities, even putting on our own TV program.

The postulancy is a period of training. Our objective is to become Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory. Our goal is to grow in the ways of Christ. All the means necessary to attain this goal are given to us. These means are study, work, recreation, and prayer, together with the innumerable things which constitute a day, a week, or any set period of time. None of these means can be classified according to importance because each contributes its part toward the goal which, with the grace of God, we hope to attain.

* * *

Housekeeping Techniques

by JANICE

DO not wish to imply by this article that Victory Noll is not kept in tip top shape. The sisters are all accomplished housekeepers. The novices, too, do a good job keeping the dust from piling up, but every fall a new group comes to Victory Noll whose success as housekeepers seems to be questioned. True, they do advance in the art as time progresses, but those first few months are usually rather disconcerting.

Perhaps you suppose that high school graduates are more or less versed in basic housecleaning techniques. They are—to some extent. Most of them have handled a broom at one time or another, and the majority have laid eyes on a mop. How many have actually wielded the latter is another question. To illustrate, take the case of a postulant in my own group.

We had been at Victory Noll a week when the first scrubbing assignments were apportioned. Beatrice was given one of them. Like all zealous aspirants she went to work enthusiastically. First she read the card giving very

explicit and detailed instructions on just how the west washroom was to be scrubbed.

There was only one item that the card failed to mention—the kind of mop to use. But Beatrice, being a level-headed girl, solved that problem quickly. She took the most serviceable-looking one. The fact that it was a two-foot-wide corridor dust mop did not deter her. Neither did the fact that the mop, being more than twice as wide as the bucket, had to be dunked one end at a time. Even the fact that she was unable to get the center wet did not faze Beatrice. She managed to get half the floor “scrubbed” be-



Anyway, if the postulants don't know much about brooms and mops before they come to Victory Noll, they learn very soon.

fore the bell for noon prayers interrupted her.

Then Theresa, another discerning postulant, rushed in to help put things away. She was slightly startled by Beatrice's unique technique, but being herself just a postulant, did not think to do anything about it. Beatrice might still be using it if a professed sister had not discovered the wet dust mop.

This is only one example; there are others. I think our class was particularly fruitful in this respect. Besides Beatrice and her blunder there was the postulant seen dusting the blackboard erasers over the bathtub. Another filled the soap dispensers with lysol.

Still another postulant, in her eagerness to rid the washroom of all foreign matter, attacked a ceiling light fixture with her dust cloth. The result: one broken light fixture. The procedure was repeated a couple of months later with the same result. Since there is still one fixture left in that particular area and since our group of postulants will be around a few more months, we may have a second encore.

Does anyone still wonder why postulants' housecleaning techniques are questioned by accomplished housekeepers?

* * *

Life in the Vegetable Room

by BEATRICE

BURIED deep in the basement of Victory Noll is the vegetable room—second home to the postulants. Here, for month-long periods, we spend some time every day. While we are there we do whatever vegetables Sister Cook needs for the day's meals.



It takes a lot of vegetables to serve everyone at Victory Noll.

The morning's work starts when the vegetable cart rattles off from the kitchen to the vegetable room. Soon after, the work is going on in earnest. For those postulants fortunate enough to be already skilled in the ways of peeling, coring, slicing, etc., this is easy enough. For those who are not, the sight of the box of bandages on the shelf with the other equipment is reassuring, to say the least.

And so we work. Sometimes our thoughts are not exactly of a recollected nature. Questions arise in our minds: "Is it better to peel toward or away from myself? What am I supposed to do with my thumb? Are the peelings supposed to be landing on my shoulder?"

At first we are tempted to talk. But after a few days on the job, we find it all works down to an equation: *Mucho hablando—poco trabajando*. To build up our speed we compete with one another. Sometimes in our efforts at racing, things start flying. We each have a definite rhythm then: peel, duck, peel, duck, peel, duck . . .

By the end of the month we have become very efficient. It is amazing how, after such a short period, postu-

After a month of it the postulants become very proficient.



For those who are new at the job, there is always the first aid kit close by.

lants can become so accurate in squirting apple juice at one another, flipping apple cores halfway across the room and landing them correctly in the garbage can, throwing potatoes to make the water splash just the right height. You know the old saying: Practice makes perfect.

We cannot forget the Saturday duty of the postulants on vegetables, scrubbing the floor. Now this is a bigger job than it looks at first, and sometimes we do not have enough time. Can you blame us if we occasionally find it necessary to use the quick method—empty the bucket on the floor and push the water down the drain?

Time goes by and it is the end of the month. New postulants come to the vegetable room to replace the old ones. The old postulants emerge from their session, still smiling. Although there are cuts and callouses on every hand, there is a triumphant gleam in every eye.



The girls who attended the Victory Noll Workshop were from Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. With them are Mother Cecilia (center); Sister Helen, vocation directress, right; and Sister Mary Helen, mistress of postulants, left. Many of these girls are still in high school. Two of them are now postulants at Victory Noll: Sue Walker, Rochester, Ind., immediately in front of Mother Cecilia; and Ruth Ann Feldpausch, Fowler, Mich. Ruth Ann is second from the right in the second row.

Vocation Workshop

LAST June we had a three-day Vocation Workshop at Victory Noll. It was the first time we had ever had anything like that. When we sent out notices to girls in nearby states we wondered whether anyone would come. Then when the answers started to pour in we were afraid we could not take all who wanted to come!

We were able to accommodate twenty-five girls. They followed the community exercises and took part in discussions on the religious life in general and the life of the Victory

Noll Sisters in particular. The three days were not all work and prayer. Recreational activities shared with postulants, novices, and professed sisters included picnics, hikes, games, and songfests.

So successful was it that we have been asked to repeat it this year. For lack of room, however, we cannot do so. When we told this to one of the girls she wrote: "Can't we sleep in the garage or barn? We will be glad to come early and clean up and make straw beds."

Sister Sharon, novice, meets two of the girls who attend her alma mater, Central Catholic in Fort Wayne. They are Roseann Gerardot, Fort Wayne, and Phyllis Jacquay, Monroeville. Roseann and Phyllis are nieces of Sister Mary Evelyn, superior in Cheyenne, Wyoming.



Sister Mary Imelda, superior at Victory Noll, explains the difference between the habits of a professed sister, a novice, and a postulant. The girls are: Alice Winzenburg, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Mary Rita McNamara, Masonville, Iowa; Alice Feldpausch, Fowler, Mich.; and Joanne Welter, also of Masonville, Iowa. Alice Winzenburg's sister is Sister Francis Anne, now in Elsberry, Mo.

In the Home Field



It was Sister Joan Louise's turn to cook when this picture was made.

One Wednesday evening after the parish high school of religion class two curious teenagers had some questions to ask about how sisters live.

"Sister, who does your cooking?" was one question.

"We take turns cooking."

Then one posed a problem, "But suppose, Sister, you don't like another sister's cooking?"

Before I could answer, the other girl said quickly, "Then you eat it anyway 'All for Jesus through Mary.'"

SISTER MARTHA

* * *

LITTLE GIRL — BIG PROBLEM

"Sister, do you have a minute? I'd like to talk to you."

It was in the vestibule of the church one Saturday afternoon that I heard this worried-sounding request from a tiny voice. It was confession time and

one of the young couples of the parish had just arrived with their four daughters. The face of Joanie, second eldest, lighted up when she saw me and immediately she spoke her request.

"Why of course, Joanie; let's sit down right here," I replied.

Joanie's eyes followed her parents and she remained silent and patient until the swinging doors of the church separated them from us.

Then she confided, "Sister, ever since I was four years old I have wanted to be a sister. And now I'm five and a half and I STILL want to be a sister. How old do I have to be before I can be a sister?"

So until her parents came out of church Joanie eagerly listened to all I told her about becoming a sister.

SISTER MELITA

* * *

LOT TO GIVE UP

I was walking at the head of the line, leading the children from school to our catechetical center for class. Eight-year-old Esther was next to me.

Esther is quite a talker and sometimes only lack of breath can stop her. Today she looked very pensive. Suddenly she smiled her toothless grin and said, "I think I'll be a sister when I grow up."

Before I had a chance to reply she continued very seriously, "There are two things I'd have to give up: Number 1, lipstick; Number 2, pretty dresses." Without pausing she looked at me and said, "I'll have to wear what you're wearing—all the time."

Again not waiting for my comment she concluded, "But I'll be a sister anyway and then I can teach kids how to pray."

SISTER MARITA



The old convent taken from what used to be the other side of Opal Street where the church, rectory, and parochial school once stood. Everyone had to move!

ON THE MOVE

As the population of California continues to swell, the city of Los Angeles is constantly on the move and our convent on Opal Street was in the way. A new freeway was to be constructed and we had to vacate. As a result, we are now enjoying a brand new convent built for us on busy Soto Street.

When we leave for class these days, however, we are never sure we can find our way home. Streets are rerouted, blocked off, removed, dug under, and re-made. When we do not take a street for a few days, we hardly recognize it the next time we pass that way.

So far, our old convent has not been torn down. The highway department is using it as an office.

SISTER MARY GEORGE

CONSPICUOUS

On weekday mornings we six sisters occupy a bench and a half in the small parish church. On Sundays we all squeeze into one pew. Evidently we present quite a spectacle judging from the impression made on a first grader.

"I went to church last Sunday," David reported, "and I looked over that way and saw you guys all sittin' in a row."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY

* * *

NICKNAME FOR SISTER

On the first day of class two friendly fifth grade girls came to Sister DeMontfort with the usual question, "Sister, what is your name?"

Very slowly and painstakingly Sister told them, realizing that most children have difficulty remembering her name.

Five minutes later her inquirers returned, "Sister, what did you say your name was?"

Once again Sister told them. The girls talked it over and then returned a third time. "Sister," they asked, "don't you have a nickname? We'll never remember your real one!"

SISTER LORRAINE



New convent on Soto Street, Los Angeles.

Murder in the Sacristy

by SISTER ALICE MARIE

THE two very young sisters were at home alone—with three bushels of very ripe tomatoes. A cook book lay opened at the recipe for home made catsup. Though the sisters had butterflies in their stomachs they were grimly determined to prove their mettle in the task their superior had assigned them. Surely they were intelligent enough to follow such a concise recipe, although neither had had very much experience cooking.

Three hours and several mishaps later the two sisters stood admiringly before the fruit of their labors. Several rows of quart-size soft drink bottles were filled with ruby red home made catsup. It smelled just like what their mothers used to make. And it really had a good tomato taste. Of course it was a little thinner than they had expected it to be, but it would probably thicken as it cooled.

With pardonable pride they awaited the return of their superior and the other two sisters. The former had been reluctant to leave them alone with such a task, but she had to give a private instruction to a patient at the tuberculosis hospital. The other two sisters had their regular visiting schedule to follow. But now their superior would see how groundless her fears had been.

They watched her as she tasted the sample they had poured into the sauce dish. There was a surprised expression on her face. Eyes lowered modestly, the

sisters awaited her word. When they looked up again she had disappeared. The two older sisters went quickly at her call. The two young ones followed hastily. They found the trio around the garbage can.

“All that good pulp,” murmured the superior despondently. And then, as she caught sight of the puzzled faces of the young sisters, she explained, “The pulp would have thickened the catsup. But don’t worry. We all like tomato juice and we can serve it both hot and cold.”

Everyone was so kind and besides, everyone was so excited over news of the strike at the mill that the sisters soon forgot their embarrassment over the catsup that wasn’t catsup after all. And once again the pardonable bit of pride was there as they arranged the bottles of tomato juice in neat rows in the sacristy storeroom where candles, vases, and other supplies were kept. There was no other room available in the small convent.

At recreation that evening they heard further news of the strike. There was possibility of real trouble, for strike breakers had been brought in from other areas. The patients at the hospital had told the sisters that there was great danger of gun fire. And the convent was in the mill district!

No wonder the sisters almost jumped into midair as they knelt in their tiny

chapel for night prayers. Bang! Bang! The shots came from the direction of the sacristy. The superior rose hastily and headed in that direction.

The other sisters should have been right at her heels, but their knees were leaden. They heard a muffled scream. The sacristy door opened and the superior, her white collar splashed crimson, her shaking hands dripping red, staggered through the chapel into the adjoining room.

The young sisters never knew how they did it, but somehow they managed to reach Sister's side. She sat at a table, her head in her hands, her shoulders shaking convulsively. Finally she lifted her head.

"Tomato juice," she gasped, "tomato juice everywhere—the walls, the candles, the floor!"

Bang! Bang! came from the direction of the sacristy.

"Sisters, what bottles did you use for that tomato juice?"

"The ones in the garage."

And now one of the older sisters collapsed on the chair laughing uncontrollably. "The ones I bottled the home made root beer in for the altar boys' party! I guess the boys didn't wash all the yeast out of them! Maybe you didn't soak them long enough!"

Bang! Bang!

It was a long evening until the mess was all cleaned up. And before it was over the young sisters were laughing as heartily as the others. They had learned another important truth. One of the most necessary requirements for a missionary is a sense of humor.



"Your move," says Sister John Joseph (right) to Sister Denise. Even a game of checkers can be fun at a convent recreation.



our

Associates'

Dear Associates:

SHORTLY after the first of the year, our annual financial report for 1959 was mailed to all Promoters of Bands. We were highly pleased with the showing made by all the Bands in general and with some in particular.

Sacred Heart Mission Society (*Mrs. Sue Albanese, President*), Newark, New York, sent us \$800, which was \$98 better than the group did the previous year. St. Margaret Mary Band (*Mrs. Fred Shields, President*), Omaha, Nebraska, surprised us with an annual total of \$505, which was only \$5 more than the annual total of St. Martin of Tours Band (*Miss Elizabeth Bauer, President*), same city. St. Clare Band (*Mrs. Ella Hamilton, President*), likewise of Omaha, followed closely with a total of \$455. The three Bands collectively sent us \$1460! Highest among our Chicago Bands was that of St. Joseph's (*Mrs. A. Naumes, Promoter*), with a total of \$487.35, being almost \$100 better than these same women did the year before. Another Band, which rated among the "four hundred," was Little Flower Mission Circle (*Miss Veronica Foertsch, Promoter*) which sent a total of \$430, topping their previous total by \$115. Other Bands which notably increased their year-end totals were Dolores Mission Guild, Holy Family Band, St. John Mission Guild, St. Luke Band, all of Chicago; St. Rita Band, Hammond, Indiana; St. Clara Band, Ft. Wayne; St. Augustine Band, Marshfield, Mass.; Florentine Band, St. Louis; and St.

Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio. There is one more Band we must not forget to mention,—Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Indiana. These ladies did not exceed last year's total but they maintained it and it was a high one,—\$300.

Do not let these high figures discourage other Bands. We are grateful for all amounts, large and small. Never have we needed your help so much as now, what with the immense building program at Victory Noll.

"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS" IS A MISSIONARY SPIRIT!



We might shock some of our readers if we told them — without explaining — that our original intention was to entitle this picture, "The St. Louis Blues!" You see, these sisters when they joined our Congregation, laid aside their secular dress to don the blue habits and veils of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. All of them came from St. Louis. Reading from left to right, they are: Sister Mary Gerard, Sister Mary Kathleen, Sister Mary Edna, Sister Mary Agatha, Mother Cecilia, Sister Dolores, Sister Juliana, Sister Mary Helen and Sister Mary David. Mother Cecilia is our Superior General and Sister Juliana is her sister. Sister Mary Edna's mother heads the Child Jesus Band in St. Louis.

Club Mention



HEFLINS' BAKE SALE

The Heflins, parents of Sister The-resaleen, held their annual bake sale in Kalamazoo, Michigan, for the benefit of our sisters, and netted thirty dollars. It is a family affair. Mrs. Heflin does the baking and Mr. Heflin and sons take orders and deliver the goods. A variety of breads was offered—white, whole wheat, banana, nut, and brown—as well as cookies and pies. Pizza at \$1 a pie was a new venture and sales were good.

REPAIRS BROKEN ROSARIES

*Mr. Francis Winkel
67829 Main Street
Richmond, Michigan*

asks that broken rosaries, chains, religious articles be sent to him so that he can mend them and, in turn, send them to mission orders for distribution. He also accepts medals, badges, scapulars, old coins, and jewelry.

CALLING ON READERS AND FRIENDS OF TMC TO START SMALL BANDS

From time to time one of our sisters makes a remark like this: "My mother (sister, aunt, etc.) has been thinking about starting a small mission band to help you in your mission work, but just doesn't know how to go about it."

Bear in mind that even if your group is a very small one, your own individual efforts are multiplied by as many people as compose your band. All members become our Associates, and as such share in many spiritual benefits.

Write us *today!* State the number of friends whom you think you will be able to interest. Also state whether you plan to make it a social club (card-playing group) or one where the members do things at meetings like mounting medals, etc. Address your letter to

Sister Supervisor, ACM, Victory Noll, Huntington, Ind.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

Dec. 26, 1959 to Jan. 26, 1960

Charitina I, Chicago, H. Ford	\$ 5.00
Dolores Guild, Chicago, A. Klingel	35.25
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	38.00
Immaculate Heart of Mary Group, Oak Park, Ill., Miss Grace Lewis	10.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Louis, Mrs. A. J. Lammert	25.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	5.00
Padre Serra Band, Corona, Calif., Mrs. Vincent delaTorre	10.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. James M. O'Brien	7.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	80.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., H. Melke	5.00
St. Irene, Chicago, May Walsh	12.00
St. John Guild, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. A. Bechtold	109.00
St. Jude Miss Society, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Helen Horstman	60.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. Kiefer	18.25
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes	10.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Huebl	75.00
Seven Dolors, Chicago, Mrs. Murphy	3.50



True Devotion to Mary

Our Blessed Mother and Your Religious Vocation

IT is inevitable that a young girl should go through periods of uncertainty when she is trying to decide whether or not she has a religious vocation. This is not abnormal in any way. It is to be expected. Those who have "smooth sailing" from start to finish are rare indeed.

Some, because of home circumstances and temperament, have more difficulties than others; but the average girl has her share of them. It is possible that at the time, these problems seem much greater than they really are. And of course we cannot discount the fact that the devil will do everything he can to thwart a vocation. He knows how much good will result from it and he is going to do all he can to block it.

Serious problems arise when a girl's parents—even one parent—oppose her vocation. A religious community is reluctant to accept a candidate under such circumstances. Certainly she will not be accepted until she is over twenty-one.

Aside from this condition, however, there are more common obstacles. A girl might in all sincerity believe she has some obligations toward her family when such is really not the case. She is torn between her desire to enter the convent on the one hand and the thought that she is needed at home or will be needed in the future. She has not quite enough faith to leave the future in God's hands.

Perhaps she is the only child or she is the last one at home. Her brothers and sisters are already settled in their various vocations. Her parents, though no longer young, are still in good health. Moreover, they are willing for her to enter. All seems to be going smoothly and then she is tormented by

the thought that something might happen to her father, and her mother would be left alone. Or it could be the other way around. Should she go and leave them?

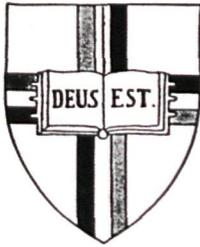
This is only one example of a difficulty a girl might face. Another (and a common one) is the thought that perhaps she should not go to this community after all, but to one that does a different kind of work. It had seemed so clear to her at one time. Now she is all mixed up.

In all these difficulties a girl can consult her pastor or some other prudent person who knows her well and is not prejudiced one way or the other. But ultimately she has to come to her own decision. To do that she needs grace, lots of grace from God.

That is where Our Blessed Mother comes in. If only a young girl would place her vocation in Our Blessed Mother's hands, she would be spared many trials and difficulties. No one is so much interested in religious vocations as Mary is. To follow one's vocation much grace is needed. Our Blessed Mother wishes to be asked for this grace.

When Our Lady appeared to St. Catherine Laboure and revealed her Miraculous Medal, she said, referring to the dazzling rays which Catherine saw coming, as it were, from the beautiful gems on her fingers: "They are the symbols of the graces I shed upon those who ask for them. The gems from which rays do not fall are the *graces for which souls forget to ask.*"

If then, you do not obtain all the graces you need to follow your vocation, it is because you do not ask. Our Blessed Mother is more than willing to obtain them for you. You have only to ask.



Your CCD Question

We have some fine teachers in the Fraternity of Christian Doctrine program in our diocese. Most of them took the training course two years ago. Since then they have been teaching and are doing a good job, but I feel that something more should be done. I am afraid I am a little vague about knowing just what to do, but frankly, I think they might lose their enthusiasm if we just let them go off on their own. What would you suggest?

You are right, and we believe we understand what you are "getting at." We will assume that most of your teachers are under some sort of supervision or rather that they are teaching in a parish or an institution in which the pastor, a sister, or someone else is responsible and that they receive cooperation and encouragement. If not, then they are certainly to be admired, but also sympathized with.

Over and above this encouragement and cooperation it is well for the teachers to have occasional get-togethers in which they can discuss their problems. This could be done on a deanery basis. Even for a small diocese the group would probably be too large if all came together at the same time. It also might cause some inconvenience because of distance.

The meeting could take various forms. There might be one that is strictly spiritual, a kind of day of recollection. It is obvious that the priest

who is invited to conduct the exercises should be well acquainted with the aims and ideals of the Fraternity.

Then there could be refresher courses. There are always new visual aids to learn about, new texts to discuss, new methods to present, valuable experiences to pool. Moreover, any abuses could be tactfully handled at such courses.

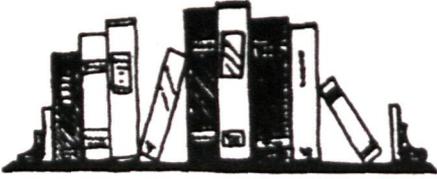
It goes without saying that the Diocesan Director and/or Deanery Director should be present at these meetings. Nothing boosts the morale of the teachers so much as to know that these priests are interested in the work they are doing. They are not doing it just to secure their commendation, but we are all human and we need a boost now and then.

A Communion breakfast might be arranged for the teachers once a year. A speaker who would pep them up could be secured for this occasion.

Even though there are general meetings of the Fraternity of Christian Doctrine, these separate meetings for the teachers are important because their problems differ from those of other committees. These teachers' meetings, then, should be over and above the meetings of the CCD as a whole.

There should be an *esprit de corps* among the CCD teachers of a diocese or deanery not unlike that among the alumni members of a school. Only by keeping in touch with one another can this be accomplished.

Books



Brother Zero by Covelle Newcomb. Dodd, Mead & Company, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. \$3.50

In the hands of someone less skilled than Covelle Newcomb, St. John of God would be impersonal, a saint who is positively out of reach of us ordinary mortals. His penances were truly horrible and his life was filled with marvelous events that could only be explained supernaturally. Yet Miss Newcomb has made him intensely lovable and attractively human.

St. John of God was born in Portugal but spent most of his life in Spain. The little note in the missal—that he was converted at the age of forty—might lead one to think that he was another St. Camillus de Lellis. Except for one brief period, however, John always led an exemplary life. He himself probably exaggerated the account of his lapse from a less perfect life, and his love of God was so great that he lamented it the rest of his life. Like all the saints he considered himself the greatest of sinners. He saw only what was good in others. As for himself, he referred to himself as Brother Zero.

John spent himself in taking care of the sick poor. Only toward the end of his life did he have companions who, though he called them "brothers," did not become a religious community until after his death. Today we know them as the Order of Hospitaller Brothers of St. John of God.

Covelle Newcomb has given us a biography that is extremely well-written, engaging, and inspiring. Though the reader may shudder at the penances St. John imposed on himself, he will at the same time wish to imitate his charity.

The author's husband, Addison Burbank, has contributed some interesting sketches to the book. His Eminence, Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, wrote the foreword.

* * *

Love or Constraint? by Abbe Marc Oraison, D.D., M.D. translated by Una Morrissy. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York 8, N.Y. \$3.75

When a priest who is a doctor of theology and also a doctor of medicine writes a book, we naturally expect it to be rather special, and so it is. We might also, however, expect a book of this type—subtitled *Some Psychological Aspects of Religious Education*—to be rather dry reading, but such is not the case.

The Abbe's thesis is simple enough—that religious education must have its roots in early training. His book then is primarily of concern to parents. By the time the child is turned over to a teacher, it is often too late to counteract some of the undesirable influences to which he has been exposed.

As one would expect from a priest and a theologian, Abbe Oraison recognizes the importance of grace which often triumphs even though the emotional environment in which the child grows up is not normal or not sufficiently balanced. Nevertheless it must be remembered that grace builds on nature and the author warns that the essential point is never to forget that religious education is not by any means a question of "teaching" solely, but

also of a proper psychological atmosphere.

The first part of this book is mainly theoretical and yet Abbe Oraison makes it easier for the reader to grasp by giving illustrative case histories. In later chapters the author presents some practical conclusions.

Although we see this book primarily as one for parents, the catechist will also profit from it, and priests and religious will find in it material which they in turn can point out to parents.

* * *

Facts of the Faith by Monsignor J. D. Conway. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. \$4.50

Everyone who has read Monsignor Conway's Question Box column in *Our Sunday Visitor* and in many diocesan papers will know that this book will certainly not be so dry as its title sounds. Yet, a better title could hardly be found for, according to the dust jacket, this is a comprehensive and original summary of the basic doctrines and teachings of the Catholic Church.

Monsignor Conway presents the material in the form that he uses in his own information classes. Although he follows the more or less accepted plan: Creed, Sacraments, Commandments, his treatment is fresh and extremely readable.

Those who give convert instructions will find here some excellent ideas in putting life into their classes. The book is valuable also as a source of background material for the catechist, on no matter what level he is teaching. It is, furthermore, a book to put into the hands of a non-Catholic. And because it is so comprehensive and has such a complete index, it would be a valuable ready reference in the home library of every Catholic family.

Rome Is Home edited by the Earl of Wicklow with a preface by Edward Charles Rich. Academy Library Guild, Box 549, Fresno, Calif. \$2.95

As its name might suggest, this is a collection of convert stories. There are thirty of them, the vast majority being those of former Anglican clergymen.

Two women tell their stories, both of them ex-Anglican nuns. There are also several ministers who were Methodists and Presbyterians, and one Russian Orthodox layman.

Since so many were clergymen in the Church of England, one might suppose that their experiences would be monotonously alike. Such, however, is not the case, even though their reasons for becoming Catholics were practically the same.

When I first looked over this small book I felt a sense of irritation that none of the stories were signed. In a way it did not matter. Possibly only the names of two or three—if that many—would have meant anything to me. As I read, however, names mattered still less. Perhaps because so many are very recent converts they preferred to remain anonymous. At any rate, their doing so does not detract from the value of the book.

A reader cannot lay aside a book like this without having a deep sense of gratitude that he was spared so many difficulties in finding the true faith. He will be moved to admiration, too, for the courage of those who followed their convictions no matter what the difficulties. He will be able to understand better why there are still so many who seem to see how anomalous their position is in the Church of England and yet hesitate to come over to Rome. Finally, every reader will surely resolve to pray harder for reunion, an intention so dear to the heart of our Holy Father.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

There is one type of advertisement that a House Sub-Committee will hardly be interested in investigating. That is the vocation ad. For one thing, an ad calling attention to the advantages of the religious life can never be accused of exaggerated claims. On the contrary, those who have answered the call know that anything that might be said about the advantages of religious life is an understatement. What other "product" will give you a hundredfold here and life everlasting hereafter?

Now and then we hear a few dissenting voices when the merits of such advertising are discussed. Such matters should be left to the Holy Spirit. We don't deny that it is entirely up to the Holy Spirit, but at the same time grace perfects nature and we must use human means also.

The vocation ad, nevertheless, is here to stay. The reason is very simple. It has proved its worth.

Our own Congregation is in a unique position to make such a statement. Most sisters depend for vocations on the girls whom they have taught in their secondary schools and colleges, the nurses in their training schools. Since we have no such schools, hospitals, or other institutions, we have no such source of vocations. We are dependent to a great extent on advertising.

We can cite figures to prove that over half the sisters in our community first learned of our work through our ad in *Our Sunday Visitor*. One ad, for instance, has brought as many as thirty or thirty-five inquiries. An ad that we have used ten times during the past two years has accounted for 334 inquiries that we know of.

This does not mean, of course, that applications are sure to follow! In the first place, many of those who inquire are too young or too old. Just as soon

as we omit the phrase "If you are over 16," all the little ten- and eleven-year-olds write. Personally I think we should encourage them if they are that smart.

Some are probably going through the "fill-out-the-coupon" phase. In our own youth it usually yielded free tooth paste or cold cream samples. Today's youngsters get only free literature.

Madison Avenue has used the "limited time only" technique so much that some of those who answer the ads are influenced by it. Here is an actual request we received:

I am 15 years of age, but I will be 16 on the 21st of March. I was afraid this information would not last. So please send me this information.

One of my own favorites is from a little girl in Baltimore. She didn't ask for a thing, but this is what she wrote:

Dear Sisters of Victory,

I think your ad in the Sunday Visitor is very very sencibal. I read it, and thought very much of it. I am only nine years old, and I am going to be a Missionary Sister when I am older. I wish I could join now but I am to young. God bless you.

Yours devoutly,

Gerardine Majjella B.

We too hope that you will be a Missionary Sister when you grow up, Gerardine. We will pray for that. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Martha Mary DeBisse, sister of Sister Mary Grtrude
Rev. Edward G. Depenbrock, Cincinnati
Mrs. Catherine Sweeney, Newark, N. J.
John Maire, Cascade, Iowa
Joseph Badway, Tuloume City, Calif.
Mrs. Carrie Michels, ACM, Fort Wayne
Clara Beckman, ACM, Fort Wayne
Julia Horstman, ACM, Fort Wayne
Paula Butz, Lancaster, Pa.
Adelaide Remler, Meadville, Pa.

Of Course

You Want to Know

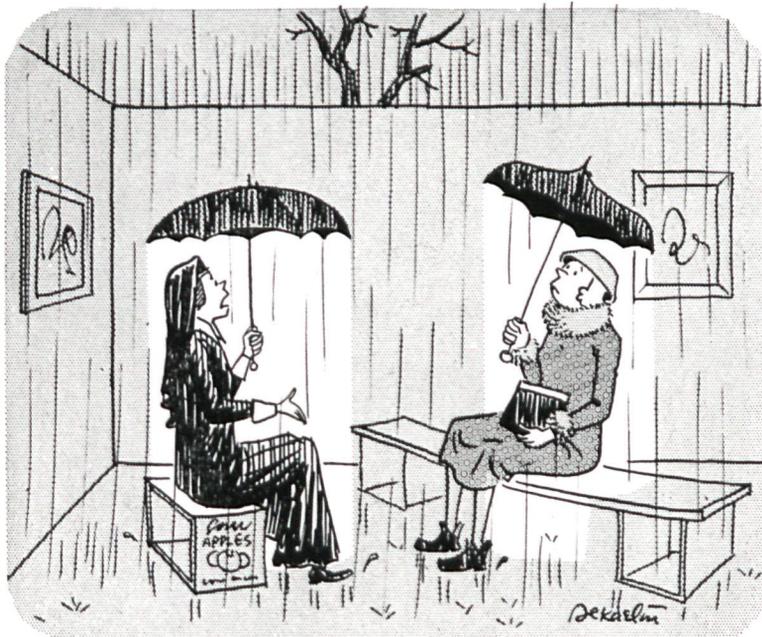
how our building program is coming along

IT isn't this bad, really. At least not yet. And you don't want it to be, do you? Neither do we.

We want you to come to see our new chapel and infirmary when they are finished. We hope you will not have to wear your rubbers and use an umbrella—at least not inside. And we hope to have chairs for you to sit on.

Furnishing sixty-four hospital rooms is expensive, not to mention the chapel. We believe that there are many good people who would like to help with the furnishings. We will be glad to send you a list of what we need and the cost of each item.

Umbrellas are not on the list, but chairs are.



"... AND THEN SUDDENLY WE RAN OUT OF FUNDS."

Would you like to teach religion to boys and girls like these?



Thousands of Catholic children throughout the United States attend public schools. They depend on Missionary Sisters to teach them their religion. The Victory Noll Sisters invite generous young girls to join them in this fascinating work.

If you are over 16, write today for information. Address:

Vocation Directress
Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Name

Address

City **Zone** **State**