

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Number 5



Brownie Comes to Summer School

by SISTER M. DAMIEN

"SISTER, will he be all right?" was the anxious inquiry addressed to me on the fourth day of summer school.

"Will who be all right, Tomas?" I asked. I thought his concern was for a little brother or sister whom he had brought that day.

"Come and see," he answered and took me to the front of the church. At the bottom of the steps was the object of the little boy's solicitude — man's best friend, a dog.

From the startled look on my face, Tomas feared I was going to utter the ultimatum that the teacher gave Mary's Little Lamb.

"You see, Sister, he gets sorta blue when I'm away."

At these words the dog turned his sad eyes in my direction. I was thinking to myself, "Is it safe — with 175 children and more than half of them mischievous little boys who like to tease dogs?"

Aloud I said, "Tomas, are you sure he's a good dog, not mean, and won't hurt anyone?"

Silly question to a devoted master.

"Sure, Sister, he's the best dog a fellow could have."

Just then the bell rang. Boys and girls ran from all directions to get in line. All glanced at the dog, smiled, and many asked, "What's his name?"

We left Brownie at his station outside church and my thoughts were far from him during our first hour of class. Soon the bell was sounding again, this time for recess.

"Sister," Tomas whispered, "I'll walk Brownie around. He needs exercise."

Brownie was the center of attraction as the children marched him around the yard. One of the men of the parish who was helping the pastor that day, watched the procession in amazement.

"Whose dog is it?" he called out.

"Mine," proudly boasted Tomas.

"He's a fine dog, isn't he? I'll give you a quarter for him."

"A quarter? Why, he's better than that," objected the owner. Then he added, "Make it a dollar and he's yours, Mister."

Whether Tomas received the dollar or the dog overcame the blues I never found out, but it was Brownie's first and last day at summer school.

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Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters

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COVER: Both Sister Damien and Tomas look anxiously at Brownie, but each in a different way. See story, inside cover.

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When the Air Force Landed

at our convent

by SISTER MELITA

ONE evening in August, a few days after we returned from our summer retreat, there was a knock at our door. It was Sgt. Galli of the Air Force.

"Good evening, Sister," he began in a pleasant tone. "We hear a little repair work needs to be done around your convent. At our Knights of Columbus meeting last week, we decided that a worthwhile project for us would be to do some fixing up for you. May we come in to look the situation over?"

"Well, this is indeed a most welcome surprise," Sister Ellen told him. "Come right in."

Sgt. Galli entered and made the rounds of the rooms with us. He made notes of evident needs. He inquired what colors of paint we preferred in the various rooms. He also observed what repair work was necessary before painting could begin. When he had completed his estimate of work and materials, he left with the promise to return next evening with a crew of workmen.

From then on, things moved with jet-like speed. When the sergeant arrived the next day he had his extra helpers plus the necessary equipment. This included a ladder, mending tape, joint cement, hammer, nails, screwdriver, brushes, paint, and sundry other items. The men set to work immediately and proved themselves experts.

To add to the interest we became the sudden, unexpected hostesses of our Lubbock and San Angelo Sisters, as well as of one El Paso-bound Sister. Our little convent was fairly bursting at its seams with all its occupants. It took no little maneuvering to keep out of the workmen's way. But we were determined not to hinder progress. We confined ourselves, thirteen in all, to the narrow limits of the not-too-cool kitchen.

However, we had no regrets. Under our very eyes marvelous transformations took place. The deft fingers of the airmen-turned-repairmen taped split seams,



With the help of an employee from a local store, two Air Force lieutenants, both nurses, measure for Venetian blinds.

nailed cracked plasterboard on the ceiling, and did whatever else was necessary to prepare the rooms for their new coat of paint.

The following day five men came, fully equipped, to do the actual painting. We found it hard to believe as one room after another rapidly took on a new color. By night every room was painted and though the workers were very tired, they were still generous and jovial.

But that was not the end. The following evening the feminine contingent of the Air Force came to inspect the work of their masculine counterpart.

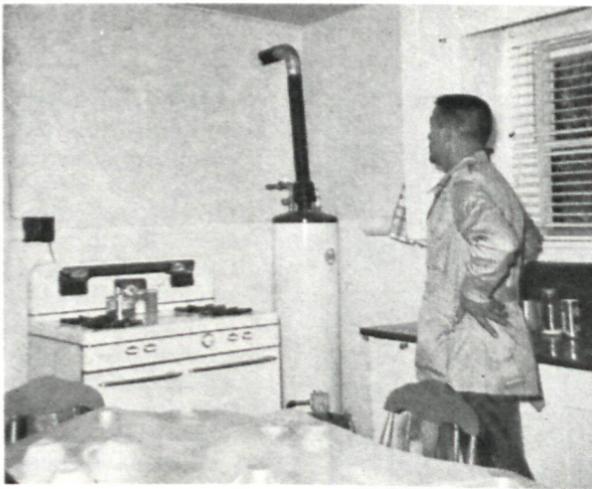
We think they too, were filled with admiration at the splendid accomplishment. Headed by Lt. Scoglio, the women's division informed us that now they wished to do their bit. They offered to furnish us with Venetian blinds, bedspreads, and light fixtures.

To be sure that the measurements for the blinds would be correct, they brought with them an experienced employee from one of the local stores. With the willing assistance of the Air Force, she soon measured all the windows accurately. The order for the blinds was placed, and in record time they arrived, ready to be installed.

Once more the men were called to lend their capable hands to the task of putting up



Waxing and buffing all the floors was a big job.



Mission accomplished. Sgt. Galli makes final inspection.

the blinds. As soon as their schedule permitted, they arrived four-strong to do the work. And, much to our delight, they brought with them floor-waxing and buffing equipment. While two men put up the blinds, the other two waxed and buffed all our floors. This time, in order to let them work in peace, we conveniently left town for a few hours. When we returned we were very much

p'leased with the beautiful new look displayed by our convent.

We will appreciate the generosity of the Air Force for many years to come. When we arrive home at night after a long day in Our Lord's vineyard, and frequently after a long trip, it is with prayerful gratitude that we enter the cheerful atmosphere of our newly redecorated home.

SPEEDY'S EASTER DUTY

"Speedy," the three-year-old son of Mrs. Ortiz, accompanies his mother every week when she teaches a CCD class. That he listens intently we know from the following incident.

Mrs. Ortiz had been trying to impress the boys and girls with the importance of receiv-

ing Holy Communion often and had spoken of the Easter duty.

Speedy, as usual, listened attentively but made no comment until he and his mother arrived home after class. Then he said, "Mother, I don't think I made my Easter duty yet, but if you give me some paper and scissors I could make an Easter basket." **SISTER GERTRUDE MARIE**

Underprivileged Spiritually?

by SISTER MARY CAROLYN

THE notion still seems to be prevalent that the Catholic child who attends a public school is, by that very fact, spiritually underprivileged. There was a time when I thought so. There was a time when it was more or less true.

If there was a parochial school in the town, the Catholic children who did not attend it were usually from homes where religion meant little or nothing. This is no longer the case.

Today many children from good Catholic families are being turned away from the parish school because the school can accommodate only so many pupils, no more. The pastor and, to some extent, the sisters, must decide who are to be admitted. Unfortunately, some children are turned away on the basis of intelligence. This is true especially on the high school level.

Many of these children are from good homes and their religious education is not being neglected. They attend faithfully the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine classes held in their parish.

We know of one high school that is now so pressed for room that the number of freshmen must be limited to two hundred. The family background of the students will be one of the factors used in choosing the incoming freshmen. If the child

comes from a good home, the principal will suggest to the parents that they send him to the public school.

We know very well that some of the Catholic children attend public schools in order to take advantage of the speech therapy, remedial reading program, and sight saving devices which are available in only a few of our Catholic schools. Many pastors always advise parents of children with defects to send them to the public school.

Attendance at a Catholic school is no guarantee that a student will always be a model Catholic. Moreover, there seem to be just as many mixed marriages among graduates of Catholic schools as public schools.

By a strange coincidence, the majority of us who are interested in the religious education of the Catholic child in public school are graduates of the parochial school system, and we are grateful to our parents for providing us with this education. However, we realize that in many cases today the circumstances are such that even where parents are willing, there is not an opportunity for Catholic school education for all Catholic children. Therefore we hope there will be a more sympathetic attitude among adult Catholics toward this problem.

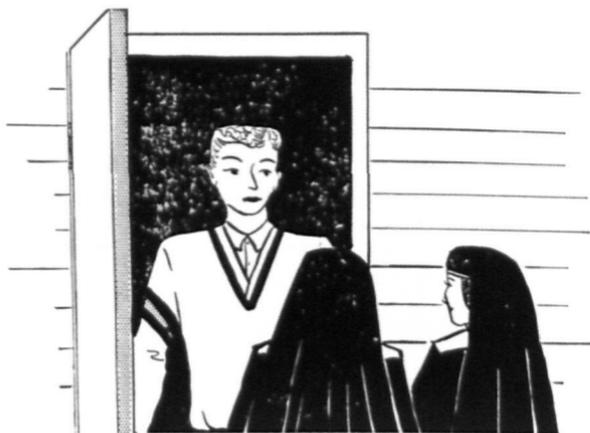
HE stood framed in the doorway of the lovely suburban home high, high on a windy hill. His hair was blond and curly. His shoulders had grown ahead of him and were fair game for any football squad. He was impeccably dressed. His trousers were creased knife-sharp. The pullover sweater was gay with brilliant color.

"He's a senior," I thought, "or a freshman in college."

"Yes, I was baptized Catholic. So were my mother and sister."

His glance was honest, betraying little inner conflict.

An icy gust of wind pushed at us. It was cold. He asked us to step inside. Gratefully we did so and found ourselves deep in rich carpeting. The room was elegant and in quiet good taste. Across the thickly-carpeted hall a television set, built into the



illustrated by the author

We told him we were taking a Catholic census and asked if this were a Catholic family.

"No." His answer was matter-of-fact. "We are not Catholic."

"Was anyone in this family ever baptized Catholic?"

It was the routine question. We expected a negative reply. It did not come.

Lost Sheep Hungry

by SISTER MARIE

bookcase at floor level in the den, provided the only other voice in the house.

We asked the usual questions for the census information. He answered candidly, self-consciously correcting his "yeah" to "yes."

Finally, suddenly, preceded by a slight trembling of his chin, the sad story tumbled out. He had received his First Communion and had gone to a Cath-

olic school until the fourth grade. "Then . . . we moved out here."

He went on, his words spilling out quickly. "We haven't gone to church for five years. You see . . . well . . . Mom and Dad are in the process of separating right now. He's not living with us . . . and it's kind of hard on all of us."

He waited. He wanted us to say something. We took it from there and led the conversation back to his great need for His Father in Heaven. He agreed with a meek eagerness that gave us hope. He wanted to get back. It had been on his mind for some time. After all, he was fifteen now . . .

Fifteen! He looked so much older! Inner suffering due to grace-starvation and domestic turmoil had matured him too quickly. He was a little boy lost.

Lost because his Catholic mother "married" his non-Catholic father by a justice of the peace and ceased to treasure her faith. Lost because the fine clothes, the lovely home, the *right* place to live could not fill the emptiness of a heart once filled with God. Lost because his secular education did not teach him the eternal verities and how to grow in grace.

We were pensive as we faced the icy blast and braced our way to the car. When we were about to back down the hill, a pale blue sedan drove past us into the open two-car garage.

"His mother?" we asked each other needlessly.

We faced the cold wind again and greeted her at the garage door, explaining our presence.

Hers was a beautiful figure — the type the ads demand for "perfect happiness in a dream home." Her hair was stylish and blonde with the help of the beauty salon. She shivered and pulled her beige car-coat snugly around her, her face framed in an arc of fur. Her face? Take the physical beauty of the late thirties, cover it with too much make-up, supply it with deep circles under eyes that must stare widely at the ceiling night after night and finish the picture by taking out any light of happiness from a pair of listless blue eyes.

Because her son had poured out his heart to us, we knew what she did not think we knew. We prayed the Holy Spirit would speak to her through us and then we left. We backed down the hill in silence and in prayer.

The house still stands snug and high on a windy hill. There is only one car — a pale blue sedan — in the two-car garage. Inside, three unhappy souls will go on pretending that "this is living," or, by the grace of God and the prayers and sacrifices of the generous members of the Mystical Body, they will turn aside from the useless pursuit of false and empty baubles, and find Him Who alone can fill their restless and hungry hearts.

THERE is always a lot of refurbishing to do around Victory Noll. This year's special project was St. Joseph Building. The rooms are now very colorful indeed. In fact, they rival the colors in the infirmary.

Upstairs the rooms on the south side are chartreuse; not just chartreuse, but *very* chartreuse. The rooms on the north side are very rose. Upstairs and down the floors have all been covered with pheasant tan vinyl asbestos tile.

Around Victory Noll

Pheasant tan is a very soft shade of tan. Vinyl, according to the dictionary pertains to, designates, or contains the univalent radical CH₂:CH-. Awesome, isn't it, to think we are walking on something like that. The nice part about it is that it does not have to be waxed, only buffed.

Colorful Dishes

The community dining room has also acquired more color. Our new dishes make the tables look very gay. We have not been able to find out *their* chemical composition, but we do know that they do not break

unless you have the misfortune to drop a cup on its handle. The waitresses can be consoled, for the cups cannot possibly *all* light on their handles if they drop a tray full.

D of I Events

Our Lady of Good Counsel Circle, Daughters of Isabella, Huntington, had their day of recollection at Victory Noll this year on the first Sunday of Lent. This has become an annual event Around Victory Noll

with close to a hundred members and guests in attendance.

Scheduled also is a tea at our motherhouse during the month of April. The tea will be a special feature of the state convention of the Daughters of Isabella to be held this year in Fort Wayne. The Huntington Circle will be hostesses at the tea.

The D of I have long been known for their benefactions to our Congregation on the local, state, and national level. We welcome this opportunity to have the delegates to the state convention visit Victory Noll.

Where Were the B'irds?

This past winter there were very few birds Around Victory Noll. Even the sparrow population thinned out. Why it was, we do not know. We do know that we missed the flaming red of the cardinals against the winter snow. Not a cardinal did we see after November.

One of our most enthusiastic ornithologists received a bright, beautiful bird feeder for Christmas, but not even that enticed

the cardinals. They were gone, that's all.

We hope all our feathered friends will return in the spring. We can be reasonably sure they will, for then everything will come to life again. Spring is the yearly anniversary of the first creation and of the new creation as well, the season in which we celebrate the overwhelming mysteries of the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of Our Lord. That you will share their fullness is our Easter wish for you. SEA



Sister Barbara Marie (left) who is always busy making bread, rolls, and other baked goods for the Victory Noll Community, is still busier just before Easter making lambs and bunnies. Sister Christopher is helping her.



Three generations in the Pueblo of San Felipe, New Mexico, where modern dress and ancient attire are common sights.

IMMACULATE EXCEPTION

Our little theologians have come up with a few refreshing additions to the catechism. One concerns the dogma of the Immaculate EXCEPTION. "Every-one was supposed to get original sin from Adam, but God made an Immaculate Exception for His Mother."

Another one has to do with the attributes of God. "God is eternal, internal, and external."

Still another gives us a new version of *felix culpa*. "It's a good thing Adam sinned because otherwise the animals would be our friends and we couldn't go hunting."

SISTER MARY BLANCHE

In the Home Field

CHECKING ON MOTHER

One of our lay teachers is still chuckling over this one. Since she has been taking our teacher's training course, she checks carefully to see that her four children do their homework. This week, third grade Herbie turned the tables. Knowing that his mother also has weekly assignments, the little boy asked, "Mother, did you do your catechism yet?"

SISTER MICHELLE

* * *

THIRD BATTLE OF MANASSES

All around us were fought historic battles. We are especially aware of this now that we are in the centennial year of the Civil War. On one of the roads we travel, the first marker says: "The first battle of Manasses." A few miles down the road another marker reads: "The second battle of Manasses." Suddenly the four-lane highway narrows. There is no sign here, but it could well be marked: "The third battle of Manasses." This battle is still being fought between the DAR and the State Highway Department.

SISTER MARY THOMAS

NEW LANGUAGE

From time to time we learn new expressions from our people down in the Ozarks. One was from an elderly woman who complained that people "just don't neighbor anymore." Another was the man who excused himself because he had to go to town "to do his trad-in'!"

SISTER CLARE MARIE

* * *

CALIFORNIA WELCOME

Three new sisters on their way to a California convent changed trains in Sacramento. As they were crossing a street a little old man with a knapsack over his shoulder — a typical knight of the road — bowed courteously and hailed them with the words, "Greetings to Huntington, Indiana!"

Victory Noll must have fed him well, thought the sisters, as they walked in the glow of such a warm California welcome.

SISTER MARY GABRIELLE

* * *

Sister asked, "Does anyone know what a hymn is?" A bright-eyed child raised her hand and shyly offered, "A *him* is the opposite of a *her*."



A serenade for Sister Alice while she waits in the car for the other sisters to join her after class. The little girl, a fourth grader, plays beautifully.

SIN OF OMISSION

Would you like to have an example of a sin of omission? Here is a classic: "To tell in confession that you stole a rope but to *omit* to tell that the rope had a horse attached to it."

SISTER MARY ADELE

* * *

It was during the recent presidential campaign that the sisters were taking the religious census in a county predominantly Protestant. "Is this a Catholic family?" they asked when the man of the house opened the door.

"No," he answered with finality, "we're Republicans."



Utah

Migrants

by SISTER ESTELLE

Typical migrant lad. Scrawled on the back of the picture in green ink were the words: "Sisters — I will never forget you. Jerry."

FROM the sugar beets in Utah to the potato fields of Idaho is the trek of many migratory workers. After the potatoes are harvested they return to what they call their "permanent homes" in Texas or Arizona.

Near the end of April or early in May we sisters look for our migrants who come to work in and near Tremonton, Utah.

Each Sunday while they are in this section Holy Mass is offered in Tremonton at four o'clock in the afternoon. Before Mass we give religious instructions to the children.

On our way from our convent in Brigham City to Tremonton we pick up a Mexican family. The ride with this delightful family is always interesting. In the front seat with

two of us is the mother with her youngest on her lap. The other children (not quite all thirteen of them; some are grown and have jobs elsewhere) are seated in the rear of the station wagon.

Tony mutters his Latin responses. Jenny recites the act of contrition amid the chatter of the others. When we arrive at Tremonton a new sister is quickly initiated into the mysteries of how to transform a plain hall into a suitable place for divine worship.

Thirteen-year-old Rosalie runs down the dark steps into the pitch black hall and turns on the lights. The first time I saw her do it, I called, "Rosalie, be careful!"

"Don't worry, Sister," was her quick response. "I've been doing this for seven years or more."

From out of nowhere, it seems, sixteen-year-old Tony produces a most unlikely looking type of background for the altar. Nine-year-old Rudy, meanwhile, has helped put a table in the middle of the platform which separates the kitchen from the main hall. Then little Jenny appears with an ironed sheet which covers the table completely. Rudy now brings about a marvelous trans-

formation in the altar background by covering the dilapidated Santa Claus sign with a green drape.

Meanwhile Sister Stephanie, Mrs. Gallegos, and Rosalie have been laying out vestments and taking out other things needed for Mass. As soon as the altar is ready, the well-trained children put everything in place.

Wait! Is everything in place now? Not quite all. Crash, bang, rattle — the boys are busy setting up the metal chairs for the congregation. In a short time the hall has been transformed into a suitable place of worship and the Gallegos children, together with others who have arrived, settle down into their respective groups for religious instruction.



Sister Mary Martin, Mrs. Gallegos, and a few of her thirteen children outside the hall where Mass is offered.

Shortly before four o'clock, one of the Jesuit Fathers from Brigham City arrives and hears confessions in a small adjoining room.

During the Mass the people show great respect and reverence. It is a mystery to me how they can be so reverent with babies creeping between and over them, dropping their milk bottles, jangling keys and rosaries. The adults kneel on the



After Mass — a treat on a hot Sunday afternoon.

floor, completely absorbed in the Holy Sacrifice.

One of the men, tears in his eyes, told me, "The most valuable thing my parents gave to me is my faith."

Again and again these humble people show their willingness to make sacrifices for their faith. For instance, three boys were much older than the customary seven years; yet they had not received their First Communion.

Since instruction time at Tremonton is short, I spoke to the parents about the possibility of special instructions for the boys at our convent in Brigham City. Although it was a sacrifice for them, they brought the boys for a two-hour session on several Saturdays. And then on Sundays, after Mass in Brigham City, the parents waited patiently until another hour of instruction was completed. They then drove the twenty-some miles to the labor camp for some well-deserved rest before beginning the next week's work in the fields. Tears filled the eyes of the parents as they watched their boys receive Holy Communion in St. Henry's church in Brigham City.

Still another lad who had come with these boys for private instructions was unable to receive with the others, for the family left before the date of First Communion. We felt very sad about it, for the boy was fourteen years old.

In the spring when the workers returned, my first thought



Sister Estelle with boys she instructed for First Communion.

was of this boy. What a disappointment to learn that the

family was in another labor camp, thirteen miles farther.

"There's no hope now," I thought.

But I did not know the faith of these good people. They appeared at Mass in Tremonton the first Sunday, though they were late. "The car is broken and the truck does not drive very fast," they explained.

We made arrangements for further instructions and the parents brought the boy all the way to Brigham City — fifty miles each way. It was a great joy to all of us when he received Our Lord.

COLLEGE GRADS

The second graders were reviewing the lesson on the Holy Family and I had tried to stress the truth that Jesus is God. The children told me emphatically that Jesus knew more than Mary and Joseph. They were quite sure, however, that their own parents know more than they do. When I asked them why the difference, one little boy said, "Because our mothers and fathers went to college."

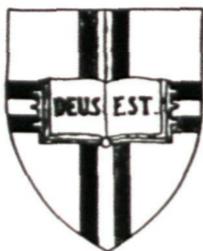
I tried again to make it clear

to them that Jesus knows more because He is God. We then took our new lesson with the story of the finding of Jesus in the temple.

I thought I would use the children's own familiar expression, so I said, "Now, these priests and doctors went to college, but Jesus still knew more than they did. Why was that?"

Another lad quickly said, "They probably didn't pay attention in class."

SISTER MELITA



Your CCD Question

My CCD class is small and the students cooperate very well—all except one boy. What can I do with him?

Without more details it is difficult to make specific suggestions. Here are some general ones: Visit his home and secure the cooperation of his parents; try to gain his confidence; make him feel important by giving him responsibilities; learn what his interests are; above all, show him kindness and love.

• • •

From **St. Bernard's Parish High School of Religion** in Wabash, Indiana, come two ideas or suggestions that we would like to pass on to you. They have proved their worth there and others also might profit from them.

The first concerns the ever-recurring problem of discipline. The problem disappeared when

someone got the idea of having parents attend the classes. The parents take turns. The presence of one father and mother in each class is enough to insure perfect behavior! It has the added advantage of acquainting the parents with the course the students are following. Still another benefit is that the mothers and fathers take a personal interest in the classes and see to it that their boys and girls study at home.

In the same school the chairman of teachers distributes a form to each teacher every week when he comes to class. On one side of the paper are the names of all the students enrolled, class by class. The instructor checks off those present and then fills in the form on the back.

This form contains the date, the teacher's name, the class he instructs, and the following items: Matter Treated; Chapter Covered; Method of Teaching; Behavior of Students; Names of Absentees; Remarks.

The paper is signed by the chairman of teachers and filed for future reference.

BOOKS



The Dynamics of Liturgy by H. A. Reinhold. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.75

Father Reinhold's latest book consists of essays written (after the manner of his *Timely Tracts*) during the last twenty years or so. One's first reaction to some of them is that they now seem a bit dated. Some of the things that are discussed have become a reality.

On the other hand, that very fact makes the book all the more remarkable, for it proves the farsightedness of the author and makes us respect all the more his unerring instinct for what is correct where liturgy is concerned. Father Reinhold has always let himself be guided by pastoral considerations.

The beginnings of the modern liturgical movement Father Reinhold traces to Maria Laach and the great Abbot Herwegen. Maria Laach in turn influenced men like Dom Michael Ducey and the late Dom Virgil Michel, pioneers in our own United States.

Characteristically, of his own role, Father Reinhold says lit-

tle or nothing. Those who have followed the liturgical movement in our country, however, know how much we owe to him. Slow as its progress must seem to men of his vision, Father Reinhold has never been discouraged. He has always been optimistic. It must be a source of satisfaction to him to see some of the things he has "plugged for" over the years at last begin — at least *begin* to bear fruit.

Those who know and appreciate Father Reinhold will need no urging to read this book. Those who are not yet familiar with his delightful style and his commonsense approach to the liturgy owe it to themselves to read *The Dynamics of Liturgy*. It will give them a better insight into the Church Year, participation, music, art, and other matters bearing on the worship of the Mystical Body.

* * *

The Mind and Heart of Augustine edited by J. M. Flood. Introduction by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. Aquinas Guild Press, Fresno, Calif. \$2.45

Most of us have read St. Augustine's *Confessions*. Not so many are acquainted with his other works. To give us at least a taste for them and to encourage us to read them more thoroughly, the author has compiled this little book.

He calls it a biographical sketch, for the excerpts are so arranged that they relate certain details from the life of the saint. The author himself provides a brief note at the beginning of each division.

The reader will be surprised perhaps at the number of pages dealing with subjects upon which a bishop today might be expected to comment. These passages are as fresh now as they were in Augustine's time. There is, for instance, the letter relating how very busy he is; another discussing women's dress; a third, his reply to skeptics of his time.

Father D'Arcy, who has himself written so well of St. Augustine, has contributed the Introduction to this book. A brief bibliography is appended.

Small as this little book is, it should accomplish its purpose of sending the reader to Augustine's complete works, at least those that are available in good translations.

* * *

Mary Our Sweet Mother by Rev. Anselm J. Viano, S.S.P. St. Paul Publications, Derby, N.Y. 25 cents.

This is a paper covered booklet containing many true incidents that show the loveliness of Our Blessed Mother and the power Our Lord has given her. It is a kind of abbreviated but modern "Glories of Mary,"

written by one who loves Our Blessed Mother dearly and wishes to have others love her.

* * *

A Priest Confesses by Jose Luis Martin Descalzo. Translated by Rita Goldberg. Academy Guild Press, Fresno, Calif. \$3.95

Only a Spaniard could have written a book like this. Or, let's put it this way: Only a Latin could. Father Martinez happens to be Spanish, but from where in Spain, I am not sure. Vallalodid, I think, but I would have to check back to be certain.

That is the intriguing part of *A Priest Confesses*. The author actually lays bare his very soul, but yet he tells few details about his family, his surroundings, his classmates, and intimates.

This book has been described as consisting of excerpts from the diary of a seminarian and newly ordained priest. That is not entirely correct. There are some diary pages containing scattered entries from December 31, 1952 to March 10, 1953, nine days before the author's ordination to the priesthood. The bulk of the book is made up of reflections — confessions, if you will — on the priesthood.

The story (or would it be better to say the book?) begins about nine months before

ordination, when the seminar-ian goes home for a vacation. He has been studying at the Spanish College in Rome and this is his first trip home in three years. After returning to the seminary he describes the weeks that immediately precede his ordination. Always he is analyzing his thoughts and feelings at the overwhelming vocation to which God has called him.

Father Martinez describes the actual ordination and reveals his thoughts and emotions at his first Mass. The conclusion of the book gives a brief picture of a few of his experiences as a young priest.

Although some of Father Martinez's thoughts might seem a bit on the emotional side to

us northerners, it is by expressing himself as he does, by his candor and naivete, that he gives us a picture of what the priesthood really is. In St. Paul's words to Timothy, this book should stir up in priests the grace that is in them. It should also increase in the laity esteem and reverence for their priests.

Grammarians will wince at a couple of sentences, no doubt the fault of the translator: "... praying is simply speaking with He Who is in the tabernacle." (page 4) "Christ asks His disciples whom men say that He is." (page 87) Several words and letters are transposed. These were no doubt the fault of the proofreader and are not so glaring as the mistakes in English.

In Memoriam

- Mr. Joseph A. Rogers, St. Louis, father of
Sister Mary Helen, O.L.V.M.
Michael H. Quinn, Texarkana, Ark., brother of
Sister Mary Isabel, O.L.V.M.
Rev Francis Markert, S.V.D., Techny, Ill.
Frank Mignogna, Latrobe, Pa.
Lillian Sullivan, ACM, Chicago
David Moran, Chicago
Paul Bucher, Paterson, N. J.
Mrs. Iola Kane, Chicago
Dr. J. J. Locher, Dubuque
Benedict Scheiber, Huntington, Ind.
John Hansen, Eyota, Minn.
Mary Schelhorse, Rutledge, Minn.
John Wickens, Littleton, Colorado
Mrs. Maud Chegwidde, San Francisco, Calif.
Louise Shannon, Yuma, Ariz.

Editor's By-Line

At this season of the year (Lent is beginning as I write this) I cast about for a hobby of a somewhat penitential character with which to occupy myself at evening recreation. Sewing, knitting, and such things are all penitential exercises for me.

Years ago someone gave me a piece of needlepoint to do—needles, yarn, and all. Every year I get it out, look at it, but fold it up carefully and put it away again. Looks too penitential.

I might settle for scrabble. What is penitential about that, you will want to know. Well, it wouldn't be if I could find someone to play it with me on my level, but most of the regulars are experts. To try to compete with them is very fatiguing, intellectually.

Against the day I have to play, though, I have been saving some words. They are words that literally leap at me every time I consult the dictionary. This is because they are printed in 12-pt. bold face type at the head of a column. Some of them I seem to be running across all the time.

Pam is one. To save you the trouble of looking it up I'll tell you what it means. A *pam* is the knave of clubs in the game of loo. Sorry but I cannot tell

you how to play loo. You have to admit it's a good word for scrabble, though. It's an easy combination of letters although it won't yield much of a score.

Another one you probably never heard of is *fylfot*. Next time you get a *y* and don't want a common ordinary word, try that one. What does it mean? It's another name for the *swastika*. And if you want to start out brilliantly and use all seven letters, try the last word in Webster's New Collegiate: *zymurgy*—provided, of course, you draw those tiles. It's meaning? "Applied chemistry dealing with fermentation process, as in brewing."

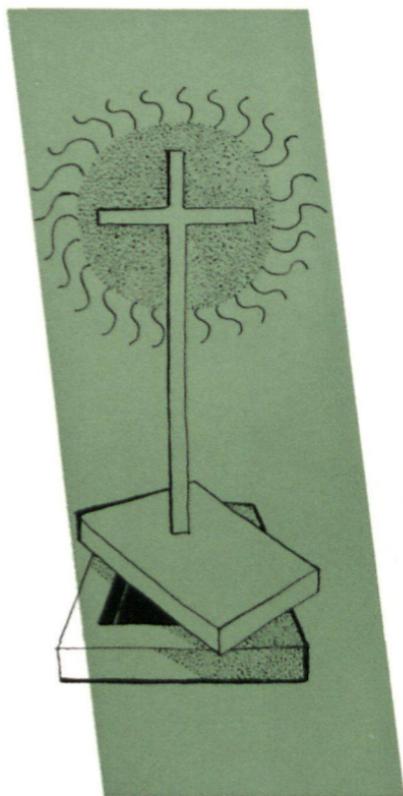
Words can be very interesting the way they change through the years. I had a psalter that belonged to my grandmother. I used to be fascinated by the word *peradventure* in Psalm 123. This is how it went: ". . . When men rose up against us, peradventure would they have swallowed us alive. When their fury was inflamed against us, peradventure would have swept over us the raging waters . . ." and so on.

But even though the words have changed, God's wonderful providence about which the psalmist sings will never change. Always we will know, in the closing words of the psalm: "Our help is in the Name of the Lord, Who made heaven and earth." SEA

HAPPY EASTER!



Obviously we cannot often publish pictures of the families of our own sisters except on special occasions. We believe that the Gildea family of Brockton, Mass., is special enough to appear in *The Missionary Catechist* at such a special time as Easter. Mr. Gildea is City Manager of Brockton. Mrs. Gildea's sister is Sister Margaret Louise, O.L.V.M. The children are, from left: Twins Timothy and Tara, Mary, Eddie, Peggy Anne, Kathy, Billy, and Sean and Fain, also twins.



Christ is Risen