

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Perpetual Vows

Art thou a living host
Consecrated, humble, pure
To be offered to the Father
In adoration daily?
Set apart
Upon the altar
Where sacrifice is rubric?

Art thou a victim
With thy Spouse
Upon the cross all bloody,
Scourged with pain,
For thy very neighbors
Who stand below
To jeer and mock
And cry, "Come down!"

Come down to earth . . .
And when its dust and slime
Appear less dolorous
Than the cross,
Dost thou then turn away
From His all-pleading gaze
To wound His Heart anew?
Or dost thou clench the nails
As miser's gold
And hold to this,
Thy throne of consecration
By thy vows?

Art thou another Jesus
To give all praise and glory
To the Father
And prove beyond all doubt
His love for men?

Then reign in pain
Upon thy chosen throne,
The cross
(His gift to you)
For but a moment's time,
'Tis all;
And then in glory ever
And in joy
That only He can give
To those He chose
To hang upon the cross
. . . With Him.

Sister Marie

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

October 1960

No. 9 Vol. 36

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



Perpetual Vows <i>by Sister Marie</i>	2
Summer Census <i>by Sister Josephine</i>	4
Around Victory Noll	6
CCD Helpers Find Pancakes a Help <i>by Sister Therese Ann</i>	10
In the Home Field	12
I Remember Douglas <i>by Sister Evelyn Marie</i>	14
We Visit Combermere <i>by Sister Noreen</i>	16
True Devotion to Mary	18
Sister Mary Elisabeth, R.I.P.	19
Book Reviews	20
Editor's By-Line	22
In Memoriam	22
The Church Year in Song <i>by Sister Alma Marie</i>	23

Victory Noll Press

COVER

Bishop Pursley of Fort Wayne consecrates marble altar in new chapel at Victory Noll. He is being assisted here by Msgr. Arthur F. MacDonald, Msgr. Joseph R. Crowley, and Msgr. James P. Conroy.

CREDITS

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Summer Census

by SISTER JOSEPHINE

SUMMER census assignments are always interesting, for they often take us to parts of the country where our sisters have never worked. Last summer we took the religious census in an area that included seven parishes—five in the city and two in the country.

Naturally we were kept very busy and yet we found time to visit the old folks in a nursing home. As usually happens, it turned out that they cheered us as much as we cheered them.

On one of our first visits we gave them each a small blue leaflet containing an act of love and perfect contrition. When we presented it to one dear patient, extremely advanced in age, she looked at us incredulously and announced in a very loud voice: "Oh no, you can't fool me. That's a chain prayer and we're not allowed to say those. I know that's what it is!"

That night we were checking and re-writing census cards when one of the sisters exclaimed, "Rumors! What in the world? This card has on it 'rumors.'"

"Oh, Sister," explained another sister, "I meant to write 'roomers.' I put that down in a hurry when the woman told me she kept roomers."

"Ah," someone else remarked, "the rumors are going around here that we are passing out chain prayers."

Non-Catholics were especially kind to us. They had a great regard for religious because of the fine work the nursing sisters were doing at the Catholic hospital in the town.

One woman, married to a Catholic but not one herself, told us that she wanted to keep her promise to rear her children as good Catholics, but she herself needed instruction. We told her that a course of instructions would be the answer to her problem. She nodded approvingly, and lovingly embraced her youngest daughter.

The child had never seen a sister. She looked at us quizzically and with a kind of little moan, kept asking, "Mama, why is her dress so l-o-n-g?" She said this with a lengthening emphasis on the last word every time she repeated the mournful question.

Her mother tried to quiet her, but the next time, in a still more mournful tone she added, "And Mama, why does she have that thing on her head?"

The mother explained, "That is the sister's veil, and all sisters dress like that."

Amidst all the interruptions the mother showed intense interest in our talk as we tried to impress upon her the great value of our immortal souls and the life of grace. Then, as we proceeded to explain a few simple truths to the child, she admitted that she had never told her children of the existence of God, for she did not know how to begin.

Often it appeared that the souls we were working with the most assiduously remained indifferent, while the ones that came our way almost accidentally were touched by grace immediately.

We knocked at the door of a Protestant minister who showed such interest in our religious life and asked

so many questions about the Catholic faith that we wondered if he would be curious enough to learn more. We told him we did not have time to answer all his questions, but he could find the answers in the Knights of Columbus Home Study Course.

He agreed right away to send for it. It would be most convenient for him, coming into his home. He could inquire into the teachings of the Church until convinced they were true. His greatest curiosity seemed to be regarding the different religious orders—the works of charity they undertook and the way they kept up their spiritual life and rules. Undoubtedly with his searching mind groping for the truth, he will, with God's grace, be lead to the true fold.

We were asked to call on a young couple of prominence who were lax in their religious practices. We had been trudging the streets in the hot sun and by the time we reached their house, our energies were so depleted we almost hoped they would not be home and we could put off the visit until later.

After what seemed a long wait at the door we were joyfully greeted by the maid. She herself was not a Catholic but she told us that she was interested in the Church and welcomed this opportunity to find out how she could join it. We forgot our weariness and were happy to introduce her to the Correspondence Course. We told her how blessed she would be in accepting the gift of faith that her wealthy employers were so thoughtlessly rejecting.

The girl told us she was praying that they would return to the practice of their religion, for, she admitted, it was the example they had given her in their more fervent days that lead her to become interested in the Catholic Church.

It so happened that our census taking time coincided with the nomination of Kennedy as Democratic candidate for president. At one door, before we could fully explain why we had come, a dear little old lady solemnly announced the purpose of our visit. "Oh, I know what you are doing. You are taking a census so that you can solicit votes for Kennedy."



Much planning goes into census work. The sisters are, from left: Sister Mary Magdalen, Sister Mary Margaret, Sister Gabriel, Sister Josephine; seated: Sister Beatrice, Sister Patricia Marie, and Sister Rose.

Around Victory Noll

THERE can be no doubt about it. August 5 was one of the most memorable reception and profession days we have ever had here at Victory Noll.

It was the first time we had the ceremonies in our new chapel and that alone would make it memorable. But besides, the largest number of sisters (203) we have ever had at one time Around Victory Noll were here for the occasion, and sixty-eight of them took part in the ceremonies. These included the postulants who were admitted to the novitiate, those who made first vows, those who renewed them, those who made perpetual vows, and the sisters who celebrated their silver anniversary.

Most of the sisters in the ceremonies had guests that day. We are not sure of the actual count, but they taxed the capacity of our spacious new chapel. Fortunately, the weather was perfect and we are blessed with lots of "out-door space."

The individual pictures on these pages are of our newly professed sis-

ters. The thirteen jubilarians who were at Victory Noll are pictured together. Sister Rita, Sister M. Rosella, Sister M. Gerard, and Sister Anna Rita, also members of the class, celebrated elsewhere.

Six of our perpetual vow sisters were at Victory Noll. Five others were professed in Redlands and Monterey, California, Salt Lake City, and Denver. The eleven are:

Sister M. Jane Frances Wieber, Fowler, Mich.

Sister M. Constance Lewandowski, Milwaukee

Sister M. Margaret Therese Ayers, Watertown, S. Dak.

Sister Grace Marie Samblanet, Louisville, O.

Sister M. DePorres Schmit, Coggon, Iowa

Sister M. Angline Walczyk, Elba, Colo.

Sister Ruth Marie Ellert, Waterloo, Ind.

Sister Marita Terlau, Bellevue, Ky.

Sister M. Anne Veronica McNulty, Lorain, O.

Sister M. William Ann Maloney, Hampton, Va.

Sister M. Edward Noone, Seattle, Wash.

Our new novices are:

Sister M. Gregoria (Guadalupe Ortega) El Paso, Texas

Sister M. Sharon Rose (Sharon Eshleman) Piper City, Ill.



Sr. M. Theresaleen Heflin
Kalamazoo, Mich.



Sr. M. Joan Ann Butts
San Antonio, Tex.



Sr. M. Rita Louise Musante
Warren, Pa.



View of new chapel and infirmary, facing east.

Sister Maria Elena (Helen Montano)
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sister M. Veronica Ann (Sue Walker)
Rochester, Ind.

Sister Marie Anthony (Mary L. Habib)
San Diego, Calif.

Sister Marlene Marie (Marlene Michalski)
Marshfield, Wis.

Sister M. Marjorie Rose (Marjorie Ehlers)
Montebello, Calif.

Sister Soledad (Josephine Gallegos)
Denver, Colo.

Sister Mary Victory (Mary Norton)
Toledo, Ohio

Sister M. Ruth Ann (Ruth A. Feldpausch)
Fowler, Mich.



Sr. Rosemarie Kalkman
St. Cloud, Minn.



Sr. Janet Marie Haubrich
Carroll, Iowa



Sr. M. Rose Zita Rosonke
Carroll, Iowa

Sister M. Rose Angela (Rosemary Karwoski)
Grand Haven, Mich.

Sister Monica Marie (Mary Margaret Fuchs)
Marshfield, Wis.

Sister M. Edward Alene (Jeanne Cosgrove)
Keokuk, Iowa

Sister Mary Jonathan (Elsie Musante)
Warren, Pa.

Sister M. Rose Paul (Virginia Peitzmeier)
Keokuk, Iowa

Sister Marie Elizabeth (Dianne Copeland)
Scotts, Mich.

Sister M. Stephen Therese
(Phyllis Doboszynski)
Seattle, Wash.

Sister Mary Noel (Mary N. Wallstead)
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Sister Judith Marie (Lynne Boylan)
Washington C. H., Ohio

Sister Andrea Marie (Orcelia Maestas)
Pueblo, Colo.

Our own Bishop Pursley graciously presided at the ceremonies. During the summer we were happy to receive visits from two of our other bishops, also,—Bishop Helmsing of Springfield-Cape Girardeau, and Bishop Reed of Oklahoma City-Tulsa.

On August 15 we all learned where we were to be stationed for the coming year. Two new missions are being opened in the fall: Nogales, Arizona, and New Braunfels, Texas. Nogales is in a new diocese for us—Tucson. Our other

Arizona convent, Holbrook, is in the diocese of Gallup. We have been teaching in New Braunfels from our convent in San Antonio. Now it will have a convent of its own.

The sisters who staffed our mission in Punta Gorda, Florida, are being transferred to Pahokee, farther east. In a sense, then, we might say that we have a new convent in the diocese of Miami. Since Port Charlotte (one of the towns we took care of from Punta Gorda) will have a Catholic school this fall, the children in that district will have the opportunity to attend it. That is why we will move on to other fields.

Summer classes were again on Sacred Scripture — this year, the historical books. At Victory Noll we had as instructor, the Very Rev. Roger Mercurio, C.P., rector of the Passionist Theological Seminary, Louisville. Father Roger, who is a graduate of the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome, is such an excellent teacher that he made even Leviticus and Numbers interesting.

We look forward now to the arrival of our new class of postulants. We hope to tell you about them in our next Around Victory Noll.



Sr. M. Odilia Schladen
Mason City, Ill.



Sr. M. Laurene Rapp
Los Gatos, Calif.



Sr. M. Siena Gibson
Sturgis, Mich.

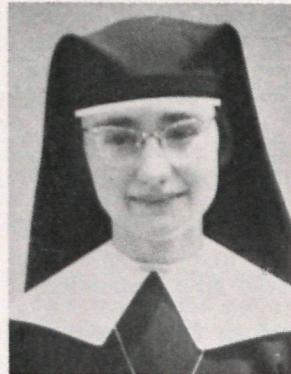
SILVER JUBILARIANS



From left (front): Sr. M. Irmina Manternach, Cascade, Ia.; Sr. M. Eva Geiskopf, Milwaukee; Sr. M. Marguerite Shields, Omaha; Sr. Anna Hitzler, New Lisbon, Wis.; (middle) Sr. Carmen Montoya, El Paso; Sr. M. Regina Foppe, Breese, Ill.; Sr. M. Eileen Masterson, Colorado Springs; Sr. Bernarda Durkin, Chicago; Sr. Lucille O'Brien, San Francisco; (rear) Sr. Louise Wilbers, Jefferson City, Mo.; Sr. Theresa Egidy, Greeley, Kans.; Sr. Louise Marie Berard, Joliet; Sr. M. Germaine Turnis, Cascade, Ia.



Sr. M. Carol Therese Dombrowski
N. Kingstown, R. I.



Sr. M. Eileen Therese K Emmeter
Shawano, Wis.



Girls covered books to be used in religion class.

From a busy mission in California's Imperial Valley Sister Therese Ann tells how a small group of young women became Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Helpers.

CCD Helpers

Find Pancakes a Help

by SISTER THERESE ANN

CONFRATERNITY of Christian Doctrine Helpers give their services in a variety of ways. At our mission we needed them especially to walk with the children to and from the public schools to our catechetical centers, check the prayers of the boys and girls, and do a whole list of other helpful jobs.

At the beginning of the year we called a meeting in order to recruit more helpers. Seven girls responded.

Who could be Sister's companion on Thursday?

Who could help check prayers of a First Communion class?

To each question there was dead silence. It was not that these young women did not want to help. If they did not, they would not have been at the meeting. The trouble was that each had a full time job, six days a week. How could they help? What kind of work could we give them?

Naturally I brought up the possibility of helping in the evening. But there too we ran into a snag.

"Sister, on Wednesday evening I go to night school."

"Thursday evening won't do. That's the night a car full can get into the

drive-in theater for just a dollar.”

“We don’t get out of work until late on Saturday.”

Finally we settled on Monday evening as a meeting time. Often the girls arrived late, but they arrived. Some even skipped supper to get to the meeting right after work.

The first job we gave them was to cover books that we used in class and to mount pictures that could be given for prizes at Christmas and the end of the year.

As time passed, our ideas got bigger and better. The biggest and best idea was to have the helpers furnish a lending library for the parish. But first money had to be raised. How would we do it?

A cake sale? The number of helpers had now increased to ten, but not many books could we purchase with money made from a cake sale put on by only ten girls. Then someone suggested a pancake breakfast. Father gave permission to serve the breakfast after each of the four Masses on Sunday.



The beginning of the library that the pancakes bought.

The older children in our classes were given tickets to sell with the promise of a free ticket to the ten children who sold the most.

One day three little girls came to the convent explaining, “Sister, here is the money from pancake tickets.”

“Are all three of you selling these tickets together?” I asked.

“Yes, Sister,” they replied eagerly. “My sister” (indicating the little girl carrying a notebook) “writes down the name of everyone who buys a ticket. Maria tells us what the people say when they speak Spanish.”

Pancake mix, ham, milk, coffee, and everything that was needed was donated. Sunday came and we could see that the pancake breakfast was a success. The hall was soon packed with people, and more and more parishioners lined up outside waiting their turn to get a table. When finally the last person was served, the girls declared that they never wanted to see a pancake again.

A nice sum had been realized for the library. Since many of our people read only Spanish, we had to include many Spanish volumes. We are close to Mexico, however, so these books were not hard to find.

The library is open on Sunday after each Mass. That the people appreciate its services is evidenced by the numbers who patronize it. Two helpers are assigned each week to the job of checking out the books and calling up those whose books are overdue.

As for the girls — they are very happy about the project and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have been instrumental in introducing Catholic books to those who might not otherwise read them.

The parish school of religion with an enrollment of nearly 600 was held in a one-story school with corridors branch-



"Where is MY classroom, Sister?"

ing out into all directions. At each corridor we posted the location of the respective classrooms.

This foresightedness, of course, meant absolutely nothing to the 120 first graders. They would come up to my desk in the front hall and ask, "Sister, where is MY classroom?"

One little girl requested to be conducted personally to the door of her room for the first five classes. She always managed to make her charming entrance to the school just a few minutes late. Her words were few, but her smile captivating. A tiny hand would slip into mine and she would say, "I can't find my room alone," and off we would go.

This continued until hard-hearted Sister finally said, "Now, Susie, I just know you can find your room all by yourself. Can't you?"

"Sure, Sister," was the confident, devastating reply.

SISTER JEAN MARIE

In the Home Field

PHONY

Dick began to recite the Ten Commandments. "I am the Lord thy God . . ." he began, and then stopped.

"What's the matter, Dick?" I asked, "Don't you know what comes next?"

"I know it. Now let me see. Oh yeah, Sister, I've got it: Thou shalt not have phony gods before Me."

SISTER MARITA

* * *

ONE DRAWBACK

Mr. LeClaire, one of the men we visit regularly at the home for old folks, is always cheerful and optimistic in spite of the setbacks he has in health. When we asked him last week how he felt he answered, "Sister, I'm getting a little stronger every day. I can walk to the barn and back now. My appetite is good and I'm doing just fine, but I don't think I'll ever get any better looking."

SISTER MARIAN FRANCES

LITTLE PUERTO RICO

When Sister Merced came to Gary last fall after a visit with her family in Puerto Rico, she found a "Little Puerto Rico" right here in the parish. She has met several families from her own home town. Sister is kept busy giving instructions to adults. As a result there have been many marriages validated, a number of adult First Communions, and some baptisms. The marriage cases provide Father with good practice in the use of his Spanish.

SISTER PAULINE

* * *

TO UNLIGHT THEM

An aspiring Knight of the Altar had just served his first Holy Hour. Afterward he stood in the sacristy with a shy smile on his face, extinguisher in hand, and asked, "Sister, how do you unlight the candles? I can't remember. Is it from the outside in or inside out?"

SISTER DENNIS

BUDDING DIPLOMAT

I was stressing the necessity of home study to my seventh and eighth graders. "Which class is the most important of all those you are studying?" I asked.

A seventh grade boy raised his hand. There was mischief in his eye when he answered, "Well, it depends on which teacher is asking you."

SISTER CECILIA MARIE

* * *

BROWNIE PROMISE

We learned still another version of the act of contrition when Janet, mixing religion with scouting, concluded with: "I firmly resolve with the help of Thy grace to sin no more and to keep the rules of the pack."

* * *

NO PROBLEM

The class was studying the subject of prayer, and the eighth graders were discussing their difficulties. LaQuita had a simple solution for her prayer problems. She said, "I say my prayers the best I can. Then I tell Mary, 'Please, dear Mother, shine them up before you give them to God.'"

SISTER REGINA



Children reciting the Rosary before class. Santa Paula, California



Sister Isabelle points out the pictures of the Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary. Ogden, Utah

Not every thoughtful ten-year-old reacts as Douglas did to his instructions in the Catholic Faith. When parents decide to become Catholics, naturally they hope that the whole family will join the Church. The situation sometimes poses problems, especially when the convert is the father only, or, as in this case, the mother. So far as Douglas was concerned, however, the outcome was a happy one.



Douglas and his religion teacher, Sister Evelyn Marie, spent many an interesting hour in preparation for his entrance into the Mystical Body.

“THIS is Douglas, Sister,” said Mrs. Hadley.

I looked into the smiling deep blue eyes of her ten-year-old son who was to be my pupil for the next few months. Closely cropped light brown hair covered his well shaped head. I noticed dozens of brown-clad freckles march in opposite directions over the bridge of his nose and spill unceremoniously on to his firm cheeks.

With a half-shy expression on his face, Douglas took his first close look at a Catholic Sister. He greeted me with the polite, “I am happy to meet you, Sister.” The sincerity of his words and

Remember Douglas

by SISTER EVELYN MARIE

expression made me feel that our association would be a pleasant one.

The introduction completed, Douglas turned to bid his mother goodbye and to check their arrangements for meeting at the church social center after his instruction. His whole manner spoke of filial respect.

At the time of my meeting with her personable young son, Mrs. Hadley had already been attending for some time the evening inquiry classes conducted by one of the priests of the parish. Shortly before she brought the boy to our convent, she had told me of her decision to become a Catholic and of

her earnest desire that her oldest son, Douglas, accept the Faith. Because Douglas had been regularly attending the Protestant Bible classes, his mother was somewhat apprehensive about his reaction to the suggestion of beginning Catholic instructions. I promised that I would offer a daily prayer for her intention. It was a week later that she brought Douglas to us and our friendship began.

That evening, when the introductory instruction had been completed, an overjoyed boy literally skipped down the convent steps and gaily called over his shoulder, "Good night, Sister! See you next Monday!"

In the morning his grateful mother called to say, "My son was beaming last evening when we met. I know that everything will be just fine."

She was right, for as the classes progressed, it was obvious that our young neophyte was intensely interested in what he was about. Quite obvious as well, was the fact that he felt right at home so far as the Church was concerned. After having attended but three instructions, he began to speak of the Church as OUR Church! The apostolic spirit began to develop before long, too. Proof of its growth was shown in his statement: "With so many scientists saying that there is no God, we need more priests and sisters in the Church to tell these people the truth; don't you think so?"

Reflecting on his past religious affiliation, Douglas observed that during one Bible class he asked the teacher which church had the most members. He was told, "The Catholic Church." As he told me this, he added, "Do you know, Sister, that didn't mean a thing to me then and it should have!"

When I had explained the meaning of the phrase of the Apostles' Creed that refers to Our Lord descending into hell,

Douglas startled me by remarking, "Oh, I thought that Jesus went there to suffer more for our sins."

The thought of heaven caused him to wonder, "Is the happiness of heaven like this — you see more and more of God?"

Although I knew from what his mother had told me that Douglas was a bookworm and enjoyed going off into a cozy corner to read, he nevertheless possessed a sense of humor. As an April fool joke on his family, he secretly switched the contents of the sugar bowl and the saltcellar. After the first shock to their taste buds, Mother and Dad had a hearty laugh along with their practical joker.

On Ash Wednesday Mrs. Hadley and Douglas received the blessed ashes for the first time. Douglas proudly wore his throughout the day. Later, his father remarked, "Douglas, where have you been and what have you been doing? Your forehead is smudged with dirt."

Unhesitatingly the boy replied, "Mom and I were blessed today. Now if you were a Catholic, Dad, you would know all about it!"

In his enthusiasm he seemed to overlook the fact that neither he nor his mother had as yet been baptized. However, it was understandable for him to think of himself as a Catholic. In his earnestness he had been attending the Holy Sacrifice not only every week, but every day.

Holy Saturday of that year was a red letter day for Mrs. Hadley. She and her five-year-old twin boys were baptized, and the next day the mother received Holy Communion for the first time. Douglas, having caught up with his class in his private instructions, attended our school of religion the following year and was then baptized and made his First Communion. His only comment on that memorable day was, "I'm a lucky boy!"



Sister Noreen and Mrs. Doherty by the statue of Our Lady of Combermere.

We Visit Combermere

by SISTER NOREEN

through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for Sister is a promoter of St. Louis de Montfort's True Devotion and she had contacted us in Smethport because she knew that our community practiced this total consecration. It was more than coincidence that the lay union at Combermere is dedicated to Our Blessed Mother in the manner of DeMontfort.

July 1, the day of our departure, found the two Benedictines, Sister Thecla and Sister Eleanor, up and ready to leave at five-thirty with Sister Mary William and myself. We had brought the sisters to our convent in Smethport the day before.

Our first stop was at the Basilica of Our Lady of Victory in Lackawanna, for we wanted Our Lady's blessing on our trip. We crossed over into Canada at Niagara's Peace Bridge. It was fitting that we should travel the Queen's highway, though the Queen of our allegiance belonged not to one commonwealth, but to the world.

It was early evening when we arrived at Combermere. Alma, a smiling young woman, met us and took us into Madonna House through the famous blue door, into an attractive library and then to the main room which serves as dining room, community room, and library annex.

A quick visit to the chapel above, put us into the spirit of Combermere, one of joyful poverty in the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi. We knelt on the floor, sat on wooden benches, and gazed

"YOU sisters are lucky to get permission to go to Combermere."

Mrs. Dach was commenting on our proposed trip to Madonna House, Combermere, Canada. Mrs. Dach of Red House, New York, is just one of the hundreds who have accepted the hospitality of Catherine Doherty, formerly the Baroness DeHueck. We were to find Combermere a crossroads of the world! The question asked of us is the one usually asked when persons from various parts of the United States, Canada, Europe, meet at Madonna House: "How did you find out about Combermere?"

In our case it was through a Benedictine Sister, Sister Mary Loretta of St. Mary's, Pennsylvania. Sister Loretta is one of those apostolic souls whose interests are as universal as the Church even though, because of very poor health, she rarely goes beyond convent grounds.

It would be true to say we met

at the altar dominated by a realistic crucifix.

Cathy, a staff worker from California, took us to our cabins. After placing our bags, we returned to Madonna House to sit in on a lecture on immigration problems as met in the office at Toronto. It was sad to hear how immigrants are exploited by conscienceless people, but heartening to know that such a Christlike worker as the speaker, was there to show the face of Christ to these poor people.

Rejeanne of Nova Scotia, the librarian, conducted our tour the next day to the farm where we saw cheese in the making and had its workings explained to us by little Ann. We were interested in the outdoor oven where the delicious bread enjoyed at Combermere, was baked.

We laughed to see the priest stationed at the farm, chasing the cows from the hay ready for storage. Someone remarked, "What part of Orders is he using—that of exorcist?"

On Sunday, Trudy, a Canadian staff worker, took us to a parish picnic. Trudy is in charge of the rural apostolate. That means that she covers a wide area, visiting homes, aiding the poor, caring for the sick. Gradually the work of this phase of the lay apostolate was being made clear to us.

Catherine Doherty, lovingly called "B" by her associates, gave our group the background information on the founding of Madonna House. Speaking of the Russian revolution, she said, "In three days I saw the wealth of centuries wiped out. I learned the hard way the meaning of 'vanity, vanity, and all is vanity.' Deo gratias!"

In her miraculous escape from death she made a promise to God to work for Him. At first she could work only to survive in Toronto and later in New York. Her talent as a lecturer was discovered and she was, as she said, in the "big money."

"But I couldn't sleep," she continued, "because I remembered all those with whom I had lived who had nothing. Who helped us when we had nothing? The Communists!"

Finally, with the permission of Archbishop O'Neil of Toronto, the baroness opened the first Friendship House. "We had no techniques. We just loved and love finds a way."

That love did find a way was proved when the baroness was summoned before the late Pope Pius XII who blessed her and all who would associate with her. It was Monsignor Montini, speaking in the name of His Holiness, who outlined for her the formation of a lay institute and impressed her with the fact that it was the desire of the Holy Father.

Madonna House, then, opened as a lay institute to serve Christ in His poor wherever there was a need. This identification can take any form, depending upon the bishop's desire.

Who come there to enlist? Young men and women who have no attraction to the religious life or to the priesthood. As Mrs. Doherty explained, "Our source of vocations is the confessional where young people go for direction, saying something like this: 'I don't know what's the matter with me. I don't want to be a priest or religious but I want to dedicate myself to God.'"

Such young people come to Combermere to "try it out." The young men are under Father Callahan, formerly of Rochester, New York, now director of *Domus Domini*. The young women come under the direction of Catherine Doherty in *Domus Dominae*. These are two separate institutes or two "legal persons," belonging to one foundation.

Why did we sisters go to Combermere for a week? To learn more about the spiritual foundation of the lay apostolate for the benefit of the lay persons with whom we are associated. We came away more than ever impressed with the work of the Holy Spirit in the Mystical Body of Christ.

True Devotion to Mary

“RECEIVE this medal and chain of your glorious Heavenly Patroness, Our Blessed Lady of Victory, which the Congregation confers upon you. May the image of your good Mother on the medal be indelibly engraved upon your heart, and may the chain ever serve to remind you that you are bound by the chains of love to the self-sacrificing service of Jesus and Mary in the person of the poor little ones of the flock, so dear to Their Sacred Hearts. Amen. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

With these words the bishop invests a Missionary Sister with the medal and chain of Our Blessed Lady of Victory which she will wear henceforth around her neck. It is not merely something decorative which the sister wears, but, as the words of the celebrant remind her, it goes much deeper than that. The chain will ever serve to remind her that she is bound to Jesus and Mary by the chains of love. It is a symbol of holy slavery.

The very spirit of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters is the spirit of True Devotion. In the Constitutions of the Congregation, among the means outlined for attaining perfection are these “. . . the consecration of oneself, entirely and forever to Jesus through Mary by the practice of the True Devotion of St. Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort.”

This total consecration of herself each religious makes on entering the novitiate. Two years later, immediately before the Mass during which she will make her profession of vows, the sister is invested with medal and chain, re-

mindings her of the holy slavery she practices.

The term “slave” has long been a stumbling block to many who wish to practice True Devotion. St. Louis seems to have foreseen this, for he devotes several pages at the very beginning of the Treatise to an explanation of holy slavery.

The world is full of slaves. There are slaves of the flesh and of the senses; slaves of ambition, of pride and egoism; slaves of money and of pleasures. Our Lord in His mercy redeemed us from such slavery. St. Paul never lets us forget this fact. In his first epistle to the Corinthians he mentions it in consecutive chapters, using almost the same words each time. “You have been bought at a great price” (6, 20); and “You have been bought with a price; do not become the slaves of men” (7, 23).

From this slavery of the world we who consecrate ourselves to Jesus and Mary are emancipated and become instead, slaves of love.

Far from finding the word slave reprehensible, then, we consider it an honorable term. We proclaim that we belong wholly to Jesus and Mary. What is more wonderful than dedicating oneself to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother? The practice of True Devotion offers this possibility to everyone, not just to religious.

If you have not yet learned of True Devotion, write to Victory Noll today for information. Address:

Sister Mary Agnes
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Sister Mary Elisabeth Wengritzky

SISTER MARY ELISABETH, O.L.V.M., the former Elisabeth M. Wengritzky, died at Victory Noll Thursday, September 1, at 4:55 a.m. Sister's death terminated a long, painful illness during which she edified the community by her patient suffering.

Sister Mary Elisabeth was born August 14, 1902, in Lombard, Illinois. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wengritzky, are deceased. The family were members of St. Nicholas parish, Evanston.

Sister entered Victory Noll in October 1928 and made her first profession of vows on April 4, 1932, the transferred feast of the Annunciation. Except for a few years in mission work in New Mexico and Texas, Sister lived all her religious life here at Huntington. Until the time of her illness she was responsible for the landscaping at Victory Noll.

Sister Mary Elisabeth was one of the first Victory Noll Sisters whose duty it was to correspond with those who practiced the True Devotion of St. Louis de Montfort and enroll them as members of the Confraternity of Mary Queen of All Hearts. She herself set the example for them by her own fervent practice of total consecration.

Perhaps we remember Sister Mary Elisabeth best for the exquisite voice God gave her and which she used for His honor and glory. We like

to think of her now singing in the heavenly choirs where she will praise the Blessed Trinity for all eternity.

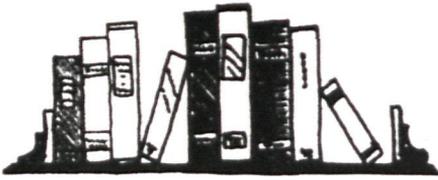
Funeral services were held at Victory Noll Saturday, September 3, at 10:30 o'clock. All the Sisters, together with the relatives and friends, received Holy Communion at the Solemn Requiem Mass.

The Very Rev. Msgr. James P. Conroy, chaplain, was celebrant of the Mass and conducted the burial service. Monsignor Conroy was assisted by the Rev. Hilary Zach, O.F.M.-Cap., deacon; and the Rev. Lester Bach, O.F.M.Cap., sub-deacon. Brother Marion, O.F.M.Cap., and Brother Francis, O.F.M.Cap., were acolytes; and Brother Bede, O.F.M.Cap., was thurifer. Frater de Sales, O.F.M.Cap., a nephew of Sister Mary Elisabeth and a student for the priesthood at St. Mary Capuchin Seminary, Crown Point, was master of ceremonies.

Sister Mary Elisabeth is survived by a brother, Werner, of Bell, California; and two sisters, the Misses Wilma and Walburga Wengritzky of Lombard, Illinois.

We beg you to keep Sister in your prayers together with the other Victory Noll Sisters who have preceded her in death. Sister Mary Elisabeth is the eleventh one of the community whom God has called from this life. May her soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Books



Meditations on the Old Testament: The Narratives by Gaston Brillet, C.Or. Translated by Kathryn Sullivan, R.S. C.J. Deslee Co., Inc., 280 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y. \$3.50

This is the first book of a series. It will be followed by meditations on the Psalms, the Prophetical, and the Sapiential Books. If those that are to come are of the same caliber as this, the Narratives, we can look forward to them with eagerness, indeed.

As Father Brillet points out in a brief preface, the Bible is a book that is not only to be read, but to be lived. These meditations have been prepared in order to help us to apply to ourselves the lessons of the Word of God.

Each meditation is brief. First a short text is given, then developed prayerfully. Those who are familiar with the complete text and have studied the latest commentaries will get the most out of the meditations.

Genesis provides fifteen meditations. Exodus and Deuteronomy have several. Even Leviticus has one, but there is none for Numbers! The largest number of meditations take as texts 1 and 2 Samuel, 3 and 4 Kings, and 1 and 2 Machabees. The other historical books are represented by at least one or two meditations each.

We might almost say that in these days, thanks to the efforts of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, the Bible

is being re-discovered. Lest we look on Scripture as merely to be studied, however, it is good that more and more books like Father Brillet's *Meditations* are being published. Then we will not forget the prayer value of the Inspired Word.

* * * *

How the Catholic Church Is Governed by Heinrich Scharp. Herder and Herder Inc., 7 West 46th St., New York 36, N. Y. \$2.95

This is a most interesting little book, and timely, too, in view of the coming Ecumenical Council.

Beginning with the pope and the cardinals, the author explains the workings of a consistory, a conclave, the various congregations, tribunals, offices, and the pontifical court. The last chapter is devoted to the daily life of the Holy Father. There is a map of Vatican City and a complete index. The latter helps to make this book a valuable reference.

Although the author, who spent many years in Rome as a newspaper correspondent, includes little known, fascinating items in his book, he does not write as a "gossip columnist," but keeps everything on the high plane that is expected of one who writes about the Holy See.

On the death of the last two popes and the election of their successors, modern journalism used every device to present facts about the papacy, cardinals, etc., even seeking out those that were hitherto least known. Mr. Scharp mentions a number of things that we do not remember reading in either Catholic or secular newspapers or magazines, however. Here are just a couple of them. While visiting Rome, cardinals are not allowed to leave the

city without the express permission of the pope. This is an example of a modern ruling that recalls its historical origins. When a cardinal who is a member of a religious order enters the conclave, he is not permitted to have a member of the same order with him.

Many of the facts are livened by stories of recent popes, especially Pius XII and John XXIII.

In the chapter on the offices is a sub-heading, "The Secretariats of Briefs." Here are explained the meanings of such terms as Apostolic Constitution, Motu Proprio, Bulls, Briefs, and the various kinds of Apostolic Letters.

The book should be a valuable addition to libraries and indispensable in the newspaper office.

* * * *

The Loveliest Flower by Doris Burton. Academy Library Guild, Box 549, Fresno, California. \$2.95

A quotation from Thackeray is the source of the title of this book: "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven."

The good women described are ten foundresses of religious congregations: Jeanne Mance, Mother Seton, Mother McAuley, St. Mary Euphrasia, Mother Mary of Jesus, Mother Mary of Providence, Mother Magdalen Taylor, St. Frances Xavier Cabrini, Mother Katharine Drexel, and Mother Mary Martin. Mother Mary Martin, Foundress of the Medical Missionaries of Mary, is still living.

The stories themselves are fascinating and adventuresome. To say that the author has a gift for story-telling, but does not always write correctly might sound paradoxical, but it is true. Dangling modifiers, sentences strung

together with commas, and "sentences" that are not really complete sentences occur frequently enough to irritate the discriminating reader. Had the book been more carefully edited, it would be much more acceptable.

* * * *

Golden Legend of Young Saints by Daniel-Rops. Illustrated by Mary Reed Newland. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York 8, N. Y. \$2.95

As an entertaining story teller, Daniel-Rops has few equals. These stories of saintly young heroes are patterned after the Golden Legend of medieval times; hence the name.

There are seventeen stories, each covering twelve pages. The first chapter tells the young reader about the Golden Legend, and the last touches briefly on the many saints whose stories are not included in the book. Those who are included are: Marcellus, Mark, Paul, Agnes, Blandina, Frumentius and Aedesius, Genevieve, Brendan, Odilia, Louis IX, Joan of Arc, Aloysius, Bernadette, the Martyrs of Uganda, and Dominic Savio.

Since nearly every age of the Church is represented here, the fortunate children who read this book cannot help but absorb a lot of Church history at the same time they learn about the saints. By including the Martyrs of Uganda and Dominic Savio, the author does not let us forget that the age of heroes continues in our day.

These stories offer wonderful opportunities to the catechist to use in religion class. Of course they can be read to the children, also, but a story is much more effective in class if it is told. The catechist who reads these stories attentively has no excuse for not being able to re-tell them to the children.

EDITOR'S BY-LINE

Last month we blithely reported that as the furniture arrived, the sisters moved into the new infirmary. I might amend that and report that even though all the furniture did not arrive, we moved into the new infirmary. Although the furniture was not arriving on time, the sisters were, and we simply had to make room for them. It caused little inconvenience, however, for we are used to living out of suitcases.

To tell the truth, such a temporary arrangement was no inconvenience at all compared with all the nice features of our new living quarters. We are fortunate that we do not have to be sick or retired to enjoy them.

We who remember the "old days" appreciate such things perhaps more than the younger sisters do. Soft water might be something they take for granted, for we have had it for some years now; but there was a time when the only soft water we had was rain water in the cistern.

If you wanted soft water, it entailed quite a ritual. First you found a bucket if you were lucky. Although there was a supply, there was also a demand. Then you picked up the chain from its strategic place by the kitchen door. THEN came the filling of the bucket. Those of us who were not very adroit at such chores often came close to tumbling into the cistern.

Of course you nearly always wanted *hot* water, so that meant finding room on the old kitchen stove—fired by coal. The poor cook often had a time locating an unoccupied spot for the pans and kettles.

All that is in the distant past, but we cannot forget it when we get hot and cold water at the flick of the wrist.

In our new building we do not even have to go to the basement to burn the contents of our wastebasket! Not far from my room are two chutes—one marked "Soiled Linen," the other, "Rubbish." Whenever I use either one I have a panicky feeling that I have put the wrong package down the wrong chute. Wouldn't it be horrible to have my clothes land in the incinerator? But then, the chutes are not too close together, so I need not worry.

We are getting used to the distances we travel these days and are trying to make our head save our heels. And there is the beautiful new lawn to enjoy as we leave the chapel and go to the dining room. It seems almost a miracle to see all the green where such a short time ago were gaping holes and rocks.

In fact, the whole project seems like a minor miracle to us, so we hope you will forgive our writing so much about the new building.

At home we had a pastor who referred to the school as St. Mary's New School from the time he built it until he left fifteen years later for greener fields. It was a kind of joke in the parish, but now I understand. SEA

IN MEMORIAM

Sister Mary Elisabeth, O.L.V.M.

Frank Michels, Chicago, father of Sister Michael O.L.V.M., and Sister Mary Celine, O.L.V.M.

His Eminence John Cardinal O'Hara

Sister M. Irma, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sister M. Denise, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sister Mary Louise Roddy, R.S.M., Titusville, Pa.

Frances Nix, Huntington, Ind.

William E. Manning, Charleston, S. C.

Thomas Clifford, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mary Mathis, Chicago

Dr. James Ash, Gary, Ind.

Dr. J. J. Chevigny, Gary, Ind.

Mrs. Gabriel Ford, Fort Wayne

Mrs. Rose Steinmiller, Chicago

The Church Year in Song

by SISTER ALMA MARIE

The Junior Choir of St. Monica's parish, Willows, California, presented a concert of their best-loved music — chant and polyphony. From Advent's traditional "Come, O Come, Emmanuel" to a hymn for the feast of Christ the King, they interpreted themes of the Church Year.



St. Monica's Junior Choir, Willows, California.

Educational as well as entertaining, the program was highlighted by a visual representation of the liturgical seasons.

Learning to be a good parishioner was also a part of the project. With the proceeds of the concert the girls purchased a new censer and thurible for their parish.

All in all, it was a thrilling and rewarding venture for all who took part in it. At the close of the program, the announcer summarized the main object of the evening's entertainment with the words: "We hope that you have enjoyed our little program, and that it has brought you closer to God and Holy Mother Church."



Elizabeth Ainger, the tiniest member of the choir, moves the hand of the giant Church Cycle chart.



And with the proceeds the girls made a purchase for the parish!

Memo to Our Subscribers

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