

THE MISSIONARY & CATECHIST

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Anti - Climax ?

Almost !

by SISTER EVELYN MARIE



Queen Maxine and Crown Bearer Jeffrey lead the procession.

UNDERSTANDABLY, many of the little ones I had in the kindergarten and first grade of our school of religion had never seen a May crowning, much less taken part in one. I promised them that I would bring a statue of Our Blessed Mother to class on the last day of May so that we could have our own ceremony.

When the day arrived we chose the queen and her crown-bearer by lot. A procession was formed, each child carrying a flower or two to place in tribute before our heavenly Mother. As the little ones walked around the room they must have presented a pleasing picture to one of the assistant priests who passed through. Smiling his approval he remarked, "Sister, if I had my surplice and cassock, I would conduct a service for you."

Meanwhile Maxine Halbert, simply dressed in plaid with a wide piece of veiling held in place on her head by a plastic band of artificial daisies, was very seriously concerned about her duties as May Queen. Soberly she took

the crown from its place on the blue satin pillow Jeffrey Gabardi held and placed it lightly on Mary's head. This coveted privilege completed, she remained standing atop the chair behind the crowned statue as her classmates placed their fragrant gifts, one by one, into a large vase at Mary's feet.

After the first few children returned to their places and sat down they suddenly burst into delighted laughter. I turned to see what had caused them such amusement. There, behind Our Blessed Mother's statue, stood Maxine, a forlorn looking little girl with a half-moon of daisies circling over her cheek and down under her nose. The plastic band had slipped from its place on her head and had fallen over her face, giving her a very comical appearance.

Quickly I came to the rescue and removed the offending band and veil. Maxine resumed her usual calm dignity and returned to sit among her companions confident that she had performed her duty well, despite the somewhat embarrassing anti-climax.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

May 1960

No. 6 Vol. 36

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



Victory Noll Press

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COVER

Queen Maxine crowns
Our Blessed Mother.
Story on inside front
cover.

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La Goya

Power House of Prayer

by SISTER CAROL

SHE kept answering, "Yes, Sister," with her lips, but the expression in her eyes told me that she was not accepting the grace God was offering her.

Jacinta was twenty-one. She had not yet made her First Communion nor been confirmed although she had been prepared for these sacraments several years ago. When the day arrived, she had refused to go to church. Her sister Dolores asked me to talk to her. I offered to instruct her alone, but she showed no desire at all to receive the sacraments. She would promise to come to the convent for help, but she never came.

After I had visited Jacinta and telephoned her several times, I knew I was just not reaching her. It was then that I thought of our power house.

Like so many parishes the world over, Santa Isabel, a little Mexican parish on Los Angeles' east side, has

many holy souls who spend hours praying before the Blessed Sacrament and many hours helping to raise funds to keep the parish going.

The senoras at Santa Isabel make tamales and menudo every Saturday afternoon and sell them between Masses on Sundays. Often I would drop in to chat a moment with them while they worked.

I began to tell them about the different children I had in class, the problem children. At first I asked for their prayers in general. Later when I saw that certain children needed special help, I began to assign a child to each senora. They prayed and made sacrifices and frequently asked how Eddie or David or Raymond was coming along. They did not know the child's last name nor who it was for whom they were praying.

Children who had showed no interest in assisting at Mass on Sunday nor

in coming regularly to class now began to come to Mass and instructions. Twelve-year-old Tony, the most hopeless one of them all, I assigned to Don Lupe, one of the good men of the parish.

Tony came to Mass very infrequently. When he did come he showed such utter disrespect that I found myself almost hoping he would not come any more. But every Thursday during the weekly Holy Hour when I would see Don Lupe looking so devoutly at our Eucharistic Lord, I knew that grace would come someday for Tony. And it did. Suddenly he was bound and determined to make his First Communion. He went to Mass regularly and came to class, too. His deportment never became perfect, but it was much better, thanks to the prayers of Don Lupe.

So now I decided to assign Jacinta to a little old lady whom everyone called La Goya. She had plenty of sacrifices to offer. Her house had burned recently leaving her with almost nothing. She came cheerfully to help in the kitchen and worked long hours. In

spite of the fact that her feet hurt so much that she could hardly walk, I would often see her standing by the hot stove stirring the big pot of menudo, or by the table with the other ladies spreading the masa on the corn husks for the tamales.

La Goya was intensely interested in the soul assigned to her. "It is a difficult case," I told her. "You will have to pray hard and make many sacrifices."

Several weeks later the phone rang. It was Dolores calling. "Sister," she said, "Jacinta has decided she wants to make her First Communion. When can she come for instructions?"

It was a great joy for me when Jacinta made her First Communion one Saturday morning several weeks later and was confirmed the same afternoon. Jacinta was very happy too. But happiest of all was La Goya when I told her what her prayers and sacrifices had effected.



Senoras spreading masa on corn husks for the tamales.

O Deer . . .

Such Adventures as We Have in the North Woods!

by SISTER MICHELLE

MISSIONARY SISTERS in Michigan's Upper Peninsula get used to seeing bear and deer. The woods are full of them. And shaking our heads wisely we can now add, "Not only the woods."

We made this discovery on one of our first days in Upper Michigan. Sister Joan and I were taking the parish census. We knocked on the door of a home and were cordially welcomed by a pleasant faced woman. "Come in, Sisters, come in," she invited.

While Sister Joan was getting the necessary information I noticed a strange clatter in the kitchen. It was a most peculiar noise and hard to define. It sounded as if something were clicking on the hard linoleum.

After a while the noise seemed to be coming closer. I glanced in Sister's direction but she and our hostess were busily engaged in conversation. I then turned to take a peek toward the door where the mysterious sound was

Who looks more startled now
— Bambi or Sister Michelle?





Nice Bambi!

coming from. Three yards away from me stood a half grown deer! That clattering I heard was HOOFS on the kitchen floor!

The deer was very personable. It walked right over and began to make friendly overtures. I have met dogs and cats and a few other animals—friendly and otherwise—in homes where we visit, but this being my first close contact with a deer, I was somewhat at a loss what to do. I tapped it surreptitiously with my foot, but the deer was not discouraged. It came closer and closer. With notable lack of dignity I jumped up, but on came the deer sniffing amiably.

By now Sister Joan turned in our direction. Judging from her expression

it was not hard to deduce that she did not regard this as a routine situation.

The lady laughed. "Oh, that's Bambi," she said. "She is very gentle—won't hurt you a bit!"

Bambi was indeed a part of the household. The self-possessed air with which she roamed through the house convinced us of that. We learned that when she roams the woods she wears a bright red sweater. This, of course, is necessary to protect her from a hunter with no more imagination than to see Bambi as a potential venison stew.

Meeting a deer is not so bad. We hope none of the natives have pet bears.



"You did very well," Sister Rosario assures Ruben in answer to his anxious question.

"DID we done well, Sister?"

It was a little after 8:00 a.m. For the sister who answers the doorbell, the time between 8:00 and 8:45 every school morning is something like a quiz program without, of course, the rigging. Since we are only a few blocks from both the elementary and the secondary schools our convent serves as a convenient information center.

"Do we really got a new Father, Sister?"

"Do you have any literature on the Trappists?"

I Remember . . .

by SISTER ROSARIO

"Sister, did you ever see a dinosaur?"

"Is it true, Sister, that next year is coming the end of the world?"

These are only a few of the questions Sister Portress has had put to her in the last few weeks. Before you wonder at the quaint wording of some of them, let me explain that this is a border mission where the children use one language at school, but another at home and at play.

Though quite unlike the general run of questions, today's question was in order. It was the day after First Communion. Ruben was dubious about the compliments the class had received yesterday so he was going to get things straight at the source. His eyes danced and his toothless grin beamed his satisfaction as I said, "You did very well, Ruben."

With an "Oh, goody!" Ruben was off to school.

As I closed the door I could not help thinking that he and all the other children who had received their First Communion, had already forgotten what had gone before the big day itself. For children, there seems to be no past. All is present and future.

But after all, I continued to muse, who but Sister could remember the serious, the amusing, the sad, the thrilling events that go hand in hand with the preparation of every First Communion class?

I remember the many days on which the sixty little boys in this particular class had not studied. Mother knew no English; neither did Dad. There was no hope of getting help at home. The only thing was to study after class. And study we did for about forty minutes.

Especially do I remember the day we studied the things necessary to receive Holy Communion worthily. That they had the proper disposition was beyond all shadow of doubt. In their childish impetuosity they could hardly wait to receive Our Lord. And that they should not receive in the state of mortal sin was also crystal clear.

It was the Communion fast that was their Waterloo. Knowing that the word solids would mean nothing to them, I ignored the hands that shot up as I began, "We must not take any solids for three hours before we receive Holy Communion." Then I continued, "Tortillas, beans, oranges, things we must chew are called solids. So we must not take any solids for three hours. We may not take any liquids—like juice . . ."

Now I was to reap the fruit of my oft-repeated admonition, "Whenever I say a word you do not understand, be sure to ask me what it means."

"What means juice, Sister?" one little boy asked.

"You know when you squeeze an orange . . ." I began, only to be interrupted again.

"Sister, what means squeeze?"

Finally, through demonstration and pictures we got the answer to what means juice, squeeze, strainer, chocolate, etc.

I chuckled to myself when the time came for them to recite. With a great deal of self-assurance and emphasis they would say the words solids and juice. The word juice especially intrigued them.

Well I remember the lesson on the Fall of the Angels. What imaginations the boys had! At the mere mention of doing battle with Lucifer and his followers, our classroom became a battlefield with all the sound effects to accompany the bringing down of enemy planes. Thanks to TV my pupils did not have to ask, "Sister, what means battle?"

I remember shopping for First Communion clothes on Dollar Day. Shirts for eighty-eight cents! Trousers for a dollar! Too bad they were not all boys we had to shop for. Girls' dresses ran five dollars and up. We found it more difficult getting out of the store than getting in, but no matter. No one would know who or what was pushing behind those bundles.

I remember visiting a tiny shack with another sister. Though there was scarcely room enough to turn around, eight children with their father and mother lived here. We had brought a shirt for Carlos. His parents were not home. They had gone down town to get his "Communion outfit," he thought. When Carlos saw the shirt he said, "Gee, Sister, I have never in all

my life had a white shirt. Now maybe I'll have two. I'll be rich!"

I remember how my heart ached for little Manuel on First Communion morning. It was hot and nearly all the boys had on just trousers and shirts. I suggested that Manuel take off his coat and let his mother hold it during Mass. But Mother was not there. Neither was Dad or anyone else. They were home in bed.

I remember Allen. Every sister had a hand in trying to make a gentleman of him. That we all failed and failed miserably was evident. As Allen sat at the First Communion breakfast table he motioned to one of the sisters. From his pocket he drew out three slices of

bacon wrapped in wax paper. "Here, Sister," he almost commanded, "tell them to fry this for me."

Lastly I will never forget the evening Roy rang the doorbell and handed me a photograph. On the back was written (in his sister's handwriting): "To Sister who without her help I would not have received God and in remembrance of my First Holy Communion, I dedicate this picture. With love, Roy."

To me this picture is symbolic of all the little Roys and Marias whom we have the glorious privilege of leading to the altar of God. I put the picture on my desk and began to plan for another First Communion.

And Down the Days

by SISTER JEAN MARIE

IF I had not been in the corridor of a public school, I might have been tempted to intone a Magnificat.

Greg's class was walking toward their lockers when he saw me and broke rank. For a minute I thought he had mistaken me for a goal post, so fast did he come, but fortunately he hadn't. He managed a quick, respectful stop a few feet away from me and excitedly

exclaimed, "I went, Sister! I went!"

These words were the finale of a chapter that began and ended with prayer. No words that Greg could say would have given me greater joy.

Three years ago I had had Greg in third grade religion class. He had been an exemplary student, always eager and interested, with the dash of

mischievous in him that one would expect from a normal boy. At the close of that year he received his First Communion. He had missed but two classes the entire year and that was because of illness.

The following year our paths never crossed. This was a large catechetical center with more than five hundred students enrolled. Toward the close of the year, however, Greg was the main topic of conversation in the convent one evening. The sisters were discussing an accident that occurred at the highway crossing. Although the police officers were present and the sisters were on vigilant guard, somehow or other Greg had darted out and was struck by a car. Time proved his injuries minor, but he no longer attended religion classes.

In fifth grade Greg's group had a lay teacher in the school of religion. She told me that she had called his home to find out why he had not enrolled, but his parents did not seem interested. There was not much evidence of active Catholicism there.

I too called the home and spoke with Greg's mother. I was shocked to learn that the boy had never gone to Holy Communion again after he had received his First Communion two years previously. He had gone to confession, did not understand what Father had said, and had been scolded. He now had something akin to terror at the mere thought of returning to the confessional. At home he received no encouragement or help — only a "Do as you please" attitude.

I spoke to Greg himself but he was loathe to promise that he would come to class. Always open and candid, he refused to make a promise he might not keep.

The entire year passed and Greg never showed up. At the advent of a

new year I phoned again and talked with both mother and son. This time I elicited a promise from Greg to return to religion class. He was in the sixth grade now and had a lay teacher. I would meet him now and then in the hall and he always talked in friendly fashion. He was deeply grateful when I gave him a picture and medal of his patron saint.

However, our brief weekly chats and my daily prayers did not seem to be attaining their purpose: Greg's second confession. His first was now three years past. Somehow or other he simply could not bring himself to receive again the sacrament of penance.

During the many years in which we taught at this particular public school, a priest visited the classes but once or twice during the term. Now, however, a newly ordained priest began to visit the classes every week without fail. Father's kindness with the children soon endeared him to them and his visits were eagerly looked forward to.

One day I asked Greg if he thought he could go to confession to Father. Greg's reply was, "Well, yes, I think I could." And manly as always, he added "Thank you, Sister, for your interest in me!"

When we told Father about the boy he was most willing to help, and the following week Greg, after being pursued for three years, tumbled happily into the outstretched wounded hands of Christ.

So you see, Greg's explosive, "I went, Sister! I went!" had but one meaning. He had received Holy Communion again.

Since then Greg continues to advance not only in age, but in wisdom and grace by his frequent reception of the sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist.

HOLY WATER

One of the delights for the children who come to religion class is to dip their fingers in the holy water font on the way in or out of our garage classroom.



Little fingers dip in the font.

It does cause some difficulties, however. One arises, for example, if Sister forgets to replenish the supply. Everyone is sure to miss it and ask why there is no holy water today. Another problem comes up if someone forgets to use the font. The cry goes up, "Sister, she didn't get any!" Alas for the tardy one whose only concern is to try to get to his place before Sister sees him. Loud whispers remind the poor latecomer not to forget the holy water. Many heads turn to check and see whether he performs his duty.

SISTER M. DEPORRES

* * *

OUR NAVAJOS

Every day we realize more and more how hungry our Indians—still so close to paganism—are for the true faith. After class a few weeks ago a little

In the Home Field

old lady enthusiastically patted Sister Adelle's arms and in Navajo exclaimed, "It is fine! It is fine that you can come to teach us. We are very grateful for these instructions."

The joy it brings them to learn that the soul lives forever, that God watches over them, that He hears their prayers, that He has entrusted them to the care of angels is a source of much consolation for them and for us.

One little grandma who had just learned the real meaning of Christmas was further surprised to learn that this day is celebrated by the whole world. She thought it was a feast peculiar to the United States.

Most of our work with these Navajo women is still done through interpreters. We beg your prayers for some success in acquiring a knowledge of the Navajo language. Sister Adelle, at least, has a ray of hope. When she sang "Silent Night" in German to her children at Naschitti, they smiled happily and said, "Sister, that sounds like Navajo."

SISTER MAUREEN

* * *

LIGHTS OUT

We were discussing in class the use of blessed candles. John, a newcomer, said, "Back in New York we used them when the lights went out."

"You mean during a storm, don't you, John?" I asked.

Before the boy could reply, a little girl broke in with, "Oh, yes, now I remember. Sometimes my mama doesn't pay the bill. They turn the lights off and we have to use my First Communion candle."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY

CORNERED

At Rusk Center in Odessa, Texas, I teach in the living room of a fine Catholic family. Since there are not enough chairs for all the children, the "gentlemen" always (but reluctantly and upon request) let the "ladies" have the chairs—as far as they will go. Then the boys and the rest of the girls seat themselves on the floor. During the first part of the class those on the chairs consider themselves privileged.

However, when I present the new doctrine through the story, things change. One by one the little ones ease off their chairs, slip quietly to the floor, and listen entranced. Those already on the floor inch up closer and closer to me. In their turn those in the back close in.

When it is time to stand for prayers I am so hemmed in by children that I can hardly find room to move. I know, though, that the children like the informal atmosphere, for when they leave it is not unusual for a child to say, "It's fun learning about God, isn't it, Sister?"

SISTER MELITA



Sister Melita is surrounded.



Sister M. Christopher and children from Tagus (cotton) Camp near Tulare, California, get ready for a May crowning.

ROSES ARE FLOWERS

Jimmie brought Sister Dennis Rose a note saying, "Mommie said to give this to you."

The note was addressed to Mrs. Flowers.

"Are you sure this note is for me, Jimmie?" asked Sister. "Don't you think it is for your teacher at school?"

"No, it's for you." Jimmy was very emphatic.

"But my name isn't Mrs. Flowers," Sister Dennis Rose protested. "I've told you my name many times. It starts with Sister. Sister What?"

Confidently Jimmy answered, "Sister Flowers."

SISTER MARY KEVIN

* * *

Sam struggled through the names of the sacraments and then came to a halt with "Holy Orders and Malnutrition."

Strange First Communion

by SISTER CHARLENE

IT did not take place in the usual white-veiled setting. In fact, few people in church that morning realized that there was a First Communion. At the church entrance another sister and I eagerly awaited the arrival of the two twelve-year-old boys. We were somewhat anxious, for Communion at that age is critical. It is almost a last chance proposition.

Jim arrived first and we handed him a prayer book and rosary, Mrs. Brown's gifts. He was too pleased and embarrassed to thank her. She was kneeling quietly in the back of the church viewing with interest her First Communicant.

Last year when, after a two-year unexcused absence from religion class, Jim presented himself, I welcomed him but wondered vaguely how we could instruct him properly. He was the only sixth grader who had not received his First Communion. He would need special help.

Then Mrs. Brown made her offer to accompany my released time class from school to church where I instructed them. I looked at the slight, grey-haired gentle lady and wondered how long she would last. Surely twenty-five mischief-making sixth graders could be hard on anyone.

As the weeks passed, Mrs. Brown faithfully persevered in escorting the group. Then I decided to propose something to her although in doing so I knew I was running the risk of losing a perfectly good helper. I asked her to instruct Jim for his First Communion.

Who could tell who was the more reluctant at the arrangement — Mrs.

Brown or Jim? For a while there was no mutual understanding. She was "too good" for him, and she could not understand his pranks. Still she persevered as I weekly pleaded Jim's cause.

Then gradually the change came, first in Mrs. Brown and then in Jim. She began to defend Jim's "mistakes." He began to go to his special class less reluctantly and when he came to class with the other sixth graders he answered questions and joined in the prayers, something unknown before.

Instead of bragging about missing Mass Jim admitted he was going every Sunday. It was a minor miracle. Now, on Jim's First Communion morning Mrs. Brown's efforts were repaid. And she, a mother who had reared her own family, felt the joy that day of having a spiritual son.

Carlos was the other First Communicant that Sunday and when he arrived, we breathed another sigh of relief. Like Jim, his path to the Communion rail had not been an easy one.

A broken home had so confused him that even before his eleventh year he delighted only in causing trouble. The police, the school, and I wondered what we could do with Carlos.

Carlos attended religion class and I found myself weighing his good against that of the class he was distracting. I had no way of giving him the special instruction that he needed.

The garage in which we had our released time class belonged to a good Catholic man who was a guard at the state prison. He had offered to help in any way he could although his time

was somewhat limited. Now I asked him to help Carlos. When I explained his case to him I said, "If you don't help him now, you'll surely have him later."

He was glad to coach the boy during the first few minutes of class while I taught the rest of the children in the garage. He and his wife lavished on Carlos the love and affection for which he was starved. It was wonderful to watch the boy respond.

At the beginning of the year Carlos had said sneeringly, "I don't even believe in confession." By the time we were reviewing the sacrament of penance, he was beginning to believe.

I told the story of Mary Magdalen as vividly as I could and emphasized her many sins. Carlos listened attentively and then asked, "Do you think

she ever stole hub caps?" To him that was the worst sin in the world.

"Oh, she committed sins much worse than that," I confided, "but Jesus forgave them all because she was sorry."

Gradually Carlos' faith revived and he prepared earnestly for his First Communion.

He arrived at church that morning together with the man who had helped him. It was by a strange coincidence that the prison guard found it necessary to wear his uniform. Carlos had often been escorted by police, but we had not expected it for his First Communion.

After Mass I saw the pair walk away almost like father and son, the man's hand on Carlos' shoulder. It was indeed a strange First Communion, but far more stirring than the usual one.



Little girl gets an assist from Sister Mary Barbara at First Communion breakfast, St. Mary's Church, West Ogden, Utah.



our

Associates'

MORE ABOUT DOLLS

Mrs. Ed Coughlin, of Chicago, wrote us as follows: "Do you think some readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST could locate some large German bisque jointed dolls of about forty years ago? Many of the larger ones were used to model children's clothing. I would be willing to buy them or trade for them, and will accept them in any condition as I enjoy repairing them."

If any of our readers have these dolls, we will be glad to send the information to Mrs. Coughlin. Address:

Sister Supervisor, ACM
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Associates:

DURING the month of May let us renew our intention to do all for the love of Jesus through Mary. The Feast of Our Lady of Victory occurs this month. She is your glorious patroness and ours.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

ST. MARGARET MARY BAND

After ten years of service as secretary of the Band, Miss Marie Egermier found it necessary to resign because she has an office in the Catholic Daughters of America which keeps her very busy.

We have received our first letter from her successor in office, Mrs. Bernard J. Pleiss, and judging from its contents, the members have selected a capable person. Among other things lined up for spring are a bake sale and a bingo party.

The Band sponsors Sister Mary Marguerite. Mrs. Fred Shields, promoter, is her sister-in-law.

ST. SABINA BAND, Chicago

Miss Marie V. Dwyer, Promoter, and her members continue to sponsor our Richmond, Kentucky, Sisters. Recently they sent a large mission box containing dresses in very good condition. At present they are collecting white dresses and veils for First Communicants.

PARENTS VISIT DAUGHTER



Sister Mary Edna, stationed at our South Bend, Indiana, convent receives a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Butler of St. Louis.

Club Mention



TELL-O-GRAMS



MOTHER CABRINI BAND, Wauconda, Ill. The membership is about evenly divided between those who live in Wauconda and Chicagoans who summer there. The ladies sponsor Sister Mary Genrose, to whom they send several large boxes of clothing each year. In addition, they pay annual dues to Victory Noll. The Promoter is **Mrs. Clara Swiatly**, and our correspondent, **Mrs. Emma Homering**.

VIA MATRIS, Chicago. For some years this group has numbered seven—the number of Our Lady's dolors, to which the members have special devotion. The title, therefore, seems especially appropriate. **Miss Anna Aldworth** heads the group.

ST. JUSTIN MARTYR BAND, Chicago. The members, under the direction and inspiration of **Mrs. Fred Kiefer**, continue their monthly pinocle games. They send the receipts to Victory Noll.

ST. MARY GORETTI, Chicago. We hear frequently from the Promoter, **Mrs. Louis Picchietti, Elmhurst**, but coughs, colds and illnesses, not only on the part of children but older members of their households, have slowed up their activities.

ST. PATRICIA CLUB, Chicago. **Mrs. Lucy Gones**, Promoter, has an only daughter in our community—Sister Hilary. We hear from Mrs. Gones about every month, with dues from her small club.

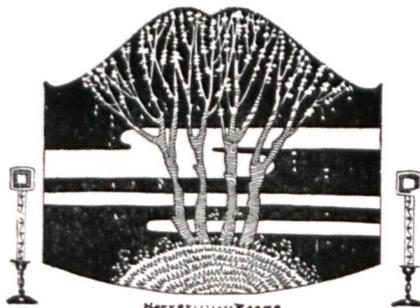
ST. PHILOMENA BAND, Chicago. These ladies, headed by **Miss Mary Schaefer**, changed their meeting date to the fourth Monday, recently. There are sixteen ladies and each pays a dollar a month dues.

CHARITINA CLUB, Chicago. **Miss Helen Ford**, Promoter, not only sends donations toward the Maternal Heart of Mary Burse, but current Catholic magazines and other articles to our sisters at Victory Noll.

BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

February 29 to March 26, 1960

Christ the King, Detroit, Mrs. Brusch	\$ 4.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern	12.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Betty Accomando	59.00
Queen of Virgins, Madison, Minn., Regina Emmerich	5.00
St. Anne, Milwaukee, Mrs. Karnitz	10.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien	20.00
St. Jude Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Helen Horstmann	139.00
St. Justin, Chicago, Mrs. F. Kiefer	27.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes	10.50
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter	26.55
St. Mary, Orlando, Fla., Mrs. Lehman	18.00
St. Mary Miss. Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Loretta Mettler	35.75
St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy ..	16.00
St. Raphael, Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Olive Schrimpf	22.25



Harmon... Peace

Marian Day *at* *Victory Noll*

LAST May the girls who attend their respective parish high schools of religion taught by our San Pierre, Indiana, Sisters, took part in a Marian Day at Victory Noll. Four of the pastors, the San Pierre Sisters, and a number of mothers accompanied the girls to Huntington.

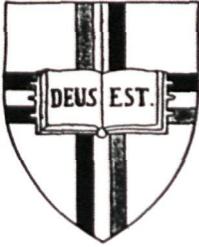
After a tour of the buildings and grounds, the visitors had lunch and were shown slides of the work of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. The highlight of the day was the crowning of an outdoor statue of Our Blessed Mother. All then returned to chapel for a sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.



Patricia Napierala, Wanatah, Ind., crowns the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes.



After the crowning the girls recited the act of consecration. Pastors who attended were: Rev. Robert Fosselman, Monticello; Rev. Charles Muller, Reynolds; Rev. Joseph Grace, Medaryville; and Rev. C. B. Ernst, C.P.P.S., Pulaski.



Your CCD Question

This is our first year with discussion clubs. I am a leader but I find it very difficult to get the members of our group to do any discussing. What do you suggest?

You do not say on what basis your groups are organized. If they are made up of people who know one another well, you should not have that difficulty. Perhaps the text you have been using is not suitable. Why not talk over your problem with your pastor? He knows his people and might have a more practical suggestion than we can give.

Meanwhile, it is well to keep in mind that we must help people to adjust to learning together. Give time a chance to operate and don't try to push too hard.

* * *

My CCD pupils simply will not study. What can I do?

Did you ever post an achievement chart in the vestibule of the church? With the pastor's permission, of course. It usually works wonders with indifferent parents. If their children's record is there for all the world to see, they will get busy and see that they study.

Report cards also stimulate the parents' interest. If these and other measures fail, a period of organized study before and after class is imperative. Sister Rosario mentions this in her article

in this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. It was necessary in this case because the children themselves could not read, and their parents knew no English.

* * *

Frankly I can't see much difference between the Fishers in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine program and the Apostles of Good Will. Both visit, don't they?

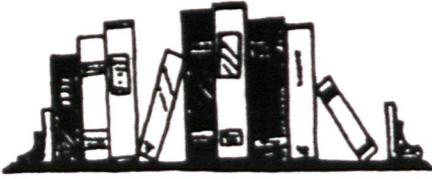
Yes, both visit, but there IS a difference. Briefly we might explain this difference by saying that Fishers are concerned more with Catholics, Apostles of Good Will with non-Catholics.

Fishers conduct a parish survey or take the initiative in doing so. They find children who are not receiving religious instruction, check on absentees, look for eligible CCD workers, etc. Apostles of Good Will are always on the alert to bring back Catholics who have fallen away from the Church, to acquaint non-Catholics with Catholic doctrine, etc.

See the difference? Incidentally your question points up the necessity of training courses for these divisions of the Confraternity. In too many dioceses training courses are provided for Teachers, but not for Helpers, Fishers, Parent-Educators, etc.

It also happens that training courses ARE provided, but the members of these divisions do not take advantage of them. Consequently, they are not doing a 100% job in their parish Confraternity.

Books



St. Anthony and His Times by Mary Purcell. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. \$3.95

The author of this book reminds me of no one so much as Father James Brodrick, S.J., the biographer par excellence. Even her footnotes, though not so numerous as Father Brodrick's, are just as racy. It is not just the Irish in both of them. They have that rare gift of insight into human nature which recognizes that man was the same in the thirteenth century as he is in the twentieth.

Both Father Brodrick and Mary Purcell make a saint really live. In the case of St. Anthony this was a difficult thing to bring about, for the saint to whom so many appeal to restore lost objects, has been in a sense himself lost amidst a maze of wonders and miracles.

Miss Purcell calls St. Anthony the despair of biographers because his earliest chroniclers were so meager in the details they gave. She, however, is no doubt one of the first to commend them for their restraint. It was the later biographers who ran riot with the fanciful stories. The story of St. Anthony and the Child Jesus, for instance, was first circulated several hundred years after the saint's death with no basis for it in fact.

Mary Purcell must have devoted herself to a prodigious amount of research in writing this new life of St. Anthony. Her efforts are certainly re-

warding. It would be hard to find a more interesting biography. Much of the book, as its name suggests, concerns the times in which the saint lived.

So skillfully has Miss Purcell written that the devotees of St. Anthony will not mind at all the debunking of some of the miracles. Neither will they be disappointed to learn that their saint was a swarthy, corpulent friar and not the tall, willowy youth the statues depict.

St. Anthony continues to exert the magnetism that held as many as 30,000 people spellbound listening to his sermons seven hundred years ago. Many more clients will be his as a result of this latest biography.

* * *

Apparitions of Our Lady, Their Place in the Life of the Church, by Louis Lochet. Herder and Herder Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y. \$2.95

"The aim of this book," says the author (page 82), "is to encourage an appreciation of the important fact that the worship given to the Blessed Virgin at the places where she has appeared and through the different pilgrimages, far from inducing Christian piety to consider her apart from the rest of the Christian mysteries, should help us to grasp more completely her providential part in Christ's mystery."

Although there are many books containing detailed accounts of the apparitions of Our Lady, few writers have dealt with their inner meaning in relation to the life of the Church or have explained their meaning from the point of view of God's design. It is this deeper meaning of the apparitions, their link with God's plan and with the mystery of Christ in the Church that

Father Lochet presents for our consideration.

The message of these modern apparitions of Our Lady is the same message that God gave through His prophets: "Be converted and do penance." It is the message of Our Lord Himself. Our Lady's messages, then, all flow from the same source and are the continuation of the Old Testament and the Gospel. There are also dogmatic aspects to the apparitions: the Immaculate Conception, for instance, and the Divine Maternity.

A study of the apparitions in this light should help us to rediscover Mary's links with Christ's mystery and with that of the Church.

* * *

Ecumenical Councils in the Catholic Church, An Historical Survey, by Hubert Jedin. Herder and Herder, Inc., 7 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y. \$3.95

This book would be interesting at any time, but it is especially so now in view of the forthcoming Ecumenical Council. From a vast amount of literature covering the history of the councils, the author has admirably compiled a brief, satisfactory account of those now recognized by the Church as ecumenical.

A chronological table at the end of the book makes this a valuable reference work. In this table are summarized the following data: Name of the council, dates of its sessions, popes under whom it was held, and its principal accomplishments — doctrines defined, disciplinary measures taken, decrees published, etc.

After reading this survey we can be consoled that the atmosphere now is much more conducive to reunion than it was when the First Council of the Vatican was convoked.

Catholic Reformer, A Life of St. Cajetan of Thiene, by Paul H. Hallett. Theatine Fathers' Seminary, 1050 S. Birch, Denver 22, Colorado. \$3.75.

In 1945, on the occasion of the fourth centenary of the Council of Trent, the Vatican Post Office offered, among a series of stamps, one bearing the image of St. Cajetan. It was an acknowledgment of the part he played in bringing about the true reformation of the Church, a reformation that culminated in the Council.

The saint rightly began his reform with the clergy by banding together a small group of clerks regular known as Theatines. Their rule of life was a severe one, especially their vow of poverty.

But this was only one of the many works of St. Cajetan. A number of religious communities owe their beginnings to him. He took an important part in the reform of the breviary. To him we trace the origin of Forty Hours' Devotion.

Over and above all his accomplishments, Cajetan was a saint. His life, bound up as it was with the Church in the sixteenth century, is especially interesting to students of Church History.

* * *

More Saints of the Eucharist by Father Francis. The Seraphic Press, 1501 South Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis. 25 cents. Discount for quantity lots.

This 32-page book, size 8½ by 11, contains the lives of four more Eucharistic saints for children: St. Paschal Baylon, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, St. Gerard Majella, and St. Gemma Galgani. Like all the Father Francis books this one is attractively illustrated, containing fifteen pictures that can easily be colored.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

If I sound mixed up, blame the cook. We had pancakes for breakfast this morning and today is Wednesday. Now everybody knows that Thursday is pancake day at Victory Noll. I'll be wanting to do all the Thursday things today instead of the Wednesday things.

I purposely say I am mixed up, not confused. It is very risky to use the word confused these days. If you do, someone is sure to run for the tranquilizers or call the psychiatrist.

What I am con . . . I mean concerned about is our subscription list. I have discovered that we are not moving forward. Not to move forward, say the spiritual writers, is to go backward; and we think that can be applied to business affairs.

Never before have we received so many commendatory letters about the magazine. We appreciate every one of them; in fact, we treasure them. It is good of you to take the trouble to write and tell us you like our magazine. Perhaps we should be satisfied with that, but frankly, we would appreciate it still more if you would get new subscribers for us. Remember the old slogan, "Say it with flowers"? Well, we wish you would say it with subscriptions.

This is our position. We do not have any sisters out soliciting subscriptions. We are a missionary community and our Mother General believes in keeping as many sisters as possible in the missions. Neither do we solicit through the mail. We depend on you, our friends, to introduce THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST to others.

We do know—and are grateful—that nearly all our subscribers are readers. In other words you are not taking our magazine just to help a "cause." One

woman wrote us that she had been receiving TMC for some time (maybe it was a gift; she didn't say) but had not read it. Then one month she DID read it and reproached herself with what she had been missing. Now she is a cover to cover reader.

So far as helping a cause is concerned, the subscription price barely covers the cost of the magazine. We have been able to keep the subscription down because we do our own printing. We have the type set up elsewhere and that costs a lot. Paper, too, is expensive. Like everything else, it is always going up.

I hope this does not sound like a lot of complaining, but I am concerned and I don't know whom to appeal to but you, our good friends and subscribers. The business office is across from mine. I am going to be watching it very anxiously for the next few months. If I am disappointed . . . well, then I might need a tranquilizer. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

- Mrs. Magdalen Lembeck, St. Louis, mother of
Sister Vivian
Mrs. Fred O. Feldkamp, Baileyville, Kans.,
sister of Mother Catherine
Carl R. Scheper, Indianapolis, brother of
Sister Charlotte
Rev. Michael Mathis, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind.
Rev. Joseph Snyers, O.S.C., Fort Wayne
Rev. Peter A. Biegel, Schererville, Ind.
Mrs. Burton Weaver, ACM, Fort Wayne
Mae Reiss, ACM, Chicago
Frances Tischer, ACM, Chicago
Blanche Dirr, ACM, Cincinnati
Dr. Zander E. Malcolm, Bluffton, Ind.
George McManus, Chicago
Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, Aurora, Ill.
William Fitzgerald, Huntley, Ill.
Mrs. Fred L. Balzer, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Marie Baechle, Lancaster, Pa.
Mr. Mayer, Cox's Creek, Ky.
Mrs. Mary Fuchs, Chillicothe, Ohio
Camillus J. Foster, Dayton, Ohio
Mrs. Mary McKenna, St. Louis
Mrs. Alvin Gisler, Saticoy, Calif.

Being a Catholic means difficulties, but Mrs. Miller is

Proud of Her Faith

by SISTER DOROTHY ANNE

“LET’S stop in to see Mrs. Miller,” suggested my sister companion as we began our visiting one morning. “She is partially paralyzed and appreciates our visits.”

Little by little I learned other things about Mrs. Miller. For many years she wanted to become a Catholic, but was prevented for various reasons. Her husband had been baptized but not instructed. After his death Mrs. Miller told her children she was going to be a Catholic if the Church would accept her.

Although her children were very much opposed to the idea, she persevered in her resolve. That was three years ago. Our sisters instructed her, she was baptized, and this year was to be confirmed. Just before the date of confirmation Mrs. Miller over-exerted herself and was taken to the hospital. We consoled her by telling her she could receive the sacrament of confirmation later.

Mrs. Miller’s faith has been tested many times. She has suffered especially from relatives and friends who cannot understand why she became a Catholic. She defends her daughters

and is always telling us that they are the best in the world, that they take very good care of her. To them she has said, “It’s all my fault you are not Catholic too. If I had known better, I would have taught you differently when you were children.”

Since Mrs. Miller lives in a small town where there is only one parish, confirmation is not administered every year. However, she did not have to wait until the bishop came again. The pastor arranged for her to be confirmed in a neighboring parish. She did not tell any of her children because it was very cold and since she has to be careful of her health, she did not want them to worry about her.

We helped her across the snow-covered, icy street and were as happy as she was when the bishop went out of his way to meet her and tell her it would be a privilege to confirm her.

When we visited her after confirmation we asked her whether her children knew. “Yes,” she said, “I told all of them and they could think what they wanted!” Then she added, “They didn’t say anything.”

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