

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 36

SEPTEMBER 1960

Number 8





# *Mary Ann of Texas*

by SISTER MARY KARL

THE sparks in Mary Ann's dark eyes shoot fire-brands when she is retelling a story about Jesus. Since she is just eight, she might not know anything of the principles of story-telling, but how she can put the principles into practice!

Mary Ann tells her stories not just as a bystander, but very definitely as a *Texas* bystander.

Yes, even King Herod is invested with a *Texas* accent, and his craftiness is hidden under the kind of hospitality that flows from the heart o' *Texas* when

Mary Ann's sparkling eyes and animated voice tell us, with a bit of an anachronism, how the Three Kings sought for the Infant Jesus in Jerusalem.

"And then they couldn't find the star," she relates, "so they went to see the king who killed the babies and they said, 'Where's the new King born?' And he said, 'In Bethlehem; and when you-all find Him, you-all come and tell me, and I'll take him a surprise.'"

A surprise is without doubt Mary Ann's idea of a present.

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

September 1960

No. 8 Vol. 36

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

Mary Ann of Texas <i>by Sister Mary Karl</i>	2
Not Me, Sister! Not Me! <i>by Sister Jean Marie</i>	4
Vestment Maker's Dream <i>by Sister Grace Marie</i>	6
Chip-on-the-Shoulder Richard <i>by Sister Patricia</i>	8
How to Find a Pupil in Guasti <i>by Sister M. DePorres</i>	9
Canyon Vignette <i>by Sister Alice Marie</i>	10
In the Home Field	12
Around Victory Noll	14
Associate Catechists of Mary	16
True Devotion to Mary	18
Your CCD Question	19
Book Reviews	20
Editor's By-Line	22
In Memoriam	22
The Soul You Save . . . <i>by Sister Mary Millicent</i>	23



Victory Noll Press

## COVER

Getting on the good side of Sister? No, just showing their appreciation. Sister Evelyn Marie, Ogden, Utah, with preschoolers Lorraine Atancio and Ronnie and Vincent Lopez.

## CREDITS

Cover by Sister Mary Barbara, Ogden, p 23, The Phillips Co., San Pedro, Calif.

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

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

# *Not Me, Sister! Not Me!*

by SISTER JEAN MARIE

REGISTRATIONS for the parish school of religion totaled 575, but the pastor assured us that when classes began the following week there would be a sufficient number of lay teachers on hand.

On the opening day the hall at the main entrance of the school resembled something like an assembly line with an array of classbooks, reference books, charts, and various other materials spread out for ten lay teachers. Some of these CCD teachers had been with us the previous year. Others were new. Five minutes after the bell for prayers we discovered that we were short one teacher. A first grade classroom had forty-some children in it restlessly waiting for their teacher.

A group of mothers were still in the hall. They seemed reluctant to leave the premises where their little ones were coping with the terrors of their first class. In desperation I went to one of them and asked, "Mrs. X, will you take over one of the first grade rooms *just for today?*"

This college graduate, mother of five, with something akin to terror in her voice, quavered, "Not me, Sister! Not me!"

By then I was starting off with my anything but eager companion. I stopped briefly at the supervisor's desk, picked up materials for the class, and off we went down the corridor. By the time we reached her room, Mrs. X's confidence was somewhat restored. I promised to return in ten minutes to help her in her new venture.

As I approached the desk at the main entrance I noticed that the pastor was at the door, ready to start his weekly rounds of the classrooms. A little miss of six summers had just passed by him and was now coming toward me with sparkling eyes. It was easy to surmise she had an important message for me so I stooped down to hear what she had to say.

"Sister! That Father goes to the same church I do. I saw him there last Sunday!"

Father — who was her pastor — must have been happy to know that if anyone should doubt his faithful ful-



"Will you take over one of the first grade rooms **JUST FOR TODAY?**"

fillment of the first precept of the Church, little Marsha would be his staunch standby.

After answering the questions of several waiting mothers or fathers, registering new students (which continued almost weekly in this suburban parish), and settling two faithful high school girls who came to help with odd jobs, I retraced my steps to Mrs. X's classroom.

The inner walls of the rooms were glass, and so, as I approached, I could see that all was under excellent control. When I entered the room, forty-two first graders came to their feet as one and chanted: "Good morning, Sister!"

No grass was going to grow under this teacher's feet. Knowing I was to return, she had already had a courtesy-in-Christ lesson. Her first class; first graders. By the time the dismissal bell sounded, Mrs. X was eager to prepare herself to join the regular staff as a teacher in the parish school of religion.

A series of teacher training courses were beginning the following week and I looked up the one nearest to her home, for she was anxious to attend.

The lay teachers at this particular parish had the delightful habit of arriving a half-hour early for the Saturday morning religion classes. Mrs. X also came early, and each week she would make some little remark like, "Oh Sister, you'll never know what studying and teaching religion have done for me and my family. God seems almost visibly to give His help and blessing to us and our work. How privileged I feel to be able to help God live His life to the fullest in these little souls. It is said that the eyes are the windows of the soul. To me that was just a sentence I had read somewhere. Today it is a truth that is forcefully taught to me each time I gaze into the

eyes, sometimes reverent, sometimes mischievous, of my pupils. And the best part is that this has carried over into my family life."

It was toward the close of the year that Mrs. X stayed after class one day until the other teachers had left. Then she approached and inquired whether I could get a substitute for her the following week. She added quietly, "Sister, I am going to the hospital Tuesday. The doctor thinks I might have cancer."

She spoke softly, peacefully, as though she were telling me she was going on a pleasure trip. Then she went on to say how good God is that her mother would be able to look after her husband and five children just in case . . .

"Sister," she said, "last year I don't believe I could have accepted this without petulant worry and fear. This year of teaching God's little ones has worked a miracle of grace in me. My own children are God's gift to me, God's loan. If anything should happen to me I know they are His and if He takes me from them I know with certainty they won't suffer spiritually. Does anything else matter?"

No, this story has no heart-wrenching finale. It was found that there was no malignancy. After a few weeks convalescence, Mrs. X insisted on returning to be with her class for their May crowning which was a thing of beauty from a spiritual as well as picturesque viewpoint.

Was it a lucky break for Mrs. X that she just "happened" to be present to fill an urgent need for a teacher? No, we do not think so. It was simply the divine thoughtfulness of One Who wished to show appreciation to a mother who was faithfully living her marriage vows, faithfully living as a child of God.

# Vestment-Maker's Dream

by SISTER GRACE MARIE

**M**ANY priests in Africa are happy because of the fulfilled dream of Mr. Peter Reingruber of San Pedro, California.

I first met Mr. Reingruber and heard of his dream when he called at our convent and asked for the "sister who paints."

"Sister," he said, "I make vestments. I have been making them for over sixty years. Now my eyes are getting dim, but I still manage to sew.

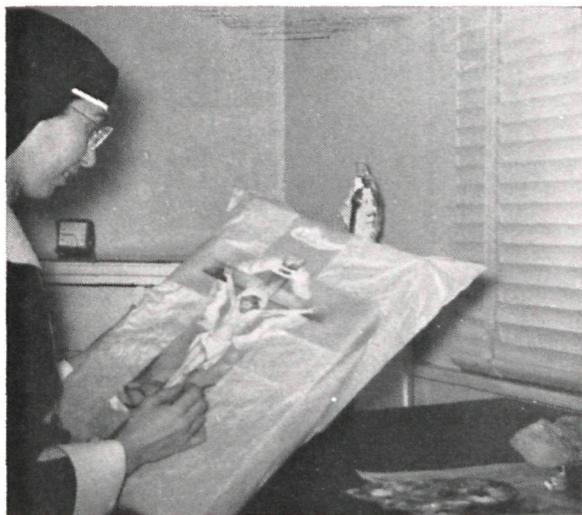
I built two well-known factories that make vestments here in the United States although I do not own them now."

He went on to tell of his travels and studies in Italy, Spain, France, and other countries. These travels were always linked with the study of vestment-making.

"Now," he said as he warmed up to his beloved subject, "I am making one hundred complete sets of vestments. I



Mr. Reingruber with the set of vestments that went to Molokai.



**Sister Grace Marie finishes one of the oil paintings for a chasuble.**

am doing it alone at my home. I want to send one set to the leper colony at Molokai and the rest to Africa. This is what I would like you to do, Sister. Will you paint a picture for two of the chasubles? I want two special paintings for chasubles to be used for big feast days. One will go to Molokai and the other to Africa."

Mr. Reingruber had brought with him samples of what he would like. He especially liked a crucifixion scene. He explained, "That will tell the people a story better than any symbol you could paint."

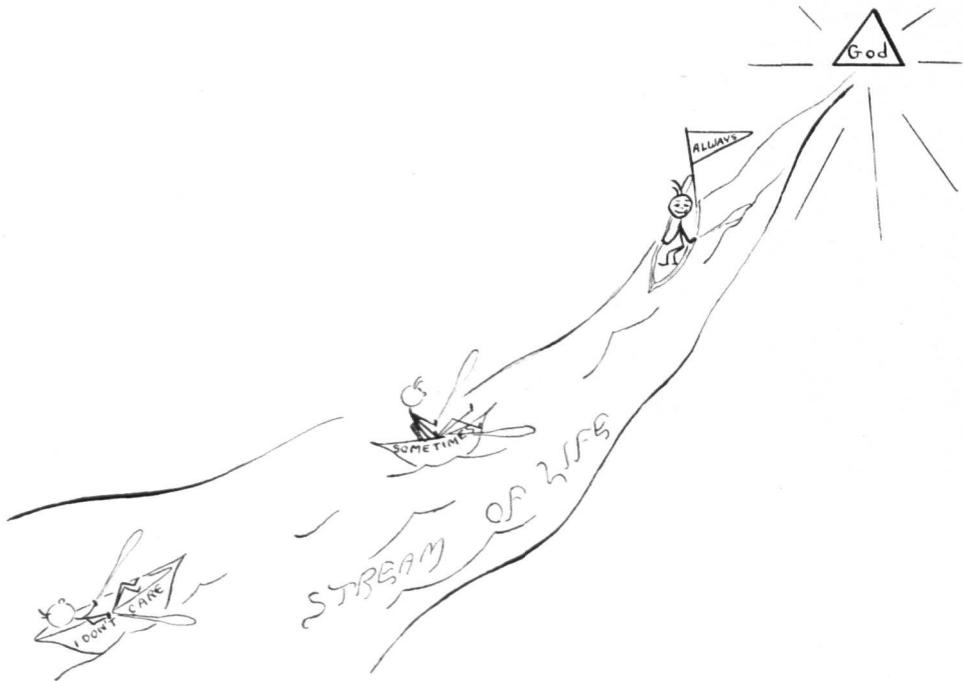
In due time the oil paintings on heavy white satin were finished. Mr. Reingruber sewed them on the chasubles and sent off one set right away to Molokai. He had the joy of knowing that a priest in the leper colony would wear the vestment at Midnight Mass Christmas. Then shortly after Easter our busy vestment-maker received col-

ored slides from Molokai. One of them showed Father wearing the vestment—this time at an altar decorated with lilies.

When all the vestments were completed, Mr. Reingruber's biggest problem was to find the means to send them to Africa. An exhibition of his vestments in the church basement one Sunday helped to raise funds.

Meanwhile Mr. Reingruber had written to many bishops in Africa offering the vestments. Every bishop responded happily and gratefully. Many of them reported that they were building new churches and had been wondering where they were going to get vestments for them.

When the vestments had finally reached their destinations, their donor was a happy man indeed. His dream had come true.



drawing by SISTER MICHELLE

# Chip-on-the-Shoulder Richard

by SISTER PATRICIA

“CHIP - on - the - Shoulder-Richard” was my private name for him. It described him perfectly—this near-problem boy.

Today we were reviewing a unit of our eighth grade course in religion, the theme of which was, “Growing With Joy in the Likeness of Christ.” We recalled the privilege that is ours to share in the life of God. We discussed the ever-present help of actual grace, and then the Catholic Church with the great powers given her to teach, to rule, to sanctify.

The boys and girls — except Richard, as usual, — were alert and interested and we were having a wonderful review. Then the idea came to me to use a chalktalk that I had seen a priest use many years ago: three people, each in his own canoe, traveling on the stream of life.

As I enlarged on the story, I gave each canoe a name: Always, Sometimes, and I Don't Care.

The boy in the canoe Always rowed against the current of temptation and struggled upward and onward toward eternal joy.

I glanced at Richard. His attitude seemed to be changing to one of wrapt attention. I continued.

The stick-man in the middle canoe had his oars upright and used them only Sometimes. Everyone knew where his canoe would end.

At this point Richard was completely absorbed in the story. He was actually sitting on the edge of his chair.

Now the last canoe held the interest of the class. Stick-Man No. 3 was drifting with the current.

"I know I should go to Mass on Sunday but . . . I Don't Care."

"I know I should do what I am told but . . . I Don't Care."

"I know I should tell the truth but . . . I Don't Care."

"I know I should be careful which TV programs I watch but . . . I Don't Care."

Then the spell broke! Richard, with the chip now off his shoulder and with an entirely different expression on his face, blurted out, "Sister, have you been talking to my mother lately?"

---

## How to Find a Pupil in Guasti

by SISTER M. DE PORRES

**G**UASTI, a small town in California, is the home of those who work in the vineyards and winery known by that name. We sisters teach religion to the children from Guasti, but we find the addresses of our pupils strange indeed. The address after a child's name is merely the word Camp, Section, or Colony.

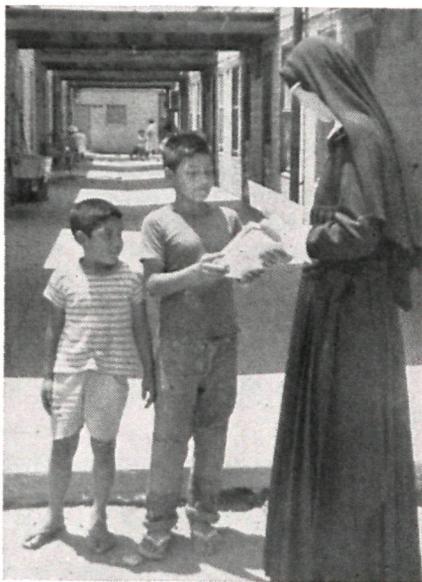
"How do I know where to find your home?" I asked the children.

They explained that if the address is "Colony," it means that the family lives in one of the small, white, identical houses clustered in the middle of town.

If the address is "Section," then it means the smoked orange houses near the railroad tracks.

"Camp" means the long narrow rows of gray brick, barrack-like structures. In these, each family has two rooms for a home. In the long aisle that separates the dwellings, the women wash clothes and the children play.

Since none of these places are numbered, what do you do to find a family? Just knock on the first door and someone will help you.



Sister Charlene finds the boy she is looking for.

# Canyon Vignette

by SISTER ALICE MARIE

THE sun grew hotter and the tree sage grew taller as we tried to follow the half-hidden car tracks into the Canyon. Father had given his directions carefully, but the car tracks seemed bent on wandering off into nowhere. Should we turn back or should we continue? We had two more decades of the Rosary yet to say. We decided to go on until we finished them.

"Your visit will mean a great deal to the old folks," Father had said as he gave us a bit of their background in preparation for our visit.

"The wife's father made his fortune in that Canyon when he discovered a rich silver lode. She spent her childhood there, but he sent her abroad for more education. Some of the folks around here thought she might forget all about the Canyon. They were sure of it when they heard she had married a musician. But she visited her father periodically and after the old gentleman's death, she and her husband came to stay. They are both quite elderly now, and each winter when the Canyon is snowed in, I wonder if they'll be alive, come the spring."

"Have you seen them recently, Father?" we asked.

"Not since last fall when they drove in for their winter supplies. They are not Catholic, and the little old gentleman . . ."

Father broke off and smiled. "But I mustn't tell you too much," he said. "I want you to visit them and judge for yourselves."

It was that hint of mystery and our desire to meet the people of the Canyon that made me linger over the last beads of the Rosary. We had reached the final Gloria when we came into the clearing.

The small but beautiful home reminded me a little of the gingerbread house in Hans and Gretel. The native agate rocks in the foundation gave back a myriad of soft colors to the dancing sunbeams, adding to the illusion of a fairy tale house.

Then the front door opened. A tiny lady dressed in blue, like an exquisite miniature come to life, stepped out to greet us. Her face was rosy and delicate, framed by snow white hair. Her eyes were blue, rather a deep blue for such an elderly person. And a tiny diamond was set in each of her two upper front teeth. Their twin sparkle matched the twinkle in her blue eyes and the warm smile on her lips.

We had seen other old timers in the mining towns with diamonds embedded in their teeth. They were a reminder of the heyday of the towns and their wealthy prospectors. Usually they looked too artificial, almost bizarre. But not now. Somehow, the little lady of the Canyon wore the diamonds regally.

"I knew you would find us some day. Father told us to expect you when the roads were clear. You must be tired and warm from your ride. Shall we go into the garden?"

The garden surely must have been beautiful in its day. The tables and

chairs were of wrought iron, a lace-work of beauty; but the white paint was faded and chipped. An old sun dial caught the shadows of the afternoon sun. Yellow roses were everywhere.

"Sit down and rest a bit while I bring you a cool drink." And the little lady left us as noiselessly as she had come.

"We must not stay too long," Sister said. "We want to get out of the Canyon while we can still see that piece of the road. Do you suppose she is here all alone?"

Then we heard the sound of soft music. An old man came around the corner of the house, a violin tucked under his chin. His white hair shone in the sunlight.

"Mother told me we had guests. You are very welcome."

He smiled at us and then seemingly forgot us as he wandered away playing snatches of melody on his violin. His wife smiled apologetically as she set a cool drink and home made cookies before us.

"Are there any neighbors near you in the Canyon?" we asked.

"There used to be but after the mine closed down they went to other

places for work. I guess we should have gone too, but my husband and I have never regretted our decision to stay here in our Canyon. Now that he is not too well, the noise of the towns disturbs him, and so we stay on. We don't belong to any church, but God is very near to us here in the peace and quiet. We read the Bible every day and my husband plays the beautiful hymns we used to sing. I don't think we'll leave our Canyon until He calls us home."

In a little while we had to say goodbye. The old man shook hands graciously and asked us to return soon. The little old lady watched him. There were tears in her eyes. She slipped a tiny hand in mine.

"Father says you sisters pray for everyone, and God answers your prayers because you work so hard for Him every day. Please pray for me . . ." Her eyes followed the old man in his aimless wandering. ". . . but most of all for him."

The Ruby Mountains were very beautiful as we reached the highway. Their snow-clad peaks were roseate in the glow of the setting sun. But there was something different. A rainbow in the Rubies? I had never seen one before. And then I knew. It was the mist before my eyes.

---

#### EXORCISM?

One summer I went to another mission to help out with religious vacation school. The sisters who were stationed there told me about the class I would have and warned me that I would have some real discipline problems with those children.

Beginning the first day and every day after that I sprinkled my classroom with holy water before my pupils arrived. It turned out to be one of the nicest summer schools I ever taught.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE



Maria

This is Maria Lira of Ozona, Texas, who died recently. The picture was taken in front of her little home on her sixty-second birthday. In fact, Maria is holding a birthday cake that her friends gave her, although it is hardly distinguishable in the picture.

Like so many devout Mexicans Maria was very active in the League of the Sacred Heart. She was buried with her league ribbon and badge.

It was Maria who kept the little church clean, rang the bell, and gathered the people for rosary when there was no priest in Ozona. I remember that one day many years ago when we first went there, we arrived just as Maria was about to conduct a funeral service. She rang the bell and then told us that since we were religious, it was more fitting that we say the prayers in-

## In the Home Field

stead of her. It was all new to us, but Maria coached us as to what to do and say.

Whenever we stayed overnight in Ozona and there was no place for us yet to sleep, Maria left her little house on the night that we would be in town so that we could stay there. She did this for several years.

Maria is a symbol of the many good Mexican women like her who help to keep the faith alive among their people. May her generous soul rest in peace.

SISTER MARY ISABEL

\* \* \*

### LOGIC

Paul, a second grader whose usual excuse for missing class is that he forgot, came to class for the first time in three weeks. Sister said, "I am very glad you didn't forget today, Paul."

Paul answered righteously, "I never forget catechism, Sister."

"Then how about last week? What happened?"

"I wouldn't have forgotten last week either if I had been thinking about it."

SISTER AGATHA

\* \* \*

### FATHER'S ASSISTANTS

On the back of the homework sheets there were some "extra-credit" questions. One of these was: "What are the names of your pastor and his assistants?" Ours is a parish with only one priest. A boy answered the question by writing Father's name and then listing all the altar boys!

SISTER CECILIA MARIE

### HIS OWN CHURCH

We received an unusual invitation. Would we speak to the Youth Group of the Brookhollow Christian Church on the subject of the Mass? It was a marvelous opportunity.

After much extra study, armed with books, illustrations, and other teaching aids, Sister Peter and I proceeded to the Christian Church. But then we met a difficulty. The church was built only recently and had no sign of identification. After a stop for directions at a filling station where we caused a bit of confusion — two Catholic Sisters looking for the Christian Church — we finally located it and made our way to the classroom where the Youth Group was meeting.

At the end of the half-hour talk we had an interesting question period. Before leaving the young people, we invited them to come to Sacred Heart Church for a tour. A few days later a letter arrived addressed rather ap-

propriately to Sister Peter and Sister John thanking us for our visit. It ended: "We were interested to hear how a Catholic worships Christ in *his own church.*"

In His own Church, perhaps?

SISTER JOHN CELESTE

\* \* \*

### BIG-LITTLE

The superintendent of schools invited us to visit their classes for the deaf. It turned out to be a most enlightening afternoon, for the teacher in charge of the program is one of the finest in Michigan and uses the oral method.

The older class had been learning the concepts of big and little when we arrived on the scene: Sister Cecilia Marie (5 ft., 2½ ins., 118 lbs.) and I (6 ft., 1 in., 160 lbs.). Fascinated, one girl kept holding up her hand as high as she could reach and saying, "Big, big!" The teacher was a little surprised to have such a good example of big and little walk into the room at just the right moment.

SISTER ALICE



It's catechism day and the children of Tagus Cotton Camp (California) run to meet Sister Mary Gabrielle and Sister Christopher.

# Summer Around



Postulants Helen and Marjorie clean the ramp in the infirmary.



The first time the windows were cleaned was the hardest — at least so Jeanne (inside) and Mary Louise hope.

NO other event Around Victory Noll was ever such an occasion for joy and thanksgiving as the homecoming of our Father and Founder, Father Sigstein. It is like old times, indeed, to see him again in familiar surroundings. As for Father, he keeps very busy reading, writing, and, of course, praying before Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, only a few steps away from his apartments.

The increase in our family Around Victory Noll was evidence that we were once again in the midst of summer. On July 1 the exercises of the thirty-day spiritual renewal began. The "tertians," as we call them (borrowing the name the Jesuits use to designate those who make a kind of third novitiate) number twenty-seven this year. They include not only the jubilarians but also other sisters who did not make the tertianship when they celebrated their silver jubilee. Besides, six of the final vow sisters also made a long retreat.



Making drapes for all those windows was no small task, as Sister Viola and all who helped, will tell you.

# Victory Noll

Father Hilary, O.F.M.Cap., novice master of nearby St. Felix Capuchin Novitiate, gave the daily conferences.

July 2, the feast of the Visitation, marked a milestone in our building program. Bishop Pursley consecrated the altar in our new chapel. It was a private ceremony, the Bishop being assisted by Monsignor McDonald, his chancellor; Monsignor Conroy, our chaplain; and Monsignor Crowley, editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*. Solemn dedication of the buildings and open house for the public have been deferred until next spring when furnishings will be completed and the grounds landscaped.

Meanwhile, however, the sisters are living in the infirmary. The tertians occupy the whole top floor. Others move over as furniture arrives. By the time the big crowd is here for the annual eight-day retreat and the weeks of study that follow it, every available space will be taken in new buildings and old.



Sister Francis Anne (left) and Sister Dora transfer a sewing machine from an old building to the new.



Episcopal visitor from India: Most Rev. Anthony Padiyara, D.D., Bishop of Ootacamund, South India, with Msgr. Conroy, our Chaplain.



Lupe and Phyllis help carry mattresses.



our

# Associates'

## RUMMAGE SALES PAY

We are greatly indebted to our three Omaha Bands — St. Martin of Tours, St. Margaret Mary, and St. Clare — for all the financial help they give us through their rummage sales. Each Band has two of them a year. One of these is held in the fall and the other in the spring. They are always very successful.

A recent check from Miss Elizabeth Murphy of St. Martin of Tours Band amounted to \$110.00 and represented rummage sale receipts.

Another paying project undertaken by these three groups is that of serving dinners or breakfasts. One member prepares such a feast (they are really feasts) and invites the other members. There is no set price, but those who attend make a generous offering for the meal. This is put in the mission fund.

Dear Associates:

We were especially pleased to note that some Bands kept up their mission activities right through to the end of June. One club even planned a July card party! Others indicated they would start again early in September. These Associates are to be commended for their great zeal in supporting our Missionary Sisters with their fund-raising projects.

*Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,*  
SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM

## ST. MARY'S CARD PARTY

On the first of June we received a letter from Mrs. Loretta Mettler, President of St. Mary's Mission Society in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Following



is an extract: "We had our mission party on Ascension Thursday afternoon. There were fifteen tables. Monsignor Allgeier honored us with his presence in the church hall. (He enjoys playing cards!) We had a pair of pillow cases and linen doilies with crocheted edging to raffle and these added to admission receipts."

Checks amounting to \$195.00 for dues and card party receipts were enclosed.

## OAK PARK, ILL. PROMOTER



Miss Grace Lewis organized and heads the Immaculate Heart of Mary Group. The ladies gather at Miss Lewis' home a few times a year and turn out green scapulars en masse. On Memorial Day they made six hundred of them.

# Club Mention



## BANDS, CLUBS, GUILDS DONATIONS

April 28 to July 10, 1960

Charitina, Chicago, H. Ford .....	\$ 7.00
Charitina, Paris, Ill., M. Gibbons ....	25.00
Christ, King, Detroit, Mrs. Bruschi ..	25.00
Florentine, St. Louis, C. Luechtefeld ..	100.00
Holy Ghost, Elkhart, Mary Nye .....	100.00
Holy Souls, Berwyn, Mrs. McGovern ..	225.82
Holy Trinity, Ft. Wayne, M. Arens ..	10.00
Immaculate Conception, Detroit, Lillian Dunn .....	50.00
Immaculate Heart, Oak Park, Ill., Grace Lewis .....	10.00
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago Betty Accomando .....	6.00
Little Flower, Chicago, V. Foertsch ..	60.00
Mater Dolorosa, Plain, Wis., H. Thering .....	5.00
O.L. of Fatima, Huntington, M. Herzog .....	11.00
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 .....	11.00
St. Clare, Omaha, Mrs. Vlcek .....	215.00
St. Francis, Louisville, O., Mrs. Samblanet .....	30.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., H. Melke .....	143.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, May Walsh .....	33.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Mrs. Naumes .....	117.35
St. Jude Soc., Ft. Wayne, H. Horstmann .....	20.00
St. Justin, Chicago, H. Kiefer .....	25.00
St. Katherine, Chicago, Mrs. Downes ..	59.00
St. Luke, Chicago, Mrs. Potter .....	31.05
St. Martin, Omaha, E. Murphy .....	110.00
St. Mary, Detroit, Mrs. M. Pink .....	26.00
St. Mary, Ft. Wayne, Mrs. Mettler ....	54.50
St. Mary Goretti, Chicago, M. Picchietti .....	6.00
St. Mel, Chicago, Margaret Murphy ....	17.00
St. Patricia, Chicago, Mrs. Gones .....	10.00
St. Marg. Mary, Omaha, Mrs. Shields .....	80.00
St. Philomena, Chicago, M. Schaefer .....	55.00
St. Rita, Hammond, Mrs. Johann .....	52.00
Seven Dolors, Bellwood, Mrs. Murphy ..	23.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, Rita Busche ....	24.00



**ST. CLARA BAND, Ft. Wayne.** It should be noted that St. Mary's Mission Society in Ft. Wayne is an aggregation of nine small bands. We were greatly surprised when Mrs. William Ryan, Promoter of St. Clara Band, one of the small bands, sent us a check for \$38 in the late spring. She wrote that her group realized the sum on the sale of coffee cakes and the raffle of a

beautiful crocheted stole made and contributed by Miss Mary Ehrman, one of the members.

**HOLY GHOST BAND, Elkhart, Ind.** On the eve of Pentecost, we were happy to get a check for \$100 from the Promoter, Miss Mary E. Nye. There are no meetings Three or four times a year the members make thank offerings for favors received from God. One of these occasions is the Feast of Pentecost.

**UPSILON CHAPTER, PI EPSILON KAPPA, LaPorte, Ind.** These ladies, for whom Miss Margaret Hannon serves as Secretary, contribute annually toward Sister Mary Agnes' support. Sister is a native of LaPorte, and counts friends and relatives among the members of the Sorority.

**IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND, Detroit, Mich.** This Band, headed by Miss Lillian Dunn, has sponsored Sister Mary Mark for many years. Besides sending dues to Victory Noll, the members send things to the mission convent where Sister is located.

**ST. ANNE BAND, Milwaukee, Wis.** Mrs. Mary Karnitz, Promoter, writes: "Our group is very small now but we keep very busy. I expect to visit my sister, Sister Anne Therese, in California, so will be taking a couple of boxes of mission material in order to save postage." The letter was accompanied by a check for dues.

# True Devotion to Mary

DURING the summer we received a book on Our Blessed Mother that impressed us so much that we want to tell you about it on this page, rather than confine it to the usual book review section. It is *Citadel of Wisdom*, written by the Rev. Robert J. O'Connell, S.J., and published by the Montfort Fathers, Bay Shore, New York. The price is \$3.00.

Except for a quotation from St. Louis de Montfort's *Treatise* in the preface of the book, the author does not mention the words True Devotion, Total Consecration, etc. Nevertheless, the whole book is permeated with the spirit of the True Devotion and should be of invaluable help to those who practice it.

The theme of these meditative studies, as the book is sub-titled, is our life — our growth — in Christ. Father O'Connell unfolds for us Mary's role as Mother of the Mystical Body and her solicitude for us, the members of that Body. Never does he let us forget that we are members of the Body of Christ and that as we grow in holiness, so does the Church, the Mystical Body, grow.

Mary, who responded so magnificently to the graces she received, shows us the way. Father O'Connell presents her in the setting of the early life of Our Lord, corresponding more or less to the joyful mysteries of the Rosary. The first chapter considers Our Blessed Mother just before the Annunciation and emphasizes her spirit of prayer. There are seven sub-divisions to the chapter, each explaining some aspect of prayer. Each of these might be used as a meditation.

The second chapter is devoted to the mystery of the Incarnation and holds up to us Mary's humility. Again, there are seven parts.

The Visitation follows in the next

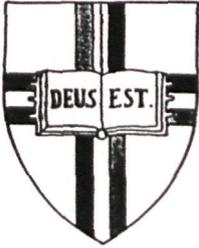
chapter. It is entitled "Flame of Charity" It is the theological virtue of charity which is considered here — Mary's great love of God — and not so much her charity toward her fellow men.

"Fountain of Life" is the title the author gives to the chapter on the Nativity. "Mary at Bethlehem," he says, "is the Fountain of Life, not only because she has given birth to Christ Who is the Life of the world, but also because she always labors to have Christ born in all men." This is the theme that is developed in the six sections of this chapter.

The Presentation and the visit of the Magi with the subsequent flight into Egypt are treated in the following two chapters. Chapter 7, one of the most beautiful in the book, unfolds for us the life of the Holy Family at Nazareth.

In the final chapter we contemplate the loss of Jesus and beg Mary, the Citadel of Wisdom to teach us "the unconquerable wisdom and prudence of resolving never to lose Christ, of endeavoring to check the causes which prevent His more fruitful visits to our minds and hearts, of striving to remove the barricades which our self-love places in the path of His daily movements toward us in the myriad, inexhaustible graces which flow into our lives and into the world as the fruits of His satisfactory passion and death."

One of the wishes of Our Lady of Fatima is that we spend at least fifteen minutes on the First Saturday of the month in meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary. We can think of no better book to help us make this fruitful meditation than *Citadel of Wisdom*. We recommend it especially to Legionnaires and all others who practice True Devotion.



# Your CCD Question

**Is it necessary to have a deanery board of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine? Just how would it function?**

A CCD board at the deanery level is not absolutely necessary but it has been found helpful in some localities. In nearly every diocese there is a diocesan board that limits itself to Confraternity matters that concern the diocese as a whole. Over it presides the diocesan director.

Because there might be more localized problems to be considered, some deaneries have their own boards presided over by the deanery director.

A deanery board can serve as a clearing house for many problems that concern more than one parish. For example, one deanery might have migrant workers at certain seasons of the year. Since these workers are spread out over more than one parish, it has been found helpful to have discussions at the deanery level in order to make careful preparation for the care of the migrant families.

The membership of a deanery board should, of course, represent every parish in the deanery. Ideas exchanged, naturally tend to be mutually helpful and make the Confraternity more effective in the various parishes. Obviously a deanery board need not have frequent meetings. Four times a year should be enough.

**There is so much criticism nowadays of the question and answer method. Does that mean that we are never to use questions?**

Of course not! Questioning is absolutely necessary. How else can we discover how much our pupils learn? There is an old adage which says: "To question well is to teach well."

It is the exclusive use of the question and answer method that is criticized. There are right and wrong ways of questioning. Sister Berenice, in her *Course in Methods for Confraternity Teachers*, makes some valuable suggestions on the correct use of questions.

\* \* \* .....

Sister Michael, head of our catechetics department at Victory Noll, has made available her own lesson plans for Confraternity training courses. The course for elementary teachers covers thirty hours. The courses for the other divisions of the CCD are shorter, being so arranged that they can be covered in five lessons.

As yet, these lesson plans, arranged in one book under the title *CCD Training Course for the Lay Apostolate*, are only in mimeographed form. They are copyrighted and bear the imprimatur of the Bishop of Fort Wayne.

Eventually the book will be revised somewhat and printed. A few copies are now available at \$2.00 each. Write to Sister Michael, O.L.V.M., Victory Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

## Books

*Reading the Word of God* by Lawrence Dannemiller, S.S. Helicon Press, Inc., 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$4.50

This book offers almost unlimited possibilities for its use. Naturally, we would look at it from the viewpoint of a catechist, but first let us describe it.

In the preface Father Dannemiller explains the makeup of the book and outlines some of its uses. Then, after the table of contents, are listed the books of the Bible. This is followed by fifteen pages covering the history of salvation. Beginning with the fall of man, Father Dannemiller touches briefly on the promises of a Redeemer, the call of the chosen people from whom the Messiah would come, the Incarnation, Redemption, and finally the Mystery of the Church.

The main body of the book is given over to 150 Scripture readings arranged into units. Each opens with an introduction in which we are reminded that God instructs us through His Word. Then follows a very brief summary of what the particular Scripture reading consists. Some Psalm verses are proposed to prepare for the reading.

Three readings are then given, each one punctuated with a response, usually taken from the Psalms. The reading concludes with an appropriate prayer of thanksgiving. Each unit takes approximately fifteen minutes.

Here, for instance, is a specific plan in operation. The reading is entitled *The Good News*. After the explanatory introduction and preparatory Psalms comes the first reading: Isaiah 52, 7-12. The response is from Isaiah 12, 1-6. The second reading is from Mark 1, 1-15; the response, Psalm 114, 1-9. The third reading is from I Cor. 9, 16b-27. The response, Psalm 8, 2-10, is followed by the concluding prayer.

Appendix A provides the plan for 150 additional readings. Those who use them may supply their own introduc-

tion, responses, and conclusion. Appendix B suggests readings for the liturgical year, for May and October devotions, and for a Holy Hour. A third appendix offer suggestions for the group-use of the book, and another appendix offers various conclusions for the prayers. The index serves as still another aid to using the book and does not duplicate the table of contents.

From this brief summary the catechist can see what a help the book would be in preparing classes. It might be well to point out, however, that the author, in suggesting a reading under a certain subject (the sacrament of penance, for instance,) does not mean that the text necessarily proves a doctrine. The reading can be used profitably in the upper grades and in high school.

*Reading the Word of God* should prove invaluable in preparing meditations on Holy Scripture. Postulant and novice mistresses will find here just what they need for guiding their subjects in this exercise.

A number of other uses suggest themselves. Our advice would be for the reader to get the book and discover them for himself.

\* \* \*

*The Sacred Way*, Biblical Meditations on the Passion of Christ by Engelbert Neuhausler. Translated by Gregory J. Roetteger, O.S.B., Helicon Press, Inc., 5305 East Drive, Baltimore 27, Md. \$2.95.

There is only one thing wrong with these meditations — that there are not more of them. There are exactly twenty, beginning with *Jesus Before the Sanhedrin* and ending with *The Embalmment*.

Each begins with the Gospel account of the subject of the meditation. However, when we describe these meditations as biblical we do not mean that it is because they are based solely on the evangelist's account of the Passion. Rather the entire language of the meditations, their whole spirit is biblical. The author draws not just on the Gospels, but refers to St. Paul's

Epistles, the Acts, the Apocalypse, and the Old Testament. Even aside from these quotations there are references and expressions that anyone familiar with Scripture will recognize. These give to the book its very distinct biblical "favor."

Quotations from St. Clement of Rome and St. Ignatius of Antioch help us to understand the devotion to the Passion as it was practiced by the early Church. The petitions with which each meditation closes are expressed in terms of Holy Writ. They are petitions such as the praying Church makes, and help us to realize more deeply God's plan for our salvation.

\* \* \*

*In Silence With God* by Benedict Baur, O.S.B. Translated by Elisabeth Corathiel-Noonan. Introduction by Placid Jordan, O.S.B. Henry Regnery Company, 64 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. \$3.75

The title of this book might give the impression that this is a treatise on contemplation. It is not. Only the last chapter, "On the Heights," strictly concerns the contemplative life. The other chapters prepare for it.

The author, Archabbot of Beuron, is well known — among other things — as a retreat master. No doubt his retreats follow the plan of this book. When we say then that the last half of the book is the best part, it is not to detract from the excellence of the first part. The last half is best in the same sense that the last half of a retreat is the most satisfying. Most retreat masters — in an eight-day retreat — devote the first four days to purification, as it were; the last four to prayer, Holy Mass, etc.

It is in this way that the twenty-two chapters of *In Silence With God* are divided. The first eleven set forth the call to Christian perfection, the obstacles we must overcome, and the purifications we must undergo to reach it. Then the author turns to the subjects of prayer, charity, conformity to

the will of God, the Mass, and other positive aspects of the life of perfection.

Archabbot Benedict writes in such a way that both the novice and the proficient will be attracted. Everything he says is good, solid doctrine. He does not pretend to give us anything new, nor does he say it in a strikingly new way. However, the reader cannot help but feel that the Archabbot is a master of the spiritual life who knows the needs of souls and has first experienced in himself what he would give to others.

This book is a fine guide not only for those in religion — young and old — but also for the layman who would lead an interior life. It should be especially helpful for anyone making a private retreat.

There is a flaw. The author (or perhaps the translator is responsible?) has the bad habit of setting off as sentences phrases that are not really complete sentences. Used occasionally this device can be effective, but when it is overdone, it is very annoying. We counted six such "sentences" on one page only (p.129).

\* \* \*

*Sinews of Love* edited by Thomas J. M. Burke, S.J. The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. \$1.95

This is a new kind of picture book. It is subtitled "The Face of the World as Seen by Men of God." The photographs are of missionaries and the people throughout the world who are entrusted to their care. Although most of the missionaries pictured are Jesuits, they are not identified. They are representative of missionaries everywhere.

Father Burke, in assembling this book, uses a text but sparingly. It consists, for the most part, of quotations from papal encyclicals and makes clear the Church's missionary work of bringing to all men the truth.

## EDITOR'S BY-LINE

We still find ourselves closing our eyes, opening them again, and marveling that we are actually IN. Of course we mean in our new chapel and infirmary.

It might be edifying to say that our first community exercise in the new buildings was Holy Mass and Office in the chapel, but such was not the case. It was evening recreation in the infirmary. The chapel was not ready yet for occupation. Anyway, St. Francis de Sales, St. Theresa, and others who attached so much importance to recreation would certainly have approved of our happy evening.

Some of the sisters played scrabble or other games; some played Chopin; some just looked through all those windows at the wonderful trees outside and then looked around approvingly and thankfully at our lovely interior surroundings.

The tertians (see page 14 if you are not sure who they are) were the first to sleep in the infirmary. Some of them had been away from Victory Noll for many years. To them, other buildings were new also. Things were further complicated by the fact that many of the sisters arrived late at night or in the wee hours of the morning.

This was not so bad when we knew they were coming, but in a few instances where trains were late and the sisters did not make connections in Chicago, their arrival was unexpected. At which entrance should they try to arouse someone? Well, anyway, no one spent the night on the doorstep. We have yet to test St. Francis' definition of perfect joy.

We did not have Mass immediately after Bishop Pursley consecrated the altar because the men were still assembling the pews. A later date had to be

chosen. Now it is our inestimable privilege to have Our Lord's sacramental presence in both our new chapel and old. In taking advantage of this great grace we will not forget you, our benefactors, who have helped us make our much needed new buildings a reality.  
SEA

## IN MEMORIAM

- Mrs. Hirlanda Schmitt, St. Louis, mother of Mother Cecilia, O.L.V.M., and Sister Juliana, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, Albuquerque, mother of Sister Elaine, O.L.V.M.  
Jacob Desch, Topeka, Kans., father of Sister Mary Barbara, O.L.V.M.  
Joseph Massaro, Clairton, Pa., father of Sister Mary Adele, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Sophie Garbacz, Cleveland, Ohio, mother of Sister Mary Jeanette, O.L.V.M.  
Frank McClosky, San Antonio, Texas, father of Sister Rose Anthony, O.L.V.M.  
Bernard Wade, Montgomery, Ind., brother of Sister Mary Bernadette, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Mary Pfender, Evansville, Ind., sister of Sister Ruth Anthony, O.L.V.M.  
Pieto, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi  
Dom Ermin Vitry, O.S.B., St. Louis, Mo.  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. William J. Kelly, Colorado Springs  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward A. Rogers, University City, Mo  
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Matthew Smith, Denver  
Rev. John Conlon, Los Angeles  
Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, S.J., San Antonio  
Rev. Francis Hullweg, O.M.I., Brownsville, Tex.  
Rev. Edward S. Maisel, Detroit  
Rev. Walter M. Seymour, S.J., Chicago  
Rev. Albert Tomaszewski, Englishtown, N. J.  
Mr. Mesenburg, Tucson, Ariz.  
Mrs. Sarah Devin, South Pasadena, Calif.  
Margaret Dillworth, Sebring, Fla.  
Colonel Harry J. Hagermeister, Sebring, Fla.  
Mrs. Kathryn M. Berry, Chicago  
John J. Boyle, Chicago  
Ellen Emmet, Chicago  
Mrs. Alice C. Keating, Chicago  
Mrs. Ada Trimby, Chicago  
Frank Hogan, Lincoln, Ill.  
Mrs. Anastacia Mata, Sterling, Ill.  
Rudolph N. Meyer, Huntington, Ind.  
Mrs. Etna Ellerbrock, Carroll, Iowa  
Feri Wengritzky, St. Louis  
Mrs. Elizabeth Welchert, ACM, Omaha  
Philip S. Barlow, Jr., Hightstown, N. J.  
Maria Lira, Ozona, Texas

# The Soul You Save ..

by SISTER MARY MILLICENT

**B**OBBY was the type of child who was every teacher's cross and possibly crown, too. Any trouble going on, any talking, any disturbance at all, and he was sure to be involved in it. We knew from repeated visits to his home that much of the difficulty came from a rather impossible situation there.

One day as I set out with the released time class on the backward trek to the public school after our forty-minute-a-week-minus-walking-time religion period, suddenly there was a scuffle at the end of the line.

"Bobby, will you come here and walk with me!" I said in my most commanding voice.

But my words fell on deaf ears. Just one thing to do and I did it. I got the culprit by the hand and brought him to the front of the line.

"But he called me a *name!*" Bobby protested. I could have thought of a few myself right then, but I refrained.

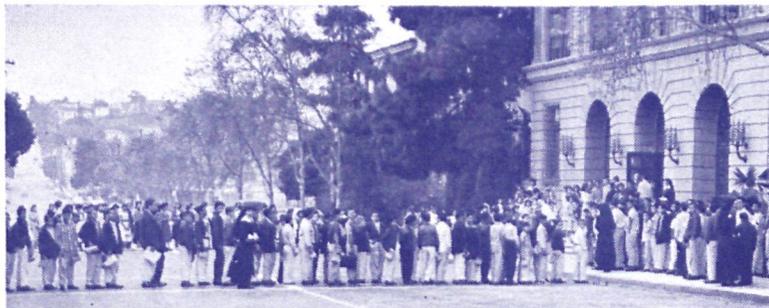
"Bobby, don't you remember we were going to try to do some hard things for God — make some sacrifices? Let's begin right now. See how many times you can say the little prayer, 'My Jesus, mercy,' as we walk back to school."

True to contrary form, he piped up to my astonishment with, "But I like to say better, 'Jesus, Mary, I love You. Save souls.'"

How did he ever listen long enough to learn that one, I thought. To him I said, "Why, that's fine. Now let's see how many times you can say it between here and school."

Out loud he began. Three ejaculations and twenty paces later, he commented, "Sister, you know what? Lots of times when I am walking down the street like this, I say, 'Jesus, Mary, I love You. Save souls.' Gee, I sure hope They save my soul!"

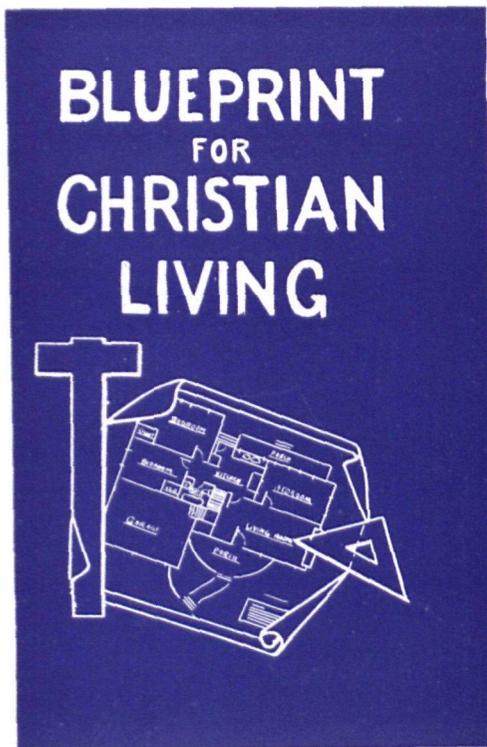
Bobby, I sure hope They do. Somewhere I read, "The soul you save may be your own!" I hope it's true in your case.



Accompanying a released time group to and from the public school is hazardous whether or not you have a boy like Bobby.

*for your*  
**Discussion Clubs**

48-page booklet  
on  
**Christian Family Living**



Compiled by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters for use in classes for young mothers, **BLUEPRINT FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING** is the ideal text for discussion clubs.

*Order today. 25 cents a copy.*

Victory Noll Press  
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Sisters

I am enclosing..... for ..... copies of **BLUEPRINT FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING**.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....