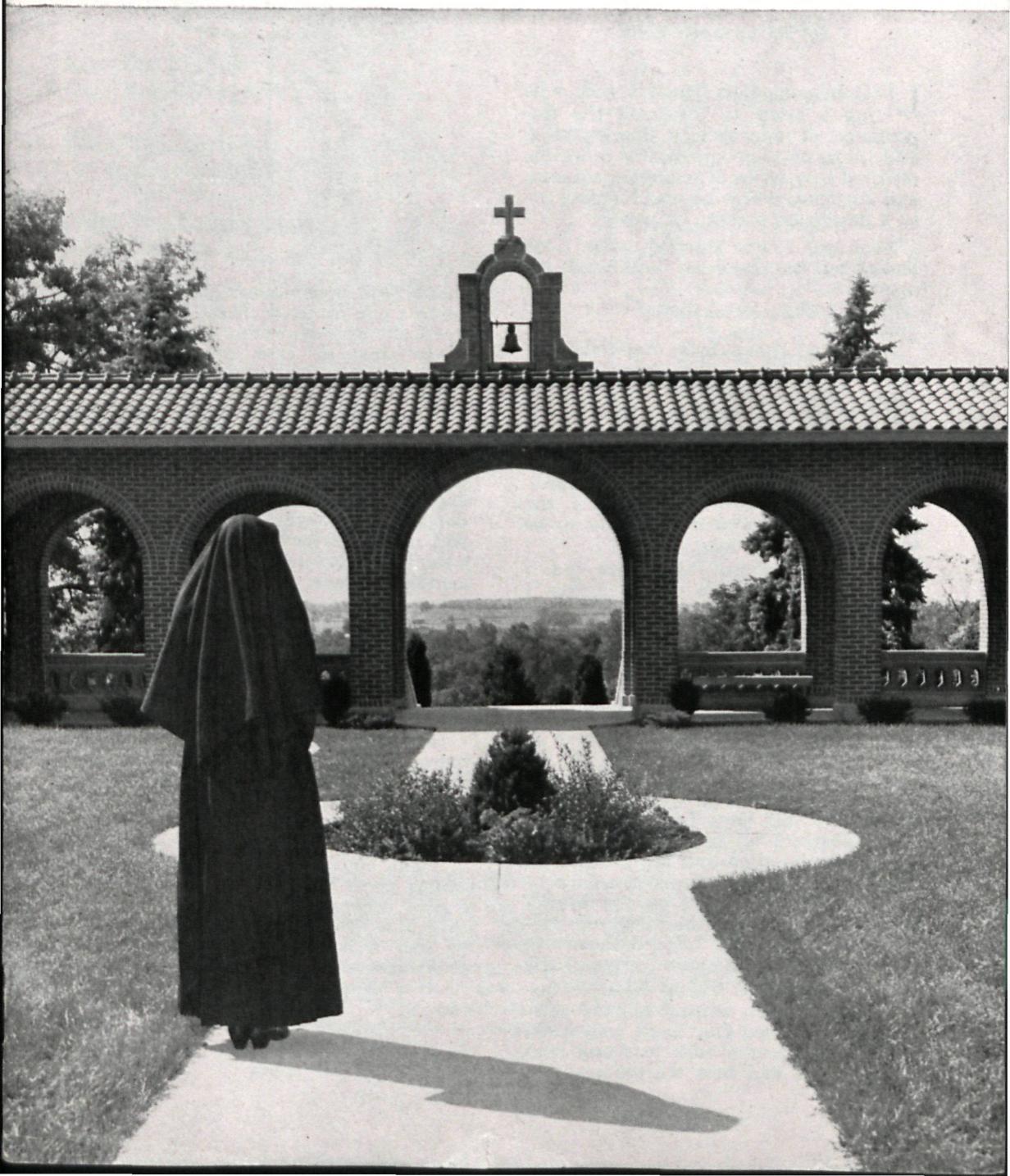


THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

Volume 36

JUNE 1960

Number 7



Lino the Doodler

by SISTER MARY KARL

LINO is a doodler. There I was, telling a story to illustrate the importance of appropriate thanksgiving; and there he was, apparently more interested in a series of triangles, squares, and curlicues which he was forming into a design on a scrap of paper.

Even so, I was startled when Lino looked up to make an interested remark.

"Something like tigers," he said quietly.

He MUST have been daydreaming! The remark was so absolutely impossible. Could I have heard right? The story was an informal one, with pauses for discussion, and I paused.

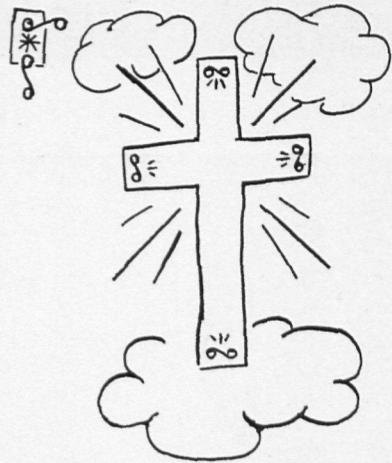
"What did you say?" I inquired.

"Something like tigers," Lino repeated, quietly and with great interest. His solemn face assured me that he spoke with no hint of a joke.

THEN I realized. My mind did a flash back over some of the details I had just given. "They thought it would be dangerous for them to be with other people. They had to live in the forests and mountains, away from towns and villages. If their friends and relatives wanted even to give them food, they had to leave it for them, and then go away before the lepers came to get it . . ."

Of course! In some way peculiar to eleven-year-old boys, Lino had managed to abstract all humanity from my careful explanation and replace it with figures more in keeping with his personal interests. I went to the blackboard and wrote out the difference between LEPERS and LEOPARDS until even Lino's doodling mind grasped the fact that the story was about *people*.

Ever since then when I tell the children how pleased Our Lord was when the one leper came back to thank Him for his cure, and how we too want to



thank Him nicely when He is so good as to come to us in Holy Communion . . . I always begin with a careful word study. Just in case there might be another future big game hunter in the class.

But Lino's doodling really paid off on the Friday before Father's Day. The boys made some little spiritual bouquets for their fathers. They folded a piece of paper, put a gummed picture on the outside, and listed inside their prayers and other spiritual offerings adding a cross for decoration. Finally, they wrote a little message.

"Put whatever you like," I told them. "It's *your* note to your father."

I moved among the desks ready to help, answering questions as to how to spell a word, where to put the cross, could they write in pencil, etc.

Lino asked no questions. He was very busy. And sure enough, his cross was not the simple little decoration the others used. Indeed not. He had been doodling. There was a little design at each end of his cross. There were rays of light coming from it. There were clouds above and below it. There was a neat decoration in the corner of the card. But I liked best of all the message he had written, in a careful fourth-grade scrawl:

To the best Father
in the
hole world.
Lino

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

June 1960
No. 7 Vol. 36

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



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Victory Noll Press

COVER

From Victory Noll's spacious patio a sister looks out over the beautiful Wabash Valley. This photograph is also the cover picture on the pamphlet, "Is the Nun's Life Too Hard?" See back cover of this magazine for particulars.

CREDITS

Cover, Our Sunday Visitor photo by Albert Kindler; inside front, drawing by Postulant Mary Wallstead; p. 12, Fogata Studio, Santa Paula, Calif.

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Spaceland, U.S.A.

by SISTER MARY ROSE

“THAT’S all right, Father. We’ll probably make the next Mass at Spotted Horse. The map shows it’s only about twenty miles from here.”

I overheard these remarks as I was coming out of the church at Gillette, Wyoming, where we were teaching religious vacation school. I looked up in time to see the twinkle in Father’s eye as he began again, probably for the fifth different time that morning, to tell another group of tourists that there was no church in Spotted Horse, that actually there was nothing there but a gas station and that the nearest Catholic Church was ninety miles away at Buffalo or one hundred and eight miles at Sheridan.

Gillette, located in the northeastern part of Wyoming, lies almost midway on the through highway between the Black Hills of South Dakota and Yellowstone National Park in western Wyoming. It is the ideal stopping place for tourists. These good people from thickly populated cities cannot imagine the distances between Catholic Churches out here.



Sister Mary Rose fills the water jug at a wayside spring near Rockypoint, Wyoming.

Let me tell you just a little about Gillette itself. It is in Campbell County which is one of the largest counties in the state, covering over five thousand square miles. In area, that makes the county five times the size of the state of Rhode Island and the same size as Connecticut.

Gillette, with a population of a little over two thousand, is the only town in the county. It is the shopping center for over 10,000 people. This county is also the boundaries for St. Matthew’s parish which extends one hundred miles north and south and fifty miles east and west. During the four years that I taught vacation school there, the Rev. George A. Stoll was the pastor. He has since been transferred to Sheridan, Wyoming.

The majority of Gillette’s parishioners are ranchers and live ten, seventeen, thirty, sixty miles away from the church. To accommodate as many as possible, the pastor offers two Masses every Sunday in Gillette and a third

one at different mission chapels: first and third Sundays at Rockypoint, fifty-five miles north; second and fifth Sundays at Moorcroft, twenty-eight miles east; and fourth Sunday at Savageton, forty-two miles south.

When we sisters from Cheyenne go up there for vacation school, we stay for seven weeks, teaching for three weeks in Gillette, and two weeks each in Rockypoint and Moorcroft. We were scheduled to teach in Savageton for a week last summer but we were rained out. Until this year Father offered Mass there in "Miss Kate's" spacious living room. Now, thanks to generous benefactors, the strong arms of the ranchers, and Father's planning ability, they have a lovely little chapel dedicated to St. Francis. The Poverello must love it out there in the middle of nowhere.

Children come from all over Campbell County to be present for the Gillette vacation school. They tell us that they wait all year for "Sisters' School," because then they come from sixty miles south and stay with grandma in Gillette and so does their cousin who lives thirty-five miles north. That way they get to see each other and go to school together.

We had many such "boarders" during vacation school. I will always remember Susy. She lives on a ranch about thirty miles from town. This was her first year in "Sisters' School" and her only other school experience was in a one-room school with three or four other pupils. Susy was absolutely amazed at the sight of some hundred and seventy-five children all together in one place. In her own class of thirty-five pupils she just could not help but sit and gaze around the room all the time . . . so much so that she was not ready to make her First Communion until the following year.

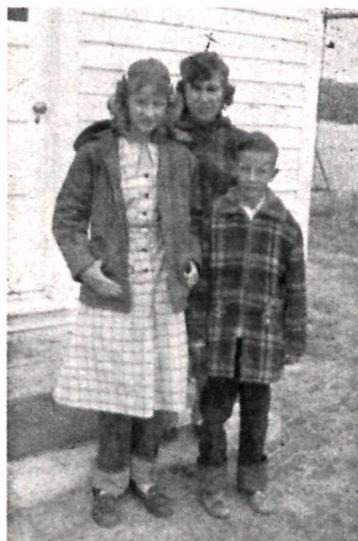
Just to get more statistics to amaze you with, I phoned the County School Superintendent, Nelle E. Cook. She furnished the following interesting

items. In Campbell County there are fifty-four one-teacher schools. Only two have two teachers. The average enrollment in these schools is five or six pupils. There are two schools in the county with just one pupil each.

As we would ride from place to place we would see the little school house over in the distance and, in many cases, right next to it would be a similar building. This is the "teacherage," where the teacher lives — brave soul.

I always looked for one school in particular, and wouldn't you know, the year I decided to take a picture of it, it was gone. It was on wheels although the wheels were usually half buried in the ground. When the children of one family finished their schooling, the portable school was moved to another ranch.

Father scheduled the daily Mass during vacation school at eleven-thirty. That way the children could eat their breakfast before coming to school at nine, receive Holy Communion, and



X marks the teacher. The County Supervisor, when she sent us this picture of a two-pupil school, wanted us to make no mistake about it.

then go home for lunch. At the same time their parents could come in a half-hour earlier to pick them up and also assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. It has worked out wonderfully, with nearly every eligible child receiving Holy Communion daily.

Maybe the extra Holy Communions will supply for those times in winter when the roads are impassable because of snow drifts or, in the spring, when the thaws bring muddy, muddy roads.

When the children first used the expression "mudded in," as an excuse for absence from school, we were inclined to be skeptical. But now we know. We were teaching in Rockypoint. Father Stoll drove us the fifty-five miles — twenty-four miles of paved highway and the last thirty-one miles over dirt road.

The rainfall up this way is just a little below normal, so most of the time the road is very dusty. We usually had rain the first week in June while we were teaching in Gillette, but this year it came later in the month.

Several times during the two weeks of the Rockypoint school it had rained a little during the night, but it was not too bad, for the water would run off in several hours and the road could be traveled again. But this time it must have rained all night.

Although it was still drizzling in the morning, we thought we should go. Besides, in Rockypoint, they may not have had any of the rain. But when we hit the dirt road we knew they had had as much rain as we. It was a little bit slippery, but Father was holding the car on the road nicely. Comments were made about it not getting any better, and then the first thing we knew we were off the road and down in the ditch — happily still upright and going forward.

Father continued driving down there for a little while and then, as the slope levelled off, he came back up on the road again. Even after he decided it would be useless to go on, we had to continue several miles before coming to a place to turn around. The people are very philosophical about all this.

They have learned to live with it and refuse to be frustrated by it.

Vacation school is not complete without several picnics to places of scenic beauty and interest. The nearest spot, about fifty miles away, is Devil's Tower. Last year we had a picnic there with our sisters from Green River, Wyoming, who were teaching vacation schools in and around Newcastle, seventy-two miles east of Gillette.

The weather was not at all promising. The rain held off for most of the lunch, but we had to eat our dessert in the cars which we parked very close together. Though we had to pass things through the windows under cover of umbrellas, a nice time was had by all.

A more distant sight-seeing trip was that to Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills. It was on our way there that we stopped in Custer, South Dakota, to see the new church of St. John the Baptist. Only a Victory Noll Sister could know the thrill of pleasure we had when we read the memorial plaque: "Please pray for the Most Rev. John F. Noll, Archbishop-Bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana, Founder and Editor of Our Sunday Visitor, in whose memory our Missionary Bishops helped to build this church, through the Catholic Church Extension Society."



Entrance to St. John's Church in Custer, Wyoming, built in memory of Archbishop Noll.

The summer months, more than any other time, is census taking time. At the request of bishops and pastors, the Victory Noll Sisters often take the religious census in towns where they do not work during the year. Sister Regina relates some of her experiences

Along the Census Trail

by SISTER REGINA

SO you think census taking is boring . . . going from door to door, up one street and down another, asking the same questions, repeating the same simple answers. All this would be boring were it not that any form of the apostolate is a great spiritual adventure.

The spirit of faith and apostolic adventure also keep our lay companion from being bored even though she stands outside of hearing distance. She is helpful in many ways and makes a generous sacrifice in not being able to share with us the direct human contacts.

As for us sisters, besides the spiritual incentives, there are those daily experiences which are sufficiently loaded with human appeal to gratify the natural in us and keep us buoyed up over the waves of what might prove monotony. Here are a few such incidents snatched along a census trail.

Sister Fairy

"Do you have my tooth?"

A radiant little face, one tooth missing in the smile, greeted me as I knocked on the screen door. I opened my mouth to answer, but before words came, the charmed voice continued: "You are the fairy who took my tooth from under my pillow last night. I know!"

What could I say? The mother came to my rescue, having heard my knock. I explained that I was taking a Catholic census. No, they were not Catholic but

she was happy I called. Her little girl had never seen a sister.

"This is a Catholic Sister, darling," she introduced me to her daughter.

"I know," the little one gasped, still radiant, and of course not comprehending at all. "Are you bringing me a new tooth?"

"God will make your new tooth grow," I told her. "Ask Him to make it strong and beautiful."

We talked a few moments and I had to hurry on. Census calls are not social calls, although we try to crowd into them as much as we graciously can. My small friend said little and apparently heard less. She only looked, with large shining eyes.

As I hurried down the steps she called after me, "Goodby, Sister Fairy. Thank you for the dime. I found it under my pillow."

Who Is Surprised?

The steps to the second floor apartments were steep and narrow. The day was hot. I paused for breath when I reached the top and wondered what was beyond the sharp turn in the hall. Suddenly a voice called out from beyond the corner.

"You don't have to come sneaking around like that. We know you are there."

I was startled for a second, then decided to investigate. Turning the corner I found myself before an open door to a comfortable apartment. A young husband and wife were sitting at a table.

A small child was playing on the floor near them.

Oh, for a camera to register their expressions at the sight of me! The woman jumped up stammering apologies in utter confusion. The man looked as if he wished he could disappear through the open window at his elbow.

By chance they had learned that the wife's brother was in town and planned to surprise them with a call. They wished to turn the surprise on him. The more they talked and tried to explain, the funnier the situation became until we were all convulsed with laughter. Even the child on the floor stopped playing to look at us and laugh in a forced way.

After the laugh-fest we talked in a friendly fashion. The young husband was not Catholic although his wife was.

He was attracted to the Church but could never muster up enough courage to visit a priest and arrange for instructions. Priests and sisters were strange beings to him. He talked freely. Then suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked at me as though he were just then seeing me.

"I'm sure glad you came today," he said. "I didn't know sisters were so — well, so human!"

"Priests are human, too," I said. "You should get acquainted with one or two and find it out for yourself."

Before I left he promised to go with his wife to see their pastor, and she felt that her battle for her husband's conversion was won.

Joyous Conversion

The house was a somber old fashioned mansion. I knocked, not expecting an answer, but the door opened immediately and I was welcomed with joy.

"Come in, Sister. I'm a new convert and I've never had a sister in my house."

Although I told her that my time was very limited, she insisted that I hear about her conversion. Her family were

deeply religious people. She remembered that her first prayers were for the conversion of heathen nations and her first pennies saved were for foreign missionaries. The first stories she heard about other religions, however, were about Catholics right here at home, and these stories were shocking, to say the least.

When she was six or seven she asked her mother, "If Catholics are all so very bad, why don't we pray for them and try to convert them instead of going to the heathen?"

Her mother shook her head sadly as she answered, "They are a hard-headed lot, child. No one can do anything with them."

This aroused the little girl's curiosity. As she grew older she read with avidity every article about the Church which came her way, forbidden though it was by her deluded parents. It was not until after her marriage to a man even more prejudiced than her parents, if that were possible, that she dared to defy everyone and join the Church. Now a happy and enthusiastic member of the true fold, she was working and praying for the conversion of her loved ones.

Her enthusiasm was a booster. My feet seemed to have sprouted wings, so eagerly did they carry me from her home to continue spreading the good tidings of God's love up and down the street that lay hot and bright in the summer sunshine, but cold toward the merciful love of its Heavenly Father and dark in ignorance of His true Church.

Flowers for God's Garden

A small child came running down the sidewalk. She stopped directly in front of me and explained, "We got a new baby." Then she took my hand as though we were familiar friends. "Come and see it."

As she led me along I noted the houses we were skipping: two, three, four.

"Here's my house."

She opened the door, still holding my hand, and took me straight into a large living room. There in a bassinet which stood on a table, lay the new baby. Around it was a group of admiring boys and girls of different ages. The mother sat in a large chair happily surveying the scene.

"I came to see the new baby," I explained. "I see others have arrived before me."

The mother laughed. "No, just the family. The baby is our tenth."

"How wonderful!"

For a moment all eyes were raised from the bassinet to me.

"What a beautiful family," I found myself saying. "Clustered around the baby like this, their faces make me think of a large bouquet of flowers."

"Strange that you should say that, Sister," the mother answered, "because I think of them often as flowers for God's garden of heaven. It makes the daily burden lighter, although I love it all!"

"And how God must love you all!" I whispered, still charmed with the picture before me.

"I know He does," the mother replied quickly, "for He has blessed us in many ways. I have always believed that a large happy family, united in loving God and one another, is a miniature of heaven. God is good to give such a family to me. Pray for me, Sister, that I will pay the price for it generously."

I left that home in deep thought. Some people make bombs. Others raise flowers for God's garden. God is good. There is hope for the world.

The Last House

We turned a corner. The next street was narrow. The homes were poor. Many beautiful children played everywhere. Before long, fifteen or more of them attached themselves to us. They waited on the sidewalk with my lay

companion while I knocked at the door. Then they walked the few steps with us to the next house chattering gaily or listening with awe to my every word.

"Are you going to every house on this street?" a small boy wanted to know.

"I shall try not to miss a single one," I replied.

Soon we came to a house where the lady had a serious problem and needed help. She invited me in and we talked. When I left her home the children were gone. They had tired of waiting.

I hurried on. Perhaps I could still finish that street before noon, as the schedule suggested. There were other families with serious problems. Time was running out. A few more minutes and the clock on the old court house would be striking twelve.

One more house to go. I couldn't leave just one house on a street! I knocked. The door was thrown open at once. "At last! I'm so glad you got here, Sister. The boys are in tears!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. What is the trouble?"

"They came home two hours ago and said that a Catholic Sister was going to visit us soon. They insisted that I put on my Sunday dress and prepare a cold drink. Then you seemed to have disappeared, and they are both terribly disappointed."

"Well, here I am. Do you think they still want a visit?"

Just then the boys came bounding in. "We knew you'd come! We told Mom. You said so!"

Never did I enjoy a visit more. No, they were not Catholic. During the conversation the mother asked for a book of Catholic prayers and doctrine so she could teach the children.

When I finally said goodby, a younger brother, four years old, who had been a silent observer throughout my visit, announced loudly, "When I get big I'm going to be a Catholic Sister!"

Bucket Brigade

by SISTER PAULA

drawings by SISTER MARY GEORGE



IN strategic spots throughout the country we have what we call "summer houses." In the winter these are regular mission centers with their full quota of mission work. Come July a transformation takes place. The convent becomes a center where the sisters gather from the surrounding smaller missions to make their yearly retreat, have refresher courses, and enjoy some relaxation.

Naturally, getting ready for the crowd calls for careful preparation. Out come the mops, buckets, and rags for a really big clean-up. In some places not too many sisters are expected, but in Redlands, California, where the number jumps from twenty to seventy the march begins in much this manner.

Everything comes out of its winter resting place to fit snugly into its summer home. First come the beds . . .

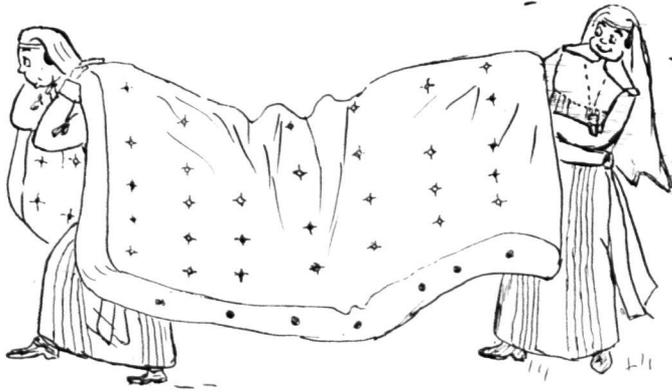
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, pitter-patter as the beds move down the open hallway.

Pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat as we go more slowly around a corner or through a doorway.

So many in this room; so many more in there. Some must go downstairs. There is no room to spare. God bless the man that invented roll-away beds! What would we do without them? I'm sure life would be very uncomfortable.

Along with every bed goes a mattress. Some must go downstairs. And so we go — looking like a strange padded dragon with sister-feet as the mattresses bend around the curves on the stairway.

With the beds in place we can go on to further fields — chairs and dishes.



Along with every bed goes a mattress.

We *do* have to eat.

Down from the upper regions of the kitchen cupboards come dishes of every shape and variety. "Let's pile them beside the sink. They need a good washing to get the dust off before they go on the table."

Now I have an idea what the dishwasher in a restaurant must feel like with her stacks and stacks of dishes, although ours are not dirty or greasy.

Then we come to the most important place of all — the chapel. It is here that we will spend most of our time during

retreat, so we must give it an extra special swish to have it very clean. At last we trundle in the extra benches, the prie-dieux, and the chairs until everyone has a place.

We receive word that five more are coming in. Maybe there is some space we have overlooked. Let's take another look around.

Finally, with all in order we are ready to greet our sisters as they arrive. It is good to know that they will have all they need to refresh themselves physically as well as spiritually.



"Now I know what it feels like to wash dishes in a restaurant."

In the Home Field



Three little boys pray before the altar of the Sacred Heart in Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, Santa Paula, Calif.

BEHIND BARS

Now we know how it feels to be locked behind bars. We have a key for the inside doors at Juvenile Hall, but not the outside ones. One Sunday morning the stairway was freshly painted and so the guard let us in through a different entrance from the one we usually use.

When classes were dismissed we attempted to leave the way we had entered, but everything was locked tight. There we were—trapped between freshly painted floors and locked doors. After pounding on the window for what seemed like hours (actually only fifteen minutes), we were able to attract the attention of a man outside. He quickly hurried to the office and summoned help. An embarrassed guard hurried to our rescue.

SISTER MARIE HELENE

NEVER TOO LATE

The little old lady who answered our knock evoked our sympathy because she spoke from behind what looked like bandages and a chin strap. Before we could express ourselves, however, she launched into a description of her beauty treatment and proudly exclaimed, "I don't want to have bags and wrinkles even if I am almost ninety."

SISTER REGINA MARIE

JUST IN TIME

One Thursday we visited an old Indian and found him sick. He was fully

dressed, however, and sitting on the bed in true Indian fashion, his legs crossed under him. To our inquiries about his health he said, "I feel like I'm on my last leg."

When we returned home we told Father about him. He asked if we thought there was any danger of death and we quoted the man's own words. Father said, "It must be the call of grace," and went that very evening to see our Indian friend.

It was just in time. A flash flood the next morning would have made the visit impossible. Two days later our Indian died.

SISTER ANGELICA



Boys and girls working on Sacred Heart shrines — a summer school project, Ogden, Utah.

GAELIC MAYBE

We were having altar boy practice. I noticed a prayer book that someone had left in the front pew and opened it to see whether there was a name in it. I did not find a name, but I was fascinated to see where it came from and found myself exclaiming, "This was printed in Dublin!"

Bright-eyed Joe quizzed, "Oh, isn't it in English?"

SISTER MARIE

MOTHER'S UNIFORM

One of our young mothers who had enrolled in our CCD Teacher Training Course was explaining to her little girl, a first grader, where she would be going every Monday night. She said, "I am going to learn to teach boys and girls their religion so that I can teach them just as Sister teaches you."

Several weeks later the little girl asked her mother, "Mother, when are you going to get a uniform like Sister's?"

SISTER MARY ROSELLA



Nothing is so enjoyable as a trip to the beach. The sisters examine a specimen left by a Pacific tide. From left: Sister Matthew (seated) Sister Ruth Anthony, Sister Stephanie, and Sister Mildred.

Around Victory Noll

THE big news Around Victory Noll these days is that we have a new press. It might not be *brand* new, but so far as presses go, it is young indeed and has many years of service ahead of it.

The nicest part is that the press is a gift. Mr. William A. Didier and his sons of Fort Wayne are our generous benefactors. The Didiers, who own a printing plant, replaced a large Miehle letterpress with offset and offered the older press to us.

It completely dwarfs the press we have been printing THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST on — a built-over 1924 model Kelly B. The Miehle is, of course, in excellent condition and best of all, will do precision work, something we cannot do on our Kelly. We hope it will mean a better magazine, but give us time, please, to learn to operate it well.

A new press has been our dream for a long time, but it looked as if it would remain a dream until Mr. Didier and his sons made their wonderful offer. We are deeply indebted to them. They not only gave us the press, but had their own maintenance man assemble it for us, and their foreman teach us to run it. God will surely reward them for such kindness.

Jubilarians

Like last year we again have exactly seventeen Sister Jubilarians Around Victory Noll. They will be the first to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary of vows in our new chapel which we expect to be able to use this summer. The jubilarians are:

Sister Mary Irmira Manternach, Cascade, Iowa
Sister Mary Germaine Turnis, Cascade, Iowa
Sister Mary Rosella Lengerich, Decatur, Ind.
Sister Mary Gerard Byrne, St. Louis
Sister Theresa Egidy, Greeley, Kans.
Sister Rita Luna, Tierra Amarilla, N. Mex.
Sister Carmen Montoya, El Paso, Texas
Sister Bernarda Durkin, Chicago
Sister Mary Eileen Masterson, Colorado Springs
Sister Mary Regina Foppe, Breese, Ill.
Sister Mary Marguerite Shields, Omaha
Sister Anna Hitzler, New Lisbon, Wis.
Sister Louise Wilbers, Jefferson City, Mo.
Sister Lucille O'Brien, San Francisco
Sister Anna Rita Montoya, Santa Fe
Sister Louise Marie Berard, Joliet, Ill.
Sister Mary Eva Geiskopf, Milwaukee

Sister Rose Anne McBride of Chicago, also a member of the class, died in November, 1947. R.I.P.

Congratulations

There was much rejoicing Around Victory Noll when our Most Reverend Bishop announced that eight priests of the Fort Wayne Diocese had been made monsignori. Among them were Father Conroy, our chaplain, and Father Crowley, editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, who makes his home at Victory Noll. To Monsignor Conroy and Monsignor Crowley we offer our prayers and heartfelt congratulations.

New Buildings

We hoped to *show* you this month what our new chapel and infirmary look like, but things are right now in a stage of clutter, if we may use such an expression, and we are discouraged from taking pictures. There is a stack of old lumber here, a pile of dirt there;

and here, there, and everywhere are pieces of machinery. Soon, however, it should nearly all be cleared away.

You have more than a passing interest in buildings Around Victory Noll, we know, for you have helped to make them a reality. The response to our appeal for funds was gratifying.

Now you realize, too, how expensive are chapel furnishings. The ordinary layman has no occasion to peruse a church goods catalog. Even a religious community purchases but seldom many of the items it contains. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that if the prices of our daily necessities have skyrocket-

ed, then these infrequently bought furnishings are also high. There is a difference though. The car you pay so much for today, you will trade in on a new one in a few years. On the other hand, an altar, a tabernacle, a communion rail will last for many generations.

Everyone who sees the interior of our chapel now is charmed with its simplicity. A frequent remark, especially from priests and religious is, "No distractions!" Well, we'll see, but frankly we are under no illusions that in our new chapel we will suddenly find ourselves caught up in the illuminative way. It's not that easy.



Sister Agnes Marie, our printer, wonders how she will ever learn to run a press that has such a bewildering number of parts — and such big ones at that. Since the press is assembled Sister feels a bit more confident and looks forward to running it.



our

Associates'

LAYETTES FOR MIGRANTS

On April 5 we received the following message from Mrs. Irene Lehman, Promoter of *Blessed Martin Band*, Lewiston, Minn.

"Two boxes were packed last Friday and will be on their way via motor transport. The boxes contain seventeen layettes for poor migrant families who may be in need of them. It is possible, too, you have flood sufferers in your area begging for clothing.

"I keep informed of your building progress through the magazine. I hope I can soon give you more help."

Dear Associates:

WE think you'll be interested in a different kind of party which paid off in funds for our mission work. We are indebted to Mrs. Lillian Potter, of Chicago, for telling us about it.

A LAUNDRY TOUR PARTY

Recently, twenty-eight ladies belonging to *St. Luke's Band* were conducted on a tour through the Chief Wash Company of Chicago. The company paid one dollar into the club's treasury for each lady taking part in the tour. Moreover, since they had at least twenty in their group, free transportation via a school bus was provided to and from the plant. Everyone enjoyed the tour and \$38 was added to the Band's treasury. The additional sum of \$10 was realized through donations of those who could not attend the party.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

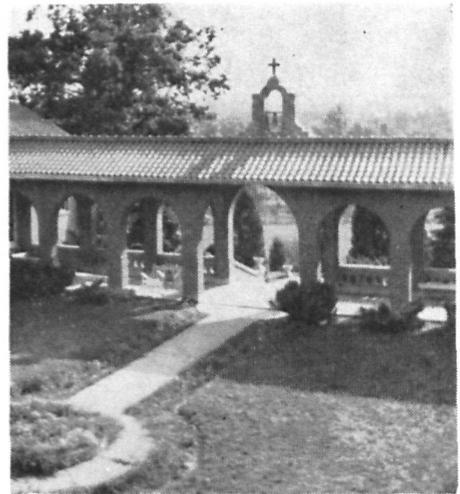
(Comment: We are sorry to say these tours are limited to residents of Chicago's North Side.)

SACRED HEART MISSION SOCIETY

Newark, New York

Shortly before Easter, we received the following letter from Mrs. Theresa Pitrella, President. "It is always a pleasure to send a donation to you. The enclosed check for \$50 is just a beginning for the year 1960.

"At our recent monthly meetings we have been holding Tupper and Dutch Maid parties. They bring in tidy sums for our treasury."



TELL-O-GRAMS

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART BAND, Appleton, Wis. The members of this Band expressed their sympathy, in person, to Sister Marian Frances. The death of her father occasioned a trip to her home in Appleton. The Band, headed by Miss Helen Arens, sponsors Sister. A check for \$56 came for Sister to Victory Noll in April.

Club Mention



BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

March 29 to April 25, 1960

Child Jesus, St. Louis, Mrs. Butler\$ 20.00
Holy Souls, Chicago, Mrs. McGovern 15.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch 40.00
Our Lady of Fatima, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog 7.00
Our Lady of The Sacred Heart, Appleton, Wis., Helen Arens 56.00
Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Cal., Mrs. C. J. Sauthier 12.00
Sacred Heart Miss. Soc., Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese 50.00
St. Augustine, Marshfield, Mass., Mrs. Jas. A. O'Brien 5.00
St. Catherine, Los Angeles, Cal., Mrs. M. McMannamy 3.00
St. Clara, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Wm. Ryan 68.00
St. Gerard, Chicago, Mrs. Perkins 10.00
St. Helen, Dayton, O., Helen Melke 75.90
St. John, Chicago, Mrs. Bechtold 50.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. L. Potter 59.40
St. Margaret Mary, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. J. F. Shields 20.00
St. Martin, Omaha, Neb., Miss Elizabeth Murphy 70.00
St. Mary Mission Soc., Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Loretta Mettler 145.00
St. Mary, Detroit, Mrs. M. Pink 10.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. L. Gones 5.00
St. Patrick, Ft. Wayne, K. Shanley 16.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Shaefer 13.00
St. Rose, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. John Huebl 20.00
Via Matris, Chicago, A. Aldworth 10.50



ST. RITA BAND, Hammond, Ind. We receive frequent letters, accompanied by checks, from the Promoter, Mrs. N. Johann. The Band sponsors her daughter, Sister Rita Therese. In January, Mr. and Mrs. Johann had a nice visit with Sister in Solvang, California, where she is stationed. Afterwards they visited our convents in Monterey, Los Angeles, and Redlands, California.

This group is unique. The members happen to have birthdays in consecutive months so their monthly meetings are birthday celebrations! An unailing feature at each party is the collection of dues to be sent to Victory Noll.

DOLORES MISSION GUILD, Chicago. Mrs. Anna Klingel, Promoter, bravely carries on her activities in behalf of our mission work although she has to care for a sick husband. There are at least six members upon whom she can depend to have benefit parties each month. The others are contributing members. The ladies sponsor Sister Mary John.

HOLY SOULS BAND, Berwyn, Ill. As regularly as the sun rises, we can expect to hear each month from the Promoter, Mrs. John V. McGovern, with monthly dues collected from her members. The ladies take turns in entertaining.

SEVEN DOLORS BAND, Bellwood, Ill. Twice, one of the members (Mrs. Bertha Hendron) prepared a nice luncheon for the other members on meeting days last winter and a heavy snowstorm, both times, prevented any from attending! From the month of April onwards, meetings have been regular. Mrs. Sadie Murphy is Promoter.

GOOD WILL CIRCLE, Carrollton, Ky. Mrs. Lawrence Tumbrink is Secretary for the Circle. The ladies sponsor our Richmond, Kentucky, convent, sending mission boxes to the sisters and dues to Victory Noll.

Enthronement of the Sacred Heart

by SISTER CARMEN



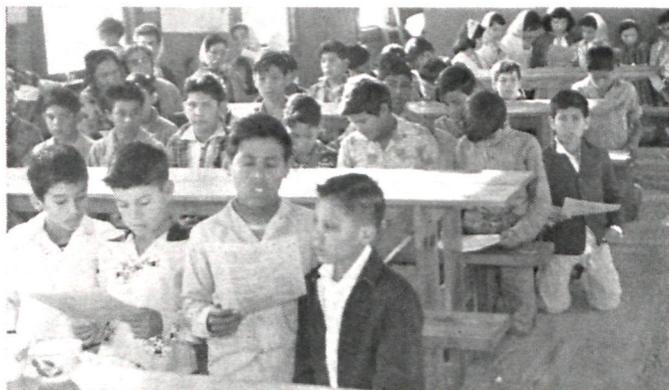
Sister Carmen puts the image of the Sacred Heart on the throne.



Each child placed a rose at the feet of the statue of the Sacred Heart, Sacred Heart Church, Mathis, Texas.

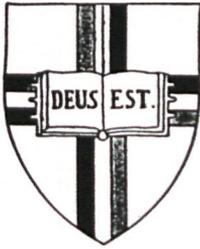
NO lengthy explanation was necessary to prepare the children in Sacred Heart School of Religion in Mathis, Texas, for the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in their classrooms. Many of them were familiar with the ceremony, having had the Enthronement in their own homes.

We first assembled in church where Monsignor Bartosch, our pastor, blessed the pictures and spoke to the children. After a few prayers the children sang a hymn and then walked in procession to the classrooms for the Enthronement proper. The ceremony concluded with the act of consecration, a hymn, and Monsignor's blessing.



Kneeling on the classroom floor, the children recite together the act of consecration.

Is the Sacred Heart enthroned as King of your home? Victory Noll is a Secretariate for the Enthronement and for Night Adoration in the Home. Write for information, literature, and other supplies including inexpensive but devotional pictures. Address: Sister Mary Agnes, Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.



Your CCD Question

Is it all right for us (members of the Parent-Educator Committee) to mail the leaflet to parents when we make the call and find no one at home? Some think it best to leave the leaflet under the door, but I think sending it through the mail would be more effective.

Our answer to either of these plans is no, No, NO. If you want the whole Parent-Educator program to fail, then deliver all the leaflets at once or send them through the mail.

The whole idea behind the program is personal contact. When the leaflets are given personally and the visitor shows a genuine interest in the family, then they are cherished. Otherwise they are not even read.

* * *

I am pastor of a small country parish in what is practically an all-Catholic area. We have a parochial school with one hundred per cent of the children of the parish in attendance. Three sisters do the teaching. We are organizing the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and hope soon to have the executive board functioning. My question is this. Is it necessary, under circumstances like ours, to have a chairman of teachers? We have a kind of PTA (we don't call it that) and it almost seems superfluous to have a chairman of teachers on the executive board.

The National Office recommends strongly, Father, that there be a full

executive board in every parish even though, for some reason or other, all the divisions of the Confraternity are not functioning. Experience teaches that this is the ideal setup.

In your case why not appoint the president of the Parent-Teacher group as chairman of teachers? He could serve as a liaison between the sisters and parents, a position he actually holds in the other group and one that would involve few added duties for him.

* * *

Is it necessary to have religious vacation school in a parish where Confraternity classes for public school children are held once a week?

It is not absolutely necessary unless, of course, the bishop orders it; but it would be very helpful. Religious instruction once a week is not very adequate.

Summer school has many advantages. The children attend daily. It is usually held during the morning hours when they are alert and learn more easily. There is more time for learning and doing many things that are not possible during the busy year. It is a wonderful opportunity for the children to participate in Holy Mass by prayer and song. Many pastors now schedule daily Mass for the last period in the morning. In that way the children can receive Holy Communion with no inconvenience.

What we have said applies to elementary grades. It is usually difficult to insure high school attendance, for too many boys and girls go to work as soon as school is out.

Books

This Day by George Scott-Moncrieff. Foreword by James Walsh, S.J. Helicon Press, Inc., 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$2.50

As you read this little book you will say to yourself, "That's exactly what I have experienced. That's how I feel right now." The author writes of spiritual experiences with which we (that is, everyone who does any reflecting on the spiritual life at all) are familiar but have never put into words.

Life is likened here to a day, and Mr. Scott-Moncrieff writes of it under five headings: Sons of the Morning, The Noonday Devil, The Long Afternoon, Cool of Evening, and Nightfall. His language is almost poetic. In reading him one thinks of Thomas Merton.

The author, a British novelist, dramatist, and critic, has much to say about the will of God. Evidently he has studied well Father DeCaussade's writings on abandonment. In fact, he seems to have taken the theme for his book from the Jesuit, for he quotes from him: "The time which will elapse before the end of the world is but a day, and this day is filled with Him."

One reading of *This Day* is hardly enough. It is inevitable that in a book of this kind new ideas will develop at each reading. Parts might profitably be used for meditation.

* * *

Right Living by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Julius W. Haun, Ph.D., D.D. Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y. \$3.50

This is a handbook on ethics, both general and special. In the first half of his book Monsignor Haun gives the principles of ethics. The second half considers man's duties to God, to himself, and to his fellow men.

The author is an excellent teacher. He explains step by step, always using language that is easily understandable. Rightly assuming that the ordinary layman is not always familiar with Latin terms and scholastic expressions, he does not use them without explaining them.

The format is especially good for a book of this kind. Each subject that is treated is given in bold face type at the left of the paragraph with which it begins. Although there is no index, the detailed list of contents makes it unnecessary.

The subjects discussed in the second part of this book make it a reference for the Church's teaching on modern problems. *Right Living* is ideal for the Catholic who has never had the advantage of a formal course in ethics.

* * *

The Mission of the Church by Charles Couturier, S.J. Translated by A. V. Littledale. Helicon Press, Inc., 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$3.50

In the author's own words, his aim in writing this book is to clarify the theological principles and sociological laws which combine to govern missionary action, and to set each problem in the context of the whole life of the Church. In doing so, he never lets us forget the role of the Church in the divine plan of salvation. It is this theme that runs through the whole book and elevates it, as it were. God's plan for man's salvation was effected through the Incarnation. The Church is the extension of the Incarnation — Christ in the world today.

Father Couturier discusses the relationship between the Church and the various problems which she must face in carrying out her mission to preach the Word to men of all nations. Again and again he makes it emphatic that the missionary's human service must be of a kind "altogether exceptional," so that it will stimulate the mind of man to investigate the source whence it springs. This will come about only if

the missionary gives himself out for what he really is, the herald of God.

The author's views on adaptation are somewhat more conservative than most. He frowns on any method that would humanize the Church before evangelizing the people. It is the Church's duty to proclaim Christ's coming to the world, to gather those called by God and make them grow in the divine life. Works of charity are also incumbent on the Church, but in a subordinate capacity.

There are abundant quotations from Scripture, the history of the early Church, and the encyclicals of Pope Pius XI and Pope Pius XII. For religious communities about to make foundations in mission lands, *The Mission of the Church* is a treasure. For all readers it gives a comprehensive view of the Church's missionary function.

* * *

Theological Dimensions of the Liturgy by Cyprian Vagaggini, O.S.B. Translated by Leonard J. Doyle. Volume I. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. \$3.85

The liturgy, Dom Vagaggini does not hesitate to say, is the actualization and the prolongation in time and space of the priestly action which Christ began to exercise in His earthly life and which he continues to exercise at His Father's side. It is a wonderful mirror in which is reflected and summed up the whole complexus of the relations between God and men. It is the summary of the whole mystery of Christ and of the Church, and the place where, by Christ's mediation, God keeps descending among men and men keep rising to God.

To unfold for us this magnificent concept of the liturgy is the object of this book. The author provides the foundation by reviewing briefly the history of salvation. He then devotes the next four chapters to a detailed study of liturgical signs and their efficacy. This constitutes the first part of the book.

Part 2 presents the general laws of the divine economy in the world. Dom

Vagaggini explains the law of objectivity in the liturgy and the law of salvation in community. Both of these laws have been obscured by the subjectivism and individualism resulting from the Protestant revolt.

One of the most fascinating chapters in the book is Chapter 7 in which are explored the implications of the Christological and Trinitarian dialectic of the history of salvation. The whole liturgy implies this dialectic and is incomprehensible without it. It might be summed up in the formula: from the Father, through Christ, in the Holy Spirit, to the Father.

In most religious communities today the study of the liturgy is confined to one or two semesters. If and when more time can be devoted to this important subject, *Theological Dimensions of the Liturgy* would make an ideal text for upper classes. Meanwhile, for the catechist it should be required reading.

* * *

The Autobiography of St. Teresa of Avila translated and edited, with an Introduction by E. Allison Peers. Image Book, Doubleday. \$1.25

It is good to have this classic available in a paper back. It is complete and unabridged.

* * *

Sword of Clontarf by Charles A. Brady. Illustrated by Herman B. Vestal. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. \$1.95

This is the story of a young lad, half Irish, half Icelander, whose father was murdered and who had to flee to his mother's people in Ireland to escape from his jealous stepbrothers. It is a tale of adventure and intrigue, well told as one would expect by an author of Mr. Brady's scholarship. Boys and girls in their early teens will love this story of eleventh century Ireland.

Editor's By-Line

It was after I had written these few paragraphs about the "shoe leather apostolate" that we received Sister Regina's delightful article on her experiences Along the Census Trail.

Although it is something like serving jello for salad and again for dessert — a thing no chef worth the name would ever do — I am going to take the easy way out and let the By-Line go. I hope you will be indulgent.

When we say that one of the things we Missionary Sisters do is take the parish census, it might sound like something very dull. It is anything but that. It is interesting, inspiring, and often enough very amusing.

Not long after our sisters first went to Nevada they took the religious census in Reno. They must have known a little bit about that town although I am not sure whether the billboards advertising Harold's Club were as yet scattered over the U. S. countryside. This was more than twenty years ago.

One answer they got to the routine census questions, they found puzzling. When they asked the husband's occupation, a wife would often answer "Dealer." It took the sisters a little while to catch on to the fact that these men were not dealers in something, but were professional dealers at the casinos.

It is especially interesting to make a house to house survey in a new mission. In one predominantly Baptist community in Missouri the people fairly gasped when they opened the door and found two sisters there.

It was during our first week there that we knocked on the door of the house next to the Methodist Church. We knew the minister lived there, but we were going to every home so . . . We introduced ourselves and explained that we were looking for our Catholic families. The minister's wife said she knew we had been in the neighborhood and she was sorry her husband was not home to meet us. They too were new

in the community. They had been there only about a month. Right now her husband was out visiting. He said, "If those sisters can visit like that, I can get out and find our people!"

Names are often a source of amusement. I remember taking the census in a home where the father's name was Secundo. That in itself is not so unusual. There are several derivations of that name in the Martyrology. The explanation is that sometimes the early Christians did not know the name of a certain martyr and called him the second one, the added one.

The Mexican people often name a child for the saint on whose feast he is born. Secundo is an example. In this case it was rather odd, to say the least, because his wife was Secundina! It took courage to ask the names of the children. We were afraid they might be Primero, Secundo, Tercero, etc.

More than once when we ask the house number, the mother will tell Juan or Juanita to go out and see what it is. In one instance the number was mounted on a stick thrust into the ground. The little boy brought it in for us to read, stick and all.

The high point in visiting comes when a woman answers our query with, "No, we are not Catholics, but we would like to be! Won't you come in?"

Of course we will, for that is why we engage in what Father O'Brien calls the shoe leather apostolate. SEA

In Memoriam

- Most Rev. Duane G. Hunt, D.D.,
Bishop of Salt Lake City
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael A. Chapman,
Elwood, Ind.
Rev. Loran Farrell, OFM Cap., Yonkers, N. Y.
Nora Ankenbruck, ACM, Fort Wayne
Gertrude Gushing, ACM, Fort Wayne
Alma Pfeifer, ACM, Melrose Park, Ill.
Emilie Rupp, ACM, Chicago
Frank Van Vynckt, Chicago
Ida Borgerding, Coldwater, Ohio
William Shanley, Fort Wayne
Margaret Brown, Fort Wayne
Rober J. Machler, Wanatah, Ind.
Mrs. Margaret Hoos, Erie, Pa.
Mrs. Lulu J. Robinson, Marshall, Ill.
Mrs. Alberta Hardy, Washington, D. C.

Pat and Mike - Leaders

by SISTER MARY MONICA

FINDING the right leaders for the First Communion procession is not always easy. This time they had to be picked with special care because of the difficult circumstances in which the children were to make their First Communion.

The parish had just been established and as yet there was no church. Mass was being offered on Sunday in the community center. This was a block away from the rented hall in which I taught the children. Because it was constantly being used for other activities, it was impossible to practice for First Communion in the center itself. The hall would have to do and the children would have to use their fertile imaginations.

We had several practices so that I could observe the boys and search for capable leaders.

"Walk slowly with eyes down. Fold your hands with your fingers pointing toward heaven," I instructed. "Now here is the communion rail." (There was really nothing there at all.) "There will be many more seats in a row than we can have here."

After much deliberation I selected two boys. Patrick had listened attentively to all the instructions and was thrilled to be a leader. The other boy, Michael, was a bit hesitant but knew it was a great honor, too. With such great saints as their patrons, Patrick and Michael should be successful.

With much practice the imaginary community center was becoming familiar. We used chairs for a communion rail and lines on the floor for steps. As the big day drew near I found myself saying over and over again,



Patrick and Michael lead the procession.

"Follow Pat and Mike. Then you will do the right thing."

First Communion Sunday finally came. Pat and Mike were somewhat worried. "Where do we go, Sister?" they asked.

I took them inside the building and showed them the position of the communion rail and the increased number of seats. They seemed satisfied. They took their places at the head of the line, the organist started to play, and the procession began.

Pat and Mike lead the children into their proper places, then up and back as they received their First Holy Communion. Not a mishap! It was a fine job indeed and the boys proved that their choice had been a wise one.

Is the
NUN'S LIFE
too hard?

Sister Elizabeth Ann, O.L.V.M., answers this and other pertinent questions in this timely new pocket-size book published by Our Sunday Visitor.

Write for your copy today. This pamphlet is recommended especially for Serra Clubs and other groups who are promoting religious vocations. You can order either directly from us at Victory Noll or from Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., Huntington, Ind.

10 cents per copy