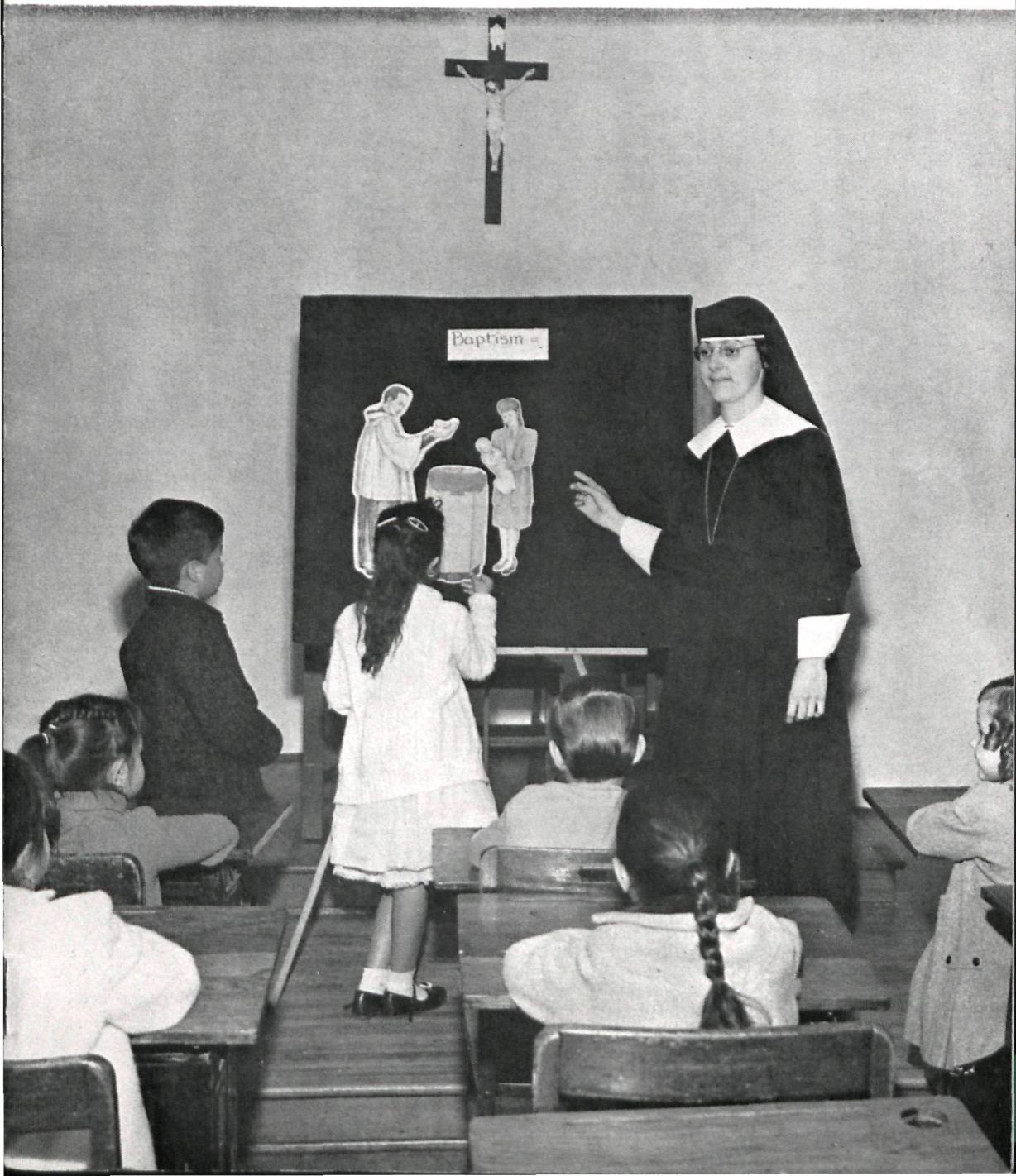


THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 36

APRIL 1960

Number 5



Blood Money

by SISTER BLANCHE MARIE

I

But they counted him out
Thirty pieces of silver;
In the words of the prophet:
"The price of Him Who was
priced."

And they were satisfied
Because of the bargain struck,
E'en though 'twas blood money.
He'd come into their power
That they might do with Him
Exactly as they'd hoped for long
ago.

* * *

And lifting up their eyes
They noted how His life-tide
ebbed away,
And they were given o'er
To fiendish exultation.
Impatiently they watched
To see Him die,
To die in shame upon a Cross.

II

Then she counted them out . . .
Thirty bright silver dollars;
In like words of the prophet:
"The price of Him Who was
priced."

And she was most content
Because of the gift she brought.
It too was blood money . . .
To purchase wine for Mass
That there might be renewed
The clean oblation promised long
ago.

* * *

And lifting up her eyes
She saw a golden chalice raised
on high;
Within it wine-made-Blood
By power of consecration.
Expectantly she watched
To see Him live,
To live again within the Mass.



THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

April 1960
No. 5 Vol. 36

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



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COVER

Nothing fascinates children so much as putting figures in place on the flannel board. Here Sister Mary Monica, Azusa, California, has a lesson on baptism.

CREDITS

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Packing for a missionary trip.

Garden Spot

by SISTER JOAN

WHAT was it like to be a missionary in the frontier days of our country? The thought occurred to me several times as I listened to our Lenten reading in the dining room - the story of Frederic Baraga, first Bishop of Marquette.

I marveled at his untiring missionary zeal and the hardships he endured in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. And to think - he had lived just a little more than a century ago and only a few hundred miles north of where I was then missioned - Reed City. What a difference in a hundred years!

Little did I dream that I would be pioneering in that very diocese. I had heard that we were opening a new mission - our first one - in the Upper Peninsula. It would be the farthest north of all our convents. What a big surprise to open my appointment on August 5 and read: Garden, Michigan.

At the first opportunity I investigated the map. I found that Garden lay on a little peninsula jutting out into Lake Michigan from the main peninsula of Upper Michigan. The population was listed as 398. Not much information, but it would not be long before we would see for ourselves.

Unlike Bishop Baraga who traveled on foot, on snowshoes, or by horseback, we sisters - Sister Patricia, Sister Michelle, and I - traveled in modern style - in a Ford station wagon presented to us by the Most Rev. Thomas Noa, D.D., present Bishop of Marquette.

Our departure was delayed until the early part of September so that our newly renovated convent would be ready for occupancy. We left Victory Noll on September 8. What better day than the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother to begin our new venture!

The thrill of expectation mounted as we crossed the Mackinac Bridge and traveled west along U. S. Highway 2. The shoreline of Lake Michigan provided beautiful scenery, but we kept our eyes peeled for the sign which would indicate our turnoff and lead us to our new home. At last we saw it: Garden Corners, 9 miles. Finally, as we rounded a bend in the twisting road we saw the church spire in the village.

Garden is just a small town with the homes clustered on and around a little hill on the edge of the Big Bay de Noc. The church of St. John the Baptist stands at the top of the hill

on the main street and our convent is the first house north of it.

Our pastor, the Rev. Ronald Bassett, and his parents were waiting to welcome us. Everything was in readiness, thanks to their hard work. We could quickly detect Mrs. Bassett's womanly touch in the convent furnishings. Mr. Bassett's skill and workmanship were evident in our beautiful chapel. Father had supervised all and he was as delighted as we were that we had finally arrived in Garden. Three tired but happy Missionary Sisters retired that night, looking forward eagerly to our new adventure ahead.

Everything was well planned in advance and we began our full schedule the following week. Where do we go and what do we do? The territory we cover takes in eight small towns and enables us to reach over 650 Catholic children who do not have the opportunity to attend parochial schools. Besides instructing these children in their religion, we have begun parish visiting and census-taking. In



Snow comes early and stays late in the Upper Peninsula. Sister Patricia (front) and Sister Michelle on convent porch.

Garden we are also able to devote some time to choir work and altar boy training.

We travel a short distance south on the Garden peninsula to Fayette, a little fishing town which at one time was also a thriving center for iron ore smelting. The remains of the old blast furnaces near the harbor make a picturesque scene. It is in this harbor that the bishop blesses the fishing fleet every year.

Another of our centers is Cooks, about fifteen miles northeast of Garden. It too was a bustling little town in the days when there was a lumber mill there. Logging is still the chief occupation and there are quite a few Catholic families in the vicinity. Not very far from Cooks is Indian Lake where Bishop Baraga built a church for the Indians in 1832.

The rest of our centers are north and west of Garden. One of them, Nahma, has an interesting history. For years a lumber company owned and operated the whole town, but now Mr. Warren Miller of Anderson, Indiana, bought the town, and the lumber is used for the manufacture of playground equipment.

Rapid River is our next center, about fifteen miles farther west. It lies along Little Bay de Noc and is a spot for tourist trade. Northward from Rapid River we travel to Perkins, Rock, and Trenary. This takes us into real timberland. We never tire of the beautiful scenery on our weekly tour. The cathedral-like spires of the evergreens and the stately white birch trees pay silent tribute to God's splendor and majesty.

Every week we average 385 miles of travel, but no matter in which direction we go, we are always discovering something new and beautiful to enjoy.

We have asked several of the old timers where Garden got its name, but to no avail. We have decided that the early settlers must have felt the same way we do; it is really a garden spot. We invite you to come and see for yourselves. We know you will agree!

HERE in California it is often necessary for us to teach in garages. Whether our classes are on released time or after school, it would not always be practical to ask the children to come to the often distant church or parish hall for their religion class.

Generous indeed are the families who let us use their garages for several hours at least twice a week. They are always apologizing because we have to teach among their stored household goods.

In California where one-floor homes are fashionable and practical, the only place to store vital but not-always-used equipment is in the garage. Sometimes the car stays out on the street in deference to the stored equipment or to the projects that are going on in its oil-stained parking space.

drive. The big planks down the middle of the floor are too long and too heavy to move, so they must be stepped over. If the class is large we even use them to augment the seating arrangement.

A refrigerator that is being stored for a relative must have its door carefully ajar to permit circulation of air. I must remember to double check before I leave, lest inquisitive little hands open it wider and then close it tight. Meanwhile, it seems a good place to hang the chart containing the act of contrition.

The baby bed hanging on the wall must not be bumped. I cannot help wishing that the big straw hat from Mexico were not within reach. Along one wall are the lawn mower, window screens, and a work bench with box of tools. Some empty boxes, an old

Garage Classrooms Are Amazing Places

by SISTER M. DE PORRES

As I get my garage ready for class I often cast a glance across the street at the lovely new school my pupils attend. What a contrast for them to come to our makeshift classroom after spending the day within the soft pastel-tinted walls of the ultra modern school.

Before every class I must look around the garage, make a mental note of the areas of temptation, and then caution the children to respect the property of others. Some of the "furnishings" are fascinating to children.

A stack of old papers in the corner is being saved for the next paper

chair, an unsteady table, and a filled trash can are waiting for the next day's pickup. A bag of powdery stuff for the lawn seeps out just enough to make white tracks on the floor.

As I prop up the skinny three-by-five chalkboard against a chair that is in its turn lying on top of a stove, I unconsciously compare it with the beautiful green chalkboard the children have just written their arithmetic problems on.

In place of the wall of glass in the school across the street we have the open garage door. Whether we have rain or sun it must be left open



From their ultra modern school nearby, the children come to their garage classroom for religious instruction.

for light and air. The dogs and cats and flies wander in at will. So do little brothers and sisters who live in the neighborhood.

To the children this particular garage is a wonderland, a wonderland of treasures. And what makes it extra special are the trophies that adorn it on the outside - proof of the owner's hobby.

The children think it is grand to have antlers and what they call eagle's wings attached to their "catechism."

(This is a term small children often use in referring to their catechetical center.) The wings are really those of a brown speckled hawk and the children often stand and admire them, especially on windy days when the feathers flutter.

One little boy, when he saw me park the car in front of the garage before class, asked with a touch of envy in his voice, "Do you live here, Sister? Boy, you are lucky to live so close to THIS catechism!"

Around Victory Noll

IF THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is late reaching you this month, we hope you will be indulgent. We have a good excuse, for we have been in the throes of a dust (cement dust) holiday Around Victory Noll. The last part of the drilling for the connecting tunnel between the new building and the old was the worst of all.

Every day the report would spread that tomorrow there would be just a little more to do and that would be the end. We would take heart then and clean and dust, only to find ourselves the next day right back again where we were before. Perhaps the workers purposely refrained from telling us how long it would take—in the spirit of the Irishman who does not like to tell you how far it is to the next village for fear you will be discouraged from undertaking the journey.

It reminded us of the duststorms we weathered in Texas; but the end finally came—the end of the drilling and the end of the tunnel. As for the tunnel, we will be very glad we have it and will forget all the inconveniences it caused while it was being made.

Meanwhile our new chapel is beginning to take on the looks of a real house of worship. For such a long time there was nothing to look at but scaffolding. Now that it has been removed, the size, the gracefulness of its lines, and the other features of the chapel are truly breath-taking.

Visitor from India

An interesting and welcome visitor Around Victory Noll was the Rev. Raphael D'Cruz, a priest from Kerala. Father D'Cruz will get his master's de-

gree in economics from DePaul University in June. He will continue to study for his doctorate and then return to India to teach in a college his bishop is founding.

Father's visit coincided with the crucial elections in Kerala. We awaited the outcome almost as anxiously as he did and rejoiced with him at the result. Father edified us with stories of the militant Catholicity in his native state. We marveled at his wonderful command of the English language which he spoke, by the way, with a slight Irish accent. His secondary education was with the Irish Christian Brothers!

CCD Workshops

We were privileged to have two outstanding lay women from Fort Wayne share with us their training and experience in the apostolate of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

Mrs. Mark Vosmeier, who is a member of the National Lay Committee of the CCD and chairman of lay teachers in the Fort Wayne Deanery, demonstrated some of the teaching techniques that she has used so successfully in her Confraternity classes.

Mrs. Henry Snider spoke to us on teaching religion to the deaf child. The same methods can be used in teaching retarded children. Mrs. Snider studied the principles of teaching religion to the deaf at Loyola University, Chicago. She is now in charge of these special classes in Fort Wayne.

Aside from the knowledge we gained from Mrs. Vosmeier and Mrs. Snider, we also profited much from their enthusiasm and zeal. They gave us a deeper appreciation of our own vocation, for it is our privilege to dedicate

our lives to the apostolate to which these devoted women give themselves so unselfishly.

Special Gifts

It is too early yet to report on our recent building fund appeal. We feel sure that many of you will be interested in the special memorial gifts, but don't forget—every little bit is welcome.

One of those mischievous little gremlins that likes to mix things up on a printing press is evidently going to see to it that we have a plentiful supply of holy water.

That reminds us of a holy water story we heard recently. It did not happen Around Victory Noll, but it did happen to Sister Mary Lawrence and another sister. Sister wrote:

We were on our way to teach summer school in Nevada. Our

living quarters were to be the trailer that we were pulling along behind us. We were up in the mountains — some seventy-five miles from a town and twenty-five miles from the nearest house — when the radiator started to boil ominously. We had not met a car for over an hour.

Our car and trailer were packed to capacity with our class equipment, dishes, food—almost everything you could think of except the thing we wanted most. We had no drinking water. Then suddenly I remembered the gallon of holy water we had. We put it in the radiator and climbed the rest of the way with no difficulty.

We hardly need holy water for that purpose Around Victory Noll and we feel sure we can easily get along with one aspersory. Perhaps you would like to donate it.



" EVENTUALLY, WE HOPE TO BE ABLE TO AFFORD WALL PAPER. "

Well Baby Clinic

by SISTER MARY CATHERINE



Sister Mary Catherine, receptionist at the clinic, interviews a mother.

WEDNESDAY afternoon is a busy time at Our Lady of Guadalupe Clinic in San Bernardino, California. Although the clinic does not open until one o'clock, it is not unusual for us to find a large group waiting when we arrive a half hour or so ahead of time.

Little ones are dressed in their best or, if it is cold they are wrapped in their very best blankets. Mothers with infants and pre-schoolers come first; the school children come a little later. This is the day they are immunized for diphtheria, whooping cough, and teta-



Typical lineup outside the clinic when the sisters arrive on a Wednesday afternoon.



Dr. Bockroth, County Health Officer, prepares to immunize a baby. The doctor says he prefers them this way—sleeping—but they awake with a start when he injects the needle!

nus, and are vaccinated for smallpox.

A Missionary Sister from our convent in Redlands acts as receptionist and handles the clerical work. A public health nurse from San Bernardino is on duty each clinic day. A pediatrician from the health department is present to give the shots, examine the infants, and consult with the mothers.

The whole purpose of the clinic is to keep our children well. No charge is made, but free will offerings are accepted. These are used to pay for the cleaning of the clinic and to defray the expense of postage used on notices and reminders that are mailed to the mothers.

The clinic averages 33 infants, 28 pre-school, and 24 school children an afternoon. The immunizations are continued at regular intervals until the child has completed his fifteenth year. During the past year 737 infants, 447

pre-school children, and 337 school children were taken care of at the clinic. Eleven adults—persons who were going to Mexico to visit - were vaccinated.

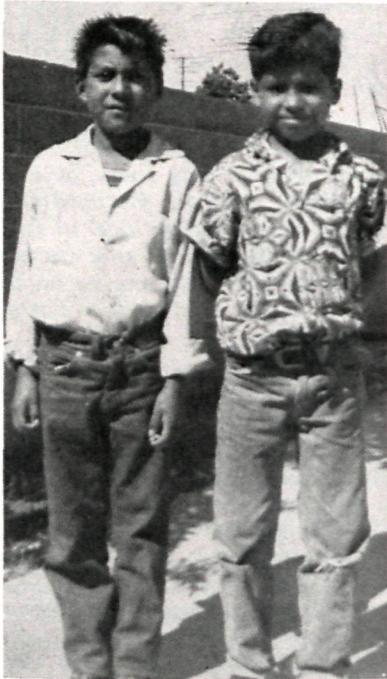
For more than six years Miss Reynalda Ybarra of Our Lady of Guadalupe parish in San Bernardino has given her volunteer service to the clinic. Besides weighing and measuring the children she also acts as an interpreter when the mother does not speak English.

The young mothers show their appreciation of the clinic by their splendid cooperation. For our part we are grateful not only for the health services that are made available for our people, but for the opportunity it gives us for the apostolate. Through our contacts at the clinic we are able to reach those who have neglected to have their marriage validated and their children baptized.



Miss Reynalda Ybarra, right, weighs and measures the babies. Miss Ybarra, a volunteer worker at the clinic, is very kind and patient with the children.

In the Home Field



Raymond (right) and a friend.

Raymond, a third grader, enrolled in our school of religion in October. He had not yet made his First Communion and he wanted to make it. Sunday after Sunday passed, however, and Raymond was not at Mass. Then one day he confided, "My mother says I can't go to Mass because I don't have a suit."

We visited Raymond's mother and convinced her that the boy did not need a suit to attend Mass. A clean shirt and whatever kind of trousers he had were all right. Every Sunday after that Raymond, well pleased with himself, occupied a place in one of the front benches at Mass.

The week after Easter Raymond remarked to the sister who taught him, "My mother told me not to go to Mass Easter."

Sister said, "But, Raymond, I saw you there!"

Then Raymond explained. "My mother said, 'Raymond, you can't go to Mass this morning because everyone will be all dressed up in Easter clothes and you have nothing new to wear.' I stood by the door for a little while and then I said, 'Goodbye, Mom, I'm going to Mass.' And I ran out and went anyway."

Raymond was a very happy little boy on his First Communion day.

SISTER ROBERTA

* * *

LOVE MY DOG

Johnny was an extremely spoiled little boy and he was always causing a disturbance in class. Several times I threatened to call his mother when he misbehaved. One day he was worse than usual, so I carried out my threat.

His fond mother was especially hurt because the school principal had called the same day to complain of her son's behavior. Nevertheless she thanked me for calling and said that if I had any difficulty with him in the future I should let her know immediately.

The next few weeks Johnny was so good I actually thought he must be sick. Then one day he went back to his old tricks.

I merely said, "Johnny, if you don't stop, I will phone your mother."

The boy started to cry. I was surprised, for I could not imagine Johnny in tears. Moreover, he was crying harder than I had ever seen a child cry before! Between sobs he said, "You

don't even love my dog. You don't even care if my dog gets killed."

Now I WAS puzzled. What in the world was the child talking about?

"What do you mean, Johnny?" I asked. "I didn't even know you had a dog."

Johnny explained, "My mother said if you ever told her again that I was bad she would kill my dog."

After that when Johnny misbehaved I only had to mention the dog.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE

* * *

GOD'S GIFT

The class had listened attentively while I told them of the many beautiful things God in His goodness made for us. Then I said, "Now you tell me what you think are some of the nicest things God has given us."

Immediately Tony responded, "God has given us patience."

Novel answer from a five-year-old!

SISTER HILDEGARDE



Pupils of St. Thomas School of Religion, Big Spring, Texas, study Holy Week poster. Each wrote a paper: "What Holy Week Means to Me."

Clark, Bobby, and Roger are proud of their religion notebooks.

OBSERVING LENT

When Clark, a sturdy sixth grader, came home for lunch at noon he announced that he was not going back in the afternoon because the teacher was going to keep him after school for talking during class. He maintained that he was innocent and therefore the punishment would be unjust.

Clark's mother decided to wait a while and let him cool off before she insisted that he return to school. However, it was not necessary for her to do so. After a few minutes of silent reflection Clark said, "Oh well, this is Lent and Sister said that one of the best penances is to do what our parents and teachers tell us even though we don't like it or don't think we deserve it. She said that if we mind them we can be sure we're doing what God wants. So I'll go and stay after school and then I'll get lots of grace."

SISTER MELITA

* * *

HOME MADE JELLY BEANS

At Easter we gave each child a small basket with jelly beans in it. One boy was heard to say, "Those sisters sure cook good beans."

SISTER MARY CELINE



An Easter Story



by SISTER MARY ADELE

IT was on Holy Thursday morning that the eggs were brought to us by one of the parishioners — fifteen dozen of them! They were to be used for the egg hunt scheduled for the children after the last Mass on Easter.

While we scurried about looking for a box big enough to hold the eggs, the kind donor, in a hurry for his egg carton, proceeded to put the eggs on our living room sofa! We thanked our benefactor, ushered him to the door, and added to our mental list of things to do before Easter: "Boil and color eggs."

A funeral was scheduled and it was almost time for it, but first I had to do something about all those eggs. The most practical thing seemed to be to cook them all at once—wholesale!

After collecting all the biggest pots in the house we put them carefully in the containers and added hot water from the faucet. The burners were turned on high; then, remembering that a fast boiled egg will crack, the burners were turned down to low.

The funeral came and went. We accompanied the procession to the grave, tried to console the bereaving relatives of the deceased, and then decided to make a detour of a mile to town to get the mail before returning home. More than an hour had now elapsed and it was almost time for lunch.

That was a clever idea—cooking all those eggs while we were away. Of course they were done by this time,

but just to make sure, we would use three of the eggs in our salad for lunch. They turned out to be just right—beautifully hard cooked eggs with golden centers. I had heard that allowing eggs to stand in hot water will darken their yolks. That would never do; so out went the hot water and in went the cold—to cool them off fast!

Many hours later came the coloring process. Another sister helped me and this too was done wholesale. We colored all the eggs in twenty minutes flat.

But wait, what's this? One egg tumbled to the floor. Oh, no, it couldn't be! The egg was soft and watery. It must be a mistake—that one egg. Weren't the three we ate perfect? We still had many things to do to get ready for Easter and the time was short. We would use the eggs as they were. Surely they had all cooked long enough.

The little children who gathered on the church lawn after Mass Sunday were dressed in their Easter best. We divided them into two groups and gave each a section in which to look for the eggs. Off they went gleefully, fond parents watching them.

Then p-l-o-p went an egg! I hurried to the scene to remove the mess before someone stepped into it. I was congratulating myself that there were no more dropped eggs when the second part of the Easter party began. This was the rabbit chase. Whoever caught the rabbit got to keep him.

When the pastor put the little white rabbit on its feet, it was so frightened that it was almost paralyzed. But not for long. It began to hop away in a hurry, the children racing madly after it. Everyone wanted that bunny, especially the boys. When they finally cornered it they all pounced on it, reminding me of a heap of football players.

And oh! Easter suits with soft boiled eggs in the pockets! Need we say more?

Post-Easter conversation in the little parish went something like this:

PREJUDICE

by LAVADA WARD STRONA

PREJUDICE is one of the many problems that we lay catechists run into in our religion classes. The sisters probably do also, but I suspect that it is a bit more difficult for us to handle because very often we are well acquainted with a child's parents and then we have to walk a tight rope. Prejudice, as we all know, springs from the parents and woe betide us if we infringe on their rights.

We run into this problem in the oddest places and under the most unexpected circumstances. It is almost impossible to make rules to deal with it. You send up one desperate prayer to the Holy Spirit and hope for the best.

My first experience was with Pedro. He was a thoroughly lovable Mexican-American sixth grader from a devout Catholic home. That year we had class in someone's delightful dining room and could kneel for our prayers. The children liked to name a special intention. Usually it was something for their own needs.

When it came time for me to name my intention, I suggested we offer the decade of the Rosary for the persecut-

"Sister, next year if you need anyone to help color eggs, I'll be glad to do it. Almost all the eggs my children found were still raw."

"I had to send my little boy's new suit to the cleaners. He was egg from head to foot."

MORAL: Make sure the eggs are hard cooked before the Easter Hunt. It might be a good idea to test at least one from every pot.

ed Jews in Russia. This was at the time Stalin was making things very bitter for them.

Pedro arose from his knees. "Are they Catholics?" he demanded.

"No," I said, "but they are people in trouble."

"I won't pray for Jews!"

I was thunderstruck. It was my first year of teaching and I was only two years a convert. How did I meet this?

Pedro glared at me and I glared back. I sent out an SOS for the wisdom promised me when I was confirmed. The rest of the class were of two minds - stay on their knees or stand up as Pedro and I were doing. From somewhere beyond my own experience came an idea.

"What was Our Lady, the Mother of Jesus?"

Silence for at least half a minute.

"I guess she was a Jew."

"You say the Hail Mary every day and won't pray for the Jews?"

More silence; then . . . "Oh, nuts! I'll pray for 'em."

Two or three weeks later, the sin of racial prejudice was brought up in class. It was Pedro who announced that some people don't like Jews or Colored people or Mexicans just because . . . well, they never stopped to think that God made them to be Jews or Negroes, or Mexicans.



our

Associates'

SISTER FLORENCE'S BANDS

Last summer, *Miss Clare Luechtefeld*, Promoter of *Florentine Band*, St. Louis, visited *Victory Noll*. At that time we learned about the origin of this Band and another, now twenty years old. As all members of *Florentine Band* were employed during the day, they decided



to meet once a month for an evening of cards. The dues collected were sent to *Victory Noll*. The practice is still followed. Soon other friends, mothers of families, heard about the evening group. They wanted to do something, too. Thus a second Band named "Mother of Perpetual Help Band" was formed. The latter Band meets once a month in the afternoon. They turn out religious articles consisting of Sacred Heart Badges covered with film and crocheted around, medals attached to chains of crochet cotton, mounted pictures, and other items. An annual card party, to which both groups contribute their efforts, adds greatly to funds. Once a year, too, a quilting party is held at the home of Sister's mother, and a steak dinner is served to the quilters. Eventually the quilt is raffled and the money added to their mission fund.

Dear Associates:

This issue of the magazine reaches you with the greater part of Lent behind us and the vision of a glorious Eastertide ahead of us. These have been tedious weeks. Who, humanly speaking, enjoys Lent with its self-imposed penances? But for every creature comfort or pleasure we have subtracted from the debit side of life, we have the consolation of knowing that on the credit side we have chalked up spiritual gains for time and eternity. None knows this better than you who have sacrificed time and money, and have encouraged your friends to do the same, in behalf of *Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters*.

May the joy of Easter be a foretaste of those everlasting joys of Heaven which we pray may be yours.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM



With Christ we died
With Christ we rose,
When at the font His name we chose;
O let not sin our robes defile,
And turn to grief the Paschal smile.

Roman Breviary

CARD PLAYING GROUPS

Would you like to have a self-denial Mite-Box to serve as a kitty? Write us for one today!

Club Mention



TELL-O-GRAMS

PADRE SERRA BAND, CORONA, CALIF. Mrs. Vincent delaTorre, who is a sister of Sister Mary Catherine, wrote us recently as follows: "At our last C.D.A. meeting I gave a little talk on the work of the Missionary Sisters and explained their three-fold purpose, — personal sanctification, religious education of youth otherwise not reached, and your reclamation service to families lost to the Faith. The members were very interested and although I was not able, this time, to add members to my mission band, all the ladies agreed to save Betty Crocker coupons, etc., for me. I enjoy the magazine each month, its lively humor. The real charity of your sisters is a constant inspiration."

ST. KATHERINE BAND, CHICAGO. Every two weeks we hear from the Promoter, Mrs. Josephine Downes, with a check. That is very good when one considers the members do not all live close to one another, and yet take turns being hostess to the rest. Not even the inclement weather of January and February has been able to turn them aside from their goal of bi-monthly meetings.

ST. LUKE BAND, CHICAGO. Besides monthly dues sent to Victory Noll, the Band has a Babe of Bethlehem fund to aid the needy poor under our care. In addition to this fund they often send garments for the needy. Mrs. Potter is promoter.

ST. HELEN BAND, DAYTON, OHIO. These ladies, headed by Miss Helen Melke, sponsored Sister Eleanor until her death. Recently they "adopted" Sister Mary Carolyn, a native of their city. Besides sending monthly dues to Victory Noll, they provide Sister with funds to buy catechetical materials, and at Christmas helped one of our Texas missions with religious articles and candy.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA BAND, HUNTINGTON, Periodically, this Band says "Howdy," Hoosier style, by way of a check. Could we ask for more from busy wives and mothers involved in so many charitable works in behalf of their parish, local Third Order group, and study club activities? Mrs. Dan Herzog serves as secretary-treasurer.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

January 27 to February 28, 1960

Bl. Martin, Lewiston, Minn.	
Mrs. Irene Lehmann	\$36.00
Holy Family, Chicago, Mrs. Walz	53.00
Immaculate Conception, Chicago,	
Miss Mary A. Perkins	20.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch	25.00
Mother of Perpetual Help, Evanston,	
Ill., Miss Celia Henrich	40.00
St. Elizabeth, Springfield, Minn.,	
Miss Ida W. Rubey	10.00
St. Joseph, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes	43.00
St. Katherine, Chicago,	
Mrs. Downes	62.25
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter	9.50
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb.,	
Mrs. Bernard J. Pleiss	20.00
St. Omer, Cincinnati, Mrs. Hurlburt	10.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. Gones	10.00
St. Philomena, Chicago,	
M. Schaefer	60.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Mrs. N. Johann	9.50



True Devotion to Mary

SINCE the restored ordo of Holy Week went into effect four years ago, Holy Saturday no longer has the anomalous character it had for so many centuries.

Remember when we trudged to church very early in the morning carrying our empty jar for Easter water? More than likely Father had already begun the ceremonies when we arrived because he was usually very indefinite about the time. He announced the approximate hour of Mass but everyone just guessed when the blessing of the fire would begin.

As we grew older Sister told us exactly what time to get there because we had to sing in the choir. No more than a few people were present when Father appeared. They straggled in all during the ceremonies but even so there was never a big crowd by the time Mass began. Working on Saturday was more common then than it is now.

Happily, thanks to our Holy Father of blessed memory, Pope Pius XII, all that is past now. Gone is the discordant note of singing of the Paschal Night early on Saturday morning. No more do we have the incongruous ringing of the resurrection bells only a short twenty-four hours after commemorating the death of Our Lord.

Nevertheless, even this long after the decree, it is doubtful that the real spirit of Holy Saturday has been grasped. The Vigil is an anticipation of *Easter*, not merely a change in the hour of Holy

Saturday services to which we were accustomed.

The original decree emphasizes the character of Holy Saturday as it is today in these words: "First of all it is imperative that the faithful should be instructed about the unique liturgical character of Holy Saturday. This is the day of the most intense sorrow, the day on which the Church tarries at the Lord's tomb, meditating about his passion and death."

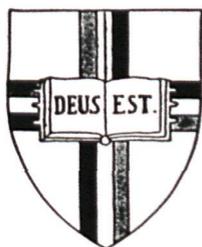
Holy Saturday then is a day of mourning. We should make our Easter preparations early in the week so that the sacredness of this day is not disturbed.

Old habits die hard. It seems to take us a while to realize that Lent is no longer over at twelve noon on Holy Saturday, that the time for celebrating the resurrection is still some hours away.

Tradition has long dedicated Saturday to Our Blessed Mother. One explanation is because of Mary's sorrow on the day after her Son's death. Whether that is the true reason or not—and it is disputed—we can be sure that Our Blessed Mother did spend the first Holy Saturday in silence and sorrow and contemplation. We can do no better than to imitate her.

By keeping close to Our Lady on this day we can best enter into the spirit of the unique liturgical character with which the Church now invests it. Then we will enter more fully into the joys of the resurrection, the glorious celebration of Easter.





Your CCD Question

I am teaching Confraternity classes in a parish that has a parochial school. Some think we should have all the children make their First Communion together; others that the CCD children should have theirs on a separate date. What do you think?

It is up to the pastor to decide but we hope he has them all together. The public school children are as much a part of the parish as those who can attend the Catholic school and there is no reason why they should not receive their First Communion together.

Fortunately this is being done more these days. There was a time — not too long ago — when the public school children were looked upon more or less as second class parishioners. On the other hand we knew a pastor who, as long as twenty-five years ago, went out of his way to make First Communion day extra special for his public school children.

When we say that we hope you are able to have all the children receive together, we do not mean that they will simply receive on the same Sunday, at the same Mass. Put them together. If the children are lined up according to size — as they usually are — match them regardless of which class they attend.

* * *

I have heard that if you speak very softly in class it is an aid to discipline. Do you think this is true?

Why don't you try it and find out? As with everything else there is a happy medium to follow. Speaking softly all the time is not the answer to discipline problems. And certainly speaking in a loud, authoritative voice will not help matters, but only make them worse.

Use a pleasant, clear, easy-to-understand voice in your classroom. It might happen sometime in telling a story that you will want to use a soft, quiet voice for a certain effect; but doing so too often will only spoil things. Don't get too dramatic in class. The children won't appreciate it!

Sister Gabriel recently reported an experience she had along these lines. She wrote:

The eleventh graders were arriving for religious instruction and I decided to try a different technique, hoping it would result in better discipline. I stood in the doorway and as the boys and girls entered the room I said in a stage whisper, "Quietly sit down and start writing the Ten Commandments."

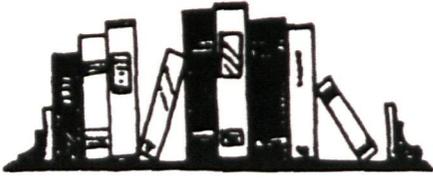
For a time the silence was broken only by the scratching of pencils across paper. Then a voice piped out, "Sister, do you have laryngitis?"

* * *

Sister to First Communion class: "If a person dies with a mortal sin on his soul and isn't sorry, what happens to him?"

Shy little first grade girl: "He raises hell."

Books



Singing in God's Ear by Dom David Nicholson, O.S.B. Desclee Co., Inc., 280 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y. \$2.00

This is the book that choirmasters—average choirmasters, that is,—have been longing for. They will first read it at one sitting. Then they will go back and study it more carefully. Then, if they are wise, they will use it.

Father David has studied music all his life. Perhaps because his knowledge of it is so much a part of him he is able to make his approach to Chant appear very simple to his readers. Moreover, he loves the Chant and has studied it under Dom Joseph Gajard, choirmaster at Solesmes.

Singing in God's Ear is practical. The author not only tells us how the Chant should be sung, but outlines the steps by which the choir can learn to sing it as it should be sung. Dom Nicholson is an excellent teacher. He repeats and repeats but without making his repetitions seem monotonous. His book contains breathing exercises, vocalizations, solfeggio exercises, and an excellent explanation on that subject so difficult for many to grasp—chironomy.

Some have wondered why the Instruction of the Holy See was so explicit about forbidding the adapting of Chant to the vernacular. Dom Nicholson's remarks on this matter bear added weight since he himself was until 1940 a member of the Church of England. "The Anglican Church," he says,

"has been singing the Plainsong melodies with English words for almost a century now, but anyone who was brought up in that environment, (as I was), or who has studied or heard the 'English Chant' will realize that its rendition both rhythmically and artistically speaking lags far behind the true Roman Chant. It is only a compromise, and frankly, it is a very sad one."

Everyone who has anything at all to do with teaching Chant—even if it is only the little one has time for in the religion class, should have this book.

* * *

A Woman Clothed With the Sun. Eight Great Appearances of Our Lady in Modern Times edited by John J. Delaney. Illustrations by Paul Galdone. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. \$3.95

One's first reaction to this book might be the thought — if not voiced in actual words: "But we know all about these appearances. And now another book about them!"

Before covering many pages, however, the reader will no longer question the wisdom of Mr. Delaney in publishing these accounts in one volume. In the first place, they are written by experts, by authors who previously wrote full length books on the subjects after spending much time in research in order to get the facts. Among them are Monsignor John S. Kennedy (Our Lady of LaSalette), Frances Parkinson Keyes (Our Lady of Lourdes), Mary Purcell (Our Lady of Knock), Ethel Cook Eliot (Our Lady of Guadalupe), and others. Moreover, the reader is sure to find here some fresh material, some details that are new to him.

Besides the stories of Guadalupe, Lourdes, Fatima, LaSalette, and Knock, the book contains also accounts of the

appearances of Our Blessed Mother to St. Catherine Laboure in which she gave the world her Miraculous Medal, and those at Beauraing and Banneux in Belgium. The two latter are not so well known yet as the others. They are the most recent, having taken place in 1932 and 1933.

The editor has contributed a penetrating opening chapter in which he summarizes the outstanding features of these modern apparitions and their meaning for us.

We are especially glad that he included Our Lady of Guadalupe although it is not exactly a modern event, having taken place in 1531. It is significant for us, however, in that it took place in America so soon after the conquest. Besides, it is the most charming of all apparitions.

An increase of devotion to Our Lady will result from a careful and prayerful reading of these stories. It will be a devotion that proves itself by carrying out the repeated message Our Blessed Mother has given to her children, the message of prayer and penance.

* * *

Mary the Mother of God by Most Rev. Leon J. Suenens, D.D. Translated by a Nun of Stanbrook Abbey. Volume 44 of the Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism. Hawthorn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y. \$2.95

Bishop Suenens was a happy choice for this book on Our Blessed Mother. His scholarship, his work with the Legion of Mary, and his conviction that Mary is necessary for the apostolate make him admirably suited for the task.

In the first chapter the author states: "A devotion to Mary which does not lead us to study her very soon fades

away, and is reduced to superficial emotion or routine." (p.17)

With this in mind Bishop Suenens gives us in a concise, readable, and relatively brief volume Mary's role in the economy of our salvation. After first setting forth her place in the divine plan, the author treats of her Immaculate Conception, Divine Motherhood, Virginity, Assumption, her part in the Redemption, her Mediation, and her significance in our times.

Especially noteworthy are two chapters covering Mary as Mediatrix and a chapter on Mary's and the Church's Motherhood.

Bishop Suenens has the happy faculty of being able to make even abstruse points of theology extremely readable and easy to grasp. This seems to be a marked characteristic of those volumes of the Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism that we have so far read.

The closing pages in which the author explains Mary's place at the center of apostolic action and life are significant for the catechist. "This vision," he says, "cannot remain an intellectual affair but must pass into practice, be integrated in our teaching and our catechizing . . . We can thank God that considerable progress has been made of recent years, both in the psychological adaptation as in the presenting of the value of the content of the teaching, but there is room for further improvement along the line of the instruction upon Mary which takes greater account of her universal and vital part in Christian life." (p.133)

We catechists might well examine ourselves on this point. We cannot teach our pupils true devotion to Our Lady unless we ourselves have it. We must know her first in order to be able to love her and make others love her. For such a doctrinal study we recommend heartily Bishop Suenens' *Mary the Mother of God*.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

Spring is in the air these days although as I write this, it is not here yet on the calendar and will not be for some time. The springiness is indefinable, but I can sense it. The softness in the ground is matched by a softness in the air. There is a feeling of expectancy as if the trees and bushes are just waiting to burst out, the grass anxious to turn green.

This promise of spring makes walking through Victory Noll's beautiful grounds more enjoyable than usual. There are so many lovely places to walk, but for my part I prefer the back road to the end of our property—a little over a half mile in one direction.

Perhaps I like it because it is more of an alone-walk. Although I have never been accused of being anti-social, I contend that there is nothing better than a brisk walk alone to get the kinks out of your mind and body.

When it is very cold and the wind is sharp I am sometimes tempted to cheat a little and turn back before rounding the last curve, but because there is a challenge in it, I keep on until I "touch goal," as it were, and reach the point where the sign reads: Private Property. Very often the return trip is less rugged and I am reminded of the old Irish wish: "May the wind be ever at your back."

When the weather is mild everyone gets out as much as possible, but on wintry, stormy days it is something like Harry Lauder's song about its being nice to get up in the morning in the good old summer time, but not so enjoyable in winter. Privately I think Sir Harry must have sung that with tongue in cheek. Who likes to get up

in the morning no matter what the season?

But to get back on the road; it was not always so exposed to the wind and weather. Until a couple of years ago it was tree-lined, but the protecting elms succumbed to the blight that swept through Indiana and we had to cut them down.

Every spring little green shoots try pathetically to grow out of the tree stumps. It reminds us of our own poor attempts to start over and over and over. Unlike the little shoots, however, we receive abundant help with which to begin our new life, a fact that is kept before us at this holy season of the year when we are about to celebrate once more the Paschal Mysteries. As the Easter Preface reminds us, Christ "by rising again has restored our life."

Christ is risen! Christ is truly risen!
Happy Easter! SEA

IN MEMORIAM

Sister M. Epiphania, S.P.F., Cincinnati, sister of Sister Bertha
Joseph Binz, Brooklyn, N. Y., father of Sister Mary Liguori
Juan Ortega, El Paso, Texas, brother of Postulant Guadalupe Ortega
Rev. Regis Darpel, O.F.M., Roswell, N. Mex.
Peter Hoff, LaPorte, Ind.
Mrs. Agnes Heintz, Stratford, Wis.
James Spencer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Sister Veronica, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister Elizabeth Mary, O.P., Grand Rapids
Sister Mary Ignatia, M.H.S., New Orleans
Joseph Szczepanski, Detroit
Louis Nowacki, Detroit
Mrs. Margaret Betz, Chicago
William M. Coogan, Lincoln, Ill.
Mrs. Marie Wesley, ACM, Marshfield, Wis.
Marie Rieg, ACM, Fort Wayne
Gertrude Violand, ACM, Fort Wayne
Rose Snider, Fort Wayne
Louise Weinault, Chicago
Mrs. Nell Oehmig, Chicago
Robert Busche, Cincinnati
Cornelius Kluepfel, New York, N.Y.

We Move

by SISTER CHARLENE

OUR transfer from Ontario to the convent built for us by our Bishop in the newly-formed city of Montclair two miles west proved to be a real exodus. Various delays shifted the moving day from its first scheduled date of October 1 to the actual time of moving, December 16.

Each weekend we sent a truck load of furnishings out to the new house, little dreaming it would be such a long time until we followed our belongings. More than once we had to drive two miles to get something we needed.

The Protestant Church next door to our old convent had bought the property. Early in October the minister called to inquire when we would move. "October 15," we told him. October 30 he called again "not wanting to rush you" but to say that they had planned a parking lot where our garage stood. We were sure, we told him, that we would be moving very soon now.

A few weeks later, pleasant but less apologetic, the minister asked if they might tear down our garage. We gave permission and returned from class the next day to find the project well under way.

With the help of a former pupil and his pickup truck we took what had been stored in the old garage (only a Missionary Sister can realize what can be stored in a two-storied garage) and



Open House kept the sisters busy for several weeks after they actually moved. This picture was taken the day our own sisters visited from nearby convents. Sister Charlene is at far left.

deposited it in our new four-car (happy mistake in the building plans) garage.

A group of women from Ontario's two parishes helped clean the house for an almost certain moving date of November 15. Then the city held up approval on the last line of electricity. Meanwhile a wind storm put part of the yard in the house and another thorough cleaning was required before the final move.

Our friends in the old neighborhood bade us a sincere goodbye. A clerk in one of the stores — not a Catholic — told us she had watched the sisters drive past her home for twenty years. "We'll miss you sisters," she remarked sincerely.

Another neighbor said that each day when he saw us returning home, he said a prayer for us. We hope that in our new neighborhood there will be another prayerful apostle.

*Christ yesterday and today
the Beginning and the End
the Alpha
and the Omega
His are the seasons
and the ages
To Him be glory and dominion
through all the ages of eternity.
Amen.*

